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ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT SHOTTERY
[Reproduced from James Walter's "Shakespeare's Home and Rural Life"]

MRS. SHAKESPEARE

What We Really Know of Shakespeare's Wife

By Dr. William J. Rolfe

NEXT to Stratford-on-Avon no place connected with Shakespeare's early history is of more interest than the little hamlet of Shottery, where it is generally believed that he found and wooed Anne Hathaway, who afterward became his wife.

The village is about a mile from Stratford if you go by the path across the fields, which is undoubtedly the path Shakespeare would have taken. It is a shorter route than the highway, and, like many of the old English footpaths, dates back to ancient times. It is now the common thoroughfare for pedestrians between Stratford and Shottery, as it must have been long before Shakespeare was born. I well remember how I blundered into it on my first visit to Stratford, some twenty-five years ago. I had not then learned the geography of the region, and had the impression that Shottery lay in a different direction. I was taking a random walk toward sunset when I noticed a stile leading into a footpath that looked inviting, and I turned into it without suspecting whither it tended. Meeting a man not many minutes later, I had the curiosity to ask, "Where does this path lead?" "To Shottery," was the reply. "And is it the path that Shakespeare used to take in going there?" I asked. "Yes, so they say," said the man; and I went on to the village, and inquired my way to the Hathaway cottage.

I grieve to be obliged to say that the tradition which connects the house with the young woman whom the poet married is of quite recent date, and it is not certain that she actually lived there. A few years ago nobody would have believed there could be any doubt on the subject. Mr. John R. Wise, in his interesting little book, "Shakespeare: His Birth-

place and its Neighborhood" (London, 1861, now out of print), after describing the cottage, adds: "Upon Shakespeare's house doubts have been thrown, but upon this no shade of suspicion rests. The traveler can believe with a full faith that



THE KITCHEN AND SITTING-ROOM OF ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

In which Shakespeare is said to have wooed and won his wife. The woman is Mrs. Baker, for many years occupant of the house; the interior of room is correctly and minutely reproduced as it is to-day

[Reproduced from a painting by Francis D. Millet in "The Home and Haunts of Shakespeare," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York]

here Shakespeare, when a young man, came and won his wife."

BUT traditions concerning Shakespeare, even when generally accepted by the biographers and commentators, will not always bear the test of critical investigation; and I was first led to be somewhat

skeptical concerning this one by accidentally noting, eight or nine years ago, that no Anne is mentioned in the will of Richard Hathaway, who is known to have owned and occupied this cottage up to his death in 1581. There are specific bequests to his sons, Bartholomew, Thomas, John and William, and to his daughters, Agnes, Catherine and Margaret, as well as to Agnes and Elizabeth, daughters of a Thomas Hathaway, presumably a kinsman of the testator; but no Anne Hathaway appears in the long list of legatees. I was somewhat puzzled by this, and wrote to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, then the best living authority on all matters concerning the life of Shakespeare, calling his attention to this omission in the will, and asking whether he had made more careful investigations into the history of Anne Hathaway's family and her connection with Richard Hathaway than ap-

peared in his "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare." He replied that though he had a large amount of material bearing upon the subject, he had not thoroughly sifted and analyzed it, but would take the earliest opportunity of doing so.

In the next edition of the "Outlines" he was compelled to say that "there is unhappily no tradition indicating the birthplace of Shakespeare's Anne upon which the least reliance can be placed." He adds: "The earliest notice of its presumed locality is in an unpublished version of Rowe's biography, that was compiled about the year 1750 by the Rev. Joseph

name and occupation still reside'; the manner in which the name of that hamlet is introduced showing that the attribution was conjectural. That this was the case is also apparent from revisions that were afterward made by Greene, who erased the italicized words in the above quotation, rewriting them in these terms: 'probably at that place about half a mile from thence called *Shotteriche*, where a *creditable* family of the name *aforementioned* till within these few years resided.' The retention of the word *probably* appears to exclude what might otherwise have been the inference that the alterations were the result of a more careful investigation."

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps also states that the earliest reference to the present "Anne Hathaway's Cottage" under that title is in Ireland's "Picturesque Views on the Warwickshire Avon," 1795, in which work there is an engraving of the house, introduced as follows: "The cottage in which she is said to have lived with her parents is yet standing, and although I have doubts as to the truth of the relation, I have yet given a faithful representation of it in the annexed view." With the exception of an inferior lithograph, circulated about the year 1820, no further notice of the house appears to have been published until 1828, when excellent views of it were issued; and Mr. R. B. Wheler, in a manuscript note written about 1830, refers to the "generally believed tradition" that it was "the identical one from which Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway," adding that "the Hathaway family certainly resided at Shottery at that time." That Mr. Wheler had personally no faith in the tradition is, however, clear from the fact that he does not mention it in his "History of Stratford," 1809, or in his "Guide," 1814; and Brewer, in his "Description of the County of Warwick," 1820, compiled from Wheler's memoranda, says that "no resemblance of proof has been adduced" in confirmation of the tradition. No such proof has since been found, so far as I am aware; but the house has, nevertheless, been purchased within a year in order that it may be preserved as a national memorial of Shakespeare.

NOTWITHSTANDING the facts that the tradition concerning the cottage dates back only to 1750—a hundred and thirty-four years after the poet's death, and that even in 1820 no evidence had been discovered to support it, and that several families of Hathaways are known to have resided in Shottery in the latter part of the sixteenth century, it is a pleasure to be able to say at least that Anne might have been the daughter of the Richard Hathaway who lived in the cottage associated with her name. Perhaps the early years of their married life were spent here, and when he went to London his wife and babes may have been sheltered here under the roof that had protected her birthplace. Let us be credulous rather than critical where positive knowledge is impossible.

If our Anne Hathaway was Richard's daughter, and lived in this house, how are we to explain the omission of her name in her father's will? It is possible that she was the Agnes mentioned in that document. Halliwell-Phillipps has shown that the names Agnes and Anne were used interchangeably in that day. Agnes Arden, as she was called in her will, was styled Annes by her husband in 1556, and in the inventory of her goods in 1581. Thomas Hathaway's daughter Agnes, mentioned in Richard's will, is Anne in the only two instances in which her name occurs in the parish register. In the register of Bishopton (near Stratford) we find "Thomas Greene and Agnes his wife," in 1602, and "Thomas Greene and Anne his wife," in 1605. The wife of Philip Henslowe, whom he calls Agnes in his will, is referred to as Anne in the entry of her funeral at Dulwich College, 1617, and also in the inscription on her gravestone. A tourist of the seventeenth century transcribed an inscription in the Stratford

church thus: "Here lyeth the bodies of William Clopton, esquier, and Anne his wife, daughter of Sir George Griffyth, knight; . . . the said Agnes deceased 17 of September, 1596." These examples of the confusion of the two names might be multiplied indefinitely.

William and Anne were married in the latter part of 1582. The exact date is not known, but it was probably very early in December. At that time, "before a license for wedlock could be obtained it was necessary to lodge in the Consistory Court a bond entered into by two responsible sureties, who, by that document, certified, under a heavy penalty in case of misrepresentation, that there was no impediment of precontract or consanguinity, the former, of course, alluding to a precontract of either of the affianced parties with a third person."

The bond given in anticipation of this particular marriage is dated the 28th of November, 1582, and the only peculiarity in it is that "the said William Shagspere" and "the said Anne Hathway" are licensed "to be married together with once asking of the bannes of matrimony between them."* Their first child, Susanna, was baptized on Sunday, May 26, 1583. The marriage had probably taken place in one of the neighboring villages, the parish records of which have been lost. There is a tradition that it was at Luddington, about a mile from Shuttery; and the fact that Thomas Hunt, who was one of the masters of the Stratford grammar school in Shakespeare's boyhood, was vicar of Luddington in 1582, is, perhaps, a slight point in favor of the tradition. The old church at Luddington was destroyed long ago, and the early registers are not extant.

William, who was born in April, 1564, was in his nineteenth year when he married. Of Anne's birth or baptism we have no record, but the inscription on her grave informs us that she was 67 years old when she died, August 6, 1623. She must, therefore, have been at least twenty-six at the time of her marriage. Some biographers have taken the ground that the "smart" young woman of twenty-six entrapped the boy of eighteen into this match, which, from a worldly point of view, was so imprudent; but I fancy that the boy himself would have disdained to urge any such excuse for his conduct. William Shakespeare at eighteen was not the guileless and unsophisticated country youth that this theory assumes; and I suspect that he was more to blame for the hurried marriage than was Anne Hathaway.

There are those who believe that no especial blame attaches to either Anne or William in this matter. It is assumed that the pair had been formally betrothed some months before the marriage, according to the custom of the time. This was a more serious business than the modern engagement to marry. It was a legal ceremony, consisting in the interchange of rings, kissing and joining hands, in the presence of witnesses, and often before a priest. Violation of the contract was punished by the Ecclesiastical Law with excommunication; and it was not until the time of George II that this penalty was abolished in England. The betrothal was a legal bar to marriage with another person. Henry VIII took advantage of this in divorcing Anne Boleyn. Before her execution he obtained a decision from the Ecclesiastical Court that the marriage was void, on the ground of her alleged precontract with Northumberland. In Scotland to this day the betrothal is a legal contract, the fulfillment of which can be enforced. In Shakespeare's time, at least among the common people, it was often regarded as conferring the rights and privileges of the more formal union that was to follow, though later the church authorities condemned this license. There may have been such precontract or betrothal in the case of William and Anne. In the absence of any positive evidence to the contrary it is no more than fair to allow them the benefit of the doubt.

It is an interesting fact that this ancient betrothal is introduced by Shakespeare in at least seven of his plays: "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Taming of the Shrew," "King John," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "Measure for Measure," and "The Winter's Tale" (twice). In "Twelfth Night," Olivia, who has been betrothed to Sebastian, addresses him as "husband," and justifies herself by appealing to the priest before whom the ceremony had been performed, with the understanding that it was to be kept secret until the marriage should take place. Similarly, Robert Arden, the poet's maternal grandfather, in a legal

* In the episcopal register at Worcester the following minute appears under date of November 27, 1582: "Item, eodem die similis emanavit licentia inter Willielmum Shaxspere et Annam Whateley de Temple Grafton," the preceding entry showing that the license was a matrimonial one. This has perplexed some of the commentators; and certain of the Baconian heretics have taken it as evidence that Anne Hathaway was a widow, her married name being Whateley! The obvious explanation is that the scribe confused Anne's name with that of another Anne from another town. The bond in which the name of the young woman occurs twice, is, of course, of infinitely higher authority than the entry, to say nothing of the fact that Temple Grafton was not one of the hamlets included in the parish of Stratford.

document, calls his daughter Agnes the wife of the man to whom she was married three months later. Of course, she had been betrothed before the document was written.

It has sometimes been asserted that the consent of the parents on both sides was necessary to the betrothal, but this was certainly not required in Warwickshire. Thus, in 1585, William Holder and Alice Shaw came voluntarily before two witnesses to pledge themselves to wedlock, and it is evident from the subsequent testimony of one of these witnesses that they were the only persons present except the contracting parties. The woman said to the man, "I do confesse that I am your wief and have forsaken all my frendes for your sake, and I hope you will use me well," and thereupon she "gave him her hand." Then "the said Holder, *mutatis mutandis*, used the like words unto her in effect, and toke her by the hand and kissed together," etc. These proceedings are afterward referred to as constituting a definite "contract of marriage." On another occasion, in 1585, as Halliwell-Phillipps tells us, a young woman at Alcester came to be betrothed unaccompanied by any of her friends. When asked why she had not brought them, "she answered that her leasure wold not lett her, and that she thought she cold not obtaine her mother's good will, 'but,' quoth she, 'nevertheless, I am the same woman that I was before.'" The future bridegroom was perfectly satisfied, and the ceremony went on.

It may be added that the only reason for assuming that William's parents did not consent to the betrothal, if it occurred, is that they do not appear to have been concerned in obtaining the marriage bond. The two sureties to that document, Fulk Sandells and John Richardson, were inhabitants of Shuttery, and friends of Richard Hathaway, the former being one of the "supervisors" of his will, and the latter a witness thereto; and in the bond the consent of friends is limited to those of the bride ("if the said William Shagspere do not proceed to solemnization of mariadg with the said Anne Hathway without the consent of hir frendes," etc.). Although this was not unusual in such documents it may be inferred from the other circumstances that the Hathaway family were more eager to expedite the marriage than the Shakespeares may have been. Halliwell-Phillipps says: "The case, however, admits of another explanation. It may be that the nuptials of Shakespeare, like those of so many others of that time, had been privately celebrated some months before under the illegal forms of the Catholic Church, and that the relatives were now anxious for the marriage to be openly acknowledged." Mr. James Walter ("Shakespeare's True Life," London, 1890) says: "It is matter of history, fully attested by the faithful historian Dugdale, that there existed at the time, in the little village of Shuttery, a Roman Catholic Chantry." He is confident that this chantry was in the attic of the old Manor House, still standing, and that the betrothal of William and Anne took place there, though the formal marriage may have been celebrated subsequently at Luddington, in accordance with the rites of the Protestant Church. Suffice it for my present purpose that the young people were legally married, whether by the forms of one church or two churches, and whether after a legal betrothal or not.

As already stated, a babe was born to them before the end of the next May, and twin babies in less than two years afterward, or about three months before Shakespeare was twenty-one. These twins were named Hamnet and Judith, for his friends Hamnet (or "Hamlet," as he is called in the poet's will, where 26s. 8d. is bequeathed "to buy him a ring") and Judith Sadler. It was probably not long after the birth of these children that the poet went to London to seek his fortune, leaving his family in Stratford or Shuttery. The next twenty-five years or more he spent in the metropolis, visiting his native town once a year, according to tradition, which is substantially confirmed by evidence drawn from legal transactions requiring his presence in Stratford and other testimony. In 1596 his son Hamnet died at the age of twelve. Early the next year he bought New Place, the best house in Stratford, and later added other lands to the estate. In 1607 his daughter Susanna was married to Dr. John Hall, and the birth of their only child the next year made the poet a grandfather at the age of forty-four. Later—we cannot say just when, but probably not before 1611—he settled down in his house at Stratford, where he spent the few remaining years of his life. His second daughter, Judith, whom Mr. Black has idealized so delightfully in the novel bearing her name, was married to Tom Quiney in 1616, little more than two months before her father's death.

WAS Shakespeare happy in his married life? This is one of the most interesting and most controverted of the many perplexing questions connected with his history. It seems to me that the remarkable

change in the tone and temper of his plays in the last few years of his career as an author has an important bearing upon the question. In the later tragedies, as Professor Dowden says, "the bonds of life are broken; in 'Othello,' the bonds which unite husband and wife; in 'Lear,' the bonds which unite parent and child; in 'Macbeth,' the bonds of kinship and of the loyalty of the subject; Antony, through voluptuous self-indulgence, dissolves the bonds which bind him to his country and ceases to be a Roman; Coriolanus, through passionate haughtiness, also turns away from Rome, and even tries to crush the loyalties and affections which mark him man—tries to lift himself into a proud isolation; lastly, Timon actually severs himself, not from his country merely, but from humanity itself. He is '*misanthropos*, and hates mankind.'" What deepening shadows have we here, settling down at last into the utter blackness of absolute night! And then, as we pass to the following period in the poet's career, the darkness and horror are suddenly dispelled as by magic. To recur to Dowden, "from the plays concerned with the violent breaking of human bonds," we pass to "a group of plays which are all concerned with the knitting together of human bonds, the reunion of parted kindred, the forgiveness of injuries, the atonement for wrong—not by death, but by repentance—the reconciliation of husband with wife, of child with father, of friend with friend."

Now, if the transition were only from a single play to another, or from the works of one year to those of the next, we could not fairly lay much stress upon it; but it is from a whole group of plays to another group, from an entire period of five years or more to another such period.

These last plays of Shakespeare are "Pericles" (of which he wrote the greater part of the last three acts), "The Tempest," "Cymbeline" and "The Winter's Tale"—and we may add his part of "Henry VIII." An almost divine charity breathes through them all from beginning to end. Our sense of poetic justice almost rebels against it at times. There is no "damned villain" so black that he is not fully and freely forgiven in the end. The unnatural brother of Prospero, the weak and jealous Leontes, even the base reptile Iachimo—all share the boundless mercy and benignity.

AND what shall we think of the creator of these ideal scenes of charity, reconciliation, forbearance, generosity, magnanimity? Must he not himself have risen to the moral height, the serene elevation of sentiment and feeling that mark this group of plays? And what shall we imagine his home life to have been at that time? Did the fires of hell mix with his hearth, to quote the strong words of Tennyson? If his heart had even wandered from the wife of his youth, if there had ever been any alienation between them, was there no reconciliation, no mutual forgiveness in these latter years? Was the real life so opposed to the mimic life of the "Romances," as the last group of plays has been aptly called? I, for one, cannot believe, cannot conceive it; and I wonder that no commentator nor critic has suggested that this transition from darkness to sunshine in the plays cannot but be typical of a return to happiness and peace in the poet's domestic relations.

What is to be said on the other side? On what basis does the theory rest that Shakespeare was not happy in the later years of his married life? As we have seen, his wife was about eight years older than himself, and the nuptials had been celebrated in some haste. He had gone to London a few years later, leaving his wife and babies in Stratford. The "Sonnets," which, to my thinking, are unquestionably more or less autobiographical, indicate that he had not been able to resist the temptations of city life—that he had sinned, and suffered, and repented. Note that terrible outcry of remorse, the 129th Sonnet. It assures us that, whatever his errors may have been, Shakespeare repented of them; and his after life shows that he brought forth fruits meet for repentance. He never lost his love for his Stratford home. We have seen that as soon as he began to be prosperous in London he bought the dilapidated New Place, and, as fast as his means allowed, repaired the house, enlarged and improved the grounds, and gradually made it the elegant and delightful home which must have been his ideal from the first. During all this time did he look forward to sharing that home with a wife whom he did not love?

BUT in some of the plays he has said that a man should marry a woman younger than himself rather than older. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," in the famous passage about the course of true love, one reason given for its not running smooth is that sometimes "it is misgrafted in respect of years"; and Helena exclaims, "Oh, spite! too old to be engaged to young!" But there the reference seems rather to be to a too old husband. Again in "Twelfth Night," when Viola, in her masculine disguise, tells the Duke, who is questioning her concerning her history, that she loves one of about his age, he says:

"Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take An elder than herself; so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart."

But note the remarkable confession that follows—remarkable for a man:

"For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, Than women's are."

If the poet had his own experiences in mind here, he certainly takes the blame upon himself, as he does in adding:

"Then let thy love be younger than thyself, Or thy affections cannot hold the bent; For women are as roses, whose fair flower, Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour,"

the implication being that man's love falls, or dies, with it.

But that his affections could hold their bent, or that they regained, if they had not retained, their early strength, seems to be amply proved by the efforts he was making at that very time (the play was probably written about the year 1600) to establish a home in his native town for himself and the wife he had chosen in his youth.

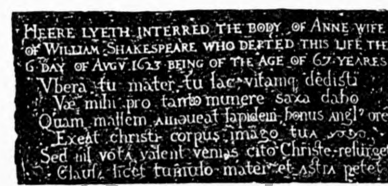
BUT the poet's last will and testament, we are told, shows small regard for his wife. The only reference to her in the document is evidently an after-thought—the interlined bequest of the "second-best bed," apparently one of the additions made during his last sickness. The simple and satisfactory explanation of this is, that Mistress Shakespeare was amply provided for by virtue of her rights of dower, and that it was by no means uncommon to omit all reference to the wife in wills of the time when she was thus provided for. The gift of the second-best bed was probably a mark of personal regard, and not the deliberate insult it would otherwise have been.

Some of the critics who believe that Shakespeare was not happy in his domestic life find indirect confirmation of their theory in the frequent introduction of termagant and shrewish women in his earlier plays, and in the fact that he has little or nothing of direct praise of woman in his works. The former of these points is hardly worth noticing. Shrewish women are the kind that a young writer would perhaps find easiest to manage for stage effect. Those in the historical plays come in as a matter of course, and call for no special comment. Adriana, in "The Comedy of Errors," is a loving wife, though her husband's behavior tempts her to occasional sharpness of tongue. "The Taming of the Shrew," as the reader is aware, is nothing but the reconstruction of an earlier anonymous play, "The Taming of a Shrew," and is of peculiar interest for the manner in which Shakespeare has idealized the vulgar vixen of the old drama. He lifted the two leading characters of that play to a higher plane of humanity. The two Kates are, indeed, tamed by the very same methods; but in the case of the first we miss all the subtle touches which show the result to be a genuine "moral reform," and make us feel that the shrew has learned to love her conqueror as well as to respect him. The whole treatment of the character evinces a refined appreciation of woman, not a disposition to satirize her.

As to the absence of formal eulogies of the sex in the plays—to complain of this is much like finding fault with Raphael for leaving us no written record of his conception of feminine beauty. We have the women that Raphael created on canvas, and we have those that Shakespeare created in his plays.

Was Mistress Shakespeare a Puritan? Dr. John Hall was, we know, and so was his wife, we have reason to believe. It is not unlikely that her mother also became one. Shakespeare in his plays occasionally indulges in slight flings at the sect, apparently due to his dislike for their canting ways rather than their peculiar tenets; but in 1614, when he was certainly living at New Place, a strange preacher, undoubtedly a Puritan, who had delivered a sermon before the corporation, seems to have been hospitably "taken in" by the poet. In the town accounts we find: "Item, for one quart of sack and one quart of clarett wine, given to a preacher at the New Place, xx.d." Had Shakespeare then got over his antipathy to the sect, or did he entertain the preacher out of regard for his wife? Or did she have her way about it, while he looked on with somewhat the feeling of the elder Weller when the reverend Stiggins was being coddled by his wife? I do not believe that the advent of the preacher made any trouble in the house.

Of Mistress Shakespeare herself we know almost nothing beyond what we may infer from the tradition that she "did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with her husband," and from her epitaph, which proves the deep affection of her daughter. The epitaph reads thus:





THE THREE MISS MERRITTS

By Jeanette H. Walworth

HERE was a certain smooth monotony in the routine existence of Sloegoe County, which proved soothing or exasperating, according to individual temperament. It had its advantages and its disadvantages. One of its most pronounced advantages was the facilities it afforded for predicating events. To illustrate:

When Miss Matilda Witherspoon, who was canvassing the neighborhood for subscriptions for a new altar-cloth for the only church at Deemsport, called on the three Miss Merritts, she knew, without a word being spoken on either side, that "something was going to happen at the house behind the syringas." For she found Miss Adelia Merritt standing on a rather precarious-looking step-ladder, handing down the monogram tumblers to Miss Retta, who received them reverently and deposited them with care on the dining-room table, where the best china was already heaped. Now every one knew that those tumblers, brought home from Venice by General Herbert Merritt, were as the apples of their eyes to the three Miss Merritts, and their descent from the top shelf of the china closet would alone have fully warranted Miss Matilda in setting afloat the rumor that "something was going to happen at the Merritts'."

This was vague, but exciting. Such a very long time had elapsed since anything at all had happened at the Merritts', that any contributions to local annals from that quarter were sure of eager acceptance.

However reduced in all things else, the people of Sloegoe County are rich in ancestors and in old china. That house must be modern indeed, and its inmates must belong to the plebeian influx which ante-bellum Sloegoe "lumps" as "new people," which cannot show at least half a dozen ancestors serving as wall decorations. Ladies with smooth, broad bandeaux of shining hair, or gentlemen in stiff satin stocks, suspended in tarnished gilt frames, are among the chief products of the county. Sometimes a time-rusted nail will treacherously separate from the crumbling plaster of an old wall, bringing a progenitor to grief; but one can be just as proud of an ancestor propped in a corner, as if he hung on the honor line in the Royal Academy. In fact, as Miss Retta once said, as she wiped some fly specks from the Roman nose of General Herbert Merritt, "It is quite handy to have one's ancestors come down in the world. It makes them more accessible." A mild witticism, at which all the Miss Merritts smiled, although Miss Adelia pronounced it, "Really irreverent."

All of the "best people" in Sloegoe County live in fine old houses, which time has treated with more or less disrespect. Falling plaster and doors that refuse to shut at times, and refuse to open at others, are the rule rather than the exception. But these small discomforts are accepted with quiet dignity. Indeed people who are sure of their ancestors

and their heirlooms can afford to smile at a pinching to-day.

When Miss Witherspoon came in Miss Adelia handed down the great gilt-glass fruit-bowl with due regard for its antiquity before descending from the step-ladder. Miss Adelia, like the fruit-bowl, was antique and fragile. Her greeting to Miss Witherspoon was somewhat constrained.

"My dear Miss Matilda!—that stupid Polly."

"Polly told me you were busy. But you are always busy, you know."

"Stern necessity," said Miss Retta, with a laugh.

Retta was the youngest Miss Merritt, also the handsomest, which, perhaps, accounts for her doing the most of the laughing.

"Dear me, we are dreadfully encumbered for paupers. Look at all that china and glass to be washed."

"Paupers!"

Miss Witherspoon glanced around comprehensively. Miss Retta nodded.

"Yes, my dear, I understand. We look dreadfully rich, but one cannot eat old mahogany rocking-chairs, nor can one make petticoats out of damask curtains."

"But one can sell."

"Sell!"

"Auction!"
"Yes. A private one, of course, my dears."

The three Miss Merritts looked at each other mournfully. Miss Matilda Witherspoon belonged to the "new set" and lived in a smart new cottage, with an incomprehensible roof and no "grounds." It was impossible for her to understand how deeply she had offended. Miss Virginia Merritt broke the silence:

"Sister Adelia, you may as well explain matters. Everything will have to be known soon, anyhow."

Miss Witherspoon put out protesting hands.

"Oh, I beg. Please don't. I haven't the least desire to pry. When I told Polly I just wanted to see you for a moment she said it wouldn't pay her then to open the parlor shutters, so I just followed her lead. I am begging money for a new altar-cloth. We do need one so dreadfully. But, oh, I do feel so badly—"

Miss Adelia put out protesting hands in her turn—long, slim, white hands, somewhat wasted and full of blue veins that grew more prominent every year. One was compelled always to take note of the Merritt hands. They were beautiful in themselves, and they were regarded as the safest repositories for a number of priceless old family rings. An emerald set about with flawless diamonds flashed on the hand Miss Adelia laid kindly on Miss Witherspoon's arm.

"I beg of you, my dear Miss Matilda, not another word of apology. On the whole, I am rather glad Polly did blunder. She might have brought in some one else."

"Mrs. Morehouse, for instance, who never is satisfied with what one is willing to divulge—"

Miss Virginia held the fine damask table-cloth she was darning between her and the light in search of more holes.

"And Adelia may as well tell you all there is to tell."

"I don't want you to divulge anything," said Miss Matilda. "If it is not entirely convenient for each one of you to give me two bits for the altar-cloth I can just put your names down and call some other day."

Miss Adelia looked composedly at the threadbare table-cloth which veiled Miss Virgie's crimsoning face from view.

"Virgie is our 'man of business.' She carries the family purse. But I presume it is entirely convenient."

"Entirely," said Miss Virginia, emerging from behind the table-cloth, calm and pale, as she always was. "Excuse me, I will bring it."

As she went up the long, spiral stairway, whose carpet had become a thing of shreds and patches, she made a mental calculation.

There were three dollars and fifteen cents in the family purse. Something better than

Miss Retta took up the table-cloth and the darning-needle.

"Tell Miss Matilda, sister Addie. If you don't all Deemsport will be agog to-morrow or next day."

Thus importuned Miss Adelia turned her serene gray eyes on Miss Witherspoon.

"We are looking for a guest, Miss Matilda, and that accounts for grandpapa's tumblers and our great-grandmamma's Italian china being down."

"Oh. I hope she will be pleasant."

"He," Miss Adelia corrected composedly.

"A man?"

"Yes."
"Our uncle," said Miss Retta, less composedly. Really she must combat the surprise in Miss Witherspoon's face.

"Not really our uncle, Henrietta, although in the few communications we have ever had with him, he has addressed us as his nieces. Our dear papa's step-brother, Miss Matilda."

"Which, after all, comes to pretty much the same thing," said Miss Matilda. "Will the old gentleman live with you?"

"He is not an old gentleman—at least, not very old. Papa and mamma were married when his father, our grandfather, General Herbert Merritt, somewhat scandalized the family by marrying a young widow, with a little boy in kilts. Her name was Mason."



"Thar ain't a bit er harm in that hawse," said Uncle Scipio

"Oh, so it is a Mr. Mason you are looking for?"

"Yes; Mr. Ferdinand Mason."

"My, how interesting! Have you ever seen him?"

"No."

"Never? Is he married?"

"We do not know."

"Rich?"

"We don't know that either."

"My, how very interesting! And he will be here—when?"

"To-morrow or next day. I believe I am right."

Miss Adelia had a horror of inaccuracy. She stood up to refresh her memory as to date from Mr. Mason's own letter. It was in a papier-maché letter-rack over the tall mantel-shelf.

"Ferdinand," Miss Matilda repeated musingly. "What a pretty name. Of course you are all perfectly charmed."

"Not at all," said Miss Virginia, dropping three silver quarters into Miss Matilda's outstretched palm. "It may result in leaving us without a roof over our heads."

"What?"

"Yes. Adelia has been rooting among some old family papers, and discovers, or fancies that she has discovered, a claim this person has on our home. So she has written him to that effect, and he is coming on to see about it."

Miss Matilda fairly bounced in her chair. The altar-cloth contributions jingled in her open pocket-book. She tuned wonder-rounded eyes on first one, then the other of the three Merritts.

"And you are getting down your best glass and china to do honor to a man who is coming to rob you of the house the Merritts have lived in for generations?"

Miss Adelia smiled pensively, and laid one hand softly on the other.

"I don't think we mean it just that way, do we, girls? We don't want to pose either for saints or martyrs. But one cannot be less than just, can one? We were compelled to let him know of the discovery we made. And as for doing him honor we should not like the daughters of General Garnet Merritt to appear as mendicants before this son of a carpenter."



"Exactly. It is the interests of Ferdinand Mason I am here to serve"

Miss Witherspoon quailed before the wrath she had evoked.

"Yes, sell. I supposed when I came in and saw you getting down all the best china and glass that you were going to have an auction."

their ordinary meagre fare must be put before "that man." A quarter from each one of them was a costly sacrifice to the altar-cloth at this particular juncture. It was "a pinch." But, then, "what was life now but a succession of pinches?"

EDITOR'S NOTE—The first of Mrs. Walworth's trilogy of "Stories of a Southern County" to be published in the JOURNAL.

"Builder—architect, sister," said Miss Retta, with rebuking eyes. "We would not like to have it said—"

Miss Virginia lifted her head and looked at her youngest sister. The look had a silencing effect.

Miss Matilda paused for a reflective second. Then she gathered her bag and gloves and stood up to go.

"You are three angels, and any man who could consent to come here and dispossess you of so much as a kitchen table ought to be hooted out of Sloegoe County."

"Really no, Miss Matilda; Virgie and I have been really ugly about it. It all comes from sister Addie's mania for getting at the bottom of things."

"But, my dear Retta, if it is on record," said Miss Adelia.

"What?"

The three Miss Merritts "brought up" colloquially with great abruptness. The family poverty was something that could neither be hidden nor disguised, but they did not feel called upon to explain the coming man any more fully.

"I have simply done my duty," said Miss Adelia, through compressed lips, "and I hardly deserve reproaches from my sisters for that."

Miss Matilda was sure she did not.

"No one who knows you, dear Miss Adelia, would ever expect you to do less than your duty."

Miss Adelia acknowledged this tribute by gently inclining her stately head.

Miss Virginia darned in silence.

Miss Retta gazed reflectively at a clumsy patch on her left boot. Evidently there was nothing more coming.

Miss Matilda rose to go, with that vague sense of disappointment which besets one who has dined heartily, but could relish a dessert which is not forthcoming. She could easily have digested several courses more touching the coming man. Miss Adelia accompanied her to the front door. No departing guest ever crossed its polished sill unattended. She turned on the gallery steps to murmur benignantly:

"My, how interesting. I do hope, my dear, it can all be amicably settled."

When Miss Adelia got back to the dining-room she found Miss Virginia deep in a mathematical problem.

By the help of a bit of wrapping paper and a lead pencil she was trying to decide how many times eight could be made to go into three, and what would be left over.

"Well, Virginia?"

"We must cut the list down," said the "man of business," pensively chewing her pencil point into greater bluntness. "We have put down eight dollars' worth and have less than three in the house."

"It was very unfortunate having Miss Matilda call for money just now."

"Very. But one could not tell her one could not spare three-quarters of a dollar."

"No, of course not." Miss Virgie drew some criss-cross lines through her calculations and sighed. "There is no use making out a list for the store. We will simply have to get what we can pay for. We must feed him on chickens and eggs."

"He can afford to be indifferent to the table, when, perhaps, everything we own will be his before he leaves."

Miss Retta spoke snappishly. She felt snappish. This "carpenter's business" had slept through a whole generation.

"Why should Adelia have stirred it up?"

"Some one of us will have to go to town quite early to-morrow to get what we are compelled to buy, for the buggy must be sent out to the landing at three o'clock. If he comes to-morrow he will come on the up packet. I think Scipio had better be told at once that the buggy will be wanted to-morrow."

Miss Virginia went out to attend to this important business. Scipio was generally given about twenty-four hours' notice when the buggy was to be used. In this way he secured ample time to guard against probable disaster.

It was decided that Miss Retta should go out to Deemsport to make the necessary purchases. She wanted to match some wools for an afghan she had been crocheting on for a year or two. And she could be better spared than her elders.

"Of course he is common," said Miss Virginia, coming back to her darning-needle, after putting Scipio under orders. "A mechanic's son. I wonder if he has followed his father's trade?"

"One really cannot help feeling curious about the personality of a man who is coming right under one's own roof," said Miss Retta. "I have been drawing all sorts of pictures in my mind's eye. Of course he is fat."

"Plebeians generally are," said Miss Virgie sententiously, "and self-indulgent."

"And gray."

"And bald."

"Jolly, perhaps, and good-natured, wearing pronounced cravats and big seal rings. Not poor, but quite willing to take everything that is legally his."

"Which will be a great deal if he insists upon the interest too."

Miss Adelia looked from sister to sister with a sweet gravity.

"My dear girls, what idle chatter. To me this whole business is horribly solemn.

If he claims his rights with accumulated interest we will not dispute them. We are ready to yield to Mr. Ferdinand Mason every jot and tittle that the papers in our possession entitle him to, are we not?"

"Yes." It came in a solemn whisper.

"It may result in our having to give up this house—the house we were born in."

"Yes." It came with a sobbing sound.

"We may even have to—to sell some things."

"To—hold—an—auction. Yes."

"But—we will not shrink, will we, Virgie, will we, Henrietta?"

"No, we will not shrink."

The windows of the great dining-room were open. The setting sun cast long golden bars aslant through the rose branches that clambered on the trellis outside; the Venetian glass on the dining-room table caught its rays and glowed with jeweled pomp; the tarnished gilt frame of General Herbert Merritt borrowed a fictitious brightness from it; the cut-glass of the great gilt fruit-bowl imprisoned its light in a hundred facets; only the three pale, high-bred faces of the three Miss Merritts remained cold, statuesque, unilluminated.

They were thinking of all the loss and misery that might be entailed upon them by Adelia's "simply doing her duty."

"I think," said Miss Adelia, breaking a prolonged silence, "it would be best for us to call him 'Uncle Ferdinand.' It would lend a propriety to his presence here."

To which the other two assented.

Deemsport took its name from Mr. Deems, who kept the one store there. It was a matter of a six miles' drive from the house behind the syringas, and Miss Retta was to make a very early start in the morning, in order to get back in time for Scipio to make the trip a second time for their guest.

Miss Adelia had written Mr. Mason: "We will send a vehicle to meet you at Deemsport."

"He comes up from New Orleans," she said authoritatively, "and so cannot possibly get here before afternoon."

She and Miss Virgie were standing on the front steps seeing Miss Retta off. Scipio's grandson was to go with her to hold the horse while she was shopping.

"Don't forget that Sir Richard always shies at a cotton sack, Retta; now, pray, watch him."

Sir Richard stood with dropped head. His ribs were painfully in evidence. He flopped one ear dejectedly as Miss Retta urged him into motion.

"Thar ain't a bit er harm in that hawse," said Uncle Scipio. "You all is thinking er Sir Richard in your pa's time. Times is changed."

And the ripple of excitement, caused by getting Retta off, having subsided, the front of the house was deserted.

Retta had made all of the purchases Virgie's list called for. Mr. Deems wrapped them up with unusual care. He was minded to make them look as little like grocer's parcels as possible.

Retta laughed and filled her arms with the paper parcels. "Oh, I grow very independent, Mr. Deems. Should not wonder if you found me bringing in the eggs myself next week—that is, if we can spare any. We are looking for—"

She had reached the gallery of the store, and there, immediately confronting her, stood a stranger with a grip-sack in his hand. In a moment she paled. Could that be Ferdinand Mason? Then she rallied. He was to come from New Orleans, and the packet, the only way he could come up, was not due for hours. She rallied—but the confusion of meeting an utter stranger, with her arms full of groceries, was too much. She had caught his amused inspection of Sandy and Sir Richard. She moved forward hastily. The bag of onions slipped from her grasp and every individual onion rolled in a different direction. The stranger hastily put down his grip-sack and joined Mr. Deems in pursuit of the fugitive bulbs. The largest and finest one had fallen plump upon Miss Retta's patched boot, and rolled but an inch from the high-arched instep it encased. The stranger's smooth brown hand had closed firmly upon it and he calmly added it to the store already occupying the crown of his speckless derby hat.

The hot blood mounted to Miss Retta's temples. One more step toward the buggy, and the string which bound six bars of laundry soap in a compact package suddenly proved traitor to its trust. Mr. Deems laid down the ham he was encumbered with and groaned audibly. Miss Merritt darted toward her buggy. The stranger bent his head low over the bars of yellow soap. He would not have that handsome blushing beauty see the irrepressible twitching of his lips, for a kingdom.

"Who is that princess in patched boots?" he asked, later, when Miss Retta, in restored possession of all her goods, had urged Sir Richard briskly out of sight. "That's Miss Retta Merritt, sir." Mr. Deems spoke combatively. "Merritt! A daughter of General Garnet Merritt?"

"The same, sir. There are three of

them. Ladies, sir, to the backbone. Women who would starve to death before they would run up a bill at my store less'n they saw where the money was coming to pay for it."

"All honor to such women," said the stranger with a grave, sweet smile. "If my hat were not undergoing a necessary airing after discharging its cargo of onions I would lift it to the daughters of General Garnet Merritt."

"Well you might, sir, well you might, Can I do anything for you in my line?"

"Yes, you can answer some questions. Have these ladies any property?"

"They're land poor. Fine old place, the Merritt place. But what can three women, raised in pink cotton, so to speak, do with a cotton field?"

"How do they manage to exist?"

"Lord knows, I don't. They don't none of 'em look like they fed too high."

"At least they will have onions for several days to come," said the stranger.

"They're looking for somebody," said Mr. Deems, "least, so Miss Matilda Witherspoon told my wife, and I reckon they're going to cut a splurge for him."

"How far do they live from here?"

"About six miles round by the road; three if you walk through the woods. Can I do anything for you, sir?"

"Yes, you can let my grip-sack stay on your counter until to-night, when I may call or send for it. And—then—you can give me directions how to find the Merritt place. I am the somebody, I imagine, that they are looking for."

"You, sir!"

The stranger twisted one end of his mustache reflectively.

"At least, I have been sent here on business with them."

Mr. Deems looked at him with awakened interest, then said very gently:

"I hope it's for their interests you've come. Them girls have had a hard tussle of it since the old General was killed, and, by George, I could find it in my heart, sir, to handle a fellow purty rough that would be for adding one straw's weight to the burden they've had to bear already."

"Your feelings do you honor," said the stranger haughtily, "and now the directions I asked you for, please."

And while he was tramping through the sweet-smelling woods, pondering deeply on all that he had gathered from Mr. Deems, Miss Retta was mournfully describing the episode of the onions to her sisters:

"It was the patch on my boot that did it all, girls. I am just as sure as I can be that he saw it when I stepped out of the store. It confused me so that I shifted my parcels, and—then—the onions tumbled."

"Horrible!" Adelia looked at her severely.

"But he looked so faultlessly elegant."

"A drummer," said Miss Virgie. "They always dress handsomely."

With which the episode of Miss Retta's discomfiture was dismissed, and the stranger entirely forgotten, until Polly, flustered and hurried, stumbled into their presence with the announcement that:

"A white man done come and say he want to see one Miss Merritt."

"It is our Uncle Ferdinand," said Adelia in an awed whisper. At which they all turned very pale.

Miss Adelia's lips quivered.

"I hope I shall not show any weakness, my dears. I don't want to grow hysterical over this business."

Retta stood up to put one arm around her sister's neck, and to kiss her tenderly.

"Virgie and I will indorse everything you say and do, sister."

"Thank you, my dear."

Then with her slow, stately step she passed from them, and presently, through the great mahogany folding doors, they could hear the soft murmur of her voice mingling with the deeper tones of a man's.

It seemed to the two who waited a lifetime before she came back to them.

"It is not our Uncle Ferdinand after all. It is a friend of his, a lawyer, whom he sends to attend to his business for him. He says he has had the pleasure of meeting one of my sisters already."

Miss Retta bounded from her chair: "Not—oh, sister Addie—"

"The onion gleaner," said a deep voice. "Miss Merritt told me I might follow her. And it is so delightful to be treated with-out ceremony."

Furniss Milbank was the name he had given Miss Adelia, and she now passed it on to her sisters.

"After all," said Miss Virgie that night, "I am rather glad he sent a lawyer instead of coming himself. You see, it would have been very hard for us to stand up for our own rights with our Uncle Ferdinand himself."

"Exactly, and doubtless Mr. Milbank is a man of greater cultivation, which makes it pleasanter to talk matters over. To-morrow I shall put him in possession of all grandfather's papers."

It was astonishing—considering that he really was a lawyer—how long it took Mr. Milbank to get at the legal points of what Miss Adelia tersely stated to be a "clear case against the Merritts."

They gave up the library for his exclusive use. The General's writing-desk still stood

by the window that overlooked the flower garden, where sweet peas waved bright greetings toward him every time he lifted his head from the yellowing papers Miss Adelia had thrust at him with such promptitude.

But the soft days of advanced spring came, bringing with them zephyrs that scattered the syringa blossoms in snow flurries adown the walk they flanked. Each one found Furniss Milbank provided with an excuse for his unfinished task. Excuses which found ready credence with his gentle hostesses. And the moonlit nights came, flooding the old garden with a silver glory, only to find him lingering entranced near Miss Adelia's armchair. Until finally there came a night, when, wandering alone among the syringas, smoking the cigar he only dared indulge in after the three Miss Merritts had retired for the evening, he told himself sternly that "matters should be brought to a crisis, and must be to-morrow."

When the morrow came he told Miss Adelia that he "was quite ready to pass an opinion on the matter of the mechanic's lien, if she and her sisters would give him an hour's attention."

They promised to be with him as soon as their most pressing morning duties were performed. When they came he could see traces of tears on Retta's soft cheeks, and Miss Adelia's high-bred composure was maintained by a mighty effort.

They found the lawyer seated in General Garnet's revolving chair. A budget of papers lay before him. Milbank revolved slowly in his chair until he faced the women whose fates rested in his keeping.

It was a fine, frank face, that one in the office chair, and, as he allowed his eyes to wander from Miss Adelia, across Miss Virgie, to rest with a deep, earnest gaze upon Miss Retta's sweet face, he was doing silent homage to the heroism embodied in those three slight forms. Then he addressed himself more particularly to Miss Adelia, as being the senior Miss Merritt.

"As I find by these papers, my dear Miss Merritt, your grandfather, General Herbert Merritt, then a widower somewhat advanced in years, owner of this noble old mansion, gave a mechanic's lien to one Josiah C. Mason, for addition to and improvement on said property."

Three heads were bowed in silent affirmation.

"The said Josiah C. Mason, I find, died before his lien was satisfied, and a year or two later I find the said Merritt marrying the widow of his creditor, she being the mother of one small boy, and he the father of a lad quite grown."

"Our dear papa, who married very soon after grandfather's second marriage."

"Exactly. We are to take it for granted then that the mechanic's widow was fully satisfied with the method General Merritt took to satisfy the mechanic's lien."

A proud flush mounted to Miss Adelia's blue-veined temples.

"We have supposed that our grandfather was short of money, and did not want his creditor's widow to suffer. Beside, it was quite a rise in the world for her."

"Doubtless," said the lawyer.

"But," Miss Adelia proceeded majestically, "the lien is still there in black and white. Our grandfather could not satisfy the claims of the mechanic's son by marrying his mother, and it is his interests you are here to serve—his exclusively."

"Exactly. It is the interests of Ferdinand Mason I am here to serve; and these papers are all that are necessary to establish his claim twice over."

A slight fire of pine cones had been lighted behind the brass fender, and Furniss Milbank, by a step, brought the hand that held the package of papers within reach of the flames, and dropped them into it. Three pairs of eyes gazed at the blackening papers in mute perplexity. Retta gained her voice first.

"You came here in the interests of our Uncle Ferdinand. You have overstepped your authority."

The lawyer came over to her and stretched out his hand. Involuntarily she placed her own within it. But it was Adelia he still talked to:

"My dear Miss Adelia, there is but one thing in the gift of a Merritt that will satisfy my friend's claim."

"And—that—"

"This dear hand." It was Retta's hand he raised to his lips with gentle reverence.

"But—you—"

"Yes. It was no great harm, was it, to masquerade with my own initials for a few days? I knew that in spite of all your resolves, Ferdinand Mason, personally, would be detestable to you, and—and—before I had picked up that last onion—"

"Right on my patched boot, sisters!"

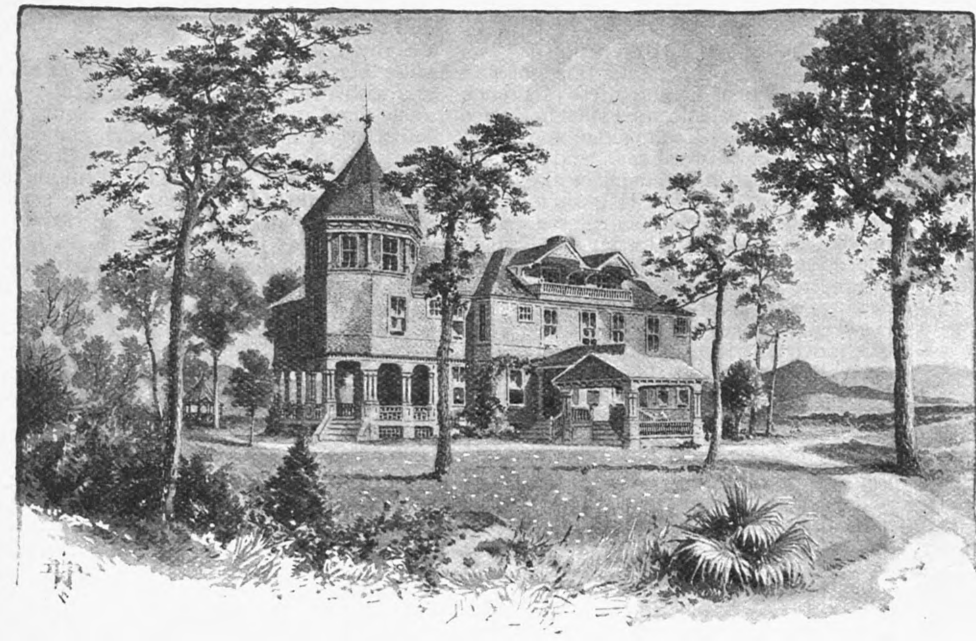
"I was in love with my niece Retta, and determined to win my own way."

"But, Retta!"

Miss Adelia looked from the fine, ardent face of the lawyer to Retta's. It was suffused with the softest, prettiest flush. Then Miss Adelia going over took her youngest sister in her arms and heaved a sigh of great relief.

"If it suits you, my love, I shall be glad to consider the matter amicably settled."

And Retta said that it did.



MR. NYE'S HOME AT BUCK SHOALS, NORTH CAROLINA, WHERE HE PERMANENTLY RESIDES

THE FAMILY OF A HUMORIST

By Augusta Prescott

[With Illustrations from Original Photographs]

NESTLED away in the mountains of North Carolina, where you would never find them unless you were looking for them, is one of the dearest little families upon earth, the family of "Bill Nye," the humorist. It is said of this particular region of North Carolina, where the

in the Rocky Mountains, the South and in New York, so that she is thoroughly cosmopolitan, and has no local peculiarities. She received a very careful training on the piano, and has an excellent contralto voice. She sings at Calvary Church, near Buck Shoals, and has been an Episcopalian always.

When Mr. and Mrs. Nye were married

he was unknown and poor. He marveled that he could marry such a girl when she had always lived in comfort, and that she would take a reporter who owed for his wedding suit. But she gave him that confidence in himself which he lacked, and so she was the first of that audience, now grown to millions, which enjoys in print and on the platform his quaint and peculiar humor. She knew how to make a little go a long way, even in those far-away days, and even now, when she steals into the kitchen and takes the *cuisine* out of Aunt Lizzie's hands, the family see the difference at once and rejoice, though Aunt Lizzie "kin cook all around the other cooks of Yadkin County."

Mrs. Nye is essentially a good housekeeper, a good wife and a good mother. She is one of Mrs. Rorer's pupils, and, as her husband expresses it, "likes to construct a new

salad or experiment with a new design in pie." In their new neighborhood the well-known humorist is content to be known as "Mrs. Nye's husband."

In the papers he holds his old place with his readers firmly, but at Buck Shoals he is regarded more as a summer boarder. Mrs. Nye has been to her husband a gentle critic, the only one he has ever feared or worked hard to please. He has not feared her criticism on account of fear of bodily injury or scathing, withering sarcasm likely to come with the adverse criticism. For these he had no apprehension, for she has always been a comrade, and the good-fellowship and *bon-homie* existing between the husband and wife have made him cautious about falling short from any cause in the estimation of his wife. This

good-fellowship has made "Bill Nye" also a poor club man and man-about-town. As was said by a member of the Lotos Club, and as Nye likes to repeat, when urged to stay late he put on his overcoat and said good-night: "You are the best fellows in the world, except my wife. There is no one else I'd leave you for."

Mrs. Nye is not swift to make friends, but they are hers from the hour they understand her sincerity.

The poor of the mountains know Mrs. Nye far and wide, and all have known well of her judicious benevolence. Food and clothing go silently to the deserving poor, and Nye says when he goes to bed at night he bids good-by to his clothes, fearing that he will see them next on a sad-eyed mountaineer.

A year ago he bought in British Columbia a pair of Roman slippers made of undressed elk or moose skin of a peculiar russet color. They were so unique that people got to know them by sight, and when Mrs. Nye gave them to a beggar lady, reports came in from all over western North Carolina, "Bill Nye's slippers passed through here to-day," or, "An elderly mendicant wearing 'Bill Nye's' slippers passed here to-day, bound northward," etc.

Mrs. Nye is plump and smiling, with large brown eyes and wavy brown hair, and no one would guess that half her life had been spent with a literary crank. She conceals her woe if she has one, and the family gathered about the Nye board is a festive assemblage when the daughters are home from school and when "father carves the duck."

There are four children, Bessie, aged seventeen; Winifred, fourteen, and Max and Jim, aged respectively eight and five years. They both have their father's deep eyes that seem to see a funny thing a long while before any one else can. And that they can run faster, walk further, catch more fish and trap more squirrels than any other boys of their age tells the story of their strength and their preparation for the work of men.

The children are very fond of their father. They call him "Tod," and there is between him and them the most absolute confidence and companionship. This letter was written just recently from five-year-old Jim to "Tod" out West on a lecturing tour. Mize is one of the farmers on the place:

BUCK SHOALS, Mar. 5, 1894.
DEAR TOD:—Mize shot a squirrel; stuffed it, and gave it to me. I send a kiss.
Good-by, JIM NYE.

Winifred is the bookworm of the family, although all the family are great readers, and are well informed on current topics. Bessie is very companionable to her mother, and has a positive talent for entertaining children, which she turns to account for the amusement of the boys, whose instruction is now carried on at home. Bessie also paints particularly well on china.

The region above Asheville has become famous within a few years. It is a charming valley along the French Broad River, where lie Mr. Vanderbilt's ten thousand acres with its palace home, the most elegant ever owned by a private individual in fee simple, and further on up the river is Mr. Nye's house of twenty rooms. Mr. Nye's property includes the old farm on the rapids which has been called Buck Shoals for the past century. It is an old farm near Arden Station, and receives its name from a series of rapids or shoals which fill the valley with a subdued roar that lulls the honest farmer to rest when his lecture season is over. The Nye house stands at the top of a gentle slope covered with blue grass and clover to the river's edge, and com-

mands a view of the river of four miles, with a background of blue, smoky mountains.

The residence which Mr. Nye has built there, and which belongs to his wife, was the work of a celebrated architect, and is as beautiful as you could imagine—an ideal home. The farm consists of seventy-five acres, and includes all the fruits for which the country is celebrated. Between the house and the river there is a peach orchard of twenty acres, and on each side are vineyards and other fruits. The house itself is a big, broad one. According to Mr. Nye it is a sort of Colonial Queen Anne, "with a Watteau back." It is a handsome cottage of twenty rooms, finished in the oak, ash,



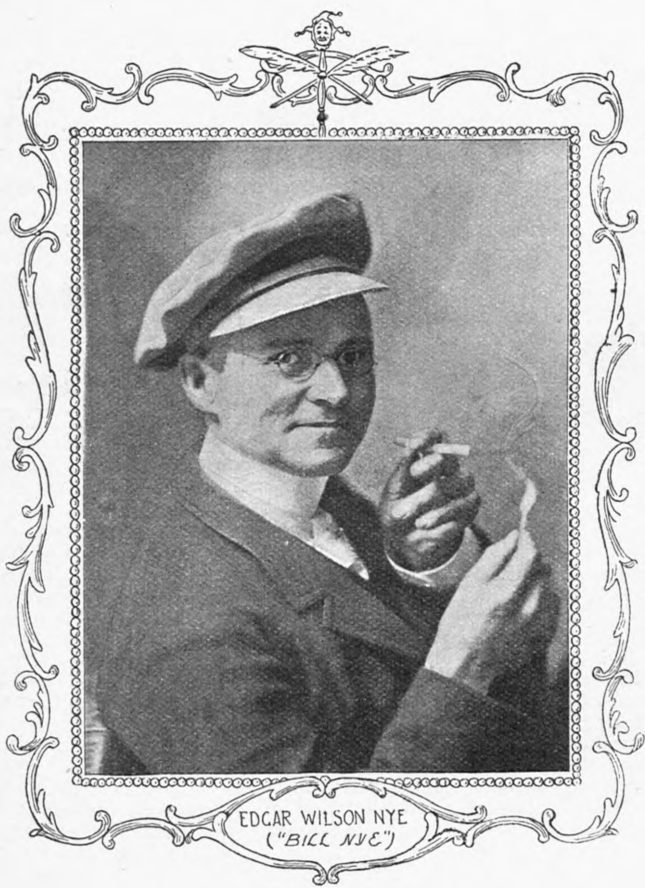
MRS NYE

chestnut, curly poplar or tulip sycamore, Georgia pine, etc., which grow there, and with open wood fires in every room, wide porches and all the luxuries and comfort of the American summer home. It is abundantly lighted with electricity, the power for which is furnished from an old mill further down the slope, upon which the farm rests. The grounds, too, have the electric arcs, and are lovelier than a dream when the sun goes down. Back of the house stands the carriage barn, frescoed with pigeons, and a pair of matched, black, carriage horses from Lexington, Kentucky, and two saddle horses constitute the stud.

Within the house are the things well and affectionately known to every reader of funny writing. Mr. Nye has the great library of which he often speaks, and there is, also, to be found the "library which, on being properly approached, becomes a refreshing couch," and there, too, is the pillow-sham holder "which sits up on its hindlegs at the foot of the bed," and the dog whose tail "wags in harmony with the dictates of his heart."

Most of Mr. Nye's writing is inspired by some little household occurrence, and in a little while the world is laughing at the things that are familiar to every one, and which wake up sympathetic echoes in every heart.

"No one in the South has a more perfect place than Mr. Nye," remarked a traveler through that region. And it may be added: "No one in the world has a more harmonious or congenial home circle, or one dominated by a woman more fitted to make a happy home than Mrs. Edgar Wilson Nye, the happy wife of the world-renowned humorist, 'Bill Nye.'"



EDGAR WILSON NYE
("BILL NYE")

Nyes live, that within any ten square miles of the country everything necessary to the comfort and happiness of man can be produced. And it is quite certain that within much less than ten miles a certain famous man finds all that sustains him for his arduous task of continuing to make people laugh—a devoted wife, four lovely children, and a home which is ideal in every respect.

Although the Nyes have been married eighteen years there are no lines in Mrs. Nye's face to indicate the fact.

Mrs. Nye was born in Chicago. Her father was the first railway station agent in that growing town. His sons grew to be railway superintendents and inventors, and one of them constructed a road in South America. Mrs. Nye has lived about equally in Chicago,



MISS BESSIE 17



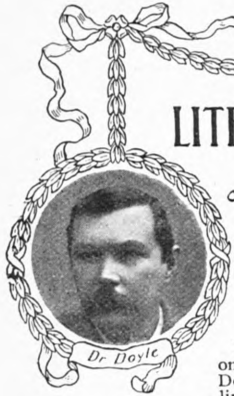
MISS WINIFRED 14



THE TWO BOYS "MAX AND JIM"

LITERARY ASPECTS OF AMERICA

An After Luncheon Talk Between
Dr. A. CONAN DOYLE
and
HAMILTON W. MABIE



Printed in substitution of the announced article on "How Your Women Impressed Me," by Dr. Doyle, the present subject being considered more in line with the author's work.



FEW foreign writers who have visited this country have made more friends than A. Conan Doyle. His personality is a peculiarly attractive one to Americans, because it is so thoroughly wholesome. The first impression which he makes is one of entire health of body and mind, and further acquaintance with him confirms this first impression of what Emerson would call his sanity. His nature is essentially objective, and he is apparently without that self-consciousness which is the bane of so many highly-organized Americans of his own craft. Simple, sincere, unaffected and honest, Dr. Doyle has that background of old English qualities which, united with great kindness of spirit and courtesy of manner, makes friends and holds them. Moreover, Dr. Doyle is one of those Englishmen whose readings and affinities not only made a visit to this country inevitable, but prepared the way for mutual confidence and liking.

IN the conversation, the substance of which is recorded here, he spoke with undisguised enthusiasm of his early acquaintance with American books and of his delight in them. No American boy could have come more intimately into association with the early American writers than did the boy whose early youth was spent in Edinburgh. From the time when he began to read with any degree of intelligence, Dr. Doyle declared, he had been greatly interested in American history and fiction. If he did not tumble about in an American library, he tumbled about with American books, and his Americana were among the very best. The future writer of historical romance and adventure was especially drawn to Fenimore Cooper, whose tales of sea and land caught the fancy of his boyhood, and for whom he still entertains a great regard; and to two other Americans as distinctive in their individuality and their quality as any story writers who have yet written on this continent, Hawthorne and Bret Harte. Dr. Doyle speaks of "The Scarlet Letter" as the greatest novel yet written in America. He was fascinated as a boy by the subtle genius of the author of "The Snow Image" and "The Great Stone Face," and those other finely-conceived bits of psychology so dramatic in their expression and so touched with the imperishable charm of art. The novelty of the situations in Bret Harte's stories, the newness of the dialect and the uncommon blending of heroic and criminal qualities in hero and heroine had a kindred spell for an imaginative boy, who had active hands and feet, as well as an active mind, and whose imagination responded to the appeal of that which is adventurous, as well as that which is unusual and subtle. Dr. Doyle says that he knew "Tennessee's Partners" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" by heart.

He was early drawn, also, to American historical writing. He revealed, as many an American boy has done, in Washington Irving's "Conquest of Granada," which he regards as a storehouse for the imagination of a boy of chivalrous impulse; and one may venture to guess that it was this kind of reading which laid the foundation for the writing of "The White Company." He was also an assiduous reader of Prescott. One of the great regrets of his visit to this country was the fact that he could not shake hands with Dr. Holmes, and tell the genial "Autocrat," in his youthful age how many delightful hours had been spent in Edinburgh in the society of the Boston wit, poet and philosopher. Dr. Doyle regards "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" as one of the most distinctive and original of American books. Of Poe's genius as a writer of short stories he cannot say enough. He regards him as pre-eminently the master of this literary form, and as the inventor of the detective story, to which the "Sherlock Holmes" series makes the most definite and extended English contribution. The imaginative quality, the intellectual skill, the keen adaptation of means to ends, the subtlety of insight, the management of dramatic effects—upon all these qualities Dr. Doyle delights to dwell by way of emphasizing his own indebtedness to Poe and his recognition of Poe's great abilities.

THIS interest in American writers, which gave Dr. Doyle's childhood in Edinburgh an American background and environment, has never died out. On the contrary, he shows great familiarity with the later writers and with contemporary novelists in this country. He gives George W. Cable very high rank as a literary artist, and puts "The Grandissimes" among the best American works of fiction. For Miss Wilkins' "Pembroke" he expresses the very highest admiration. It is the greatest American novel, he says, since "The Scarlet Letter." Of the genius of Henry James he is also very appreciative; and although he finds himself differing very widely from Mr. Howells in his view of fiction and literature in general, he has a hearty word for the delightful art, the genuine humor, and the high-minded moral endeavor of the author of "A Modern Instance." In Joel Chandler Harris he finds one of the raciest and most original of American writers, and in "Uncle Remus" he has taken unbounded delight. Among books for children he places "Uncle Remus" and Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book" at the very top of the list. These are all books of genius—fresh, original, genuine, and conceived and expressed from the child's standpoint.

IN answer to the question, "What do you think is the special tendency of fiction in this country and in England?" Dr. Doyle said: "I think the special tendency at present is toward what may be called local fiction—the presentation of local types, and I think this is likely to become a great danger. Provincialism is a thing to be avoided in art. The value of the local type depends entirely upon the power of the writer to make it significant of universal traits. In the 'Window in Thrums' Barrie describes with charming art an old-world village, full of local color, shut off in a way from the movement of life, intensely provincial, but that which he describes under these local forms is the universal substance of human nature. We are interested in Thrums because behind those local types and that local dialect, which have a novelty for us, there are revealed with a powerful hand the impulses, the passions and the experiences which are common to all mankind. This is the secret of the power of Miss Wilkins in 'Pembroke,' which deals with a little New England village, and with very strongly-marked New England types, but which works out in that village and through those characters a drama of human passion and suffering which is local only in the sense that it is placed on a particular stage. In England, as in this country, the present tendency in fiction is very strongly toward local portraiture. Almost every new work of fiction is a study of some section of the United Kingdom. Scotland has not only been divided up among the novelists, but England is fast being divided also. There are novels of Devonshire, of Cornwall, of Sussex, of the Isle of Man, of Yorkshire, of Somersetshire. It looks as if the map of literature were being broken up into counties. So far these local types have been drawn by very strong hands, and they have made a great impression, because the artistic instinct behind them has made the local character illustrative of universal experience; but there is danger that the tendency, if carried too far, will end in a very bare and unprofitable study of details and local minutiae without general significance. I have heard a good deal of talk in this country which has seemed to me essentially unsound, because it has emphasized geographical divisions rather than the principles of art. In the nature of things there cannot be such a thing as a sectional literature. You may have schools of writers in the West and the South, as you have had in the East, but the attempt to build up literature on sectional lines is doomed to failure. Wherever Eastern, Southern and Western life has been touched with a powerful hand it has been immensely interesting, not because of its sectional, but because of its universal features. In all true fiction the type must be very strongly and distinctly drawn, and in this way all literature must be very definitely localized. But it should be borne in mind that the emphasis must be laid not on the local, but on the universal elements, and it will be a great mistake to emphasize the sectional tendency as opposed to the national tendency."

MR. MABIE: "What do you regard as the most striking difference between current French and English fiction?"

Dr. Doyle: "The greater freedom with which the facts of life are used by French writers. The realistic movement in France has concerned itself altogether too much with the duel between man and woman, and it has stated it in language altogether too free. It has dealt with it too much in detail and with too little reserve. It is impossible for writers who have an English education, or who use the English language, to employ the same freedom in dealing with this fundamental question between the sexes, and therefore the realistic movement in England, instead of taking the direction which it has taken in France, has expressed itself in a very close and careful study of local types."

In answer to the question as to whether he noted any generic difference between English and American writing, Dr. Doyle said that he thought there might be, on the whole, greater virility in English writers and more refinement and spirituality among American writers. "This is brought out, perhaps, by contrasting Carlyle and Emerson. Emerson has altogether the purer and more spiritual element. Carlyle has the greater force. He is not so wedded to principles as Emerson, nor so open to truth from all sides. He has far less universality, but he has a tremendous grasp of facts. In America, too, I think the art instinct is more highly developed. There is more attention paid to style. Prose work, as a whole, is more carefully done here than in England, but there is some danger in this refinement of spirit. It is the danger of substituting the mustard for the roast beef. Style must be kept well in hand with relation to substance, or the work loses its solidity and reality."

Mr. Mabie: "Have you been able to form any opinion as to the relative extent of book reading in this country and in England?"

Dr. Doyle: "I have thought a good deal of that, and I am of opinion that books are more read in England than in this country. The workingmen in England seem to me to be, in a sense, better read than the workingmen in this country, because they read books where the American workingman reads newspapers. I should say that, taking magazines and newspapers into account, the reading habit is more general in America than in England, but that, on the whole, more time is given to the reading of books of the best literature in England than in America. At least, this is the result of my observation."

MR. MABIE: "Do you think that the international audience, which writers who use the English language now have, will exert any noticeable influence on the literature of the future?"

Dr. Doyle: "I am very strongly of opinion that the international character of the constituency which a writer now secures will exercise a very marked influence on the writers of the future. It will drive out the devil of malice and ignorance which has so long manifested its presence in the comments of one race or one nation upon another. Americans and Englishmen cannot be constantly reading the same books, written by writers of both races, without getting rid of a great deal of the old-time insular ignorance of each other and prejudice against each other. The community of interest and of art which literature is constantly fostering must tend insensibly not only to bring the two races together, but to educate the writers in both races to a broader and juster view of each other. You cannot be always abusing your readers. A writer must finally come not only to respect, but to understand his constituency. International prejudices must die out with international ignorance, and international ignorance cannot resist the influence of a common literature. English writers addressing an American audience will be educated out of insular prejudices and misconceptions, and American writers speaking to English readers will forget the old-time hostilities. In this way the imperceptible drawing together of the two peoples will not only educate the writers of both countries, but the people as well. I believe in the future supremacy of the English-speaking races. In this country you do not appreciate what is going on in Australia and the other great English colonies. You have a good deal of the indifference toward them which used to be felt in England toward yourselves. They are growing mightily, however, and you will have to reckon with them some day."

Mr. Mabie: "What do you think of present literary conditions here?"

Dr. Doyle: "It seems to me that you are in a transition period. You have completed one notable chapter in your literary history and you have opened another; but it is too soon, and it would be presumptuous, to pass an opinion upon the chapter now being written as if it were complete. You have a great many writers of force and originality, and there are many indications which are full of promise for the future. I was impressed by the literary feeling in the West: the keen interest, the

fresh insight, the general openness of mind and readiness to follow new lines. I was delighted with some of the men I met: with their first-hand dealing with things, and with their clear perception of literary values and possibilities. In a country so full of original types, and of such immense energy, and among a people so active intellectually, you cannot fail of ultimate literary productiveness on a large scale and of high quality. There is an extraordinary richness of material here, both in your history and your present conditions, and sooner or later the life of the country will express itself in books. Fiction especially ought to find here a rich and stimulating soil. There is everything here which the novelist needs, and the human interest of the country is so great that he ought to need no other stimulus."

DR. DOYLE recurred several times during the conversation to American humor, of which his enjoyment is evidently very keen. He thinks that American humor is one of the most distinctive of American gifts. He notes its intellectual quality, its lightness and keenness, as illustrated in Dr. Holmes; its breadth and power of grotesque contrast, as illustrated in the more popular humorists; and its kinship to the deepest human feelings and to the paths of common life, as illustrated in some of the Western humorists of the higher class. "I believe," he said, "that humor is one of the great tests of literature. With two or three exceptions I do not recall any great writers who have not possessed it. It is one of the most distinctive qualities, and one in which racial difference and individual temperament reveal themselves most clearly. It is one of the qualities which cannot be simulated, but which must be original. The humor of Shakespeare, of Dickens, of Thackeray, pervades their most original work."

In answer to the question as to his opinion with regard to two or three novels recently published, which have attracted wide attention by reason of their power and intensity, Dr. Doyle declared that he did not think that the reputation of these stories rested on a lasting basis, because they were defective in humor. The lightness of touch, the variety of interest, and the ease and freshness which go with humor are, in his judgment, very closely allied with it, and together they constitute the essential equipment of the literary artist. Without them in some form no book can endure as a work of art, however much ability it represents, or whatever toil be expended upon it.

AN EVENING OF LIVING BOOKS

BY HELEN C. CANDEE

THE funds of the hospital were very low, and it was absolutely necessary that some money be raised. Patients were constantly being brought in, and although the doctors nobly contributed their services there were numerous expenses to be met. To raise funds it was decided to open the Town Hall and give an entertainment known as a circulating library. About fifty girls selected names of books which they were to represent, and dressed themselves in a way that would best express the idea. The girls were all catalogued according to their book names and stationed behind a large curtain.

Catalogues were held by five or six librarians, who called the books from behind the curtain when they were asked for, and they were given into the hands of the borrower for fifteen minutes. The orchestra played dance music, and the partners could dance or have a little chat or promenade. The girls were all masked, which greatly increased the fun, for they were only known by their book names, and their identity was the subject of much speculation. At the end of each fifteen minutes a large bell was rung, when all the books were returned to the library, to be taken out again presently by other (or the same) subscribers.

Twenty-five cents was the fee for a single book, and one dollar purchased a subscription ticket which was good for the entire evening. Twenty-five cents admission to the hall was also asked. All the seats, which were arranged in rows around three sides of the room, were occupied by delighted spectators who did not care to participate.

Some of the dresses were pretty, some were funny and some exceedingly clever. "Under Two Flags" was draped in the American and English colors and wore two tiny flags in her hair. "Looking Backward" wore a pretty lady's mask on the back of her head arranged with frizzes, and a lace mantilla which concealed the real face of the wearer. "Not Like Other Girls" was as grotesque as fancy could make her. "The Woman in White" describes itself, likewise "Red as a Rose is She."

When the receipts were counted the next day it was found that the hospital fund was benefited to the extent of three hundred dollars.

A MINISTER OF THE WORLD

By Caroline Atwater Mason

[With Illustration by W. T. Smedley]

VIII



ES, Waldo, you will find them a loyal, united people, unless they have greatly changed in the years since I left here—a good people to work with, and Thornton is a good place if you want to study."

It was Stephen Castle speaking. He and Waldo were sitting at a bare, round table on which stood a small lamp in the midst of a variety of miscellaneous articles. They were in the sitting-room of the Thornton parsonage, which was a scene of the complete confusion incident to the early stage of settling a new home. In the little room, which had formerly been Stephen's study, there stood an old-fashioned sofa of liberal size, on which he was to sleep, while Waldo would make a bed for himself on the parlor floor. Stephen had been in the house for half an hour, and it had taken nearly all that time to reconcile with Waldo's overflowing hospitality, his objections to letting so distinguished a guest share such poor accommodations as were just now at his disposal. He had proposed to take Stephen to the farmhouse where he was expected to stay the following night, but Stephen begged so earnestly for the favor of sleeping one night under the parsonage roof that Waldo yielded, although with many misgivings. They were now spending an hour in discussing Thornton and Waldo's prospects in his first field of labor, the younger man listening to Stephen's words as if each one were of profoundest weight. He was a short, slender fellow, Waldo, with straight black hair and dark eyes, a thoughtful face, and a way of speaking which gave an impression of almost intense sincerity.

"Yes, I know I shall be happy here," he remarked now in response to Stephen's words. "Nelson, you know, who followed you, had a very good pastorate here. He is abroad now, studying."

"Yes, I have kept track of his movements. He is a good fellow. He had a family, I believe, did he not?"

"Yes, a wife and one child. The parsonage has not been used since they left."

"How is it with you, Waldo? Are you going to housekeeping? These preparations look like it," Stephen remarked pleasantly.

"Oh, yes," replied the other, smiling brightly, "my sister is coming next week to take care of me. I have no prospect of anything further than that, Mr. Castle, at present."

For a moment Stephen thought of Emily Merle over there in the church at work among the flowers, and a vision of what might be filled him with an almost fierce desire to thwart such a possibility; but he only said, half carelessly:

"There is plenty of time for all that sort of thing. One thing at a time. A man's ordination is enough of an event for one year."

"Is it not, indeed?" cried Waldo, an expression of something like awe coming into his face. "This is my last night before it, you know, and I am sure you understand what my feeling must be. It seems so glorious a privilege, in one way, to be dedicated to the one single life work, to belong solely to Christ and to carrying His message; but then, on the other hand, it is almost appalling to me. The responsibility seems so enormous, the fear that the consecration may not be complete comes continually. Were you ever troubled in such a way, Mr. Castle?" and the young man looked appealingly into Stephen's eyes.

The latter could only bow his head. "I am afraid it is presuming of me to ask such questions of a man like you, who

are so far beyond me in every way," Waldo continued diffidently; "I know it must seem weak and cowardly to you. It is not that I fear that too much is exacted of sacrifice and all that. I think I need not say that I have counted the cost, and have left all to follow Him, as Peter said. I do not even feel this part to be a sacrifice. It does not seem as if death itself for Him would be hard," and as he spoke the earnestness of the young face witnessed to his sincerity, and Stephen found it hard to meet his look; "but what I feel is my own unworthiness to enter so high a calling; the danger that I may bring reproach upon His name, even," and his voice fell and his face clouded, "that I might seek myself in my work, instead of His will and the saving of men."

Stephen murmured a half-articulate response, for Waldo's words were like a sword piercing his soul.

"Mr. Castle," the young man asked humbly, "you have gone far beyond me in knowledge and experience. I know

their grave and dignified presence, had lent impressiveness to the exercises of the day.

The order of the evening was the formal consecration of the candidate, young Waldo, to the ministry of Christ, by the laying on of hands. After this ceremony, noble and affecting in its simplicity, Stephen Castle was to preach.

His whole environment was surcharged with suggestions of his past. Around him sat the venerable professors from Winchester, under whose training his own preparation for the ministry had been made, and a number of clergymen who had been his friends in the days of his Thornton pastorate, stalwart men with manly faces. At his right, and so near that his hand could have touched him, was Waldo, with the high consecration of the hour visible in his face, a face made strangely beautiful by the man's spirit. In him Stephen seemed to see his own former self, before he had been forced to "travel daily farther from the east," and see the "vision splendid" of his youth "fade into the light of common day."

Before him, among the solid mass of men and women whose faces were turned expectantly to him, were his old friends, true and tried; plain, simple-hearted folk who had faithfully loved him, and loved and honored him still, far, he felt, beyond his due. Almost hidden by the bowers of greenery which her hands had fashioned

nature had leaped to meet the wonderful charm of Stephanie, when he saw her first in his boyish inexperience, so now, but with far greater power, did other and deeper elements rise to the sense of beauty in the character of Emily Merle. But Stephen held himself in hand. The thought of Stephanie was always with him now, and he knew himself to be pledged to her, and no longer free to yield to the influence of another woman. He could not regret the step which he had taken, it had belonged to the very nature of things, but he saw in the life before him hopeless confusion.

Aroused from the condition of intense introspection into which he had fallen, by the cessation of the music and the rustle of garments as the congregation resumed their seats, Stephen came forward, a hush of eager expectancy pervading the house.

The text which he announced consisted of but three words: "Who emptied Himself." It was not the text which he had selected the day before on his journey to Thornton, nor the sermon which he had then elaborated out of philosophical and poetical elements, after his present method of sermon making, and with perhaps more thought for the Doctors of Divinity who would hear him, than for the rustic folk of his old church. In the preceding night, after his interview with Waldo, Stephen had found that to preach that sermon had become an impossibility.

A profound desire had taken possession of him to fling aside forever the artificial methods, in which the æsthetic and the literary predominated, and return to the simple preaching of a simple gospel. And to-night he did it. More than to others he was preaching to himself, with searching and deliberate directness.

The country people, who were awaiting a brilliant display of rhetoric and dramatic oratory, listened at first with a distinct sense of disappointment. The learned men around him praised him in their hearts for the restraint and simplicity of his speech, realizing the temptation to sacrifice these to the desire to produce a strong personal impression. But as Stephen approached the close of his sermon the disappointment of the one class and the approval of the other were alike forgotten in the overmastering power of his utterance. Never before had he spoken as he spoke to-night, perhaps never would he again, for this was the supreme hour of crisis in his life, the flood-tide of his experience. All of the despair, the remorse and the humiliation which in the past weeks he had suffered; all of the con-

flict and battle he had waged with the baser elements of his own soul; all of the profound sorrow with which he mourned his failure, and his sharp condemnation of the unconscious selfishness of his purposes; all the new aspiration of his faith and the desire for purer service and a single aim, were fused into the solemn appeal with which he closed. His fine physique seemed to assume a power beyond itself; his face was illuminated by a spiritual light which made it "as it had been the face of an angel." It was the hour of the return to truth and unity of purpose of a great soul, greatly confused and gone astray.

Afterward Stephen said that he did not preach that sermon, he experienced it.

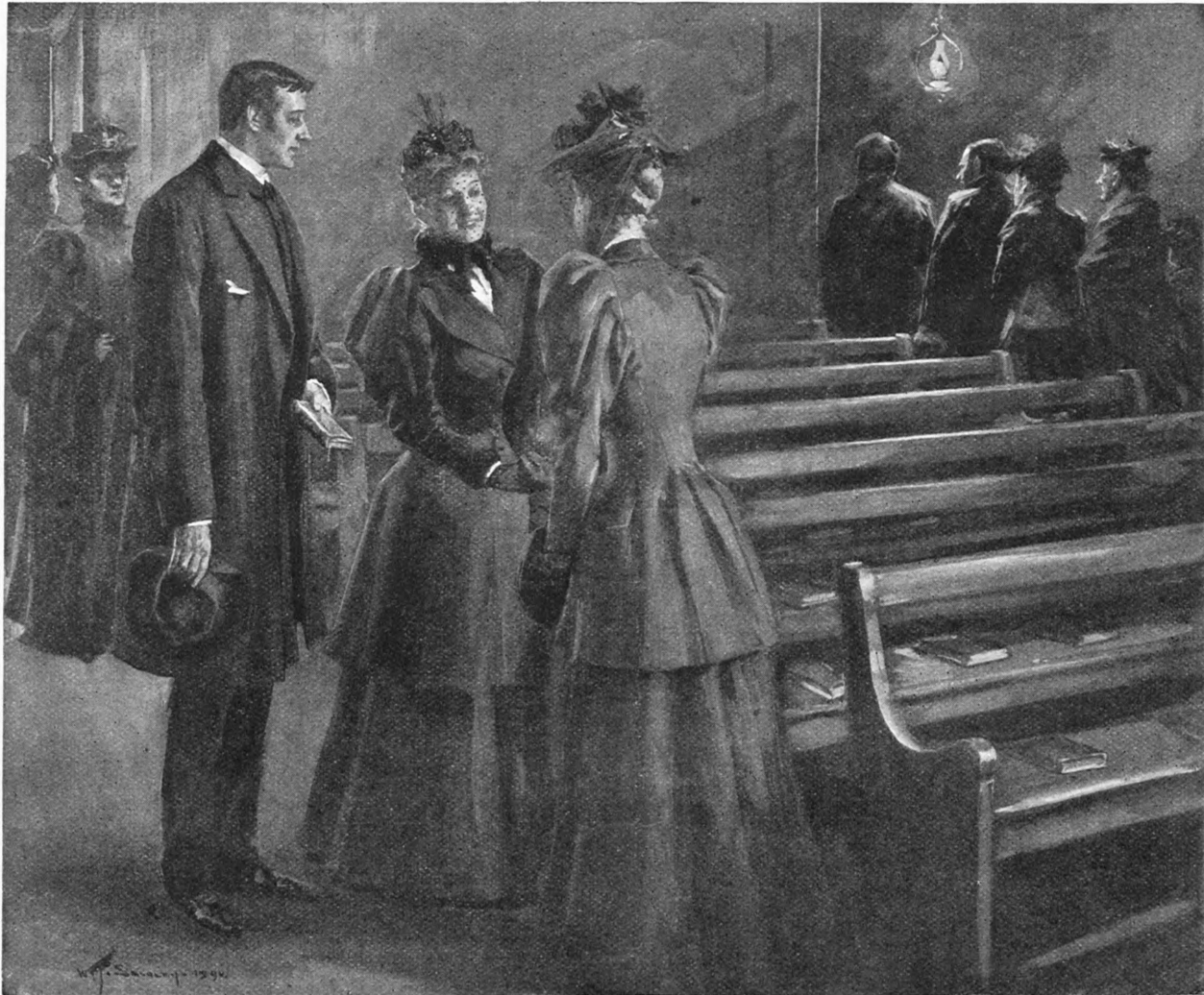
Breathless, the congregation sat for a moment, and then together rose and sang with a power and fervor which thrilled through every heart:

"The Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain."

The service was over, the excitement of receiving hundreds of eager men and women, who had pressed to the pulpit stairs to touch his hand, had reached its height and subsided, and Stephen stood leaning against a pillar, exhausted with the tension of the past hour. A little knot of people still surrounded him, but the church was nearly empty and the hour was late.

Lina Barry, married now, had brought her sleepy, flaxen-haired boy; and her mother and a few others lingered still, among them Mrs. Wescott. As of old, she had more to say than the others.

"I'll tell you jest what it is, now, Elder Castle," she began, "you know I always



"Emily joins them and the women meet with unaffected kindness"

through the people here how exalted your spiritual life has always been. May I ask you, because you have won the victory over dangers and temptations like these, to pray for me, that I may be saved from them, weak as I know myself to be?"

Stephen could not meet a request like this with mere assent. He was honest. Rising from the table he held out his hand and took that of Waldo, who saw with surprise the emotion in his face.

"I will pray for you, my dear fellow, you may be sure. The dangers you speak of are real dangers. I have met them and the victory has not always been mine as you suppose. Good-night, I believe I am tired," and he took the candle which was ready for him and abruptly went to his room.

Waldo, left to himself, reflected that this abruptness was, perhaps, a touch of the *grand seigneur* manner which one must expect in successful men, but of which he had until now seen nothing in Mr. Castle, and himself made ready for the night.

It was the following evening, and the Thornton church was crowded to the doors. From all the country side the farmers' families had driven over to the ordination ceremonies, and even more especially to hear Stephen Castle preach. He had been a favorite among church-going people far and wide, when he was the young pastor in Thornton; now he had become a noted city preacher, and great was the curiosity to see and hear him. From Pembroke and all the neighboring villages, large numbers of the clergy and more prominent laity had come, and Winchester had contributed its delegation of theologians, who, with

in the spaces at the side of the pulpit, to conceal the bareness of the walls, sat Emily Merle.

As he stood, during the singing of "Coronation" which preceded the sermon, Stephen had looked at Emily, whom he had hardly been able to speak with all through the day, and in a strange flash of imagination or perception, he hardly knew which it might be, the personality of Stephanie Loring came before him, as if the two women stood together in his sight, and in themselves showed forth the two influences which had ruled his life. Both were beautiful, both corresponded to powerful instincts of his nature, but how widely they differed! In Stephanie, Stephen saw a full and perfect manifestation of art in the highest sense; while in Emily was as clear an embodiment of truth.

With Stephanie, all the natural resources of life were means adapted to an end, and that end beauty, harmony, delight—a fair end and well attained—the proper aim of art. Art was in her face, in her voice, in her conversation, her motions, her dress, her intellectual activities; in fine, in all that belonged to her and that surrounded her. And in that expression of harmony and beauty he had found pleasure of a high quality; but the one thing which he had failed to find was satisfaction.

In Emily Merle, Stephen recognized the very opposite type of womanhood. Truth was the vital principle, the ruling force in her nature and in her life. Not truth in cold, bare outlines, but made warm and radiant by a loving, womanly nature, with an endless capacity for giving itself for others. As certain elements in his own

did have to speak out, and you won't mind me." Here she paused to flash a roguish challenge at Stephen from her black eyes, which were as bright as ever, in spite of the deep lines which the years had cut around them.

"No, I won't mind you," Stephen smiled back languidly.

"Well, when you first begun, and after you'd gone on for quite a piece, thinks I, 'well, now I don't know—I guess, after all, Elder Castle don't beat our little minister. He can come up to this.' But by-and-by you got to goin', along there where you brought in about layin' aside every weight, and all that, and I tell you I had to give in then! I never heard anybody preach in my life like that. You preached me right off the seat!"

At this moment Emily Merle came up to the little group, and "Lec" paused in her voluble speech. Emily had a letter in her hand which she held out to Stephen.

"Some of the men have been up to the post-office," she said quietly, "and this letter has come for you."

Stephen took the letter in his hand. The envelope was large and square and bore a crest upon the seal. The handwriting of the address was altered by physical weakness, but he knew it to be that of Stephanie. Excusing himself to his friends he left the church as quickly as he could, but not before Emily Merle had seen that he had grown white to the lips.

IX

"YOU are noble and knightlike, and I reverence you. My heart thanks you for what you offer, but it is not to be. Your love would be loyal, but it would be cold forever, for it is not possible for a nature like yours to respond fully to mine. Let us be satisfied. It is much to have known each other."

"I am stronger and shall sail soon for a Mediterranean port. I may be away a year. When I return I shall hope to see you again. Till then, good-by."

"STEPHANIE."

This was the letter which Stephen Castle opened and read, when, after repeated delays, he at last gained the seclusion of the best bedroom of the farmhouse where he was to spend the night.

His tears fell upon the sheet as he read. She was wise, his beautiful, clear-eyed friend. His heart justified her words, but it ached for the sharp break which they commanded, and for the sense, which can never come to a human heart without pain, that "the old order changeth."

Stephen read the letter over the second time and the third, and reverently kissed the name "Stephanie" at the close; then, no less reverently and tenderly, he held the folded sheet in the flame of his candle, until it turned to a film of ashes and crumbled from his fingers into dust. As he watched the paper shrivel and fall Stephen felt, rather than promised, that no human being should ever learn from him this phase of the relation between himself and Stephanie. They had been good friends, nothing more.

The next morning he met Emily Merle before the church—he was not inclined to hurry away from Thornton as he would have done before receiving Stephanie's letter—and said:

"There is a walk that you and I must take together, Emily. Let us go now."

"Where is it? To the Hollow Rocks? That used to be your favorite walk, I remember," Emily responded. She was looking as bright and radiant as the June morning, as she stood under the old maple trees which guarded the church.

"Yes, you ever-superior young woman. With your usual discernment, you have dived into the recesses of my being and dragged out its profoundest intentions," and they walked on through the village street, talking gayly, Emily giving an unspoken consent to Stephen's wish. Her hands were full of flowers, still fresh, from the decorations of the church, which she told him she must take to two or three house-bound old women, who had been unable to share in the great event of yesterday.

"You are still the guardian angel of the parish, I see, Emily," Stephen said, as he took a basket of roses from her hand. "I will go with you and see the poor old bodies. Perhaps they will still remember me."

"Remember you! Why they talk of you as if you were next of kin to the angels. You cannot understand, Mr. Castle, how our Thornton people adore you. I am sure I don't see why they should," Emily added mischievously.

"You have not forgotten to be disrespectful, I see," laughed Stephen; "and you just now transgressed a plain compact which exists between us when you called me Mr. Castle. Please do not let it occur again, as the professors used to say to us in college after we had committed some undergraduate crime."

"Very well," replied Emily in her firm, clear-cut fashion of speech, which in its freedom from consciousness Stephen found peculiarly pleasing. "But I started to say that it is so unreasonably hard for these men to follow you here in Thornton. No matter how faithful a man may be, or how

well he may preach, the people simply say, 'But he is not Elder Castle!' and the poor man is condemned—as if he wanted to be Elder Castle, or could be if he would!"

"But Waldo, it is different with him? I am sure the people have taken him into their hearts, as they ought to. He is a thoroughly fine fellow. Don't you think so, Emily?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, but still—he is not Elder Castle!" and with a bright color in her cheeks Emily looked up archly at Stephen, and they laughed together, the spontaneous laughter of two persons who find perfect content in each other's presence.

They had reached the first cottage now where Emily's flowers were to be delivered, and so went in together and sat for a few moments in the dull, low-ceiled room which their presence seemed almost miraculously to brighten to its pain-worn inmate. Other calls followed, and the dew was off the grass, and the sun high, and the shade refreshing, when they reached the cool recesses of the glen known as the "Hollow Rocks," where the Thornton River pauses in its noisy course to fill a silent pool, shut in by pine trees and great masses of mossy rock.

It had been a favorite place with Stephen when he lived in Thornton, and he threw himself upon the gray old boulder which had been his especial resting place in those days, with a sigh of satisfaction, while Emily found a niche in the rock just above him, where she made herself comfortable.

"Do you know, my little friend, I begin to believe that there is something in the Anteus myth, as there usually is in the fables of those old Greeks? I am willing to assert that there is positive virtue in this contact with the earth, and, by the same token, with primitive forces in other kinds."

"Primitive folks, for instance!"

"Yes, primitive folks too, if you please, like Emily Merle." Then, with a sudden gravity which she found by a glance in his face was not assumed, he continued, half musingly:

"Would it surprise you, I wonder, to know how much I have needed a renewal of strength? Perhaps you did not know that I have been a melancholy failure as pastor of All Good Spirits?"

"No! I supposed you had been a brilliant success."

"Ah, Emily, I beg you never to use those words again of me or of any other Christian minister! They are not according to your own thought. You have borrowed them from the phraseology which belongs to a special modern misconception of the ministry. To be brilliant, that is, to make yourself felt to your last reserves, and as much more as you can borrow; to be successful, that is, to have crowds come to hear you and praise you, and dine you and wine you and flatter you, that is the *fin de siècle* ideal of success in the ministry of Christ with a large class of church-going people."

"Oh, but no, Stephen! I cannot believe that is true."

"Naturally you cannot, and it is not true of the church at large. God forbid that I should say it was! I only tell you what I know to be true in certain circles, and I know of what I speak only too well. The result is the man becomes at heart an egoist. Either this, or he is very great, greater than I can ever be," and Emily saw with keen sympathy the unfeigned sadness and humility in Stephen's face. She could not reply, and he went on:

"The old word of Paul, 'I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified,' is translated sometimes in the church of to-day as the motto for its leader, 'I determined to know everything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' Everything—art, fashion, society, music, the drama, the latest literature of all nations, philosophy, poetry, economics, politics, all these and all else that goes to make up the life of the world he must know and use."

"Did you comprehend this in the beginning of your pastorate of All Good Spirits?"

"In part; and I went in to win. I felt myself strong, and even longed, in a way, to try my strength. My thought was to make the church over, to purify and exalt it."

"But you found it impossible?"

"For a man of my temperament, hopelessly so. It was I who was made over, Emily, until I became altogether such as the rest. Practically our church life was an elevated form of club life, in which the moral and intellectual and æsthetic lines were cultivated, and the members were held together by a kind of social cohesion, awfully unlike the sweet old notion of fellowship in Christ."

"But, Stephen, you must have gained something from this experience. The time cannot have been all lost, nor the effort."

"That is true. In certain ways I have gained much. I have learned, what I should never have learned elsewhere, to have sympathy for the peculiar temptations and characteristics of the fashionable and aristocratic class which belongs to our modern civilization just as it has to every other. Undoubtedly it is in the divine economy that this leisure class should exist,

if for nothing else, to furnish employment for the strata below it by the multitude of its artificial needs."

"But there are lovely people among them, people like Miss Loring, for instance."

"Yes, I have found many unselfish and noble spirits in my church, as far as their personal qualities are concerned, persons of exquisite fibre. But after all it is hot-house life. They are like exotics. Their development is not along natural lines. Their needs are artificial, their outlook upon life and its demands is utterly unreal. They see it all as through a colored light. Almost unconsciously they come to feel that the world exists for them, not they for the world and its needs, according to the Christian theory."

"And perhaps they are no more to blame than others are for their especial misconceptions."

"That is just. There are many ways in which I have learned of my people what has greatly enriched my life. We must admit, Emily, that what were in some sort the crowning virtues of our fathers, are no longer according to the all-powerful spirit of the age—the rigid austerity, the merciless intensity of conviction and the intolerance which it produced! I shall never be again the man who used to preach in the church yonder, nor do I wish to be. I am glad for the experiences which have softened my nature and broadened my charity. My poor mother could not go through with the process of transition; it simply was fatal to her, but the change was inevitable. The Puritan mould, intact as it has been kept in our line, is broken in me, nor do I deplore it, except as a matter of sentiment. The men of the last century did their work well. Another type of men is needed now to do the work of the world, of extensive rather than intensive moral quality, with wider sympathies and with a faith built upon the universal human needs, not upon the conception of an individual or a class."

"I have felt this, even here."

"Of course you have, because you think for yourself, and are ready to see the truth, even if it declares war upon our old traditions. However, we have reached a point now where I can tell you that I am on the point of preparing my resignation as pastor of All Good Spirits."

"It does not greatly surprise me now, although it seems sudden."

"It is less so than it seems. It must have come, but certain things have precipitated it; that young pastor of yours helped, with that pure face of his, and the questions he had to ask me the other night. Of course I could go back and try it over, but I see how it would result. The side of my nature to which the spirit of my present church appeals is too strong to play with. I do not trust myself. There is just one work which I believe I dare to try to do, which I believe God means to give me, if I am not unworthy to continue in His service."

"And tell me what it is, this work."

"It is in lower New York, Emily; but you do not know what that means. You read of the 'submerged tenth,' and you see a few poor folks here in Thornton with all the sweet air and sunshine in the world to live in, and you try to imagine what the poverty in great cities is, but you cannot. It means all that is coarse and low and repulsive; evil which flaunts, not hides itself. But that is the life into which, by the grace of God, I intend to go, and in which I shall remain. I worked the problem out last night. It took all night to do it, because I knew what it meant, you see, and I do not love vice and dirt and the sight of suffering."

"It is not well to sacrifice for the sake of sacrificing, Stephen," Emily said this with luminous eyes, looking unafraid into his.

"You have put your finger on a point of danger, my dear girl, but I believe I have not made that mistake. No, I am not seeking to atone for the years in which, as Newman says, 'pride ruled my will.' There is nothing of the ascetic in my nature. It is this way: All the years that I have been in All Good Spirits I have wondered what the Lord was going to do about 'All Demons,' so to say. I could not help knowing the conditions down there, physical and moral, and, at intervals I would be forced to ask myself why it might not be my duty to throw myself into that same work. Plainly the need was crying. However, I always escaped the question in one way or another. Now I have decided that it is the work for me to do."

"But has the work a definite shape? Have you some practical line on which to work?"

"Yes. There is a poor little half-deserted chapel down in Worth Street, which I know of, where a spasmodic kind of work has been done. I have some money myself, and I can command more. I know I can get the chapel, and I know I can get decent rooms close by the hardest neighborhood in that region, where I can live. Is that sufficiently definite?" and Stephen, who had risen and was helping Emily down from her seat, looked fondly into her face.

"Yes, I think that will do," she said.

"Does it sound very hard to you?" he asked, as they pushed their way out through interlacing branches to the road.

"Not too hard," was the reply.

He stopped her a moment at the wood's edge, and taking her hands said simply:

"If God lets me do this work, and some day I come back to ask you, do you think you could do it too?"

"I believe I could," Emily answered with sweet gravity, and they walked back toward the village, not as they had come, but silently.

On a midwinter Sunday night, a year and a half after that June day in Thornton, Stephen Castle is preaching to a motley crowd in the little down-town chapel of which we heard him speak. The atmosphere of the room is neither pure nor fragrant. The floors are bare, the pews plain benches, and the speaker stands upon a small platform destitute of a pulpit. Many of the faces before him are hard. In the corner by the right of the platform a choir of a dozen girls is gathered around a cabinet organ. These girls have an air of intelligent self-possession which shows that some refining influence has been at work among them, nor is this influence far to seek. Among them, as their leader, with the pure brow and clear eyes we remember, sits the wife of Stephen Castle, Emily, his joy and crown of life, and his spirited co-worker.

While a hymn is being sung before the sermon the door opens, and a lady, attended by a maid, enters the chapel. Stephen Castle does not see the stranger as she enters, but she is seen and recognized by one person in the room. There is but one woman whom Emily Castle has ever seen whose form and movements have the peculiar grace which marks the newcomer, and although she cannot distinctly see her face beneath its veil, she knows it to be her husband's old friend, Stephanie Loring, now the wife of Lloyd Petersham. She has been married while abroad, and Emily has heard of her recent return to New York, but neither she nor Stephen has met her.

Stepping forward, at the close of the hymn, to the edge of the platform, Stephen, with a small Testament in his hand, reads a few verses from the Sermon on the Mount. Hardly has he read the verses when his eye, accustomed now to the rough-hewn type of feature of his chapel hearers, notes that other face, and he knows that after many months he is again face to face with Stephanie. A ray of uncontrollable joy in the recognition crosses his face, but as he goes on to interpret the passage chosen, it is plain that he is neither stimulated nor troubled by her presence; in fact, it is for the time forgotten with every other personal consideration. There is no disorder nor inattention in the room. Every eye is riveted upon the face of the preacher, and the love, which in so unusual a degree had been his both among the simple folk in Thornton and the cultured people in the Church of All Good Spirits, is seen in the unwonted gentleness which softens the faces of his hearers.

This experiment has not failed. The highest gifts are not too high for use in uplifting the lowliest, and all the grace and power and energy of Stephen Castle's nature are at work here among the degraded and outcast, and are rewarded.

At the close of the service he and Stephanie meet, with a warm clasp of the hand. Then there are a few cordial inquiries concerning the events and changes which the time of Stephanie's absence has brought, her recovery, her marriage and his, and many other things. Emily joins them and the women meet with unaffected kindness. It is not until then that Stephen realizes how greatly Stephanie has changed.

The lights in the chapel are extinguished, and the three come out together into the frosty street, where a carriage is waiting. For a moment Stephanie pauses on the threshold and Stephen remains beside her.

He has a word for her alone.

"You will let me say, will you not, how glad I was to know of your marriage? Petersham is the noblest fellow!" Stephen speaks low and earnestly.

"Yes, we care for each other very truly. I am satisfied and I believe he is. Is not that enough? You will come to the house, I hope, and bring your wife. She is a beautiful woman."

"It was kind of you to seek us out away down here. I thank you for coming."

"I wanted to see for myself," she says. "I thought you were mistaken in this hard, hard thing you have done, but I find I was the one mistaken. You have done well."

"It is much to me to have you say this," Stephen speaks as one deeply moved.

"Yes, I know. It must be so. Once I hurt you. I was cruel, but you forgave me. All that I said then I can unsay now. When I heard you preach to-night I believed in you and in the Christ you preached. Good-night."

Having thus spoken, Stephanie enters her carriage; Stephen joins Emily, and in the darkness of the night they go their different ways.

(Conclusion)



THE PARADISE CLUB

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

[With Illustrations by W. A. Rogers]

IV—A NEW FIELD FOR WOMAN

It was the day after Ladies' Day at the club, and the Cynic hadn't had time to recover.

"What the dickens were women ever invented for anyhow?" he said impatiently, as we settled ourselves in the comfortable library of the Decade, where our coffee was to be served.

"To keep man from fraying at the edges—what did you think?" retorted the Irresponsible Person, whose admiration for his mother and sister had made of him a most pronounced champion of the fair sex.

"Well, she succeeds," the Cynic said wearily. "She wears him out so quickly and so completely that he hasn't time to fray. Look at me—I'm a physical wreck, and all for what? Just because this club must needs be thrown open once a year to women. It's a nuisance. What do I pay dues here for anyhow? To be forced out of the dining-room into a beastly restau-

rant? To be told that I can't play billiards here? To be requested to give up my afternoon snooze in the library in order that our sisters and our cousins and our aunts may run riot through our house?"

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the Irresponsible Person. "It is a privilege to us to have them here. I invited five, and they all came, too, and as for me, I had the finest kind of a time."

"It may do for you," the Cynic said, "but it doesn't do for me. I can't avail myself of the privilege, as you call it, because I haven't any sisters or any cousins or any aunts to ask here."

"Then you'd better get some," retorted the Irresponsible Person. "You might find it hard to lay in a supply of cousins or aunts, but I'll warrant you you'll find plenty of girls who'd be willing to be a sister to you. I tell you, sir, Ladies' Day at the club is a great institution, and I would that instead of having it once a year we had it once a week."

"You are both of you extremists," said the Philosopher calmly. "Once a year is too seldom; once a week too frequent. Women have their place in the world, and while I can get along without them, I am quite prepared to say that I can also get along with them. Ladies' Day at our clubs has a distinct value. It enables our wives to come and ascertain for themselves that the club house is a place where their husbands are safe. I defy any woman to come into this library, for instance, to inspect these rare paintings on the walls—every one of

them of historical interest; to look at these rows of books, rare many of them, instructive all of them, and then to go away saying in her heart that she wishes her husband wouldn't come here so often. If we had no Ladies' Day some of our friends of the other sex would begin to suspect that there was something here we'd rather they shouldn't see; the comfort of noting the refining influences of a room like this would be denied them, and many husbands would find their lives less happy if their wives painted club life 'out of their own heads,' as the children say."

"That's all very well," said the Cynic, "but I don't feel the necessity of sacrificing the comfort of the whole club in order to remove the horror an imaginative woman experiences when regarding her own picture of the life her husband leads at the club."

"I am afraid you are selfish," said the Married Man. "I am myself, and that's one reason why I like to have my wife come here. She got several new wrinkles in the line of home comforts after seeing this place yesterday, and she put 'em into operation last night, so that, as she says, home is now almost as attractive as the club. She had only one criticism to make about this whole house, and she went through it from top to bottom. She said there was some dust on the mantelpiece in the smoking-room, and I told her I'd complain about it to the house committee."

"That," said the Cynic, with a scornful shrug of his shoulders, "shows the tremendous benefit to be derived from the custom. If we hadn't had Ladies' Day here yesterday that dust would doubtless have remained there forever, daily accumulating until finally the mantelpiece would have disappeared beneath it altogether. Then every member and every employee of the club would have come under suspicion of having stolen it. We'd all have been searched for the missing mantelpiece. Gentlemen, in view of this, I reverse my verdict. Ladies' Day is a great thing, and I move we petition the governors to let us have one every day. If we find it growing tiresome we can go out and sit on a park bench somewhere, and shoot paper pellets at sparrows."

All of which it was undeniably rude of the Cynic to say, but it must be remembered that it is a recognized privilege of cynics to be as rude as they please.

"What a beautiful picture it calls up, to be sure!" he continued. "Ladies' Day every day. Might as well join a cable car club. Now there's an idea for you philogynists. It would just suit you men who would turn this club into a sewing circle if you had your way. You could hire a couple of cable cars, fasten them together, and there'd be your club house. Then you could start it along, and pick up your members on the way. The ladies instead of having to go to the club would have the club come to them, a privilege which they would enjoy. Instead of a steward you'd have a conductor, and the gripman would fill the shoes of the superintendent. Such a club would have drawbacks. Of course, there'd be no smoking—there never is in cable cars any more than in clubs on Ladies' Day—but what of that so long as you are happy in being surrounded by the fair sex and enjoying the inestimable privilege of giving up a comfortable seat in order that it may be occupied by a woman? There wouldn't be any more dust on mantelpieces either, and for two reasons: First, the ladies would see to it that the dust was kept out, and in the second place, on a cable car you'd probably do without mantelpieces. How beatific it all is, to be sure! Why, club life then would take on all the joys of a five-o'clock tea."

The Philosopher laughed.

"You are in a mood to-day, aren't you?" he said. "I almost begin to believe that you were driven out of here yesterday and compelled to dine at a restaurant."

"And on Welsh rarebit and strawberries," put in the Irresponsible Person; "washed down with lemonade; in other

words, Mr. Cynic, I shouldn't like to say that your views as expressed to-day are not the result of injudicious eating. For my part, however, I do believe in the more frequent introduction into our clubs of those missionaries of refinement, the women. If I were a woman and happened to be interested in making the heathen comfortable, I'd turn my attention to the clubs. It's the finest heathen field in the world, and as far as I can see it would afford her abundant opportunity to do real philanthropic work. Furthermore, if we men only knew it, she'd make club life far more attractive than it is. Look at our complaint book here. Just open it and read a few of the things the members complain about."

The Irresponsible Person rose, and taking up the complaint book, which lay on the table, opened it at random.

"Here Bobbie Perkins says, 'I occupied a room in this club last Thursday night. There were thirteen towels on the rack, but no soap in the soap-dish and no water in the water-pitcher. It took me two hours to remedy the defect.'

"That's one complaint," the Irresponsible Person said, turning over the leaves. "Bobbie Perkins always was a growler," said the Cynic. "He'd complain if a house fell on him."

"Think I might, too," said the Philosopher, dryly. "Though, of course, I'm not positive."

"Well, whether he'd complain if a house, or a theatre, or the British Museum fell on him," said the Irresponsible Person, "Bobbie is a member of this club, and if he chooses to complain because the roof isn't gold-plated, he has a right to do so, just as you, Mr. Cynic, assume the right to criticize Ladies' Day. But let us go on and read some further complaints taken like the last at random. Here is Jim Hawkins signing his name to this. 'I came here Wednesday afternoon at five-thirty o'clock. I had on evening dress for the reason that I was on my way to a dinner at seven. I sat down in the writing-room and stayed there until six-forty-five, and when I got up to go to the dinner the back of my coat was covered with cigar ashes. It took me twenty minutes to get in shape for the dinner, and, as a consequence, I missed a lobster purée which I am told was never equaled. Have we a housekeeper or have we not?'"

"Hoh!" sneered the Cynic. "You all know Jimmie as well as I do. He wouldn't lose a chance to be funny if you'd pay his club bills for a year."

"Besides," said the Philosopher, "he had no business to put on evening dress before six o'clock. It served him right."

"You ought to have your picture in the dictionary," said the Irresponsible Person, "to illustrate the definition of the word quibbler. Whether Jim Hawkins wanted to be funny or not, whether he wore evening dress or a bathing-suit, he had a right to sit down in a club chair without having to look like an ashman when he rose up out of it. What this club needs is a housekeeper. It's merely the lack of the little things that suggest themselves only to the feminine mind that deprives club life of a charm it might have, and I think ought to have. Order—"

"Order!" ejaculated the Cynic. "Order? Who in the world wants order? What do you call order anyhow? Bah! Order—if there's anything in this world

soft silken pillows in 'em, or slender gold legs under 'em. If you stepped one way you'd stub your toe against a table holding what they call tea things. If you stepped another way you'd run foul of a dozen coffee-cups that would break if a spider-web fell on 'em. And in the second place, there were lamps—Heavens, what lamps! There were three standards dressed up like a trio of ballet dancers; there were four table lamps surmounted by vari-colored parasols; there were mantel lamps, lamps of all kinds, and everything that ribbons, laces and paper could do to destroy their light had been done. There wasn't a thing in the room that hadn't a fixed-up look about it; and I didn't blame my host, after I'd been there ten or fifteen minutes, for suggesting that it might be pleasanter if we sat out on the front stoop. I hate sitting out on front stoops, but I was tired, and it occurred to me that a brown-stone



"The back of my coat was covered with cigar ashes"

step, though hard, was solid and not likely to give way under me, as was the chair in which I sat, and the plain, sterling, honest usefulness of the street lamp was beautiful to me in contrast with those ballet-dancing standards inside. We don't want that sort of stuff here, and we'd have it sure as fate if women ever got into control."

"That's the way to talk," said the Cynic, "That lamp business is the one thing that keeps me from believing in letting women run our municipal affairs—they'd be putting skirts on the street lamps, and every fire hydrant in town would be plastered with ribbons."

The Married Man chuckled. A look of scorn settled upon the face of the Irresponsible Person.

"You are every one of you indulging in hat-talk," he said. "Because some women like ribbons and ballet-dancing lamps, and furniture galore, are all women therefore impractical? You might as well argue that because the Cynic is cynical, or the Married Man married, all men are therefore cynical or married. I have no particular hope of converting you, but I should like to convert woman."

"She needs it," said the Cynic.

"She does—for our sakes," retorted the Irresponsible Person. "If we could make a constitutional provision in this club to-morrow that no man should go on the house committee whose wife wasn't willing to come here once a week and see that our domestic affairs were run properly, day after to-morrow would find this club perfect."

"That would destroy club life," said the Cynic. "It is the fact that the club is not home that makes club life popular."

"Which," retorted the Irresponsible Person triumphantly, "is the everlasting reproach of club life."

And there the chat fortunately ended.



"Some dust on the mantelpiece"



"A brown-stone step, though hard, was solid"

that is inartistic, that should not be tolerated, it's order."

"Hear, hear!" cried the Philosopher. "And next to it is the disorder which woman affects. I called on a friend of mine one night last summer and you ought to have seen his parlor. In the first place, where there weren't tables there were chairs, and of all the chairs in that room, only two could be sat in. The others had

come here once a week and see that our domestic affairs were run properly, day after to-morrow would find this club perfect."

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THE SMALL COURTESIES OF SOCIAL LIFE

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

[The second of Mrs. Harrison's new JOURNAL series of articles on "The Well-Bred Girl in Society"]



THE small coin with which we pay our petty debts to the great human brotherhood, that in the aggregate mean so large a part of duty toward one's neighbor, are to be considered with due respect. How often one sees a clever girl full of her self-appointed life-work, or a young man of parts absorbed in the founding of his career, who declares, "I can't be expected to make calls; I have something more important to do!" And, so saying, they consider themselves absolved from any necessity of social outlay in courtesy, any

IN statecraft, in all its departments, the practice of ceremonials is religiously preserved. In Washington, where there are wheels within wheels of etiquette, kept in motion by the representatives of older civilizations than ours, people are much more tenacious about returning calls and leaving cards in exactly the right order, than elsewhere in America. Washington drawing-rooms of the official sort give one the impression of certain shrines in the old countries, whither pilgrims resort in bands, walking in single file past the object of their search, forced to be content with a look in passing, so that the next man may have his turn. Calls of this sort, which any one of respectable appearance is free to make upon the wives of great officials, are dreary to the recipient, but they are met with calm courtesy, with untiring welcome, and the callers often go away carrying a charming impression of civility that, whether or not skin deep, gilds their recollection of the dispenser and the official she represents.

CALLS having become in our busy life of great cities so perfunctory an obligation, many people have seen fit to drop the attempt to make them except in cases where condolence or congratulation are in order. These cases demand the leaving of cards in person only; and so, visiting, for form's sake, is drifting out of vogue. So well is the difficulty of accomplishing all one's visits understood, that people of the world do not hold each other to strict account if a season passes without an interchange of cards. They simply meet somewhere and take up the thread dropped when they last met, months before, with perfect good temper.

This, in contrast with our old ideas of social intercourse, seems hard, shallow, unsympathizing, and perhaps it is. I, for one, am constantly a prey to vain regrets that I cannot get farther than the surface of delightful people known as one knows others in the changing scene of modern society.

What remains to us, therefore, in the inability to meet personal demands, is the unsatisfying interchange of cards. Whatever stops, cards must go on flying between the houses of acquaintances who have not time to be friends. The simplest method of harmonizing all difficulties in this matter is for the house mistress, once in a season, to send a card to every one upon her list, and state upon what day or days she may be found at home. This done, there is really no claim upon her to do more, either in the way of calling or writing, except to those she chooses to single out. No one can reasonably be offended with her, if, as we are presuming, she be wife, mother, patroness of many charities, and desirous of claiming a few hours of her daily span for her own personal uses. The rule for sending cards would seem to be simplified by remembering to return one of a lady's and two of her husband's for every invitation of a general nature received. After the envelopes containing these have gone into the mail there is a sense of complacent virtue of the most fortifying sort. To especial invitations, to dinner, luncheon, dances, and all entertainments where the favor of an answer is requested or expected, the sending of cards is quite out of place. A sheet of note-paper containing a written regret or acceptance is a thing of necessity. After weddings or on the receipt of wedding announcements, now so common, cards are sent both to bride and groom, and to the elders in whose name the announcements have gone out. Cards left at the door are generally considered sufficient after a bereavement in a family, the writing of notes on such occasions being governed by the extent of intimacy, or the amount of feeling excited. Perhaps I may as well repeat in this connection that the rule in leaving cards on all ceremonial occasions is that one of the wife's shall be accompanied by two of her husband's, unless the lady to receive them is a widow or an unmarried person, in which case one card of the husband's accompanies that of his wife. It is going out of fashion to turn cards down at the corners to express a call in person. A young man, visiting alone, generally leaves two of his cards.

AN engagement should be announced first by the family of the bride-elect. This is done either verbally and informally to friends, or by note to those whom it is desired shall receive early information. The man may at the same time write to those of his friends whom he desires to have share in his happiness, and whom the girl's family could not so well reach. Churlish, indeed, would be the spirit to withhold interest in a new engagement, and the telling of it by the principals almost always inspires a kindly feeling for them in those told. Lovers have, perhaps, the best-founded claim to thinking themselves of first interest to a community of any class of people, and are quite entitled to assume all the honors and privileges of the situation. The next feature after the call or note of congratulation following a betrothal is the wedding present, and on this subject, some day, I hope some clever person will arise up and deliver a screed that will sound in every part of our land. There is nothing more inappropriate, perfunctory, ill-selected than the ordinary bridal gift. The young people survey their new belongings, dazzling at first view, and gradually arrive at feeling depressed rather than pleased at the motley collection. At one time the epidemic wedding gift was a lamp; then pierced bonbon dishes, that make a brave showing for a little money, came in, and elbowed the lamps out of place. Etchings in flamboyant frames, that one would think over many times before finding a place for in one's home, have had a run. But what man wants another to choose his pictures for him, any more than to choose his wife? And so it is through a list of showy trifles with which the unfortunate couple are saddled apparently for life. Maybe there will one day arrive a revulsion of popular taste in favor of presenting lovely, big, soft all-wool blankets, or dozens of hand-sewed napkins, or perhaps—bright dream—saucepans and kettles with indestructible bottoms that every housekeeper would be made glad by having!

In sober earnest, there is no more slippery ground to walk upon than the choosing of wedding presents, but it is safe to say the average couple had rather stamp their own individuality upon the visible fittings of their homes; and a bit of old silver, an authenticated curio, or a well-bound set of standard volumes from a first-rate publisher would be far more welcome than the rank and file of presents generally seen to glitter for a day upon tables in the bride's old home, and then retire into seclusion as useless frippery in her new one!

THE ART OF PLEASING MEN

BY EVA KINNEY GRIFFITH

EVERY woman has implanted in her heart an instinctive longing for the society of the opposite sex. This is perfectly natural and right, for it is not good for either man or woman to be alone. Each sex needs the stimulus of the other's society in the various paths of life. But here and there we find in every community good, well-meaning girls, who seem to be left out of the attentions of the other sex. Other girls have two or three invitations to either evening lecture or party, but they have none. They go out into company and see other girls with half a dozen young men around them, laughing and chatting, while they are left the whole evening through entirely alone. And though they may have far too much good sense to show their feelings, deep down in their hearts these girls often wish they knew the secret of how to make themselves pleasing to men.

The first thing to consider is what kind of men do you wish to please? There are men and men. Some are good and some bad, some sensible and some silly, some loving and true, some cold and calculating. No two classes of men admire the same kind of a woman, and sometimes it is a mark of high character in a young woman that she is not pleasing to the class of men with whom she is thrown.

But supposing that each one of you wishes to be pleasing to good, true and sensible men. The first rule is make yourself worthy of the friendship and love of such men. Goodness itself is attractive.

Be what you desire to appear. Men see more of the world than women. They are accustomed to the study of human nature and it is easier for them to see through little deceptions than you think. If you try to seem younger, smarter or sweeter tempered than you really are, they will detect the fraud and laugh at your pains.

Nearly all men like music, therefore if you have a talent in that line cultivate it. If you have only a moderately good voice do not try to make a great musician, but learn to sing and play simple songs, taking care to enunciate plainly.

Many men admire a stylish dress, but fewer men notice the particular things that produce style than girls think. A girl dressed in plain clothing with few ornaments may yet display so much taste in the adjustment of her dress that men will think it as fine as a costlier garment.

Cultivate your conversational powers. But remember that a good conversationalist cannot only talk well, but listen well also. To draw out a man by gentle and judicious questioning, and lead him to speak of the things in his heart that are hidden from the world, is sometimes the highest art. But this cannot be done by one who does not have deep thoughts herself, therefore read, study and inform your mind if you would be pleasing to this class of men.

But the real thing, after all, that wins a man is sympathy. And the art of sympathy, although it comes naturally to some, may be cultivated by all. Be interested in the things that interest men. Learn to talk of business, base-ball, politics, machinery, the news of the day, and anything else that interests the men whom you desire to please. A wealthy manufacturer once fell in love with a girl because she asked intelligent questions about the machinery in his great factory. And the story of Dr. Henry Schliemann, who married the girl that repeated Homer's Odyssey, is well known.

Banish selfishness from your heart and give yourself to the work of making others happy, and you will find yourself constantly winning friends among good men. By practice you can learn to notice the shadow on a man's face which no one else notices, and a word of sympathy or little act of unobtrusive kindness at such a time, has won many a man's heart. All men have their troubles. They have business cares and worries. They have disappointed ambitions and defeats, which carry a sting with them.

To make a man comfortable, to surround him with a home feeling when he calls upon you, to be informal and unconventional in a lady-like way, makes a woman attractive to most men. But, says some neglected one, suppose he never calls, how am I to get started in pleasing men? Begin this way: At some party or church social, where, as usual, you find yourself in some corner alone, while other girls are passing from room to room laughing and chatting with young men to whom you have not even been introduced, look around and you will see in some other corner a young man as lonely and forsaken as yourself. Perhaps he is awkward, green and unattractive, but never mind, look around and find some way of making the evening pleasant for him.

If you know him already do not wait for him to come to you, but go to him at once and begin a conversation, striving to the best of your ability to entertain him. If you do not know him get some one to present him to you, and then set about trying to make him feel comfortable and at ease.

By-and-by he will grow cheerful and bright in your company and will remember your kindness to him ever after with gratitude. You can be a true friend to him while at the same time you maintain your womanly reserve, and if your kindness is real you will not only get the reward of a kind action done, but your new friend will always be enthusiastic in your praise when out with other men, and led on by his praises they will come to seek for introductions. For men are wonderfully like sheep in some things, and where one goes the rest are inclined to follow.

If you wish to please men be kind to them. Treat them as brothers. Learn to be true friends to them in the highest acceptance of the word. Do not expect them to do everything for your comfort and pleasure, but seek to do something for them, at the same time taking care to avoid fussiness. Let all your sympathy be unobtrusive, your manners lady-like and cordial, your character womanly, and good men will seek your company. And some day the man you are waiting for will come to you unasked and unsought, and with him will come the greatest joy and happiness that earth can give to a woman.

THE SHETLAND KNITTERS

THE sphere of women in the Shetland Islands is well defined. The "wee lass" is early taught to "hae something in her haand." Her hands must be kept busy, and this is done by teaching her the art of knitting, which will more than likely serve as her occupation from the cradle to the grave. The most important work done by these women consists in the knitting of the fine shawls which take their name from the islands. These shawls are the principal articles knitted, but veils, different kinds of underwear, as well as fancy articles, are all made, and when "dressed," as the cleaning process is called, are taken to the local dry goods or general merchandise store, when they, despite the law, are simply bartered for anything the merchant has for sale, a money transaction being of the rarest occurrence.

Bellamy, or some others of that school, would do well to study the life of the Shetland crofter or small farmer, which, though simple, is an ideal one. The little farm produces the necessaries of life; the women with their knitting procure the luxuries, and the men with their fishing pay the rent and manage "to lay something by for a rainy day."



Mrs. Burton Harrison

recognition of the civilities of others. Nothing can be more fallacious. One of the fundamentals of the training of royalties is that infant kings and princes are, at the earliest possible age, forced into ceremonial self-effacement, in response to the homage and the courtesies extended them.

I WAS present last season in Madrid, at the opening of the Spanish Cortes, or Parliament, and saw the boy King from first to last sustain his part of the tedious pageant. While on his way from the royal palace to the house of Parliament, his place on a cushion at the right hand of his mamma in the glass coach that conveyed them thither, was, indeed, a sinecure. All he had to do was to sit up like an ordinary little boy in a black velvet suit with a broad lace collar, and gaze from side to side at the multitudes assembled bare-headed to greet "El Rey," and smile as he bowed to them. The long procession of fairy chariots, of which his brought up the rear, was, to my eyes, like nothing but a page from the old fairy book of my childhood, containing "Cinderella" and the "Yellow Dwarf"! There were the eight or ten horses loaded down with trappings, harnessed to each coach. There were the outriders, the fat coachmen and the tall footmen in gold-laced livery. The carriages themselves, with glass sides and varnished panels gilded and emblazoned, in no way differed from those ideal ones of my youth, in which kings and queens only might be conveyed. In no other capital of Europe had I seen anything to compare to these in splendor, and when the glittering line filed by, preceded and surrounded by guards and detachments of troops, we republicans who sat in our Victoria looking on, thought no wonder Alphonso is such a well-behaved small boy, since he is so bountifully well entertained! But, during the long, wearisome session of the Cortes it was another story. The poor little laddie must have been bored out of his wits. But he maintained grave attention to the passing show, and uniform courtesy to those around him. One fancied the strict training that must have been going on since that fatherless boy opened his eyes upon his kingdom!

No one loses by politeness to or by the trifling exercise of apparent pleasure in a caller. While I certainly have no wish to counsel insincerity, there is a wide difference between that offensive veneer and the pure metal of consideration for the feelings of a stranger within one's gate.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The success of Mrs. Harrison's previous articles on "The Well-Bred Girl in Society," published in the JOURNAL during 1892, has led to these supplementary papers, of which there will be three.



Andante.

Come un - to me, Come un - to me,

Oh! hear the Sav - iour's voice..... Call - ing to thee, call - ing to thee, Come un - to me and re - joice,.....

Thou who art tempt - ed - cum - bered with care, Hear His voice tell - ing thee, I too have been there All heav - y la - den,

wea - ry, oppressed; I know thy need and I will give thee rest, I know thy need and I will give..... thee rest.....

dim. ritard. I know the way is hard, I know the tears that fall,

mf I know thy heavy heart, my child, I know all; Come un - to me,..... and be thou blest, Lo! I am wait - ing to

pp ritard. et dim. give thee rest, Come un - to me, Come un - to me, and I will give..... thee rest.....



AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

We all feel very keenly the fact that there are certain things in this world which are not exactly right. To our minds they are wrong, and we are ready to applaud any man who says so and attempts to right them. If we are fond of reading, and interested in the spread of good books, we are cognizant of the fact that there are a vast number of books which never ought to see the light of day. If we attend the theatre we feel there are plays that no self-respecting person should see. If we believe in social purity we are convinced that there are thousands of people constantly living in disregard of the highest moral laws. Others, and this includes many of us, believe in the sobriety of man and woman, and we have an abhorrence of the liquor traffic. Others again, who have the interests of our children at heart, know that certain influences in the outer world are dangerous to their mental and moral welfare. All these things we believe and we know to be wrong. They ought not to be so; they should be made right. That is what we say, and we are perfectly honest with ourselves when we say it, or when we think it. But these things continue to be wrong, and we wonder why some one doesn't make them right. Here and there some leader arises, his voice is heard all over the country, and we say: He is right; he is a great man. We either write that man a letter and tell him he is on the right track, or we write to our newspaper and say the same thing, or we mount a platform and proclaim our approval, or, again, those of us who can, contribute a sum of money for the continuance of the work inaugurated. Then we sit down in serene contentment before a comfortable fire and hug the thought to our bosom that we have done our duty. But the wrongs continue.

THE main idea which most of us have when we know something to be wrong is to clamor for either a State or National law to prohibit that wrong. "That's the way to do it," we say, "make it prohibitory by law." Well, such laws have been passed time and time again. But do the wrongs cease to exist? Indecent books and suggestive plays are certainly prohibitory under the laws, but are we rid of such books and plays? Protective laws for the maintenance of social standards are in vogue in every State, but have we any greater social purity? Surely drunkenness is a misdemeanor, yet we have a liquor traffic, and an enormous one. Our children are supposed to be protected by laws, but are they less in danger because of those laws? "Then," says some one, "the laws are not enforced, that's all. Our law-keepers are to blame." Are they? The simple fact of the matter is that legal prohibition of anything does not prohibit quite so much as we think for. The root of the evil lies not with either the enforcement or the lack of enforcement of laws; it rests absolutely with ourselves, and as individuals. A law is for the protection of the people who live under it, but if its people do not regard that law, or are indifferent to its spirit, of what use is the law? So far as I can see, the true reason why certain things in this world are not right, is not because there are no laws which make them wrong, but because we, as individuals, do not carry out their spirit in our individual lives and inculcate them into the lives of those who are given into our keeping. The trouble with us is that we always want to reform things in an organic way; we want to be one of an organization. No sooner do we detect a social evil and observe that it is affecting our interests but we hie away to some one else, get that one interested, and start an organized movement to rout the evil. In other words, it always seems necessary for us to get some one else to help us to keep our own skirts clean. "We will arouse a general indignation on the subject" is our way of putting it. But what does it avail? People are rarely so full of the want-to-do-something feeling as at a public meeting under the excitement of the moment, and never are they so lacking in that energy as the next day after the meeting. And all the time we are indifferent to the great truth that as individuals can we be greatest and most effective as reformers.

NOW, take the matter of our books. All of us want our literature to be clean, helpful and elevating. But all of us evidently do not, just the same. If we did we would have what we wanted and nothing else. Nasty books are printed simply because there are nasty people who want them. Suggestive papers are issued, and successfully so, because there are people who read them. Those of us who are fond of good books are indignant because such books as "Esther Waters," "The Heavenly Twins," "The Green Carnation," "The Yellow Aster" are successful. But why are they successful? Because we buy them, and when I say "we" I mean "we." I do not mean the other man or the other woman upon whose shoulders we are always ready to transfer the blame. I have very quietly made a study of the sources from which a great deal of this cry of bad or ephemeral literature comes, and I find that it comes, in quite respectable proportions, from the very people who buy these books and help them to success. Now, one thing is absolutely true: just so long as we continue buying these books, just so long will we have them. When we stop buying, depend upon it the authors will stop writing them and the publishers will stop issuing them. But if we buy "Heavenly Twins" why there will be more "Heavenly Twins," and a year hence we will have "Infernal Triplets." This whole question is simply one of demand and supply: so long as the demand continues so will the supply. When the one stops the other will stop. This matter of books lies with us, individually. All this crying from platforms, all this writing we do in newspapers, all the laws we can pass will not help us a particle. The more we cry, the more we write, the more legislation we effect, the more attention we attract to the very books we want to crush and the more successful we make the books. The very moment we attempt to make anything prohibitory in the way of reading, that very moment we make it successful. It is simply a question of stolen fruit, always sweetest to the taste. The same thing is true of the plays upon the boards of many of our theatres. We see merit passed by, oftentimes, where the silliest trash is patronized and made successful. But who makes those plays successful? Not the playwright; not the theatrical manager. We do, because we go to see them. A thousand people go to see a play, and ten thousand are ready to follow them—that is, if they dare, or can get up a good excuse for going.

JUST see the manner in which we talk and write about the education of our daughters. I was at a meeting in Boston not many weeks ago, which had for its purpose the discussion of this poor, worn theme. Among the speakers were two women, something of whose home-life I happened to know. They spoke beautifully of the way our daughters should be trained: how we should have more stringent laws for their moral protection, larger opportunities for their mental development, and, lastly, they incidentally threw in a reference about the position of the daughter in the home. Their arguments sounded well, but I could not refrain from looking "behind-the-scenes" just for a moment, and bringing to my mind the picture of the young daughters whom I had seen in the homes of those women not many days before. Now, that is what we like to do, talk, talk, talk, and what does it amount to? What effect has such a discussion? Ten minutes after the Boston meeting was over, and I circulated among the women, not one word did I hear of the meeting itself, or of the speakers. The whole purpose of the meeting and what had been advanced had been forgotten. This was not such a great calamity in this instance since nothing but a mass of theories had been presented, with not one practical suggestion so far as I could make out. If our girls stand in crying need of anything it is reasonably certain to me that they will never have their needs filled by such methods as these. The truth is that I have never quite been able to see the use or purpose of this sort of meeting anyhow. Absolutely nothing is or can be effected through its agency, unless some thought is dropped which is carried away by some one who applies it to an individual need. But if all the meetings are like unto that one in Boston and others I have attended, the danger of any auditor encumbering her mind with dropped thoughts is not very great.

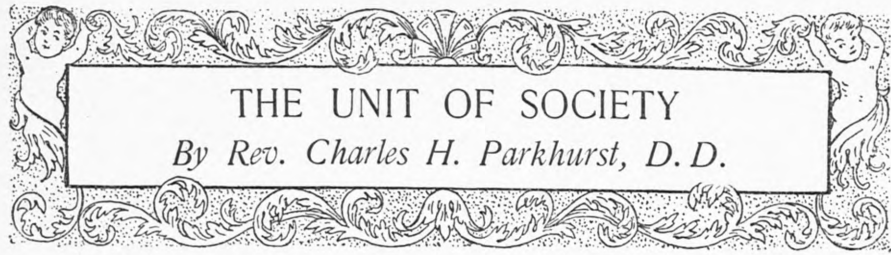
EVERY self-respecting man and woman who has any regard for the preservation of home and the stability of our nation wants to see a diminishing of the liquor traffic. But how are we going about it? Apparently by two methods: attempting to close the saloons or seeking to enact prohibitory legislation. Now, the fact is that by neither method can the result be accomplished. I am perfectly aware that I am treading on delicate ground here, but that fact shall not prevent me from saying what I have for a long time had in mind to say. I yield to no one in an advocacy of the truest and the best temperance principles. They guide my own life, and I wish the good that I have derived from them might come to every man I know. But I am firm in my belief that many of the methods which are being so constantly pursued in the cause of temperance are wrong, and will yet be proven ineffective. It is impossible to kill a tree by cutting off its branches: its sap of life comes from the root. So with the liquor traffic. Its evil lies not in the saloon; it lies in us. Close the saloon, and you merely cut off the branches of the alcohol tree. You do not kill it. Its life is in the man, the consumer. The saloons of this country merely supply a demand. Close them and another channel will open up. The man who in ignorance pours into his stomach that which is death to him, but which he believes is life, will get that liquid in some form and at some place. Place a law of prohibition upon such a man and you make him worse than before. The very fact of the forbidden character of the fluid creates within him an appetite for it. This is human nature, tried and tested ever since the world began. True reforms are never won on a compulsory basis. It is with the consumer that reform must begin. Remove his ignorance and you at once remove the root of the evil. This ignorance is something less tangible than the closing of a saloon, and to master it is slower work. But the germ of the true reform lies there just the same. The solution of the temperance question lies in the greater enlightenment of the classes who are without the knowledge to know themselves. Every educated man means one customer less for the saloon. It is the unenlightened who suffer most from the liquor traffic. It is true that we find the habit of drinking among the educated as well, but in a far lesser degree than among those of inferior mental capacity. Stronger and stronger is the conviction growing among men capable of discernment that a successful business career or a creditable social standard is impossible with an indulgence of intoxicating liquors. This sentiment is far more widespread than many people know or believe. Any wide acquaintance among men of affairs very soon convinces one of it. Liquor is finding its true place in the estimation of men of judgment. The best proof of this lies in the decreasing quantity of wine consumed at public dinners. Where five or ten years ago one man turned down his glass, ten men now do it. This is the sense of conviction which must be planted and nurtured among those whom it has not yet reached. When we succeed in doing that we shall have come much closer to the solution of the temperance problem than by passing prohibitory laws or closing saloons. Legislation would be unnecessary, and there would not be enough saloons worth closing, if the American workman were more enlightened than he is. We all believe in the one thing to be achieved; the question is simply in the methods to be pursued. And, so far as I am concerned, I believe that if our efforts for National temperance were less organic and more individual, both in its workers and the people worked upon, it would be infinitely better.

IN our social purity crusade we are going on the same lines. Most of us want it; we firmly believe that there should be more of it. We organize societies, and they do good unquestionably. But what are we doing for a higher moral standard as individuals? Precious little! Dr. Parkhurst was unerring in his statement when, a few Sundays ago, he said in a sermon that there is a good deal of current tenderheartedness bestowed on prodigals and Magdalens of a couple of thousand years ago, but precious little on prodigals and Magdalens living at date. No greater truth has been uttered. Dr. Rainsford, of New York, was equally true when he recently said that the blame for the shame of his city, which was now being flaunted before the world, was not to be laid upon the shoulders of the fallen women of New York, but upon the intelligent Christianity of the city, which sits at home in entrenched selfishness. We do not like to hear these things when they are said, or read them when they are written, and it is because they contain so much truth that they are unpleasant. Our social standard of purity will never be any higher than it is to-day until, as individuals, we bestir ourselves and do what we can in our own sphere of life, no matter how contracted that sphere may be. Cleansing a whole city is a grand thing to do, but it is more to the point to see that our own doorstep is clean.

THERE is where we should start reforms: with ourselves. A great deal of it comes back to us who are fathers and mothers. If we devoted the time we should to our children, and didn't turn aside so much to the diverting influences of the outer world, there wouldn't be so many things wrong as there now are. If we were more careful about the training of the young there would exist a better capacity for a clear discernment between a good book and a bad one, a suggestive play and an elevating drama. And as things are, if we didn't buy these books and go and see these plays we wouldn't have them much longer. It is all well enough for us to cry "shame" at these things, but who is to blame for the shame? As I have said before, we are too organic in our reform movements and not sufficiently individual. We are always ready to work with some one else; too unwilling to work by ourselves. We are too much like sheep, always looking around for a shepherd. And yet we can all be shepherds. The instinct of leadership is not necessary here to make us leaders. There is plenty of chance for reform close at home, either with ourselves or those nearest to us. We need not seek wider fields of usefulness; the home and those who come in contact with that home make a field wide enough for the ablest and most resourceful woman whom God ever created.

IT is unfortunate that men cannot be greater factors in this home reform than they are. As a rule the American father sees but little of his children; he knows even less about them. A girl said to me the other day, and she spoke truly: "My father does not know me. He is out of the house to the office before I have breakfast; at evening dinner he sees me dressed at my best and in my cheeriest spirits. That, however, is not his daughter." But until the American man realizes that the only thing worth striving for in this world is not the almighty dollar there is not much chance for things being different. After a while, when as a nation we grow older and wiser, our men will take things more leisurely, and they will become better acquainted with their families. Already things are tending this way in our older cities. But until the father is more of the home and in the home, of his family and in his family, we need the strong and influential hand of woman to bring right these certain things which are now wrong. Some women object when writers seek to place these responsibilities upon the shoulders of woman. Yet upon whom can they be more fittingly placed, and with a surer sense of their wisest fulfillment? A woman has a power for influence in her training that man can never exert. That instinct is God-given; it is hers and hers alone. The best influences felt by the world have come from women. Men may have consummated them, but women have shaped them. As she gives life, so does she influence life because it is of her. It is not a responsibility she can delegate, and it is only in the nature of things, as well as from her own past and present, that we can safely look to her to accomplish what no other hand can do. And she can do this best in the home, far better than in the outer world. Her power over an audience can, at best, be only doubtful; her influence over her own in the home is sure.

ANY thinking mind can easily reason it out that it lies with our women, far more than with our men, to right things in this world. Woman is the moral power: she is the axis upon which generations must turn. She is that to-day, she will be that to-morrow. And she will hold that power, and that influence will be hers, and solely hers, just as long as she remains womanly and is willing to believe and content to feel that her greatest university is the home, and her best students her children and husband. Away from that arena she can never be what she is in it. This is the reason why the so-called "new woman" can never be, and why her advent finds no favor with the intelligent. And any movement which seeks to disassociate woman from the home will always meet with the same insurmountable disfavor. Woman is the superior of man, and that is why God placed her in the most important place in the world which He created—the home. He never intended that she should be man's equal. He created her last, showing plainly, by that act, that He wished that she might improve upon what had gone before. It is for woman to point men to good deeds; it is for men to battle for their consummation. Men are only leaders from outward appearances; close scrutiny will almost invariably reveal a woman's power, a woman's encouragement, a woman's love behind them. She is the power of the world to-day. As she points, so events will tend—not as a leader herself, but as a creator of leaders. Let her shape sentiment; men will see to it that her sentiment is known, adopted and recognized. The literature, the dramatic art of the world is hers; in her hands, too, rests the surest power to uplift man from moral degradation and intemperate principles.



THE UNIT OF SOCIETY
By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.



THE best effort that ever can be put forth is that which concerns itself with the springs and sources of influence. The nearer we can come to the point where initial impulses form and shape themselves

the more we are doing toward determining everything in which those impulses will eventually issue. It is a comparatively easy thing to deal with symptoms and to put superficial and artificial constraint upon forms of outward demeanor and action. All of that may be easy, but the chances are that it will be as profitless as it is easy. Whether as relates to men individually or associately there is no work possible which can begin to compete for thoroughness and effectiveness with the work that is applied at the germinal sources of personal character, the germinal springs of social life and activity.

It is with all of this well in mind that I have undertaken to prepare this simple paper on the matter of "the home."

In considering this question the most thorough thing which can be said by way of preliminary is that the home is the social unit. The individual is not a unit. We mean to say that he is not an integer. The individual considered by himself is no more than an attempt and an approximation. Nature, history, Providence all assert as much. Yes, the Bible asserts the same thing when it says that "He setteth the solitary in families." Still earlier the same truth was declared in the words, "It is not good for man to be alone." The reason why it is not good for him to be alone is that the true unity is not in himself but in something which he merely helps to compose. The true unit of society is the home. The man needs the woman; the woman needs the man; and they both need the children. That is distinctly the intention of God, nature and Scripture.

The premise from which we start cannot then be mistaken or misleading. The distinct position thus taken will, if considered carefully, prove the easy solvent of a good many disputed questions. It encourages a great deal of current excellence; it also rebukes a good deal of current foolishness.

THE unit of society, then, is the home. Enrollment that assumes to be thorough is not a registration by individuals but by families. If we were to say that the structure of society is cellular we should have to say that it is the family that constitutes each separate cell. No man, however entire, is a cell. No woman, however complete, is a cell. There is no finished cell except in the grouping of several individuals bound by the ties of domesticity. A bachelor is a dislocated fragment. His female counterpart is in the same category. It may not be their fault. It may lie in the necessity of their case. Still, all in all, it is a condition reproved by nature and foreign to divine intention.

It is to the family, therefore, that we shall have to look as being the prime point of concern in all that relates to the weal of our times and our kind. The strength and health of society are to be measured by the amount of affectionate emphasis that is laid on the home idea; and the wholesome-ness of society is simply the sanctity of the home writ large. Homes are each of them the separate roots that carry their several contributions to the organized structure of the general life.

All of this holds whether society be considered in its religious relations, which we know as the church, or in its secular ones, known as the state. The home is the first church, and the home is the first state. There is nothing in either of the two that is not initially present in a small way inside the home circle. As regards the former there is a very important idea conserved in so arranging our church auditoriums as to combine the congregation without sacrificing the identity of its families. The pew system of worship is the deft way that our church architecture takes to teach the doctrine that each home is a little religious organism, a miniature church all by itself. This is one of those interesting cases where a sense of fitness, even without our being distinctly conscious of it, nevertheless asserts itself, and creates a very substantial expression of itself. And there is no preacher, at least there is no pastor, who does not carry distinctly in his head, and particularly in his heart, this cellular structure of his congregation, and who does not feel that the significance of his congregation depends not on the number of its individuals but on the number of its families.

THEN there is that old expression, "the family altar," which, although a phrase that savors a little of old Hebrew ritualism, still suggests in a most tender form, the essential churchliness of the family circle. We can go still a little farther and say that it is just the home relations that furnish the child the trellis-work upon which its young thoughts can clamber up into an appreciation of things heavenly and divine. The child's God is likely to be only the child's father imaginatively enlarged and projected. In his mother, coming so often as a go-between between himself and his father, he learns the meaning of mediation long before he requires to have his approaches to his Heavenly Father mediated by a Christ-Intercessor. And he never gets so far from the domestic sanctities of young association as to find a better, sweeter name than "Home" for the Heavenly country toward which his heart is inclining.

The home is, likewise, a kind of apprentice ground for acquiring the alphabet of secular aptitudes and duties. It is a place where the children can rehearse reciprocal relations and obligations, and so acquire the art of being members of society, and citizens. The family is a miniature republic furnished with all the small competitions and minute obligations that reappear on an enlarged scale in the broader field of the state and of adult society. In this way the family furnishes somewhat the same preparation for the responsibilities and enterprises of mature life that in old time the Mediterranean Sea furnished for the careers of exploration and colonization and general world-movement that developed in the centuries later. The comparative contractedness and security of the Mediterranean afforded easy field for naval opportunity and commercial experiment; it afforded young commerce tempting opportunity to try its ambitious but inexperienced wings, and so achieved for it the equipment that lay at the foundation of broader exploits and Atlantic adventure farther on.

IN a complete and well-ordered family there is almost everything that there is in a state. There is the inter-action between individual and individual. There is individuality in aims, all of such aims, however, requiring to be subordinated to the collective aim and advantage of the whole. There is sense of community and interest; even the child, if proper relations subsist, feeling that it is all a joint stock affair in which he is himself a small partner, as was so distinctly and appreciatively expressed by the little fellow who, when asked if he had any brothers and sisters, replied, "No, sir; I am the only child we have." More to be emphasized in this connection than any other constituent element of family life, is that of law, demanding the absolute subserviency of each little domestic citizen; and there is nothing that, as preparation for civic relations and duties, can begin to compete with a spirit of obedience. Submission to law is the keystone of civic stability. A boy can never be a good citizen until he has learned to obey, and in nine cases out of ten he will never learn unless he learns at home.

In view of all the foregoing no one can feel a keen interest in his country or city or times without realizing that the great emphasis of thought and endeavor ought to put itself upon the home. Whatever is done there works governingly upon the whole field of the general life. If our homes were all right everything would be right, and until our homes are right nothing can be right.

IT is but a step to go on from this and say that I believe the fundamental trouble with the times in which we live is the decadence of the home idea. And the first thing to be said under that caption is that marriage is not so generally thought of as formerly as being one of the certain and fixed events of a man's or a woman's life. As for the men, there are certain substitutes therefor that need not be particularized here, and the evidences are not far to seek that such substitution is being in an increasingly large number of instances availed of. Women, also, if we can judge from appearances, are less matrimonially disposed than formerly. A good many avenues of employment are opening to them that formerly were either closed against them, or if not closed, considered a little unfeminine, into which they are now entering in considerable and increasing numbers; and it has sometimes seemed as though the immunity from conjugal dominance or matrimonial mischance so secured was a consideration with them. It may be due to a feeling that woman is so much of

an oars-woman that she can paddle her own canoe, and to a feeling that if she can do so she would rather like to demonstrate the fact to the other sex. There may be nothing in this, but things have sometimes a little of that look. However that may be, marriage is not taken as a matter of course as much as formerly, either by young men or young women.

To this must be added that even when marriage is consummated there is an impaired estimate of marital sanctity. One of the saddest lessons I have learned in the three years past has been the number of men and of women who are living in habitual disregard of their marriage vows; all of which becomes well-nigh disheartening when it is remembered that the power of the home over the children never falls out of ratio with the holiness of the tie between the father and the mother.

It will be understood what I mean when I say that the home is tending to degenerate into a physical convenience—a place to eat in and to sleep in, but not the local axis of all that concerns its members in the higher relations and aspects of their life.

WHEN I was a boy I always expected to be at home except when there was some special reason for my being away from home; unless appearances are deceptive, children now expect to be away from home except when there is some special reason for their being at home. And what holds of the children holds also quite largely, in a good many cases, of their parents. Domestic lines have ceased to be drawn with the old-time rigor and sharpness. The home is more construed to meet the physical convenience than to subserve a personal necessity. We are not intending by this that the family should steel itself against its neighbors or lock itself in from participation in the general life; but, within certain limits, the more a family wants to be able to do for the general life, the more jealously and passionately it will have to cherish its own separate and exclusive familyhood.

It is a bad omen, therefore, that fathers and mothers are becoming contented to do without a domicile appropriated to their own exclusive needs, and to live in hotels and boarding-houses, or to take one out of a tier of lofts technically styled an "apartment house." It is not that that mode of living is not as cheap nor as comfortable. The point of it is that people are willing to live in hotel herds and apartment house lofts because there is a diminished hold exerted upon them by the home idea. It is for that reason, also, that men spend so much of their time at the club. I consider the club to be one of the cleverest devices of the Devil to prevent homes being made, and to sterilize and undermine them when they are made. I do not claim that there is not a wholesome rôle which the club may be expected to play. I am only criticizing the club to the degree in which it replaces the devotion to the wife and the children. And I doubt if a man, who is necessarily absent from his family the entire day, can put in much time at the club evenings without proving false to his privileges and recreant to his duties as a husband and father. This view of the case may have a strong odor of conservatism, but there are circumstances under which conservatism is the only logical or reputable conclusion into which even a man that is ordinarily radical can reason himself.

THE drift of population toward the cities is, in this particular, one of the greatest difficulties that we have to encounter. A city house, except among the very wealthiest, has very little, and probably nothing, to distinguish it from any of the houses that are built on either side of it—and this not only in respect to the exterior, but, to a large degree, as relative to the interior. A few days ago I was calling at a house down in the old Seventh Ward. It was the same house that I am living in on Thirty-fifth Street, only with a little more odor and not quite so much furniture. A house must have its distinctive features in order to make it a complete home. That is the charm of a home in the country which the city home rarely knows anything about. A home to be perfect and entire needs not only father and mother and children, but a dwelling place that is fragrant with its own memories, hallowed by its own associations and marked by its own characteristics and distinctions of style, manner and environment, so that it shall stand utterly by itself in the child's regard and become permanent ground from which he shall draw nutriment through all the years of his lengthening and expanding life. Men who have been born and bred in such a country home can hardly realize what they have gained by not having had their birth in the city; and men who have been born and reared in the city are even more unable to appreciate what they have lost by not having been planted in the country.

I have tried to cover as many features of the home question as space would allow and to set forth in simple shape the vital relation that the home sustains to public character and life. It will be natural to go on a month hence and speak of woman as the "home-maker."

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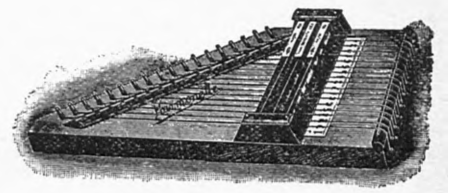
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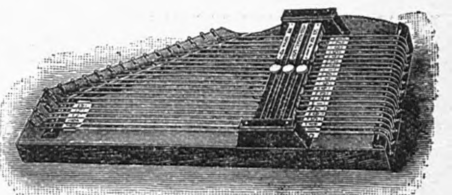
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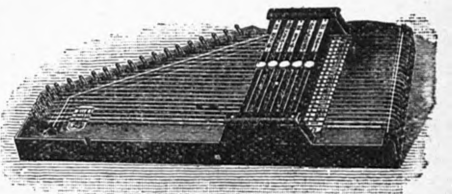
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RURAL LIFE IN FRANCE

By Maria Parloa



NOVEL as may be the sights in a foreign city those in a foreign village give one a more realizing sense of being in a strange land. The cities are all more or less cosmopolitan. In the country, on the contrary, the customs of the people remain practically the same for generations. In France, as in America, the mode of living varies somewhat in different sections. In the extreme south and the extreme north the domestic life is somewhat different from that which we find it in the country within a hundred miles of Paris. There is a marked difference between the manner in which the rich *bourgeois* and the farmers and tradespeople live, and again between the life of the latter and that of the common laborer.

ASPECTS OF THE COUNTRY

THE agricultural part of France is like a beautiful garden. When driving through the country one sees hundreds of acres of land without any apparent division, except as the various crops seem to divide the land into different fields. One may travel many miles and not see a fence, except those around the houses and gardens. Fields of grain, apple and cherry orchards, vineyards, vegetable farms are all open to the world. Generally there is a small ditch between the road and the fields. Of course the pasture lands are fenced off, wire being used to a great extent for the purpose. On close examination one will find granite blocks sunk into the earth to indicate where one estate begins and another ends. Private forests and government forests, that are rented for hunting purposes, are fenced off and further guarded by gamekeepers.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the cultivated fields in the spring and early summer. Fields of vegetables, grain, clover and grass are laid out as regularly as a small, well-arranged garden might be. The lines are so straight that it would seem as if a surveyor must have made them.

In May and June the fields are like flower gardens. Gorgeous effects in red, yellow, blue and white are seen on all sides. Sometimes a field of grain will be filled with the *coquelicot*—corn-poppay. The effect is almost dazzling. Another field will be a solid mass of yellow from the blossom of the colza. The bluet or corn-flower does not have so pronounced an effect, but it is very lovely in among the grain and grass. Other flowers, large and intensely blue, are seen in large patches. All along the roadside and in the forests are to be found the most lovely flowers and in the greatest abundance. In no part of our own country have I ever seen such a variety of beautiful flowers and in such numbers. This is a perfect paradise for the lover of flowers.

ROADS AND SHADE TREES

THE roads are well made and well kept. A contractor has charge of them. In traveling over these roads one finds, at certain intervals, little heaps of broken stones. They are piled in the most orderly manner, and are for use in repairing the roads. The stones are spread on worn or hollow places and are then crushed and pressed into place by the steam roller. Little stone houses for storing the tools are built along the roadside at long intervals. Bicyclists appreciate these hard, smooth roads. All classes use the bicycle for getting about the country. It is very funny to see a blue-bloused workman going at full speed on his bicycle. The wind fills his blouse and looks like a blue barrel flying over the ground. The roads are not only kept in good repair, but they are also kept perfectly clean.

Shade trees are quite general along the roads, some property owners planting two rows on each side. The trees employed for this purpose are usually the poplar, horse-chestnut and linden. Each year the trees are carefully trimmed; the lower limbs are wholly removed, those a little higher are trimmed quite close to the tree, thus giving a lofty and beautiful arch. The linden and the horse-chestnut are the best for this purpose, but one could hardly ask for anything more pleasing than a road lined for miles with stately poplars.

Avenues to private estates are often lined with lindens, some of which are trimmed like those on the public road, and others trimmed closely and smoothly on the sides and tops.

THE PRIVATE GROUNDS

IF the cultivated fields are open to the view of all the world, the contrary is true of the private grounds near the house. No matter how poor the home may be, there is an effort to screen it from public view. In the country, when a piece of land is selected for a building spot, the front wall is built, a garden is laid out, shade trees are set out, and vines, shrubs and hardy flowers are planted. Sometimes this garden is prepared several years before the house is built, and located well back so that the building of the house will not injure it.

The grounds belonging to the mansion houses are very extensive and beautiful. They are embellished with fountains, lakes, statuary, flowers, etc. There is at least one hothouse connected with such grounds. The outbuildings connected with some of them would almost make a small village. Even the modest little home has a few small buildings in its court or garden. The avenues that lead to some of the old estates are imposing, and are lined with lindens more than a hundred years old, and trimmed in Louis XIV style. One of these avenues must be more than a quarter of a mile long. On each side of the driveway there are smoothly-trimmed arches of the linden. One could walk in these arches in a heavy rain without feeling a drop fall, so dense is the roof of leaves. Another estate is approached by two avenues of lindens that are trimmed like the shade trees in the public road.

ARRANGEMENT OF GARDENS

AS a rule the gardens are longer than they are wide, and are surrounded with high walls. The walls are almost invariably of masonry, never less than eight feet high and often much higher. Every inch of ground is utilized. Along the walls are planted apple, pear, cherry and other trees, also all kinds of vines. The trees are planted close to the wall when they are young and pliable. The trunk is fastened to the wall in an upright position, the branches are then trained on the wall like vines. The fruit grown on these walls is particularly fine. On each side of all the walks there are trellises not much more than two feet high. Apple, plum and pear trees are trained like vines on these supports. Wherever it is possible there are little or great arbors, as the case may be. These are largely made up of the grapevine, but all sorts of flowering vines are also employed. Vines are trained on the walls of the houses. In the beds in the garden and along the walls in front of the trees and vines, flowers, small fruits and vegetables are planted. The number of things that are grown in one of these gardens is almost incredible. All the vines and trees are kept trimmed close, therefore they do not fill useful space with useless branches, nor do they shade the ground. So free from weeds and so well trimmed are the gardens that the sun penetrates everywhere, but there are always a few shade trees and vine arbors near the house. Here will be found little iron tables and chairs; the family take their work out here when it is possible, and in the warm weather many meals are served on these little tables. No matter how small the garden is there is some such arrangement for outdoor life. Insect life does not abound as with us, so all this can be done with great comfort. To French people living in the country the garden means almost as much as does the house.

THE BASSE-COUR

A NECESSARY appendage to every country house is the *basse-cour*. It answers to our poultry yard, but it nearly always includes a rabbit house in connection with the other houses. Indeed, the poor people who cannot afford to keep poultry can still raise rabbits, as they will live on the refuse greens of the garden and on *luzerne*, a plant that grows in great abundance in the fields and by the roadside. The *basse-cour* on the fine estate covers a good deal of territory and includes a pond for ducks and geese. Pigeons and guinea-hens are raised on these large estates. Small proprietors have the cow in the garden. Hen-houses are built with large yards, the sides and tops of which are inclosed by wire netting. They look like great cages. Small stone or brick houses are built for the rabbits. They are divided into compartments with iron gratings for doors. There are two or three tiers of these cells. On regular farms the poultry are allowed to range freely through yards, barns and stables, but all this territory is inclosed by very high walls.

SOME OF THE DWELLING-HOUSES

THE commonest class of houses are built close to the village street, but the entrance is usually through a court, or if the door of the house opens directly on the street it is generally into a long passage that leads into a garden. The most commonplace fronts will often have charming vine-covered verandas at the back of the house, and one can almost always count on finding a lovely garden. Sometimes the houses are set well back from the street with a flower garden in front. The houses are all built of stone or brick. The roofs of these small houses are usually tiled, but large houses are roofed with slate. A French village has one long street. In fact it is the highway that leads from village to village. There are here and there cross streets, some of them so narrow that one wonders how two vehicles ever pass each other. These streets generally lead into the open country. There are also fine shaded avenues that lead to large private estates.

But the greater part of the houses of the poor people are crowded together. Sometimes on entering a court one comes upon many little one and two story houses. These are divided into tenements of one, two, three and four rooms. Many of the larger houses are divided into *petite appartements* of two, three or four rooms, if you can count the kitchen as a room. These are often let furnished. The apartment consists of a kitchen that is about as large as a good-sized closet, a dining-room and one or more bedrooms. These little apartments are rented in the summer to people from the city. The furnishing is very meagre, but it answers for a few months in the summer. The lower floors of all except fine houses are tiled. Why the people continue to lay such floors in this damp country is a mystery. They send a chill through you even in midsummer. Sometimes the floors of the upper rooms are tiled also, but more often they are of plain white or painted boards.

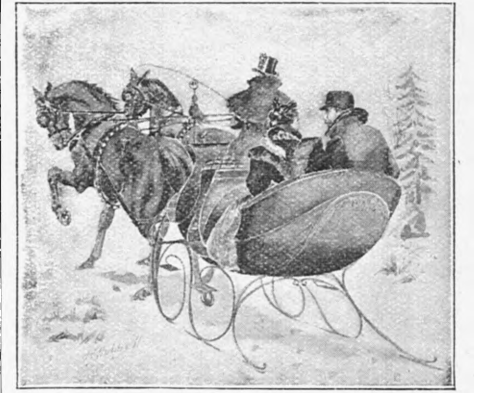
Modern mansion houses have furnaces, but the old ones, like those of their less pretentious neighbors, depend upon fireplaces and stoves. Except in fine houses there are no ranges in the kitchens; a brick arrangement which looks like a large table, finished on the top with blue tiles, answers nearly all purposes. There are square openings in which there are grates; charcoal is burned in these places. The draught is very slight and the fire burns slowly. Sometimes there is a portable stove for baking, but this is seldom employed, as the French housekeeper in moderate circumstances rarely bakes anything. The roasting is done in the tin kitchen, in the portable arrangements described in a former issue of the JOURNAL. It must be understood always that at present I am writing of the homes of the masses. An article devoted to the appointments and methods employed in the homes of the rich, both in city and country, will appear in due time.

THE PEOPLE AND HOW THEY LIVE

A VILLAGE is made up of farmers, laborers, small tradespeople and mechanics. There are always one or many rich proprietors, the clergyman, doctor, lawyer, etc. You can almost always count upon a convent, where many of the children of the village attend school. The proportion of women working on the farms is rather in excess of the men. One meets them on the roads going to and returning from their work. In the morning they have nothing in their wheelbarrows but their tools and dinners, but at night they return with their barrows laden with fodder and vegetables in season; sometimes, in addition to all this, one or two or three little children will be on top of the load. Most of these women are squarely built, with no sign of a waist-line. They are browned by exposure. Beside the work in the field these women have to care for their homes. The living is simple: bread and coffee or sour wine for breakfast; at noon, often nothing but the bread and wine; for supper, bread and some kind of soup or ragout, mostly of vegetables. The wine is not made with the juice of the grape. When the juice has been pressed from the fruit water is mixed with the remainder and the mixture is then slightly fermented. The well-to-do people have bread and coffee for breakfast. The other two meals are fairly substantial, simple vegetable soups and ragouts entering largely into their daily fare. Salads are eaten in large quantities by all classes.

Compared with America, housekeeping in France is like picnicking. In the country you are visited every day by the baker, butcher, vegetable dealer, milkman, etc. Several times in the week the wood and charcoal man calls, as do also the egg, butter and cheese dealers. In each village there is at least one *charcutier*, who keeps cooked hams, head-cheeses, jellied meats, all kinds of smoked sausages and other cooked things. There is also a market two or more times a week. These people rarely use a sweet dish, bread and cheese answering for the last course in the meal. Bread is eaten in quantities that would astonish an American, and as this is brought to the door each morning the housekeeper has no care in regard to it.

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MY LITERARY PASSIONS
BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS



YOU cannot be at perfect ease with a friend who does not joke, and I suppose this is what has deprived me of the final satisfaction in the company of Anthony Trollope, who jokes heavily or not at all, and whom

I should otherwise make bold to declare the greatest of English novelists. Even without great humor his books have been a vast pleasure to me through their simple truthfulness. Perhaps if they were more humorous they would not be so true to the British life and character present in them in the whole length and breadth of its expansive commonplaceness. It is their serious fidelity which gives them a value unique in literature, and which if it were carefully analyzed would afford a principle of the same quality in an author who was undoubtedly one of the finest of artists as well as the most Philistine of men.

I came rather late, but I came with all the ardor of what seems my perennial literary youth, to the love of Thomas Hardy, whom I first knew in his story *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. As usual, after I had read this book and felt the new charm in it, I wished to read the books of no other author, and to read his books over and over. I could not get enough of them, and I still wish there were no end to them, though with a characteristic perversity or fatality I have not yet read his *Tess*. I love even the faults of Hardy; I will let him play me any trick he chooses (and I am sorry to say he is not above playing tricks when he seems to get tired of his story or perplexed with it), if only he will go on making his peasants talk, and his rather uncertain ladies get in and out of love, and serve themselves of every chance that fortune offers them of having their own way. We shrink from the immorality of the Latin races, but Hardy has divined in the heart of our own race a lingering heathenism, which if not Greek has certainly been no more baptized than the neo-hellenism of the Parisians. His heroines especially exemplify it, and I should be safe in saying that his *Ethelbertas*, his *Eustacias*, his *Elfridas*, his *Bathshebas*, his *Fancies*, are wholly pagan. I should not dare to ask how much of their charm came from that fact; and the author does not fail to show you how much harm, so that it is not on my conscience. His people live very close to the heart of nature, and no one, unless it is *Tourguénief*, gives you a richer and sweeter sense of her unity with human nature. Hardy is a great poet as well as a great humorist, and if he were not a great artist also his humor would be enough to make him dear to me.

I COME now, though not quite in the order of time, to the noblest of all these enthusiasms, namely, my devotion for the writings of Lyof Tolstoy. I should wish to speak of him with his own incomparable truth, yet I do not know how to give a notion of his influence without the effect of exaggeration. As much as one merely human being can help another I believe that he has helped me; he has not influenced me in aesthetics only, but in ethics, too, so that I can never again see life in the way I saw it before I knew him. Tolstoy awakens in his reader the will to be a man; not effectually, not spectacularly, but simply, really. He leads you back to the only true ideal of manhood, away from that false standard of the gentleman to the Man who sought not to be distinguished from other men, but identified with them, to that serene Presence in which the finest gentleman shows his alloy of vanity, and the greatest genius shrinks to the measure of his miserable egotism. I learned from Tolstoy to try character and motive by no other test, and though I am perpetually false to that sublime ideal myself, still the ideal remains with me, to make me ashamed that I am not true to it. Tolstoy gave me heart to hope that the world may yet be made over in the image of Him who died for it, and when all *Cæsar's* things shall be finally rendered unto *Cæsar*, men shall come into their own, into the right to labor and the right to enjoy the fruits of their labor, each one master of himself and servant to every other. He taught me to see life not as a chase of a forever impossible personal happiness, but as a field for endeavor toward the happiness of the whole human family; and I can never lose this vision, however I close my eyes, and strive to see my own interest as the highest good. He gave me new criterions, new principles, which after all were those

that are taught us in our earliest childhood, before we have come to the evil wisdom of the world. As I read his different ethical books, *What to Do*, *My Confession*, and *My Religion*, I recognized their truth with a rapture such as I have known in no other reading, and I rendered them my allegiance, heart and soul, with whatever sickness of the one and despair of the other. They have it yet, and I believe they will have it while I live. It is with inexpressible astonishment that I hear them attained of pessimism, as if the teaching of a man whose ideal was simple goodness, must mean the prevalence of evil. The way he showed me seemed indeed impossible to my will, but to my conscience it was and is the only possible way. If there is any point on which he has not convinced my reason it is that of our ability to walk this narrow way alone. Even there he is logical, but as *Zola* subtly distinguishes in speaking of his essay on *Money*, he is not reasonable. Solitude enfeebles and palsies, and it is as comrades and brothers that men must save the world from itself, rather than themselves from the world. It was so the earliest Christians, who had all things common, understood the life of Christ, and I believe that the latest will understand it so.

I HAVE spoken first of the ethical works of Tolstoy, because they are of the first importance to me, but I think that his æsthetic works are as perfect. To my thinking they transcend in truth, which is the highest beauty, all other works of fiction that have been written, and I believe that they do this because they obey the law of the author's own life. His conscience is one ethically and one æsthetically; with his will to be true to himself he cannot be false to his knowledge of others. I thought the last word in literary art had been said to me by the novels of *Tourguénief*, but it seemed like the first, merely, when I began to acquaint myself with the simpler and nobler method of Tolstoy. I came to it by accident, and without any manner of preoccupation in *The Cossacks*, one of his early books, which had been on my shelves unread for five or six years. I did not know even Tolstoy's name when I opened it, and it was with a kind of amaze that I read it, and felt word by word, and line by line, the truth of a new art in it. I do not know how it is that the great Russians have the secret of simplicity. Some say it is because they have not a long literary past and are not conventionalized by the usage of many generations of other writers, but this will hardly account for the brotherly directness of their dealing with human nature; the absence of experience elsewhere characterizes the artist with crudeness, and simplicity is the last effect of knowledge. Tolstoy is, of course, the first of them in this supreme grace. He has not only *Tourguénief's* transparency of style, unclouded by any mist of the personality which we mistakenly value in style, and which ought no more to be there than an artist's personality should be in a portrait; but he has a method which not only seems without artifice, but is so. I can get at the manner of most writers, and tell what it is, but I should be baffled to tell what Tolstoy's manner is; perhaps he has no manner. This appears to me true of his novels, which, with their vast variety of character and incident, are alike in their single endeavor to get the persons living before you, both in their action and in the peculiarly dramatic interpretation of their emotion and cogitation. There are plenty of novelists to tell you that their characters felt and thought so and so, but you have to take it on trust; Tolstoy alone makes you know how and why it was so with them and not otherwise. If there is anything in him which can be copied or burlesqued it is this ability of his to show men inwardly as well as outwardly; it is the only trait of his method which I can put my hand on.

After *The Cossacks* I read *Anna Karenina* with a deepening sense of the author's unrivaled greatness. I thought that I saw through his eyes a human affair of that most sorrowful sort as it must appear to the Infinite Compassion; the book is a sort of revelation of human nature in circumstances that have been so perpetually lied about that we have almost lost the faculty of perceiving the truth concerning an illicit love. When you have once read *Anna Karenina* you know how fatally miserable and essentially unhappy such a love must be. But the character of *Karenina* himself is quite as important as the intrigue of *Anna* and *Vronsky*.

It is wonderful how such a man, cold, Philistine and even mean in certain ways, towers into a sublimity unknown to me, at least in fiction, when he forgives, and yet knows that he cannot forgive with dignity. There is something crucial, and something triumphant, not beyond the power, but hitherto beyond the imagination of men in this effect, which is not solicited, not forced, not in the least romantic, but comes naturally, almost inevitably from the make of the man.

The vast prospects, the far-reaching perspectives of War and Peace made it as great a surprise for me in the historical novel as *Anna Karenina* had been in the study of contemporary life; and its people and interests did not seem more remote, since they are of a civilization always as strange and of a humanity always as known to ours. I read some shorter stories of Tolstoy's before I came to this greatest work of his: I read *Scenes of the Siege of Sebastopol*, which is so much of the same quality as *War and Peace*; and I read *Policoushka* and most of his short stories with a sense of my unity with their people such as I had never felt with the people of other fiction. His didactic stories, like stories of their sort, dwindle into allegories; perhaps they do their work the better for this, with the simple intelligences they address; but I think that where Tolstoy becomes impatient of his office of artist, and prefers to be directly a teacher, he robs himself of more than half his strength with those whom he can move only through the realization of themselves in others. The simple pathos, and the apparent indirectness of such a tale as that of *Policoushka*, the peasant conscript, is of vastly more value to the world at large than all his parables; and *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch*, the Philistine worldling, will turn the hearts of many more from the love of the world than such pale fables of the early Christian life as *Work while ye have the Light*. A man's gifts are not given him for nothing, and the man who has the great gift of dramatic fiction has no right to cast it away, or to let it rust out in disuse. Terrible as the *Kreutzer Sonata* was, it had a moral effect dramatically, which it lost altogether when the author descended to exegesis, and applied to marriage the lesson of one evil marriage. In fine, Tolstoy is certainly not to be held up as infallible. He is very distinctly fallible, but I think his life is not less instructive because in certain things it seems a failure. There was but one life ever lived upon the earth which was without failure, and that was Christ's, whose erring and stumbling follower Tolstoy is. There is no other example, no other ideal, and the chief use of Tolstoy is to enforce this fact in our age, after nineteen centuries of hopeless endeavor to substitute ceremony for character, and the creed for the life. I recognize the truth of this without pretending to have been changed in anything but my point of view of it. What I feel sure is that I can never look at life in the mean and sordid way that I did before I read Tolstoy.

ARTISTICALLY, I know that he has not been so much my master as he has been ethically, and yet he has shown me a greatness that he can never teach me. I am long past the age when I could wish to form myself upon another writer, and I do not think I could now insensibly take on the likeness of another; but his work has been a revelation and a delight to me, such as I am sure I can never know again. I do not believe that in the whole course of my reading, and not even in the early moment of my literary enthusiasms have I known such utter satisfaction in any writer, and this supreme joy has come to me at a time of life when new friendships, not to say new passions, are rare and reluctant. It is as if the best wine at this high feast where I have sat so long had been kept for the last, and I need not deny a miracle in it in order to attest my skill in judging vintages. In fact, I prefer to believe that my life has been full of miracles, and that the good has always come to me at the right time, so that I could profit most by it. I believe if I had not turned the corner of my fiftieth year, when I first knew Tolstoy, I should not have been able to know him as fully as I did. He has been to me that final consciousness, which he speaks of so wisely in his essay on *Life*. I came in it to the knowledge of myself in ways I had not dreamt of before, and began at least to discern my relations to the race, without which we are each nothing. The supreme art in literature had its highest effect in making me set art forever below humanity, and it is with the wish to offer the greatest homage to his heart and mind, which any man can pay another, that I close this with the name of Lyof Tolstoy.



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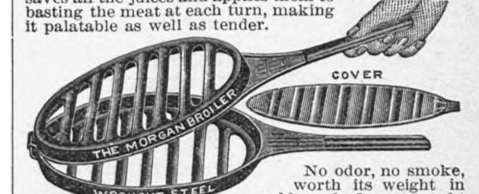
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THE GIRL IN A SMALL COMMUNITY

By Ruth Ashmore

As the cars go rattling through the village it would seem as though the pretty houses with the gay gardens about them were only built for happy people to live in, and as if the worries and the woes of the world never could come where all is so lovely and quiet. It appears to tired city people as if, in just such places, there must be rest and quietness, and as if the meannesses of life and its petty troubles never could enter therein. And yet the girl who lives in this small community is eager to tell of her troubles, and is perfectly sure that in a large city, and in it alone, can happiness be found. This is what she has to say: "If I go out twice, walking or driving, with a young man, or if, for the sake of a little chat, he should be kind enough to act as my escort at some time, then everybody in the town declares that he is paying attention to me, and he is frightened off and I lose a pleasant friend because of a few inveterate gossips. Then, too, they know every frock I possess, and when I have a new one it is a topic of conversation. Indeed, from the postmistress who tells of the letters I get, right up socially, everything I do, say or wear is made a subject of gossip. Now, what am I to do?"

THE WISEST THING

Is to ignore this; to make your life so broad that you can afford to let all this petty gossip go on and never give a thought to it; though it would be just as well, by-the-by, if you made up your mind whether you yourself didn't indulge in a little bit of gossip occasionally. It is very certain that just now you ran to the window and called your sister to come and look at a neighbor going by, wearing a new gown and escorted by a strange gentleman. It is also very certain that, when the club to which you belong met at a friend's house, you criticized before several people the arrangement of the supper-table, and you were mean enough to laugh in a scornful way at some of the dishes that were offered. It seems to me that in deriding the gossips you have forgotten about yourself and only remembered the mote that is in your neighbor's eye.

I know perfectly well that in a small town everything is of great importance. You think it rather clever to be able to say things about your friends and neighbors that are pointed and unpleasant, for you have heard that you have a reputation for great cleverness, and, very wrongly, you have concluded that this is the way to keep it up. I have great sympathy for the girl who, living in a small place, has achieved a reputation for being smart; too often she has earned this reputation by hurting her friends, by wounding people who never did any harm to her, and she is bound to suffer the consequences of her folly sooner or later.

IN HER HOME

The country home can be just as dainty as that in the city if the women who rule it give to it the thought it deserves and are willing to accept suggestions in regard to it. The misfortune is that living among a few people a girl is apt to grow narrow in her ideas, to think that those few people represent the awful *Vehmgericht* that is to decide as to whether what you do is right or wrong, and that its decision can only be right. This parliament, which has such an awful-sounding name, did really exist in Germany many years ago, and it decided as to whether the house-mothers were doing right or wrong. It started with the best intention in the world, but in time it became a mere board of gossips doing more harm than good, and so it was dissolved. But its name still brings a certain amount of terror to the German *hausfrau*, who dreads and shivers for fear she is not doing quite right.

Make a great effort, and see how many things there are that you can talk about, and leave the affairs of other people quite alone, unless, indeed, you have something pleasant to say, and then say it, and say it with cheerfulness. A girl of my acquaintance who lived in a small town, and who found that she was inclined to see the unpleasant, rather than the pleasant side of the people among whom she lived, arranged to cure herself. If she forgot and said the unkind words she gave herself a double punishment; if she did not control her tongue she went, took a good mouthful of soapsuds and rinsed and thoroughly washed that wicked little member which is sometimes a divine organ, but upon which, as an old writer has said, "Satan often plays."

AS A CHURCH MEMBER

The time came in your life when you felt, after much study and thought, that you wished to become a member of a certain church. You made your vows and were received in it. It is right that you should do a certain amount of work for it, but my country girl is inclined to forget the place where her duties first begin, and sometimes she neglects everything for the sake of the heathen who are far away and forgets the heathen who are at home. Then, too, she is so sure that her belief is right; that her method of working is the only one, and she grows bigoted. She forgets, and too often does her clergyman as well, that Christ Himself said that there were many mansions, and surely if this is true, and we know it is, there must be many paths leading to them. Now, my dear little girl, you who are so prompt at prayer-meeting, at Sunday-school and at all the church services, and who insist that you must go under any circumstances, I wonder if you realize how you could be a much better Christian than you are? It is difficult in these country places to get women to help do the work, consequently your mother is forced to stay at home that the house may be in order when her daughter and husband return. Your clergyman praises you and speaks of your beautiful devotion to your duties to other people, and, of course, in time you hear it, and I fear grow a little conceited. My dear, there are more ways of serving God than by going to church. Deny yourself this pleasure on one Sunday and let your mother have it. Then arrange with her that these religious pleasures shall be enjoyed turn and turn about, and on the day when you are busy making the home pleasant and neat you will be worshipping God by your work, and it will become divine, as you are living up to God's own command and honoring your mother. Do not think for one minute that I want to make you give up your religious duties, but I want you to make them fit in with your life so that you will serve God purely and honestly, and not selfishly and meanly.

TO BE AGREEABLE

My girl is always writing to me and asking these questions: "How shall I be agreeable? What constitutes small talk? And how shall I know about what is going on in the world?" To be agreeable you must think, before everything else, of the pleasure of other people. If you are in your own home make it a point to look out for that visitor who is shy and afraid to say anything. Chatter to her or him about anything that seems to you interesting, and try and find out what is most interesting to your listener and lead him to talk about that which he understands best. When a pleasure is offered to you take it in the spirit in which it comes and make yourself enjoy it, for that is the best method of giving thanks. Look out for the pleasant things in life and learn to make pleasant speeches. I do not mean that you should indulge in coarse flattery, but there is always something pleasant that can be said to every one, and the agreeable girl is the one who understands this.

Small talk is simply a little chat about the weather, the latest news, the last festivity, indeed, it means the discussion of anything that is not absolutely personal. The best way to know what is going on in the world is to read a good paper, choosing to interest you that part about the momentous affairs of the day rather than the long descriptions of murders and what might be called "awful happenings." The magazines and the books of the time will tend to broaden and improve your mind, and, if you are careful in your selection, will teach you to speak good English. Don't be selfish with your books. If your town is not large enough to have a circulating library then act like a good Samaritan and give to your less fortunate friends of the great, rich pleasures that come between the covers of a book. You who lend and she who borrows have each a duty to perform: You to be careful not to give to one whose mind is unformed a book that would have a bad effect upon it, while she who borrows must give the same care to your book as if it were her own, and return it to you without a stain upon it, and certainly not with its leaves bent over to show where she had read last. People who love books take good care of them. Share your pleasures with your friends. It may be a pattern for knitting; it may be a bit of silk to help out on a quilt; it may be a book or some flower seeds, but whatever it is that you possess be generous with it and make somebody else happy.

THE YOUNG MAN

Of course he comes to see you and finds you pleasant to be with—that is, if you are the sort of girl who talks to him about interesting things, has a keen sense of the funny happenings in life, and can laugh merrily over it all. But sometimes you are foolish. You forget all that is bright and amusing, and instead of being natural you giggle and act as if you had never had a man caller before. You very vulgarly "chaff" him about his attention to other young women, and seem to think you are most fascinating when you accuse him of being a flirt. This is not the way I want one of my girls to behave. She will, I am sure, be pleasant to a gentleman, entertain him with agreeable talk, some music possibly, but always will she act like the gentlewoman that she is, rather than as a foolish, a very foolish girl. All young men worth knowing enjoy visiting nice girls, and yet it is possible their visits may be simply expressions of friendship. A thoroughly "nice girl"—I like those words—has, without dreaming of it, a good influence on her men friends. I want my girls to think about this and to be sweet, amiable, dignified types of girlhood, doing honor to themselves, and being honored by all men. A quiet dignity must pervade the behavior of my girl, and although she may dread the village gossip's criticism of her visitor he must, until he asks to be counted as the one most loved, be regarded as a friend whose visits are welcomed and whose presence brings pleasure.

THE CITY COUSIN

When she comes it seems to you as if your gowns were shabby and as if you knew nothing. You are mistaken there. It is true your frocks may not have the hall-mark of the latest style that distinguishes hers, but yours suit your own individuality, and any attempt on your part to make your gown look like hers will result in a failure, for undoubtedly a dressmaker, knowing her trade well, designed and made that one you so admire. You will be surprised to discover how much you know that your cousin is ignorant of, and how greedy she is, and rightly so, to have your knowledge about flowers and plants and all that goes to make the country a good place to live, given to her. When you wish to entertain her don't attempt to do things "city fashion," but make her enjoy herself by letting her come in and have a taste of life as you live it, and be sure that she will have a good time, and after she has gone away you will, I am sure, think over all the pleasures and blessings of your life and be satisfied with it. Indeed, the women in the small towns have much more time to make themselves women of broad and fine intellects than do those who live in the whirl of the city's noise, and never know the perfection of rest, as it is when one is sung to sleep by the birds and awakened, as they are, by the sunshine.

THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE

You complain because there are so many of these, but they go to make up the sum total of life, and the doing them well or ill decides whether you are good or bad. You can do in your quiet way much that is beautiful and unselfish. And, although your life may seem quiet and uneventful, still there can be in it acts of kindness that seem to you of small importance, but all of which tend to form your character and make you what I want you to be—a true woman. I know that sometimes the petty gossip hurts; I know that sometimes the life seems restricted, and the people seem narrow, but look about you for the best, and seeking, you will find. Start in to see what the people really are, and you will be surprised to discover that among your set are girls who fret and worry just as you do, and who only want a helping hand stretched out to induce them to rise above their meannesses and littlenesses, and to search with you for that which is good to do.

Think out whether there isn't some work right under your own hands, right in your own home, waiting for you. Think out how you may best do this work, and where activity is needed, where sympathy is needed, and where, as often happens, nothing but a pleasant word is required. My friend, they go a great ways. They are the sunshine of life, whether it be spent in a small town or a great city. And no matter how the fogs of every-day trouble may seem to envelop you or your neighbor, the sunshine of the pleasant words will cause them to dissolve and gradually to make plain the blue sky of never-ending hope to your eyes. Aren't these words worth saying? And you, my country girl, as well as the cousin from the city who is just beside you, can determine that the pleasant words will be the ones that issue from your lips, and not those words that are petty and mean or which hurt. I have told it to you a great many times, but I am going to tell it again, that motto which stares at me as I sit at my desk, and I ask you never to forget it: "Set a watch, oh, Lord, before my mouth, to keep the door of my lips."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 33 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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THE EARLY SPRING WRAPS

By Isabel A. Mallon

WHEN Dame Fashion announced that very large hats and full sleeves would be worn it was a foregone conclusion that capes would remain in favor. All women who have experienced the difficulty of getting a full bodice sleeve into even a full coat sleeve will be glad to hear that the vogue this spring is given to the cape, which is so easy of assumption and so many in its styles. Sometimes it is nothing more than a full collar reaching to the shoulders, while again it comes to the waist, or below it. Velvet alone, velvet and cloth, cloth and satin, or crêpon are the materials favored for the spring capes.

TRIMMING FOR WRAPS

TRIMMINGS are almost invariably beads, ribbons or laces. The average woman is apt to think that jet trimmings are expensive. Of course, this is so if they are purchased with the heavily-cut pendants, or elaborate spangles attached to them. But if a simple trimming is bought, and one is industrious enough to sew more beads on it, to spangle it heavily, and to form out of single beads the pendants, a rich trimming may be obtained at the expense of a little time, a little money and a little patience. Last winter many of the imported dresses showed coarse écru lace thickly spangled with jet. For lace of this kind, an eighth of a yard deep, the price asked was five dollars a yard; one woman who wanted her cape trimmed with it, and didn't propose to spend that much money, matched the lace for ninety cents a yard, and with seventy-five cents' worth of spangles she produced a lace richer in brilliancy of jet than any of that which was imported and for which so dear a price was asked.

THE TROU-TROU CAPE

WHAT is known as the "Trou-Trou" effect is the stamping out of a pattern in the material so that the fabric underneath shows very plainly. Sometimes an elaborate design in flowers and leaves is seen; again an arabesque effect is achieved, and again stars, round polka dots or crescents



THE TROU-TROU CAPE (Illus. No. 1)

are thickly cut out all over the material. Very often the real name is not given to this mode of trimming, but it is called the "hole effect."

A very good specimen of a cape trimmed in this way is shown in Illustration No. 1. The material used is light mode cloth, and the under cape, which is very full, reaches quite to the waist-line and is without a lining, but is so skillfully cut that no hem is required. The upper cape, which extends well below the shoulders, is stamped out in an arabesque pattern, while the collar, which may either stand up or turn over, is of the mode cloth lined with pale green moiré, and tied together in front with long loops and ends of three-inch-wide moiré ribbon of the same shade. The hat worn with this is a very large one of mode straw, with a twist of mode lace about the crown and a bunch of mignonette stalks standing high up near the back toward the side.

AN ODD COMBINATION

PIPINGS of fur and heads of small animals like the seal, the mink and the sable, will obtain on spring wraps. They are best liked when combined either with crêpon or chiffon, for the average woman likes something that, while becoming, is, at the same time, original.

In Illustration No. 2 is shown a wrap which may be worn all summer, and yet is well suited to early spring. Black chiffon laid in accordion plaits constitutes the main portion of the cape, and this is so arranged that a square wrap-like air is gained. The plaiting is very full, and contrasts well with the perfectly plain round cape of golden-brown velvet, which fits with perfect smoothness just above the shoulder, and is piped with mink. The high collar has the same finish, while on the left side is the head of a mink poised so that he looks forward, while two of his tails fall over the shoulder at the back. A fancy clasp set with imitation topaz fastens this just at the neck, and the under cape is permitted to flare as it may desire.

Such a cape as this could be developed in a simpler way and yet be decidedly smart. As in the picture the cape itself might be of the chiffon, the plain cape and high collar of black moiré trimmed with jet, while either a jet clasp or moiré ribbons could be used to confine it in the front.

For bridesmaid's wear a cape could be of white chiffon, with broad white chiffon ties reaching to the edge of the skirt.

A SPRING WRAP

ODDLY enough, the wraps in cape form which reach to the waist, or below it, are called "capes," while the odd little cape that comes just below the shoulders, and simply protects the neck and throat, is invariably spoken of as a wrap. These are dainty and smart looking, and any girl who is apt with her needle may make one at slight expense. The foundation is usually chiffon or lace, the preference being given to the coarse écru lace, although, of course, especially for elderly ladies, black lace is in good taste. The French, prettily enough, speak of this style of wrap as a "confection," and really when one realizes that a little lace, a little ribbon and possibly a few flowers are used in its make-up, the name seems to fit exactly.

The very full ruche of silk muslin or chiffon, which is so much in vogue and is taking the place of the ribbon boa, is quite often the neck finish for these tiny wraps, and they may be nothing more than a full frill of deep lace caught up on the shoulder by tiny rosettes or close bunches of artificial flowers—violets, ragged robins, tiny buds or forget-me-nots being given the preference.

A very dressy little wrap is pictured in Illustration No. 3. The main portion is a frill of écru lace very nearly half a yard wide. It is sewed securely to a band of cross-barred crinoline, which also forms the foundation for the *quille*. This *quille* is a very full plaiting of écru chiffon, and is tied just in front with écru satin ribbons, the streamers being very long and the ribbon at least an eighth of a yard wide. The lace cape is draped up on the shoulder under rosettes made of narrow écru satin ribbon. Very often the *quille* is crushed in at each side above the shoulders, and a bunched cluster of small flowers—generally violets or forget-me-nots—gives it a more elaborate and spring-like air.

FOR THE ECONOMICAL WOMAN

I WANT to say to the general woman who is inclined to think that most garments shown are too expensive for her to imitate, that, in thinking this, she makes a great mistake. There is no wisdom in imitating what everybody is wearing, but there is a great deal of it in taking one's design from a model that is quite new, and which, as the big manufacturers have not seen it, has not had time to grow common. Then, too, the extremely fashionable designs are usually sensible ones. The well-known modistes never make the mistake of showing a street skirt that does not escape the ground, nor an evening gown that does not touch it. They are artistic enough to make their materials and designs suit the wearer, the season and the hour of the day.

The less artistic dress-makers do not always think of all these things, and are inclined to exaggerate even when a good design is given them.

Take my advice and copy what you intend to make from the models that are shown by the best houses. Then, too, a clever woman can economize by designing and making her own trimmings. I should consider myself a very ignorant person if I weren't able to find out how an inexpensive trimming could be made more elaborate, and the possibilities of the best designs. Those shown in the JOURNAL are taken from the

objects themselves, and in using one you may be certain that you have selected for your model one of the latest importations. Make the most of everything in arranging for your pretty little wrap, and if you elect to have one of the shoulder capes, look among your belongings and see if there is not sufficient lace to constitute a foundation. For, of course, when you ripped the last wrap to pieces you basted all the good black lace on white tissue paper, all the good jet and white lace on blue tissue paper, and now you have a small stock in trade to start with, for being wise you do not forget the day of small things.

Don't forget, if you are making flower rosettes to go on your little cape, that the buds must be bunched very closely, and not a glimpse of the foliage be seen. Then, too, when a ribbon rosette is liked, remember that the ribbon is gathered and drawn to shape—not made into loops and then bunched. Be wise in basting—that is, before your fancy little wrap is sewed for good try it on while still only basted, so that you may not have to make alterations when the stitches are put in to stay.



A SPRING OR SUMMER WRAP (Illus. No. 2)



A DRESSY WRAP (Illus. No. 3)

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FASHIONABLE HUES AND FABRICS

By Emma M. Hooper

NO one subject concerning dry goods is more interesting to women than that of colors, combinations and shades that prove becoming and *vice versa*. The colors for spring and summer are going to be as bright as those of the past winter were.

In fact they are much the same, though differing sufficiently to make matching last season's tints a wearisome task. Red and yellow are of the strongest influence among the shades, with purplish effects following. The French color cards come out in December for the manufacturers and wholesalers and form the authority upon all occasions for the present and coming season.

Reds and pinks are the colors most prominent on the card, and all reds are purplish or bluish, while all pinks are strongly reddish. The red variously called *cerise*, cherry and Magenta, is now lighter in effect and a trifle more blue. There are six shades of this color, commencing with a pinkish cast, of which Bengale, Hermosa, Margottin and fuchsia will be the favorites. The so-called fuchsia reds are all very purplish in hue, as the flower is. The clear bright scarlet called *coquelicot* has returned to favor, and all of these reds will be used in millinery, combinations and trimmings, as crush collars, etc. The dark red (*grenat*) that looks well on blondes is worn, also a new coppery range of reds of which Falstaff and Giroflée are highly thought of. As black and brown costumes are to be much worn this spring the popularity of the red tints for combinations is accounted for.

Paul Neyron is a reddish pink of the Magenta range with a faint bluish cast. A coral and a salmon shade appear as shades that never prevail, yet can always be found in materials and millinery.

YELLOWS, GRAYS AND BLUES

THERE are six shades of yellow shading from the faintest tone to a deep golden shade. A strong orange is not a good summer color. Paille or straw is too greenish to be stylish, as are Ivoire, crème, Mais, Genêt, Ebcnirs and Cléopâtre, all of which are golden in effect.

Gray is said to be looking up in Paris and has received some attention here in the way of spring dress goods. It is always worn more or less in London, as it suits the fresh complexions of the English women. Three grays are shown in light and medium shades, Argent, Nickel and Platine.

The prettiest blue seen for many a day is a clear, bright shade ranging above the navy tones Matelot and Marine. This new Mistral is handsome in dress goods, silks and millinery. The greenish turquoise tints are stylish in both Colibri and Azurine. Two pale sky blues are Azur and Ciel, long familiar as sky and baby blue. In the bluet shades there are only three given, as this cornflower blue is not a first favorite. These are Jacinthe, Bluet and Barbeau. A silvery light which is a great improvement is now imparted to this tint.

BROWNS, GREENS AND PURPLES

GREEN promises to be very popular and is of a yellowish cast. The three latest and best greens are Aralia, Latania and Bégonia. The first two are exquisite millinery and evening tones. Then in the stem greens are Aloès, Capillaire and Volga. Russe is a dark shade unfit for summer wear. Green will be worn in combination with dark colors rather than alone.

Brown is the leading color for spring and includes nine shades. The tan or golden browns are Gravier, Dune, Trabucus, Tabac, Modoré and Marron. Beige is too well known to need an introduction. Two new yellow browns, Touareg and Tomboctou are beautiful in themselves, but have not yet been dubbed fashionable. Brown is thought well of for dress goods, silks, velvets, ribbons, straw hats, combinations, in fact everything, but it must have a golden cast. No dull nor reddish browns are to be permitted among fashionable shades.

The dahlia shades of bright reddish purple are lighter in tone as befits spring-time. Under the name of dahlia many shades are shown, especially in velvet and satin. On the color card Parisiana, Gismonda and Violetta are rich in hue, but seemingly heavy for summer. Among the glycine or Sans-Gêne shades of lavender tones tinted with blue or *vice versa*, there are Radjah, Mignon and Sans-Gêne, which have been a craze in Paris, but not here, as they are becoming to very few, as is bluet. Clear, bright purple was seen in the winter, but is not a good spring color when everything is light and bright rather than rich.

WHAT COLORS ARE BECOMING

THE complexion decides the becomingness of a color. If sallow, eschew cold tints and wear warm colors that will give a rosy hue. If of a clear, pale complexion, then judge by the eyes and hair what to wear, as such a skin can wear any color, unless the hair refuses to harmonize with it. A brunette can wear black or navy if they are lit up with pink, red or yellow. Add to these bright old rose, sky blue; if she has color, pinkish beige, bright and dark reds, pink, yellow, golden and reddish browns, pinkish gray, mauve, reddish and clear purple, cream, orange, golden or brownish tan and dark green, if pink or red is put with it, otherwise it gives a brunette a sere and yellow leaf cast.

For an ordinary blonde, select gray, navy, clear and turquoise blue, pale violet, beige, bluish purple, Nile green, lavender, olive, pale pink, dark mignonette green, ivory, cream, straw, reddish brown, dark red and bronze. A reddish blonde may wear deep brownish or coppery red, dark green, pearl and steel gray, bronze, deep purple, sky turquoise, navy and bluet blue, light yellow green, black, pure white, cream, lavender, olive, bluish violet and Nile green. The brune-blondes may wear any color if blessed with a clear skin, if not they must wear warm shades.

SILK AND WOOL FABRICS

ATENDENCY toward light weights is noticed among the spring dress goods, which is obtained by using silk freely in the warp or figures. Many of the goods show lace effects over grenadine-like grounds called granite, like lace figures in appliqué or checks. Such fabrics are double width and one dollar. Among the color combinations are black and mauve, pink, etc., tan, bluet, Magenta, gray and green with black. Slight cord grounds resembling poplin are decorated with printed and silk woven jacquard figures in floral patterns. In striped and checked silk and wool fancies from England, France and Germany the prices range from one dollar and a quarter up. The domestic goods after similar weaves and effects are from eighty-nine cents. These are intended for visiting and church wear and will be trimmed with lace and piece velvet or ribbon. Silk-warp Henriettas and corded goods resembling bengaline are now shown in colors for one dollar, forty inches wide. A pretty figured wool goods having a white warp is cool looking for midsummer wear at fifty cents. A figured Lansdowne at one dollar will sell well in the warmer climates where our favorite serges, cheviots, etc., are thought heavy. The woven jacquard effects that resemble a flat brocade figure prominently on self-colored and contrasting grounds, the general price is one dollar. For seventy-five cents a domestic manufacturer is showing a silk-warp goods known as Trilby, which is intended for evening and house wear in the light colors, while the dark shades are recommended for summer traveling.

FASHIONABLE BLACK GOODS

CRÉPONS come first in this list and are from seventy-five cents to four dollars for double-width goods. The newest effects in these are checks and stripes, mohair or silk showing. Although rather heavy in appearance they are light in weight. Bright grounds in fancy black materials are stylish, and small figures like dots, triangles, a bar, tiny flower, leaf, etc. These fancies are from two dollars down to seventy-five cents. Mohair effects are fast reviving, and handsome black mohairs are from one dollar to one dollar and a half. For one dollar and a quarter there are silk-warp goods in the plain Henrietta weave, slight cords and serge effects. Under this price one would hardly expect to find really nice black fabrics. A wool and mohair créponette is of the fashionable crinkly crépon idea and sells for one dollar. A novelty in English silk crépe for bonnets and dress trimmings has a waterproof finish, which effectually prevents the fabric from losing its lustre or crimp if wet. Black serge of a wearable quality may be said to commence at eighty-nine cents. It has a soft or harsh finish, large or small cord and wears well. Mohair figures on satiny or solid grounds are among the prettiest of the fabrics owing to the lustre, but do not expect to find them under one dollar. Broadcloths for spring capes will be sold for one dollar up to two dollars, fifty inches wide. The domestic brands have run the imported ones too closely to admit of the prices being kept up on these goods as they used to be. Black, royal blue, golden brown and tan will be the colors used. Have such a piece of goods sponged, unless already done.

COLORED CRÉPONS, CHEVIOTS, ETC.

CRÉPONS promise to lead in dress goods this season as they did in Paris last summer. They are in wool, silk and wool and mohair effects and are growing more crépy. For two dollars and a half the high-colored novelties are seen, but as low as seventy-five cents the crépe effect appears, and that is the main idea. They are changeable, with jacquard figures, striped and checked. Those mixed with silk are light, some almost transparent, but the medium qualities at one dollar to one dollar and a half will have the greatest popularity. Changeable and Sicilian mohairs from England are expected to sell for traveling and general wear gowns in navy and brighter (Mistral) blue, tan, green, golden brown, etc., from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half for forty-inch goods. Whipcords in tan, bluet, navy, brown, green and black are among the samples at one dollar. For sixty-five cents the smooth vigoureux in plain colors are offered and many prefer them to serge. This weave is also brought out in mixed effects. Checks will be very popular, and good lines of them are sold at seventy-five cents. Gray is somewhat looking up, especially in silvery tones mixed with black, or the jasper effect, as it is styled. Some Irish homespun, fifty-four inches wide, retail at one dollar and a quarter and show knotted yarn effects; they will outwear almost anything, including time.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS

AS fast as effects in woolen and silken goods become famous they are transposed to cottons, so now we see chiné or blurred designs, checks, stripes having block edgings, lace effects and mixtures resembling cheviots and covert cloths in gingham. Printed and woven designs show artistic combinations of color. Lappet spot gingham are beauties at twenty-five to fifty cents. Tufts of colored yarn and bourette effects, checks, stripes and plaids are made under the name of teazledown, and will retail at twelve and a half to fifteen cents. When pretty, well-wearing gingham can be had at this price how can any one, in at least ordinary circumstances, go untidy? The Scotch and French gingham retail from twenty-five to sixty cents, and among the latest are the crépon or crinkled gingham in stripes.

The "cotton silks" are out again to retail at fifty cents, and are even more satiny than ever. They are in Dresden and Pompadour floral figures, stripes, checks, polka dots and small all-over designs like taffeta silks. These made up with lace and ribbon are the coolest of summer gowns for nice wear where a transparent organdy is out of taste. A silky effect without silk is obtained in some fifteen-cent goods—satin milo—which have printed floral effects on dark and light grounds in all-over or striped patterns. The glacé or changeable swivel silks show white and a color and are sometimes sold as low as thirty-nine cents; they are thirty inches wide.

Domestic duck suitings are sold as low as fifteen cents, though for twenty-five cents far better qualities abound. The former resemble woolen goods in fancy mixtures in which the pattern is woven, not printed.

Batistes in floral designs and in plain black (black, white or colored grounds) find a ready sale at thirty-five cents. Crépe organdy at fifteen cents is pretty enough for any one to wear. Printed and woven mulls are twenty-five cents. White-ground organdies, having printed chiné designs, are fifteen cents a yard. The new blues, pinks and light greens are represented in these collections. Under the name of "fancy" organdies are goods selling from twelve cents. In fact, cotton goods were never cheaper than this season. A Swiss organdy at seven cents is in white grounds with stripes or flowers. Dimities from ten cents to seventy-five will satisfy every one. Satin stripes, printed figures, white stripes on light grounds as well as small figures in three colors, chiné flower clusters, seeded spots, stripes, etc., are among the imported goods that some dressmakers make up over silk.

THE SUMMER SILKS

ONE of the newest materials for waists is a taffeta plissé, which retails at one dollar and seventy-five cents and resembles a shirred or goffered stripe alternating with a plain and narrower one. Printed Indias have been brought out by many domestic manufacturers in light and dark grounds, having small figures or floral patterns. These retail at fifty cents. Taffetas of the Louiseine weave in stripes, checks and changeable effects are from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a quarter. The Liberty satin of soft finish and high lustre comes in lovely shades for waists and combinations, and sells for one dollar and one dollar and a half a yard. Crinkled or crépy goods, be they of silk, gauze, chiffon, etc., all have immense favor just now, and may be had from sixty-nine cents. Plain and printed designs are sold in these chiefly for waists.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "The Home Dress-maker," will be found on page 35 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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THE GOWNS OF THE SPRING
By Isabel A. Mallon

THE early spring gowns show the same brilliancy of color in the way of decoration and combination that was noted last season. All-wool fabrics in light weights will be worn, the fancy mixed goods, tweeds, serges and chevots being dedicated to general wear, while crepon takes the lead for more elaborate toilettes. Both velvet and black satin, the first in any color that may be becoming, are chosen for decoration, and many good effects are achieved by their use. The colors noted are golden brown, medium and light gray, a yellowish green that usually forms the bodice to a black skirt, a beige that seems to have a pink shade over it, a pink that looks as if it had caught a blush of red from some bright rose, Magenta, a reddish purple, turquoise and a dark blue that is yet a bright blue. For traveling gowns brown or royal blue is generally chosen. What used to be called alpaca, but which is now denominated mohair, is much liked for street wear, and following a French fashion, when it is seen in black it has either a moiré or satin waistcoat and wide lapels faced with the same rich material.

SOME OF THE STYLES

THE godet skirt will remain in vogue, and the fashionable modistes are inserting steels that reach up almost to the knee, setting them in the seams lengthwise to cause it to flare. Facings that are light, and which, at the same time, stiffen, are put in the back breadths quite up to the belt, and in the front and side breadths to just above the knees.

What are known as "knee coats," and which button across the bust, but are cut out at the throat and below the two buttons which fasten it, so that the fancy waistcoat shows, are much liked. Very often, if the waistcoat is detachable, three or four will accompany one gown, and then for a change, and to be assumed in place of the waistcoat, there will be a loose silk shirt-waist. In the coat designs there is also a new cutaway coat which is only long enough to reach between the hip and the knee. This is generally becoming, and very smart when developed either in broadcloth or mohair.

Pointed bodices have full, attached skirts that flare very much, and in some instances have a whalebone set in around them to increase this flare. However, I do not think this fashion will obtain generally.



A VERY SMART FROCK (Illus. No. 1)

A VERY SMART FROCK

A VERY smart frock, shown in Illustration No. 1, has a skirt of black mohair cut after the received fashion, and which, by its flare, escapes the dust of the streets.



A PRETTY HOUSE GOWN (Illus. No. 2)

It is absolutely untrimmed. The coat, which reaches midway between the hips and knees, fits very closely, and while it has black velvet sleeves, its lapels are faced with white moiré. The waistcoat, which is pointed, is of the white moiré, fastened with small, round white pearl buttons. About the neck, over the high collar, is a full ruche of silk muslin laid in triple box-plaits, suggesting the ruffs of the days of Queen Elizabeth. The bonnet is a small jet one with aigrettes of lace on each side that have aigrettes of jet springing from their centres.

A SIMPLER FROCK

IF one wished to develop this style in a simpler way, the mohair might be used for the sleeves, and the moiré for the waistcoat and facings constitute the trimming. Lace bids fair to be very popular, although, in both black and white, there is a leaning to rather coarse effects. The arrangement of lace over strips of bright-colored silk, so that its pattern is brought out very decidedly, is much liked, and really a very artistic effect can be produced at a comparatively slight expense. Bodices of one material and color, with skirts of another, will be worn all during the summer, and many elaborate designs in bodices with rich trimmings are noticed. Jet is as popular as ever, and a fancy exists, when a gown is all black, to give it an air of brilliancy by having upon it enormous jet buttons.

A DAINTY HOUSE DRESS

AN extremely pretty dress, intended for wear in the house, and which has a bodice differing, both in material and color, from its skirt, is shown in Illustration No. 2. The skirt is a light-weight summer silk, the background being pale green, while sprays of wild roses and their deep green foliage are scattered upon it here and there. The skirt is lined and steeled so that it has the usual fashionable flare, and its only trimming is that which is arranged at each of the side seams. This consists of two straps of three-inch green velvet ribbon which start at the edge of each side of the seam, are brought up almost to the knees, where the two ends meet, in a long looped bow.

THE BODICE AND SLEEVES

THE bodice is of light green crepon, with its fullness smocked on to a yoke overlaid with coarse white lace. The sleeves are full and gathered into cuffs, and these cuffs are also overlaid with lace, and have directly on top stiff rosettes of the velvet ribbon, a narrower width being selected for them. The belt is of green velvet ribbon, at least six inches wide, and it is folded about the waist and then allowed to hang in long ends at the back. The stock is of velvet ribbon, with two full rosette-like bunches of pink rosebuds at each side.

After the early spring days a gown like this, with a pretty hat in harmony with it, could be worn for driving, or in the afternoon and evening at some watering-place. Silks of this sort are not expensive, and a good shopper could find her trimmings at a reasonable price, and, notwithstanding its elaborate air, the little frock might be gotten up at comparatively slight cost.

THE POPULARITY OF GRAY

THE popularity of gray continues as great as it was during the winter, and entire costumes are arranged in harmony with the Friendly shade. Indeed it is the one color that demands that its hat shall match it, and then gloves and wrap must also be of the same hue. Gray surah, moiré, light-weight cashmere, but above all, crepons are fashionable. In selecting a gray crepon be wise and get that which comes very wide, as it will then cut to greater advantage. At Illustration No. 3 is shown a simple, but extremely smart gown of this dainty color and lovely material. The skirt has the usual flare, and is trimmed about the edge with five rows of very narrow steel bead braid. This is not more than an eighth of an inch in width, and, in sewing it on, the braid should be at least an inch apart. The bodice is a round one, draped to fit the figure, and has for its belt a band of steel galloon, while just in front, at each side, is a large round button formed of steel beads and facets. The sleeves are full, but shape in to the arm below the elbow, and three of the large steel buttons are set well on the outer side of each. A steel network made of small beads fits, in yoke fashion, over the bodice and forms its trimming, and the high collar is of folded rose-colored silk with a steel button at each side. The hat is a large gray straw one raised slightly at one side so as to display what seems a bandeau of pink roses, while about the crown is a band of steel, and on the left side near the back are three large pink roses with their foliage standing in such an impertinent way that they seem determined to assert themselves. The cape, which is a part of this costume, is of the crepon, laid in accordion plaits and has no lining.

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A GOWN OF GRAY CREPON (Illus. No. 3)

The Story of Aberfoyle
We told you last month

How the mills were the first to make the fine and dainty woven wash fabrics in America. How they began, and how they had grown through the superiority and originality of their productions.

The leading dressmakers of Paris and New York, whose creations set the style for the world of fashion, have announced that this is to be emphatically a wash dress season. The Aberfoyle Mills began last April to design and create the exquisite fabrics and charming styles that have been accorded Dame Fashion's highest favor for next summer's stylish gowns. Shall we tell you of some of them?

The prevailing style of dress favors goods of considerable firmness, and for this reason ducks will be in great demand. Most ducks are heavily starched to give them body. In contrast to this the **Aberfoyle Fancy Duck Suitings** are thoroughly scoured, and contain no sizing whatever. They owe their set to the superior texture of the fabric itself, and to that alone. Being double-warp they make a particularly sensible dress for a summer outing, as they will outwear almost anything.

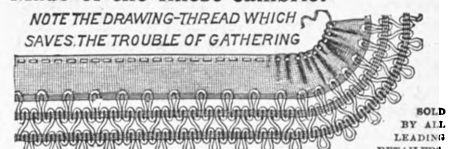
What the ducks are for outing wear, **Japonette** is for the summer afternoons and evenings. These novel and beautiful goods cannot be described. Narrow bands like ribbons of delicate colors, with stripes between of almost gauzy texture. A bit of bright twisted cord here, or a curl or knot there, and all so fashioned as to form designs in perfect harmony. Japonettes are made only by the Aberfoyle Manufacturing Company, by whom they were originated, and so great has been their popularity that the dealers have to place their orders many months ahead to obtain them. Each piece is ticketed "Japonette," and like all Aberfoyle goods, each piece has been washed before leaving the mill.

Both the fabrics we mention above, as well as our fine Zephyr Gingham, about which we will tell you in the April number, can be found with leading retailers throughout the country. You can protect yourself by buying the **Aberfoyle** goods.

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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, 158 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, and prompt attention will be given.

HEART TO HEART TALKS



THE month has come again that we associate with chilling winds, and perhaps some of you are saying, "Yes, and it is the month that best symbolizes my life; my heart is chilled and the contrary winds still blow in my outward life." And now comes back the old question, that comes in so many letters: "Have you any comfort for me?" Yes, if you will only take it. There is nothing in your life but, if you will only see the meaning of it all, will bring you to peace, deep peace. Every loss, everything withheld from you, everything that is real crucifixion to you—all these things are great opportunities that have been given you for the bringing of yourself to immortality, for immortality is in goodness. You shrink from your cross, but in that cross, that principle of self-sacrifice, is your truest life and your highest usefulness. A great preacher says: "It was my own mother's power over her children that she was crucified for them; and her name has such a strange power over me, because I never remember a moment when she was not on a cross." We have been so shallow in our thoughts about the cross. Many of us have had a piece of wood before us called a cross, and upon it a representation of the noblest that earth ever looked upon, dying upon that cross; and we have failed to see the principle in what we call the cross, and that Jesus Christ was always on the cross. Your cross that so many of you wear means ever and forever unselfishness. It is the eternal emblem of self-sacrifice. Now why not this year, and nearly one-quarter of it will be gone when this reaches you, why not choose a life of self-sacrifice? Only think of "the Heaven that smiles above you and awaits your spirit too." Be sure that only by taking this life—which is eternal—of self-sacrifice, of dying unto all that is unlike Jesus Christ, can you attain to immortality—eternal life. And if thus you take the chilling winds in your life you can so use them that they shall waft you unto a haven of deepest repose in the heart of the One who endured the cross for love of us.



THE GIFT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

ASK for the gift of the Holy Spirit as simply as a child would ask anything of a mother, and we are told He is more willing to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask than parents are to give good gifts to their children. And the Holy Spirit will bring about the new birth. You will be born again. Of course, you will not become a man or a woman at once. You will be only an infant, but infants grow if they are fed, and food will be provided for you. The food will be the sincere truth. Your eyes will be gradually opened, and you will begin to see things as God sees them, and you will ever have one life before you: the life of His perfect Son, who was born into this world as you were born into it, but He had the other life from the first, and He came that this new life, this spiritual life, might come to us, that we might not only be born of the flesh, but born of the spirit—having a life that may grow and become grander and grander, and then, after an incident that men call death, we may enter on a fuller life where one's surroundings will be much more favorable than they are here. Will you not choose to be "born again"? Will you not ask for the Holy Spirit and be born of the spirit? The joy it would be to those on earth to see the new creature that has been born in you. Carefully guard its interests, its life; make everything minister to its growth and beauty. And then the joy to live in this world while kept from the evil that is in it. Oh, do set your heart on being born again into "another life," "another world," while here in this world, and let all that pertains to your first birth, your relations, your appetites, all that is associated with your natural body, become your servants, servants to minister to the spiritual, endless life.

THIS IS THE WAY

I WANTED to go up-town; but not until I was on the train did I ask the guard which way I was going, and the reply came, "Down." "But I don't want to go down," I said. "Well," he answered, "then you must go back." As I took my seat in the right train at last, the old words came back to my mind, "This is the way, walk ye in it." So I fell to thinking whether we are doing all we can to save people from taking the wrong train morally. Oh, how many need to hear the words, "down train," who really do not intend to go down. And do we say to those who are in the wrong train, "You will have to go back"? Perhaps you will say that you do not wish to assume the office of a conductor. Yes, but you should! Am I my brother's keeper? is an old question, and the answer always ought to be, "Yes, you are." And we are constantly missing chances of telling people they will have to go back and take an up train!

It would be a new business for some of us to go into, to say to friends: "I have been watching you (in love) and I see you are a more worldly woman than you used to be, and you do not give so generously, now that you have much more to give, as you did when you had so much less. And you seem to me less humble than you once were." Unpleasant duty, you say. Yes, but it is duty none the less, and more than that it is a kindness when you see one on the wrong train to say lovingly, "You will have to go back."



CARRIAGE CIRCLES

I WAS talking yesterday with a young lady who had nearly worn herself out through teaching in one of our public schools, and for a time had been compelled to give up her work. Although she lived opposite an Episcopal church she had been unable to attend any of its services, as her strength was not sufficient to permit her to sit through them. When at last the doctor said he thought she was strong enough to take a drive, being of moderate means she felt she could not afford the luxury, and she told me that Sunday after Sunday she would sit at the window of her room and see the women step from their carriages into the church, and the horses stand at the church door until the service was over. She said to me, "No one can imagine the longing I had just to have a little drive while the owners of the horses were at church, and since I have been able to return to my work I have thought again and again why could there not be a Carriage Circle of the King's Daughters in every church, and let it be the object of these Circles to find some invalid woman connected with the church who would like to breathe the fresh air and yet who was unable to afford the luxury of a carriage. Let them arrange to have the coachman take her for a short drive while the owner of the carriage is worshipping in church." "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses holiness unto the Lord" is a prophecy yet to be fulfilled, though I do know of some women who recognize that their horses are to be used "In His Name." I cannot but think there are so many who would be glad to feel that while they are comfortably seated in church, some tired child of God is being refreshed by their kindness. I am so sure that many lovely things are not done, merely because, as we say, "we never thought of it," "it never occurred to us." Those who have all the luxuries of life can hardly understand what it is or would be to some people to have a short drive. I can go back in memory to a time when to have a friend call on me to take me for a drive was a pleasure that gave me very great enjoyment. What pleasure we could give in this way! But it would involve work, as the ladies who own horses would have to be seen, and the weak or tired ones would have to be visited. We can imagine, however, the joy that would come to so many, not only to those who would receive but to those who would give. Who will start a Carriage Circle? "There is no joy like the joy of being a joy."

A NEW FASHION

WHILE in Boston a few days ago I was told that the latest fad in that city was kindness, and that people were quite taken aback at being addressed in such a kind manner, and at inquiries made concerning their families, where before they had only received a conventional bow. I was extremely glad to hear of this fashion, even though like most fashions it should soon pass away, yet it will be such a pleasant one while it lasts. It set me to thinking, however, how much this world needed simple kindness. Did you ever hear a little story told of a poor woman in Glasgow, who one summer day was walking along a street in which some poorly-clad children were running about barefooted? A policeman saw the woman stoop down and pick up something as she passed down the street and roll it up in her apron. Thinking it must be something valuable the policeman went after her, and coming up demanded to know what she had concealed in her apron. This she refused to tell him, which only served to make the policeman more anxious and determined to know, and finally he threatened to arrest her if she did not unroll her apron and show him what it concealed. At last she did this and the only thing he found was a few bits of broken glass. The guardian of public property feeling very much annoyed and chagrined vented his feelings on the woman by upbraiding her for picking up such rubbish. In defense she gave this beautiful reason: "I thought I would take them out of the way of the bairn's feet." Did she serve? As I read it I thought of other "bits of glass" that lie around in households and elsewhere, something dangerous. There are broken spirits, broken hopes and other broken things, that if stepped upon in this broken condition, some hearts may be hurt, and though no blood be seen, yet they are made to bleed. Now, a little kindly thought is needed on the part of some one who sees "father is not quite in as good a humor as usual this morning." Perhaps something has happened to annoy him, he is inclined to be sharp, and now tact is needed, a very gentle heart and very gentle hand. There are worse things than stepping on glass with bare feet (though that is not a pleasant thing), but think of a trusting heart, think of little children, who thought there was no one like their father, being unjustly treated, just because the father felt ill-humored or out of sorts!



REMOVING THE TROUBLE

CAN you not imagine a wife or mother seeing the real condition of things and going to work to remove that which may be the occasion of pain? I can hear my mother's voice saying, "Now, children, run along, father is tired" (maybe not as tired as she was). Oh, my mother! I cannot keep the tears back as I think how she removed "bits of glass" that tender feet (or hearts) might not be hurt. I sometimes feel tired of hearing of eminent saints or celebrated Christians when I think of those whose virtues never attracted any attention on earth, but at whom I am so sure the angels loved to look. We need simple goodness and lives like the simple life of Christ. The more we study that unostentatious life and pattern after it, the better for us and for the world. And we had better come to downright kindness, not putting it on because it is fashionable, but because it is said, "Be ye kind, one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another." No wonder Faber says, "Kindness is the turf of the spiritual world." And though, perhaps, we do not take much notice of the common grass, yet this would be a very different world without it. So let us keep on doing the kindly things, "let who will be clever." My dear tired mother, don't become discouraged. You do not know what that fretful child will be to you yet. I will remember a dear old lady with whose son and daughter we once took a Thanksgiving dinner. I saw her eyes follow her son with a look that I never saw her have for any one else. He was her only son, all the other children had passed on, and he was devoted to his aged mother. I said to her that afternoon, "You are very fond of your son?" "Yes," she said, "he is my all, and yet the only time I ever rebelled against God was when I rebelled against having that child. And now I have lived to old age and he is the only one in the world to care for me." I wish I could cheer all the women who will read this page. I wish you could see the crowns you will wear some day for what you endured while in the kitchen, in the shop, for the patience in suffering, for not returning unkind words, for the patient hand removing all the briars from the way, for all the seeds of kindness sowed. Be sure the reaping day will surely come. Nothing is for naught. Be content to do a little and you will be a link in the great chain of humanity.

Margaret Bottome

King Philip Mills



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COZY PLACES IN WINDOW SEATS

By James Thomson



A VERY convenient feature in the furnishing of a room is a window seat. In many new houses the architects have not been unmindful of this fact, and have introduced seats of this character to advantage. Where economy is an object a simple seat may be provided by using a board about eighteen inches wide and of a length to conform with space available. Four simple square or turned legs should be attached, and as these alone will show the wood they may be stained and polished or painted in cream color, finished off with a coating of enamel, and if desired, lines may be added with gold bronze paint. The seat should be padded with hair or several folds of a discarded quilt, and over this the covering should be drawn tightly, the edges being finished with gimp or brass-headed nails.

SOME MINOR DETAILS

WHEN a board sufficiently wide cannot be obtained two or more may be placed together to make the width necessary, and these can be held firmly together by screwing on the under side a couple of cross

A COZY CORNER

AN arrangement after the cozy corner order is shown in Illustration No. 3. This scheme presents opportunities for the perusal of one's favorite volume in comfort. Under the seat is provided a splendid receptacle for the storage of books. The front can be hinged at the bottom (in sections if desired) to let down, so that access may be had to its contents; or a shirred curtain may be run on a rod. Sofa-pillows may be introduced *ad libitum*.

A more elaborate arrangement, shown in Illustration No. 4, is available only when one has at disposal a window of generous width or a succession of windows, preferably those having broad sills. An arrangement as is here illustrated is a wonderful aid in giving a homelike character to a roomy apartment. It would be well to have the woodwork conform with that of the room.

THE COVERINGS IN VOGUE

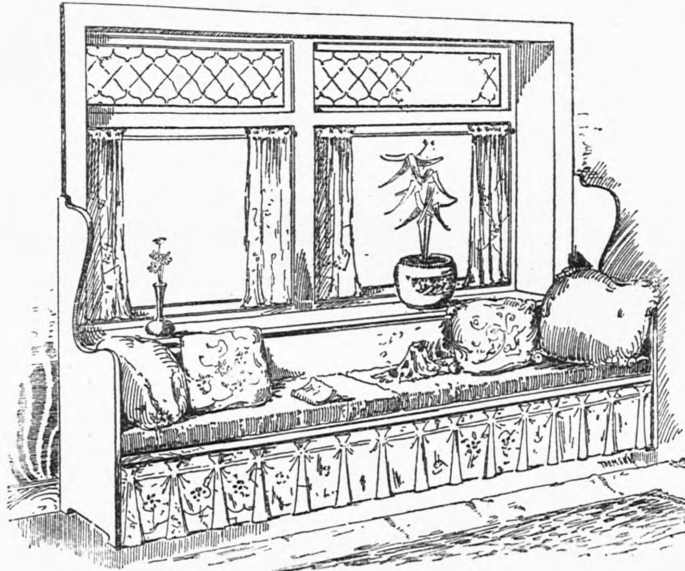
IF for a hall, sitting-room or library the covering may be tapestry or corduroy, the last named now coming in all the colors adaptable to such purpose and possessing excellent wearing qualities as well. The valance can be made of India silk or silk tapestry, and can be arranged to run on a rod, so that the space behind it may be utilized for book-shelves and cubby-holes for magazines, etc. An alternative plan would be to hinge the seat in sections, which when opened would disclose a box; this, of course, would involve using a wood front behind the valance.

A window seat, such as that depicted in Illustration No. 5, makes a very effective feature in a library or a sitting-room. Plain shelves for books placed in this manner on either side of the window, with a simple plank arranged to bridge the space between them as here shown, provides a cozy nook and most artistic decorative effect at a very limited expense, when one counts the cost of a divan that would look as well. Soft pillows of down, yielding to the slightest pressure of the tired body, are in order, and indeed, without such accessories these seats would be very far from comfortable.

For an inexpensive material the "Colonial denims," which are now to be had in all desirable colorings, make a handsome and good-wearing covering for pillows or cushions. Beautiful effects are attainable by the introduction of outline designs in embroidery, in self-tones or by harmonious contrast. A pretty one lately seen was of olive-green denim, with sumach leaves of maroon outlined with gold. Another was of a rich red color, with an Empire wreath, and ribboning in dark green, outlined with silver. A very choice one was of bottle-green plush, with Empire designs in gold bullion.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CUSHIONS

UNIFORMITY of size, color or texture is not sought for in cushions; variety in color and shape is desirable, but there is no sense in the present craze for a multitude of cushions of all sorts and conditions thrown together in what is mistakenly supposed to represent artistic carelessness. This is affectation pure and simple, and deceives no one. Two generous cushions will be found necessary; two additional smaller ones of rounded shape will not come amiss in seats such as numbers 3 and 4, but to crowd the entire seating



AN ELABORATE AFFAIR (Illus. No. 4)

capacity with cushions of every conceivable shape is nonsensical.

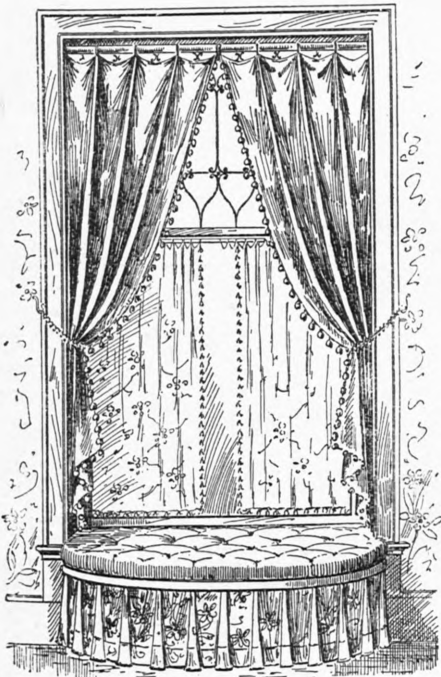
A USEFUL WINDOW SEAT

IN "my lady's chamber" such seats are useful adjuncts and can be employed for storing clothes and for many other purposes that will readily suggest themselves. A common form is that of an ordinary box with hinged cover. This can be nicely lined and treated in cretonne on the exterior. The material should be gathered or plaited around the body, and the top be upholstered plain or tufted, as one may elect.

The storing space thus made available is often very welcome, especially where closet room is at a premium, as is often the case in the average rented house. In many homes this is a want severely felt, and in such cases recourse must be had to home fabricated corner wardrobes, and boxes upholstered such as are here described. These seats may or may not be upholstered; if the former loose cushions may be used if preferred, and always downy cushions, covered with gay fabrics, should be in evidence.



A COZY CORNER (Illus. No. 3)

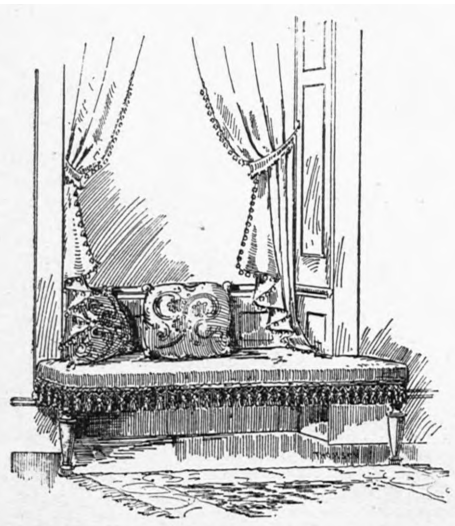


FOR A SMALL APARTMENT (Illus. No. 2)

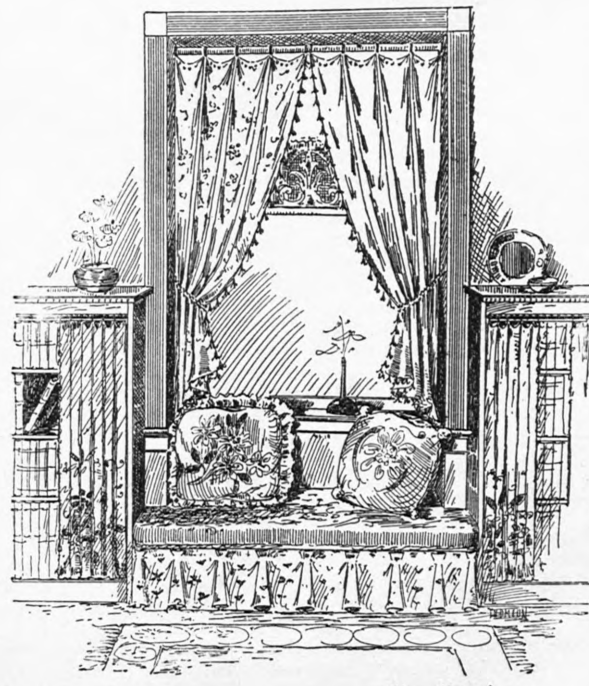
cleats, which will in any case add to the stability. When the seat is more than four feet long centre legs will be necessary. In Illustration No. 1 is shown a good idea for a seat, the original of which had legs of pine stained to represent mahogany. The cushions were of dark blue denim with outline designs of tiger lilies worked in old red and purple.

FOR A SMALL APARTMENT

IN Illustration No. 2 is shown a form for a small room, the rounding of the front taking away the sometimes objectionable corners. When the front is draped, as in the present case, turned legs will not be necessary, pieces of board will answer for supports, and the space can be used for the storage of one's magazines.



ARTISTIC WINDOW SEAT (Illus. No. 1)



WINDOW SEAT FOR LIBRARY (Illus. No. 5)

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THE ART OF DRESSING THE BOY

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil

It is not as easy a matter to dress boys prettily and fancifully as it is little girls. After they have put on trousers the shape of their clothes does not lend itself as easily to adornment as do the waists and skirts of their sisters. Yet there is no reason why a boy's clothes should be condemned to ugliness simply because there are limitations in the choice of color and material. They may be trim and jaunty enough to please the most fastidious eye without degenerating into the faintest resemblance to the garments of a girl. Any approximation to this, however remote, would instantly condemn them in the eyes of their owners and certainly lead to their being discarded as soon as possible.

MAKING THE CHANGE

MOTHERS often ask how soon a change should be made in the dress of a boy baby to distinguish his belongings from the feminine ones appropriate to the weaker sex. Much depends upon the personality of the individual child in question. A strong, sturdy fellow, whose boyish face would look out of place surrounded with frills and furbelows, must be promoted sooner than a more delicately-formed child, to whom the girlish accessories of lace and ribbons would longer be becoming. Until the baby is two years old there is usually little difference between his clothes and his sister's. His dresses are made in the Mother Hubbard shape, with a yoke and skirt full on it, or with a gathered waist, shirred at the neck and belt, or with a plain Gretchen body and full, round skirt. His cloak is of cashmere, fine cloth, eider-down flannel or some pretty cotton material, according to the time of year. It is only in his head covering that a divergence may be perceived. Instead of a close hood, muslin cap, or little bonnet of silk and lace, he wears a soft hat or cap.

After he is two, while he still wears the little cashmere shirt, varying in thickness with the season, the waist with buttons to support the drawers and flannel skirt, that is the usual underclothing for both sexes, his dresses no longer have a baby waist. The material may be a fine woolen or fine cotton such as would be purchased for a little girl, but the dress buttons diagonally from neck to hem in front, with a plain back, or it has three box-plaits in front and three behind confined with a belt around the waist, or it has a plain front and full back, the fullness held in place by straps coming from the side seams and crossing behind. As he grows older these may be exchanged for a box-plaited or full-gathered skirt and blouse, with or without a sailor collar. Unless a child is unusually large for his age it is better not to put him into even short trousers until he is four years old.

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN

HEAVY serges in plain colors, blacks, browns or blues are best liked for little boys, the fanciful checks and plaids that were worn some time ago being no longer in vogue. The top-coats, loose sacques in shape and with double-breasted fronts, are sometimes of light mixed goods, but just as often are they dark in color. Tam o' Shanter hats of cloth or leather are seen on boys of from three to seven, while older boys have Derbys, and still older ones the silk hat worn by the Eton boy.

The material used for the suit of a little boy five years old is dark blue serge, so dark that it is almost black. The knee breeches have three small gutta-percha buttons on each outer side above the edge, and below them are seen, over the long black stockings, dark brown leather leggings. The little shirt is of white linen with rather wide tucks down the front, but these do not show because of the full blouse of dark blue that sags well over the belt. A V-shaped section of scarlet cloth is at the neck, and the rolling collar and lapels are also faced with red cloth. A red silk tie goes under the collar and is knotted in sailor fashion in front. The hat is a Tam o' Shanter of brown leather, matching the leggings in color. The shoes are of plain black leather, very sensibly laced, each having sufficient raise for a heel without there being absolute heels. For cold weather he has a double-breasted sacque overcoat closed with large gutta-percha buttons, lined throughout with plaid wool stuff, and guaranteed to keep him warm.

For wear on his bicycle a boy has knee breeches, a warm blouse of heavy cloth and long wool stockings with laced shoes. His hat is a Scotch Tam o' Shanter of one of the tan shades closely knitted, and large enough to pull over his ears.

THE COURTEOUS PAGE

WHEN the small boy officiates as assistant at a wedding he shines forth in much grandeur, and is dressed to look like the picture of Charles II when he was a little boy and all England loved and believed in his father. A little page who carries the train of a pretty bride is himself a pretty picture. The material used for his clothes is black velvet; his stockings are long ones of dark blue silk, and his slippers are of patent leather tied just across the instep. The little trousers reach to the knee and are there finished with a deep frill of white lace. The soft full shirt is of white silk, with a jabot of lace reaching quite to the waist. The jacket, which flares away from the front, is of black velvet and has three cut steel buttons on each side. The turn-over collar is faced with black satin, and above it shows the silk collar of the shirt, its finish being of white lace. The hair is parted quite near the centre and is just turned at the ends. The hat, which is carried in the hand, is a large Gainsborough of black felt, caught up on one side under a long white plume and a steel buckle. Going in, this is carried in the hand, with the feather toward the top; coming out, it is worn and placed decidedly on one side of the blonde head.

THE OTHER BOYS

FOR school and general wear a mixed suiting of heavy cloth is worn by boys who have passed ten or eleven years. When the long trousers are assumed, which is usually about this time, boys are eager to look as much like men as possible, and so persuade willing mammas to get the three-quarter jackets and have trousers made after the fashion of their fathers'. Their shirts are usually of cotton with linen fronts, and the four-in-hand tie and collar bent over in front seem dedicated to them. Dark blue, even with boys of this age, is liked for clothes that are counted the best, and black Derby hats are conceded to be proper for the most important occasions. However, if a light overcoat is to be worn, a snuff-colored Derby may go with it.

Handkerchiefs of dead white with a narrow tape border, and having the initials embroidered in white cotton, are among their belongings, and as fond mothers realize, seem to absolutely lose themselves. Boys wear rather brighter ties than their fathers, and scarlet, blue, golden brown and some of the fanciful effects are frequently seen upon them. The overcoats are double-breasted and lined oftenest with plaid stuff, although the sleeves, to make the coat easy to put on, have silk linings. Large gutta-percha buttons are employed for the closing, and as they never wear out, receive special favor from the boys themselves. Their underwear is usually the heavy medicated flannel, only two pieces, drawers and shirt, being worn. Woven underwear is sold so cheap and fits so well that few mothers nowadays attempt to manufacture underwear at home. Long stockings are worn until trousers are assumed, and then socks take their place.

FOR THE EVENING

THE regulation evening suit for the boy from twelve to fifteen is that which in England is dedicated to the Eton boy. The material used is the rough-surfaced black serge in vogue for men's evening clothes. The trousers are cut in the usual fashion, and though they display a crease, it is not a pronounced one. The waistcoat is cut very low to display the white shirt front, white collar and black tie. The Eton jacket, cut off short at the waist-line, has its collar and lapels faced with corded silk, which, while it is dull, yet shows the difference between it and the cloth. The cuffs are permitted to come slightly below the sleeves and are held together with simple white enamel links, the shirt buttons being of the same material. The hat which accompanies this suit is a rather low, square silk one. However, this is not always worn here, though it is considered the proper adjunct on the other side of the Atlantic. The black tie is an inch and a half wide, of black satin, and it is arranged in the usual stiff bow that one can tell at a glance is tied by the wearer.

The Eton suit constitutes full-dress for the boy over twelve, just as the black velvet does for the boy who is under that age. The small boy of six and seven may, for some special occasion, when he is acting as attendant at a wedding, wear white satin, but usually even his fond mother considers that as "too girlish," and elects that velvet of one of the dark shades shall take its place. The shirt worn with the velvet suits on dress occasions is usually a ruffled or embroidered one, and the tie is always of soft white silk.

THE POPULAR SAILOR SUIT

A FAVORITE style for the boy whose age is from six to twelve is what is known as the *négligé* sailor. This is invariably made of dark blue serge, and has close-fitting knee breeches and a full loose blouse that overhangs a belt which, by-the-by, is made of the blue fabric striped with narrow white braid. A V-shaped section, closely striped with the braid, is placed in front and reaches almost to the waist-line, while the rolling collar and lapels that enframe it are striped in the same way and form a most effective decoration. The crocheted chain of white cord is around the neck, and the little silver watch on the end of it is slipped in the pocket that is on the outside of the blouse, high up on the left breast. A blue sailor hat, with the name of one of the new American ships upon it, is worn with this suit, and if my little gentleman goes out in the cold he wears over his sailor get-up a dark blue double-breasted overcoat with collar and cuffs of astrakhan fur.

FEET AND HANDS

IF the feet can be kept warm and dry there is little fear of a boy taking cold, unless he is unduly exposed by making a sudden change in his clothing. Boys' stockings are always a trial to the mothers, for they seem to break into holes of their own volition with little assistance on the part of the wearer, according to his own account. This tendency can be lessened by running the toes and heels with cotton or worsted the color of the stockings. Some mothers line the stockings with a piece of stout cotton or Canton flannel cut the shape of the heel and sewed neatly in place. Leather and cloth knee protectors do good service where long stockings are worn with short trousers.

Shoes wear longer if they are properly cared for than if they are left to take their chance when they are pulled off wet and muddy. They should be put to dry in a warm room, not near a fire, and when partially dry have the mud brushed off and be rubbed with kerosene, this application to be repeated when they are quite dry. Nothing is better for boys' stout boots than the old-fashioned blacking applied with a brush and polished. A little vaseline rubbed into shoes occasionally keeps the leather soft and pliable. Patent dressings containing glycerine are not as injurious as the ordinary kinds, which are apt to make the leather turn brown and crack.

In cold climates castor or beaver gloves are better for Sunday wear than the thinner kid ones. Kid mittens trimmed with fur are comfortable and easily slipped on and off, but boys, for some unknown reason, usually dislike them. They are much warmer for little children than gloves. The wee ones are very apt to lose their play mittens. This can be prevented by fastening a long string to them and sewing the middle of this to the inner side of the coat collar. The string passes down each arm of the coat inside, and if long enough does not in the least interfere with the free play of the hands, while the mittens, being permanently attached to the coat, are never missing.

DRESS HIM SENSIBLY

IN choosing clothes for a boy remember that they have to stand hard wear, and should be of the color and material that will endure this with as little detriment as possible. While dark blue is, perhaps, the prettiest color for a boy's suit it is not as profitable as a brown or gray mixture, because it shows spots which are difficult to remove without leaving traces behind. Sometimes rubbing a spot very hard with a piece of the cloth will take it out. A mixture of equal parts of benzine, alcohol and ammonia is efficacious for grease spots. It should not be used near a light.

A boy's clothes should have expansive pockets made of some very stout material. When ready-made suits are purchased it is a good plan to line the pockets with denim or some other durable fabric. A hole in the pocket may mean the loss of some boyish treasure of great value to the owner.

If the mother has been a strong, adventurous child herself she knows how clothes have an unfortunate habit of tearing themselves when the wearer really did not mean to be careless, and she will not be too hard on the inevitable rents and jagged tears that will appear at the end of a long day's play. Patching and mending are inseparable from the care of children, at least for those who have to make every penny do its full duty. It is well to remember this in buying clothes, and provide a little extra material for the necessary repairs.

A boy should be taught to take care of his clothes as far as possible. This is not difficult with some children, and persistent training will have an effect even on the most careless. A hat looks well longer if it is brushed when dusty and always hung up instead of being thrown on the floor when it is taken off. Clothes look better if spots are removed and small rents mended before they grow larger. The boy should learn to notice these and bring the garments to have them attended to. Outside clothing should be shaken to free it from dust before it is hung in the closet, and dried mud should be brushed off.

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A NEW COMBINATION (Illus. No. 1)

THIS YEAR'S SPRING HATS

By Isabel A. Mallon

THE continued liking for large sleeves has made popular and harmoniously effective the wearing of large hats. Very small toques have, of course, their admirers, but it is certain that the puffed sleeves and the large hats go so well together that their usage will be general. Advance notes from Paris tell of the popularity of large hats in black straw, and with them feathers that are also black. Much care is taken in the arrangement of these tips, and the hats are so shaped that they permit an artistic arrangement of trimming, and yet are comfortable on the head. These large hats are narrow at the back and flare in front, while the brims are bent in fantastic ways to suit the wearer.

THE MOST POPULAR COLORS

VERY often a hat is seen that has a crown of close and a brim of open straw, a very good contrast being formed in this way. In the straws, the colors most popular are, first of all, black, then all the browns from golden to seal, light green, dark and light blue, gray, light yellow and the so-called white which comes very close to yellow. Elaborate hats, intended for driving or garden party wear, have lace brims formed of the very coarse white lace and crowns either of straw or velvet. Trimmings incline toward the side, either to the back or the front as is becoming. Indeed, the becoming rules everything.

The dark woman can wear the various dahlia shades, the bluet and the white, while the clear blonde may have the pink, the light yellow, the white that has a touch of écreu, and the deep purple, but lavender she must leave to her dark-haired sister. Jets, and jet and steel are becoming to all women and are very fashionable.

FASHIONABLE FLOWERS

THE fashionable flowers range from the large orchid or tulip, in velvet, to the tiny forget-me-not. They are arranged in erect or aigrette effects, as well as in close bunches that come low down and give to the hat a compact effect. The colors best liked are the dahlia shades, which are a reddish purple, the fuchsia colors, a lavender red, and a very deep pink called Reine, turquoise, a yellowish green called Latania, all the yellow shades and the light tones of bluet. The dark blues, either in flowers or in velvet or ribbon, are brighter than before and show four shades ranging from royal to navy. Speaking of ribbons it would seem as if all kinds were to be in vogue for bows upon hats, as satin, gros-grain, taffeta and fancy ribbons, varying in width from three to five inches, are all displayed.

A NEW COMBINATION

THE milliners say that lace will be more generally used this season than ever before, and it is made to contrast most effectively either with straw or velvet, while it is brought out by the use of jet and steel ornaments, as well as bandeaux of jet or steel. A hat showing this combination is pictured in Illustration No. 1. The crown, rather low and square, is of black straw, while the brim, which is narrow at the back and broad in front, is of coarse écreu lace wired to keep in position. About the crown is a fold of black velvet overlaid with a bandeau of cut steel, while on the left side rather near the back is a bunch of black feathers apparently held in position by a crescent-shaped steel buckle. If it were fancied, the crown, instead of being straw, could be a soft one of velvet in any of the fashionable shades, and then, instead of feathers, a bunch of roses or tulips or orchids could stand up well at one side. The stiff wings and quills in black or white are fancied on hats intended for general wear or for traveling. The English walking-hat reappears with a rather lower crown, and with its brim slightly higher at the sides, although it comes to a point both at the back and front. No matter how fashionable the large hats are the small woman must choose one that is medium in size, and no matter how effective may be a bunch of flowers standing up they are not for the tall woman.



FOR TRAVELING OR SHOPPING (Illus. No. 2)

FOR TRAVELING OR SHOPPING

THE hat shown in Illustration No. 2 is the shape preferred for general wear. It may be seen in gray, brown, dark blue or black. This one is of fine English straw in golden brown. The brim, which, of course, turns up, is faced with brown velvet and outlined on the edge with very small amber beads. A band of velvet is about the crown, and five white wings cross each other at one side in a very smart way. With this would be worn a veil of brown net thickly dotted with brown chenille.

How many people know that in the days when a jeweled band or a string of jewels constituted the hat, the velvet toque, which would seem to have been the beginning of the hat, was worn in Spain? Evidently some Spanish lady visited Florence, and there they added a brim to the toque, and so the picture hat was born. Large pink roses with their foliage, and showing their stems with very natural thorns upon them, are much liked in bunches for the large black hats. Wreaths do not obtain. Indeed the best effect in placing flowers is achieved when they look as if they had just been gathered and fastened, for a pretty caprice, in the chapeau. Coarse black guipure lace is often used to form the hat entire, the crown and brim both being so carefully wired that it is impossible for them to lose their shape. The gray hat, oddly enough, is only noted when a gray costume is worn, and then its decorations consist of jet and steel combined and white flowers, the preference being given to white roses that imitate the wild ones. Net hats will again be worn, but they will not have the popularity of the all lace or lace and straw ones. A combination that is more unique than becoming shows a crown of black straw and a brim of one of the dahlia shades also of straw, while another has a gray crown and a bluet brim.



A VERITABLE PICTURE HAT (Illus. No. 3)

These combinations are, however, not to be commended. Quieter contrasts are preferred and are in better taste.

A PICTURE HAT

THE American woman, with her medium height, can very well wear a picture hat. An extremely small woman presents the appearance of being extinguished under one, but outdoor exercise has developed the woman of to-day so well that she has the required height and breadth necessary to the assumption of a large hat. The one shown in Illustration No. 3 is of black straw, the crown being rather low and the brim very wide, except, of course, at the back. It is raised up slightly at one side near the back, and under this part of the brim are laid two large white roses and their foliage, so that they look as if they had been put on the hair. About the crown is a band of heavy cut jets, and at one side near the back there stands up quite high a cluster of white roses, while from amidst them flares out an aigrette of cut jet. Of course, in trimming a hat like this, one could use any color flowers that would be becoming, and if the jet band were not liked a draped velvet or ribbon band might be put around the crown.

In white a hat like this has a brim of stiffened lace and is decorated with a bunch of orchids, a full knot of bluet velvet being placed under the brim instead of the flowers. One can arrange this shape to be extremely becoming, inasmuch as the brim can be bent over, raised up, curved into two or three scallops—indeed, made to achieve any outline that will suit the face under it. The bluet shades combine well with black, and especially with black lace.

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THE FIRST SPRING SEWING

By Emma M. Hooper



ONE of the odd facts relating to the dry goods trade and to women's dressing, is that cotton dress goods are sold and made up before spring woollens and silks are thought of. The styles being more general and less special for such gowns probably explains why gingham is made up during the early spring, when snow and ice still abound. While pink, blue and tan remain the prominent colors seen in wash goods, it is also to be remarked this season that the shades of yellow, brown, bluet, pale green, bright blue, mauve, etc., that appear in woolen goods are equally frequent in wash fabrics. White, black and colored grounds are seen in printed materials, but black will have remarkable favor.

POPULAR GINGHAM GOWNS

WHITE lappet figures woven on colored grounds with bourette or knotted yarn effects and heather mixtures retail at thirty-five and fifty cents, as do most of the Scotch gingham. Other gingham at twenty-five cents are a rival to these in chiné, striped and checked effects, as well as lovely plaids broken by lines of black as tiny as a thread. The "yarn effects" prevail, and charming they are. Light weights are popular in gingham, which will be made up plainly and elaborately, according to their future use. A pretty green and white stripe broken by black hair lines will have a five-yard bell skirt with the bias seams stayed by a tape, sufficiently long to escape the floor and gathered to the back of the belt. The mutton-leg sleeves will be immense in size and made over a lining of the same goods. Round waist shirred at the waist-line, back and front, and neck, with a yoke lining extending all around the armholes of the goods. Finish the neck with an inch-wide band and wear a belt of No. 12 black satin ribbon having two out-flared loops on each side two inches from the centre front. Have a collar of the same ribbon overlaid with white lace insertion, and bretelles of the ribbon tied in bows on the shoulders and also overlaid with lace. Another model for a stouter figure, in stripes of tan, yellow, pink and white, has lengthwise bands of lace insertion an inch and a quarter wide on the waist. Crush collars of satin, ribbon and velvet will be worn with dressy gingham gowns. Lace yokes of pointed guipure are also stylish, and the pointed ends should be left uncaught. Satin ribbons will form a trimming dressy enough to make the gown suitable for afternoon wear. Lace epaulettes and bertha ruffles are still worn and are particularly becoming to slender figures. Face the skirts with a bias facing from four to six inches deep. If very tall one or more rows of lace insertion may be laid above the facing, as insertion is no longer "let in." The plainest of gingham gowns has full shirt or leg-of-mutton sleeves and a round waist. The latter can have a drawing-string at the waist-line and should be three inches below the skirt belt. Some are gathered all around the neck, others just front and back, and others have three box-plaits front and back. The collar may turn over, be a crush one or a double ruffle.

PERCALES AND PRINTS

THESE gowns are usually intended for early morning wear and are entirely without trimming, unless a leather or canvas belt can be so styled. The bell skirt can be fitted with darts or gathers at the top of the front, and for this I advise a hem turned up or a tuck, as much washing means more or less shrinking. The waist will be in the round style and of the shirt-waist order. This means full shirt sleeves having starched cuffs, straight or turned over, a high or low turn-over collar, also starched, and a pointed or square yoke back, with the front in gathers, clustered side plaits, three box-plaits, gathers on the sides and a centre box-plait, etc. A very pretty style has the plaits, collar and cuffs piped with white muslin. Another set of serviceable work dresses has no starch in the collars, and the sleeves are leg-of-mutton style without cuffs. A washable trimming is narrow "Val" edging on the edge of side plaits, four on each side, and on both sides of the centre box-plait. Make such dresses amply loose and with "bag" seams, which are basted on the right side, stitched very closely to the edge, turned over on the wrong side and a second seam stitched so that there are no raw edges. A comfortable garment for summer is a loose wrapper of Irish lawn, trimmed with "Val" edging as epaulettes, and ribbons.

SWIVEL SILK AND LINEN DUCK

THE changeable and figured swivel or "cotton silks" are made up like printed silk gowns, with velvet crush collar, a velvet crush belt, or one of five-inch satin ribbon tied in two long ends and two short up-and-down loops at the back. Lace yokes, epaulettes, stripes of insertion, ribbon bows, bretelles, rosettes, etc., are some of the trimmings used, and the dress is lined, as it is supposed to last a season without washing. These are worn for church, afternoon, visiting and semi-evening toilettes. A pretty yellow is charming with cream lace yoke and epaulettes, crush collar and belt of yellow satin, and each (collar and belt) decorated on the sides with dark cardinal roses. A white ground having shaded violets and their leaves over the surface, is trimmed with a belt and bretelles of green satin ribbon, crush collar of the same and bunches of violets on the sides. For variety's sake a crush collar of violet velvet is worn having a loop on each side of the front. A box-plait of velvet in front three inches wide, is a French idea in trimming such costumes.

The striped, printed and plain duck suits are made just the contrary to the above, being in tailor style. This means a blazer or Eton jacket, or a round waist box-plaited, large leg-of-mutton sleeves, bell skirt five yards wide, and a high or turn-over collar. Pearl buttons are used on either dress or jacket. White, blue and tan grounds are the favorites, with a black silk belt, white chamois gloves and sailor hat.

SWISS AND DIMITY GOWNS

DOTTED and printed Swisses of white grounds with pink, blue, green and violet designs are worn by young and old alike, and may be unlined or lined with plain white Swiss. To be sure, some put a changeable silk lining under them, but this is warm and beyond the reach of the majority of women. These certainly come under the head of elaborate wash gowns and are made up without a thought for any future washing. Ribbons, velvet collar, guipure lace applied, or "Val" put on in ruffles are the trimmings, of which any amount may be worn.

Finely-corded dimities are becoming to full figures, from the effect of the cords, no matter how slight they may be. The colored stripes, large and small floral designs and dots give a sufficient variety for all figures. There are so many qualities of these goods that they may be had for fifteen to sixty cents. They should be made unlined or lined with plain white dimity. They are as cool as lawns, shrink less and wear better, unless the pure linen lawns are selected. These latter have almost gone out of general use, as they are expensive, though beautifully fine in texture, and so many showier wash fabrics have captured the shoppers' eyes of late. Full gathered waists, immense sleeves and skirts from five to six yards in width are the general designs. "Val" and guipure lace, satin or velvet ribbon knots, etc., and velvet crush collars are the trimmings.

TRANSPARENT MATERIALS

ORGANDIES and batistes in black or light grounds will again see a successful season. The black trimmed with white lace and black or colored ribbons will prove especially stylish with blue, yellow, pink, violet or green designs. Silk linings are generally out of the question, but those of black or white batiste or organdy are to be obtained. It may be necessary to press these dresses before the end of the season, but avoid the iron as long as possible; one pressing makes a second one necessary very soon. When it is done use a moderately warm iron on the wrong side of the goods. Trim with white guipure or black French lace, according to the ground. Velvet stock collars may be worn all summer, or if these seem too warm try them made of chiffon, after some of the designs described in the February issue. When French organdy sells as high as one dollar it cannot be called a cheap gown. If coolness is the desired end line it with white or black organdy. If a silky appearance is the effect aimed at line it with fine French sateen at twenty-five cents a yard. If trimmed with guipure lace use it flatly, as a yoke—points down—bodice, with the points up or a deeply-pointed collar, finishing on each side just in front of the armholes with a rosette of ribbon. Full gored skirts, immense sleeves and full waists are the designs. If trimmed with *point d'esprit*, "Val" or net top guipure lace use it as very full epaulettes over the shoulders—at least a yard for each. Velvet or chiffon collars.

WHITE WASH DRESSES

FRENCH nainsook, mull, Swiss, organdy and dimity are the materials for white dresses supposed to come to the laundry. Satin ribbons, "Val" and guipure laces are the trimmings. Make with the "bag" seams and line the waist and sleeves with the same, as they set better for it. Trim according to the directions given for organdy gowns. Black, pink, sky or bluet blue, yellow, pale green, Magenta pink, violet or mauve ribbons will be worn. The striped ribbons of white and a color are very *chic* for a white toilette. A simply-made white gown can be entirely without permanent trimming, using different collars attached to lace yokes or bibs and belts to afford a variety of changes. Plain white wash gowns worn for mourning should not be trimmed with lace, but either remain plain or be finished with embroidery in lace patterns. These lace designs in embroidery are also worn on gingham and percale frocks and are very much used for children's dresses. Black ribbons are worn for mourning dresses by young ladies, while those of a more mature age will wear a black silk belting belt fastened with a jet buckle. A white waist striped with lace insertion run with colored ribbon will be gay for young people. The open-work, perforated or *trou-trou* embroidered materials show round, oval, leaf-shaped, etc., eyelets having the edges embroidered. These are in organdy, grass linen, batiste, etc., and require a contrasting lining of silk or the same goods. An *écru* batiste is lined with pale green batiste and trimmed with green satin ribbons and stock collar.

GIRLS' COTTON FROCKS

THERE is very little change in children's styles this summer. I think it a great waste of nerve power to make girls' frocks so fussy that during the warm weather one is fagged out ironing them. White *guimpes* of feather-stitched or tucked nainsook are made separate and worn by girls from one to ten years of age. The leg-of-mutton sleeve, round "baby" waist, cut with a low round neck, are worn with a full gathered skirt having a three-inch hem. For a child of two years three breadths of thirty-two-inch gingham is not too full, while one of eight years will have five breadths if well grown. Checked, striped and plaid gingham are worn by little ones. Among the gingham many designs especially for children are shown. Little girls also wear small-figured batistes, organdies, swivel silks, all kinds of white goods, ducks, grasscloth and percales. I do not advise going the front of their full skirts, as they must be washed often and bias seams will pull askew. For the same reason it is more serviceable to cut plaid goods straight in place of making them up on the bias. Use small pearl buttons for the fastening and button all frocks in the back. The neck is universally finished with a narrow band of embroidery. When a *guimpe* is not worn the high-necked waist may be in three box-plaits, back and front, close-fitting or have an outside jacket attachment like a little Zouave, which will be edged with embroidery. A circular ruffle of the goods edged with insertion is always a pretty trimming. Another pretty style has deep epaulettes of the goods over the shoulders, finishing in a point back and front, with lace insertion sewed on the outer edge. The dressy cotton frocks are trimmed with satin ribbon bows on the shoulders, side of the waist, etc. In colors little ones follow the "grown-ups" closely.

MATERIALS FOR MISSES' FROCKS

THE materials written of for ladies may be duplicated for misses; ditto the trimmings. What one wears so does the other, and in styles the miss of fourteen to seventeen years is both child and woman. Yokes of lace guipure in points, stripes of insertion down waists, yokes of embroidery, ribbon belts and bows, bretelles and shoulder knots are some of the decorations seen. Swivel silks are neat for best summer dresses trimmed with a lace yoke, belt and bretelles or suspenders of satin ribbon. Misses will also wear shirt-waists with dark woolen skirts. These waists are very plain, with gathers at neck and waist-line or box-plaits back and front, turn-over collar and shirt or mutton-leg sleeves. A tan and blue check has a sailor collar, belt and cuffs of plain blue gingham. A pretty plaid gingham, showing pale green, tan, black and white lines, has belt and crush collar of green satin and collar of lace points as a yoke. Swivel silk of a sky blue shade is trimmed with lace insertion running around the waist and lower part of the sleeves; belt and collar of blue satin ribbon edged with No. 3 black ribbon, which just shows. Eton suits of duck worn with a cotton waist will be stylish. These suits do not need a bit of trimming, except pearl buttons of a large size up each side of the front. Wash silk blouses are also worn and may be ranked among the wash goods, though kept with the silks. The most girlish of these are made like a yoke-back shirt-waist. Less trimming and more changes would be a good motto to adopt for summer wash dresses. Pale blue dotted Swiss is charming with deeper blue designs made with white lace and blue or black satin ribbons.

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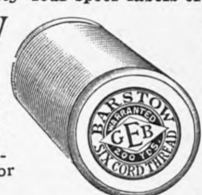
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THE MENTAL LIFE OF A FARMER'S WIFE

By Helen Jay

WE do not always consider how much geography affects our mental life. Darwin tells us that environment changes the color of blossoms, and we know that "a weed in the field becomes a flower in the garden." The woman born and bred upon fertile acres naturally has an easier time as a farmer's wife than the woman living in those sections of our country where hot winds blast the crops, and storms in a few hours destroy the work of months. It is comparatively easy for the housekeeper to be actively engaged in the work of a literary association when her mind is free from financial worry. If she has married a rich, prosperous man, and never has been bothered about "interest that must be paid on the mortgage," she can, of course, enter more heartily into public affairs than the woman who is oppressed with the sense of monetary obligations. She has money to buy books with and leisure to read and enjoy them. If her home is near a thriving town or city it makes a difference in her mental life. She becomes a member of different local organizations and shares the advantages of libraries and lecture courses. If, however, her lot in life is cast upon some prairie farm or isolated ranch she must either spend many lonely hours or come to her own rescue and form some plan by which she can gain intellectual stimulus.

If a woman lives in a State where suffrage is given to her sex, naturally her mental life is affected by that fact. She becomes more interested in questions of political conduct and reform than in purely literary subjects. We are told that "The Farmers' Alliance" has been one of the first political bodies to take advantage of woman's talents in this broad field of work; therefore we are not surprised to find the women of Minnesota, Kansas, Wyoming, Texas and Montana developing into practical campaign workers and brilliant speakers. The newly-elected Mayor of New York City has publicly acknowledged his indebtedness to the wife of a New York physician for valuable data concerning the care of city streets, a subject which cannot appeal to a woman enjoying the quiet cleanliness of a country road. Starting, therefore, with the proposition that we are all the creatures of circumstance we find that we cannot judge of the needs and limitations of others from our own immediate surroundings. At the last Confederation of Women's Clubs this fact was clearly proven. The reports from the various States demonstrated that while there are many country women engaged in club work, there are others asking "how, when and where" they shall organize the same, and others still who excuse themselves from joining local organizations, presenting sometimes rather trivial excuses for their lack of interest. The State correspondent of the Federated Clubs of Indiana has publicly declared: "Formerly the woman's club was regarded as a luxury which only city women could hope to enjoy; and even up to date the privileges and pleasures of club life have been confined, for the most part, to town and village. But in agricultural States, where by far the larger part of the population live on farms, the club will not have accomplished its perfect work until the country club shall have become a feature of country life, and shall have gathered into its restful and inspiring companionship the farmers' wives and daughters." The fact has also been developed that we must look to the country and village clubs for study along consecutive lines. The larger clubs of the great cities are compelled by force of circumstances to adopt miscellaneous subjects for consideration. The woman who lives where there are no paupers, and consequently no public institutions to be maintained by entertainments and other devourers of time, can do for womanhood that which is impossible to her city sister.

To the woman asking what is the use of belonging to a neighborhood club I answer: First, the knowledge of self. The power of individuality is developed and revealed. Second, unselfishness is increased, the greatest good of the greatest number becomes a more desirable thing than individual gratification. Third, sympathy is born. Do women need to be taught this grace? Let us consider.

HAVE we yet learned to heartily appreciate and enjoy the gifts and talents of others, especially of those women who differ from us? Have we outgrown criticism and petty prejudice? In the fourth place, a sense of justice is obtained. Boxing, we are told, is an excellent cure for quick temper, so in discussion and debate women learn to fairly give and fairly take, to see both sides of the case and to treat those that oppose them as worthy antagonists to be won, if possible, not as targets for ill-temper and abuse. Some one has truly said, "Expression is to the life what fragrance is to the flower." Many timid women suffer all their lives through self-consciousness and the inability to fittingly say what they think. Their usefulness to all with whom they come in contact, and their own happiness are increased through the discipline of reading and speaking in public afforded by the club. To crown all, enthusiasm is a legitimate outcome of the associate life of women. To know people better is generally to like them better—more good comes from clasping hands than from shaking fists—and a woman alive with good will to others can do more in every place in which God has placed her than the frigid, narrow, prejudiced soul that has lost faith in everybody. To the women excusing themselves from membership in local organizations I would commend a careful reading of Sydney Smith's charming essay on "Female Education" and the words of John Stuart Mill on the "Liberty of Women." But these clubs are not practical enough, some women say. Then establish one that shall be. It does not follow that an organization suitable for one community will do good work in another.

BY reading what Emerson says about clubs, and the suggestions of Edward Everett Hale concerning the "Town Meeting" of New England, valuable help will be obtained as to the different organizations possible and practical. To quote the wise words of the last-mentioned writer: "Everybody wants good education, everybody wants good health, everybody wants good drainage, everybody wants the town to be the best town in the county, the county the best county in the State, the State the best State in the nation, the nation the best nation in the world." Then he says, "There might be a good discussion by the best men, and if you please, by the best women, of those matters where everybody is, on the whole, in accord as to the principle and where people differ only as to the detail." Thus the neighborhood club need not be a literary association, or necessarily composed of women alone, but may, if desired, consist of both sexes and even include the entire families of the community. Both boys and girls stand a better chance of becoming useful members of a community if from childhood they have been accustomed to hearing the best interests of that community discussed with intelligent earnestness.

CHAPTERS of the "Agassiz Association" can be easily established and maintained in the country, where all branches of natural history can be studied as they cannot be in cities. There is plenty of room, also, for the collection and storing of specimens, not easily obtained in narrow town limits. A woman who has done much for her sex in different branches of public work declares that her study of beetles has washed off gray hair and wrinkles, while another adds that her interest in botany has done for her health and physical well-being what drugs and doctors could not do. Bulwer-Lytton says, "For the immediate sorrows of middle life and old age I recommend a strict chronic course of science and hard reasoning." As far as the utility of the club goes we conclude that anything that tends to make "the body stronger, the mind clearer and the soul purer" has its uses even in this practical age.

There are women, however, who do not refuse their allegiance to the club, but are living where there are no local organizations for them to join. They are asking how, not why. In answer to this question I reply: Call in your friends and neighbors, and find out how many available members you have to start with, as the size of a club has great influence upon the character of the work to be attempted. It is not wise to make age or youth an essential to membership. That club does the best work that has members all along the line from girlhood to old age. Each has some mental attribute and experience the others lack, and there is nothing so helpful as finding out how the world and life look from different standpoints.

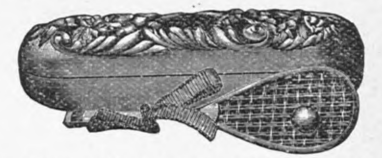
DEMOCRACY is also an important factor in club work. If possible, it is wise to go outside of the ordinary limits of acquaintance and invite women of widely different associations and employments to become members of the club. We all need to enter into the lives of others, and for an organization of women I know no better motto than the words of Dr. Hale, "This club exists to find out how other people live." It will be easier to do this than appears upon the surface, provided that the woman starting the movement will not be wedded to her own religious denomination or personal prejudices in selecting members.

A simple organization, and one of great interest, is called "The Newspaper Club." The members are bound to carefully read the news of the day as stated by the papers. One member is assigned the foreign news for one week, another the political doings in our country, a third has charge of the book reviews, another makes a list of the notable pictures on exhibition, while others must study up the records of the lives of men and women at the moment most prominently before the public. In this way women are brought closely in touch with the life of the world and lifted above local prejudice and tradition. In some neighborhoods what are called "Rocking-Chair Clubs" obtain. Such organizations have no object other than the cultivation of friendship among women. The motto might well be the words of Emerson, "Conversation—what is it all but that?" One member reads aloud while the others sew, but part of the time is devoted to the good old fashion of telling the individual experience and passing on the helpful thought, the title of the book or article found of service, the useful receipt or the personal discovery of new methods of value in the home. In one club what has been called the "Three D's—Dress, Diseases and Domesticity," were prohibited topics, and no woman was allowed to quote her husband or chronicle the sayings and doings of her children. In another neighborhood, where most of the women were young mothers, the little ones became the principal subject of discussion, and that most charming work, "Mothers in Council," became almost the hand-book of the organization.

WHILE circumstances must, of course, decide the character of the work to be attempted by the club, there are a few general rules which may be safely followed. To begin with it is better to have some standard of parliamentary law that can be studied by all the members. The usefulness of any woman is increased if she knows how to conduct a meeting and how to put a motion properly. To gain knowledge on these points the following books have been found useful: "A Guide to the Conduct of Meetings," "The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law" and Dr. Brown's pamphlet on "Extemporaneous Speaking."

No matter what kind of an organization is started it is more stimulating and helpful to follow the advice of the old Connecticut deacon and "consider things as they air," rather than to spend all the time dealing with the past. If there are many widely-differing tastes to be consulted the following will be found to be a useful division of topics: Education, literature, music, science, current topics and the home. The present state of literature, new methods in education and the latest inventions should be discussed by all, rather than the customs of the past. Frank expressions of individual opinion should be encouraged in debate and discussion, rather than the writing of elaborate essays by a few. The alphabet should be made the non-partisan basis of all arrangements, and rotation in office insisted upon, in order to give all the discipline of office holding, and to prevent the organization from falling into the hands of a few capable, energetic members. The first woman on the list should conduct the first meeting, reading her essay or some book selected; the next in order should attend to the discussion or prepare a list of questions upon the subject chosen for the day, and be ready to ask and answer them, or at least to start the topic for general discussion. At the next meeting she will read while the first member attends to this matter. In this way every one is treated exactly alike. The leader of the debate may also preside over the meeting after the regular business has been transacted under the charge of the president.

The question is often asked, shall refreshments be served at these meetings? The breaking of bread has always seemed to promote sociability and cement friendship, but in a club their serving should be limited by strict law. When once emulation as to the quality and rarity of edibles to be set before the association arises in the breasts of ambitious housewives, jealousy and sorrow are apt to follow. In all this associate work for women the interests of the home and the children are advanced, and the busiest housekeeper will be better fitted for her duties by the discipline and help coming to her from the club, granted, of course, that extremes are avoided, and the objects of outside interest kept from undue encroachment upon her time.



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EDITOR'S NOTE—This article is the third of a series of five, in which the physical, mental and social life of a farmer's wife is discussed. In the JOURNAL of September, 1894, Miss Jay wrote of "The Farmer's Wife and Her Boys," and in the issue of November, 1894, of "The Work of a Farmer's Wife."

GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE PLANTS

By Eben E. Rexford



THIS season of the year, when the question of what to get or what not to get is being considered by flower lovers all over the land, it is my purpose to describe some of the best plants for the garden and greenhouse. I shall have nothing to say about "novelties," but confine myself to new varieties of plants that have been tested and proved meritorious, and which I can heartily recommend to those who want "something good."

The class of plants introduced some years ago under the name of Zanzibar Balsam has proved to be one of the most useful and attractive of all for greenhouse culture. It succeeds well with ordinary care, blossoms profusely and almost constantly, and has that bright, cheerful look which makes it a favorite everywhere. The original variety was a bright rosy carmine. The new varieties give us new colors and new shades of the original color. Queen Carola has flowers of a bright salmon rose. Hybrida has varying shades of color, ranging from soft pink to a deep red, and because of this peculiarity it is a most striking plant. King Albert is a delicate crimson. Variegata is a beautiful variety, having leaves edged and blotched with creamy white. Against this background of white and green its carmine flowers show charmingly. If you want something for the greenhouse that will give you no more trouble than a Geranium try any or all of the above. Give them a rich, light soil, plenty of water, partial shade, and be sure to shower them daily.

THE STREPTOCARPUS

THIS is a member of the Primrose family, but quite unlike any of the varieties in general cultivation. It sends up a great number of spikes bearing small flowers in loose clusters. It blooms freely, and for months at a time. Color, white tinged with lilac, sometimes with greenish yellow. Those who have grown *Primula Obconica*, and been pleased with it, will be sure to like this plant. Just here let me say that of late years great improvements have been made in Primroses, and we now have not only new classes but new colors of great richness, among the new varieties of the well-known old Chinese class. Some of them are very large and all are very fine.

Among the new Ferns one of the most noticeable is *Pteris Victoria*. This variety has foliage of a very firm, close texture, and is, therefore, well calculated to succeed in the hands of the amateur where the varieties having delicate leaves frequently fail. The sterile fronds are much wider than the fertile ones, and grow close to the soil, but spreading well over the pot. In color they are a bright green, marked along the centre with white. The fertile fronds are thrown well above the others, and because they are so much narrower they seem to belong to another variety, and many persons often refuse to believe that the wide and narrow fronds grow from the same roots until convinced by examination. This variety is excellent for sitting-room culture, being able, because of its thick, firm texture, to withstand the effects of heat and dust and dry air better than any of the ordinary varieties.

SOLANUM AZUREUM

THOSE who have grown the old *Solanum jasminoides*, with its white flowers, will be pleased to know that in the variety named above we have a splendid acquisition for greenhouse culture. Its flowers are a delicate azure blue, with bright golden stamens. They are star-shaped and borne in long clusters. Because of the color and the size of the cluster the plant puts one in mind of the *Wistaria*. The flowers are succeeded by bright red berries, which remain on the plant for a long time. I have a specimen planted out in a bed in my greenhouse, which has grown vigorously during the past season. It branches freely and is trained along the rafters and over wires for many feet in all directions. The effect of the drooping clusters of lovely flowers in blue and gold is very fine, and everybody who sees the plant greatly admires it. It can be grown in pots, and kept in shrubby form by freely pinching in the plant, but this interferes with its flowering, and I would advise those who can do so to plant it out in a border and allow it to ramble to suit itself. Care must be taken to keep it free from the aphids.

GOOD PLANTS FOR HALL USE

OUR halls, as a general thing, do not have enough light to suit most plants, therefore, the list of those which succeed there is very limited. The introduction of such a plant as *Sanseveria Zeylanica* is, therefore, sure to please those who want something for hall use which will flourish and retain a healthy look under conditions which prevail there. The leaves are from two to three feet long, all sent up from thick, fleshy roots. The foliage, like the roots, is thick and fleshy, and reminds one very much, by its texture, of some of the Agaves. The main color of the leaf is a dark green. Across it, in irregular lines and blotches, runs a marking of silvery white, which gives the plant a most striking and peculiar appearance. The plant frequently flowers, but its chief merit is its foliage. It will flourish in almost any soil, and does well where other plants would speedily die. Its use should by no means be confined to the hall. It is ornamental enough for use anywhere. It requires a good-sized pot, when well established, if you would have it do its best. Be careful not to over-water if you keep it away from strong light. Evaporation takes place slowly in a shady place, and the soil may become sour, and injury to the roots result. This plant will become very popular as soon as its merits become generally known. It will stand the dry, hot air of living-rooms better than any other plant I have ever grown, except the Cactus.

PELARGONIUMS

THE late Peter Henderson used to say that there was no flower equal to the Pelargonium for late spring and early summer show, and I think he was right. They bloom more freely during their season, which is generally from April to June, than any of the Geraniums, and for richness of color and beauty of marking no other plant equals them. Because they do not bloom constantly, like their near relative, the Geranium, they have been greatly neglected of late years, but they seem likely to come into popularity again, especially for greenhouse decoration, and during the last two or three years several new varieties have been put on the market which deserve general attention. *Crimson King* is a grand sort. Its flowers are of great size, of a most brilliant crimson, heavily marked and veined with darker shades of the same color. *Victor* is very beautiful. Its flowers, which are of good size, are a rich cherry red, with white at the base of each petal. The two upper petals are marked with large blotches of maroon. One must see this beautiful variety in order to properly appreciate it. Mrs. Robert Sandiford has very wide petals which overlap each other, and have a wavy, ruffled edge which gives the flower the appearance of being double, which it is not. It is pure white and a most charming variety. *Madame Thibaut* is much like Mrs. Sandiford in form and habit, but in color it is a most delightful contrast, being a soft rosy carmine of delicate shade.

SOME NEW GERANIUMS

EACH year sees great improvement in this popular flower. M. Poirer is a single variety which the Royal Horticultural Society honored with a first-class certificate. It has trusses of great size. Color, carmine flushed with violet, the upper petals of a darker shade than the rest of the flower. Mrs. A. Blanc is a rich shade of apricot red; flowers very large, with petals of such width that the individual floret is perfectly round; a great bloomer. *Athlete* has very large round flowers, borne in enormous trusses of an exceedingly rich bright scarlet. *La Vestale* is a pure white, and a flower that remains white when exposed to the sun, unlike most of the white varieties, which take on pink tinges when bedded out or placed in a sunny window; a very free bloomer. Mrs. E. G. Hill is a beautiful salmon, with lighter shadings. The above are all single. Among the doubles we have the following desirable sorts: *Bonnat*, rich, deep, pure pink; flowers large and of fine form; trusses large; free bloomer; excellent pot-plant for summer use on porches or in greenhouse. Dr. Guyon, delicate rose, tinted with violet, and marked at the centre with white; semi-double, free-blooming, and excellent in every way. Among the Ivy-leaf section *Joan of Arc* stands at the head, with its double, pure white flowers, produced in such profusion as to literally cover the plant. This is one of the very finest varieties of this popular class of Geraniums.

THE POPULAR CHRYSANTHEMUM

EVERY year sees so many new varieties of this flower catalogued that the amateur florist grows bewildered in trying to make a selection. Last season I received a great many sorts for testing, and I would advise the amateur to select from the list I give below, as the result of the season's work and observation: The *Queen*, pure white, very large, and of fine form; robust and healthy. *Ivory*, large, full, and of fine shape; pure white. *Golden Wedding*, very fine in all ways; large flower, of the incurved class, of the richest golden yellow. Pres. W. R. Smith, self-pink, with a pleasing lilac shade; petals whorled when the flower first opens; a very fine variety. *Kioto*, a very large, incurved variety of pure yellow. *Niveus*, white, of most beautiful form and habit. This, with the *Queen* and *Ivory*, forms a trio of white varieties that cannot be excelled by any others in the long list. W. H. Lincoln, large flower of purest golden yellow; one of the prize varieties, and a most magnificent variety. *Eugene Dailedouze*, immense flower of rich, clear yellow. *Ada Spaulding* is not a new sort but it is quite equal to any of the new ones. *Pink* and white. *Lillian B. Bird*, immense flower of a peculiar pink color; an old prize-winner that holds its own against any of the newer claimants for popularity. *Cullingford*, the very best of the dark maroon or crimson sorts.

CANNAS AND COLEUSES

THERE are several very fine varieties of Cannas, among the best of which are *Duchess de Montemarte*, yellow spotted with scarlet; *Capt. De Suzzoni*, large flower of two shades of yellow, very fine and free-flowering; *Statutoire Fulconis*, cardinal red, of a soft, rich shade, a great bloomer; *General Boulanger*, canary yellow, streaked and mottled with crimson; *Chevalier Besson*, vermilion, shaded with orange; foliage dark green with purple shading.

Some very fine and distinct varieties of Coleus are: *Exquisite*, violet carmine, edged with green; *Mrs. Bement*, creamy-yellow, with green edge; *Queen Victoria*, green, edged with yellow; *Rainbow*, crimson, edged with yellow; *Shylock*, dark maroon, veined with crimson. The above are all excellent varieties for pot-culture, and succeed best under glass. The following are excellent for bedding: *Golden Bedder*, *Maroon Velvet*, *Fire-brand* and *Rainbow*.

THE MISCELLANEOUS PLANTS

WE get new varieties of Carnations yearly. Among those which I consider the best are the following: *Daybreak*, a soft, exquisite shade of pink; *Golden Gate*, one of the best, if not the best, of all the deep, rich yellow sorts; *Lizzie McGowan*, pure white, of fine form and size; *Grace Wilder*, rosy pink; *Portia*, rich scarlet; *Tidal Wave*, carmine; *Grace Darling*, peach pink, very beautiful; *Cor-sair*, a prize-winner last season; fiery scarlet, of fine form and habit, and considered one of the most promising varieties of the season.

Clematis, paniculata grandiflora, has again given a good report of itself, and under very trying conditions. Last season was very dry and hot, and the native *Clematis* soon dropped its flowers under the scorching rays of the July and August sun. Not so the variety named above. It may not be as showy as *C. Jackmanii* and others of that class, but it is really more beautiful, and will prove much better adapted to our climate than any of the French varieties. It stands our winters quite as well as the native varieties.

Coreopsis lanceolata proved to be equal to the emergency, and gave a constant and brilliant show of bloom all through the season, in spite of the severe drought. This is one of the best of border plants of recent introduction, and those who have not yet given it a place among their hardy plants should order it at once. It is excellent for cutting, its long stems making it especially valuable. If a constant succession of flowers is wanted care must be taken to remove the old flowers as soon as they begin to fade. If it is allowed to go to seed it will throw all its energies into the perfection of that undertaking, and you will soon find it without any flowers.

The new varieties of Phlox catalogued by many of our dealers in hardy plants will be found simply magnificent. I was delighted last season with some of the new sorts. The flowers are large individually, and of the richest colors, and the trusses are immense, and produced so freely as to make the plants solid masses of color. This is the finest plant we have for the border. It is perfectly hardy, and, if given a good soil to grow in, it will increase in size and beauty year after year. The rose and carmine varieties are finest of all, and should be grown with some of the white varieties in order to secure that contrast which is necessary in bringing out the full beauty of the richly-colored pink, carmine and scarlet varieties. Be sure to get some of the new Phloxes.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Rexford's answers to his correspondents, under the title of "Floral Helps and Hints," will be found on pages 28 and 29 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

People Who "Don't have any Luck with Flowers"

are the ones who need our new 1895 Catalogue of

Everything FOR THE Garden

This Catalogue is really a book of 160 pages, 9 x 11 inches, containing over 500 engravings and 8 colored plates of Seeds and Plants. And as all are drawn from nature, we show, as in a looking-glass, the best of the old and the latest of the new.

To trace advertising, and give our Catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following unusually liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash.

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who encloses us 20 cents (in stamps), we will mail the Catalogue, and also send, free of charge, our famous 50-cent Newport Collection of Seeds, containing one packet each of New White Sweet Pea "Emily Henderson," New Butterfly Pansy, New Crested Zinnia, Succession Cabbage, New York Lettuce, and Ponderosa Tomato, in a red envelope, which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order of goods selected from Catalogue to the amount of \$1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
85 & 87 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

\$255.00 FOR EARLY TOMATOES.

This wonderful Early Tomato has proved a great success for earliness, smoothness and quality. Perfect ripe fruit has been produced in less than 50 days. We offer \$255 for ripe tomatoes grown in the least number of days from day seed is planted. All climates and soils have equal chance. Full instructions with seed. We own it all.

SUREHEAD CABBAGE—is all head and sure to head, of large size, excellent quality and a good keeper. Single heads have weighed 60 lbs.

JAPANESE CLIMBING CUCUMBER—A wonderful variety from Japan, and will climb a trellis, wire netting, or any support 5 to 8 feet. Fruits early and continues throughout season; long, tender, excellent for pickling. Please all, and a wonderful curiosity.

EARLY FORTUNE POTATO, 51 bbls. given away. Earliest Potato grown, and has proved it. A Potato Grower writes: "Planted Early Fortune 5 weeks after Early Rose, and they matured together, Fortune yielding over three times as many, quality excellent, and sure to be a great favorite." We want a great test made in 1895 and will give Free one barrel of seed to growers of the largest yield from one whole potato in each State and Territory. Instructions with Potato. Cannot be obtained elsewhere. One Potato is worth \$1.00 to any person.

We will send a package each of Early Tomato, Surehead Cabbage, Japanese Climbing Cucumber, and one whole Early Fortune Potato (packed from frost) with a Garden Annual, (nothing published like it) for only 25 cents. If you send silver or M. O. we will add Free a Floral Calendar for 1895, a work of art in colors. Order at once. Address FAIRVIEW SEED FARM, Box 25, Rose Hill, N. Y.

City Folks

can grow D. & C. Roses as well as other folks. They are on their own roots and will grow in a pot as well as anywhere. How to select them—get them—grow them, is told in the *New Guide to Rose Culture*. This book treats of all other flowers as well and contains many attractive special offers. If you so request we will send it free and a sample copy of our floral magazine, *Success With Flowers*.

Dingee & Conard Co., West Grove, Pa.

SEEDS

As a means of introducing three special and exclusive varieties, we will send post-paid for 10 cts. one packet each of our famous new Southport Early Red Globe Onion Seed, Crosman's New Golden King Lettuce, and Columbian Prize Tomato, together with our beautiful illustrated Garden and Farm Annual of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, free, which is alone worth the price. These very choice varieties cannot be procured elsewhere.

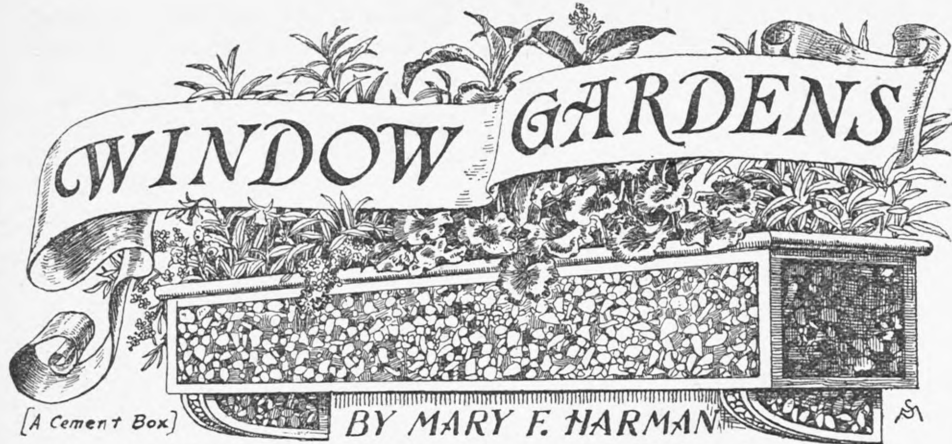
CROSMAN BROS., Rochester, N. Y.

SEEDS FREE

VEGETABLE GARDEN. 8 Grand Sorts
Perfected Turnip Beet, best and earliest. Surehead Cabbage, large sure header. Ever-bearing Cucumber, bears continuously. Morning Hustler Lettuce, earliest, large, crisp. Prize-taker Onion, biggest, mildest, best. Summer Radishes, mixed, 15 best early sorts. Fordhook Squash, delicious, early, sure cropper. Tomato, earliest on record, worth 25c. alone. One packet each of above grand vegetables mailed for 10 cents. A 10-cent check is put in each lot which check may be returned to us with an order for seeds and get 10 cents worth FREE. So this lot is really a free trial. Catalogue of 1400 best sorts FREE. 8 Seed Farms. 2 Warehouses.

J. J. BELL, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

NEW FLOWERS, Roses, Seeds and Bulbs packet each Sunshine Pansies, Dbl. Dladem Pink, Fairy Popples, Sweet Peas, Sweet Alyssum—5 pkts. and Catalog only 10c. ALFRED F. CONARD, Box 4, West Grove, Pa.



[A Cement Box]

BY MARY F. HARMAN

With Illustrations by F. Schuyler Matthews

COST OF WINDOW GARDENS

ALL window boxes should be supplied with a galvanized iron trough with holes in the bottom for drainage. This iron pan will cost one dollar and twenty-five cents.

The window box indicated in the illustrated heading to this article is built of 3/8-inch-thick wood, bound at the edges with wood of the same thickness, and the sunken spaces thus formed are filled with Portland cement (mixed with half as much sand), in which are imbedded bits of colored glass, pebbles or chips of prettily-colored granite or other stone. The box without the metal pan will cost five dollars and fifty cents.

The glass window in Illustration B consists of seven sashes and a shallow box beneath, which may be separated from the sashes for service during the summer season. The window complete has been made to resemble the drawing at a cost of thirty dollars. If the diamond panes in the sashes are left off the cost may be reduced about three dollars and fifty cents. The woodwork should be as simple as possible. Such a window, intended particularly for winter service, can be held together by screws, bolts and hooks and eyes. It can be constructed so it shall be weather-proof, and it can be taken to pieces in half an hour's time. Without the slanting roof the cost may be reduced.

THE CHOICE OF PLANTS

TASTE must be used in the combination of flowers, however, otherwise the window garden will be a defect instead of an ornament to the street.

A mingling of Sweet Alyssum and Blue Lobelia with a fringe of vines is beautiful, but a box of variegated Petunias must bloom alone, to have their beauty truly effective. It is said that at Nantucket boxes filled with Daisies, Buttercups and red and white Clovers, which had been raised from the seeds, were a mass of bloom all summer long during a recent season; but it is doubtful if these would thrive in the smoke-laden atmosphere of the city. To have plants do well anywhere it is necessary that the moisture should be supplied to the part which is above ground as well as to the roots, and in the absence of a florist's syringe a sponge dipped in water and squeezed over them every few days would much improve their growth by cleansing them from dust and opening the pores. The water for this sponging process may be softened with a little Castile soap and a few drops of ammonia.

PLACING THE BOXES

IN a beautiful hill town of Massachusetts the window box is frequently a part of the house. Here it does not rest on the window-sill, but is set a little way below it and within easy reach. A lattice, made of pointed strips of wood, ornaments it in front, and this is painted to match the house, which is generally of a reddish brown or a dark mastic. Ordinary wooden washtubs are sometimes used as receptacles for growing flowers and vines, and their decoration is achieved in a novel way. The outsides of the tubs are covered thickly with cement, and while this is wet strips of bark alternated with rows of pebbles of various shapes and sizes are imbedded in its surface. This soon becomes firm and hard, entirely disguising the character of the foundation. Boxes of this sort look well if set upon the posts of the entrance gates to country houses, and a very effective vine to fill them with is the Cobia Scandens, which grows rapidly and is exceedingly handsome with its large purple blossoms and showy leaves. Tradescanti (Wandering Jew) and German Ivy are also available, being rapid-growing vines, and the Nasturtium is always beautiful and a constant bloomer.

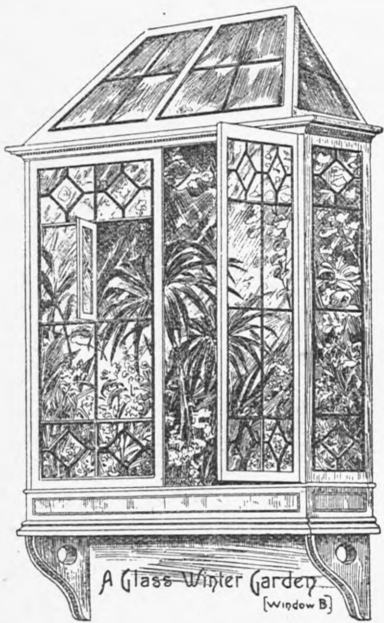
When growing the latter it is well to cut off a good many of the leaves, as they are produced so plentifully that they often hide the blossoms. Do not give them a very rich soil. If you do they will make rank growth of branch and give but few flowers.

THE custom which prevails everywhere in Europe of filling the windows with boxes of growing plants in summer is slowly gaining a foothold in this country. One may walk block after block in certain residence streets of New York without seeing a flower or a tree or any bit of green whatever; but in some other quarters the beauty of the window box is beginning to be appreciated.

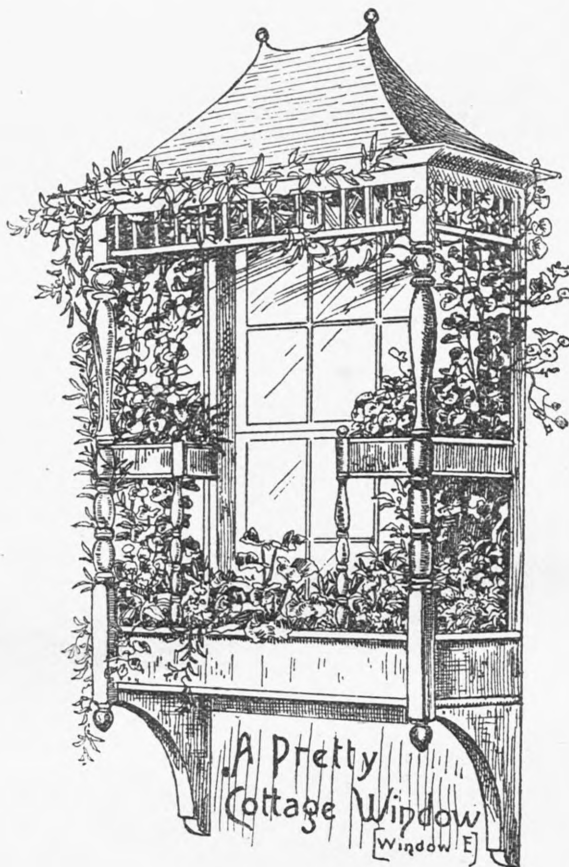
One family who spend the entire season out of town, leave every summer an evidence of their thoughtfulness for those who have not that privilege, in the beautiful plants and vines which fill every window, making gay and bright the otherwise monotonous stretch of sombre brown-stone.

BOXES FOR WINDOW GARDENS

WOODEN boxes are best adapted for this purpose. They should be about eight inches deep and as long and wide as the sill of the window will admit. A writer in "Garden and Forest" makes a sugges-



A Glass Winter Garden [Window B]



A Pretty Cottage Window [Window E]

Box C can be made for three dollars and seventy-five cents without the bead moulding, or just as the drawing shows for about five dollars. It should be painted cream color.

Box D is a plain box painted hemlock dark brown in color, with split or half-round pieces of spruce or cedar nailed over in the pattern suggested, or one a trifle simpler. This box may be made for three dollars and fifty cents.

Window E will adapt itself prettily to trailing vines and small flowering shrubs. It can be enclosed in glass for winter use at a cost of six dollars extra. When complete it should not cost over twenty-four dollars; without the peaked roof twenty dollars.

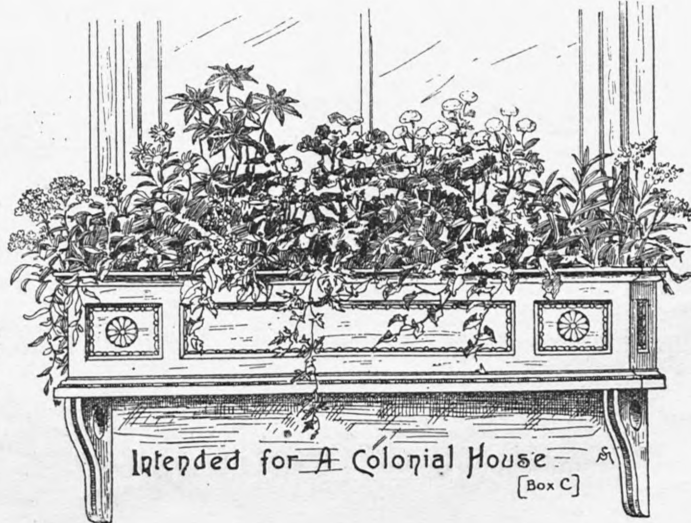
All these boxes may be securely fastened to the woodwork of the house window by iron straps or brackets, which any blacksmith will make at a moderate cost.

tion which seems a wise one. He says that a partition should be put lengthwise in the front of the box, leaving an air space of about half an inch in order to keep the plant roots as cool as possible; but this, of course, only when they are to occupy sunny windows. Paint the box a dark green or brown, and trust to plenty of vines to ornament it. Tile boxes are heavy and expensive and the plants do not thrive nearly so well in them as in the wooden ones. Three inches of broken charcoal for drainage, with a thin slice of sod, grass side down, to keep the soil from washing through, is a good foundation. A few holes bored in each end near the bottom are also essential, and the soil should be rich, with a mulch of some sort on top.

Scarlet-flowered Geraniums are the most showy plants for these window boxes, and an edging of Periwinkle vine and a little Blue Lobelia set in front are very effective.



This Costs but \$3.50 to Make [Box D]



Intended for A Colonial House [Box C]

MORE THAN \$1.00 for 25 cts.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

Rare Seeds at Less than a Quarter their Value
A special and unequalled offer for trial to gain new customers by a well-known Philadelphia firm of Seed Growers. The varieties embrace the most beautiful novelties, and have been grown at FORDHOOK FARM, famous as one of the model seed farms of the world.

BURPEE'S Gem Collection for 1895

contains one packet each of the New Aster White Branching, with immense double Chrysanthemum-like flowers in great profusion, alone 15c. per pkt.; New Petunia Burpee's Defiance Largest Flowering Mixed, flowers measuring over five inches in diameter; \$145.00 in cash prizes for the largest blooms—the finest Petunias in the world, never sold for less than 25c. per pkt. Imperial German Pansies Splendid Mixed, more than fifty colors of the brightest and best Pansies. New Royal Dwarf Purple Cockscomb of immense size and great perfection. Marigold Legion of Honor, a novelty of rare and unusual beauty. New Calendula Giant Flowering Golden Yellow, immense light yellow flowers, perfectly Double. All-Boys, Cornuta, an annual variety, old but little known. Choice Coleus, with grand leaves of many brilliant hues. New Yellow Dolichos, a distinct novelty and the New Brazilian Morning Glory, large flowering, quite distinct both in foliage and flower.

The ten packets named above, purchased from us or any other seedsmen would amount to \$1.20 at regular cash prices. We will, however, send all ten varieties, with full directions for culture, printed on each packet—The Complete COLLECTION for only 25 CENTS, or five complete collections for \$1.00. Never before have such rare and valuable seeds of the most beautiful flowers been offered at such a nominal price. We hope to make thousands of new customers and we guarantee perfect satisfaction to every purchaser.

To each one who asks for it we will also send FREE BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1895 a handsome book of 174 pages, well known as the "Leading American Seed Catalogue," or A Bright Book about Seeds, novel and unique.

If with the silver quarter you inclose two 2c. stamps (or thirty cents in stamps altogether) besides the entire collection of seeds and other of the catalogues named, we will also send you a superb work of art entitled "A Year's Work at Fordhook Farm;" this beautiful book gives many pictures from photographs of America's Model Seed Farm. \$5 WHITE TO-DAY as this advertisement will not appear again and such value was never before offered for so little money. \$5 Catalogues alone FREE to any address

W. ATLEE BURPEE & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

50c. BARGAINS IN ROSES and PLANTS.

We want your trade, hence we offer these cheap bargains well knowing that once a customer of ours, always a customer. Please tell your neighbors about it.

- Set A—10 Ever-blooming Roses, 10 Colors... 50c
- " B—10 Prize Winning Chrysanthemums 50c
- " C—10 Lovely Fuchsias, all different... 50c
- " D—8 Fragrant Carnation Pinks... 50c
- " E—15 Choicest Rainbow Pansies... 50c
- " F—2 Sweet Scented double Tube Roses 50c
- " G—10 Elegant Geraniums, all different 50c
- " H—8 Flowering Begonias, choice kinds 50c
- " J—10 Vines and Plants, suitable for Vases and Baskets... 50c
- " K—12 Magnificent Coleus, bright colors 50c
- " L—4 Choice Decorative Palms, elegant 50c
- " M—4 Dwarf Ever-blooming Fr. Cannas 50c
- " N—20 Packets Flower Seeds, all kinds 50c

NO TWO ALIKE IN THESE SETS.

Any 3 sets for \$1.25, any 5 for \$2. By mail postpaid, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Order by the letters from this advertisement now as these introductory sets not in catalogue. This book contains everything you need for the garden and house. We mail it for 10c. in stamps. We are the largest rose growers in the world. Over one and a half million roses sold each year.

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Champion City Greenhouses,
Box 8 SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

Delicate, Dainty, Lovely

SWEET PEAS

20 Varieties of the Newest 10 cts. mixed in one large one ounce packet—together with our handsome and original SEED CATALOGUE. Send at once.

JOHNSON & STOKES
217 and 219 Market Street, Philadelphia

Sweet Peas, FREE

RICHARDSON'S GRAND BOUQUET COLLECTION
Comprising, Blanche Ferry, Senator, Lottie Eckford, Borenton, Isa Eckford, Eckford's Delight, Bronze Prince, Eckford's Gilt Edge, and a score of other beautiful Californian Giant Sweet Peas. All of the above charming sorts, about one oz. of seed (enough for a hedge), sent postpaid to any address for 25 cents, well worth \$1.00. To introduce our beautiful flowers we have decided to make a present of our charming \$1.00 Collection of Rare New Flowers to all who send for the above New Sweet Peas. 1 packet of each of the following absolutely FREE: New Giant Phlox, Double Snowball Pink, Double Fireball Pink, New Dwarf Chinese Poppies and Mammoth Royal Prize Pansies; also a free copy of our beautiful illustrated Catalogue for 1895, containing a 25-cent premium coupon (which makes all of the above charming flowers come FREE). Our catalogue contains hundreds of charming new plants and flowers and many rare bargains. Address O. M. RICHARDSON & CO., Florists and Seedsmen, Canton, Oxford Co., Maine. N. B.—Get a friend to send with you and we will include another beautiful novelty for your trouble.

Seeds and Bulbs

GIVEN AWAY The Choicest Collection and best offer ever made. We want every reader of this magazine to try this collection: 1 pkt. Lovely Marguerite Carnation; 1 pkt. Fuller's Perfection Pansy; 1 pkt. Snow Queen Pansy; pure satin white; 1 pkt. Balsam; 1 pkt. Floral Park Giant Phlox; 1 pkt. Sweet Pea; 1 pkt. Mignonette; 1 pkt. Giant Zinnia; 1 pkt. Poppy Bridesmaid; 1 pkt. Aster; 1 Bulb Lovely Tuberosa; 1 Bulb New Seedling Gladiol; 8 Bulbs Oxalis, free bloomers. The above collection, 10 packets seeds, 10 Bulbs and our Bargain Catalogue mailed free on following conditions: send us 25 cents to pay postage and packing. We will include in each collection a check good for 20 cents.

J. ROSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N.Y.

CHRYSANthemUMS

Wm. G. McTEAR, Princeton, N. J.



New Chrysanthemum Seed

These charming new types of Chrysanthemum from Japan bloom the first year from seed. They embrace all styles, varieties and colors, including the exquisite new Ostrich Plume types, Rosette, Globes, Embroidered, Miniature and Mammoth. Sow the seed this spring and the plants will bloom profusely this fall, either in pots or in the garden. From a packet of this seed one may have a most magnificent show of rare beauties. Price 25c. per pkt., or FOR ONLY 30c. WE WILL MAIL ALL OF THE FOLLOWING:

- 1 pkt. NEW JAPANESE CHRYSANTHEMUM Seed.
- 1 pkt. BEGONIA VERNON, mixed, finest of all.
- 1 pkt. GIANT WHITE SPIDER FLOWER, new.
- 1 pkt. JAPANESE WINEBERRY, king of berries.
- 1 pkt. NEW SPOON GOULD, curious and useful.
- 5 bulbs NAMED GLADIOLUS, 1 each of White, Pink, Scarlet, Yellow and Variegated.
- 8 bulbs MAMMOTH OXALIS, different colors.
- 1 bulb VARIEGATED TUBEROSE, Orange flowers.
- 1 bulb ZEPHYR FLOWER, a perfect fairy-like gem, and our GREAT CATALOGUE with 9 magnificent colored plates and covers, and sample copy of the MAYFLOWER with two great chromo plates. These 5 packets of seed Novelties and 10 choice Bulbs (worth \$1.50) will all flower this season, and we send them for 30 CENTS only to introduce our superior stock. 4 collections for \$1.00. Catalogue will not be sent unless asked for, as you may already have it.

Order at once, as this Offer may not appear again. Send us the names of 5 or 10 of your neighbors who love flowers and we will add 5 fine Novelties, FREE.

OUR CATALOGUE of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and Rare new Fruits is the finest ever issued; profusely illustrated with elegant cuts and colored plates. We offer the choicest standard sorts and finest Novelties. We are headquarters for all that is New, Rare and Beautiful. This elegant Catalogue will be sent for 20c., or FREE if you order the articles here offered.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N.Y.

Our Flower Girl Collection

The four famous flowers, CANNAS, PANSIES, NASTURTIUMS and SWEET PEAS as shown at the World's Fair in Vaughan's Cannas groups, Pansy beds and in cut flowers, each received highest award, and together made ours the finest general floral display.



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Fathers AND Mothers

Advice of physicians of every school is don't give tea or coffee to your children. Seeley's Candied Malt Coffee is a grateful and wholesome substitute. Children like it and it makes them strong, rosy and healthy—a quart sample and circular sent for 4 cents in stamps. **ROSENSTEIN BROS., Importers, 2945 Washington St., New York.**

ACRE APPLES, \$1493 Write NURSERY and ORCHARDS, Louisiana, Mo., for free sample copy telling about it. A practical Fruit and Farm paper, published by STARK BROS., 40c. a year. Circulation, 460,000 copies.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

E. L. O.—Apply hellebore to the under side of your Rose bushes, or use Fir Tree oil.

F. M. H.—You can obtain Palm seed of almost any florist. Write to those advertising in the JOURNAL.

Mrs. C. A. S.—I know very little about growing vegetables. Ask some seedsman and he will doubtless tell you how to grow Brussels Sprouts.

H. F. F.—The "Beefsteak plant," about which you inquire, is a Begonia. You will find it catalogued as *nigricans*, if dealers still handle it. *Metallica* is a variety originating from the old sort.

A. M. L. G.—I presume your Rose was a grafted one, and that the thrifty new growth is from the root upon which the graft was set. Manetti stock is generally used, and this seldom flowers.

Mrs. J. F. writes in reply to an inquiry about saving seed of the perennial Phlox that the pods must be gathered just as they are ready to burst. If you wait until they open you will get no seed.

Mrs. W. F.—If your Rubber plant has brown spots on the leaves, some insect is doubtless at work. Wash it well with soapy water. (2) Hang your Geraniums in a cool place. It should be frost-proof, of course, but never warm.

Mrs. M. S.—The Ageratum is a good greenhouse plant for winter flowering. It does not do as well in the living-room because the air there is generally dry and this encourages attacks of the red spider, which soon damages the plant very much.

M. C. P.—Smilax requires a rich, light, sandy soil. Give considerable water while growing. Whenever a plant needs a rest you will be sure to know it because the leaves will ripen, turn yellow and drop off; then give but little water and let the plant rest for at least two months.

NETTIE—The star-shaped white flower is *Solanum jasminoides*. (2) You do not say that you shower your Begonias, but from what you tell me about the blistering of the leaves I infer that you sprinkle them, and that the sun, shining on the leaves while drops of water are there, causes the blisters.

M. P. B.—One of the prettiest vines for training along the rafters of your greenhouse is *Passiflora variegata*. The leaves are brightly blotched and spotted with clear yellow on a dark green ground. It is a very rapid grower and a free bloomer. Its flowers are white marked with bluish pink.

A. S. F.—Mad. Plautier Rose is not a hybrid perpetual. It blooms with wonderful freedom in June and July. Its flowers are not large, but there are so many of them that the branches are literally loaded with them. It is a pure milk-white and quite hardy. It is, therefore, well adapted for cemetery use.

N. M.—The cream-colored Rose, of which you lost the name, might have been Sunset, as your description answers very well for that variety. Perle des Jardins is a rich yellow, not at all on the cream shade. Roses do not like a soil of leaf-mould. They prefer a heavier soil, in which there is considerable clay.

INQUIRER—The Lemon Verbena is in no sense a Verbena. How it came to be called so I cannot tell you. It is a deciduous plant, and does best when kept in the cellar through the winter. Its flowers are insignificant. It is valued solely because of its refreshing fragrance. It is very useful for bouquet work. It can be grown from cuttings of half-ripened wood.

E. M. H.—Marguerite Carnations are not as desirable for house culture as the ordinary greenhouse sorts. (2) Tea Roses usually bloom from seed the second year. (3) Polyanthuses frequently bloom the first season. (4) Freesias from seed I have had no experience with, consequently I cannot answer your question regarding them. (5) The Violet should be grown from root-cuttings.

HAZEL—I presume your Jacqueminot Rose does not bloom because it was a grafted plant originally, and the graft has died off, and the strong growth of which you speak is sent up from the roots, below where the graft was. The stock on which Roses are grafted is generally of some non-blooming variety, consequently shoots sent up from it seldom bloom. In taking your plant from the old one you probably got one of these shoots.

B. T.—There are no fixed rules about Chrysanthemum shows among amateurs. Generally prizes are offered for the best specimen plant, for the best single flower of one color or several, and for the largest collection of fine varieties. These matters should be talked over by the members of the flower club, and decided on between them early in the season, so that all desiring to compete for prizes can know just what to do in growing and training plants during the summer.

J. D. S.—Apply Fir Tree oil soap to your Rose bushes, and the green lice of whose ravages you complain will soon take their departure. To make a Rose jar, put a layer of Rose petals in the bottom of a jar, then sprinkle on coarse salt; close snugly. Whenever you get more leaves add them, sprinkling with salt each time. Cloves, cinnamon and spices of various kinds can be added if thought best, but I prefer Rose leaves alone. The odor that you get has the real Attar-of-Roses sweetness, while, where spices are used, you get something quite unlike the true Rose fragrance.

AMATEUR—Gloriosum, though not a new variety, is still one of the best yellow Chrysanthemums. Niveus is an excellent white. So is Ivory. Kioto is a fine yellow variety. So is Geo. S. Conover. Cullingfordii is equal to any of the new kinds in the dark maroon section. Ada Spaulding is one of the best pink varieties. The Chrysanthemum of the season seems to be Philadelphia, a very large, globular flower of a peculiar lemon yellow. Such "improvements" are being made in Chrysanthemums each year—looking at the matter from the professional florist's standpoint—that a good variety of this season's introduction may be relegated to the background next season.

E.—Gladiolus bulbs are increased by the formation of new bulbs beneath the old one, which generally dies off. These new bulbs will bloom next season. (2) *Hyacinthus candicans* blooms year after year. (3) I do not know enough about the climate of Texas to be able to give you any advice about the treatment required there by bulbous plants. I presume the "black, waxy soil" you speak of is not suited to the requirements of the Rose, hence the failure of your plants to grow. I would add some sand to it. (4) "The busy woman" will find hardy, herbaceous plants more satisfactory than annuals, as they require but little care, and give generous crops of flowers which extend over a considerable portion of the season if a good selection of varieties is made.

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| " Q—6 hardy Climbing Vines, 6 sorts . . . 50c | |
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We will also send our Iron Clad Collection of 14 Hardy Roses, all different colors, \$1. Try a set. 20 Chrysanthemums, all prize winners, \$1. 16 Geraniums, double and single, flowered and scented, \$1. 15 choice Begonias, different kinds, \$1. 40 packets choice Flower Seeds, all different kinds, \$1. Our handsome, illustrated Catalogue, describing above Roses, Plants and all Seeds, mailed for 10 cts. stamps. Don't place your order before seeing our prices. WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY. We have large two year old roses for immediate effect. Liberal premiums to club raisers, or how to get your seeds and plants free. We are the LARGEST ROSE CROWERS IN THE WORLD. Our Tea of Rose Plants alone last season exceeded a million and a half. When you order Roses, Plants and Seeds, you want the very best. Try us.

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These roses are fine healthy plants and will bloom all this Summer in pots or planted out. We guarantee them to be by far the best 50 cents you ever invested in Roses, as follows:

Ruby Gold, beautiful shades of copper and gold. Duchess de Brabant, flesh color, the old favorite. Madame de Watteville, the famous Tulip Rose. Snowflake, pure white, always in bloom. Meteor, rich velvety crimson, none better. La France, silvery peach and rose, a beauty. Sunset, tawny shade of yellow, very rich. Isabella Sprunt, deep rich yellow. Princess Sagan, richest scarlet, very bright. Marie Van Houtte, creamy white and yellow. Grace Darling, satiny pink, elegant. Honore Defresne, yellow, flushed pink, charming. Marie Guillott, pure white, tinted lemon.

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46 "FORTY & SIX YEARS" 46

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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

BEULAH—The Wild Carrot is said to be poisonous if eaten.

L. B. S.—The plant of which you send specimen is a Euphorbia.

D. S.—I do not know of any school in which floral decoration is taught.

A. E. K.—The Acacia would hardly be able to stand a Northern winter out-of-doors.

R. F. G.—An article on the "Cultivation of the Cactus" appeared in the last January JOURNAL.

MRS. V. C. W.—Your Rose is evidently troubled with mildew. Apply flour of sulphur when the foliage is moist.

MRS. T. G. S.—Sow seed of the Chrysanthemum precisely as you would sow the seed of any plant. It requires no special treatment.

F. J.—*Linum trigynum* should be planted out in the garden in summer. A spoonful of bonemeal to a six-inch pot is enough for one application.

MISS G. F.—The flower of which you send specimen is an annual Hibiscus, sometimes called "Flower-of-an-Hour," because of its brief life.

P. C. F.—There is no hardy yellow climbing Rose. At the South, Marechal Niel and Solferino are hardy, and Gloire de Dijon is one of the stand-bys.

FRANCES—Do not repot your Fuchsias before putting them in the cellar. Do this when you bring them up in spring, as soon as they have begun to grow.

A. H.—Water Hyacinths can be wintered in the cellar safely. They must be kept away from frost, and yet not kept warm enough to start the plants into growth.

MRS. H. N.—There is a white Oleander, but it is not as floriferous as the pink variety, and its flowers are not as double. There is also a pale, sulphur-yellow variety.

R. M.—Dainty little presents can be made for your friends from Rose petals—sachets, perfume bags to hang here and there about the room or dressing-case, and the like.

M. F. J.—Let the shoot grow which your Rose has sent up from its roots. From such shoots you will get your largest and finest flowers and the largest number of them.

MRS. A. W. C.—It is not at all surprising that your Passion Flower has failed to bloom if you have kept it in a six-inch pot. It should have had at least a ten or a twelve inch pot.

M. C. C.—A good brass syringe with two sizes of nozzles for spraying, and one for throwing a stream, will cost you from two dollars and a half to five dollars, according to size.

E. P.—The plant of which you send leaf is a Maranta. It requires a rich, light, spongy soil, considerable warmth, water and shade. It is grown wholly for its beautiful foliage.

MRS. A. W. G.—I would advise planting the shady place you speak of with Lily-of-the-Valley. This flower likes shade, and lives for years. The Funkia would do very well there, also.

COSMOPOLITAN—I know of no way of preventing or getting rid of the worms that infest Elms. If the trees were small they could be sprayed effectively, but this could not be done where they are large.

CHRYS—Chrysanthemums winter more certainly in the cellar than out-of-doors. (2) Tulips, Hyacinths and Freesias are best adapted to window culture. (3) The best vine for the house is the English Ivy.

J. H. V.—The plant of which you send specimen is not an Ageratum, but a Eupatorium. It is a winter bloomer. Its flowers are white, shaped like those of the Ageratum. It is one of our best winter flowers.

M. L. W.—A Rubber plant cannot be propagated by its leaves. You probably have in mind the Gloxinia and Rex Begonia. The Ficus must be grown from cuttings, stuck in sand, which must be kept moist and warm.

M. F. W.—Plant your Water Lilies in spring. Tie a stone to the roots and drop them in the mucky soil at the bottom of your pond, where the water is two or three feet deep. I cannot say whether German carp would trouble the roots or avoid them.

R. L.—The Bermuda Easter Lily—*L. Harisii* of the catalogues—does very well in the sitting-room if not given too high a temperature. It is much surer to do well there than *L. candidum*, which variety it closely resembles in form and size of flower.

MISS A.—I cannot tell why your Cape Jasmine does not bloom. The soil may not be what it ought to be. It should be a light, rich, sandy loam. The plant may not get as much water as it ought to have. It requires a liberal supply when growing and flowering.

E. A. W.—Your experience with Cosmos is not exceptional. It is a flower that comes into bloom very late in the season, and at the North it seldom gives satisfaction because the season is too short for it. It must be started very early, in order to get it to bloom before frost comes.

MRS. J. F. B.—If your Cactus is in a healthy condition it certainly ought to bloom, but if it has failed to do so for fifteen years there must be something wrong somewhere. I would advise you to consult some local florist, who can look it over and perhaps hit on the cause of the trouble.

SUBSCRIBER—I never advise keeping over bulbs that have been forced for a second season, because they cannot be depended on. They may bloom and they may not. The chances are that they will not. In order to avoid possible disappointment it is advisable to buy strong, fresh bulbs each season.

MRS. T. E. T.—Shirley Poppies are most charming flowers. They are of the most brilliant scarlet, and a group of them will make a perfect blaze of color on your lawn. If you want a bit of yellow to afford contrast and heighten the effect, plant a root of *Coreopsis lanceolata* near them. Both are hardy plants.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—All bulbs which have been forced into bloom in the house are so exhausted by the process that they are comparatively worthless thereafter. While they may bloom a second time they cannot be depended on to do so. (2) The Little Gem Calla requires the same treatment as the old variety.

A. B.—Bignonia or Trumpet Vine is not quite hardy at the North unless taken from its trellis and laid down during the winter. With me unprotected vines generally kill to the ground. I am preparing for the April JOURNAL an article on vines which will fully answer all your questions regarding this class of plants.

E. B.—Fuchsias do not like strong sunshine. They prefer a semi-shaded place. They must be given plenty of water at the roots, good-sized pots to grow in, and kept free from insects. (2) Tea Roses should be cut back after each period of flowering. New growth will take place, and on this flowers will be produced.

H. L. G.—There are so many varieties of Orchids that it would be impossible for me to give any detailed instruction regarding them or their culture in this department. Some can be grown in cool houses and some require a high temperature. Some are comparatively cheap and some are very expensive. I know of no work on their culture which would be of benefit to the amateur.

E. M. K.—The plant of which you send branch is Euonymus. It is grown for its foliage, which is so bright and pleasing that it is always "a thing of beauty." It is an excellent plant for use among flowering plants whose foliage is sparse or not particularly attractive. There is a variety having rich markings of pure yellow on a bright green ground that is worthy a place in any collection.

M. H.—If your Heliotropes grow well when out-of-doors and begin to turn brown and drop their leaves as soon as taken into the house, you may be very sure that the trouble comes from the condition of the air in the room in which you keep them. Do you use coal or gas? If so this will explain the trouble, as we have no plant more easily affected by fumes from illuminating gas or coal fires.

MRS. S. E. M.—The pink flower is a Mesembryanthemum. (2) The Strawberry Geranium is catalogued as *Saxifraga sarmentosa*. The first name is a popular one given because of some resemblance in the habit of growth to the garden Strawberry, also because of the similarity in shape of leaf to the Geranium. (3) The Hydrangea, when in bloom, should be kept in partial shade, and water should be given very liberally.

C. C. C.—To crystallize grasses take alum and dissolve it in warm water. Use about a pint of water to a pound of alum. When entirely dissolved dip your grasses in the solution while still warm, but not hot, and allow them to remain until the solution cools. If of proper strength you will find the alum precipitating in crystals on the grass. A little experimenting may be necessary to get a proper proportion of alum and water.

MRS. J. G.—Rex Begonias like moisture in the atmosphere, but do not like to have their leaves showered. On this account it is not often that we see them growing well in the living-room, the air there being too dry for them. They do not require a great deal of moisture at the roots. There are some varieties much better adapted to house culture than others. Among these I would name Louis Chretien, Albia and Magnifica.

M. L. P.—This correspondent asks what manure to use on plants, but does not say whether these plants are in pots or in the open ground. For plants in the ground there is no better fertilizer than old, thoroughly rotted cow manure. Horse manure is too heating. Hen manure is too strong to use on many plants. In case you find it difficult to get good manure try bonemeal. If you want a fertilizer for pot plants use Food for Flowers.

MRS. J. A. N.—Get Narcissus in the fall. You can plant out Hyacinths which have blossomed in the house if you do not care to throw them away, but I would not advise you to save them for winter flowering, because, as I have repeatedly said, they cannot be depended on to give a second crop of flowers after being forced. The process is an unnatural one, and destroys the vitality of the bulbs to such an extent that they are, as a general thing, worthless.

F. M. E.—The only remedy for red spider is water applied liberally and often. Keep the air as moist as it should be for healthy plant growth and you will not be troubled with this pest. This, however, it is next to impossible to do in the living-room, and it is a good plan to dip your plants in a tub of water, allowing them to remain under the surface for ten or fifteen minutes each time. Do this once a week, and do not neglect to sprinkle or shower them between times.

ANNIE—Your Tuberoses may not have received proper treatment. Perhaps they were old bulbs, from which one crop of flowers had been produced. They do not bloom a second time. In summer they do best planted out in rich, light beds of somewhat sandy soil, in a warm corner of the garden. In winter the bulbs should be kept in a warm place, wrapped in paper. It is not worth while to winter bulbs unless you care to increase your supply by propagating from them.

WOOD ASHES—I would advise spading the ashes into the soil to some distance from the roots of the plants. Mix them well into the soil. This can be done in spring or fall. I would not advise their use on Palms or Ficus. I have had no experience with them among Sweet Peas, therefore am unable to say what effect they would have on this flower. You ask what care old Hydrangeas thrive on, but do not mention whether you refer to the hardy Hydrangea or the greenhouse variety.

S.—Hydrangea *otaksa* is not a hardy variety. It must be grown in pots at the North, and wintered in the cellar or greenhouse. The hardy variety is *H. paniculata grandiflora*. (2) I would not dare to decide, or rather to attempt to decide, the question of which is the loveliest Rose. I might say Jacqueminot, and my neighbor might laugh at me and say La France, while another neighbor would say both were wrong, and name American Beauty as the best. It is simply a matter of taste.

M. A. G.—The Agapanthus is a fleshy-rooted plant, but has foliage like some varieties of the Amaryllis. It requires very simple treatment. Being an evergreen it should never be completely dried off, but kept growing the year round. Give it a soil of loam with some sand in it. Provide good drainage, and as the roots fill the old pot, shift to one of larger size. It generally blooms in May or June. Its flowers are like small Lilies borne in large clusters at the top of a tall stalk. They are of a delicate blue, with a light stripe down each petal. (2) I do not know what you refer to as a "New Orleans Lily," but from what you say about its having a root something like a Beet I infer that it is a member of the Crinum family.

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ART HELPS FOR ART WORKERS

BY EMMA HAYWOOD

Under this heading I will be glad to answer every month, questions relating to Art and Art work. EMMA HAYWOOD.

R. O. L.—Pencil drawings may be fixed with milk, or even a wash of plain water passed over them does much to keep them from rubbing.

ELLA S.—Mastic varnish can be used with safety on colored prints and water-colors applied to decorative purposes over a coating of size.

EGLANTINE—You probably paint too thickly on the celluloid; thin the color with a little fresh spirits of turpentine. (2) China painted with mineral colors must in all cases be fired in order to fix them and bring out their brilliancy.

M. M.—I cannot encourage the idea of trying to teach yourself designing with much hope of success. You will find the terms reasonable and the teaching good at the Art-Artisans' School, on Twenty-third Street, New York.

A SUBSCRIBER—If you use a quick-drying medium and paint thinly on glass the colors should not spread, as you describe. Some thin the paint with turpentine only, others prefer siccatif, because it gives a gloss to the work when finished.

MA BELLE—Pompador red with a very little ivory yellow thoroughly mixed with it makes an excellent local flesh tint in china painting. The Dresden color of the same name is preferable for this particular purpose; it can be used with the Lacroix colors.

J. D. McC.—You may possibly be able to get an outfit for tinting photographs transferred to convex glasses from some of the leading art stores, but the craze for it has completely died out, so that there may be some difficulty in obtaining the special materials required.

C. C. P.—It may be that the color rubbing off after what would seem to be a sufficient firing is traceable to the fact that it may have been taken from an old tube, from which the oils that serve as a vehicle had dried out; otherwise the fact is patent that the firing was not strong enough.

M. M.—I do not know of any special medium for painting on celluloid. Be sparing with the color, use a small brush and a little turpentine. Follow the same method in painting on bolting cloth or other fabrics. Turpentine should take the color off where it has spread on the celluloid.

M. T.—For painting purple flags on china all the varieties in depth of color required, from pale china blue to a rich deep violet, can be rendered with light and dark violet of gold, mixed respectively with more or less deep blue green, the little yellow tufts can be put in with silver yellow.

E. P.—You might try a little siccatif to brighten the flowers if you must have them bright, but on bolting cloth the colors ought not to look as though they were varnished. If, however, you mean that the coloring is dull in itself nothing can be done except to repaint the design or touch it up.

M. S.—Tapestry painting is a decorative art employed chiefly for making portières, screens and wall hangings; it is executed on wool or linen canvas with dyes of French manufacture. Sometimes oil paints thinned with turpentine are substituted for the proper dyes with more or less success.

MARIE—If the gilt frame is discolored there is no way of renovating it properly except by regilding. If you do not wish to go to this expense you can, as you suggest, brush it over with bronze powder liquefied with its special medium; for a time at least, if well done, the effect will be equal to regilding. Be careful to obtain a powder of good quality exactly the color of leaf gold.

MERVELLEUSE—It is quite permissible to frame pastel paintings under glass for their better preservation. (2) It is always advisable to mount a water-color drawing with a broad mat. (3) Steel engravings are not colored. Printing in color is an entirely different process. (4) The respective merits of oil and water-color painting are a matter of individual taste. The difficulties in handling them are about equal.

NINA—Gray or white marble and stone should be painted with rainbow tints so delicately suggested and blended that one is not conscious of their presence. These tints are put in regardless of light and shade, the tones of which vary according to the light thrown on the object to be reproduced. For the effect of sunlight the lights should be yellowish and vivid, while the shadows take a purple tinge. For flesh painting in sunlight the tones must be warm and bright, with strong, sharp contrasts of light and shade, as in nature; copy just what you see there.

ROSE RED—A thin wash of scarlet vermilion makes a good local flesh tint in water-colors. For shadows and half-tones take raw umber, ivory black, Venetian or Indian red, yellow ochre, raw sienna and cobalt blue; a little terre verte and pale lemon yellow may also be useful. The proportions and depth of the tints to be used must depend entirely on the complexion of the model. (2) It is impossible to say just how much clay will be needed. It is very inexpensive, and can, therefore, be ordered in quantity. It will keep for any length of time, provided it is not allowed to become dry, for then it is useless.

H. W. C.—You can make a robin's egg blue in oils with cobalt blue, a touch of yellow ochre and white. For tan or écreu use yellow ochre and white modified with ivory black; then add either a little raw sienna or burnt sienna, or both, until you match the shade you require. For reddish-pink clover take rose madder, scarlet vermilion and white for the local coloring. In the shadows introduce a little raw umber. For the foliage, a soft pale green can be made with yellow ochre, cobalt and white, while raw sienna, Antwerp blue and white gives a deeper shade, brightened here and there by adding a little chrome yellow.

J. W. M.—Terre verte is useful for flesh painting in half-tones. (2) Megilp should be used very sparingly, especially in beginning a picture. (3) By brushing it over with a strong solution of common size. (4) It is a good plan to sponge a picture with cold water if thoroughly dry after the first painting, then rub into it some prepared linseed oil, not boiled. By this means the second painting assimilates easily with that beneath. (5) Medium means the same as megilp in oil painting. (6) Zinc white is as good as any; it is not liable to discolor. (7) The same white may be used for clouds as for any other part of the picture. (8) Ivory black is good for mixing with other colors, or for glazing. There is no ready-made black that should be used for painting black. It would invariably look dull and lack richness and depth. A mixture of indigo blue, burnt sienna and crimson lake makes a beautiful, lustrous black. (9) The list you ask for would take up too much space. (10) You can use either mastic or pale copal varnish; if really of best quality the first named is less likely to turn yellow. (11) The question of using flat or round brushes is entirely a matter of individual preference.

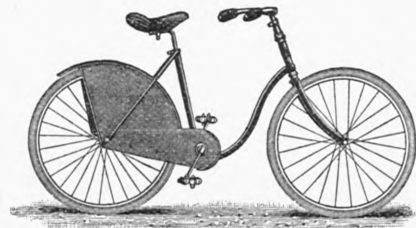
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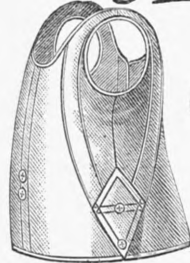
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THE EARTHQUAKE OF EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-THREE

A NEW two-part story, by Miss Marietta Holley, known so widely and favorably under the *nom de plume* of "Josiah Allen's Wife," begins in the next issue of the JOURNAL. The thousands of admirers of the work of "Josiah Allen's Wife" will welcome the reappearance in the JOURNAL of their favorite author, particularly as in this new story she portrays her popular character of "Samantha" at her best. The story has been illustrated by



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Mr. Frank T. Merrill, the well-known artist, who, in the past, has been so successful in catching the spirit of the characters in Miss Holley's stories.

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THOSE subscribers who receive their JOURNAL rolled are reminded that the opening of the outside wrapper is now made easy, as well as harmless to the magazine, by use of the black thread which runs under the outer fold of the wrapper. Simply find the string, pinch out of a bit of the wrapper, draw the thread as a tearing cutter and the parcel will open of its own motion.

THE JOURNAL'S COVER THIS MONTH

CALLS for a word of explanation, perhaps. It is the first cover design ever made for the JOURNAL by a French artist, and a better selection than Albert Lynch could not have been made. His girls are famous, and here they are at their best, dancing the "farandole," which is the National reel of middle France. What the Virginia reel is to some of our merry-makings, the "farandole" is to the French. In sunny Provence the "farandole" is danced by the villagers, arm in arm, hand in hand, through the streets and fields. Singing and dancing under the flare of big torches, the long line of men and women, boys and girls, does not melt away until the morning comes. The "farandole" is particularly a fête dance, a jubilee dance, and birthdays, festivals and marriages are celebrated with its merriment. Its movement, swing and pleasure Mr. Lynch has caught for us delightfully, and, as every great painter must, he has taught us a lesson—the beauty of happiness.

KATE GREENAWAY'S LITTLE TOTS

WILL be seen for the first time in any magazine, either in England or America, in the next issue of the JOURNAL. These little men and women, clad in their Greenaway frocks and hats, have been drawn by Miss Greenaway especially for the JOURNAL, and they will appear exclusively in this magazine. This is the first of a very pleasing series of these pictures which Miss Greenaway is now at work upon for the JOURNAL. Here is one



of her little girls, full of the spirit of the spring as she gambols across the field. Mrs. Laura E. Richards, who is so well-known to children, for her merry jingles, has written the words for Miss Greenaway's pictures, and the children of the JOURNAL will find in this new feature a special delight.

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A STORY OF BRIGHT GIRLS

THERE is a very clever and artistic little book published by the JOURNAL which any one can have for the asking. It is called "Girls Who Have Push," and here is a miniature reproduction of its cover. It tells the stories of some thirty bright girls, stories told by themselves, who wanted musical, art or other kinds of educations, yet whose parents could not afford to give them their desires. They heard of the JOURNAL's free education plans, and easily secured for themselves what their parents could not give them. This little book tells some very interesting stories showing what girls can do when they try. Just a line, sent to the Educational Bureau of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, will bring you a copy free.



THE JOURNAL'S NEXT COVER

FOR its Easter (April) number has been drawn by Mr. C. D. Gibson, the famous illustrator, whose girls are so immensely popular. Two of Mr. Gibson's most charming girls will be seen in the cover design of the April JOURNAL. Another cover by Mr. Gibson is also under way for one of the future issues of the JOURNAL.

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MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS

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

QUIN—Colonel McCaull, of comic opera fame, died at Baltimore, Maryland, in November, 1894. His wife died several years ago.

GREYTON—The Chicago Orchestra, with Theodore Thomas as conductor, was organized in 1891. (2) Composers, as a rule, have been long-lived.

ERDMAN—The scene of W. S. Gilbert's latest opera is laid in Denmark. (2) Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, is in his thirty-ninth year. (3) Sybil Sanderson is a Californian by birth.

IGNORANCE—The abbreviation Op. 3 (opus 3) after any musical composition means that the work is the third published work of that composer. We have never heard of the other abbreviation to which you allude and are unable, therefore, to enlighten you about it.

LETTICE—Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer, was born in London, England, in 1842. He was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1883. He has written several hymn tunes and is also the author of a sacred cantata, "The Prodigal Son," in addition to many other important compositions.

CURIOSITY—Very few persons of either sex have their voices cultivated to any decided extent before the age you mention, seventeen. Lack of training could not possibly affect the quality of your voice; it can only affect its development. Seventeen is a very good and a very usual age for girls to begin the study of vocalization.

RUBY—Point d'orgue is in English an organ point, and occurs when a succession of harmonies is played while a note, in one of the parts, which does not belong to all of the harmonies, is held or sustained, subject to the rule, however, that the holding note shall be a part of the first and last harmonies. "Con sordine" means "with the mute or damper on."

VIOLET—There is no royal road to the attainment of musical knowledge, and we know of no successful method of teaching music other than the one taught for many years past by the best teachers of this and other countries. There are very few persons who have attained to great proficiency in the art of music who have not given much time and constant study to it.

JAY—The "tonic" is the key-note, or the first note of a scale, i. e., the leading tone. The "dominant" is the name given to the fifth note of the scale of any key counting upward. The "sub-dominant" is the fourth note of the scale of any key counting upward, i. e., the note sub or under the dominant. Thus in the key of C natural the tonic is C, the dominant G and the sub-dominant is F.

KARL STEVENS—It will depend upon what you mean by the expression "phrasing." Bach's fugues must be played with intelligence, with proper accentuation of theme and counter theme, else they cannot be understood or appreciated by the listener. They should not, however, be played *con amore* or with romantic expression. But proper phrasing is necessary to their interpretation.

SUBSCRIBER—Beethoven was born at Bonn in Prussia, probably on December 16, 1770. His birth is registered on December 17, 1770, the custom being that births were registered the day following their occurrence. (2) In response to your query concerning the names of the men and instruments who comprise the band you mention, we would advise you to write directly to the leader of that organization.

WORRIED GIRL—It is quite out of the province of this department to pass judgment upon such a case as you submit, or to give advice in so important a matter. The only person to advise you would be the instructor with whom you have studied, who will appreciate both your abilities and limitations, and who can tell you definitely whether or not you possess the talent, musical intelligence and other requirements necessary to make a successful teacher.

LOVER OF MUSIC—For information regarding the Conservatory of Music in New York City write to that institution at 21 East Seventeenth Street, asking for catalogue and full particulars. Our opinion is that you would get what you need, moderate cultivation and instruction and opportunities to be heard, quite as readily, if not more so, in conservatories in smaller cities, doubtless in one near your home. Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Philadelphia all boast musical conservatories of merit. The likelihood of your enlarging your musical acquaintance depends entirely upon your own efforts. It is perfectly possible if you choose to make an effort in that direction.

ALEX. S.—We have never heard of the song you mention. We quote the first and last verses in case any of our readers may be able to advise us concerning it:

"There was a time, there was a time
When I was young and free,
And every day the village chimes
Brought happier days to me.

* * * * *
Oh, once again, oh, once again
Those good old days appear,
And every day the village chimes
Told happier days were near."

K. S. G.—We regret that we do not understand what you mean by the term an "illustrated musical catalogue." Whether you refer to an illustrated catalogue of musical instruments or to one containing portraits of musicians, we are unable to judge from your letter. (2) In 1709 the Elector of Hanover, afterward George I of England, offered Handel the post of Capellmeister, which the composer accepted. Handel, however, held no official court position in England after George's ascent of the English throne. (3) Melba was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1865. Her maiden name was Nellie Mitchell, but we have no knowledge of her parents other than their surname. She married, in 1883, Captain Francis Nesbit Armstrong. Her married life has been unhappy. Comparison of her voice with that of Madame Patti would be both impossible and futile.

C. B. C.—If by your question, "What would be the objection to a theory of music in which the absolute pitch of the bass staff should be an octave below the treble, degree for degree?" you mean "What would be the objection to a system of notation in music, in which the notes of the bass staff should occupy the same relative lines and spaces on the staff as have the treble notes, not one but two octaves above?" we would say that the fact that such a system is not in use would constitute a very serious objection to it among musicians. The present system of notation, with the bass notes occupying the positions which they do, was arranged to do away with the many ledger lines which a do, re, mi system consistent in treble and bass would necessitate. Suppose, for instance, as you suggest, that first space in both clefs be F, in the bass that it be an F two octaves below the F in the treble, in writing even an ordinary bass the composer would be using from two to four ledger lines above the staff to notate what is now easily written with one above and below.

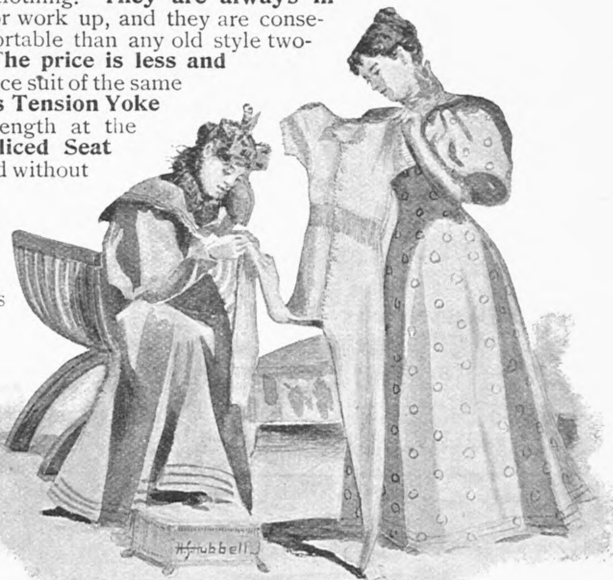
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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS
 BY RUTH ASHMORE

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer to the best of my ability, each month, any question sent me by my girl readers. RUTH ASHMORE.

BEAUTY—I cannot recommend any preparation for darkening or thickening the eyebrows.

RUTH—A letter addressed to Mr. Palmer Cox, care of the JOURNAL, would be forwarded to him.

L. B. K.—I think it in best taste for your mother to remain in the room when you have visitors.

CALIFORNIA—I think it would be most courteous to acknowledge the reception of a commencement invitation.

ELSIE—In introducing a gentleman to a lady the easiest way is to say, "Miss Gordon, allow me to present Mr. Vernon."

NORTH DAKOTA—Cards are always left when visits are made. (2) If a widow remarries she drops her first husband's name altogether.

AN INTERESTED READER—On going to a luncheon you should manage your time so that you may arrive not earlier than five minutes before the hour set.

A. L. T.—The card sent to your friend, having upon it your new address, answers for a visit, and calls for either a card or a personal visit in return.

FANNIE—Marie Corelli is an English woman. (2) The "iced pudding," so often referred to in English novels, is nothing more nor less than iced cream.

PEARL—It would be perfectly proper at a home wedding for the bride to do away with any attendants and enter the room on the arm of the bridegroom.

FLO—If you have accepted a present of any kind, flowers, books or sweets, or anything else, from a man friend, it would be proper to write him a note of thanks.

M. E. S.—If a man friend has called several times a formal invitation each time is not necessary, but a simple expression of your desire to see him again is courteous.

AN ORPHAN—In the State of New York, I believe, a girl is of age at eighteen, but she cannot make a will that will be recognized by the law until she is twenty-one.

A READER—When a man has been introduced to you you should bow to him when you meet him. By this, he understands that you wish to continue the acquaintance.

CALLER—A gentleman would leave as many cards as there were young ladies in the house, and he would also leave cards for the gentlemen, if any of the ladies were married.

CANADA—I do not give addresses in this column. If you will write to me personally, inclosing stamps (not Canadian ones), I will be very glad to answer your questions.

L. B. D.—I should advise you to cease all acquaintance with the woman who accepted your hospitality and then indulged in unkind criticisms about you and your home.

HELEN K.—If a girl of sixteen goes to an evening affair her mother should arrange either to have a servant or a member of the family go after her to bring her home.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—I think if you had your story typewritten it would stand a better chance of receiving attention from an editor than if it were written in a close fine hand.

H. J. M. AND OTHERS—A girl of sixteen wears her skirts as long as does a grown-up woman. (2) I should advise your braiding your hair, looping it and tying it with a black ribbon.

E. S. AND OTHERS—I cannot advise the use of any cosmetics. No matter how carefully they may be put on they can always be recognized. Then, too, they are very apt to injure the skin.

OGDEN—After-dinner coffee is taken directly from the cup and not from the spoon. (2) Potatoes, no matter how thin they may be cut, should be eaten from the fork and not from the fingers.

CHICAGO—A married woman signs a letter, "Mary H. Robinson." If the person she is writing to is a stranger she puts below this, slightly to one side, in parenthesis, "Mrs. James H. Robinson."

MARGUERITE—In addressing a letter to a judge it is considered most proper to write, "To the Honorable James Brown." (2) As your friend has two guests it would be proper for you to leave three cards.

NORMA—If the gentleman has been so courteous to you it would be most considerate, when he comes to your city, for your mother to write a note extending to him the invitation which you wish him to have.

FRIZZLY—You should have arranged either to have had a carriage to take you home, or for some one to come after you, and not have depended on the young men who were present offering themselves as escorts.

G. M. H.—To become proficient in the art of conversation it would be advisable to keep one's self informed on the topics of the day and to cultivate an opinion in regard to whatever is going on in the world.

FLORENCE—It would seem very out of place when a young man starts to leave for his hostess to make any effort to detain him. She should simply express her pleasure at having seen him, and permit him to depart.

W. C.—I do not think it proper to receive gifts from a man whom you have only known a short time. (2) I do not approve of the marriage of two people who differ so much in belief as do a Catholic and a Protestant.

RUTH L.—At a wedding reception no effort is made to entertain the guests beyond seeing that strangers are introduced and that conversation is general. (2) It is not considered desirable for a bride to wear a low bodice.

MARIE—It is not necessary to help a man on with his coat at any time or any place. (2) I should advise your writing a note of thanks to the young man who sent you the flowers, even if you have but a slight acquaintance with him.

JANE—The way to keep a gentleman from taking your arm when walking is to simply tell him that you do not like it. (2) I certainly cannot recommend the use of belladonna to increase the size of the eyes; it would probably result in injuring the sight.

NELLA—If white shoes are worn white stockings are proper, but they are seldom seen, except on babies, at any other time. (2) A lady does not rise to acknowledge the introduction of a gentleman to her, unless he should be either an old man or a very famous one.

A SUBSCRIBER—When there is no waitress it is proper to serve the dishes in front of one. When a plate is passed for a helping from any dish the knife and fork are laid well to the side of the plate, so placed that they will not fall off and yet not be in the way of the server.

L. L. L.—It would be perfectly proper for a boy of eighteen to wear a dress-suit to the theatre, opera or any evening entertainment. Light gloves would be worn with it. (2) In making an afternoon call the top-coat would be left in the hall, but the silk hat and stick would be carried into the room.

PENNSYLVANIA GIRL—The fourth daughter would have "Miss Alice Smith" engraved on her visiting-cards. (2) No matter how young a girl may be, if a gentleman is kind enough to act as her escort and offers her his arm, she should take it. (3) One does not refold a table-napkin in a strange house.

W. W. W.—When a gentleman is presented to you you need only bow and not rise. (2) When there are several daughters the first is introduced as Miss Gordon, the second as Miss Edith Gordon and the third as Miss Ethel Gordon. When the oldest one marries the one next in order becomes Miss Gordon.

HARRY—In this country a girl of twenty could, with perfect propriety, travel quite alone. (2) I think it in very bad taste to correspond with a young man whom you have never even seen. (3) It would be perfectly proper for you to accept from your fiancé gifts of jewelry, or whatever he might offer you, except wearing apparel or money.

EARNEST READER—It would be in very bad taste for a bride to wear a wrapper to breakfast, unless, indeed, she should be breakfasting in her own room. (2) When a man has declared his love for you and then neglects you I should advise the breaking of the engagement, as a neglectful lover would undoubtedly prove a very poor husband.

MIRIAM—While you are visiting, any acquaintance who should call upon you should also ask for your hostess, and if she is absent, leave a card for her. (2) The small bones of birds are held in the fingers, but all other meats are eaten from the fork. (3) Fancy silk bodices worn with plain skirts are in vogue for wear at places of amusement.

AMBITIOUS STENOGRAPHER—Unless there is some reason why you need to write to the gentleman I would not advise your doing it. The mere fact that you are interested in his little trip abroad would scarcely be sufficient reason. (2) Patent leather slippers are not worn in the street. (3) A dark China silk dress could be worn all winter in the evening.

MARS—A gentleman would wear at a morning wedding—that is, one that takes place between twelve and six o'clock—dark but fancy trousers, waistcoat to correspond and a black frock coat. The best man would be dressed in the same way. (2) The family of the bride furnish everything except the bride's bouquet, the carriage that takes the groom to the church, the wedding ring and the minister's fee.

THELMA—I do not believe that any man has the same respect for a girl after she has permitted him to be very free in his manner to her. The only way in which to force him to change his manner is to tell him that all acquaintance must cease between you unless he conducts himself as a gentleman should, and do not merely make this a threat, but cease all acquaintance unless he does as you request.

S.—If any one says, "Pardon me," "Certainly" is a sufficient answer. (2) In leaving the room with a gentleman the lady would precede him. (3) It is not proper to eat any vegetable from the fingers except asparagus. (4) In going down the aisle of a public place a lady would precede a gentleman. When a gentleman is walking with two ladies he places himself on the outer side and not between them.

DOROTHY—The simplest form of a letter of introduction is this: "Dear Mrs. Smith: This letter will be handed to you by my friend, Miss Brown, of whom you have often heard me speak. Miss Brown will remain in your city for some time, and any courtesy you may show her will be very much appreciated by me. With kind regards to Mr. Brown and love to yourself, I am, Very cordially, Mary Jones."

N. A.—A girl of nineteen could arrange her hair in any way she wished, although the placing of it low on the head tends to make her look younger. (2) As your friend wishes you to receive with her at the entertainment she is giving in your honor you should, of course, do as she wishes. Your muslin and silk gown, with its high neck and long sleeves, will be in very good taste for either evening or afternoon wear.

INEZ—Olives are eaten from the fingers; pickles from a fork. It is usual to put either a small fork or a long-handled spoon with a small bowl on the dishes containing olives or pickles, and, of course, one would use them in helping one's self. (2) If your friend has a visitor it is not necessary for you to wait until she asks you to call upon the stranger, but it would be quite proper for you to make a special call, asking for both hostess and guest. (3) Self-possession is only attained by self-forgetfulness.

MICHIGAN—The best man finds out when the bride arrives in the vestibule of the church, informs the groom, and then walks with him to the altar. During the ceremony he gives him the ring, and, later on, he gets the certificate of marriage from the clergyman. After the ceremony he walks out with the maid of honor, and afterward assists the ushers in presenting people to the bride. He usually goes for the certificate the day after the wedding and gives it to the bridegroom on his return from the wedding trip.

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LITERARY QUERIES

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

THREE RIVERS—"Pomona's Travels," by Frank R. Stockton, in book form, fully illustrated, may be ordered through the JOURNAL for \$1.75.

R. J. C.—The poem, "The Heritage," was written by James Russell Lowell. (2) Washington Irving gave us the phrase, "The Almighty Dollar."

ALICE K.—It is not true that one of Longfellow's daughters was without arms. (2) A sketch of Mrs. Rider Haggard was published in the JOURNAL of January, 1893, a copy of which will be sent you for ten cents.

A. B. F.—A sketch, with portrait, of General Sherman's daughter Rachel, who last year edited "The Sherman Letters," was published in the JOURNAL of November, 1891. Miss Sherman married Dr. Thorndike, of Boston.

BARRY—Mr. and Mrs. George Parsons Lathrop have both joined the Roman Catholic Church. (2) The Congressional Library at Washington contains about 700,000 volumes. Its growth is large and constant. (3) The first number of "Scribner's Monthly" appeared in November, 1870; Josiah Gilbert Holland was its editor.

MIDDLEBURY—The name of the Hungarian composer, Jokai, is pronounced as though spelled "Yo-kye." (2) Mr. Du Maurier is a Frenchman by birth; his full name is George Louis Palmella Busson Du Maurier. He is in his sixty-first year. (3) Mr. Eugene Field lives in Chicago and is almost as much a newspaper man as he is a poet.

ELLA T.—The "daughter Amelia," to whom Oliver Wendell Holmes dedicated his book, "Our One Hundred Days in Europe," was Mrs. Turner Sargent, his only daughter, who died a few years ago. His sons, Oliver Wendell, Jr., and Edward, are both lawyers; the elder of the two is a justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

NO NAME—The Associated Press was organized over thirty years ago. The general agency of the association is in New York City, and associate agents are located in all the large cities. There is also a complete reportorial staff, and the news collected is used and transmitted to the newspapers who belong to the association, having secured the right by purchase.

L. L.—The list of ten best books of American origin chosen by the readers of the New York "Critic" is as follows: Emerson's "Essays," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Longfellow's Poems, Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Dr. Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," Irving's "Sketch Book," Lowell's Poems, Whittier's Poems, Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur," and Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic."

AMELIA—The "diamond wedding" celebrated by Edmund Clarence Stedman in his poem, "The Diamond Wedding," took place on October 13, 1859, in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. The bride was a daughter of Washington Allen Bartlett, and the groom was Senor Don Estaban Santa Cruz de Oviedo, a rich Cuban. (2) Mrs. Burton Harrison resides in New York City. Her husband is a prominent lawyer there. They have two sons.

WISCASSET—Jerome K. Jerome still maintains an editorial association with "The Idler." (2) Dr. Isaac Watts wrote the hymn, "There is a land of pure delight." He was called the "Father of the English hymn." (3) "John Oliver Hobbes" is the nom de plume of Mrs. Craigie. Mrs. Craigie was born in Boston, but her father and mother took her abroad when she was only three months old, and she has lived there ever since. (4) Mr. Brander Matthews is a New Yorker; he is married and has one child, a daughter.

T. T. T.—Ethel Mackenzie McKenna is a daughter of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie. A sketch of Mrs. McKenna was published in the JOURNAL of April, 1893, a copy of which will be sent you for ten cents. (2) Tennyson is buried in Westminster Abbey; his wife and two sons survive him. (3) The first newspaper in New York to publish a Sunday edition was the "Herald." (4) The New York "Tribune" has a Sunday edition, as have most of the New York City papers. (5) There is not the space here to enter into a discussion of the Sunday newspaper.

ANNA—The quotation you inclose, "A little work, a little play, To keep us going—and so, good-day! A little warmth, a little light, Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night! A little fun, to match the sorrow Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow! A little trust that when we die We reap our sowing. And so, good-by!" you will find at the end of Du Maurier's story, "Trilby."

E. T. W.—The quotation, "Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing, Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness; So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another, Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence." you will find in "Elizabeth," one of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

ANXIOUS READER—The statement that Mr. Moody receives a royalty from the publishers of "Gospel Hymns" has been denied in the New York "Tribune" by Mr. William E. Dodge, who stated that neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey has ever received a cent from this royalty. They have refused to accept any part of it. At first it was placed in the hands of trustees, who distributed it to religious and charitable enterprises according to their judgment. Afterward, at the urgent request of these trustees, the moderate amount of royalty has been turned over to the trustees of the Northfield and Mount Hermon seminaries.

SAMANTA SNAP—The different magazines in the country have each their own scale of prices for contributions that are submitted to them by unknown writers. It is customary when an article of any sort is submitted to an editor by a man or woman well known and popular in the literary world, for him to write—should the submitted matter seem to him to be available for his periodical—offering a certain price, which the writer may accept or decline, as he or she pleases. All the leading magazines pay good prices, and it is only fair to assume that they are none of them unfair in their dealings with comparatively unknown writers. If a thing is worth printing it is worth paying for. There will always be certain writers who will demand high prices, and who will be certain to receive them. (2) Miss Eleanor Kirk's "Periodicals That Pay Contributors" may be ordered through the JOURNAL for one dollar, postage paid.



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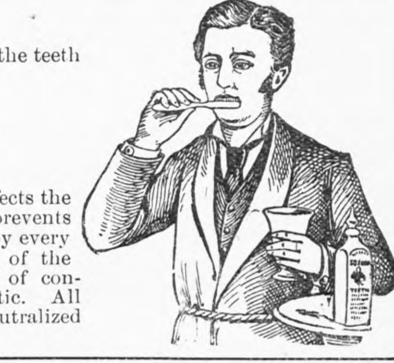
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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

INA—Use only a self-facing on your brilliantine skirt.

EVENING GIRL—Chiffon waists will answer for the light silk skirt.

CARRIE H.—Addresses are not given in this column. (2) Any soft silk or woolen goods.

ANNE—Buy an extra-sized leg-of-mutton sleeve pattern to cut the sleeves of your jacket by.

D. G.—Your skirts may be from four to eight yards wide, but the popular width is four yards and a half.

GIRLIE—Some young ladies wear silk waists opening in the back, but the fashion cannot be called general.

SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS—I cannot give addresses in this column. When requesting a personal letter inclose a two-cent stamp.

STARLIGHT—It would be proper to have as many gowns as you can afford and your circumstances demand, present and future.

COUNTRY DRESSMAKER—Read answer to "Reader." Haircloth of a good quality costs from thirty-five to seventy-five cents a yard.

INTERESTED READER—Pretty morning or dressing sacques are of eider-down and striped flannel, cashmere, crepon, surah or Japanese silk.

JUNE BUG—Read answer to "Miss Belle B." (2) An excellent quality of black mohair, double width, is one dollar and a quarter to one dollar and a half a yard.

TWINS—While it cannot be called stylish for twins to dress alike after outgrowing their childhood, yet I do not know why it cannot be continued when both wish to.

FASHION—Full sleeves will be worn all of the summer, but let them drop more from the shoulder, rather than to have them stand out at the extreme top of the arm.

PERPLEXED—Do not begin to worry over spring dresses now. (2) For a June wedding put off buying your three best dresses until after Easter; likewise the hats.

BRUNETTE—With your black satin skirt and sleeves have a chiffon waist over silk of the same color, and velvet collar to match. Select pink, yellow or Magenta.

MARION GREY—One of the loose yoke wrappers of striped or figured flannel, held by a ribbon belt. You may add a bertha ruffle of lace, and bows of ribbon on the shoulders.

DAISY C.—Read answer to "Mouse." (2) It is too early to speak with certainty regarding the shapes of summer hats, but you can count on black lace and ribbon being prominent features.

HECLA C.—For street wear white muslin petticoats are obsolete among well-dressed women. (2) The former answer also applies to colored hose, both being worn in the house, however.

READER—A godet or organ-pipe back to a skirt must be lined with haircloth to obtain and keep the rounded appearance of the plaits. The remainder of the skirt interline with grasscloth, etc.

VIVA—A dark printed Japanese silk is always a convenient dress to have for home and street wear. It shakes the dust and is very cool, which offsets the fact that it is no longer a novelty in dress fabrics.

MRS. C. D. L.—A heavy silk cord, an inch and a quarter in diameter, is sometimes sewed on the outside of the flaring skirts a quarter of an inch above the edge. It is thought to keep the godet plaits in shape.

MISS LESLIE W.—A woman only five feet in height cannot wear a skirt over four yards and a half wide without causing a laughable effect. (2) Interline the back widths, where the godet plaits are, with haircloth.

SPRING BRIDE—Easter brides must prepare dresses for the summer as well as for the spring. Easter comes this year on the fourteenth of April, and too late for one preparing a wardrobe to ignore summer gowns.

CARRIE M.—You will find all of your questions relating to spring costumes and materials answered in this issue. (2) Have your spring hat trimmed with flowers, and for midsummer the large Leghorn can be retrimmed with feathers.

MRS. H. H.—With the black goods have large sleeves and belt of black satin. Then wear colored velvet collars to brighten the effect. (2) The brown satin can have sleeves, collar and box-plaited plastron of brown velvet, plain or changeable.

SCHOOLGIRL—Lately young girls are "coming out" at seventeen, but ten years from now they will probably regret not waiting until nineteen. Youth flies any way, so why should we help it to leave us by getting to be women while only advanced children?

G. T. S.—A spring cape of velveteen lined with taffeta silk and interlined with the new material coming for this purpose will be convenient for spring and cool summer days. (2) Even in July you will need a long, heavy ulster to wear on an ocean steamer.

MRS. D. F.—Flannel blouse or sailor suits are never out of date for small boys. (2) Cotton shirt-waists will be more worn than ever this coming season. (3) For a dressy godet skirt have black satin duchesse, at one dollar and a quarter to two dollars per yard.

GISMONDA—The newest sleeves are cut very full, and in place of interlining the upper part with crinoline, book muslin, etc., several ruffles of crinoline are sewed to the upper part of the sleeve lining, which keeps the dress material out without giving it such a stiff appearance.

MRS. S. S.—Traveling and wedding dresses will be written in the April number. (2) White nainsook trimmed with lace and satin ribbon is always pretty for a young girl's commencement dress. (3) Four-button suede gloves are even more worn than the eight-button mousquetaire style.

ONLY TWENTY—Do not dress like a miss in order to remain young. What is suitable for a girl of sixteen is not appropriate for one of twenty. (2) Fine black straw hats, large in size, with lace, jet ornaments, ostrich tips and violets, roses, etc., for driving and visiting wear through the spring.

MABELLE—With red hair and a clear skin you will find the clear bright blue called mistral and royal becoming. (2) You can have an ostrich feather boa or collarette made of your used feathers. The making for one a yard and a quarter long is three dollars. If more feathers are needed, of course, they are extra.

CALLIE—A little evening toque looks simple but is very difficult to make. Put a few dollars less in the wrap and pay a milliner to make it. As you shop in Boston I can recommend an excellent milliner there who is very stylish, reasonable in price and painstaking. Send a stamp when a personal letter is necessary.

MRS. C. K.—The interlining should be sewed in the seams with the dress goods; the lining proper is made separate and then the two parts are put together so that all raw edges of seams are inside. Then bind the lower edge and sew on the band as though both parts were one. Run a tape along bias seams to keep them from sagging.

NOVELTY—Personally my experience has been that in buying black goods to get as good a quality as possible is the cheapest in the end. It is a dress that is remade and forms a stand-by for several seasons, and in cheap goods colors look and wear better than black. (2) Use velvet stock or crush collars of different colors, lace jabots, etc., to obtain the variety desired with one gown.

MISS BELLE B.—You are too early with your wardrobe. So many new goods are out in April that it is foolish to buy for a late June wedding in March. Too early buying is apt to prove quite as disappointing as too late. (2) Striped and seeded taffeta silks will be worn in evening colors, with the seeds in black or white. Your other questions are answered in Mrs. Mallon's article on spring wraps in this issue.

MRS. B.—The silk-warp Henriettas or similar goods at one dollar and one dollar and a quarter a yard, are worn by little girls for best frocks, and trimmed with lace and ribbon. (2) You can buy excellent broadcloth for one dollar to one dollar and a half, and fifty inches wide. Ask the merchant to have it sponged for fear of its spotting if wet. Sponging cannot be done at home so as to retain the gloss of the material.

MAUDE H.—The process of rendering any woolen material waterproof is a trade secret carefully guarded by a few firms who have paid dearly for it. I do not know the method of obtaining the desired result. Sponging or ironing dry over a wet cloth laid on the right side of the goods will save tricot from spotting and shrinking, but a hard rain would soak through it, I am sure, and make it very heavy to wear while wet.

MOUSE—Have a gown of light-weight tailor suiting or tweed in navy or brown mixture. Make as a four-yard godet skirt, stiffly interlined, and knee-length coat, lined with silk and opening over a silk blouse waist of changeable taffeta in a becoming mixture that harmonizes with the dress goods. Four-button dark tan dress kid gloves. Brown or black straw (latter with navy dress) hat, somewhat on the walking shape, trimmed with ribbon and quills; brown or black lace veil.

SUMMER BRIDE—You will need a traveling gown of golden-brown whipcord, made in jacket style, to wear with cotton shirt-waists; visiting costume of silk and wool in blue, made up with lace and silk; wedding gown of dotted taffeta for skirt and sleeves and waist of chiffon; two gingham, a dotted Swiss, black-ground organdy, printed challie, and a white or light blue duck suit. Now add a blue serge boating suit and a riding habit and you will be well provided for the amusements mentioned. Colors and fabrics are written of in this issue. (2) Have a small traveling hat, a large picturesque one for better wear, a Derby for riding and a yachting cap for boating; add a straw sailor hat for cotton gowns. (3) In the way of wraps a satin and lace cape, and cloth jacket for rougher wear.

OLE CLOS.—Directions for cleaning laces and black silk were given in the February number of the JOURNAL for 1894, as follows: Place each piece of silk on a smooth, clean table and dip a wad of the material into the cleaning fluid, which should consist of equal parts of alcohol and luke-warm water. Cold coffee well strained, or water in which an old black glove has been boiled is also good. This latter mixture is made by putting a glove into a pint of water and boiling it down to a half pint. Sponge the goods on what will be the right side when made up as some silks can be turned after being worn. Hang each piece on a line to drip; when nearly dry iron with a moderately warm iron on the wrong side, placing a piece of soft, black cambric or crinoline between the iron and the goods, and ironing each piece until it is perfectly dry. Then lay away the pieces without folding. If the selvage edges seem to draw after the silk is wet cut them here and there to give a leeway. The ironing must always be done on the wrong side and over a second fabric, which must be dark if the silk is dark. Grease spots may be removed with naphtha or by scraping French chalk upon the spots, leaving it over night and brushing it off in the morning, repeating the process if necessary. Remove all grease spots before washing the silk. Benzine will remove paint, but leaves a stain like water, which may be removed with French chalk. Grease may also be removed from silk by rubbing a lump of wet magnesia over the spot, allowing it to dry, then brushing off the powder. (2) Delicate white laces may be cleaned with calcined magnesia after a receipt of Madame Modjeska's. Spread the lace on a sheet of writing paper, sprinkle it on both sides with magnesia, place a second piece of paper over it, put away between the leaves of a book for three days, then shake off the powder, when the lace will be found perfectly clean. Laces are given a creamy hue by putting strained coffee or powdered saffron in the rinsing water until the right cream or 6cru tinge is procured. White silk laces are soaked in milk over night, then soused in warm soapsuds, rinsed and finally pulled out and carefully pinned down while damp. Laces must be soused, gently squeezed and clapped between the hands until dry or nearly so. Laces may be whitened by letting them stand covered with soapsuds in the sun. Fine breadcrumbs rubbed on will clean lace that is not very much soiled. White cotton laces are washed in warm soapsuds, well rinsed, then boiled, rinsed again, clapped nearly dry and pinned down on a smooth bed over a clean towel; every point of the scallops should be pinned. If laces are ironed, which the best cleaners do not approve of, the ironing should be done over a soft flannel cloth, and with a cloth between the iron and lace. Black lace may be freshened with a teaspoonful of borax to a pint of warm water, using an old black kid glove for a sponge, and pinning down to dry; if ironed do it on the wrong side, over black cambric. Borax, coffee, diluted alcohol, the water in which a black kid glove has been boiled, and green tea are all excellent renovators for black lace. Avoid drying black lace near the fire, as heat is apt to turn it rusty. Gold and silver laces are cleaned with part of a loaf of stale bread mixed with a quarter of a pound of powder blue, rubbing the bread fine and mixing the blue with it. Sprinkle thickly over the lace and in a short time it will brighten; then brush off the crumbs with a piece of flannel and rub softly with a piece of red velvet.

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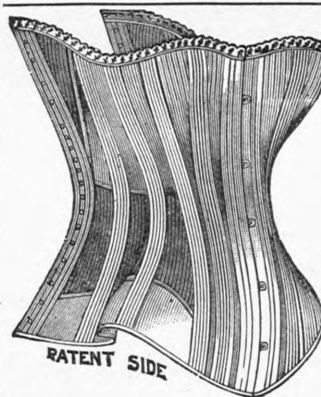
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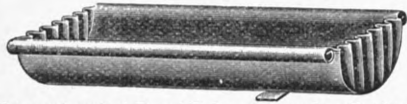
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EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE

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

TROY—A yard of material a yard wide will make two duster bags.

MRS. R. G. M.—Turpentine will remove the paint from your cotton gown.

DARIEN—The salad course at a dinner always succeeds the game course.

GERMANTOWN—Finger-bowls should not be filled more than two-thirds full of water.

MARBLEHEAD—Little neck clams are far preferable to the large clams for all culinary purposes.

MOUNT AIRY—Poultry that is scalded will not keep as long as will poultry that has been dry-picked.

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING—Dipping the cheesecloth into weak coffee will give it the desired cream tint.

JERRY—Ten minutes is the time usually allowed for each course where more than a six-course dinner is served.

SALLY—When serving fruit for breakfast arrange it as prettily and daintily as possible, and see to it that it has been on ice over night.

FAITHFUL READER—To remove stains caused by cod liver oil pour a little household ammonia into the suds in which the woollens are washed.

WHEELING—In waiting upon table the waitress should hand the plates on the left side and remove them on the right. (2) Potatoes should always be served in an uncovered dish.

GEORGINE—To make "Lown" breadcrumbs, dry several slices of white bread in a very slack oven, and then pound and pass through a sieve. (2) The cheap grades of matting are not at all serviceable.

LILLIAN RUTH—Benzine or naphtha will cleanse white dressed kid gloves and slippers. But great care must be taken that the cleansing process is not performed either near fire or lamp, candle or gas light.

YOUNG MOTHER—It is said that an excellent method of cleansing feather pillows is to place them upon a grass plot during a heavy rain. When they have been thoroughly drenched hang them in a shady place to dry.

A PLEASED READER—Shellac or colorless varnish is found in large cities in art, drug and paint shops. (2) Try naphtha on the spots of your serge, but remember that it is inflammable if exposed to fire, light or the sun's rays.

BOWLING GREEN—Filo silk is most desirable for embroidery. Filoelle is not all silk. (2) The Scotch homespun and Devonshire art cloth may be procured from any large house dealing in art cloths, materials for embroidery, etc.

SUSAN C.—Caviare comes from the northern part of Europe. It is made from the roe of sturgeon which is prepared with salt, pepper and onions and then allowed to ferment. As may be imagined it is an article of food which is hard to digest.

L. W.—A satisfactory oatmeal soap may be made by melting together six pounds of plain white soap, two and a half pounds of palm soap and a little over one and a half pounds of coconut oil soap, and adding to these ingredients one and a half pounds of oatmeal.

A. B. C.—You will find directions for cleansing lace curtains in the JOURNAL for May, 1892. Directions for cleansing delicate laces were given in the issue of November, 1892. Copies of either of these issues will be forwarded you on receipt of ten cents.

SALLIE—The yolks of four eggs and a quart of milk will not make a very rich custard, though if a little cornstarch mixed with a little cold milk is beaten up with the yolks and the custard is sweetened and flavored carefully a very nice custard will be the result.

ROSEMARY—Wash your cut-glass if it has become dingy in a warm suds made from some white soap; rinse thoroughly in clear warm water, to which a little ammonia has been added; dry carefully with a soft linen towel and polish with a brush such as is used for cleaning silver.

W. B. K.—A bamboo frame will be appropriate for your screen. Cambric stretched across this frame will serve as a foundation for your pictures, supposing you wish to cover the screen entirely with them. An ordinary wooden clothes-horse may be painted white or ebonized and utilized as a frame for the screen.

CASTLEMAN—To remove stains of mildew from linen, wash it thoroughly, rub plenty of soap upon the stained parts, also plenty of powdered chalk, and place the garment on the grass or in the sun. Before it becomes quite dry repeat the operation, and continue to do so until the stains have entirely disappeared.

CLELIA—Potato croquettes are made as follows: To three cupfuls of mashed potatoes add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, a third of a cup of cream, a tablespoonful of finely-minced parsley, a tiny pinch of red pepper, a few drops of onion juice and salt to taste. When these ingredients are thoroughly mixed, shape into croquettes, dip into the yolk of eggs and finely-powdered bread or cracker crumbs and fry in briskly-boiling lard. Garnish with parsley and serve very hot.

EMMA—Why not take the money which your grandmother has given you for a wedding present and invest it in table linen? Nothing is more satisfactory, more enduring, or more necessary than a well-selected stock of table-cloths and napkins. This purchase could not fail to please her, particularly as her expressed desire was that you should spend it upon your new home. As your china-closet and your silver-chest are so well filled it would seem as though the linen would be the next best thing.

M. H. C.—Shirt bosoms, collars and cuffs should be dipped into boiling starch, into which a small piece of lard has been melted, before being hung on the line. They should afterward be dipped into cold starch. This should be thoroughly rubbed into the articles, which should then be tightly rolled in a clean cloth for a few hours before ironing. A dull finish is considered in better taste than a polish. If, however, a polish is desired, an iron comes especially for the purpose.

M. E. B.—Sweetbread salad is easily made. Prepare the sweetbreads carefully and parboil, then allow them to stand in cold water for half an hour. The skin and fat may next be removed, when they should be plunged into boiling water and allowed to simmer for nearly another half hour, a teaspoonful of salt being added to the water; when done set away to cool, and then cut in thin slices and mix with ordinary mayonnaise—about half a pint to a pair of sweetbreads; arrange upon crisp, tender lettuce leaves and serve.

JESSIE V.—Swiss, coin spot muslin, scrim or any thin material is suitable for chamber window draperies. Where two sets are desired for a parlor, use lace for those next the window and heavier ones, of satin or brocade, inside. Parlor curtains usually hang straight from the pole. (2) Suggestions for furnishing a small house were given in the JOURNAL for May, 1894. (3) Miss Parloa's new cook book is entitled, "Miss Parloa's Young Housekeeper." It may be obtained of The Curtis Publishing Company for \$1.10, postpaid.

DELLA—Caper sauce, which is used with boiled mutton, may be made by adding about a tablespoonful of capers to a cupful of cream sauce. The sauce should be of the consistency of custard, and served very hot. The capers should not be chopped, but put into the sauce just as they are taken from the bottle in which they come. (2) When oysters are used for salad they are parboiled. Large, firm ones should be chosen for this purpose. Oyster salad is made with chopped celery, and served with either a French or mayonnaise dressing, or leaves of lettuce.

LETTICE A.—Rich, old-fashioned fruit preserves can only be made by using a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. The fruit should be prepared carefully before it is weighed. Have a shallow porcelain-lined preserving-kettle, and in it place the sugar, which should be of the very best quality; add water enough to dissolve, and boil until a clear syrup is formed; then add the fruit and boil slowly for three or four hours. When preparing strawberries or raspberries put the fruit on the sugar over night, and place in the preserving-kettle in the morning. Enough juice will be obtained from the berries to cook them in without the addition of water. Fruit preserved in this way, placed in jars, carefully covered with thick paper, and fastened so that the air may be completely excluded, will keep for a very long time. The jars should not be covered until the preserves are cool.

QUEST—The New York "Evening Post" is responsible for the following: The teachers of cooking in the Boston public schools are paid \$45 for their first year's work, with an annual increase of \$48 until the maximum of \$744 is reached. The director of the cooking schools is paid \$1000. Candidates for the special certificate required to teach cooking have to pass a general examination in English, arithmetic, geography, United States history, civil government, physiology, and an examination in one of the following subjects: Algebra, plain geometry, practical geometry, physics, botany, zoology, geology or astronomy. Those holding a grammar-school certificate for class B or a higher grade have only to take the special examination, which consists of the principles of teaching, principles and processes of cookery, chemistry as applied to cookery, household economy, and a demonstration lesson.

LINDA—The following menu will serve for your little dinner party:

- Creamed Oysters on the Half Shell
- Fillet of Beef Horseradish
- Stewed Celery Browned Potatoes
- Lettuce Salad, Roman Dressing
- Neuchâtel Cheese Water Biscuit
- Lemon Jelly, Whipped Cream
- Coffee

Have upon the table olives, salted nuts and bonbons. See to it that your guests have bread offered to them, and that the portion that is placed before them at the beginning of the meal is not the only thing in the way of bread that they see during the entire meal.

HYDE PARK—The following is a good receipt for English plum pudding: Pick and stone one pound of the best Malaga raisins, which put in a basin with one pound of currants (well washed, dried and picked), one pound good beef suet chopped not too fine, three-fourths of a pound of white or brown sugar, two ounces candied lemon or orange peel, two ounces candied citron, six ounces of flour, and one-fourth pound breadcrumbs, with a little grated nutmeg and salt. Mix the whole together with eight whole eggs and a little milk. Have ready a plain or ornamental pudding mould; well-butter the interior. Pour the above mixture into it, cover with a sheet of paper, tie the mould in a cloth, put the pudding into a large steppan containing boiling water and let it boil quite fast for four hours and a half, or it may be boiled by tying it in a pudding cloth well floured, forming the shape by laying the cloth in a round-bottomed basin and pouring into it. It will make no difference in the time required for boiling. When done take out of the cloth and turn out upon your dish, sprinkle a little powdered sugar on it and serve with this sauce: Put the yolks of three eggs in a steppan with a spoonful of powdered sugar and a gill of milk. Mix well together, add a little lemon peel and stir over the fire until it becomes thick; it must not be allowed to boil. Flavor to taste and serve.

PERPLEXED ONE—If you have only one servant, try to make the dinner which you are planning for your husband's friend very simple. Think out your menu several days before, and, if possible, make your dessert the day before. Arrange the table yourself and try to forget nothing that will be at all likely to be needed. Place upon each bread and butter plate either a dinner roll or a square, rather thick piece of bread, and a butter ball. These balls are easily made and are attractive-looking and easy to serve. Upon the table have a small dish of them and a small fork with which to serve them, a plate of bread, and small dishes containing olives or pickles and salted nuts. Have ice in the glasses and near each place stand a carafe, or, if you have no carafes, small pitchers of ice water. Try to have everything within reach and do not expect your maid to do anything more than remove the different courses and place the fresh one on the table. Allow your guest to serve whatever dish has been placed before him and also to pass the plates; he will soon see that you are minus a waitress, and will make you almost oblivious to the fact by making himself appear as though at home. There is nothing that a man enjoys more than an informal meal where the hostess is not flurried and where she also seems to be enjoying herself. Before the dessert is placed upon the table let the maid remove everything but the flowers and the glasses, and after she has removed the crumbs from the table-cloth let her place the dessert before you and replenish the ice water carafes. Then she may place a tray containing the after-dinner coffee-cups, coffee, etc., before your husband. Then she should be allowed to retire to the kitchen feeling that she will be no longer needed. Servants who are not thoroughly trained are, as a rule, very awkward in the dining-room, and there is little use in trying to make them expert waitresses unless one is able to devote much time to the work. If you follow this plan, and if you make merry if anything goes wrong, your guest will have the very best of times, and he will be quite sure that "marriage is not a failure."

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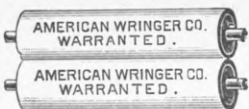
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