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DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

OVATION TO THE HUNGARIAN EXILE—THE PAGEANT IN HIS HONOR AT BROADWAY AND ANN STREET

WHEN KOSSUTH RODE UP BROADWAY

By Parke Godwin



UNDENIABLY the most magnificent reception ever tendered a foreigner in this country was that given by the city of New York to Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, on the sixth of December, 1851. His great achievements as a military leader and as an orator had won him a world-wide fame, and he was, at the time, the most universally-popular hero that had ever been known. He had failed in his grand enterprise, as the liberator of his country, and was an exile from his native land. But the admiration of the people for his character and exploits was boundless, and the enthusiasm that his name created everywhere it is now almost impossible to describe.

He had been invited to this country as a guest by an Act of Congress, and was brought hither, if I mistake not, in a National vessel. Only once before had such an honor been extended to a person who was not a native—in the case of Lafayette, who had been our efficient ally in the Revolutionary War, and the friend and companion of Washington. But the welcome extended to Lafayette hardly exceeded, in its manifestation of feeling and in its public display, that lavished upon the homeless exile from Hungary, whose only titles to our regard were his distinguished devotion to a lost cause, and the unparalleled ability with which he had supported it in its earlier days.

Kossuth was landed on Staten Island, on the fifth of December, 1851, a little below the old quarantine ground, where he was received by the rapturous cheering of more than five thousand people, and on the next day was honored by a popular welcome and military parade. After remaining at Staten Island over night he was conveyed to New York City by the steamboat "Vanderbilt," and delivered into the hands of the municipal authorities, in the old fort which was then called Castle Garden. It was, I remember, a brilliant day, and every preparation had been made for a festival that should be unsurpassed in its splendor. The bay was literally

* The fourth of a series of articles on "Great Personal Events"—retold by eyewitnesses—which will appear in successive issues of the JOURNAL. These articles will portray a succession of the most conspicuous popular enthusiasms which America has witnessed during the past fifty years. The greatest potentates, statesmen, orators, preachers and songstresses will be the central figures of this notable series, which began in the JOURNAL of November, 1896.

covered with hundreds of vessels, salutes were fired from all the forts of the harbor, and colored bunting, with appropriate devices and mottoes, covered nearly every house. A crowd of at least fifty thousand people awaited the hero at the Battery, and as many more seemed to line the adjacent streets. Not only the city itself, but the neighboring towns and villages had poured forth their multitudes, every man, woman and child of which rejoiced in the occasion and added his or her voice to the swelling thunders of applause. That day is now long past—it was nearly a half century ago. I was a witness of it all, and the impression it made on my mind is indelible.

At the corner of the Battery near Bowling Green was erected a triumphal arch, decorated with the colors of Hungary intermixed with the star-spangled banner, and the whole surmounted by a liberty cap of velvet. Near this arch was drawn up the barouche intended for the use of Kossuth, and behind this, occupying the side of the Green on Battery Place, were the carriages intended for the use of the civic authorities. The military escort consisted of the First Division of the New York State Militia, which had been formed in a hollow square. When the illustrious visitor, on the conclusion of the ceremonies in Castle Garden, appeared in their midst, mounted, accompanied by General Sandford and staff, and made a brief inspection, the cheers of the surrounding throngs were deafening. Kossuth was an accomplished and graceful horseman. In reviewing the troops on the Battery he was mounted on Black Warrior, the veteran charger, then twenty years old, belonging to Major Merrill (of the United States dragoons), by whom he was ridden in the Florida and Mexican wars, having participated in all the battles and been twice wounded. The old horse seemed young again amid the noise of arms, which tended to show to advantage the fine appearance of his rider. After Kossuth's inspection of the troops, when he entered the carriage together with the Mayor, it seemed as if the enormous concourse of people would go wild in its enthusiasm. Shouts, cheers and huzzahs filled the air. The crowd of over one hundred thousand people was almost frantic. The military now formed into line, and, wheeling through the gate on State Street, began its march up Broadway, forming a scene that will never be forgotten by those who saw it. Along the entire route of the procession, through Broadway and back through the Bowery, the people filled every available spot long before the procession started. All along the line of march, and, indeed, throughout the city generally, business was suspended, and the whole demonstration was the greatest, most important and most enthusiastic New York had ever witnessed.

It was one o'clock when the head of the procession moved slowly from the Battery, the First Division New York State Militia leading, with Colonel Linus W. Stevens as Grand Marshal, and followed by troops of cavalry, the whole under command of Major-General Sandford. This division was composed of twelve full regiments of

some eight or ten companies, in all about ten thousand men. The militiamen were showily, one may almost say splendidly, equipped, and were in excellent marching order. They presented a striking, martial appearance, that arrested the attention of the distinguished visitor and his party, and won the applause of the spectators.

THE HONORED GUEST AND HIS DISTINGUISHED ESCORT

THE Second Division, which also comprised several regiments, was the one specially designated as the escort of the National guest and his companions. It was commanded by General John Lloyd. The barouche assigned to Kossuth was drawn by six horses. He was dressed in a magnificent black cloth coat with fur collar and cuffs, and wore the Hungarian hat and black feather. Then followed in carriages the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, Senators and Representatives in Congress, heads of departments of the State, Senators and Members of Assembly of the State, officers of the Army and Navy of the United States, joint special committee of the Common Council and Board of Aldermen, preceded by their sergeants-at-arms and headed by their presidents; officers of both bodies; heads of departments, and other officers of the city Government; members of the Common Council elect, the Recorder, the city Judge, the District Attorney, the Sheriff and other city and county officers; Judges of the United States and the several State and city Courts; prominent members of the bar; the Collector of the Port of New York; the Surveyor, and all Naval officers; the Postmaster of the city of New York; the United States District Attorney; foreign Ministers and Consuls; New York State Society of the Cincinnati; Revolutionary soldiers; officers and soldiers of the War of 1812-13-14; former officials of the city and State, etc.; Mayor and members of Common Council, and citizens of Williamsburgh, and the public officials and citizens of New Haven.

The Third Division, commanded by John Ridley, Esq., Assistant Marshal, included representatives of the press, the Association of Omnibus Proprietors in twenty-two omnibuses decorated for the occasion and drawn by four horses each; American Circle No. 1, Brotherhood of the Union, the Sons of Liberty, the Hungarian Society, the European Democrats, the American Protestant Association, the natives of Poland in New York City, and citizens generally.

BROADWAY AN INSPIRING SPECTACLE

THE military display was the finest ever seen in New York. It was admitted on all sides that the appearance of the soldiers, as Kossuth said, "was not only beautiful, but perfect." When the procession reached Barnum's American Museum, at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, where until recently stood the New York "Herald" Building, the scene was in the highest degree imposing and magnificent. The open space of the City Park burst upon the view. In front was beautiful Broadway, straight as an arrow, with thousands of variously-colored flags floating from every housetop and window and suspended across the crowded thoroughfare. Wreaths of evergreens decorated every building in view. In the distance stood the graceful spire of Grace Church, in its calm dignity and architectural grace. On the right Park Row and Chatham Street presented a long avenue of fine buildings, likewise decorated in magnificent style, with the stars and stripes, the cross of Saint George and the Hungarian flag entwined in happy harmony. On the left was the Astor House, every window of which was filled with admirers of the great hero. While the eye was taking in these it was arrested by the Park itself, with its thousands and thousands of human beings, and the City Hall, which never presented so bewilderingly beautiful an appearance. It was ornamented with flags, and its portico festooned with drapery; the whole seen through the trees in the foreground was a superb mass of haughty color. The colors of Hungary floated from the centre flagstaff, flanked by American flags, and the portico was decorated with the Hungarian tricolor. Triumphant arches were erected at both entrances, and elaborately and tastefully bedecked. The pole erected in front of the Hall of Records was rendered available for the display of banners, reaching from that point to the City Hall Square, a rope being attached from the one to the other, bearing the flags of Hungary, the United States, England and Turkey.

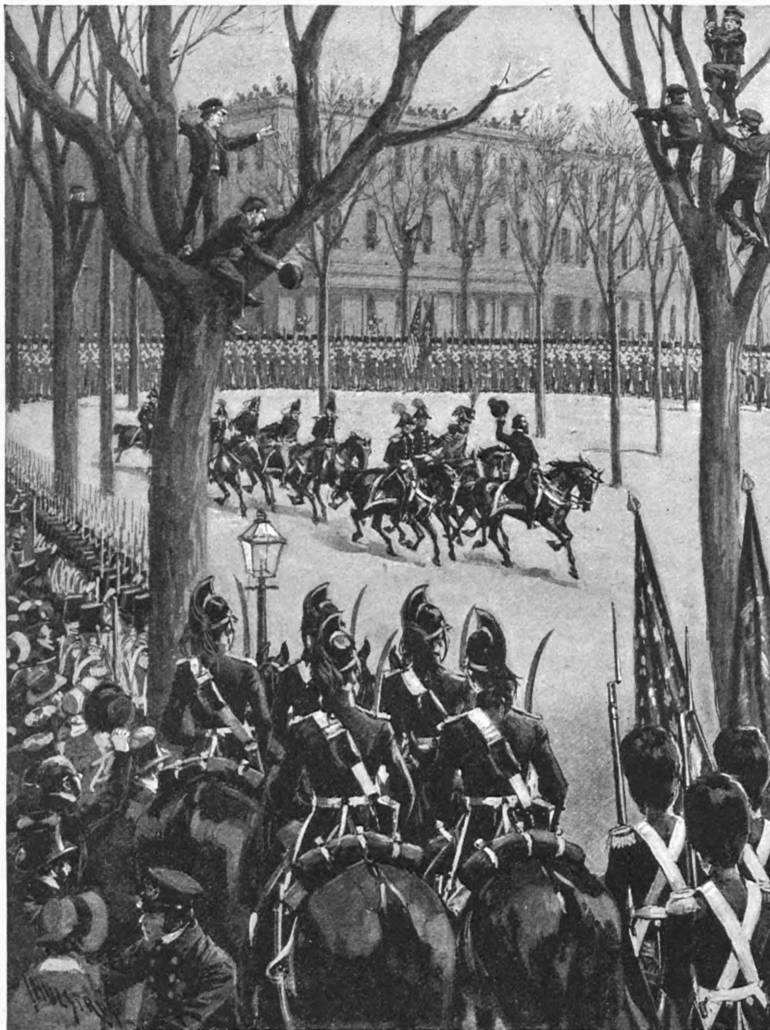
CONTINUOUS OVATION TO THE HUNGARIAN PATRIOT

THE *coup d'œil* presented at this moment was extremely grand and imposing. Kossuth was evidently amazed. It was more than he expected, and as he calmly viewed the scene he was startled by the thunderous shout of welcome from admirers that had gathered at the Astor House. He looked up and saw every man in the windows and on the porch cheering and waving his hat in a frenzy of enthusiasm, and the women saluting him with equal favor. Kossuth gracefully bowed, not once, but twice, thrice, a dozen times. During this recognition the scene grew in enthusiasm until the effect was almost bewildering. It seemed as if the populace had gone mad. Again and again did Kossuth rise and bow, until finally he stood up in his carriage, hat in hand, radiantly smiling. But the scene did not end here. The procession was temporarily halted by the immense crowd. The passage of the carriages was almost impossible. Again loud huzzahs for Kossuth were thundered forth by thirty thousand persons of all classes and ages, and once more did Kossuth rise and stand in his carriage. The Hungarian aides, who followed immediately after Kossuth's carriage, came in for their share of applause; they, too, were cheered heartily. They returned the compliment by waving their Hungarian banner. Again thirty thousand voices were raised in honor of the great Hussar, and again the Hussar flag was lowered. It is impossible to adequately describe the scene that followed. Those who witnessed it remember it, and will recall it as the most remarkable event of its kind in the history of our country.

THE MAGNIFICENT PAGEANT REVIEWED BY KOSSUTH

WHEN Kossuth finally arrived at the Park through the tremendous crowds he was conducted to the gorgeous tricolored canopy on the steps of the City Hall, and there he took his position side by side with the Mayor, while General Sandford and staff, on horseback, surrounded him on either side, and Major Hagedorn and staff, together with Kossuth's personal staff, acted as a guard of honor. A dense crowd occupied the steps behind, while the balcony overhead was packed with ladies and gentlemen. The trees in the Square seemed to be alive with boys. Surrounded by this vast mass of human beings the noble exile of Hungary reviewed the troops, brigade after brigade, regiment after regiment, and company after company, as they passed before him. The time occupied for the review was about an hour and a half. Satisfaction beamed in Kossuth's large, blue, intelligent eyes, and the thought seemed to flash from them: "How happy and free must be the country whose rights and liberties are defended by the volunteer arms of such citizen soldiery." During the review the impatient multitude broke through the chains, and great disorder, threatening to involve everything in confusion, prevailed for some time. At length order was restored and the remainder of the troops passed. It was then quite dark, and Major-General Sandford having taken his leave, Kossuth suddenly retired, according to a preconcerted arrangement, into the City Hall, and gained the Irving House by the back way, comparatively unobserved, while the crowd on Broadway expected to see him pass out in front.

Kossuth remained in New York for several weeks, every day giving answers to delegations from other cities which came to invite him to accept their hospitalities,



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

KOSSUTH INSPECTING THE NEW YORK MILITIA

and almost every evening making an address to large meetings of different nationalities, always in their mother tongue. During one week he spoke five evenings in succession—to meetings of Germans, French, Italians, Hungarians and Americans. His linguistic gift was marvelous, and although he spoke for the most part extemporaneously he never faltered and scarcely ever recalled a word, and to each meeting he spoke on a separate, yet appropriate, theme. To the members of the bar he spoke of International law; to the municipal authorities, of civic patriotism, and to the press, of the general principles of public policy.

From New York Kossuth went to Philadelphia, where he discoursed of liberty in old Independence Hall; to Baltimore, and thence to Washington, where, at a banquet given by the citizens, which was attended by members of the Cabinet, by members of both Houses of Congress, by the Judges of the Supreme Court, by foreign diplomats, and by other distinguished personages, he expounded his opinions of National intervention. Afterward he made a tour that included many of the leading cities of the West and South, everywhere vehemently welcomed, and everywhere discoursing on some high theme, with an eloquence which only he possessed.

IMPOSING IN APPEARANCE AND A MASTER OF ORATORY

IN APPEARANCE Kossuth was taller than Americans had been led to suppose. His face had an expression of penetrating intellect which was not indicated in any portrait we had seen. It was long, the forehead broad, but not excessively high, though a slight baldness made it seem so, and the chin narrow, but square in its form. His hair was thin in front, and dark brown, as was his beard, which was quite long, but not very thick, and arranged with neatness and taste. His mustache was heavy and rather long. His eyes were very large and of a light blue; his complexion was pale, like that of a man who was not in perfect health. As a speaker his manner was at once incomparably dignified and graceful; gestures more admirable and effective, and a play of coun-

tenance more expressive and magnetic, I remember in no other public speaker. He always stood erect, and did not, like some orators, lean forward to give emphasis to a sentence. His posture and appearance in repose were imposing, not only from their essential grace and dignity, but from a sense of power they impressed upon the beholder. This sense of unused power, this certainty that he was not making an effort and doing his utmost, but that behind all his strength of fascination there were other treasures of strength never brought into use, was, perhaps, what constituted the supreme charm of his oratory. He spoke as if with little preparation, and with that peculiar freshness which belongs to extemporaneous speaking, and the wonderful compactness and art of his argument were not felt until you reflected upon it afterward. His every movement was perfectly easy. He gesticulated freely, equally well with both arms. Nothing could be more beautiful in its way than was the sweep of his right hand, as it was raised to Heaven when he spoke of the Deity; nothing sweeter than the smile which at times mantled his face. His voice was not very loud, and evinced exhaustion more than did either his face or his general bearing. Beyond a doubt he was the greatest of orators then living.

Generally, his English was fluent and distinct, with a marked foreign accent, though at times this was not at all apparent. He spoke rather slowly than otherwise, and occasionally, but rarely, hesitated for a word. His command of the language, astonishing as it was in a foreigner, seemed rather the result of an utter abandonment to his thought, and a reliance on that to express itself, than of an absolute command of the niceties of the grammar and dictionary. In speaking Kossuth occasionally referred to notes which usually lay on the stand before him. He almost invariably dressed after the Hungarian fashion, in a black velvet tunic, single-breasted, with standing collar and transparent black buttons. He also wore an overcoat or sack of black velvet with broad fur, and loose sleeves, and gloves of light kid.

THE CHIEF OBJECT OF HIS AMERICAN VISIT

IN THE main object of his visit to this country—to procure the intervention of the nation in the affairs of his native country—Kossuth was not successful. Our people were ready to cheer him for his grand exploits, and to applaud his persuasive oratory, but our statesmen were not ready to engage in active operations on the continent of Europe. It is true that the policy he maintained had been formerly maintained by Daniel Webster in regard to the Greeks in their struggle against the Ottoman domination; by Henry Clay in behalf of the South American Republics; and by President Monroe, in a message which announced what has since been called the "Monroe doctrine."

Nothing became the character of Kossuth more, I think, than his modest retirement after his return to Europe. He was unwilling to accept of citizenship in Hungary, which had now gone back to its submission to the Empire of Austria. He was unwilling to receive the grateful contributions of his admirers toward a gratuitous support, and accordingly devoted the remainder of his days to procuring a subsistence by his own labors. He taught the languages, he wrote for the magazines, he prepared books in explanation of his career, but he lived and died in poverty. He sometimes gave his advice to the active leaders of Europe: to Napoleon III, as to the Crimean War; to Count di Cavour, as to the war in Italy. But he never again appeared upon the field or in the arena. He who had once been the dictator of his country, and the popular idol of her constituents, preferred retirement with honor and self-respect to a fictitious glory. Kossuth died, and as I have said, in poverty. Many were the honors bestowed upon him during his lifetime. But while these were commanding none ever remained so long and so vividly in his memory as the wonderful series of receptions in America. And of these none were so distinctive, so overwhelming, as his reception in New York City, nor one incident so striking as his famous ride up Broadway.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The fifth article of the "Great Personal Events" series:

"When Lincoln was First Inaugurated"

Will be published in the next (March) JOURNAL. In it Stephen Fiske will graphically relate the incidents of the President-elect's journey to Washington, the great anxiety for his safety, and the general excitement that prevailed throughout the country. The chief and most significant features of the inauguration and attendant ceremonies will be strikingly illustrated by T. de Thulstrup.

FOR A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE

By Rose Thorn

WERE I asked for a receipt for longevity, beauty and happiness I would write: "Be well fed, well warmed and well rested." Many people are thoroughly wedded to the idea that it is just as well to sit down and work on, or that it is a sign of laziness to lie down in the daytime. There is just such ignorance in the world—for ignorance it is—of the simplest physical laws. If a woman is observed to rest often she is soon regarded as "lazy." People who are averse to exercise, or lag easily in their work, are sick. When people shun exertion it is because the physical balance is weakened.

Another old bit of bigotry stands like a "lion in the way": Our grandfathers and grandmothers did not so, etc. In this case it is plain that they did not need the amount of rest that is required in these days. They had not a tenth part of the distractions of these hurrying times. Besides, perhaps, if they had not had such faith in their straight-backed chairs and long hours their progeny might have been blessed with stronger nerves. Therefore, my weary, quick-tempered, cross woman, hasten to be "healthily, wealthy and wise" by going to bed early and often, and be not too early to rise. Also, invest in some sort of comfortable couch, which shall be installed in the post of honor in your sitting-room, and then—use it.



THE PEOPLE OF DICKENS
A SERIES OF CHARACTER SKETCHES
BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

II—DICK SWIVELLER AND THE MARCHIONESS
FROM "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"

A QUILTING BEE IN OUR VILLAGE*

By Mary E. Wilkins

Author of "A Humble Romance," "Pembroke," "Neighborhood Types," "Madelon," etc.



NE sometimes wonders whether it will ever be possible in our village to attain absolute rest and completion with regard to quilts. One thinks after a week fairly swarming with quilting bees. "Now every housewife in the place must be well supplied; there will be no need to make more quilts for six months at least." Then, the next morning, a nice little be-curved girl in a clean pinafore knocks at the door and repeats demurely her well-conned lesson: "Mother sends her compliments, and would be happy to have you come to her quilting bee this afternoon."

One also wonders if quilts, like flowers, have their seasons of fuller production. On general principles it seems as if the winter might be more favorable to their gay complexities of bloom. In the winter there are longer evenings for merriment after the task of needlework is finished and the young men arrive; there are better opportunities for roasted apples, and chestnuts and flip, also for social games. It is easier, too, as well as pleasanter, to slip over the long miles between some of our farmhouses, in a sleigh if it is only a lover and his lass, or a wood-sled if a party of neighbors or a whole family.

HOWEVER, so many of our young women become betrothed in the spring, and wedded in the autumn, that the bees flourish in the hottest afternoons and evenings of midsummer.

For instance, Brama Lincoln White was engaged to William French, from Somerset, George Henry French's son, the first Sunday in July, and the very next week her mother, Mrs. Harrison White, sent out invitations to a quilting bee.

The heat during all that week was something to be remembered. It was so warm that only the very youngest and giddiest of the village people went to the Fourth of July picnic. Cyrus Emmett had a sunstroke out in the hayfield, and Mrs. Deacon Stockwell's mother, who was over ninety, was overcome by the heat and died. Mrs. Stockwell could not go to the quilting, because her mother was buried the day before. It was a misfortune to Mrs. White and Brama Lincoln, for Mrs. Stockwell is one of the fastest quilters that ever lived, but it was no especial deprivation to Mrs. Stockwell. Hardly any woman who was invited to that quilting was anxious to go. The bee was on Thursday, which was the hottest day of all that hot week. The earth seemed to give out heat like a stove, and the sky was like the lid of a fiery pot. The hot air steamed up in our faces from the ground and beat down on the tops of our heads from the sky. There was not a cool place anywhere. The village women arose before dawn, aired their rooms, then shut the windows, drew the curtains and closed blinds and shutters, excluding all the sunlight, but in an hour the heat penetrated.

MRS. HARRISON WHITE'S parlor faced southwest, and the blinds would have to be opened in order to have light enough; it seemed a hard ordeal to undergo. Lurinda Snell told Mrs. Wheelock that it did seem as if Brama Lincoln might have got ready to be married in better weather, after waiting as long as she had done. Brama was not very young, but Lurinda was older and had given up being married at all years ago. Mrs. Wheelock thought she was a little bitter, but she only pitied her for that. Lydia Wheelock always pities people for their sins and shortcomings instead of blaming them. She pacified Lurinda, and told her to wear her old muslin and carry her umbrella and her palm-leaf fan, and the wind was from the southwest, so there would be a breeze in Mrs. White's parlor even if it was sunny.

The women went early to the quilting; they were expected to be there at one o'clock to secure a long afternoon for work. Eight were invited to quilt: Lurinda and Mrs. Wheelock, the young widow, Lottie Green, and five other women, some of them quite young but master hands at such work.

Brama and her mother were not going to quilt; they had the supper to prepare. Brama's intended husband was coming over from Somerset to supper, and a number of men from our village were invited.

A FEW minutes before one o'clock the quilters went down the street, with their umbrellas bobbing over their heads. Mrs. Harrison White lives on the South Side in the great house where her husband keeps store. She opened the door when she saw her guests coming. She is a stout woman, and she wore a large plaid gingham dress, open at her creasy throat. Her hair clung in wet strings to her temples and her face was blazing. She had just come from the kitchen where she was baking cake. The whole house was sweet and spicy with the odor of it. She ushered her guests into the parlor, where the great quilting-frame was stretched. It occupied nearly the entire room. There was just enough space for the quilters to file around and seat themselves four on a side. The sheet of patchwork was tied firmly to the pegs on the quilting-frame. The pattern was intricate, representing the rising sun, the number of pieces almost beyond belief; the calicoes comprising it were of the finest and brightest.

"Most all the pieces are new, an' I don't believe but what Mis' White cut them right off goods in the store," Lurinda Snell whispered to Mrs. Wheelock when the hostess had withdrawn and they had begun their labors.

THEY further agreed among themselves that Mrs. White and Brama must have secretly prepared the patchwork in view of some sudden and wholly unexpected matrimonial contingency.

"I don't believe but what this quilt has been pieced ever since Brama Lincoln was sixteen years old," whispered Lurinda Snell, so loud that all the women could hear her. Then suddenly she pounced forward and pointed with her sharp forefinger at a piece of green and white calico in the middle of the quilt. "There, I knew it," said she. "I remember that piece of calico in a square I saw Brama Lincoln piecing over to our house before Francis was married." Lurinda Snell has a wonderful memory.

"That's a good many years ago," said Lottie Green.

"Yes," whispered Lurinda Snell. When she whispers her s's always hiss so that they make one's ears ache, and she is very apt to whisper. "Used to be hangin' round Francis considerable before he was married," she whispered in addition, and then she thought that she heard Mrs. White coming, and said, speaking up very loud in such a pleasant voice, "How comfortable it is in this room for all it is such a hot afternoon." But her cunning was quite needless, for Mrs. White was not coming.

THE women chalked cords and marked the patchwork in a diamond pattern for quilting. Two women held the ends of a chalked cord, stretching it tightly across the patchwork, and a third snapped it. That made a plain chalk line for the needle to follow. When a space as far as they could reach had been chalked they quilted it. When that was finished they rolled the quilt up and marked another space.

Brama Lincoln's quilt was very large; it did seem impossible to finish it that afternoon, though the women worked like beavers in that exceeding heat. They feared that Brama Lincoln would be disappointed and think they had not worked as hard as they might when she and her mother had been at so much trouble to prepare tea for them.

Nobody saw Brama Lincoln or Mrs. White again that afternoon, but they could be heard stepping out in the kitchen and sitting-room, and at five o'clock the china dishes and silver spoons began to clink.

AT A QUARTER before six the men came. There were only three elderly ones in the company: Mr. Harrison White, of course, and Mrs. Wheelock's husband, and Mr. Lucius Downey, whose wife had died the year before. All the others were young and considered beaux in the village.

The women had just finished the quilt and rolled it up, and taken down the frame, when Lurinda Snell spied Mr. Lucius Downey coming, and screamed out and ran, and all the girls after her. They had brought silk bags with extra finery, such as laces and ribbons and combs, to put on in the evening, and they all raced upstairs to the spare chamber.

When they came down with their ribbons gayly flying, and some of them with their hair freshly curled, all the men had arrived, and Mrs. White asked them to walk out to tea.

Poor Mrs. White had put on her purple silk dress, but her face looked as if the blood would burst through it, and her hair as if it were gummed to her forehead. Brama Lincoln looked very well; her front hair was curled, and Lurinda thought she had kept it in papers all day. She wore a pink muslin gown, all ruffled to the waist, and sat next her beau at the table.

Lurinda Snell sat on one side of Mr. Lucius Downey and Lottie Green on the other, and they saw to it that his plate was well filled. Once somebody nudged me to look, and there were five slices of cake and three pieces of pie on his plate. However, they all disappeared—Mr. Downey had a very good appetite.

MRS. WHITE had a tea which will go into the history of the village. Everybody wondered how she and Brama had managed to do so much in that terrible heat. There were seven kinds of cake, besides doughnuts, cookies and short gingerbread; there were five kinds of pie, and cup custards, hot biscuits, cold bread, preserves, cold ham and tongue. No woman in the village had ever given a better quilting supper than Mrs. Harrison White and Brama.

After supper the men went into the parlor and sat in a row against the wall, while the women all assisted in clearing away and washing the dishes.

Then the women, all except Mrs. Wheelock, who went home to take care of Lottie Green's children, joined the men in the parlor, and the evening entertainment began. Mrs. White tried to have everything as usual in spite of the heat. She had even got the Slocum boy to come with his fiddle that the company might dance.

First they played games: copenhagen, and post-office, roll the cover, and the rest. Young and old played except Brama Lincoln and her beau; they sat on the sofa and were suspected of holding each other's hands under cover of her pink flounces. Many thought it very silly in them, but when Lurinda Snell told Mrs. Wheelock of it next day she said that she thought there were many worse things to be ashamed of than love.

Lurinda Snell played the games with great enjoyment; she is very small and wiry, and could jump for the rolling cover like a cricket. Lurinda, in spite of her bitterness over her lonely estate, and her evident leaning toward Mr. Lucius Downey, is really very maidenly in some respects. She always caught the cover before it stopped rolling, and withdrew her hands before they were slapped in copenhagen, whereas Lottie Green almost invariably failed to do so, and was, in consequence, kissed so many times by Mr. Downey that nearly everybody was smiling and tittering about it.

HOWEVER, Lurinda Snell was exceedingly fidgety when post-office was played, and Lucius Downey had so many letters for Lottie Green, and finally she succeeded in putting a stop to the game. The post-office was in the front entry, and of course the parlor door was closed during the delivery of the letters, and Lurinda objected to that. She said the room was so warm with the entry door shut that she began to feel a buzzing in her head, which was always dangerous in her family. Her grandfather had been overheated, been seized with a buzzing in his head, and immediately dropped dead, and so had her father. When she said that people looked anxiously at Lurinda; her face was flushed, and the post-office was given up and the entry door opened.

Next Lottie Green was called upon to sing, as she always is in company, she has such a sweet voice. She stood up in the middle of the floor, and sang "Annie Laurie" without any accompaniment, because the Slocum boy, who is not an expert musician, did not know how to play that tune, but Lurinda was taken with hiccoughs. Nobody doubted that she really had hiccoughs, but it was considered justly that she might have smothered them in her handkerchief, or at least have left the room, instead of spoiling Lottie Green's beautiful song, which she did completely. If the Slocum boy could have played the tune on his fiddle it would not have been so disastrous, but "Annie Laurie" with no accompaniment but that of hiccoughs was a failure. Brama Lincoln tiptoed out into the kitchen, and got some water for Lurinda to take nine swallows without stopping, but it did not cure her. Lurinda hiccoughed until the song was finished.

The Slocum boy tuned his fiddle then and the dancing began, but it was not a success—partly because of Lurinda and partly because of the heat. Lurinda would not dance after the first; she said her head buzzed again, but people thought—it may have been unjustly—that she was hurt because Lucius Downey had not invited her to dance. That spoiled the set, but aside from that the room was growing insufferably warm. The windows were all wide open, but the night air came in like puffs of dark, hot steam, and swarms of mosquitoes and moths with it. The dancers were all brushing away mosquitoes and wiping their foreheads. Their faces were blazing with the heat, and even the pretty girls had a wilted and stringy look from their hair out of curl and their limp muslins.

WHEN Lurinda refused to dance Brama Lincoln at once said that she thought it would be much pleasanter out-of-doors, and took William French by the arm and led the way. The rest of the quilting bee was held in Harrison White's front yard. The folks sat there until quite late, telling stories and singing hymns and songs. Lottie Green would not sing alone; she said it would make her too conspicuous. The front yard is next to the store, and there was a row of men on the piazza settee, beside others coming and going. The yard was light from the store windows. Brama Lincoln and William French sat as far back in the shadow as they could.

Mr. Lucius Downey sat on the doorstep, out of the dampness; he considers himself delicate. Lottie Green sat on one side of him and Lurinda Snell on the other.

There was much covert curiosity as to which of the two he would escort home. Some thought he would choose Lottie, some Lurinda. The problem was solved in a most unexpected manner.

Lottie Green lives nearly a mile out of his way, in one direction, Lurinda half a mile in another. When the quilting bee disbanded Lottie, after lingering and looking back with sweetly-pleading eyes from under her pretty white rigolette, went down the road with Lydia Wheelock's husband; Lurinda slipped forlornly up the road in the wake of a fond young couple, keeping close behind them for protection against the dangers of the night, and Mr. Lucius Downey went home by himself.

THE WOMAN BY THE RAILWAY

By John Lambert Payne

THREE years ago I was on a railway train passing along the north shore of Lake Superior. For hours at a stretch our track lay through a bleak and rocky wilderness, relieved only at intervals by the plain and lonely homes of section men. At the door of one of these humble dwellings I saw a woman. She was cleanly and neatly dressed, her hair hung in orderly curls upon her forehead, and a brooch held a linen collar about her throat. There was but one front window in the little cottage, but it contained a flowering geranium and a curtain hanging in folds at the side. Swinging on a line in the breeze from the lake—for I closed my eyes to nothing in the view—were articles of feminine apparel, revealing a refined taste. The conviction came to me that here was a woman living up to one of her highest prerogatives. Although visitors came but few times in the year, and she saw only her husband and children day in and day out—excepting the few passengers who might catch a glimpse of her as they whirled along, and whose opinions she might have ignored—she was, I surmised from her surroundings, always presentable and attractive. My instantaneous impression was that she was a good woman, frugal, helpful and hopeful—as true a jewel in that rough setting as any in a king's crown. The conclusion was instinctive that if this woman's husband had anything in him at all he would soon be out of that hut and on the highroad to better things.

The lesson was brought home to me that one of the most mischievous and prevalent of domestic heresies is that appearances count for little in the privacy of the home. This woman by the railroad wayside might naturally have reasoned that anything in the way of dress would do out there in the wilderness. There was no local society to criticise, nor callers to impress. There were only her husband and the children. What mattered it if her hair was neglected and her dress soiled? Jack wouldn't mind, and if he did he would soon get used to it. But she was a wise woman. She knew that Jack would mind, and that she owed it to him, to herself, and to the little ones whose character she was moulding, to bring all the sunshine and good influences she could control into that home. She knew that when her husband came home from his work, tired and toil-stained, he would think more of her and of his family if he found her looking at her best. What was true of that isolated home is true of homes of every sort.

*The first of three sketches of "Pleasures of Our Neighborhood," which Miss Wilkins has written for the JOURNAL. The other two will be published in subsequent issues.

THE BURGLAR WHO MOVED PARADISE

By Herbert D. Ward

[A SEQUEL TO "AN OLD MAID'S PARADISE" AND "BURGLARS IN PARADISE," BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS]

* CHAPTER III

THE WEDDING JOURNEY—Continued

HE inlet of the harbor began to be gilded in the setting sun. It was a tortuous stream that connected two bays, and which made an island of Fairharbor and the Cape. Great stretches of marsh were disappearing before the rising tide. Green hummocks were nodding their hair for the last time before they went under for the night. Near the station was an inlet to an inlet; but the harbor was out of sight three miles away to the south.

"I suppose we can camp here," said Alexander grimly. "This truck, a settee, and a flour barrel are about all the assets of the situation. The flour barrel seems to be empty, and to save any further complications I move we put the dog in there and head him up."

But Matthew Launcelot was not so easily to be disposed of. He had brought them into this predicament; he had spoiled the wedding journey. The position was indeed a serious one. But it was Matthew's good luck to bring them out. He began to bark furiously, and ran down through a pine grove toward the shore. Corona followed, and her husband, with a sardonic expression of the features, brought up the rear leisurely. The bridal procession arrived at the beach. Hensleigh suggested that all that was needed was a band, and began to whistle a few bars from "Lohengrin."

But Matthew had made a momentous discovery. It was nothing less than a man and a dory.

"Stop!" cried Corona. "Where are you going?"

"I'm goin' to Twenty-Poun' Island as soon as I can shove her off."

Hensleigh opened his mouth to speak, but Corona went on with beautiful unconsciousness:

"Won't you take us? There are only three—I mean two."

The fisherman looked at the group suspiciously, and grudgingly said:

"Well, I mought, if ye'll leave the dog behind."

"Sensible man!" This was Hensleigh's first chance to speak, and he made the most of it. Then, putting his wife to one side, he closed a whispered bargain with the owner of the dory.

"He won't take us any further than the Island, and only on condition that you put the dog in the stern locker and sit on him," explained Hensleigh. "And how in thunder are we to get home from there?"

"Oh, delightful!" cried Corona. "Why, I know every fisherman in the harbor, and any of them will take us over. They'll be just coming home from their traps."

"I'd rather they wouldn't all see us," suggested Alexander, helping his wife in from the sedgy bank; "I do hope it won't get out in the papers."

The bride and groom sat on the thwart together. Except for the rising of the tide, and for the eddying currents, the water was motionless. They might just as well have been alone, for the fisherman rowed with his body half and his head wholly turned away. He was intent upon the straight channel.

And now the outline of the western hills grew purple and black, and now a hundred windows of the city ahead reflected the departing glory of the sun with a brilliance that dazzled and elated at once. Then a turn in the channel, and the passengers in the dory were face to face with the gorgeous tints that the clouds above the setting sun threw upon the vitreous surface of the motionless water. Peace rested upon sea and land. Even the dog was awed into silence. All the irritation and disappoint-

ment were fanned away from the hearts of these two people who loved each other better than all the world. They sat together—with hands clasped—not talking, looking into each other's eyes, and into the face of the purple horizon. It occurred to Corona that this bridal trip was typical of the married life before her: plenty of little things moving in the current with the big ones—little troubles, little disappointments, little frets, but all borne—how easily!—upon the great sea of love. They were startled by the grating of the keel.

"Here you are! Out with you!" The fisherman held his dory firmly with his oar.



DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR

"THIS TIME THE FLOOD CAUGHT HENSLEIGH IN THE ANKLES AS HE WAS COMING UP THE STEPS"

There was another dory pulled up on the beach. It was an old black boat with a green streak.

"Why, that's Father Morrison!" observed Corona suddenly. "He's leaving lobsters at the lighthouse."

"Thank God!" said Hensleigh devoutly. "I begin to see my way clear for the first time since we have started on our wedding journey. I believe we can catch the nine o'clock train, after all."

Corona made no reply.

Father Morrison came down from the lighthouse, and with the serenity of his class, accepted the appearance of the bride and groom stranded on Twenty-Pound Island with an unpopular dog as a matter of course. He took them aboard his lobster boat. By this time the bride's traveling-dress was so far on the road to ruin that she

looked upon the lobsters in the bottom of the boat with indifference. It was now growing dusk. Hensleigh, spying a dry spot, tried to sit in the bow, but Father Morrison waved him sternly back:

"You go set alongside o' her. That's where you belong." Hensleigh meekly obeyed, for a captain is master, even in a lobster dory.

The old man rowed them strongly out into the harbor. It was darkening fast. The square-cut lines of Paradise grew nearer and fainter at the same time. There was a light in the kitchen window, and Corona thought that she could detect figures on the piazza.

Father Morrison rested on his oars, and with an oratorical cough raised himself to his feet.

"I wish ye," he began solemnly, "fair winds and a pleasant harbor."

Hensleigh took off his hat, and said, "Amen!"

"Thank you, Father Morrison," echoed Corona softly. But, as usual, Matthew Launcelot had the last word. A fearful howl arose from between the rower's feet. The dog leaped into Corona's lap. A live lobster followed.

"He's got him by the leg!" cried Corona. "Father Morrison, he'll kill him."

"There! There!" said Father Morrison, "I'll see to him," and he wrenched the jaws of the lobster asunder as if they had been a clothespin. Matthew, with a yell of agony, leaped into the water and swam ashore. The boat grated on the rocks.

As the bridal couple clambered up the cliff they were met by Puelvir, Zero, the expressman and a policeman.

"Mercy on us!" cried Puelvir. "It's him! It's him! I've had the whole town huntin' after the critter—and Lord have mercy on us, it's them! You can go, and I'm much obleeged," she said loftily to the expressman and policeman. "My folks have got home, and I don't need any more of you. The critter's here!"

If there were a trifling ambiguity in Puelvir's last substantive nobody noticed it. But Corona leaned dependently upon her husband's arm for the first time since they had been married.

"I'm so glad to get home," she said, "aren't you? And, Puelvir, dear, couldn't you get us a little supper?"

They sat on the piazza to rest; Puelvir in the kitchen was singing a joyous alto. She sang:

"Safe, safe at home,
No more to roam;
Safe, safe at home."

The odor of a delicious supper—plainly one of Puelvir's masterpieces—crept around the side of the house.

The stars came out, and the harbor lanterns laughed across the bay. And then the red flash-light from the Point turned its greeting eye and welcomed them. Everything seemed to have expected them. Corona was very happy.

"It wasn't such a bad wedding trip, after all, was it, dear?" she ventured.

"N-o-o," doubtfully answered honest Alexander. He was still thinking of Niagara, Mexico, Alaska, Cape Breton and the nine o'clock train.

"Isn't this better than a hot, stuffy hotel?" pleaded Corona again, her sweet breath fanning his beard.

And now a cool wave of salt air swept over Paradise, and the waves sang on the rocks at their feet. The supper-bell rang.

"I don't know but you are right, dear," said Hensleigh, with a sigh of content. Hand in hand the two went in and closed the door.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST MISUNDERSTANDING

ALEXANDER was fishing for cunners—an exciting occupation with which he dignified his honeymoon.

He dangled his legs over the edge of the cliff, lazily smoking a briarwood. His straw hat was tipped back from his forehead, and he

was watching with a fisherman's intentness the tidal eddy beneath him. Corona sat by his side making believe that she was very happy. In point of fact, there was nothing she hated so much as fishing in the hot sun. But the three weeks' wife had already learned that happiness consisted in doing what Alexander liked. Hensleigh, who knew next to nothing about the natural history of the Fairharbor cunner, insisted that they never bit before twelve o'clock.

"I have never noticed that they bit at all," said Corona, "and I have lived here four summers." The bride looked cool and beautiful in her white flannel boating-dress, as she happily jeered at her husband's efforts.

But Alexander did not answer. He gave his wife a debonaire glance. The last bite had taken his bait. With

* "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise" was begun in the December (1896) JOURNAL.

a swish of jaunty superiority he brought his line in and sacrificed another rock snail.

These two people were as happy as they looked. Hensleigh had grown ten years younger. It was the lover of the old days come back. And Corona—ah, but Corona! Who can put into words that ineffable glory which looks from the eyes of a rapturous, new-made wife? She was like a rose just burst into bloom. When marriage overtakes people past the first enthusiasm of youth they are apt to be happier than younger people know how to be. Happiness is a fine art which only experience can teach us how to acquire. Most of us dabble in it. A few master it.

Fairharbor was nothing if not accommodating. It was one of the pleasant peculiarities of that place that the United States mail was delivered on the rocks and beaches. Corona's particular letter-carrier was very devoted to her. On one occasion while she was taking a surf bath, he was courteous enough to deliver her letters to her in the water. He was late this morning, and did not go up to the house, but took a short cut across the rocks to them, and hurried by. Hensleigh did not even look up. He had refused since he had been married even to read the morning papers. He went on contentedly trying to murder fish, while Corona read her letters and his own too.

He was suddenly diverted from his ecstatic occupation by a long sigh.

"Oh, dear," cried Corona, "it's too bad!"

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Why, I've got to go into Boston."

Hensleigh's lips fairly turned pale. He dropped his pole. "Into Boston!" he exclaimed. If she had said Calcutta he could not have thrown more emphasis into these two words—such a change had Paradise wrought upon the nature of the erstwhile traveling bridegroom. "Why, Corona! When I magnanimously gave up Alaska, Niagara, Cape Breton and Mexico, I didn't expect to be yanked out of my home to go to—Boston!"

"Oh, but you haven't got to go," said Corona sweetly. "I can attend to it myself. I always have."

"Do you mean to say that you would go off and leave me here alone—with—Matthew Launcelot, and we not yet married four weeks?" demanded the husband with a real constraint.

"Why, Alec, love, I don't see of what possible use you can be. It's about the insurance. It has been overdue two weeks, and just because I was married I forgot all about it."

"You speak," observed her husband dryly, "as if you wish you hadn't been. And it doesn't seem to occur to you that, having taken a husband, it is natural for him to look out for your business affairs. I have insured property before in my life." He stood up, viciously flung out his line, and immediately landed a sculpin.

Corona screamed—a feminine, horror-stricken shriek. Matthew Launcelot, hearing the commotion, ran out of the house to defend his mistress. Perceiving the sculpin he turned his undivided attention to that subject.

Hensleigh, with a look of unutterable disgust, threw down his pole and stalked into the house. Corona looked after him in genuine astonishment. She felt suddenly very faint. What did this mean? What had she done? Only three weeks married, and he turned his back upon her! There was nothing else for the woman to do. She followed him anxiously.

When she came in she found him in the parlor officiously reading "Les Miserables." It was a big, red, aggressive-looking copy, and he put it down with some noise when she entered.

"Alec, dear—" she began.

"What train do you take?" he interrupted austerely.

"I—I don't know," she trembled. "The agent says it must be attended to right away, and I thought I might find Tom—"

"Tom!" exploded the husband. "What in the world do you want of Tom?"

"I don't know," faltered Corona. "I thought—he always has—" she broke off, confused beneath her husband's steady glance.

"Do you think, Corona, that your husband is capable of doing an elemental piece of business or not? Is he to be of ornament, or of use? We might as well have it settled right now."

Corona looked frightened.

"I didn't mean—" she said. "I've always done these things. I like to do them, too," she added in a stronger voice. "I enjoy looking out for myself."

"Does it ever occur to you that I might enjoy looking out for you?" Hensleigh got up and gazed out of the window. "Besides," he added, "a man has some feeling on such a subject."

Corona stared at him, puzzled. So had she some feeling about it. When a man's traditions and a woman's independence come in contact what is to be done?

Alexander sat down at his table and began to write.

"How long did your policy run?" he inquired in a methodical voice.

"Three years."

"What premium?"

Now Corona never in her life had been able to remember which was the premium and which was the policy. She would have died rather than let Alexander know this just then.

"Let me see," she returned evasively. "The house cost me five hundred dollars; the furniture, one hundred. House, furniture, clothes and all—I insured them for six hundred and fifty."

"What is the company?" came the cool rejoinder.

"The Mutual Frying Pan and Fire Insurance Company. It's in the same building, you remember, with my brokers, Jump & Jiggles."

By the time she had finished her explanation Hensleigh began to read her the following letter:

"GENERAL AGENT, MUTUAL FRYING PAN AND FIRE INS. CO.
"Sir:—In reply to yours of the — inst. addressed to my wife, Mrs. Corona Hensleigh, I inclose my check for amount due you for a renewal of policy for a term of three years. Hold insurance from receipt of this, and forward policy at your earliest convenience to
"Yours truly, ALEXANDER HENSLEIGH."

"There," he said, "that's all that's necessary to do."

"But I always have gone to Boston," insisted Corona pugnaciously.

"You haven't always been married, though."

There was something a little peremptory in Hensleigh's tone, which jarred upon his wife. A man never understands why a woman resents masterliness at one time and likes it at another. If a tramp had come in and

frightened her, and Alexander had kicked him into the harbor, she would have adored this evidence of power. But the superior and patronizing manner with which her husband drew that check was another matter. Corona did not like it, and she showed that she did not.

"Very well," she said coldly. "If you don't wish me to go I certainly shall not."

"Do as you please," he replied shortly. He took up "Les Miserables," and with an air of great significance he fastened his eyes upon the title.

Corona turned sadly away. She went out on the piazza and looked at the harbor for comfort. A cloud had swept over the hot noon sky, and the water regarded her darkly. She called Matthew Launcelot. This member of the family came up dragging the mutilated sculpin, which he proceeded to bury in the folds of her white dress. With an exclamation of annoyance Corona fled to the kitchen. Puelvir was ironing one of Alexander's outing-shirts, and her temper and the thermometer stood at about a hundred and sixteen.

"This ain't no place for you," began Puelvir sharply. "You'd better go to him. I ain't no time to be stirrin' up desserts fur him to-day. You send him out berryin'. It's about all he's good fur."

Corona retreated in despair. There was no one left but her husband. She went through the dining-room, where she had received her first kiss, and, as she advanced, her heart grew warmer. She softly opened the parlor door. He did not look up from his book. Nevertheless, Corona was convinced that he had not been reading. She stole up behind him, put her arms about his neck, and looked over his shoulder. "Les Miserables" was upside down.

"Let me have the letter, dear. I'll run out and mail it. I won't go to Boston. I don't think there is any real need of it."

"Oh, come here!" cried Alexander rapturously. "Les Miserables" performed a double somersault and landed upon the piazza. Matthew Launcelot took the red book to be another kind of sculpin, and began to tear it to pieces. And the bride—where was she?

In a few minutes two figures stole out of Paradise, hand in hand. Alexander carried a little Indian basket, and Corona carried the letter. When the dinner-bell called them home their eyes told each other that they had brought back something sweeter than the wild strawberries which were offered to Puelvir as an ironing-day dessert.

The day passed pleasantly. Corona and Alexander were very happy. After supper, as usual, Hensleigh lighted a cigar. It had come up a little easterly and threatened rain, and after a few ineffectual attempts to stay on the piazza Alexander came into the house. Corona, who was sitting at the window, greeted him joyously. But when she saw his cigar her bright face fell.

"Why, Alec, dear, you're not smoking, are you—to-night?"

"Great Scott! child, why in thunder shouldn't I smoke to-night?"

"Why, don't you remember—the insurance?"

"Well, what about the insurance? I thought we had settled that little matter."

"But, my dear, it's overdue."

"Over—fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Hensleigh with a little, contemptuous smile.

"Don't be rude." Corona arose with some dignity.

"I won't," he replied quickly, "if you're not silly." She flushed at the word.

"But don't you see, if the house burns down to-night, I shan't get a cent for it?"

"So?" he said, puffing peacefully. His equanimity stung Corona.

"Let me see," he said quietly, dropping his ashes on the floor, "this insurance has been two weeks overdue, and I have smoked every day in this house. I do not see any reason why I should give it up now."

"I see every reason," she said severely. "I didn't know it before. It would break my heart to lose this house. I love it very dearly."

"You love it more than you do me," observed the husband chillingly.

"No," she returned, "I love it more than I do your tobacco."

In a quiet, aggravating way Hensleigh kept on smoking. He looked at her cheerfully, as much as to say, "Poor girl, you're cracked a little on the subject, and I'm sorry for you." Corona stood for a moment in anxious thought, and then with set lips walked up to his chair and stood over him.

"Are you going to keep on smoking, Alec?"

"So it seems, my dear."

"I must beg you not to do it until the new policy is taken out. It isn't safe. It's very dangerous."

Hensleigh looked up at his wife quizzically.

"Whose house is this?" he asked.

"Why mine!" said Corona.

"Ah! I thought it was ours." Without another word Hensleigh went out, shut the door, stood for a moment irresolute on the piazza, and then disappeared in the growing darkness. His feet crunched on the crisp grass. There had been a three weeks' Fairharbor drought, and everything was very dry.

Corona dropped on the sofa, stunned. Oh, what had happened? Where had he gone? Would he ever come back? It seemed to the bride as if her husband had gone out of her life forever. Too proud to follow him, too heartbroken to stay behind, she wandered out wretchedly and uncertainly upon the rocks. The wind was rising, and the incoming tide dashed high. She put up her hands and found her cheeks wet. "It's the spray," she thought. But it was not the spray.

She could no longer hide her feeling from herself. She threw herself down upon the rock and cried as if she would cry her life out. Not fifty feet away sat her husband smoking desperately. The wind carried the smoke the other way. The cliff towered between the two. It might have been the width of the world.

Suddenly shrill sounds came from the house. Neither of these two miserable people paid any attention to them. It was only Matthew. Perhaps the expressman had come. But human shrieks now broke into the canine outcries. Puelvir began to call frantically.

"Fire! Fire! Miss Corona, yer house is afire!" It didn't occur to Puelvir to call the master of the house.

Simultaneously with these words the smell of something burning rushed over the rocks. Corona ran; but Hensleigh ran, too; and he got there first.

"Paradise is afire!" cried Puelvir. "Somebody's sot it. The piazza's burnin' up!" She was vigorously emptying the contents of the parlor flower vases upon the fire. Hensleigh stooped and looked. A horrible conviction forced itself upon him that a spark from his cigar had started the dry grass into a brisk flame. There was no denying the fact. Paradise—uninsured Paradise—was in real danger.

"Water!" he cried. "No, I want a broom!"

"Broom!" said Puelvir scornfully. "What can a man do with a broom?" She meant to give him what she thought best, and she did; for while he was crawling under to beat the fire out with a piece of planking that he found there, Puelvir emptied two pails of hogshod water through the broad cracks of the piazza. This and Hensleigh's plank extinguished the blaze. But it also extinguished him. He crawled out meekly, dripping from head to foot. Corona met him, trembling violently.

"Is it out," she gasped—"all out?"

"I should think it ought to be."

"Thank God!" interpolated Corona.

"Feel of me!" he answered wetly.

But Puelvir was not satisfied. She had brought two more pailfuls of water and she now dashed them lengthways over the piazza. This time the flood caught Hensleigh in the ankles as he was coming up the steps.

"Oh, you poor fellow!" cried Corona. "Let me get you some dry things."

This wifely exhibition of tenderness, which he had not at all deserved nor expected, broke down what little obstinacy Puelvir's hydropathic treatment had left in Alexander. Even a bulldog is conquered by a pail of water, and Hensleigh was a gentleman.

"You poor darling!" Forgetting that he was dripping he took his wife in his arms. "I am so sorry! You were perfectly right, and I was entirely wrong. 'I'll—I'll never smoke again—'"

"Until the house is insured," interrupted Corona archly.

"Well—ah—yes," admitted Alexander.

"And that will be to-morrow morning."

They laughed and kissed. Her fluffy, light evening dress lay contentedly in his soaked, corduroy embrace.

"This must never happen again," he said after a damp but happy silence. "Love is too precious, and marriage is too sacred."

"It was dreadful!"

"It was blasphemy!" he cried; "and we'll promise by this—by this—and this—that it shall never happen again."

"It never shall," said Corona solemnly. But in her heart of hearts she wondered if it ever would.

(CONTINUATION IN MARCH JOURNAL)



WOMEN PENSIONERS OF THE REVOLUTION

By Clifford Howard

WHEN we remember that one hundred and twenty-two years have elapsed since the fateful Battle of Lexington aroused our forefathers to the reality of their struggle for independence we are scarcely prepared to believe that at this late day several real "Daughters" of the Revolution are still living; yet it is a fact that at the present time there are several women whose names appear on the rolls of the Pension Office as the daughters of men who fought in the war of American Independence. Strange as this may seem at first sight, however, it does not impress us with the same degree of improbability as does the statement that some of the widows of Revolutionary soldiers are still alive; but it is nevertheless true that seven women are still drawing pensions as the widows of men who saw active service in the war of the Revolution: women whose husbands served under Washington more than a hundred and twenty years ago.

The eldest of these surviving widows of the Revolution is living at Los Angeles, California. She is Mrs. Lovey Aldrich, now in the ninety-eighth year of her age. Her husband was Private Caleb Aldrich, who was born in the year 1763, and served as a soldier boy in the New England campaigns of the war.

Mrs. Nancy Jones, of Jonesborough, Tennessee, whose husband was Darling Jones, a private in one of the North Carolina regiments, is the youngest of the Revolutionary widows, being now about eighty-three years of age.

The other five are Nancy Cloud, who is living at Chum, Virginia, and is the widow of Sergeant William Cloud, of Captain Christian's Virginia line; Esther S. Damon, of Plymouth Union, Vermont, whose husband was Private Noah Damon, of Massachusetts; Mary Snead, living at Parksley, Virginia, widow of Private Bowdoin Snead; Nancy A. Weatherman, who lives at Elk Mills, Tennessee, and whose first husband was Robert Glascock, a fier in one of the Virginia regiments, and Rebecca Mayo, living at Newbern, Virginia, widow of Stephen Mayo, a soldier from Virginia.

That these women can be the widows of Revolutionary soldiers is readily understood in view of the fact that their husbands were well on in years when they married. As, for example, when Esther Sumner married Noah Damon in the year 1835—fifty-two years after the close of the war—she was but twenty-one, while he was seventy-six.

The last Revolutionary widow pensioner who had married prior to the close of the war, and had therefore actually lived during Revolutionary times, was Nancy Serena, widow of Daniel F. Bakeman. She died about twenty-seven years ago, only a year or two after her husband, who was the last of the Revolutionary soldiers on the pension roll.

The women who are still drawing pensions as Revolutionary daughters are Hannah Newell Barrett, Boston, daughter of Noah Harrod; Juliette Betts, Norwalk, Connecticut, daughter of Hezekiah Betts; Susannah Chadwick, Emporium, Pennsylvania, daughter of Elihu Chadwick; Sarah C. Hurlburt, Little Marsh, Pennsylvania, daughter of Elijah Weeks; Hannah Lyons, Marblehead, Massachusetts, daughter of John Russell; Ann M. Slaughter, The Plains, Virginia, daughter of Philip Slaughter; and Rhoda Augusta Thompson, Woodbury, Connecticut, daughter of Thaddeus Thompson.

The eldest of these is Mrs. Barrett, who is within two or three years of a century, while Miss Thompson, now about seventy-six years of age, is the youngest.



Photograph by C. S. Harris

THE MOST FAMOUS COOK IN AMERICA

By Mrs. Talcott Williams

WHEN I first met Mrs. Rorer, fourteen years ago, she was conducting small cooking classes in a small room on Chestnut Street in Philadelphia. To-day she is a National figure, a leader in a great work: the noble attempt to raise the level of life in American homes by improving the character and preparation of American food. The importance, magnitude and value of this movement no one can overestimate.

All work, and above all, important work like this, demands the triple training of ancestry, environment and education, all of which Mrs. Rorer possesses. Her Revolutionary ancestry, her life before twenty spent in Western New York, and later in Philadelphia, her association with the women conspicuous in the Centennial Exposition and the organizers of the New Century Club, have made her especially fitted for her labors. Her domestic life was fortunately cast in a city enjoying one of the best three markets in the world, and possessing the sound traditions of the English Quaker in household cuisine: for whatever else he may deny himself, the "Friend feeds well."

Sarah Tyson Heston, the daughter of Dr. Charles Tyson Heston, and the great-granddaughter of Colonel Edward Heston, in whose honor Hestonville, a suburb of Philadelphia, was named, was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in October, 1849.

When Sarah was about a year old her parents removed to Buffalo, New York, where her father became a successful manufacturing chemist, and where, as a little girl, she developed a child's aptitude and interest in her father's daily work. She grew up in his laboratory, gaining a working knowledge with chemical methods, and growing familiar with the exact manipulation of the chemist and the constant use of accurate weights and measures. Her father led the way in many food experiments.

After spending several years at a private school in Buffalo, Sarah Heston went, at the age of eleven, to Aurora, New York, where she took a five years' scientific course, devoting much time to chemistry. Returning to Buffalo she was graduated from a finishing school, after

studying for three years. During all this time she had shown much fondness for, and skill in, cooking. When twelve years old she took a prize for a loaf of bread and a loaf of sponge cake at a Western New York County Fair.

Dr. Heston responded to Lincoln's first call for three months' men, and remained in the service until the end of the war, returning with shattered health. The personal care for ten years of her invalid father, who required the most delicate and digestible food, was Mrs. Rorer's unconscious preparation for her life work.

Cooking is often a mere matter of receipts, and too seldom based on principles. It deals with details and offers no explanation of causes, but the training Mrs. Rorer had received from her father, a physician and practical chemist, gave this important and frequently-omitted instruction. It taught her the why and wherefore of each method, the chemical result of the combination of the foods in use, as well as the cause for diverse effects, as, for instance, when meats should be plunged into hot and when into cold water; why rice is the most easily digested of all vegetables, and many other quite as simple and little-known fundamental rules.

In 1869 the Heston family went to Philadelphia to live, and the following year Sarah Tyson was married to Mr. W. A. Rorer, and has since that time made Philadelphia her home. There her two sons, both graduates of the Penn Charter School, were born. The eldest one, W. A. Rorer, Jr., was sent to the University of Berlin to be fitted for work as a translator. The younger one, James B., is a student at Harvard College. While at the Penn Charter he won a dozen or more medals in athletics and field sports. The only daughter died in infancy.

The New Century Club, of Philadelphia, opened a cooking school in 1879, placing it the following spring under Mrs. Rorer's charge. After carrying this on for two years she opened the Philadelphia Cooking School, over which she still presides. In this school she teaches, not only the children of well-to-do parents, but a prize class of children from one of the industrial schools. There are also classes for ladies and classes for cooks, as well as many classes for young girls. Connected with the school is a normal course of two years, for fitting young women to become cooking teachers. So successful has the work

in the Woman's Building, with the result that each morning during the six months she delivered a two-hour lecture on the subject of corn and other food products.

Important as is Mrs. Rorer's work in the classroom and the lecture-room, she addresses a much larger audience with her pen. In this branch of her work she has served a long apprenticeship, which fits her for the accurate and popular exposition of cooking. In 1886 she started a monthly publication known as "Table Talk," conducting it most acceptably to her readers. In 1893 she sold her interest in it and established "Household News," which, in January of this year, was absorbed by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. In 1884 Mrs. Rorer published a small

hand-book of the receipts used in the Philadelphia Cooking School. The demand for this was so great that in 1886 she published "The Philadelphia Cook Book." Mrs. Rorer's published receipts are as peculiarly lucid as are her famous cooking lectures. Directions are so distinctly and definitely given that a child can cook successfully



A MODEL DINING-ROOM

from them, provided, of course, the directions are accurately followed. In 1887 she published "Canning and Preserving"; in 1888, "Hot Weather Dishes"; in 1889, "Home Candy Making"; in 1891, "How to Cook Vegetables"; each a clear, practical guide on the topic its title indicates. A set of brief monographs, "How to Use a Chafing-Dish," "Sandwiches," "Colonial Receipts," "Dainties," "Twenty Quick Soups," and "Fifteen New Ways for Oysters," appeared in 1894. For two years past Mrs. Rorer has published nothing, but a much-needed work on "Sick Diet" is under preparation.

A larger extension of her literary work now comes to Mrs. Rorer in her association with THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Feeling the need of a wider audience for her magazine work Mrs. Rorer, last autumn, was brought into conference with the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, with the result that henceforth all her literary work will appear exclusively in this magazine, and in no other place. With this issue of the JOURNAL Mrs. Rorer begins her literary work under new and most favorable auspices, and with an audience which, in its wide and increasing numbers, includes every phase of American womanhood.

Despite her numerous activities Mrs. Rorer has still found time for much charitable work, and such work is indeed nearest her heart. She gives her normal classes practice by sending them to teach at the various guilds and missions of the city during each winter. Her own early efforts began in connection with the Bedford Street Mission, in a Philadelphia slum, and paved the way for like work since, by other agencies. She had then a class of girls of the very humblest origin: some of them were ragpickers, one or two gathered cigar stumps, and so on. The chivalry of these girls was touching. They knew, instinctively, that the region was then no place for a lady alone at night, so three or four of them were always awaiting Mrs. Rorer as she left the car at the corner of Alaska Street, to escort her to the mission building. The evening on which I went down with her one of the

girls shyly slipped around to Mrs. Rorer's other side and whispered to her. It was an apology for no white apron, as she had been too busy to wash it. The dozen girls were all in white aprons, and most of them had something white tied about their necks. Those of us who have watched Mrs. Rorer demonstrate in a spotless white apron, sleeves and cap, can quite readily understand the unconscious influence which she must have exerted over those girls. She began by only requiring them to come

with clean hands and faces, and tidily-brushed hair, knowing the rest would follow in time. It was early in the second winter that the shy girl apologized for not having a fresh white apron, as had all her mates.

Personally, Mrs. Rorer has the strong physique, full figure and glowing health inherited from her English and Dutch ancestors. Her fresh, unwrinkled complexion and fair hair, untouched by years, are living proofs of her favorite assertion that, "Everything depends upon the food a person puts into his stomach." Long contact with men and women in all the walks of life has given Mrs. Rorer the assured poise of the woman of affairs, while still retaining the gracious presence and engaging reserve which are the charm and attraction of womanhood. Her usefulness has been great, but as I have seen her for fourteen years passing from platform to platform of widening influence I can but feel that her work has before it fields larger and yet more large.



MRS. RORER READY FOR WORK

been that some of the graduates from the normal classes are in charge of cooking schools scattered all the way from New York to San Francisco, and also in Canada. Others are doing hospital work, a few are successful caterers, many others are demonstrators for associations, and many are private demonstrators for one.

The reputation of the Philadelphia Cooking School—drawing, as it does, pupils from all parts of the country—is almost world-wide. Each year the demands for its graduates are far greater than Mrs. Rorer is able to supply. In the classroom Mrs. Rorer is simple and direct. Each detail of manipulation is demonstrated and each constituent part is minutely measured or weighed, as the case may be. Mrs. Rorer's touch is singularly deft, nothing is spilled and nothing is wasted. When the lesson is over the pupil is left with an accurate working knowledge of the dishes which have been prepared, and an acquaintance with general processes.

Mrs. Rorer's methods as a teacher have become known to classes and audiences in many other cities. Her classes spring from the growing conviction among women who enjoy the privilege of leadership in social life and active reforms that few things are more important in any city than an opportunity to share the best training in cooking. In all the leading cities of the country, and in a number of lesser ones, such women have organized classes for instruction, and have summoned Mrs. Rorer to instruct them. Her engagements to appear before these picked gatherings begin in September and end in May.

The Woman's Board of Managers for Illinois, at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, induced Mrs. Rorer to undertake the superintendence of its model kitchen



IN HER "DEN"



MRS. RORER'S DINING-ROOM



A PAGE AT THE BERLIN COURT

By Max von Binzer



HURRAH! Have been appointed page at the Royal Court," was the dispatch that I wired home from Berlin one morning in December, 1877.

I was at the time a cadet at the Royal Military Academy. The order which called for members of the corps of the Academy to act in the capacity of pages for the winter's season was anticipated, but the extraordinary festivities which were to take place in the following February necessitated a larger detail than was usual. Eighty, I remember, was the number required.

The "Selecta Class," so called, is supposed to furnish the lads of noble birth required for this honorary service, but owing to this extraordinary demand the "Prima Class" was called upon to make up the quota.

We certainly had reason to be happy upon the morning when we broke ranks and read the order, for the lucky candidates were promised, in addition to the

round of balls and banquets, a double Royal wedding. The Princess Victoria Elizabeth Auguste Charlotte, eldest daughter of the Crown Prince, was to be united to Bernard, son of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, and also the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Prince Frederic Charles (surnamed the "Red Prince"), to Frederic Auguste, son of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg.

Late in December at the castle the arduous training for our duties began. Every function and ceremony was rehearsed over and over again. The pages who had been selected for personal service to the Princesses were specially drilled in the difficult duty of carrying trains; physical endurance played no small part in the requirements for this service, besides eternal vigilance and alertness to prevent any mishaps to the fair ladies. The trains were of great length and weight, and strong loops were inserted under the hem of the garment to enable the pages to hold them securely.

DRILL AND REHEARSAL OF THE PAGES

THE other pages were given over to the tender mercies of the master and overseer of the banquet tables. He turned out to be most exacting in his drill. We were first shown how to serve the various dishes and to remove the plates, relay the covers, move chairs, etc., and were compelled to go through these tedious rehearsals, with the stewards and ordinary waiters representing the Royal personages. After many hours of continuous practice, however, we mastered the intricacies of the profession, and as subsequent events abundantly proved, the instructions were, indeed, highly essential.

The day at length arrived when we were to perform our first task. Our hearts beat with anticipation and not a little nervousness. Visions of awkward mistakes came up before us, but encouraged by our Governor, Lieutenant von F—, we managed to get through without mishap. The occasion was the gala banquet given in honor of the visiting sovereigns and their suites. Early in the afternoon we received our uniforms, consisting of a red coat richly ornamented with silver braid, a lace jabot at the neck, white knee breeches, silk stockings, low shoes, plumed hat and officer's sword. At four o'clock the Court carriages took us to the palace, but a few blocks distant. Of course we were in high spirits, and so filled with pride that we imagined the people on the streets saluted us and that sentinels "presented" arms as we passed. The apartments assigned to us were in a wing of the large castle, where we were comfortably bestowed, and where, before beginning our duties, we were always regaled with a sumptuous dinner or luncheon. It is unnecessary to say that we enjoyed the King's hospitality thoroughly.

At five o'clock we were marched to the "Hall of Knights"—one of the gala apartments—and posted *en espalier* the length of the hall. Being the tallest of the number I found myself stationed next the entrance. Guests soon began to arrive, and passing between our lines proceeded toward the picture gallery, which was used as the assembly hall.

DISTINGUISHED AND GORGEOUSLY-ATTIRED GUESTS

MEN famous in history, noted men of science, scarred and weather-beaten generals (it was but a short time since the Franco-Prussian War), diplomats and members of the Embassies filed before us. Gorgeous uniforms, badges and medals, insignia of office and orders, dazzled our young and envious eyes.

Presently the Crown Prince and Prince Frederic Charles entered on their way to join the Imperial family.

"Well, boys," said the former, as he approached, "which amongst you is the tallest?"

Being pointed out as having this distinction, he continued, standing close to me, "Which of us two is the taller?"

The page standing next me replied, "Imperial Highness, Page von Binzer is a trifle taller."

"What!" he exclaimed, laughing, "taller than I? Maybe, maybe, but not greater, young man." He passed on after some remarks indicating that he was in high good humor.

A few moments later we heard the master of ceremonies thumping his staff, as he preceded the Imperial procession down the corridor into the hall. This was the signal for: "Attention! right and left dress! front!" and like statues we remained until the Court passed down the "Hall of Knights" and beyond into the "White Hall," where the banquet was laid.

SERVICE OF GOLD FOR ROYAL BANQUETERS

THE procession was most impressive. First came the grand master of ceremonies, followed by the numerous chamberlains, marshals, courtiers and gentlemen of the Imperial household; next, the ladies of Court; then, ladies of honor, ladies of the palace, and, finally, the Imperial and Royal families in pairs according to rank and distinction: William I, the German Emperor, with Marie Henriette, Queen of Belgium; Leopold II, King of Belgium, with Augusta, the German Empress, etc. As they filed out we were quickly dispatched through a side door and private passage to the "White Hall," and at once took our places behind the chairs of the individuals to whose personal service we had been assigned.

In a surprisingly short time the large assemblage was seated. With Page Count von W— I stood behind the chair of the Belgian King. A *valet de chambre* gave us the dishes, and we served them alternately to His Majesty with such grace and skill as we could muster. Indeed, it necessitated our undivided attention. I greatly regretted not being able to enjoy the splendid picture before me without interruption, but, nevertheless, I saw and heard a great deal. To my delight, the more important personages were in my immediate vicinity: The Emperor and Empress of Germany, the King and Queen of Belgium, the Crown Prince "Fritz," and Crown Princess Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince and Princess Frederic Charles of Prussia, the Duke of Connaught, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses of Saxe-Meiningen and of Oldenburg, and others.

The delightful music, the exquisite floral decorations, the table service of gold, the jewels of the ladies and the medal-covered uniform of the Royal host made a scene never to be forgotten.

The Belgian King ate sparingly, but showed a great predilection for asparagus in butter. The German Empress was served with special dishes owing to her delicate health. But, as a matter of fact, very little attention was paid to the food placed upon the tables. Conversation was the main feature of the banquet and at times became most animated. Everybody seemed to be in good humor and excellent spirits.

As dessert was about to be served our Crown Prince whispered to his neighbor, King Leopold, whereupon the latter took a number of handsomely-decorated *bonbonnières* from the table and handed them to me, saying in German as he did so, "*Zur Erinnerung an heute*" ("In memory of the day").

This custom has prevailed for many years. Two pockets lined with oiled silk are to be found in the pages' coats to hold these tokens. The King most graciously addressed a few questions to us regarding our studies and future military career as he handed us the mementos. After dessert we were dismissed, as coffee was to be served in the adjoining apartment.

THE "GRAND COUR," A DAZZLING FUNCTION

ON THE 16th of February came the function called the "Grand Cour," or formal introduction of distinguished people to the guests and relatives of the Royal family. The ceremony also includes the tribute of reverence to His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor.

The function is peculiar and unique. I know of nothing in American public or social life with which to compare it. All of us not detailed for the service of the Princesses were posted two paces apart down the length of the "White Hall," dividing the beautiful apartment into halves. Our orders were not to move from the spot assigned each page until given the word of recall, which meant four mortal hours. Between six and seven o'clock the people began to assemble to the rear of our line—the gentlemen in order of precedence and the ladies immediately back of them. At seven o'clock the Court approached and the hum of voices ceased. The "White Hall" was ablaze with thousands of candles. Diamonds flashed and there pervaded the vast room that indescribable tense feeling of anticipation. As the chamberlains crossed the threshold the orchestra burst forth into martial music, and hundreds of heads bowed low in reverence as the Emperor took his place on the throne. His Royal suite quickly grouped themselves about him.

The presentations then began, the ladies of the diplomatic corps coming first, ranking according to the seniority of their husbands in the service. The other ladies followed singly and at twenty paces distant from each other. Near the end of the hall a grave seneschal was stationed to assist the ladies in arranging their trains, which were of the prescribed length, viz., five yards. I noted with interest the skill and dexterity with which he used his long staff in performing this duty. Thus prepared the lady proceeded down the line formed by the pages, until she reached a point directly in front of the throne. She then made a graceful, low bow while a courtier read her name from a printed list. The ceremony must have been an ordeal, for I heard distinctly many remarks, flattering and otherwise, regarding the personal appearance of the ladies presented.

That one may realize the money value of the costumes worn on this occasion it may be noted that some of the trains, many of which were embroidered with pearls and precious stones, cost upward of ten thousand dollars each. After the ladies came the gentlemen of the Embassies in the same order, followed by those of the German diplomatic corps then in Berlin.

As the veteran General von Moltke came opposite the throne the Emperor stepped forward, grasped the General's hands, kissed him and drew him to his side, where he bade him remain. Every one seemed much pleased by this mark of favor bestowed upon the popular commander. It was well after midnight when the gates of our barracks finally closed behind us, tired and exhausted, but with our minds filled with the memories of a most eventful day.

THE MOST UNIQUE FEAST OF MODERN TIMES

AT ELEVEN o'clock on the morning of the eighteenth, the day of the wedding, we found ourselves posted again *en espalier* down the "White Hall." As the Royal procession entered the chapel adjoining a magnificent chorus intoned one of Mendelssohn's superb psalms. The illustrious group ranged themselves before the altar, and Dr. Kögel, Court chaplain, began the impressive ceremony. As the wedding-rings were exchanged heavy artillery boomed forth the King's salute of one hundred and one guns. The Royal families exchanged congratulations and the cortège returned again to the "White Hall" for a short reception.

Our duties were over temporarily, but at five o'clock we were summoned again for the great wedding banquet. Unquestionably this banquet was the most unique feast of modern times.

Covers for one hundred persons were laid on tables arranged in the form of a horse-shoe in the "Hall of Knights." "None but those of princely blood were to sit at these tables. The most noble and distinguished vassals of the Emperor were to serve their Royal master and his guests. As before, Count von W— and myself were detailed to Leopold, King of Belgium. However, we were but links in a chain of notables along which the viands were passed to His Majesty. Next the King, and immediately back of his chair, stood the commander of an entire army corps; next in the rear stood a Court chamberlain, to whom we handed the various dishes. He, in turn, passed them to the General, who personally served King Leopold. The Emperor, William I, was served by the most powerful nobles of the Empire. Count von Stolberg-Wernigerode, Grand Master of the Hunt, carved the game; Prince von Pless, the Grand Cup Bearer, filled His Imperial Majesty's crystal goblet with the rarest wines of the "Vaterland." But curiously enough, none of the recipients of this remarkable homage seemed at ease, with the exception of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, who was evidently much interested in the Grand Duchess of Baden, the lady on his right; they alone talked and laughed in an unconstrained manner.

The wedding ball followed this remarkable banquet. We were still attached to the person of the Belgian monarch, but he required little of us during the evening. I, therefore, had ample opportunity to look about me.

PAGE TO THE RELIEF OF A PRINCESS

TOWARD the latter part of the evening I observed the Duke of Connaught advancing hurriedly toward us in evident excitement. What had happened? "Let me have a knife, quickly," he exclaimed. Neither the Count von W— nor I happened to have such a thing about us, but realizing that here was an emergency I whipped out my sword and proffered it to His Highness. "Come with me," said he. I followed and found that a trifling accident had befallen the Princess Charlotte. The Duke's spurs had caught in her robe while dancing and torn it badly. I fell on one knee and began sawing off the dainty fabric which had trailed on the floor. I soon had a long strip of the wedding ball gown in my possession, and as the Princess glided away I crammed it into my pocket as a most precious souvenir. My action had been noticed by envious eyes, and it was not long before the coveted piece had to be yielded up to the prayers of my companions. I managed to save only a small rosette.

The Crown Prince and Prince Frederic Charles were particularly jolly during the evening, and devoted themselves to teasing the brides. They sent me several times to one or the other of the Princesses with a huge palm leaf with their compliments, which, of course, could not be carried, and was returned with thanks. The Princes enjoyed this play immensely and sent me back with the absurd thing again and again. Finally the embarrassment of the brides became so painful that I hid the leaf and took care to keep out of the way myself to prevent further annoyance.

ROYAL SCRAMBLE FOR BRIDAL SOUVENIRS

AND now came the "Fackeltanz," a most curious and ancient custom. Several of the highest officials entered the hall with flaming torches. A procession was formed with the bride in the midst. A number of complicated polonaise figures were then executed, after which the line closed about the bride and groom and marched out as escort to the bridal chambers.

As the doors of the bridal apartments closed upon the happy pair we found ourselves immediately next the entrance. We waited expectantly for the next feature, holding our advantageous position with some difficulty. In a few moments the doors flew open and half a thousand silken garters with the monograms embossed on the gold buckles were thrown out by the ladies of honor. Court etiquette was for the nonce forgotten—generals, courtiers, chamberlains and state ministers scrambled and fought with one another for these mementos. But we pages, rest assured, got the lion's share. I have several of these souvenirs now, although many were given away by me that night to beseeching dignitaries.

The ensuing Friday we had the pleasure of accompanying our Princes to the Royal Opera House, where Mozart's opera, "Titus," was given in honor of the Emperor's guests, to which the public was not admitted. The scene was an unusually brilliant one: full-dress uniforms met the eye on all sides. The parquet was occupied by the higher officials of the Court, and the first balcony and the boxes by the ambassadors and other diplomatic representatives of high rank; in the second balcony were the generals of the army, and in the third staff officers and others of similar rank. It was, indeed, a notable gathering, made up of the most distinguished and illustrious personages of the Old World.

The following Wednesday the King and Queen of Belgium gave us a farewell audience. There were six in all, four pages having attended the Queen during the festivities. After thanking us for our services His Majesty gave each of us, as he expressed it, a trifling memento of our visit. These trifles turned out to be nothing less than costly scarfpins of great beauty. The design was most unique: a letter "L" surmounted by a crown on a blue enameled ground, and the whole richly surrounded by diamonds. They were, without doubt, Royal presents. I afterward had the pin appraised and learned that it was worth fully two hundred dollars. As I was about to graduate as Lieutenant in the German Army, and would be obliged to wear my uniform at all times, I had no use for the souvenir as a pin, and consequently had it reset as a ring, which I still wear.



THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

By Hon. Benjamin Harrison



*XIV—THE LEGISLATIVE BRANCH: THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

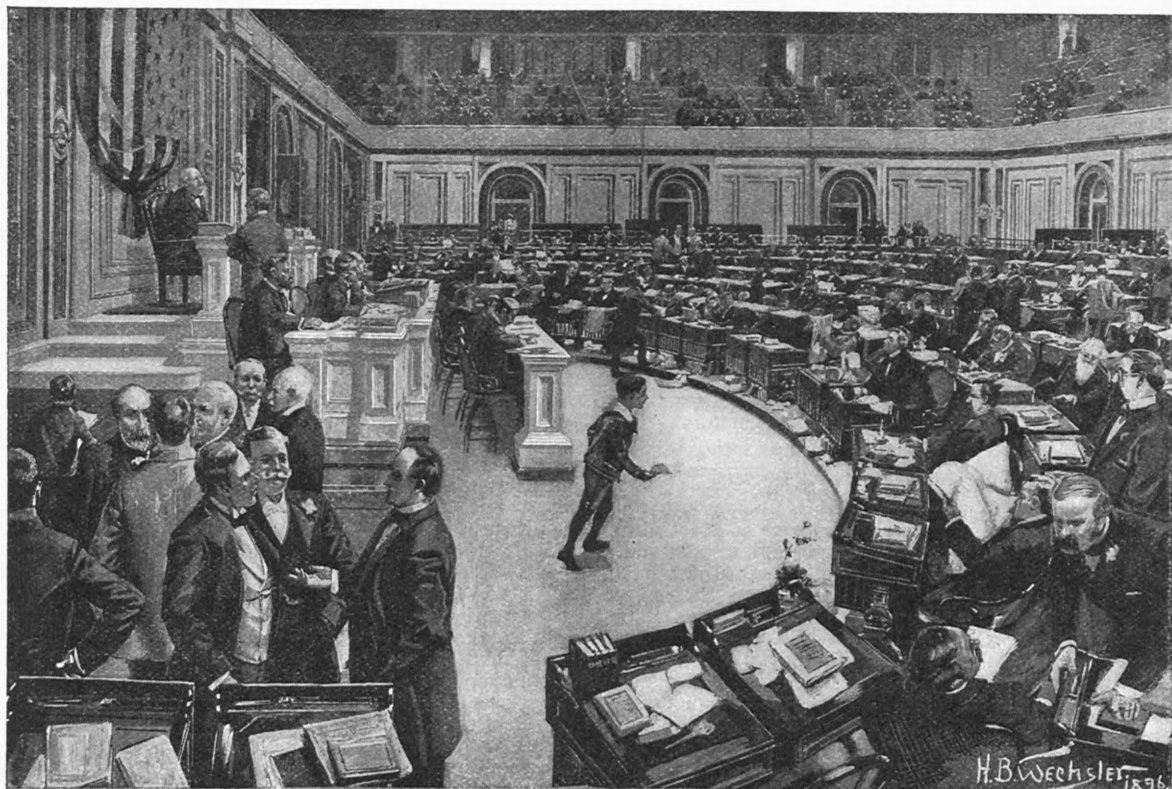


THE Congress under the Articles of Confederation consisted of a single body. This system was contrary to all the experience of the Colonists. The Parliament of the Mother Country consisted of two Houses, and the Colonial Governments very soon and very generally adopted the bicameral system. Mr. Curtis (Const. Hist. U. S.) says: "So fully was the conviction of the practical convenience and utility of two chambers established in the Anglican mind that when representative Government came to be established in the British North American Colonies, although the original reason for the division ceased to be applicable, it was retained for its incidental advantages."

There were no Lords and Commons in America to suggest legislative houses in which each should be separately represented, but the Governor and Council stood in a more or less strict sense for the King, and the need of the counterbalance of a popular assembly was felt in the Colonies. The use of the system not only became a habit of Government, but established the fact that the check of a smaller, more stable and conservative body upon hot popular action was needed. When the States came to frame their first Constitutions all of them, except Pennsylvania and Georgia, provided a Legislature composed of two Houses. But the use of two Houses presupposes that for the added House there shall be a different method of selection, or a different tenure of office, or both. It was not easy to provide a second House for the Confederation—for the States were not yet ready to admit the idea of a representation in one House based on population. The representation must be by States, and the votes by States—the smallest State having the same weight as the largest in determining every question. The delegates were mere State agents, subject to recall at any time, and a second chamber composed in the same way would only have been an encumbrance. And further, the Articles of Confederation provided for no separate Executive Department, but committed all executive duties to Congress, and for the exercise of executive powers a single body was better than two. When the Constitution came to be framed, and concurrence had been reached upon the proposition that the Government was to be endowed with full National powers, there would have been practical unanimity for a Legislature of two Houses, but that the old demand that the representation be by States, in order to save the smaller States from the domination of the larger, stood in the way. A compromise was finally hit upon that not only fell in well with the use of two Houses, but made them essential.

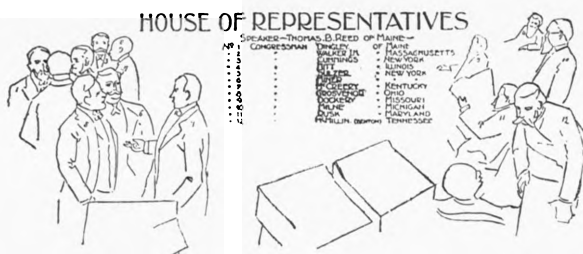
A House of Representatives whose members were to be chosen upon the basis of population, for a term of two years, and a Senate to be composed of two members from each State, chosen by the Legislatures, for a term of six years, brought the apparently irreconcilable difference in the Convention to an end. The contention

The Constitution declares that the "Congress of the United States" shall "consist of a Senate and House of Representatives." The two bodies constitute the Congress. Popularly only a member of the House of



DRAWN BY H. B. WECHSLER

Representatives is spoken of as a "Congressman" or a "Member of Congress," but in fact those terms are just as truly descriptive of a Senator as of a member of the House—for a Senator is a member of Congress. The members of the House are elected directly by the people—the Senators indirectly. That is, in the election of a member of the House each voter in his proper district puts his own ballot into the ballot-box for the person he desires to have chosen; in the choice of a Senator the



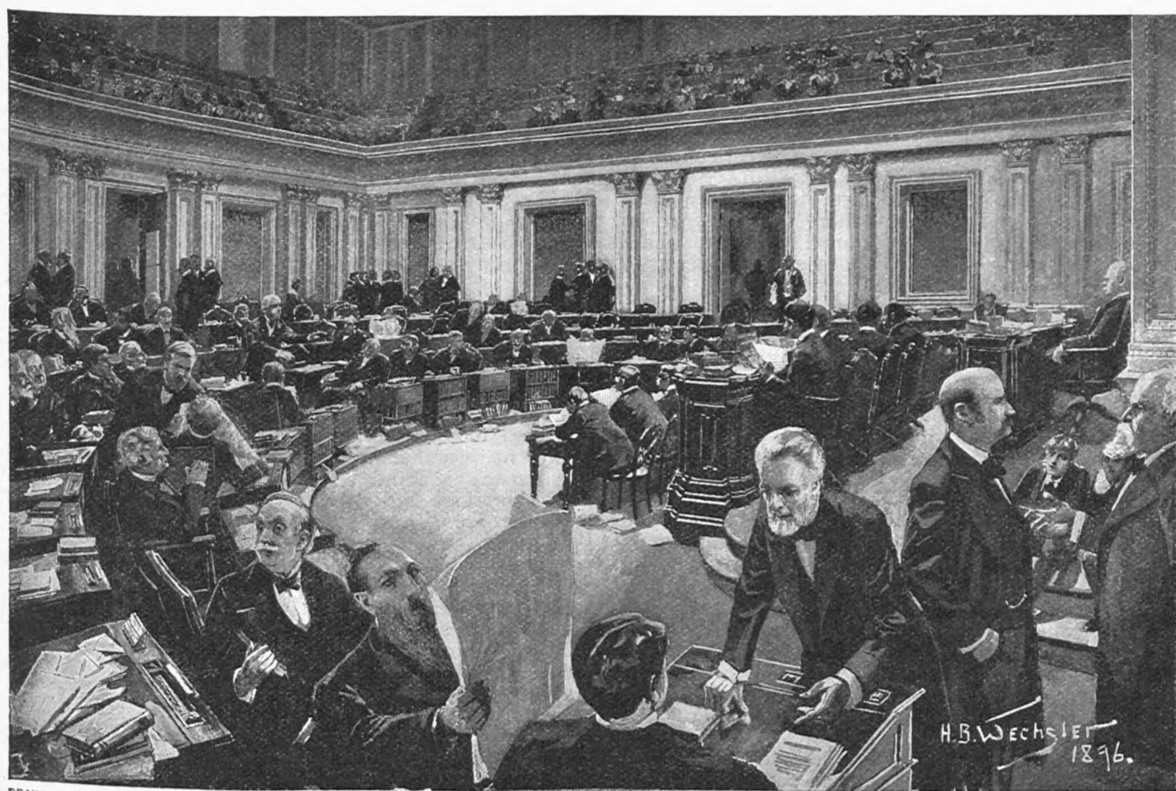
bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons." These "other persons" were the African slaves, and the provision means that three out of every five slaves shall be counted just as if they were free persons.

It is curious to note in all of the provisions of the Con-

stitution intended to protect property in slaves, the careful avoidance of the use of the word "slave." It is not found in the instrument until we come to the Thirteenth Amendment, which abolishes slavery. The Fourteenth Amendment contains important limitations upon the old rule for the apportionment of members of the House of Representatives. It omits the phrase "all other persons"—for there were no longer "other persons"—and drops the word "free" because now all were free. It followed as one of the results of emancipation that two-fifths of the black population in the old slave States before uncounted were now to be counted, and the representation of those States in the House of Representatives was proportionately increased. But in some of these States, under the power to determine the qualifications of voters, the Legislatures had in one way or another deprived the freedman of the right to vote, and in others he was without law excluded from the ballot-box. He was counted in the apportionment but not in the balloting. To remedy this miscarriage and injustice was provided in the Fourteenth Amendment that when the right to vote for electors for President, Representatives in Congress or State officers is denied to any of the male inhabitants of the State, of the age of twenty-one years, and citizens of the United States, except for crime, the basis of representation in such State shall be reduced in the proportion that such excluded persons bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age. This provision relates to action by the State in denial of the right to vote, and does not cover the case of a denial resulting from the lawless acts of individuals. It has never been put into operation in the case of any State.

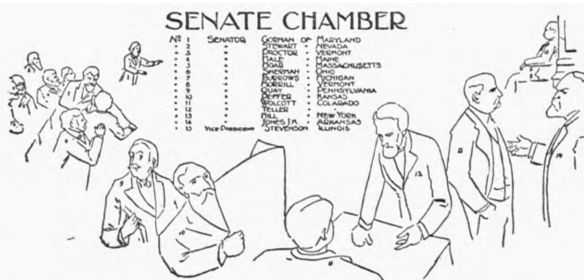
The first House of Representatives was composed of sixty-five members. The Apportionment Act of February, 1891, fixes the total number of members at three hundred and fifty-six. The delegates from the Territories have no vote and are not included in the apportionment; and if to these are added the representative from the new State of Utah the total number of members and delegates is now three hundred and sixty. The first apportionment, made by the Constitution itself, upon estimates as to the population of the States, furnishes some interesting comparisons with the apportionment of 1891. Two States have fewer members now than they had in the first Congress—Connecticut then had five, now only four; New Hampshire then had three, now only two. Three States have now each precisely the same number of members they had in the first Congress—namely, Virginia, ten; Maryland, six, and Delaware, one. The

* Previous articles of the series by ex-President Harrison published in the JOURNAL: Introductory, December, 1895; "The Constitution," January; "The Presidential Office," February; "The Duties of the President," March; "The Enforcement of the Law," April; "The Veto and Treaty-Making Powers," May; "The Pardoning Power and Impeachment," June; "The Secretary of State," July; "The Secretary of the Treasury," August; "Three Departments of the Government," September; "The Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of the Interior," October; "Indians, Pensions and Agriculture," November; "The Judicial Department of the Government," December, 1896, and January, 1897. The concluding article in this series of "This Country of Ours" will appear in the next (March) issue of the JOURNAL. In the same issue will also appear the first of General Harrison's supplementary articles on "Life in the White House."



DRAWN BY H. B. WECHSLER

SENATE CHAMBER



for a vote by States, however, had to be abandoned. Rhode Island has as many Senators as New York, but the roll of the Senators, not of the States, is called on a vote. In the Congress of the Confederation if a majority of the representatives of a State voted "yea," the vote of the State was recorded in the affirmative—no account being taken of the minority who voted "nay." But in the Senate each Senator is called and his vote recorded, and it very often happens that one Senator from a State votes "yea" and the other "nay."

for each thirty thousand of population—except that each State shall be entitled to at least one." A census of the population was required to be taken within three years

representation of Virginia in the first Congress was larger than that of any other State—Pennsylvania and Massachusetts following with eight each, and New York and Maryland with six each. Now New York has thirty-four, Pennsylvania thirty, and Maryland its original six members. It should be noted, however, that West Virginia has four members who should be taken into the account as representing districts formerly a part of Virginia. The old thirteen States have now one hundred and thirty-seven members, and the new States two hundred and twenty.

STRINGENT RULES ARE REQUISITE TO GOVERN THE HOUSE

THERE were fears expressed in the Convention that the number of Representatives would be kept so low that the House would not be a safe and popular body, but experience has shown that the tendency is to unduly enlarge the membership rather than to unduly contract it. It has been said that every public assembly consisting of more than one hundred members is necessarily a mob, and there have been frequent occasions when the casual visitor to the gallery of the House of Representatives would find in what he saw a verification of the saying. But these are exceptional incidents, and though the order maintained is often bad, and never quite good, the public business is transacted on the whole with credit and safety. The size of the House, however, requires more stringent rules—that speeches be brief and that the Speaker have a control of the proceedings that would neither be needed nor tolerated in a smaller body. The previous question, or some form of cloture, to cut off debate and dilatory motions and bring the House to a prompt vote on the main question, is essential in so large a body, and useful in any legislative body if time be given for proper debate. The Senate has always refused to adopt any form of cloture, and debate there runs on with no limit save that of the endurance of the Senators.

QUALIFICATIONS AND ELECTION OF MEMBERS

THE qualifications of a member of the House are that he shall have been seven years a citizen of the United States, shall be twenty-five years of age, and an inhabitant of the State in which he is chosen. A Senator must have been for nine years a citizen of the United States, be thirty years of age, and an inhabitant of the State for which he is chosen. The Constitution provides for apportioning the members of the House to the States, but it does not prescribe the qualifications of the persons who may vote in the States for such members—further than to say that they "shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature," and by the Fifteenth Amendment, that the right to vote shall not be denied nor abridged on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude. The States, of course, determine who shall be permitted to vote for members of the popular branches of the State Legislatures, and by the same act they determine who shall be permitted to vote for members of the National House of Representatives. If women or foreigners, who have declared their intention to become citizens, but have not been fully naturalized, are by the law of a State permitted to vote for members of the popular branch of the State Legislature, they may also vote for Members of Congress. The Constitution also gives to the States the power to prescribe "the times, places and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives," but reserves to Congress the right to "make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators." The Congress may leave all these matters to the respective State Legislatures, or it may take them all into its own hands—except that as the election of Senators is to be by the Legislatures the places of choosing them must be the ordinary places of meeting of the Legislatures—the State capitals—and those the States should select.

THE METHOD OF ELECTING SENATORS

CONGRESS has full power to regulate all other matters connected with the election of Senators and Representatives. It may declare that members of the House shall be elected "at large" in the State—that is, that the whole number assigned to a State shall be voted for by all the voters of the State; or it may divide the State into districts and provide for the election of one member for each district. It may provide separate ballot-boxes and National election officers and canvassing boards. But all of these powers have not been exercised, and for the most part the States have been allowed to regulate the manner of choosing Representatives. The United States has, however, taken some supervision of the election of the members of the National Congress. The law of 1866 provides that the Legislature chosen next before the expiration of the term of a Senator shall choose his successor, and that it shall proceed to do so on the second Tuesday after it assembles. On that day each House of the Legislature must vote separately, *viva voce*, for a Senator, and enter the result on its journal; the two Houses must at 12 M. the next day meet in joint session, and if it appears that the same person has received a majority of the votes in each House he is declared elected; if there has been no election the joint assembly must take a vote, and if any one receives a majority of the votes—a majority of all the members elected to both Houses being present and voting—he is to be declared elected. If there is no election the joint assembly proceeds with the balloting, and must meet every day at 12 M., and take at least one ballot each day until a Senator is elected. The Governor of the State is required to certify the election under the seal of the State, to the President of the Senate, the certificate to be countersigned by the Secretary of State of the State.

FEDERAL SUPERVISION OF ELECTIONS

AS TO the election of members of the House of Representatives Congress has fixed the time—the Tuesday after the first Monday in November in each second year; has enacted that the members shall be elected from single districts—that is, one member from a district; that these districts shall be composed of contiguous territory and contain as nearly as practicable an equal number of inhabitants; that when an additional member is given to a State he shall be elected from the State at large until the Legislature redistricts the State; and that all votes shall be by written or printed ballots. Article 26 of the Revised Statutes, made up of Acts passed by Congress from 1865 to 1872, contains elaborate provisions for regu-

lating the election of Representatives in Congress. Provision was made for supervising such elections by supervisors to be appointed by the Courts, and for securing a free ballot and the peace at the polls by the presence of special deputy marshals. A number of crimes against the ballot were defined and penalties allotted. These provisions were repealed in 1894. It would not be appropriate here to discuss the wisdom of such laws. Generally they were clearly within the Constitutional powers of Congress, and the question is, therefore, one of expediency. If the States provide equal and fair election laws, and these are fairly and firmly enforced, so that each legal voter can deposit his ballot freely and have it counted honestly, there is no call for the enactment of Federal election laws. But it should not be forgotten that members of the House of Representatives and Senators are National, not State, officers, and that the States have no inherent nor Constitutional right to regulate the election of such officers. Election offenses committed at an election for members of the House are National offenses—they injure the people of all the States. It is greatly to be hoped, and much to be preferred, that the States will so vigorously and so righteously regulate these elections that there may be no need for the United States to resume its Constitutional powers. But, as Mr. Story says, "Nothing can be more evident than that an exclusive power in the State Legislatures to regulate elections for the National Government would leave the existence of the Union entirely at their mercy."

THE "GERRYMANDER" A GRAVE EVIL

THE use of what is called the "Gerrymander" in order to obtain an undue party advantage in the election of members of the House of Representatives has become a public reproach. It is the making of unfair Congressional districts, not having relation primarily to population and to the geographical relations of the counties composing them, as they should, but to party majorities in the counties, with the object of giving to the party making the apportionment a fraudulent advantage. The districts are made up to be Republican or Democratic, as the case may be, and the voters of the minority party are cheated out of a fair representation in the Congressional delegation. This is a grave evil, but it may be doubted whether it would be cured or even much ameliorated in the long run, if Congress were to take into its hands the making of the Congressional districts. When a vacancy happens in the delegation from a State in the House of Representatives by death or otherwise, the vacancy can only be filled by a new election, which it is made the duty of the Governor to call, but if a vacancy happens in the Senate during the recess of the Legislature the Governor of the State may appoint a Senator to hold until the next meeting of the Legislature, when the vacancy must be filled by an election. If, however, a vacancy happens by the failure of a State Legislature to choose a Senator when one should be chosen the Governor cannot appoint, and the place must remain vacant until the Legislature acts.

THE SENATORIAL TERM OF OFFICE

IT is the plan of the Constitution that one-third of the Senators shall be chosen every two years, and in order to effect this it is provided that immediately after the first meeting of the Senate the Senators shall be divided into three classes—the first class to retire at the expiration of two years, the second at the expiration of four years, and the third at the expiration of six years—the full term. At the first session of Congress this provision was put into effect by this method: Three lists of the names of the Senators were written on papers. One contained the names of six Senators, one of seven and the other of six. The names of both the Senators from a State were not in any case placed upon the same list. Three papers of equal size were then placed in a box, and three persons—one representing each class—were selected to draw them out. The lot determined the terms for which the Senators on the several lists should serve—one list for two years, one for four years and one for six years. When the successors of the Senators in each of these three classes were elected they were elected to serve a full term, and thereafter one-third of the Senators would, by the expiration of full terms, vacate their seats every two years. In the case of a vacancy by death the election is not for a full term, but for the unexpired term.

As each new State is admitted and becomes entitled to representation in the Senate its Senators are assigned to one of the three classes, the assignment being determined by lot drawn in the presence of the Senate. There are now ninety Senators when the Senate is full—three classes of thirty each. The Senators from Utah—the last State admitted to the Union (1896)—fell into the two and four year classes, and so serve only for those periods, instead of a full term of six years. Of this provision Story says: "Here, then, is a clause which, without impairing the efficiency of the Senate for the discharge of its high functions, gradually changes its members and introduces a biennial appeal to the States which must forever prohibit any permanent combination for sinister purposes. No person would probably propose a less duration of office for the Senate than double the period of the House. In effect, this provision changes the composition of two-thirds of that body within that period."

THE CONGRESSIONAL SESSION

THE Constitution requires Congress to meet every year, and fixes the first Monday in December as the day of meeting, "unless they shall by law appoint a different day," which has not been done. The times of meeting and adjournment are determined by Congress for itself, subject to these restrictions: It must adjourn without day, when the two years' term of the members of the House expire; neither House can, during a session, adjourn for more than three days without the consent of the other, nor to any other place than that in which the two Houses are sitting; and in case of disagreement between the two Houses as to the time of adjournment the President may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper.

The Constitution does not fix the dates for the election of Senators and members of the House—that, as we have seen, is fixed by a law of Congress—nor does it say when their terms of two and six years respectively shall begin. The law fixes the fourth of March following the election of the members of the House in November as the begin-

ning of the Congress; so that the members of the House chosen in November, 1896, enter upon their terms on the fourth of March, 1897. The present Congress—the Fifty-fourth—must adjourn *sine die* on the third of March next, but the session of the third is usually prolonged until twelve o'clock meridian of the fourth. The new Congress does not, however, assemble and organize until the first Monday of the following December, unless the President calls it to meet at an earlier date in special session.

The terms of the Senators begin at the same time as those of the members of the House—March 4. The term of office of the President is also fixed by law to begin on March 4, so that he always begins his administration with a new House of Representatives—chosen at the same time that the Presidential electors are chosen.

The Senate at the expiration of every Presidential term is called, by a proclamation of the outgoing President, to meet in special session immediately after the adjournment of Congress, so that the members of the new Cabinet and other important appointments made by the incoming President may be promptly confirmed.

MODERATE SALARIES FOR PUBLIC OFFICIALS

AS TO the pay of Senators and members of the House the Constitution only declares that they shall receive a compensation for their services to be ascertained by law and paid out of the Treasury of the United States. Under the Articles of Confederation each State maintained its own delegates to the Congress, and in the Constitutional Convention there was a strong sentiment in favor of that plan. A motion that Senators should be paid by their respective States was lost by the narrow vote of five States in the affirmative to six in the negative. The members of the British Parliament now receive no compensation for their services, but in earlier times they did—the compensation being paid by their constituents, and being for a knight of a shire four shillings a day, and for a city or "borough" member two shillings. With us the practice of paying a fixed compensation to members of the Legislative bodies has been well-nigh universal; but the rule has been to make the compensation so small as not to make the places attractive from a mere monetary point of view. The pay of Senators and members of the House of Representatives has been for many years \$5000 a year. In 1873 Congress passed a law increasing the pay to \$7500 a year, and making the increase relate to the whole term of the members of that Congress, then just expiring—March 3, 1873. A great popular outcry was at once made, and those who had supported the law were denounced as "salary grabbers." The popular feeling was so strong that in the ensuing January Congress repealed the law, and restored the old salaries, saving only the increases which the Act gave to Justices of the Supreme Court—from \$5000 to \$10,500 for the Chief Justice, and from \$3000 to \$10,000 for the Associate Justices, and to the President from \$25,000 to \$50,000. It is quite probable that if the members of the Forty-second Congress had not made the increase of salary retroactive, in order to participate in their own generosity, the advanced salaries would have been accepted by the country without serious protest.

SECRET SESSIONS NECESSARY AND APPROPRIATE

THE sessions of both Houses are generally open, and large galleries give the public access to the Legislative halls. The Constitution requires each House to keep a journal of its proceedings, and from time to time to publish the same, "excepting such parts as may in their judgment require secrecy." This, of course, implies that either House may transact business in secret session when the public interests require it. In the Senate the use of the secret session is frequent and familiar. The Senate rules provide that on a motion made and seconded to close the doors on the discussion of any matter the doors shall be closed and remain closed during such discussion. So when Executive nominations or treaties are under consideration the galleries are cleared and the doors closed—only Senators, and certain necessary officers who are sworn to secrecy, being allowed in the chamber. There has been an earnest attempt made to abolish the secret sessions of the Senate, but it has been ineffectual. These sessions are called "Executive sessions," because they are almost wholly devoted to Executive business—namely, the consideration of appointments to office and foreign treaties. It seems to me that it is quite as necessary and appropriate that the consultations in the Senate as to appointments, and especially as to treaties, should be confidential as that the conferences between the President and his Cabinet, or between the President and others whom he may consult about the same matters, should be so.

Each House is the judge of the election and qualification of its own members. A contest as to which of two persons was elected to a seat in the House of Representatives cannot be settled by the Courts, but only by a vote of the House. In the present House there were thirty-three seats contested. The hearing of these cases is primarily had before the Committee of Elections, and afterward by the House upon the report of the Committee. It has often happened that a contest is not decided until the very last days of a Congress, and that the sitting member, whose vote may have determined an important question, is then decided never to have been lawfully elected a member of the House.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the next (March) issue of the JOURNAL will appear the first of ex-President Harrison's series of articles on "Life in the White House." In it he will tell, in interesting detail, of

"A Day With the President at His Desk"

It will be strikingly and profusely illustrated with drawings by Alice Barber Stephens. In successive issues of the JOURNAL ex-President Harrison will write of the social and domestic sides of life in the White House.



THE GIFT OF APPRECIATION

THERE is, perhaps, no other natural gift that brings so much genuine pleasure to its possessor as does the keen sense of appreciation. It teaches us, or points out to our understanding, the beauties of Nature that are all about us, gilds the commonplace, and emphasizes the joys of life and of living. Appealing to us through all our senses, the pleasures that it brings are ceaseless and unending. Seen through appreciative eyes the beauties of life overshadow and eclipse the homely, rough places. There is an attractive side to everything, and this an appreciative mind will see first, and longest remember.

DAUGHTERS OF OUR PRESIDENTS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS

THE luxurious retirement of the Louise Home at Washington, D. C., the eldest living daughter of a President of the United States, Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, daughter of John Tyler, who succeeded to the Presidency upon the sudden death of President William Henry Harrison, is now passing her days. Her mother, who was in delicate health when Mr. Tyler became President, died shortly afterward. During the period of Mrs. Tyler's invalidism her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert Tyler, presided at the White House. After the death of Mrs. Tyler, which occurred in September, 1842, President Tyler invited Mrs. Semple, who was residing at her home in Virginia, to take up her residence at the White House. She was able to do this without difficulty, as her husband had been appointed a Purser in the Navy, and was then at sea. Thus, until her father's second marriage, Mrs. Semple occupied the high position of mistress of the Executive Mansion.

When the Civil War began Mrs. Semple hastened from Brooklyn, where she was living, to Williamsburg, Virginia, where she aided in the establishment of hospitals, and in the arrangements made for the care of the sick and wounded. At the close of the war she established a school for young ladies in Baltimore, and later accepted the munificent provision made by the late W. W. Corcoran for just such cases as hers, when he founded and perpetually endowed the Louise Home at Washington as a luxurious and congenial home for gentlewomen of fallen fortunes.

CALLED from the field of Buena Vista to the Presidency, General Zachary Taylor's journey to Washington was an ovation, and his inauguration one of the most enthusiastic ever known. The ball which followed it was brilliant beyond all precedent. The crowd was immense, and the entrance of the President was awaited with impatience, but the youthful mistress of the White House was looked for with far greater interest by the ladies who were present. After the President, who was accompanied by Colonel Seaton and Robert C. Winthrop, Speaker of the House of Representatives, came his youngest daughter, Mrs. Bliss, escorted by several young ladies. She was dressed in white with a simple flower in her hair, and the expectations of the vast throng that gazed upon her were realized. She was made more interesting, if possible, by the fact of her being a bride. Mrs. Bliss, or "Miss Betty," as she was familiarly called, assumed the formal duties as mistress of the Executive Mansion, her mother declining to accept the responsibility of official functions. The first public reception at which Mrs. Bliss appeared was a remarkably brilliant one, and the manner in which the youthful mistress of the White House received the guests on that eventful occasion won for her the regard and admiration of all who were present.

A little over a year after the inauguration, on July 9, 1850, came the death of President Taylor, and the sorrow-stricken family, after the funeral ceremonies, left the White House to visit relatives and friends in Kentucky, and soon after returned to the residence of General Dick Taylor in Louisiana, where Mrs. Taylor died in August, 1852. The sudden and lamented death of Colonel Bliss soon followed, and, without children, Mrs. Bliss sought the retirement of private life. She subsequently married Mr. Philip Pendleton Dandridge. In her second widowhood, on her return from an extended visit to Europe Mrs. Dandridge fixed her residence in Winchester, Virginia, where she still resides.

THE feeble health of the wife of President Andrew Johnson prevented her from undertaking the social duties devolving upon the mistress of the White House, and they consequently fell upon her daughter, Mrs. Martha J. Patterson. From the first reception held by President Johnson until the termination of his Presidency Mrs. Patterson, by her unassuming social cordiality, became one of the most popular women who have presided over the White House.

During her father's administration Mrs. Patterson had additional social duties to perform as the wife of Senator Patterson. Soon after their retirement from the White House death made havoc in the Johnson family, taking the ex-President's two sons and his daughter, Mrs. Stover. Then followed his own death, which was sudden and unexpected, and which his devoted and invalid wife did not long survive. These bereavements left Mrs. Patterson as the sole survivor of the family. Death had also invaded her own home, robbing her of her distinguished husband and of her only daughter.

Mrs. Patterson lives in the Andrew Johnson homestead, a stately old Southern mansion at Greenville, Tennessee, where, with her granddaughter, the child of her only daughter, she leads a very quiet and retired life.

ELLEN W. GRANT SARTORIS, the only daughter of President Grant, was born at her grandfather's country residence at Wish-ton-wish, Missouri, on July 4, 1855, and was a mere child during the most exciting incidents of her father's military career. She was educated by private teachers, and also attended school in Washington, D. C. During a trip abroad with the family of the Hon. A. E. Borie, then Secretary of the Navy, she met Algernon C. F. Sartoris, of Wers-ash, Lichfield, England, whom she afterward married. Her wedding took place on May 21, 1874, during her father's second term as President, and was celebrated in the East Room of the Executive Mansion at Washington. Mr. Sartoris died on February 3, 1893, at Capri, Italy. Four children were born of the marriage—the first, a boy named Grant, dying in infancy. The others are Algernon Edward, Vivien May and Rosemary. The son Algernon has been at school in England and has also traveled abroad with a tutor. Vivien May has pursued her studies in England for several years under the care of an aunt, but has made her *début* in Washington society this winter. Rosemary, the youngest, has given

THE member of the group of President's daughters who probably holds the tenderest place in the public heart is Mrs. Mary Garfield Stanley-Brown, the "little Mollie" of other days, and the idol of her father, President Garfield. Though born in Washington in 1867, she was brought up in the country, and, standing in the family ranks between two pairs of boys, she cared little for girls' playthings, and by choice shared the sports of her brothers. Her education, owing to the annual family migrations, was acquired through private teachers until she was old enough to attend Madame Burr's school in Washington. Nominally a Presbyterian, her religious views are non-sectarian; the religion of the daily life is of more moment to her than questions of creed. She was married at twenty-one to Joseph Stanley-Brown, who had been her father's private secretary, a Washington boy, though the son of an English father and Scotch-Irish mother. The awful tragedy of 1881 became the common sorrow of these two young people, inevitably drawing them together in a comradeship which was consecrated by love. Since her marriage Mrs. Stanley-Brown has spent part of each year in Washington, and a part at the old Garfield homestead in Ohio, devoting her time and thoughts to her husband and her children, Rudolph, Ruth and Margaret.

ELLEN HERNDON ARTHUR, familiarly known as "Nellie," the youngest of the three children of the late President Arthur, was born on Lexington Avenue, in New York City, in November, 1872. Her mother was Miss Ellen Herndon, of Culpeper, Virginia, daughter of Captain Herndon, of the United States Navy.

The autumn following her father's accession to the Presidency the little girl was placed in the Pinckney Institute, a school founded by the late Bishop Pinckney, of Maryland, where she remained with occasional visits to the White House, which was presided over by her father's sister, Mrs. McElroy, until President Arthur's term of office expired and the family returned to New York. She was then sent to Miss Porter's school at Farmington, Connecticut, where she remained for over two years.

Upon the death of her father she went to Albany to live in the home of her father's sister, and shortly afterward went to Europe, visiting England and the Continent. When she returned to Albany her aunt, Mrs. McElroy, introduced her formally into society at a reception at her home. Three years ago she went abroad again with the McElroy family, and was absent a year.

Miss Arthur is tall and of fine physique, with a bright, intellectual face. She has brown hair and eyes, a fair, fresh complexion and a very winning smile. She speaks French fluently and is particularly fond of the study of languages. She is frank, sincere, unaffected and charming, and a noble type of young American womanhood.

THE childhood of Mary, the only daughter of ex-President Harrison, was uneventful and happy. She was a healthy child, fond of play, but careful and conscientious in the performance of the small duties which her wise mother felt would develop self-reliance. She was fond of music, and had a love of the beautiful which her mother's artistic tastes helped to cultivate. She attended a private school when quite young, but later was sent to a public school, where she continued until about her sixteenth year, when she was sent to Philadelphia to the well-known school of the Misses Bonney and Dillaye. On her return to her home she entered society, where her bright, attractive manner gained her many friends and won for her a popularity which has never waned. Her devotion to her parents and the unbounded interest she always felt in her father's career are well

known. When her father was called to the United States Senate it was with much regret that her friends saw her leave Indianapolis for the gay Capital. No fear, however, was felt lest she should be spoiled by the larger opportunities which society would there offer. Her supreme common sense, her frank, unaffected nature, and, above all, her kindness of heart, remained unchanged through all the succeeding years. After her marriage to Mr. James Robert McKee her home continued to be in her father's house, where her two children, Benjamin Harrison and Mary Lodge, were born. When General Harrison was elected President both he and Mrs. Harrison felt that the presence of their daughter was necessary to them during their residence in Washington, and no one who ever accepted the hospitality of the White House during the Harrison administration will forget the gracious and cordial welcome it was the pleasure of mother and daughter to accord. During the second year of her father's administration Mrs. McKee, with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Russell Harrison, made a short trip abroad. They were presented to Queen Victoria and were also received at the Austrian Court. Mrs. Harrison's health failing toward the third year of the administration the duty of presiding over the White House devolved largely upon Mrs. McKee. Later, upon the death of her mother, Mrs. McKee assumed full charge, meeting the requirements with wonderful self-forgetfulness. Since leaving Washington her home has been at Saratoga, New York.

THE three youngest daughters of a President are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland: Ruth, Esther and Marion. Of these but one, Esther, can claim the White House as her birthplace. The eldest child, Ruth, was born at her father's residence in New York City during the interim between Mr. Cleveland's administrations, and the youngest, Marion, at the President's summer residence, Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts.



evidence of strong artistic tastes, and is being educated at the Convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C. Mrs. Sartoris returned to America in 1894, and with her three children resides with her mother at the latter's residence on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington.

THE only daughter in a family which contained seven sons, Fanny, the daughter of President Rutherford B. Hayes, naturally took a central place in the life of one of the most interesting of American families. She was born at Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, just preceding her father's first term as Governor of Ohio. As his third term, after brief intervals of private life, was followed immediately by his accession to the Presidency, the little girl was fourteen years old before she knew much of family life removed from official position.

Upon the anniversary of her parents' silver wedding, in 1877, Fanny was christened at the White House by Dr. L. D. McCabe, who had married her parents.

After leaving Washington her education was carried on at a private school in Cleveland, Ohio, and at Farmington, Connecticut, where at the same time were the daughters of two other Presidents, Mollie Garfield and Nellie Arthur.

After the death of her father Miss Hayes went abroad, visiting Italy and spending the winter in Paris; succeeding winters have been spent in Bermuda and New York, but summer after summer she returns to Fremont, Ohio, to open the beautiful family home, and welcome thither her brothers and their families.

THE ORIGIN OF OUR POPULAR SONGS

By William George Jordan

THE favorite songs of the century have sung themselves into the hearts and affections of millions. Some of the composers have won literary immortality by a moment's inspiration, others have given a lifetime of thought and suffering to the words and music that have made them famous. The story of the origin of our well-known songs may give to them a new and deeper interest, and bring us into closer sympathy with their authors.

NATIONAL HYMNS AND PATRIOTIC SONGS

"HAIL COLUMBIA" was written in 1798 by Joseph Hopkinson, when Congress, in session at Philadelphia, was debating what attitude to assume in the struggle between France and England. Party feeling ran high, and the air was surcharged with patriotic enthusiasm. A young actor in the city, who was about to have a benefit, came to Hopkinson in despair and said that twenty boxes remained unsold, and it looked as if the proposed benefit would prove a failure. If Hopkinson would write him a patriotic song, adapted to the tune of "The President's March," then popular, it would save the day. The following afternoon the song was ready; it was duly advertised, the house was packed, and, in wild enthusiasm, the song was encored and reencored.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was written by Francis Scott Key at the time of the attack on Fort McHenry, made by Admiral Cockburn on September 13, 1814. Key was held as a prisoner in a little boat moored to the commander's vessel. Through the whole day and night, exposed to the fire from the shore, Key watched the flag on the fort, and, at break of day on the 14th, saw it was still waving—"our flag was still there." Then, taking an old letter from his pocket, he rested it on a barrel-head, and, at fever heat, wrote the poem, which he called "The Defense of Fort McHenry."

"Yankee Doodle" is claimed by many nations. It was known in England as "Nankee Doodle" in the time of Charles I. The Hollanders had an old song to this air called "Yanker Dudel." It is said to be also an old French vintage song, a native Hungarian air, and the ancient music of the sword dance of the Biscayans. In June, 1755, Dr. Richard Schuckburgh, regimental surgeon under General Braddock, thought to play a joke on the ragged, tattered Continentals by palming off the "Nankee Doodle" of the time of Cromwell upon the Colonial soldiers as the latest martial music. It at once became popular, but a quarter of a century later the joke seemed turned when the Continental bands played this same "Yankee Doodle" as Lord Cornwallis marched out after surrendering his army, his sword and the English colonies in America to the Yankees.

"My Country, 'tis of Thee." Dr. Samuel F. Smith, on a dismal day in February, 1832, in looking over some German music-books, was attracted to one tune which, from its natural and simple movement, seemed adapted to children's voices, a subject in which he was then interested. Noting that it was patriotic he felt the desire to write a patriotic hymn of his own. In half an hour the work was completed. He did not then know that the tune was the air of the British anthem, "God Save the King."

"God Save the King (or Queen)," the English National anthem, has been the subject of endless discussion. It is believed to have been originally a Jacobite song, referring to James II, "the King over the water." The words, "Send him victorious," imply that the King intended was not the one already in England, but the one far away to whom the singers were loyal in his evil fortunes. It is believed to have been written originally by Henry Carey, author of "Sally in Our Alley," who lived in six reigns.

"La Marseillaise," the National anthem of France, which seems to be saturated with the frenzy of patriotism, was written at white heat, words and music, in a single night. Rouget de Lisle, who, by a single song, won literary immortality, was a young officer of engineers at Strasburg. In 1792 Dietrich, the Mayor of the town, asked him to write a martial song to be sung on the departure of six hundred volunteers to the Army of the Rhine. That night in the fervor of patriotic feeling, De Lisle composed the song, the words sometimes coming before the music, sometimes the music before the words. He sang the words and music as they came to him, but wrote nothing. On the morning following, the chant of the night came back like the memory of a dream. He then wrote down the words, made the notes of the music, carried it to Dietrich, and in an hour the listening assemblage knew that the song of the nation had come.

WAR BALLADS AND MARCHING SONGS

"ALL Quiet Along the Potomac," though the subject of a spirited literary dispute as to authorship, was written by Ethelinda Eliot Beers, who proved the superiority of her claim over the pretensions of Lamar Fontaine. The poem was first published in 1861. The phrase, "All quiet along the Potomac," was a familiar one in the fall of that year, and in the words, "The Picket Guard," added one day to a newspaper heading, Mrs. Beers found her inspiration. The poem, set to music by J. Dayton, soon became popular.

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic," by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, was written in Washington in December, 1861. One night, after a specially lively day, excited by the marching of the soldiers, the martial music and the high pressure of her surroundings, she could not sleep. She found herself trying to banish the strains of "John Brown's Body"; then, without effort, she began to put new words to it. Line by line did it evolve itself, and, quickly rising, she put the words on paper in the absolute darkness of the room, not seeing what she wrote.

"Marching Through Georgia," the favorite of military bands, and sometimes called "The American Marseillaise," was written in Chicago, in 1865, by Henry C. Work, a remarkable song writer. He was a printer, and often composed the words of a song at the "case," as he set

up the type, and then if he had access to music type he would also compose in his mind and set up the music, these pieces seldom requiring more than two or three alterations. "Marching Through Georgia" was thus composed without ever being put in manuscript. Mr. Work wrote "Wake, Nicodemus," "Father, Dear Father, Come Home," "Loss of the Lady Elgin," and, among two or three hundred others, "My Grandfather's Clock," which brought him a handsome return.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is undoubtedly of Irish origin, and is supposed to have been written about 1758, though neither the author nor the date is certain. So popular is it with soldiers and sailors that it is played by every man-of-war before weighing anchor, and regiments leaving towns where they have been stationed give this gallant parting song for the ladies.

"Viva l'America" was written by Harrison Millard in 1859, while the composer was in New York. Two years later, as a private in the Seventy-first Regiment of New York, he created a sensation by singing this song at a social gathering in Washington, composed chiefly of Southerners. When Lincoln heard of the incident he sent for the young soldier, and, after congratulating him on his patriotism, commissioned him as Lieutenant of the Nineteenth United States Infantry.

"John Brown's Body," the marching song of the nation, has a peculiar history. In December, 1859, when John Brown was hanged at Charlestown, Virginia, the boys of Boston paraded the streets, singing a monotonous lament, of which the burden was, "Tell John Andrew John Brown's dead." A year or so later Thane Miller heard the melody of "John Brown's Body" in a colored church in Charleston, South Carolina, and introduced it at a Young Men's Christian Association convention at Albany, New York. James E. Greenwicz, an organist of Charlestown, Massachusetts, fitted this air to the first stanza of the present song, and it became such a favorite that additional verses were written for it by Charles S. Hall.

"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," of which hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold, was written by Walter Kittredge in 1862, when he was drafted. While preparing to go to the front he wrote the words and music in a few minutes.

"Maryland, My Maryland," the famous campfire song of the South, was written in April, 1861, at Poydras College, Louisiana. James R. Randall, a young Baltimorean and professor in the college, was greatly excited by the news of the attack made on the Massachusetts troops as they passed through his native city. That night in a strange, nervous tension he could not sleep. "Suddenly," he says, "at midnight I rose, lit a candle and went to my desk. Some powerful spirit seemed to possess me, and almost immediately I proceeded to write the song. The whole poem of nine stanzas as originally written was dashed off rapidly when once begun." The air to which it is sung is "Lauriger Horatius," a jovial college song.

OLD SONGS THAT ARE EVER NEW

"MOLLIE DARLING," by Will S. Hays, had a sale of nearly 250,000 copies in the ten years subsequent to its publication. The song was one of the many successful works of a writer whose music has had a sale of over 6,000,000 copies. Mr. Hays made money by his musical genius. His melodies are used extensively in the Swiss music-boxes. His "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," "Write Me a Letter from Home" and "Shamus O'Brien" were among his most successful songs.

"Nancy Lee," which won world-wide popularity, was the work of an hour. Frederick E. Weatherly, the English poet, was whiling away the time waiting for a dilatory pupil when the words of "Nancy Lee" seemed to sing themselves in his mind. He at once put them on paper, and the song won public favor wherever it became known. Its popularity was for a time dimmed by the fact that the sailors of "The Princess Alice" were singing this song when the ship went down.

"Then You'll Remember Me," by Michael W. Balfe, was written as a solo in the "Bohemian Girl," first presented in 1844. The song is used very effectively in "East Lynne," a dramatization of Mrs. Wood's novel of the same name.

"Annie Laurie," the love poem addressed by William Douglas to the eldest daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwellton, unfortunately failed to touch Annie's heart, for she later became Mrs. Ferguson. The air to which it is now sung is the composition of Lady John Scott.

"Auld Lang Syne" was not written entirely by Robert Burns; only the second and third stanzas are his, though he retouched them all. There are three earlier versions than this one. The air to which it is sung was selected by George Thomson from an old Lowland melody.

"Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," was written by Elizabeth Akers in Italy and sent to "The Saturday Evening Post," of Philadelphia. It became popular at once and was soon claimed by half a dozen persons. Mrs. Akers received five dollars for the poem, and the publishers of the song made thousands of dollars.

"The Last Rose of Summer," a favorite song of Adelina Patti, was one of the most popular of the songs written by Thomas Moore for his collection of "Irish Melodies." The air, which is a very old one, formerly known as "The Groves of Blarney," is found in collections of the music of Ireland over two centuries old.

"Comin' Thro' the Rye" is an old Scotch song, retouched by Robert Burns. It refers to the fording of the little River Rye, where it was the custom of the lads to demand kisses as toll from the lasses they met on the stepping-stones in crossing the stream.

"Home, Sweet Home" was written by John Howard Payne, an American and a homeless wanderer and exile. He was an actor for a time, and then turned playwright, being the author of more than sixty dramas. In 1823 Charles Kemble, manager of Covent Garden Theatre, London, bought from Payne a number of plays, and among them was one entitled "Clari, the Maid of Milan." In extreme poverty, in an attic in Paris, Payne received

an order to alter the play into an opera. He did so, and wrote this song. It was an instant success. The prima donna won a rich man for a husband, the publisher of the song made \$10,000 in two years, the author received fame—but no money for the song.

"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" was written in 1832 by Mrs. Emma Willard, an American teacher and author, while on the steamer returning home from Europe. The Duke of Choiseul, a fellow-passenger, composed music for it. The melody to which it is now sung was written by Joseph P. Knight, an Englishman.

"Listen to the Mocking-Bird" was written by Septimus Winner, in 1855, under his pen-name, "Alice Hawthorne." It was composed for Dick Milburn, a colored man who wandered about Philadelphia whistling like a mocking-bird. It at once caught the public ear and paid its publishers over \$100,000.

SONGS THAT REACH THE HEART

"BEN BOLT," revived by "Trilby," the late George du Maurier's heroine, was written by Dr. Thomas Dunn English, in 1842, for the New York "Mirror," at the request of N. P. Willis, who wanted a sea song. Dr. English could think of only one sea line, "Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale," the last line of his poem; he made it the foundation and constructed the verses on this base. In "The Battle of Buena Vista," performed in Pittsburgh in 1848, the song was introduced to an air adapted by Nelson Kneass from a German melody.

"Highland Mary" was Robert Burns' tribute to the memory of Mary Campbell, a servant in a gentleman's family in Mauchline, a girl of unusual mental gifts and sweetness of disposition. She was to wed the poet, and returning from a visit to the West Highlands crossed the sea to meet him at Greenock; there she was stricken with a fever and died.

"Kathleen Mavourneen," usually spoken of as having been written by Professor F. Nicolls Crouch, was, in reality, the work of Mrs. Louise M. Crawford, an English poet. She was the collaborator of Professor Crouch, the well-known composer, in the issue of several books of songs, she writing the words for his music.

"The Angel's Whisper," by Samuel Lover, is based on a superstition, common in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep it is listening to the angels. The music is written to an old Irish air, "Mary, do You Fancy Me?"

"The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," written by Thomas Moore, celebrates the glory of Ollav Fola, a wise King of Ireland who flourished about 900 B. C. Among his other good and great works Ollav organized a Parliament, which met every three years at Tara, in Meath. The kings, princes, priests and bards met in a great hall, containing one hundred and fifty apartments.

"Maid of Athens," by Lord Byron, is a tribute to the beautiful Theresa Macri, daughter of an English Vice-Consul at Athens. Twenty-four years after the song was written, an Englishman in Greece sought out the "Maid of Athens," and found her married and the mother of a large family, with not even a trace of her former beauty, and reduced to almost abject want and beggary.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written in the summer of 1817 by Samuel Woodworth, the tramp printer. Coming in, tired and thirsty, to his house in Duane Street, New York, he poured out a glass of water and drank it eagerly. He then said to his wife: "That is refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a long good draught from the old oaken bucket in my father's well at home." His wife suggested that the subject would make a good poem. Under the inspiration of the moment he wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket."

"Say Au Revoir, but Not Good-Bye" was written by Harry Kennedy, the ventriloquist and song writer. He had no musical education, but had a genius for melody and a knack of writing "taking words."

NEGRO MELODIES, IRISH AND SCOTCH SONGS

"MASSA'S in de Cold, Cold Ground" is one of the best compositions of Stephen C. Foster. He received the suggestion of the song in Covington, Kentucky. He heard a slave bewailing the fact that his good old master was dead, and that he and several other slaves, old and worn-out in service, would now pass into the hands of less kindly owners.

"Old Folks at Home," of which over 400,000 copies have been sold, was written by Stephen C. Foster, who wrote nearly three hundred songs, words and music. E. P. Christy, of minstrel fame, paid \$400 for the privilege of having his name put forth as its author and composer upon a single edition. The song is commonly known as "The Swanee River," and is a favorite the world over.

"My Old Kentucky Home" is said to have been suggested to Stephen C. Foster on hearing an old negro speak with love and longing of his old home in Kentucky. Several of Mr. Foster's best songs were composed on pieces of brown wrapping-paper, in the back room of a little grocery store in New York.

"Darby and Joan" tells in song the love and loyalty of John Darby and his wife, Joan. It is supposed to have been written by Henry Woodfall, an apprentice to John Darby, the printer who was prosecuted in 1684 for printing Lord Russell's speech. Joan was described as being "pure as a picture cut in alabaster."

"Rory O'More" was written by Samuel Lover as a protest against the conventional Irish comic songs which were generally coarse and vulgar, having for their staple "a pig and a poker, expletive oaths, hurroos and whack-fol-de-rols." Lover had so expressed himself at a social gathering, when he was tauntingly asked, "Could you do better?" His "Rory O'More" answered that taunt. Lover later wrote a novel from the poem, and then a play from the novel.

"The Wearing of the Green," by Dion Boucicault, appears as the song of "Shaun the Post" in the play "Arrah-na-Pogue." A number of songs were written with this title, but Boucicault's is the most popular.

"Exile of Erin," Thomas Campbell's famous lyric, was written while he was traveling in Germany, where he met an Irishman named Anthony McCann, a leader in the Rebellion of 1798 and an exile from home. The acquaintance which followed touched Campbell's sympathy, and he wrote this poem, which is sung to the air of "Savourneen Deelish."

"Auld Robin Gray" was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, when, to lighten lonely hours, she took up ballad writing. Robin was a herdsman on her father's estate. For fifty years the secret of the authorship was limited to her family circle.

A PAIR OF LOVERS IN MEXICO

By Edward Page Gaston

MEXICO has countless curious customs and social usages difficult of reasonable explanation; but among them all the peculiar barriers which are made to obstruct the way of a pair of Mexican lovers are accounted the strangest conventions that have come down from the olden time. Love-making in the Spanish lands goes by the expressive colloquial name of "playing the bear." The Mexicans have a brisk appreciation of the humor in a picturesque situation, and so they liken the love-troubled youth in the case to a caged bruin, as they see him restlessly pacing back and forth before the barred windows of the lady's residence, not daring to enter.

Young people there, as in all Latin countries, are placed under severe restrictions. Limited privilege of each other's company is accorded them by their elders, and so, of necessity, they are compelled to do a large part of their preliminary love-making as best they may in full view of an interested public. Generally, under the best arrangement that can be made, the young *señor* must be content to look upon the fair one of his affections from the vantage ground of the street before her domicile, while she occupies an equally conspicuous place on the second or third story balcony, looking down upon the thoroughfare (Mexican houses being built flush with the street line).

There is no costume more befitting the occasion than these Andalusian shawls and lace head-drapes, reinforced by the Spanish fan, innocent in itself, but a whole battery of expressiveness when commanded by the taper fingers of a Southern beauty abroad for conquest. Mexican bachelors are very susceptible, and the wiles of beauty are not in vain; for soon there is a response from the outer ranks of male admirers, and a heart, in the past unharried by love, finds itself in the predicament usual under such circumstances.

During the remainder of the evening's promenade he whose affections have been enmeshed strives to gain the attention of the lady who has succeeded in so involving him. But she plays her game sagely, and appears to take no notice of her suitor, although she is entirely aware of her latest victim. They continue to pass and repass each other in the drift of the crowds, and every time this occurs the *caballero* devours her with his eyes, and sighs deeply to attract her pitying attention upon himself. But she appears to not see him, and during the entire evening gives him not the slightest sign of recognition, as she gayly laughs and talks to those about her, who are covertly watching the interesting passage. The result of her heartless action is exactly what might be expected, for it appears that we childish human beings want what we

ingly confidential as the days and nights go by, but are subject to cruelly frequent interruption. As may be imagined, love-making is exceedingly difficult under such surroundings, when amused and not always sympathetic pedestrians are passing along with exasperating frequency, and when carts and coaches are constantly rolling by, while the neighbors from hidden ambuscades of closed blinds and curtained balconies enjoy the scene, and gleefully tell each other that *la simpática Anita* finally has a "bear." The delicate conduct of courtship under such an unfavorable environment might seem most discouraging to any one other than a Mexican, but to him it comes in the most matter-of-fact way, and he bravely announces to the general public, by his actions and words, that he is desperately in love, and has no apologies to make. The lady, also, bears the scrutiny of a curious populace with great composure, and even a touch of pride; and the lovers seem oblivious of all else but themselves and their engrossing theme. But it is an ordeal. Let any one imagine a proposal of marriage being made by a lover on the ground, and a duly definite acceptance being returned by a coy young woman on a third-story balcony, both voices keyed to the pitch necessary to make them heard above the din of a crowded street, and one may get a realizing sense of the mild torture of a timid pair of lovers in Mexico. It is often so decreed by a cruel fate.

As a rule, no one is received in an exclusive Mexican home unless his social caste is equal to that of the family he desires to visit, and then he must needs be presented and vouched for by a friend in whom the household has implicit confidence. A suitor, therefore, is not admitted to the residence of his *inamorita* on her invitation alone, for the *portero*, in charge day and night of the great doubly-bolted *zahuan* giving entrance from the street to the inner courts of the house, is under instructions to admit no one except by order of the parents of the *señorita* whose audience is being so eagerly sought. The young gentleman may earnestly pound upon the massive brass knocker for hours, seeking admittance, but his knocking



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES

"HE FOLLOWS HER TO HER HOME, READY TO GO TO ANY EXTREME TO PUSH HIS SUIT TO SUCCESS"

One must be altogether in earnest before a courtship can attain success south of the Rio Grande, as the rules which govern the procedure in the middle and upper classes are firmly fixed against any trifling. It is not an affair of a day, but one that involves such serious persistency that he who would win must have a persevering spirit and a determination to be discouraged at nothing.

The campaign of love usually opens on some calm evening, when the entire populace of a Mexican city is strolling upon the *plaza*, taking the daily airing and listening to the music. The far-famed belles of the eternal summer land are out in full force on such occasions, and any heart in the outer circle of male admirers, that is still untethered, is in violent danger of being entrapped, for the Mexican *belleza* is a born coquette, and mistress of the art of captivation. Her eyes of limpid night are demurely pensive, almost to sadness, and the long lashes which partially curtain them droop languidly and apparently without purpose; but all this is only to veil the sly glances constantly sweeping here and there for fresh conquests. The eyes of a Latin beauty are simply magnificent in their changing expressions; they perfectly mirror every shade of sentiment in the Southern soul. The face, too, dangerously demure, unless lighted up by a radiantly captivating smile, can hardly be matched for beauty the wide world around, when regarded in all its harmony of gleaming teeth, countenance delicately tinted and dimpled, raven hair falling in waves upon the marge of the high, white forehead, and the film of the lace-wrought *sevillana*, carelessly tossed with true Castilian grace upon the head. A corner of the lace head-wrap lightly kisses forehead and cheek, and makes a fit crowning to the gracefully-lined form, shawled in the silken folds and sweeping fringe of the costly *tapalo*, brought over from Spain as a family heirloom many years ago.

cannot possess, and more earnestly covet the supposed prize which evades us. He follows her to her home that night at a respectful distance, and is seemingly ready to go to any extreme to push his suit to success.

From that time on the lover stands a faithful sentry, for tedious hours every day and far into the night, in the street opposite her second or third story window balcony. When she leaves the house with parents or friends he follows after, and by every allowable means strives to attract her notice. But she gives him not a glance; while all the time his persistent attentions increase, seeming rather to be encouraged by her coldness and inattention. Weeks pass, and perhaps months have gone by since the storming of the castle began, and apparently no advance whatever has been made. An impetuous American lover would probably have long before retired from the lists in disgusted defeat, but the more philosophic Mexican *amador* understands that he must well prove his sincerity before he is recognized by his *novia* and her family. It matters not how stormy the day, nor how chilling the night, he is regularly at his post. Finally, on one glad day, if the young lady be not entirely heartless, he does receive from those saucy eyes on the upper balcony a flash, a fleeting sign of recognition, accompanied by just a faint, encouraging smile from those tender lips. Then it is that his heart bounds with a new thrill, as he feels that at last his suit is at least recognized; and life takes on for him a more cheerful aspect. If he has stood before that house for four hours a day heretofore, he is thenceforth found there eight hours out of the twenty-four, and as many more as he can steal from other duties.

Little by little they come to be fast friends, and at last she, up there on the high balcony, will allow him, down on the stony pavement, to approach nearer and converse with her. These conferences become increas-

will not avail. So he and the lady of his choice must continue to do their distant love-making in the public view and hearing until such time as the stony parental heart shall have melted sufficiently to grant him admission to the family circle. Inside of the domestic citadel the lady meantime warmly pleads the cause of the unhappy one without, extolling his constancy and the many other good qualities which she has proved her faithful admirer to possess. The day is at last victoriously carried, by one means or another, and the lovers are allowed the privilege of the family parlor; but they are never left alone, for the old system of chaperonage is still rigidly in vogue.

If the attentive lover desires the company of his chosen one to the opera, or upon a coach drive, he must include an invitation begging the presence of the father or mother, or more properly, of the whole family. Mexican families are, unfortunately, given to the prompt acceptance of such invitations in a cheerful body, and the result is that the son-in-law-to-be and the destined bride, when they appear in public, find themselves mere members of a large box-party at the play, or a full coach-load of company, for all of which gayety the young matrimonial aspirant pays the bills. The sanctioning presence of the family gives formal announcement that there is a wedding on the tapis.

Finally they are married. The judge of the court conducts the civil marriage ceremony, as provided by the National reform constitution, and then the legally unnecessary religious marriage is solemnized at the church. Orange blossoms and white silk ribbons not only deck the bride, but are showily festooned upon the doors of the coaches and flutter from the drivers' whips, as the marriage procession goes from the house to the church and back again. And now doubly wedded, the happy-faced couple that has triumphed over so many obstacles is supposed to live forever after in amity and enduring peace.



THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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BABY-HOUSE LITERATURE

THE Sunday-school library is not as old as the present century, and, perhaps, for that reason any criticism of it should be tempered with leniency. A full century of years must needs roll around before so important an institution can thoroughly develop and ripen. At the same time, we are making such rapid strides in all other phases of our national reading and general intelligence that the stagnation noticeable in Sunday-school literature seems, in a sense, to be inexcusable. For one need only study the general question of Sunday-school libraries to see how lamentably they fall short of their possibilities.

FOR the past two years I have given the question of the modern Sunday-school library thorough and conscientious study. During that time I have carefully inquired into the workings of the main channels which supply the books for our Sunday-schools. I have had scores of books furnished me by scholars from the shelves of different Sunday-school libraries throughout the country, and I have read them. I have had furnished to me the catalogues of scores of Sunday-school libraries from Maine to California, and at present there lie on my table some two hundred and fifty of these catalogues, representing Sunday-schools of all sizes, grades and denominations in every part of the United States. I have carefully read and studied these catalogues. And after all my research, investigation and reading I can only find one word which expresses the result—and that is, disgust. Had my investigations not been as complete as they have been I could not have believed that our Sunday-school libraries contained such an infinite pile of rubbish as stands at present upon their shelves. I have taken up catalogue after catalogue constantly hoping to find a different state of affairs, but each time have I encountered only additional disappointment. And I shall not mince words in what I write here of the subject, since it is high time that parents should have a clearer realization of the absolutely wishy-washy literature furnished to their children by the average Sunday-school library.

THE prime object of the Sunday-school library is, as I understand it, to furnish good reading for the young—that is, to nurture them in the Christian life. But how does it do this? Let me quote a few examples from books which I have read, all of which were secured from Sunday-school libraries. The first was called "The Assault, or Bobby's Lesson." Bobby struck a boy, who died from the effects of the blow! Imagine! Then Bobby became sorrowful, morose, finally went insane, was sent to a mad-house and died there at the age of twenty-three. The story plainly points to the fact that Bobby went to hell. Another book which I read, preached the cheerful gospel of idiocy. It was called "Margaret, or the Story of a Little Idiot Girl." In it a little girl was born an idiot, and eight little girls were daily sent to her house so that they might hear her idiotic sayings and feel thankful for their blessings! "Oscar's Sunday Flowers" told the story of a boy who picked flowers on Sunday, and that finally made him an unsuccessful man for life! "Jim's Confession, or a Boy Who Lied," was the story of a lie. Poor little Jim told a lie to his mother one day, and that settled him. His tortures are pictured through one hundred and forty-eight pages, until he at last repents. But men and women shun him, and he is always known as "Jim, the Liar." There is sound Christian gospel, forsooth! "The Little Glutton" is a little girl who has an abnormal appetite, and is made a "terrible example" of for other little girls! "The Little Ragged Girl and the Prince's Son" is the story of a poor cotter's daughter who is very good: she never lies, never steals, never does anything, in fact, but look sweet. A handy neighboring prince hears of her, sends for her, adopts her, and his son marries her! "Jealous Minnie" is a little girl who is jealous of everybody and everything, and becomes an outcast because of her failing! "The Two Schoolboys" portrays two boys: one good, the other bad. Both die: one goes to Heaven and the other to hell! "Little Ella" is a dressy girl. She puts on a bright red frock to wear to Sunday-school one day against her mother's wishes, and her downfall as a woman is the result! "Clara's White and Black Lies" is a story of ninety-eight pages, through all of which Clara is made an object lesson to show the difference between large and small lies! "The Christian Coachman" would not drive on Sundays: gave up his place, almost starved, and finally became a rich man, so rich that "he could buy the whole world," we are told! "Fern Glen" depicts "little Lilian's prayer," made one day in a beautiful fern glen. That made her a good woman, and she went forth as a "Lady Bountiful," until she became the richest woman in the neighborhood! "Harold's Sin" was on a par with the others. Harold's "sin" was a proclivity for fighting. He fought every boy he came across. One day he met his match, and the other boy gave Harold such a beating that he made him a cripple for life! "Jack's Temper" was another book. Jack had a brutal temper, which, upon the closing occasion of the elevating story, he exercised upon a horse. This the beast naturally resented, and kicked Jack, who thereupon died! "John's Mistake" was that he stole and ate some green apples one day, got the colic and died!

NOR are these in any way exceptional instances. They are but a few of the many books I have read during the past two years—books which the catalogues before me show are in a goodly majority of our Sunday-school libraries. Now, I ask in all fairness, what good do these books do? Of what earthly use are they? They do not inculcate Christian principles: many of them are directly opposed to the highest religious teachings of repentance and saving grace. To my mind, these books do absolute harm to the minds of the young. In the first place, they are an insult to the intelligence of the young people; in the second place, they have a pernicious influence. No "purpose" can be gained by such wishy-washy stuff, such meaningless trash. The impression made upon the young mind by such books is wrong. They deal with a religious teaching, a code of morals, a cruel and merciless view of things, none of which exist. Instead of being healthy books they are decidedly unhealthy in tone and teaching. Not alone is the atmosphere of these books bad, but their style is atrocious, and their grammar hopelessly beyond analysis. Weakness of mind results from the reading of such clap-trap literature. Surely we are cultivating a dangerous taste for reading in the young when we feed them upon such rubbish. To make good reading more attractive than bad the growing intelligence of the young should be nourished with the highest truths, simply put—not with the meanest sort of literary pap.

The hostility once felt and evidenced against the admission of the novel and works of fiction into the Sunday-school library is, happily, dying out each year. Yet in some quarters I encountered it. Where this prejudice exists it is, to my mind, a misfortune. It is certainly a hindrance to a well-equipped library. But where the objection cannot be overcome, where people still refuse to recognize that Christ's most powerful teachings were expressed in parables, that all the great masters of literature since His time have sung and written in fiction—I say, where these things still come hard of belief let fiction be excluded. But of one fact I am certain: the influence exerted by not a few of the books which are in these libraries is far more pernicious than that which could possibly emanate from the standard novels.

THE craving of the young is for something that is unreal, and if that taste, which is legitimate, is not satisfied by the Sunday-school with good stories, it will seek satisfaction in other directions perhaps not so safe. You cannot expect the young to feel an interest in a library the catalogue of which is positively repellent in its dry and uninviting titles. Books which deal only with the prayer-meeting, modern skepticism, Christian persecution, mission work, ancient discoveries, life among the Assyrians and Babylonians, are very well in their place, but young people will not read them. Such books have no interest for them: they can have no attraction to the mind of the young. Boys and girls, first of all, want stories. Their natures crave tales of adventure and travel, and they ought to be given the best books of the kind which the mind of man has produced. Christian living can be just as effectively taught to the young by the aid of biography, history, travel and fiction as by more purely religious or exhortative books. When we ask the young to read we must give them what their natures demand. To go against human nature and ask a boy to be interested in a book on missions is more than foolish.

All through my investigation, wherever its purpose was learned, I met evidences of a crying need for "model lists of Sunday-school books." It was suggested several times that this article should present such a list. That, however, would not be practicable. No single list of books, however carefully selected, here printed, could meet the different needs of different schools. That responsibility rests with the Publication Society of each denomination. And upon these Publication Boards and Societies must part of the blame for the present condition of things be fixed. Very early in my campaign of inquiry and research I found that these Publication Boards and Societies were very largely influenced by a denominational spirit which narrowed their choice of books. It is true that this spirit is not so ripe as it once was. But it still exists, and it is a positive hindrance to the Sunday-school library which secures its books from these sources. One of these Publication Societies, for example, when I sought to criticise its books, made the statement that "of course we can only secure those books which available talent can produce." That "available talent," I discovered, consisted of its own corps of writers. And who were these writers? I secured a list of them, and I give my word that scarcely one of them, in all that list of thirty, could succeed in having a book accepted by one of the established publishing houses! Their talent was of the most mediocre sort, and yet this was the "talent" which was "available" to this Publication Board! In the first place, the authors were incapable of writing good books; in the second place, the prices which they received for their manuscript from this Board were beggarly. The average price paid for these books, I was told, was less than eighty dollars!

ANOTHER one of the Publication Societies disclosed to me its methods by endeavoring to point out the fact that "the purpose of the Sunday-school library being naturally much narrower than that of the household library," it must be perfectly patent that "the choice of books was necessarily confined to a more limited number." But an hour's conversation failed to disclose to me for what reason the design of the Sunday-school library should be narrower than that of a library in one's own home. Here a business was evidently conducted upon the narrowest kind of principle—practically without a definite or clearly-defined idea: certainly not one which could be lucidly explained. And yet our young people receive thousands of their books from this particular Publication Society each year.

In the case of a third Sunday-school Book Society I found the requirements for "approved books" so painfully narrow that no author with any self-respect could produce a work suited to its tastes unless by mere chance. "No fairy tales" was one of the rules. "No love stories" was another. "No Indian adventures" was a third regulation. "Religious books must closely bear in mind the doctrines of our church," read the closing injunction. Pray, what remained for the imagination of the writer? What author could possibly hope to produce a good book when hemmed in by such restrictions? I could not find that this Society looked with the least favor upon any books save its own.

IT IS perfectly obvious that a broader spirit must actuate some of the denominational Boards, Societies and Unions before our Sunday-school libraries can be strengthened and brought to the point of quality which they should attain. Some of the men in these sources of supply are unmistakably broad-minded, and are undoubtedly fully alive to the necessity for more comprehensive lines of work. But their hands are apparently tied with the traditions with which the air of these places seems to be charged. There is by far too close an adherence to certain writers who can only write a certain kind of baby-house literature. I do not wish to be unnecessarily severe, nor too critical of those who are called our "Sunday-school writers." But candor compels me to say that, as a rule, they do not belong to the best class or highest grade of writers. Their work is not conscientious: it is hackneyed. The one aim of these writers seems to be to produce a goody-goody book, and having accomplished this they believe their mission is at an end. And, as a rule, the style of these books is on a par with the weakness of their lessons. There is absolutely no excuse for badly-written books in these days of good writing, and when masters of English are plentiful in the ranks of American writers. But our Boards, Societies and Unions must first bring themselves to the point where they will pay good prices for work. So long as present rates are paid, so long will the present style of Sunday-school book exist. Good literary work commands a good price, and this should be made true of the Sunday-school book.

BUT it is to be confessed that a goodly part of the blame for the present inferiority of our Sunday-school libraries rests with the churches. The men selected by the average church to choose books for the Sunday-school library I found incapable. In many cases the men who comprised the committees to select the books were mentally unfit to do so. Their literary standard was lamentably poor, while their knowledge of books was sadly lacking. Of course, this was not true of all. But where the mental capacity existed I found that the necessary time did not. The majority of the men on these library committees are active business men, occupied during the day. In the evening they read for the Sunday-school library. Naturally, they are tired out from the day's business: their minds are not fresh and receptive, and a hasty examination of the book is the rule rather than the exception. I am not guessing here: this fact was admitted to me by a number of men to whom I spoke. It seems to me that our churches might have learned the lesson before this that the proper people to examine, read and approve of books for the Sunday-schools are not the men, but the women. Into their hands the reading for the young should be placed in the case of every Sunday-school. Women are natural-born readers: far more so than men. They have the time, or at least more women than men can be found who have the time. Likewise, their critical faculties are far better developed, and they read for younger minds from a point of view far surer and safer than a man possibly can. I believe that if every church had a committee of three women who could be depended upon to read every book intended for the Sunday-school shelves, a marked difference would soon be apparent in the reading for the young.

ONE practice, however, now quite uniformly followed, must be abandoned by our churches before women's part in the Sunday-school library can be made effective. That is, the habit followed by so many Sunday-school superintendents or librarians of considering from which bookseller or publisher the largest discount can be had. Reading committees are altogether too often asked to choose books from a certain special channel because of an advantage to be secured in price. Such a course is ruinous to any library. If a church appoints a committee of women to stock or replenish its library, that committee should be given *carte blanche* so far as the prescribed amount will allow. Its hands should not be tied, nor its eyes directed toward any particular channels. A good library of any sort can only be made where its material is drawn from the widest possible sources. A hundred good books, secured at a moderate discount, are far better than five hundred books of indifferent interest, which are bought simply because the discount quoted on them happens to be somewhat generous. We get in this world just what we pay for, and that is as true of books as of other things. A good book cannot be purchased from its author as cheaply as can an inferior book. Such a book costs more at the start, it costs more to make, a generous royalty must be paid its author, and hence the publisher cannot compete, in discount, with houses which buy from cheap authors and make their books cheaply. A library committee should first obtain the catalogues of all the prominent publishing houses, choosing those books to read which, from their titles or authors, it has reason to suppose will be suitable reading for the young. Then the books should be carefully and conscientiously read, and recommended where approval seems wise. But the question of the price at which the book can be bought should come last, not first. A good Sunday-school library cannot be created in a day, and no discouragement need be felt because the financial means of the church are contracted and necessitate the purchase of only a few books at a time. Far better would it be if some of our Sunday-school libraries had one-third of their present number of books, and that third of a good quality.

WOMEN should be the literary arbiters for the young. In several instances they have been, and the results have been uniformly good. A good woman instinctively knows and feels the kind of a book which a boy or girl will read and enjoy. A man does not. It is a woman's nature to know these things. Let the man come in at the last, if it seems wise, and do the buying. But women ought to select, read and approve of our Sunday-school books. Let this be done more thoroughly than it is, and let the women set a good standard for themselves, and the influences will be felt all along the line: by our Publication Boards, Societies and Unions, by the publishing houses in general, in the Sunday-school, by the young, and in the home. And in a few years our Sunday-school libraries will be credits to our taste, where now they are insults to our intelligence. Our Sunday-school libraries should be arsenals of mental education, and not what they now too frequently are: repositories of baby-house literature.

DROCH'S LITERARY TALKS

III—Some Contemporary Favorites

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER HERFORD

VERY often has it been said that never before were so many people, clever and otherwise, engaged in writing fiction. The writing people who are talked about are preeminently those who produce novels. Keen observers have taken this as an indication of a prevailing mental flabbiness—both on the part of those who write and those who read. It requires no unusual mental discipline to write a novel, nor anything more than the ability to sit still and spell to read one. A novel is addressed to that side of one's nature that is uppermost in childhood—the yearning to be amused with a story. We do not attribute any particular cleverness to a child who likes to hear stories; much less is it a sign of intellectual acuteness in a grown-up to be a devourer of fiction. But it still remains true that, in its highest development, the novel is not only amusing but stimulating to the best grade of intelligence, as well as to the average man or woman.

The very breadth of canvas that it offers, without any hard-and-fast rules as to form, tempts the best literary artists to try their hands at it. Every man of intelligence and imagination is profoundly impressed with the whole spectacle of life. It is so full of strange contrasts and perplexities; not only the ultimate destiny of the individual, but the destiny of the race is reflected in this motley procession of which he is a part, as well as a spectator. When men and women of acute perceptions and refined tastes set down these impressions of the human spectacle in a novel, you, as a woman, who ought to be intensely interested in filling your life as full as possible with appreciations of your fellow-creatures, can undoubtedly broaden your views by reading their books.

In this and succeeding papers I shall endeavor to indicate some of the qualities in the best contemporary writers of English

Stevenson's way of looking at suffering was not to shut your eyes to reality and whistle to keep up your courage—but to look it fairly in the face, and at the same time go on with your daily life, filling it to the uttermost with all possible experience and aspiration. He took what he called "the brave attitude toward life"; and there is no better reading than his essays for the sorely-trying spirit, fearing to be swamped by the petty trials of a narrow existence or tottering on the verge of invalidism. "It is better to lose health like a spend-thrift," he wrote, "than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it than to die daily in the sick-room."



have meant work with their whole hearts have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerful has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the traditions of mankind."

IT IS in Stevenson's poems that the tenderness of his nature, the loving, impulsive boy that age or sickness could not suppress, is most beautifully expressed. As you look through the volume you are impressed that nearly every poem is the tribute of personal admiration or affection to a friend. He found the actual poetry of life in his friendships. In this he is in striking contrast with a whole race of writers who expend their poetic feelings on flowers and trees and mountains, and reserve mankind (with whom they live and of whom they are a part) for hopeless cynicism and sneering pessimism.

There is beauty enough in his stories to compensate any woman who may find little enjoyment in what is merely narrative of adventure. His allegorical tale, "Will o' the Mill," is as charming in its poetic beauty as "Twice-Told Tales" of Hawthorne. Certain chapters in "Prince Otto" are fanciful and idyllic. The love story of *Catriona* in "David Balfour" is as tender and feminine as though told by a devotee of sentiment. And there are parts of "The Beach of Falesa" that are superb examples of poetic and sensuous description.

Even in such virile tales of rascality and bloodshed as "The Wrecker" and "The Master of Ballantrae" a woman may find in the marvelous style—where words pipe, and sing, and roar like a great organ under the hands of a master musician—a keen and improving pleasure not to be found in novels that dwell only on the gentler sentiments.

SEVERAL other Scotch writers have lighted their lamps at the flaming genius of Stevenson. And nothing is a finer index of their generous spirit than the way in which Barrie and Crockett have laid their laurels at the feet of the man they call their master.



Barrie has had from the first the allegiance of a great army of women readers. "A Window in Thrums" appealed to those permanent affections around which the daily life of woman revolves. It is a "homely" tale, with hardly an echo of the great world in it. The heroism, the fidelity and the pathos of it reveal to every reader the inherent worth and beauty of life in the narrowest circumstances. That is Barrie's supreme gift as an interpreter of human nature—to ennoble humble life. At a time when fiction was given over to the repulsive details of low life, making the accidents of physical surroundings and

the horrors of hereditary vice the only things worth depicting in the name of realism, Barrie came with his revelation of the beauty of character in abject poverty. Moreover every line that he writes has the stamp of that minute observation of the facts of life that repulsive realism has been claiming as its sole scientific prerogative.

And nothing is so clear a proof of the truth of Barrie's pictures of life as his humor. It is impossible for a real humorist to be a man given to self-deception through his emotions. A man must see "two sides" of a thing to be a humorist. No one could write "The Courting of T'nowhead's Bell" and be a narrow sentimentalist.

Barrie has proved the breadth and strength of his genius by his two long novels, "The Little Minister" and "Sentimental Tommy." Here he has shown his power to sustain and develop original characters through a long series of events.

The popular appreciation of Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "Days of Auld Lang Syne" is a further proof that people do not like to read stories that belittle human nature. Most people want to think well of their kind, and to feel that circumstances cannot kill what is really noble in a soul. Ian Maclaren is the exponent in fiction of the adaptability of the Christian virtues to every-day life.

Crockett's "The Stickit Minister," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," etc., are inspired by the same sturdy manliness—the optimism of faith in man and faith in God.

THE stories of Rudyard Kipling are in marked contrast with the optimism of the Scotch writers. There is a tremendous fatalism in his tales that hits you in the face and checks your courage. When you get your breath you begin to look at things with his direct eyes and find that none of his heroes are cowards. He is as much in love with life as Stevenson, but he does not look at it with the joyful boyishness that cast a glamour over so much that Stevenson wrote.

Kipling sees things implacably. He makes you feel the injustice of things, the horror of circumstances that cannot be mit-



igated, the terrible tragedy of life. But all this cannot kill the poet in him, for he sees beyond, like his own *McAndrew*, and sings:

"When first in store the new-made beasts stood
Were Ye cast down that breathed the Word declar-
in' all things good?
Not so! O' that waird-lifin' joy no after-fall could
vex,
Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man—the
Artifex!"

Kipling's talent has already shown so many phases that it is not possible for any one to read him without finding a story or two that will suit her special taste, he does so many things extremely well. There is a mannish swagger in many of the tales, a bluntness of expression and directness in speaking of disagreeable things that occasionally offend delicate nerves. But you will always find that Kipling has "used the bludgeon artistically." He was after a certain effect, and took the best weapon at hand for it. There is a great deal in the world that is not pleasant, and a great deal that is painfully tragic. A man like Kipling who looks squarely at these things, and writes about them without either sniveling or gilding them, is a beneficent force in literature. The satire in his books is never aimed at what is manly and courageous.

Like all writers who combine imagination and strength there is in some of Kipling's stories a strange gentleness that is more effective than pathos which is directly sought after. Four of his stories of childhood are bound together in a little volume, for which he once wrote a note of preface saying: "Only women understand children thoroughly; but if a mere man keeps very quiet, or humbles himself properly, and refrains from talking down to his superiors, the children will sometimes be good to him and let him see what they think about the world." Any reader of "Wee Willie Winkie" or "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" will be convinced that Kipling has followed his own receipt, and that the children have let him look into their little hearts. And if these do not convince a child or a woman that Kipling is a rare interpreter of the gentle fancies of youth, "The Brushwood Boy" and "The Jungle Books" surely will.

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CASTING THE FIRST STONE

By Ruth Ashmore



DO you remember the story? To you it seemed very dreadful that there was any one willing, cruelly willing, to cast a stone at a miserable sinner. But you think of the story as one that is many hundred years old, and you feel certain that if you had been in that group you would not have raised your voice in judgment of

one who had been so very weak. And yet, every day some sinner stands before you—and do you not often throw the first stone? That the stone does not take a material form makes the hurt no less. The chilling expression, the severe word, the positive judgment, or the expressive silence, each causes a hurt; and yet, you are certain that you would be the very last one to imitate those whom Christ censured.

How can any one of us afford to throw a stone? How many of us lead lives that permit us to judge our neighbors? How often are we without sin? And how very seldom can any of us, with honesty, throw even a tiny pebble at one whose sin is known to all the world? To-day sins are veneered. Many are covered by a varnish that makes them seem less black in the sight of the world, but God Himself looks at every sin as it is, and not as the world chooses to regard it. What is your own life? Is it free from all small as well as from all great sins? Are you absolutely honest? Are you absolutely pure? And is all your life so permeated with goodness and sweetness that you stand out as a perfectly good woman, with all your neighbors as a contrast? I doubt this. I do not believe that there is one among us who can afford to throw the first stone at any poor sinner. Suppose you and I think over some of the phases of life, conclude how, under certain circumstances, we would have done, or how we would have acted, and then we can decide whether we have a right to judge our neighbor.

AN EVERY-DAY CRITICISM

YOU who, on Sunday morning, get yourself properly dressed and start off for church, raise your eyes as you see your neighbor apparently busy reading a book, and with no thought of joining the many hundreds who are going to the house dedicated to God in which to join in public worship of Him. Your lips tighten and you think to yourself, "How dreadful it is that my neighbor should so neglect her religious duties." You never stop to think of the demands that may have been made upon her; you never stop to think whether, having discovered that her body is weary and her heart sick, she may have felt that God would help her best if she could be alone, read something that would be helpful, and send up her prayer far away from the rest of the world. Sometimes it is possible that poverty may keep your neighbor at home; there have been women of gentle birth and breeding who had not the courage to appear, even in God's house, with a torn shoe or a gown unsuited to the season. And who are you that you should judge them?

THE BEAM THAT IS IN THINE OWN EYE

POSSIBLY you enter church a little late and with a great deal of bustle; your eyes unconsciously wander around, and instead of giving all of your thoughts to God you criticize the strangers present, the frocks worn, and the general appearance of the congregation. Then, it is too often possible that you so far forget your duty toward your neighbor as to treat with great rudeness the stranger who has been put in your pew. All during the sermon you ponder over what you will say to the sexton about this act of his—this taking it for granted that you wish to have in your pew any shabby stranger who had not a seat, and who, to your horror, put nothing in the collection. The shabby stranger saw that she was not welcome; and do you believe, when the service was over and she got away, that she blamed you? Oh, no. Unfortunately, she did not. She blamed God. She said, as many hundreds have said, "If this is the way Christians behave I do not want to go to church any more." Who was the better Christian of the two, your neighbor, who had for some reason unknown to you been kept from church, or you, who went and only gave God lip-worship? But I am afraid you never gave a thought to this. Somebody more charitable than you may suggest a reason for her non-appearance at church.

A POSITIVE OPINION

IT WAS you who said with decision, when speaking of a man whose temptations had been many, whose strength had been slight and who had fallen, "The sum and substance of it is that he is a thief." It was sadly true, but was it quite necessary for you to visit here, there and everywhere, the day after this dishonesty had been discovered and tell what you thought about it? Would it not have been kinder and more womanly to have said some gentle words of sympathy for the innocent ones who suffered because of this dishonesty? But no, you believed in being honest in your speech—at least, that was what you said. But it started me to wondering as to your own honesty.

First of all, did you give materially and mentally what you should to the poor—God's people? Were you not dishonest in keeping too many of your good things for your own enjoyment? Then, too, there are one or two little things that, done by you, are quite as bad as was the dishonest act of this one man. You bought something in the way of a piece of finery that you did not need, and for which you had not just then the money to pay. Your dressmaker, by whom the fine frock was made, wrote politely and asked for that which was due her. You berated the girl who brought the note, and told her that because of this impudence on the part of the dressmaker you would never deal with her again, and that you would do everything in your power to influence your friends to leave her. You also said that you would pay the money when you felt like it, and not until then. You never gave a thought to the consequences that would follow the non-payment of the bill that you owed. As you could not pay the dressmaker she had to leave some of her employees unpaid, and as they, a grade lower in life, could not get credit from the butcher or the baker, somebody, perhaps, had tea and bread only for a Sunday dinner.

And yet you throw a stone at a thief. You stole from poor, wretched women who depend on such women as you for their livelihood. You put down your name with great pleasure next to that of a fashionable woman, and gave a check for a large amount to aid in the building of a hospital. You knew your generosity would be talked about; you knew that your name would be printed in the newspapers as being as generous as Mrs. Blue Blood, but when it was suggested to you that a poor relation—an old lady—needed a warm coat and some new underwear, you said she would have to get along as best she could, that society had special claims upon you. These are only a few of your dishonesties, and yet you could, without a blush and without a stammer, express very positive opinions concerning a man who had not been able to resist taking or using that which did not belong to him. Wherein was his sin very much greater than your own, may I ask?

THE SENTIMENT OF LIFE

YOUR name is on the list of subscribers to the various societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. These are good societies, but did you ever think that you might be a cruel woman yourself? You behave as if you were afraid to give expression to any kindly feeling that you might have for your friends or your kindred. You seem to think that it is your duty to make people unhappy. You count saying a pleasant word, or giving a word of praise to your own people, as being sentimental. And you consider sentiment as synonymous with weakness. What would life be without the sentiment of love, the sentiment of kindness, or without the sentiment that God Himself shows in His care of us? You are quick in reminding a young girl of some defect she may have, instead of looking for the charm she possesses and praising it. No, you dilate upon her special misfortune and embitter her life. You may be one of the people who claim never to say an unpleasant word, but do you trouble yourself about controlling your looks? Have you, or has some one you loved, been the victim of some physical misfortune and suffered from cruel eyes? Surely it must be true that the eyes are the windows of the soul, for from them comes either the real gentleness that should abide there, or the absolute cruelty that is in its place. How many sensitive girls have been "frowned down" to despair! Why should this be? Through what great virtue do you sit in the seats of the mighty and bring misery by a look to those less fortunate, less blessed by nature, than yourself?

SILENCE IS OFTEN GOLDEN

YOU know exactly what the sorrow is in some home, and yet, with this knowledge, you bring up for discussion the special weakness that has caused somebody to fall and to fall again; and you do not hesitate to say that you talk about what you please, without regard to others, because you think that there is too much sentiment in life. Ah, my friend, that is where you make a mistake. There is not enough, and until you become thoroughly inoculated with the sentiment of real kindness you will be a cruel woman. You take it for granted that pleasant people are of necessity deceitful. That is an every-day error, and a very foolish one. The woman who refrains from speaking the cruel truth when it is not necessary is the one who withholds the sharp stone that causes a horrible wound. Try to reform; make up your mind that you will keep silent, or else make somebody happy by a pleasant word. Then you will be surprised to find what a change there is in yourself. And looking back, as it is wise to do sometimes, you will thank God that you are a less cruel woman than you were, and you will pray for more and more of the sentiment of life, since it will make you do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.

SOME OF THE SMALL PEBBLES

THERE is the girl who is shy. You, who find it easy to chatter and to move about from this one to that one in society, may think you are doing no wrong in refusing to be bothered with the shy girl; but in ignoring her, in speaking to her but once, and then leaving her, you are throwing at her a tiny pebble that hurts, that hurts, oh, so very much! She had admired you; she had thought when you spoke to her she would be able to say something pleasant and so overcome her nervousness, but you did not give her time; you threw at her the pebble of thoughtless impatience, and you made her shyness become morbid sensitiveness.

Then there is the shabby girl. You looked at her in such a cruel way; you made her conscious of her shiny gloves, her ill-fitting frock, and her hat that was not of the latest style. That was unnecessary. How do you know why she is wearing shabby clothes? Perhaps it is that she may put good, warm clothes on other people; perhaps it is because some women who are socially dishonest have not paid their bills, and she is the sufferer thereby. It is true that in social life you have not time to inquire into the motives of everybody, but you ought, at least, to learn not to judge by appearances.

Did you ever think that the unanswered note, the visit not returned, the little courtesy not acknowledged, might make some other woman absolutely unhappy? Did you ever think that your social duties properly performed give pleasure to somebody else? I am not speaking to the woman who makes society and its demands her world; but you who have some time to spare surely know of some one to whom your visit will be an event. The elderly lady who is an invalid, and who fears she is forgotten by the world, will be more than glad to welcome you and the sunshine that you bring with you. The busy woman is delighted to hear, when it is pleasantly told, of the life that she does not enter into. Indeed, there are many I could cite to whom your presence would be a joy, but it is only necessary to say to you: "Think of somebody who wants a breath of outdoor life, life away from the four walls in which she lives, and give that woman by your cheerful visit the pleasure she longs for."

THE END OF THE SERMON

EVEN if you do not care for the sermon you can take the text and preach to yourself from it of the virtue that you ought to cultivate, which is not only that great one of charity, but its kindred grace, consideration. Do not be afraid to throw to any one who is in distress the flowers of sympathy, of kindly thought and of praise. Do not be afraid to speak all the pleasant words you can. Give sweet words of sympathy to those who need them while they are alive. Do not wait until your neighbor is dead before telling of her goodness, kindness and generosity. Praise, praise of the right kind, makes every human being, especially every woman, anxious to be better and to do better. Think good things of people, and spread your thoughts broadcast. Then you will be living the life you should, not only in deed, but in speech. My friend, you cannot afford to throw even the smallest pebble, because always there is staring you in the face that question: "What is your own record?" Not one of us is without sin, consequently not one of us can throw a stone; and if the day ever comes when there is again one who is absolutely perfect, be very sure that that one, because of her very sinlessness, will never raise her hand or her voice against another woman.

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



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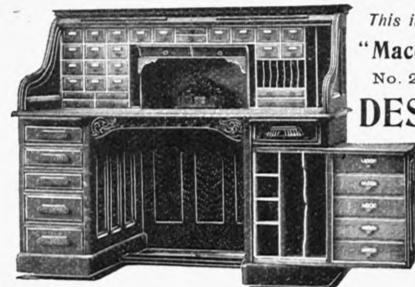


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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY AT ITS BEST

By Henry Troth

WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

*SECOND ARTICLE—TAKING THE PICTURE



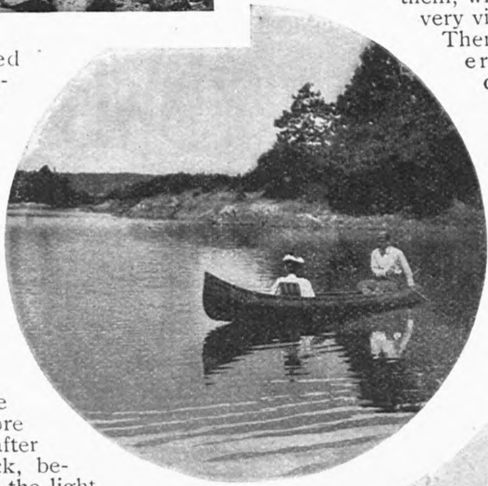
The photographer who is using the camera to obtain pictures or pictorial effects will, after a time, find himself unconsciously looking for possible views while on his trips about the country, and a ride on the railroad, which otherwise might be tedious, is often spent pleasantly in that occupation. It is these chance views we must, when possible, follow up and study from all points; some we will reject as not of sufficient interest, and others, with, perhaps, a different light, or with some animal life in them, will be just the very views we want.

There are several rules of composition which are very important to know, and the photographer should have them well in mind while placing the cam-

HAVING filled your holders, and seen that all the apparatus is in order—that you have lens and cap, plate holders, focusing cloth, tripod, tripod top and screw—you may begin operations.

The best time for landscape photography is early morning and late afternoon, say before half-past ten and after half-past two o'clock, because at these times the light is less glaring and the shadows are longer. Much of the beauty of a picture depends on the shadows. Also in the early morning and late afternoon there is more "atmosphere," that quality or condition of light which makes many landscape pictures. "Atmosphere" is somewhat akin to haze, and is caused more or less by dampness. In England that condition is very much in evidence, and is largely responsible for the many fine landscape photographs made there. There is less of it in this country, although there is more near the seacoast than in the interior, and, as was said before, more late than in the middle of the day—therefore, if you wish to get the best effects possible, you should shun the hours between eleven and two o'clock, except on dull or cloudy days.

To get the best results the view should be selected beforehand, notes taken of the time of day and condition of light which would best suit the composition, and what



era to take the view. The most important, perhaps, is not to have the horizon line—that is, the place where the sky and earth seem to meet—exactly in the centre of the plate. A better proportion is, say one-third sky and two-thirds land; or where the clouds are good and there is not much of interest on the land the propor-

tions might be reversed. Another rule is never to have the principal object or point of interest exactly in the centre, but at one side. The part of the view requiring the most care in selection, and on which, in the majority of cases, the success of the composition depends, is the foreground. In most cases in order to insure good general detail we focus on some point in the middle ground, but where we wish to give special prominence to the foreground, or wish to give an effect of distance to the background, we try to make the former as sharp as possible. If we have people or animals in our view they should be somewhere in the foreground, far enough away not to be distorted. To sum it up, in pictorial photography the foreground is the centre of interest, the background is accessory.

As was said before it is best to select the view beforehand, but in many cases this is not convenient, as most amateurs have but little time at their disposal; the usual pro-



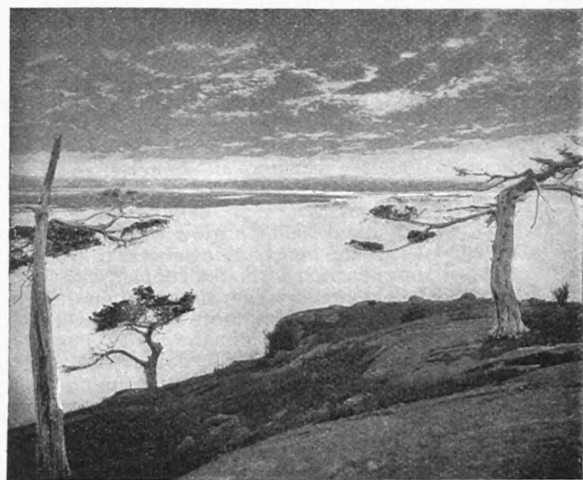
cedure being to start off with the outfit as the hunter does with his gun and dogs, trusting to luck to supply the game. Right here it may be noted that one of the most profitable ways of hunting animals and birds is with the camera. It is a new field of photography with many possibilities. In England one or two workers have attained distinction by photographing wild birds in their haunts, and in our Western States there are several photographers who have been equally successful with larger game. For this kind of photography a long focus lens is essential.

Many amateur photographers as well as hunters start out with an abundance of ammunition, which is soon spent, and at the end of the jaunt have nothing presentable to show in return. A better plan is to carry but few plates, and make each one count, as where we can afford only one on a particular subject we will be more careful to see that the point of view is right. The amateur has learned an important lesson when he is able to pass the commonplace by, and does not expose plates just for



the sake of doing so. Finally, after a time, when he has advanced still further, he may return from a jaunt without having taken his camera from the box, having learned that an uninteresting photograph is worse than none. A fact that must be borne in mind when planning a photographic trip is that it is not necessarily the most beautiful country which will produce the most picturesque photographs, also that some views are rendered attractive by the color of the foliage, sky, etc., and when photographed in black and white the result may be commonplace.

The world is finding out that pictures can be produced by the aid of the camera, and those photographers who get artistic results are now recognized as true artists. With them the camera and chemicals are only mediums. Personal experience is usually the best teacher, but the beginner and older worker cannot fail to get considerable benefit from reading and studying.



figures, if any, should be introduced; then when the time is ripe, appear with your camera and make the exposure. In the late afternoon the light changes rapidly, and if the operator has not taken the precaution of selecting the point of view, etc., beforehand, the composition may be utterly altered, through change of shadows, before the right point has been decided on, the camera set up and everything is in readiness to take the picture.

*The second of a series of four practical articles on pictorial amateur photography. The author, Mr. Troth, ranks among the most successful amateur photographers in America, his photographs having been awarded gold, silver and bronze medals at exhibitions held in the United States and in the capitals of Europe. In the next (March) issue of the JOURNAL Mr. Troth will explain "Developing, Printing and Mounting."

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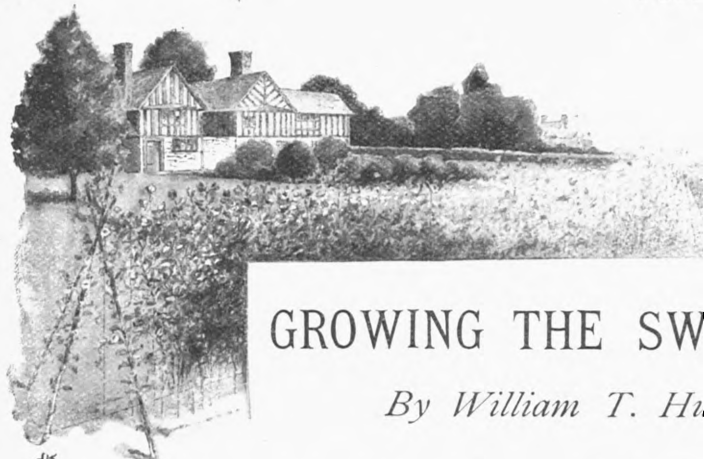
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GROWING THE SWEET PEA

By William T. Hutchins

THE easiest place to grow Sweet Peas is along the Pacific coast, where the seed now comes from. Around the Atlantic seacoast, also, they may be easily and finely grown, especially in heavy soil, as well as in the North—Canada and Northern Vermont—in fact, almost anywhere in the back, up-hill country, also where the soil is naturally wet and late. But none need fail in any soil if the following points are observed:

Select the sunniest place where the rows may run north and south. If you change the location from year to year it will simplify the problem; some part of the vegetable garden where it is already well enriched is best. Look out for tree roots—they rob the vines of food and drink. And keep away from turf. Try a light dressing of salt on the ground in the fall—about four quarts to the square rod. It is distasteful to insect pests, but the application of it must not be repeated often. Gas lime is both a good fertilizer and distasteful to bugs and worms, but no such rank material should be used anywhere near planting time.

Planting in the spring it is better to either put the extra fertilizer eight inches below your seed, or else apply it in liquid form after the vines begin to show buds. Fertilizers that have a good percentage of potash are excellent for Sweet Peas. The first spring-like day after the frost is once out is the foreordained day to plant. The best place to put Sweet Peas is the ground, even though Jack Frost returns.

Do not plant them in a trench. The trench method could have been followed once, but not now. Neither am I able to jump to the other extreme and advocate shallow planting. The substitute for depth is firming the soil. Sweet Peas love a heavy soil because it holds moisture. The old method of planting in a trench, and of filling in around the vines for depth, has often caused blight. Begin by spading the ground for the purpose of mixing the soil well. Then tread it down considerably for eighteen inches in width, where your row will come. This treading will hollow out the ground about two inches in depth. In this hollow scratch out the furrows for your double row of seed, about one inch deep. Cover and roll the ground with a garden roller well above the seed. After the seed comes up, instead of filling in with soil, roll it still firmer along the sides of the row. And when the weeds need hoeing do not loosen up the soil.

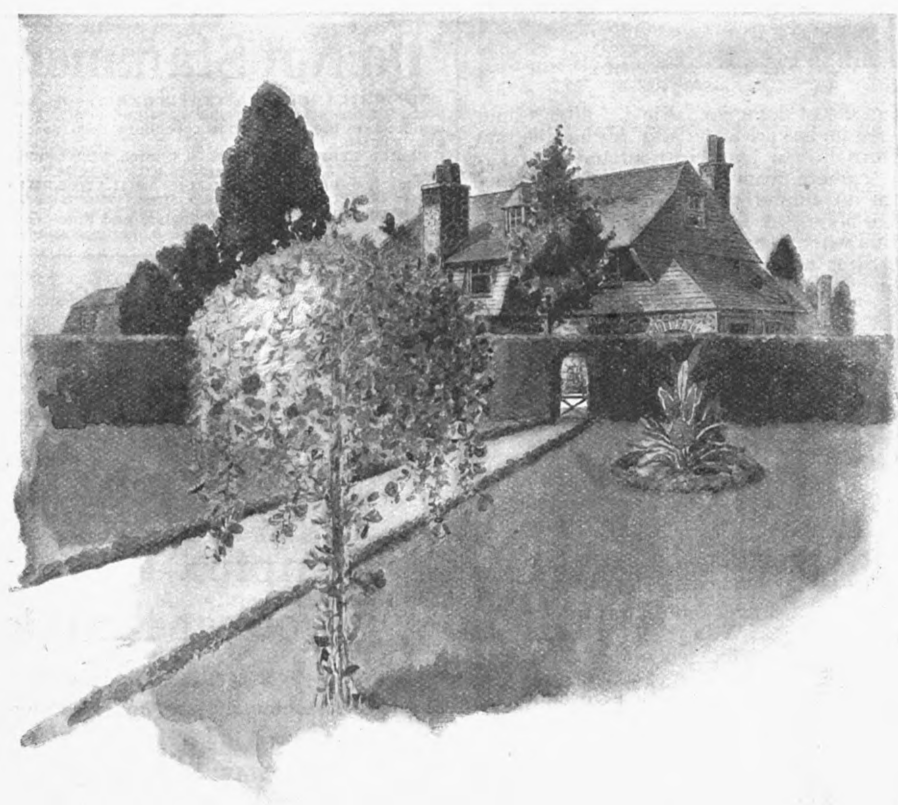
In ordering seed make allowance for failure of a percentage to germinate, remembering that all white-seeded varieties are weak germinators. You must also allow for losses by cut worms and possible blight. After danger is past the plants ought not to be nearer than within three inches of each other. Plant always in double rows, so as to bush or trellis

between, allowing eight or ten inches for this. Ordinary seed should be sown at the rate of one ounce for ten feet of double row, thinning out heroically after the serious danger of foes is past. To see the thrift of a single Sweet Pea vine by itself, with freedom to branch and ramble, cures one's desire to crowd them in the rows. If you plant expensive novelties give them room, and protect them with little paste-board or tin collars.

It is only the first of the cut worms that do the mischief, and their arrival depends upon the earliness of the season. If your plants are early the cut worms will also be on time. In the spring I have found a practical remedy in mixing a pailful of bran with a tablespoonful of Paris green and a little cheap sugar, and sowing it liberally along the rows. Or sow loosely alongside your row some old lettuce seed, or Sweet Pea seed saved from last year's vines, or anything the worms like, to divert their attention from the new plants. Strips of thin board or tin set up edgewise close to the vines will also prove a protection.

Before Sweet Peas are in bud they should not be fretted by much watering. It is sufficient to simply guard against drought. After they get ready to bloom they want abundant drink, and pailfuls of well-diluted liquid manure and wash suds will rejoice them. Do not put any suds on them when they are tender. Do not be tempted at any stage to loosen the soil about your Sweet Pea vines. From first to last keep your ground firm. I am here speaking of light soil, and not hard-baked clay.

For supports good strong twiggy birch brush is the most natural. For high culture the brush must have a stocky butt, and be cut seven feet long, and set in the ground one foot. A variety of wire trellis can be substituted, experience readily teaching what is wanted, but do not have a sagging row of half-supported vines. It is imperative that all blossoms and pods shall be kept picked if a long season of blooming is wanted. In doing away with the trench method there is more need of mulching your vines as soon as June heat strikes them. Any kind of seedless litter is good for this. It is often good to put on a light dressing of stable manure, after the blossoms start, for a mulch, and let this work in for another year. The latest serious pests to the Sweet Pea are insects resembling the red spider. They colonize on the under side of the leaves, beginning at the base of the vine. They are almost too small for the naked eye, but their presence may be easily detected by the whitish spots and clouded look of the leaves. The hose, with a strong spray, is the easiest remedy. A tea of tobacco is also good, reduced to the proportion of two gallons to one pound of stems. Possibly, however, if you need an insecticide, it will be better to consult a florist.



A PRETTY GARDEN DEVICE

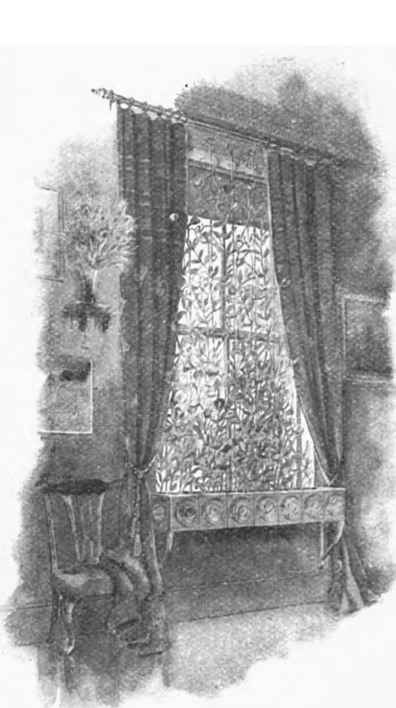
UTILIZING THE SWEET PEA

By Ella Rodman Church

SWEET PEAS make a very pretty and effective hedge, thus combining beauty and utility—and in a much shorter time than any other plants so employed. In one case this fragrant hedge was ninety feet long, and it was used to separate the clothes-drying space from the more attractive grounds. The vines attained the height of nearly six feet, and were in perfect bloom and beauty all the summer through—having been planted early in the spring in two rows about two and a half feet apart.

Abundant support was furnished in an arrangement of cedar poles and telegraph wire: the former being planted as a tripod at each end of the rows, and the wire attached at the foot of the outside poles and where the poles crossed. The wires were drawn tight and supported at regular distances for the vines to attach themselves, fine linen twine being carried from wire to wire and soon covered—so that at a little distance the vines seemed to stand alone. The poles of the tripods rose some distance above their crossings, and these were soon decorated with the bells of the Morning-glory, so similar in its variety of colorings to that of the Sweet Pea.

When in full beauty this floral hedge was a highly-decorative object in itself,



A FRAGRANT SCREEN

and it effectually screened the unsightliness of the family wash from fastidious eyes. It could be far more easily accomplished in a city yard, which often does not reach a quarter of the ninety feet, across which this one so admirably combined the beautiful with the practical.

It could also be made a lovely and fragrant screen against the ugliness visible from many back windows. Given a long, narrow box for this purpose, with a simple trellis-work of ordinary wire or twine, well-pulverized and enriched earth, with a small addition of sand and a moderate amount of sunshine—Sweet Pea vines being easily scorched, and if not actually dying, losing all their beauty in consequence—and a pretty window, a fragrant room and plenty of blossoms for cutting may be confidently counted on.

A peculiarity of Sweet Peas is that the higher they are trained the more profusely they will bloom, and if all fading blossoms are removed before they can go to seed a constant succession of bloom is secured. A pretty garden device is a Sweet Pea fountain, which is produced by planting a tall upright post firmly in the ground and attaching the skeleton of an umbrella to it at the top. The vines planted at its base will climb and droop from the edge of the umbrella—the unfolding blossoms and sprays disposing themselves in such fashion that the idea of a floral fountain is easily suggested.

Like Roses and some other flowers Sweet Peas display their greatest beauty of coloring, and put forth their utmost powers of bloom in a soft, briny atmosphere. They love the seashore in sheltered spots, and the winged petals seem to take on a velvety texture—the rich complexions of the "Painted Ladies" glow with deeper hues—and the more retiring sisters in violet and purple catch from the contact with salt air brighter and newer tints. Even the white Sweet Pea shows more dazzling whiteness.

As a winter plant the Sweet Pea is not so satisfactory as one could wish. It has been sometimes tried in a hanging-basket, and coaxed into moderate bloom amid winter snows; but it does not take kindly to such conditions, and is so chary of its blossoms that the most inveterate plant lover becomes discouraged.



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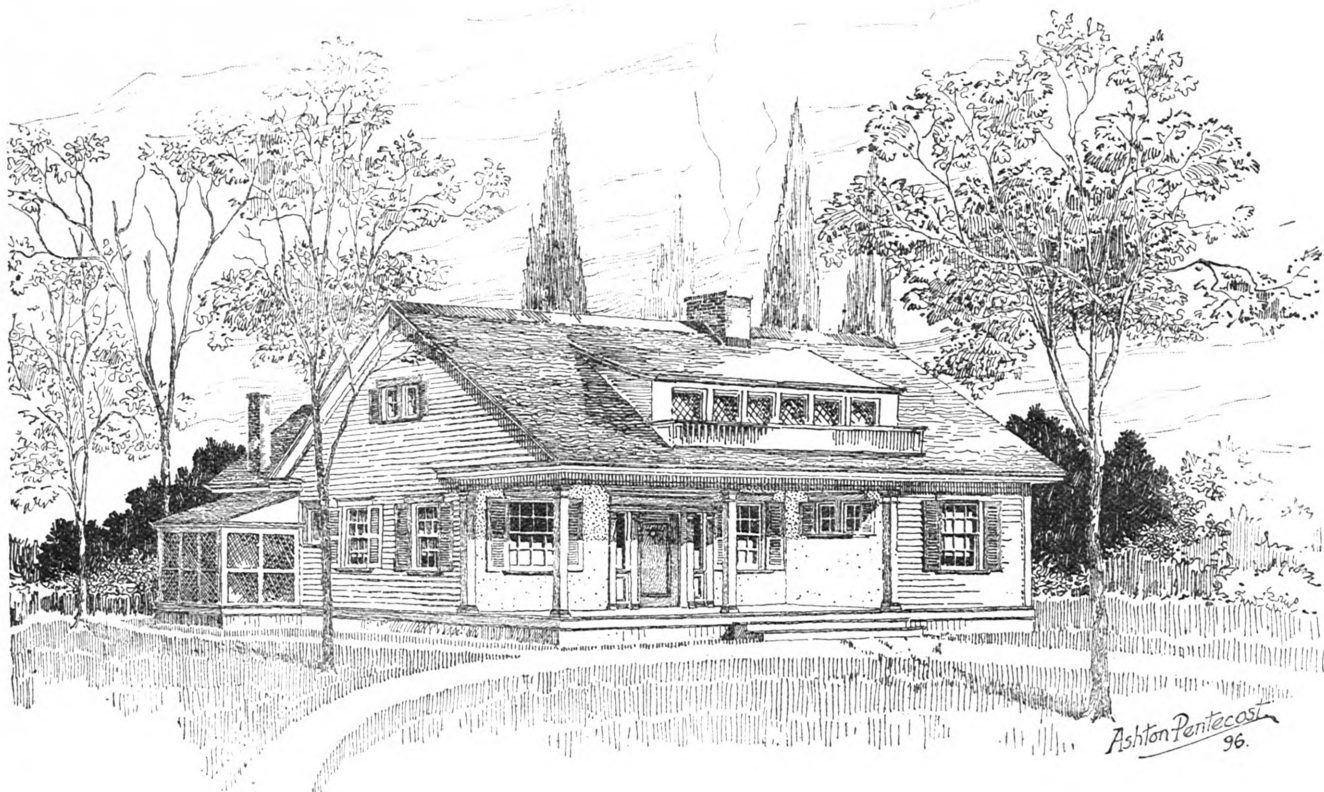
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By Ashton Pentecost

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The cottage shown in the accompanying sketches contains in the first story a large

ing should be treated with timbers formed in box or skeleton construction, and have mouldings at intersections of all woodwork and plastering. The recess shown at the end of this room is intended to receive the sideboard.

It would be advisable to have the woodwork throughout of whitewood stained a mahogany color, and the walls covered with a paper to represent tapestry.

A pretty lattice-work passageway leads to the wood-shed, which is necessary to the house, and which should be placed in the rear. Coming back to the house and mounting the broad and easy stairs to the second story, we notice the bathroom, with its delicate floor and wainscoting of pale blue and white tiles, its fixtures all open to allow the floor to be easily cleaned, and last, but decidedly not least, its easy access to the occupants of any of the rooms.

At the head of the stairs is a large and luxurious seat. The bedrooms all open from the hall or passage. These are to be neatly but simply finished off in whitewood with white pine floors.

In reference to the exterior material used I would suggest plain siding, say four inches and a half wide, laid with an exposure of three inches to the weather, which seems rather narrow, but, on account of the comparatively scanty height of the building, this will not, in reality, appear at all too small. This should be painted a pure white.

The mouldings of cornice, etc., should be simple and classic in outline so as to present that air of refinement so necessary to the happy realization of the Colonial design which has been selected. The walls of the building around the front porch, as well as the ceiling of the same, should be finished in rough-cast plaster, the walls being left white in their natural state and the ceiling tinted a pale blue.

The woodwork of the main entrance door and the side lights to same, being painted a very dark bottle-green, with a door knocker of polished brass, will give a very quaint and picturesque effect.

To paint the window shutters on the outside of the house, also the lattice-work on the servant's porch, a green of a lighter shade than the entrance door would give a pleasing effect. The roof should be shingled with good cedar shingles, either left in their natural state or stained a very light shade of green, which, in a short time, will so age in appearance as to produce a charming moss-colored effect.



VIEW IN MAIN HALL

hall, with reception and dining rooms on either side. This main hall is the largest and most pleasant room in the house. It is intended to form the grand lounging room for wet weather. Its windows look out on to the rear and in front out on to the veranda, and thence to the beach. It has an old-fashioned New England mantelpiece and a hearth with capacity for burning large logs, a comfort indeed on a rainy day when spring appears about to visit us again, or on a sudden glimpse of fall weather at the end of summer. The reception-room or library opens to the right hand of the main hall, and is simply finished in ivory white painted woodwork, and pine floor if carpet is to be used.

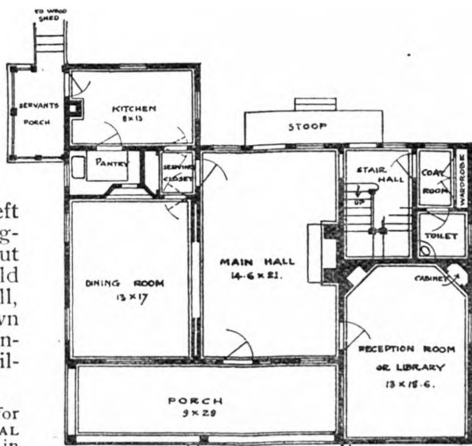
The main hall, laid with a half-inch finishing floor of quarter-cut white oak, on a rough or sub-floor of hemlock, presents, with the aid of one or two rugs, an ideal sitting-room floor, very rich in effect and, at the same time, easily kept neat and clean. The walls and ceiling, treated with a sand-finished surface of plaster, are colored in a soft tone of green; the doors and casings, together with the mantelpiece, which are all of pine, painted in ivory white, give a most inviting and cool appearance to the room.

Passing through the first door at the left of the hall we enter the well-lighted dining-room with its three windows looking out in different directions. This room should have an oak floor like that of the main hall, so that it will not be necessary to put down a carpet. This will do much toward obtaining a cool effect for this room. The ceiling

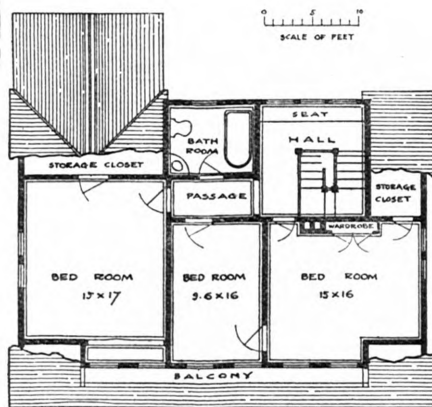
There is provided, as will be noticed by referring to the plan, a room for hats and coats, and opening out of this the toilet-room finished in tiling in a similar manner to the bathroom.

In the rear of the dining-room, at once connected with, and separated from it by the neatly-arranged serving-closet, lies the kitchen, the most convenient one imaginable. It is paved with brick and has cement wainscoting on its walls. Conveniently located in the pantry are the pastry table, shelving and china cases; also the sink.

The kitchen door opens upon the servant's porch, a dainty inclosure of lattice-work, which may be readily covered with a climbing rose or creeping vine, thus affording a screen to the occupant of the kitchen when she wishes to work with open doors and window.



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR

An ordinary mortal is apt to be skeptical as to the possibility of a cottage of this class being built at such a small cost, but when one remembers that no cellar is required for the heating apparatus, as in a house intended to be inhabited throughout the year, and that the whole building is of lighter construction than that of a town house, the matter is explained.

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*The seventh in a series of plans and ideas for suburban houses of moderate cost which the JOURNAL proposes to publish, the first of which appeared in the JOURNAL of December, 1895. Other plans for houses costing, respectively, \$2000 and \$2500, will be given in subsequent issues.



SOME IDEAL COOKING

By Sarah Tyson Rorer



I HAVE for seventeen years devoted my entire time to the study of the issues which are involved in every home three times a day—the building and repairing of the human body—

—I feel that if study and experience are worth anything I should certainly be able to teach the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL how to live well on limited means, and also how to live well where the means are not limited. By this I do not mean living elaborately, but rather the combining of palatable, wholesome and well-cooked food with simple living.

I shall first turn my attention to the chemical compositions and requirements of the human body, and then will fit in such food as will properly nourish each element, and in a simple way teach how easily one can manage the household. The widespread interest that has been aroused in the laws of food reform of late years is sufficient proof that this work is of great importance. Hygienists are directing their attention more particularly to food reform than to any other, and there remains but little doubt that the food we eat, the water we drink and the air we breathe determine the health of our bodies.

HYGIENIC TEACHING OF AMERICAN SCHOOLS

IN THIS branch of the subject the schools in America are far ahead of even Germany. England and France have National schools of cookery, but they lack the hygienic teaching of our American schools. This is, perhaps, the reason why America has ten schools of domestic economy to one in other countries. In this field of science we are far ahead of other nations.

As all things have been given us by Nature for some good purpose I have always advocated a mixed diet. If Nature had intended us for meat eaters only we certainly would have had meat teeth alone, but we have grinders for the masticating and the grinding of grain, which teaches us at once that a mixed diet is necessary.

People are rather conservative in matters of change, especially regarding food, looking back upon what their grandmothers did and upon what they lived, forgetting that their grandmothers were much more active in domestic duties than they are, and were obliged to take such food as they had at hand—a fact which has left its mark more or less upon this generation.

Bread was then the staff of life, and rightly too. It was made from Nature's wheat, containing all the phosphates, the muscle-forming food, and heat and force food necessary for feeding. Now, this wonderful grain, in our manner of preparation, has been robbed of the phosphates and a portion of its muscle food, and as the poorer classes depend more upon bread than the middle or upper classes, they have suffered most. Perhaps the farmer, who toils many hours to bring forth a good crop of wheat, suffers more than any other laborer. He suffers doubly, from lack of nourishment and from lack of recompense, as he has wasted much money in the exchange of wheat for flour.

HYGIENIC PRINCIPLES OF FOOD

A FEW years ago Dr. Doble delivered a course of lectures in London on "the distribution of white bread among the poor." He considered that upon it they were so illy nourished, even with the bulk taken, that they were susceptible to disease, and were soon in the hospitals, again charity patients.

I wish to point out during these lessons not only the technique of bread-making and cookery, but the easy and better ways of bread-making. If we would only study the properties, value and composition of foods we would be better able to do our work intelligently, and it is surely not too much to expect that each housewife, seeing the importance of good health and its relation to good food, should be conversant with the dietetic and hygienic principles of food. When the housewife is guided by sound knowledge of these principles she is not dependent upon the so-called cooks, but can direct such as she finds at hand.

There is a popular saying that our bodies change once in seven years, and this may be true, as we are constantly casting off, wearing out and using up our nerves and tissues.

The builder, in selecting materials for his house, looks carefully to the situation, and the wear and tear of storms upon the building, and selects his materials accordingly. We are not so different from the average building. Let the mother then build the foundation in the boy for the man, so that the man may stand the tests of wind and storm without breaking down.

SARAH TYSON RORER.

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE DINNER

DINNER engagement, no matter whether the dinner be large or small, formal or informal, is the most exacting of social obligations. Indeed I always feel a double sense of obligation when invited to a small dinner. In selecting the guests for the small dinner choose those who are congenial. If among your friends you number physicians, lawyers or politicians do not invite one of each class, nor all of one class, simply because their professions are the same, but select congenial spirits. Ten small dinners, well arranged, are much more enjoyable than one large conventional dinner served to sixty ill-selected people. The food is better, service better and digestion better, and even when trained help cannot be employed the hostess may enjoy the occasion as well as the guests. The art of dining, remember, is quite apart from the art of giving dinners.

A reform in dinner-giving is being instigated. Simple dinners are now "the elegant dinners." The man who has studied the art of living lives frugally.

A hostess must never forget that during the short time her guests are under her roof she is responsible for their happiness and comfort. A huge dinner of twelve courses of badly-blended food is not conducive to either. Savarin said, "The dinner-table is a place where men are never bored for the first hour": the insinuation that a second would prove a bore is rather prominent.

If people in the ordinary walks of life are to make such entertainments a success they must never try new or elaborate dishes, or even new ways of serving; they should simply add an extra plate or two to the usual number, and invite their friends.

The conventional dinner can only be served in the homes of the very wealthy, and very few of these succeed in doing it well, and but few of their guests enjoy it. Just contemplate for a moment the dinner of ten years ago: Ice-cold oysters in quantity sufficient for a whole meal, hot soup, and fish, *relevés*, and *entrées*, then a roast—a pause for a highly-seasoned, stimulating punch, to bring the stomach back to life, that it might be crushed again by game, salad, sweets and another ice. Coffee was then introduced as an antidote, and as a warming-pan to the poor, chilled stomach. If in all our schools, both public and private, the children could be taught to frown on such gluttony what a blessing it would be.

- MENUS FOR SMALL DINNERS**
- T**HE following menus will serve for simple, dainty dinners:
- Cream of Spinach Soup

Celery
Cauliflower au Gratin

Boiled Fowl, Cream Sauce
Boiled Rice

Lettuce Salad with Chestnuts
Black Olives

Wafers

Coffee

Sugared Ginger

Almonds

Chicken Bouillon

Spaghetti à l'Italienne

Braised Shoulder of Mutton, Pifion Sauce
Rice Croquettes

Lettuce Salad
Wafers

Cheese

Pistachio Russe

Coffee

Cream of Celery Soup
Olives

Radishes

Fish Cutlets, Cream Sauce
Potato Roses

Tenderloin of Beef (broiled), Bearnaise Sauce
Brussels Sprouts

Salad of Cress

Cheese Sticks

Vanilla Soufflé, Cream Sauce

Coffee

Soup Crécy with Croûtons

Lobster Croquettes, Sauce Tartare

Chopped Meat Cake, Chili Sauce
Boiled Rice

Walnut Salad

Black Olives

Wafers

Ginger Cream

Coffee

Cream of Rice Soup

Smelts, Sauce Tartare

Roasted Duck, Potato and Nut Stuffing
Currant Jelly

Macaroni

Lettuce Salad

Cheese

Wafers

Coffee

A dinner from either one of these menus, well cooked and served, is sure to be a success.

A MARTHA WASHINGTON LUNCHEON

COVER the table with a white cloth. In the centre place a mirror, on which stand a tall vase filled with red and white carnations. At one corner place a huge bow of blue and white ribbon. In this bow stand a dainty dinner lamp, of silver, glass, brass or copper. Have the light shielded by a fluffy scarlet paper shade. The almonds and olives in pretty glass dishes may also form a part of the table service. For this special occasion it would be well to use either plain white china or old Canton. In keeping with the title, a statuette of General or Lady Washington on a round bonbon box may be placed as a souvenir at the left of each plate at table.

- Tomato Bouillon

Olives

Salmon Creams, Sauce Hollandaise

Potato Balls

Chicken, Alabama

Peas

Waldorf Salad

Wafers

Violet Russe

Coffee

TOMATO BOUILLON

PUT one can of tomatoes with one and a half quarts of stock over the fire; add one tablespoonful of chopped onion, two bay leaves, four whole cloves, one level teaspoonful of celery seed and a half teaspoonful of pepper. Cover and cook twenty minutes. Strain through a sieve. Beat the whites of three eggs until partly light, add them to the tomato, bring to a boil, and boil rapidly for five minutes. Strain through two thicknesses of cheesecloth. Reheat, season with two teaspoonfuls of salt and serve with tiny cubes of toasted bread (croûtons).

SALMON CREAMS

USE one can of salmon or purchase and boil one pound of fresh salmon. Remove bones and skin, and then rub and pound the fish to a smooth paste. Add twelve almonds chopped fine, one teaspoonful of onion juice, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of white pepper; mix and add gradually the unbeaten whites of three eggs. Then carefully stir in a half pint of cream whipped to a stiff froth. Fill into timbale moulds; stand these in a baking-pan of boiling water and cook in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Turn on a heated platter and serve with sauce Hollandaise, which may be made by rubbing together two tablespoonfuls of flour and two of butter; add gradually one pint of boiling water, and stir a moment over the fire. Take from the fire and add carefully another tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of four eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar. Strain, and add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

CHICKEN, ALABAMA

SINGE, draw and cut up two four-pound chickens. Arrange the pieces neatly in a baking-pan. Partly cover with water and two ounces of butter cut into tiny pieces. Cook in the oven for one hour, basting every fifteen minutes; add a tablespoonful of chopped onion, a teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Cook half an hour longer, basting as before. While this is cooking, make and fry twelve small sweet potato croquettes, and twelve hominy fritters. Dish the chicken, arranging the fritters and croquettes as a garnish. Add to the pan in which the chicken was cooked one pint of milk in which has been moistened two tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir continuously until it boils, add a teaspoonful of pepper and strain over the chicken. Sprinkle with a little chopped parsley and serve.

WALDORF SALAD

PARE, core and cut into dice four large tart apples, add to them a quart of celery, cut into half-inch pieces. Dust over a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of paprika and then two tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar. Mix all together, and then stir in a cup and a half of good stiff mayonnaise dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves, or just as it is, garnished with celery tops.

VIOLET RUSSE

COVER one box of gelatin with a half cup of cold water, and soak for half an hour. Whip one quart of cream, turn it in a pan; place this in another of cracked ice or very cold water. Add one cup of powdered sugar, ten drops of extract of rose, a teaspoonful of vanilla, and the grated rind of half an orange. Add half a cup of cream to the gelatin, stand it over hot water. Stir until dissolved, strain it in the cream and stir carefully until it begins to thicken. Turn at once into a melon-mould which has been lined with candied violets. The violets may be fastened in place with a little melted gelatin. Stand in the cold for at least two hours. When ready to serve turn out on a white platter that has been covered with maidenhair fern or violet leaves. A few fresh violets may be added as a garnish.

This pudding may be made suitable for a green tea or luncheon by substituting pistachio coloring for rose and dusting the mould with chopped pistachio nuts. Garnish with ferns only.

Marion Harland and Christine Terhune Herrick

in their National Cook Book, just published, adopt Cleveland's as the standard baking powder and specify it in their receipts. They say, on page 344:—

"At least eight well-advertised baking powders have been patiently tested in our kitchens within the past fifteen years in the effort to select one that might be conscientiously recommended as safe and sure, to our constituency. In adopting as our standard Cleveland's baking powder, we are moved by the following considerations:—

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MRS. RORER'S COOKING LESSONS

I—The Making of Soups

SOUF makes the soldier," said Napoleon I. "The great heroes of antiquity," said Sir John Sinclair, "lived on broth," but Napoleon III wisely suggested that "a soldier could not be made on soup made out of nothing." In a family where soup begins the dinner, and the dishes following are of a concentrated nature, the soup should be light, clear and warm, not necessarily nutritious. But where soup is to form the entire dinner it must be of a nourishing character. As water cannot dissolve the fibre of beef, and the fibre of beef holds the larger part of the nourishment, a beef soup, clear and beautiful though it may be, is not nutritious. The albumin is soluble in water, of course, but as clear soup is boiled, this coagulates the albumin and spoils the brilliancy; so we clarify and strain this out, thus robbing the liquid of every grain of nutriment. From a hygienic standpoint, then, this is necessarily served at the beginning of the meal, the object being to invite into the stomach the gastric secretions before the entrance of the solid food. While the fashion of a dinner soup is almost entirely, in this country, confined to the "few," the masses, if they would only stop to consider the hygiene of the fashion, would follow quickly. Stock is the foundation of all meat soups, thick or thin, and is the very life of all sauces.

MAKING THE STOCK

ALL bones left from steaks, roasts or poultry, or the liquor in which they have been boiled, may be placed in the refrigerator from day to day until the allotted time for cooking. Then the bones should be cracked, placed in the soup-kettle, covered with water and simmered gently (180° Fahrenheit) for four hours. At the first boil, skim, and at the end of the third hour add the flavorings, which should consist of one tablespoonful of salt, one onion with six whole cloves stuck in it, half a cup of the chopped green tops of celery, one carrot sliced, one turnip sliced, two bay leaves and a teaspoonful of whole pepper corns, to each four quarts of water. The delicate flavor of each of these ingredients depends upon a volatile oil, which is easily dissipated if the stock is boiled hard or long, so to obtain a pleasant flavor they are added at the close of the cooking. At the end of the four hours strain the stock and put it at once in a cold place. When cold remove the fat from the surface.

To clarify the stock allow the white and shell of one egg to each quart of stock. Crush the shell and then beat it and the white together for a moment and whisk it with the cold stock. Place the saucepan over the fire, bring quickly to a boil, and boil five minutes; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and strain through two thicknesses of cheesecloth wrung out in cold water. The albumin in the white of eggs entangles the particles floating in the liquid, and the straining, of course, makes it perfectly clear. The first thing necessary to the preservation of the stock is the removal of the fat. Second, it must be cooled quickly. In summer, stock will keep much longer if the flavorings are omitted.

THE SOUP-KETTLE

PERHAPS first in importance in the making of soup are the utensils used in its preparation. As the juices of meat are acid an iron or tin vessel will not give the best results unless perfect cleanliness is observed. A kettle with a thick, rounded bottom will last twice as long as one with a flat bottom, where the sides are soldered on. The round bottom is also more conducive to slow cooking, which is necessary to good soup-making. Take care that the lid is close-fitting, to prevent waste by evaporation. The *pot-au-feu* is the standard dish of all classes in France. It is a soup and at the same time a dinner. Select a nice piece of beef from the fleshy part of the shoulder, weighing about six pounds, wipe it with a damp towel, and tie in shape. Purchase a good-sized marrow bone and have it sawed in two-inch lengths. Place these first in the kettle, then the meat, and cover with four quarts of cold water. Bring slowly to boiling point. Skim carefully and simmer for four hours. At the end of three hours add a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of whole pepper corns, three carrots, medium size, sliced, a good-sized turnip sliced, one bunch of celery, one onion (two ounces) and two bay leaves. It is wise to put the vegetables in a few at a time, so that the simmering may not be disturbed. When the *pot-au-feu* has finished cooking lift the meat carefully, place it on a heated platter and arrange the vegetables around it as a garnish.

THE MAKING OF CONSOMME

THIS is one of the most, if not the most, elegant of the clear soups. Purchase one shin of beef and one knuckle of veal; wipe both with a damp cloth. Cut the meat from the bones. Put the kettle over a hot fire and sprinkle over the bottom one teaspoonful of sugar; brown, and allow it to smoke for a moment, then add quickly a quarter of a cup of chopped onion and the same quantity of water. Cook five minutes, then place the bones first in the kettle, then the meat, cover with five quarts of cold water and bring to a boil. Skim carefully and place the kettle over a moderate fire to simmer for four hours. At the end of the third hour add the flavoring as in the directions given for stock, and finish in the same way.

By adding to or taking from the receipts given a skilled cook may make great varieties of soups. There is, however, a short list of exceptional soups, each with a distinctive, individual character, which should be alluded to in this article. There are the bisque soups, and the soups *maigre*, which frequently contain much more nourishment than those made from meat, in consequence of which they are especially adapted for the noonday luncheon or for fast days. There are also the fish broths, which may form the foundation for all bisques, and fish sauces.

These fish soups are made very much as consommé: by browning a little sugar, then putting in the fish and vegetables. By careful cooking the most of the nourishment is drawn from the fish into the broth. Another group of soups is the soup made from vegetables alone, after the fashion of the Turks. Put into the soup-kettle about two tablespoonfuls of olive oil. After preparing and cutting into fine pieces a great variety of vegetables they are carefully fried brown in the olive oil, then covered with cold water and cooked continually for several hours. The broth is then strained and seasoned. These soups are really delicious, and form admirable dinner soups as they are perfectly clear. Rice or barley may be added, which would give them a greater food value. After these come the various cream soups, which may be made entirely without meats, and are still more nutritious than the first receipts given.

PURÉES OF ALL SORTS

A PURÉE is meant a thick soup. In olden times a purée of potato really meant mashed potatoes beaten until light, then milk or cream added. In these days we refer to purée as a thick soup: purée of spinach, purée of lettuce, purée of chicken, all luncheon or "little dinner" soups. The French, following out their ideas of economy, use the vegetables from the stock, adding sufficient stock to them to make a purée; thus they save the vegetables and at the same time have the flavoring in the stock. A purée of game or a purée of any other meat may be made from left-over pieces. The thighs and the little bits of meat on the backs of partridges may be put aside and used for a purée. To make a soup of this kind perfect and smooth a few extra utensils are necessary. A purée sieve with an ordinary wooden pestle will answer the purpose. Without this sieve the soups are never quite perfect. A green pea soup in the spring will settle and become thick at the bottom if not put through a sieve. The sieve being very fine seems to separate the particles so thoroughly that they cannot again settle. They become blended with the milk, which, being slightly thickened, holds them in suspension.

A purée of split peas may be made by covering one pint of split peas with cold water and soaking them over night. Next morning wash carefully through several clear waters. Then put the peas into a saucepan, cover with a quart of water and simmer gently for two hours. Press them first through a colander, then add to them one quart of good stock, mix and then press through a purée sieve. As the peas begin to become dry in the sieve add from time to time a little liquor to moisten. This facilitates the pressing. Return this purée to the kettle and add sufficient stock to make it a palatable thickness, not more than a pint. Rub together a tablespoonful of flour and two of butter; stir into the purée, and stir until perfectly smooth. Now add a teaspoonful and a half of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper and a tablespoonful of grated onion. Boil gently for five minutes, stirring all the while. Put a few croûtons in the soup-dish, pour the soup over them and serve. This same rule may be used for a purée of white or black beans, or for lentils.

PURÉE OF CHESTNUTS

SHELL and blanch one quart of chestnuts. Put them in a soup-kettle and cover with one quart of stock; add a slice of onion, two bay leaves, a quarter of a teaspoonful of celery seed or half a cup of chopped celery tops. Cook slowly for twenty minutes until the chestnuts are tender. Press through a colander first, then through a sieve. Return the purée to the kettle, add a pint of milk. Rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of flour, stir into the hot purée, stirring constantly for five minutes; add a teaspoonful and a half of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Press again through the sieve, reheat and it will be ready to serve.

A purée of chicken is usually made the day following that upon which you have had boiled chicken on the menu. Save the water in which the chicken was boiled for the purée. Take any bits of meat that may have been left and the bones. Crack the bones carefully, add them to the water in which the chicken was boiled, and cook slowly for one hour and then strain. Add half a cup of rice and the chicken meat. Return to the fire and cook slowly for half an hour. Press the whole through a sieve, add a tablespoonful of grated onion, just a suspicion of powdered mace, a quarter of a teaspoonful of celery seed and two bay leaves. Return this mixture to the fire and cook slowly on the back part of the stove for fifteen minutes. Now add sufficient milk, about half a pint, to give the purée a good color. I have taken for granted here that you started with two quarts of chicken stock or the water in which the chicken was cooked. Rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour, stir into the mixture, stirring constantly for five minutes. Press once more through a fine sieve, reheat and serve. This is, perhaps, the daintiest of all the purées, and is an excellent soup for a noonday meal.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP

PURCHASE a calf's head with the skin on. Carefully clean it as soon as it comes from the market, scrub the skin until it is perfectly white, and with a sharp knife cut it from the head in one or two pieces. Wash well in cold water, then scald it. Clean the head thoroughly, taking out, of course, the brains. Put the head in a soup-kettle, put in the skin, cover with five quarts of cold water, bring to boiling point and skim. Simmer gently for three hours. Lift the head and skin and put them aside to cool. Add to the stock the same flavorings as in the receipt given below for calf's head; cover, simmer gently for an hour, then strain. When the head is cool remove the tongue, skin it and cut into dice. Cut the skin of the head into small squares and put them aside. The remaining meat of the head and brains may be used for other dishes, as it is not required in making mock turtle soup. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour into the soup-kettle, stir until a light brown, add two quarts of the stock, stir constantly until boiling, add a teaspoonful of soup coloring and the tongue and skin. When boiling hot pour it into the tureen, over three hard-boiled eggs cut into slices, one lemon cut into thin slices and then into quarters. Add now two teaspoonfuls of salt and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce.

A GROUP OF ODD SOUPS

THERE are a few odd and elegant soups that hardly come under any of the headings given. I refer now to calf's head soup, oxtail soup, elegant soups made by starting a special foundation. Calf's head soup, while it sounds expensive, is, perhaps, one of the cheapest of the class. For this purchase a plain skinned calf's head and one or two trotters; have them well cleaned and cracked. Put the trotters in a kettle, thoroughly wash the head, remove the brains, take out the tongue and thoroughly cleanse the throat. Wash the head thoroughly in several cold waters, then scald and wash it again. Place it in a kettle with the trotters, and cover with five quarts of cold water. Simmer gently for three hours. Then add one onion in which you have stuck four cloves, one carrot sliced, a stick of celery, a turnip cut into quarters, a parsnip cut into halves, two bay leaves; cover and simmer one hour longer. Lift carefully the head and put it aside to cool. It is much better if you can stand it aside over night. Next morning remove the fat from the surface of the soup and turn it out. It will now be a solid jelly. Remove the sediment from the bottom, put the tongue aside, as you will not need it for the soup. Cut the meat from the head into blocks and put it aside. Into a large kettle put two tablespoonfuls of butter, add four tablespoonfuls of browned flour, mix. Add two quarts of the stock and stir constantly until boiling. Add a teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet, ordinary soup coloring, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and the meat. Stand over the fire where it will gradually come to boiling point. Place in the tureen. Cut into slices three hard-boiled eggs and one lemon; pour the soup over and it will be ready to serve.



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FABRICS, COLORS AND GOWNS

By Emma M. Hooper



AS MANY women begin very soon after the holidays to plan for their spring and summer wardrobes, taking advantage of the new materials which are shown in the shops from January on, colors and fabrics will prove of general interest this month, even though Easter is particularly late this year. The really important feature of the spring and summer gowns will be the favor which is to be extended to transparent materials, which makes the lining nearly as prominent as the outside material. The outlook is for bright colors and the return of many smooth fabrics for street wear.

SILKEN AND WOOLEN FABRICS

MANY women will be glad to welcome again the soft, finely-twilled French cashmeres that will be worn for street and house dresses by ladies, misses and children. This material always came in a vast range of colors, and now there are lovely gray, brown, navy and light blues, violet, tan, cream, green and dainty pink shades for all occasions. The soft *barège* is another revived fabric, and the *delaine* of our grandmothers another. The *serges* are of a softer twill, and tweeds and chevots show checks, all-over mixtures and invisible stripes, in all of which one color stands out—as green, brown or gray, the three spring favorites. Canvas weaves, in all wool, and silk and wool, will be fashionable with a contrasting figure upon the plain or changeable surface. Taffeta is the favorite silk for waists and ordinary silk costumes, with *moiré velours*, a *moiré* poplin, for handsome wear, unless a medium-sized satin brocade is selected. Plain satin, both black and white, will be much used for trimming. *Moiré antique*, *moiré velours*, brocade, satin duchesse, brocaded taffeta, fancy and plain mohair, serge, Eudora and cheviot are the black fabrics for separate skirts. Foulard silks in white figures on black, blue or green grounds will be much worn, and are delightfully cool for the summer. The French dressmakers line them with grass linen to keep up the idea of coolness. Black dresses will be very fashionable. The prices of black dress goods are about the same, seventy-five cents to a dollar a yard for a wool or mohair, and from a dollar and a half for a novelty. For a dollar or less a taffeta will be found, and for a dollar or more a satin. *Moiré velours* is from a dollar and a half a yard upward.

DAINTY COTTON MATERIALS

GRASS linen, in plaids, stripes, lace effects, embroidered and plain, again is prepared to lead all transparent fabrics. It is to be found for twenty-five cents up to five dollars a yard and in several shades of the "natural" color. The heavier linen crashes are of an improved smoother weave, and are gray and natural colored at fifteen to sixty cents for odd skirts and jacket suits. Striped and flowered dimities are in light green, blue, pink, yellow and violet shades at fifteen to fifty cents for dresses and shirt-waists. Organdies are even prettier than they were last summer, in natural-looking blossoms over delicately-tinted grounds, and will retail at from twenty-five to fifty cents. Their rival is Swiss muslin with small or medium dots and all of the light tints for the ground, which may be plain or in floral figures. Plain-colored lawns will sell chiefly for lining these transparent materials. *Piqué*s will flourish in spite of the crash fever, in medium cords of one or two colors, and are only intended for jacket suits. Plaids in every material, silk, wool and cotton, are among the promised successes. *Percale* in stripes, dots and small figures sells at from ten to twenty-five cents for shirt-waists and morning dresses. A touch of black in the figure is very stylish in cotton fabrics. In white goods dimity, Swiss muslin, nainsook, organdy and lawn have the preference, and are ranked among the cheapest as well as the most expensive goods. Foreign and domestic ginghams show plaid, striped, checked, etc., patterns, in which green is prominent, as it is in all wash goods. Gingham is not as popular as it was owing to the craze for sheer goods, but it is too useful a fabric for women and children to be without. This is in medium-sized plaids, stripes of immense variety and checks of various kinds. Green, red, strong pink, yellow and a touch of black are prominent tints introduced in ginghams. Vivid colors predominate in all spring materials.

THE NEW COLORS

THE French color card opens with yellowish-red shades, from a pinkish tint to a deep brilliant red that is especially handsome in velvet, flowers, and as a combination in changeable silks. Then there are the cherry reds, *Jacqueminot*, *roi* and *reine*, and the favorite shade *piovine*, known for two years for its brilliant cherry tint differing from the others. Red is very prominent on this card and green is second, but not yellowish green; that cast has had its day. The best dark shades of this color are *russe* and *licre*; in light green there are *olga* and *amandier*, leaving *palmier* and *emeraude* for bright medium shades. Brown follows in prominence, from golden tan to a medium shade—*formose*, *kola*, *tabac* and *marron*. There are three gray shades that promise to be very popular this coming season—*argent*, *acier* and *mineral*. A new dark purplish blue is jockey club, while bright French blue is good, and the two navy shades, marine and *matelot*. Bluish-violet shades are better than the reddish tones of this color; those named *Parme*, *crocus* and *violette* are correct, but avoid the range called *Ophelia*. Rose, coral, sky blue and turquoise are old friends that return each season. The fashionable reddish pink is sometimes called geranium pink. Six yellow shades are shown, commencing with cream, *paillette*, *maize*, *calcéolaire*, *tournesol* and *rayon d'or*. Green, brown, red, gray, violet, brilliant pink, turquoise and yellow is the list according to the present dictates of Dame Fashion. Some new color usually bounds into favor in May or June in Paris, but only time can prove what it will be.

THE TRIMMINGS IN VOGUE

FIRST are braids, both the ready-made ornaments called frogs and the plain bands from a mere cord to one that is two inches wide. The frogs are in sets of five, graduated in length, for the front of a waist, at a dollar up for the set. The tiny cord or soutache is from thirty cents a piece, and is used for braiding stamped vests, collars, cuffs, skirt borders, revers, jacket fronts, etc. Black braid is stylishly used on any material. Narrow jet and iridescent edgings are of beads and spangles. In jet goods the handsomest show an embroidery on net or bolting cloth for bands and boleros, small jacket effects. Others are of solid jet without any background, three dollars buying a neat bolero or revers. These jackets are very popular in silk cord or mohair braid, the latter commencing at a dollar and the former at fifty cents more. They are round, square or pointed, and for evening dresses are made of white and colored pearl and crystal beads, with narrow *passementerie* to match. Revers, yokes and such ornaments selling under the name of corsage garnitures, are chiefly worn in black or with a black ground embroidered in colors, and sell for all prices from a dollar. They are used on silk and woolen gowns with excellent effect.

THE INEVITABLE SHIRT-WAIST

THE comfortable cotton waist will be in vogue more than ever, and will not be confined to percales, chevots, ginghams and such substantial goods, but dainty dimity and flower-sprinkled organdy, as well as silk gingham, will be called into requisition. While I firmly believe that a shirt-waist looks and fits better when bought ready-made, yet I know that many persons make them at home, and I advise such persons to make them with removable collars and with cuffs of the goods. Wear linen collars, high or with a narrow turned edge, and a black, white, blue or red bow tie. Let the sleeve be a moderate leg-of-mutton or bishop style, with a stiff cuff, yoke back, having one or two points, and the usual centre plait in front with a few gathers at the collar on each side. The best manner of holding down the fullness is to have a cluster of plaits at the waistline in the back, upon which sew a wide tape, which is then brought to the front over the waist and tied there. Then pull the fullness in front as it should be and put in two or three pins. Wear gold studs or pearl buttons in front, and link sleeve buttons. Flowers and stripes are the best patterns. Black silk, tan, black, white, brown and green leather belts will be worn. A novelty in shirt-waists is of black, green, brown or dark blue satin, using four yards, lined with lawn or percale. It has removable linen collar and cuffs, or the former only, and is made with a double or single pointed yoke back, a few gathers in front, and a regular shirt sleeve with only moderate fullness. Plait in front for studs.

THIN WASH GOWNS

COTTON gowns do not always wash nowadays, nor may the dainty silk-lined organdies seek the washtub. The lining of these thin dresses should be made separate, in the form of petticoat and corset-cover in silk, or in one of the much cheaper cottons imitating the sheen of the changeable taffeta that agrees with the ground or floral figure of the organdy. Cream, green, blue and pink grounds are all fashionable, and with violet form the key of the toilette. The lining should have a narrow lace finish on the neck and armholes, and the lower part of the petticoat be trimmed with as many silk and lace ruffles as the purse will allow. The dress goods thus made are organdy, grass linen and dimity. The second one promises to be more worn than it was last year when every other woman had a gown of it. Round waists made with bag seams will have crosswise and lengthwise tucks, tiny jacket effects, surplice fronts having the fullness from the shoulders crossed at the belt and any amount of narrow Valenciennes lace edging for a trimming. Everything is full and very much trimmed, sweet simplicity being a bygone dream. The sleeves are moderate in size, have a lace frill usually at the wrists and the upper part in a short puff, tucks, butterfly drapery caught in the centre or a series of tiny lace-edged ruffles. The collar is a wonderful creation of silk or ribbon folds with lace wings at the sides, a hanging frill turned over the top or a regular drapery of lace held here and there by loops of taffeta ribbon.

CRASHES AND PIQUÉS

LINEN crash, from a fine quality to a heavy, coarse fabric, will be worn as a jacket suit or separate skirt with shirt-waists. The skirts are in six to eight gores, five yards wide and have a deep hem. As the goods will shrink turn down a couple of inches at the top; finish the lower edge with a braid run on flatly at the under side with just the edge peeping below the dress. The jacket may be in the reefer or blazer style. Both have a fitted back with three flutes or a plaited basque portion, the reefer buttoning while the blazer remains open, both having a turn-over collar, and, perhaps, revers. All edges are stitched, and often the seams are lapped and stitched. The sleeves are moderate in size, returning to the leg-of-mutton style for jackets. Eight yards of forty-inch linen will make a suit and five yards a skirt. Such suits are worn for shopping, outing, traveling, etc., and are cool and easily washed. They are of gray and the greenish grass linen shades. Some are trimmed with white braid, but this detracts from the simpleness that forms with comfort their charm for women of all ages, sizes and complexions. The corded, striped and figured *piqué* and soft cotton chevots are made up in the same manner. Allow for shrinking with all, finish with a tailor-like stitching, and do not starch when they are washed, a soft texture being preferred. The jacket suits are worn with a shirt-waist, or merely a loose plastron of Swiss muslin, lawn, grass linen, silk, etc., which is now known in the trade as a blazer front. Trimmed with lace and a ribbon collar they are dainty in effect, while the shirt-waist, linen collar and bow are more appropriate for ordinary occasions.

FOULARD AND TWEED DRESSES

THIN woolen gowns for spring and cool summer days are best of mixed tweeds or chevots in brown, green or gray effects. If a black gown is preferred select a plain or figured mohair. For a summer silk gown a foulard is cool, and should be lined with grass linen, skirt and waist. Make it up light, using only a ten-inch interlining of haircloth in the skirt. Blue, black or green with a white figure is the prettiest, with a full vest of lawn and lace, one of white Japanese silk or of white satin plain, covered with heavy lace or dotted with separate lace figures that are from five to twenty cents each. Collar of white satin, and wide or narrow belt of black, as nine out of twelve will be made with a bolero, short jacket effect, and need the high, folded belt. The others will have a ripple basque effect or a ripple back and jacket front. Some have revers ending in a ruffle over the sleeves, others will have hatchet-shaped revers, etc., but black and white satin form the trimming. A foulard is to be worn for plain and dressy occasions, in the house and street, all depending upon the style of making. The tweed street gown may have the lining and outside skirt made separate and hung from the same belt, but I will never advocate this for a home dressmaker to manipulate. Up to the present time the skirts have all of the fullness at the back in three godets, in three box-plaits, the side ones lapping over the centre, or two double box-plaits. Five yards is a good width, and the narrow top front does not need darts. The waist has a bolero, a ripple effect or is simply a round waist. Vest of cloth of a contrasting shade and covered with braiding, or of changeable silk. Corset belt of satin, usually black, to match the braiding. The boleros of black silk or mohair cord have a satin belt, silk vest and collar.

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MR MOODY'S BIBLE CLASS

By Dwight L. Moody



FOR nineteen hundred years the chief point of controversy between faith and unbelief has been over the doctrine of the Atonement. Lying as it does at the very foundation of Christianity, it has been assailed in every age of the history of the church without avail, and remains to-day the most universally accepted teaching of our faith. Upon the finished work of Christ's Atonement the entire structure of Christianity rests.

This truth has, perhaps, suffered as much from the misguided zeal of its friends as it has from the attacks of its enemies. The human theories which have been advanced in its defense have too often been at the expense of the Bible teaching regarding the character of God.

It is a truth which we are to accept, but are not commanded to understand. Christianity is a faith, not a theory. Its truths are given by revelation and are not the result of speculation, the only infallible guide to which we may refer being "What saith the Scriptures?" That the Bible contains passages that I do not understand is to me a strong proof of its Divine origin. If I could read the Bible as I do any other book, what would hinder my contributing toward writing a Bible? Thank God that in His Word I find heights that I cannot reach, depths that I cannot fathom, breadths that I cannot measure! We cannot hope to study the revelation of God's Word without finding what is superhuman, for, as Paul wrote to Timothy, "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness."



RECONCILIATION TO GOD

ATONEMENT is defined as reconciliation, and has come to mean the terms upon which man is reconciled to God. The heathen idea that God hates sinners is the great human error of the ages. The Bible again and again emphasizes the fact that man is to be reconciled to God. Let a man commit an injury to another, and he who has done the wrong usually nourishes the bitterest feeling. And so when man broke God's law it was man who had to be reconciled. Instead of Adam calling to God for reconciliation, we read that God came in mercy and sought for the one who had wronged Him, to offer then and there the promise of the Saviour, by whose death an escape would be made from the verdict of justice.

No greater proof have we of God's love than the Atonement. The Apostle John tells us in these words: "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him." God hates sin because He loves the sinner, just as a parent hates a disease that lays hold upon a child. The greater a parent's love for the child the greater the hatred for its disease. And so from the price God paid to reconcile man to Himself, we see His yearning, Fatherly love for the work of His creation, and the hatred of what marred His handiwork. Let us, then, keep in mind the character of God as given us by the One who knew Him best when revealed among men, in the passage, "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."

The Atonement was a transaction which took place between God the Father and God the Son nearly nineteen hundred years ago. It is right here, I believe, that so much confusion has been caused in the acceptance of this truth. Teachers who would never for a moment undertake to explain the relations of the Holy Trinity, have set forth elaborate theories of this doctrine. While the relations of the Godhead are beyond our comprehension, it is not possible for us to understand what transpires in their Holy Trinity. That the Atonement was necessary for man on account of sin both the Old and New Testaments give abundant proof, but beyond that we may not go.

The Bible opens with the springtide of Creation, life in its fullness, with death unknown, Nature a willing servant and man supreme on earth. But from the time that sin entered into the world there has been the necessity of sacrifice. From Genesis to Revelation there runs the scarlet line of "blood shed for the remission of sins." The first sacrifice of life for sin we find in Eden, when God gave to Adam and Eve coats of skin, and from that time on God instituted one object lesson after another to foreshadow the one great sacrifice for sin. Death was the consequence of sin, and innocent death alone could atone for it. Abel's sacrifice was acceptable to God because it taught Atonement, and Cain's was not acceptable because it failed to teach it.

EDITOR'S NOTE—"Mr. Moody's Bible Class" began in the JOURNAL of November, 1896, and will continue without intermission during 1897.

OFFERING SACRIFICE FOR SIN

BOTH were religious men and had enjoyed the same training, but differed in the kind of religion they had. Abel's religion was one of obedience and was acceptable. Cain's was natural religion, which would not stand the test. The first man born of woman had natural religion, and he became a murderer.

Noah, too, realized the necessity of sacrifice for sin. When he escaped the judgment on the world for sin his first act was to offer sacrifice to God for his own sins and the sins of his family.

The trial of Abraham's faith was, perhaps, the clearest object lesson of all the Old Testament history of the Atonement through the Messiah. God had blessed the home of Abraham and Sarah with the birth of a son, when they were both well stricken in years. For twenty-five years their hearts had yearned for the promised heir through whom the Lord would raise up a mighty nation—His chosen people. Years have passed quickly in that home since the child Isaac has been given them, and day by day they watch him as he grows toward manhood and the realization of all their fond hopes and ambitions. With what care the aged patriarch directs the training of his son as he thinks of the future before the child. Then comes that strange and mysterious command from God: "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering." This man had learned the lesson of obedience and he does not argue with God. Early next morning you could see the little party setting out from home. No one knew the secret burden in that father's heart as he looks upon the son in whom his love and hopes are centred. But he does not waver when he recognizes his Lord's command, and firmly continues along that sad and weary way. The last night comes that he is to have his son with him. There is little sleep for the old man that night, and as he looks down upon the sleeping form of Isaac there is an awful struggle in his bosom. He wonders what may be the meaning of this strange demand. He goes back over his past life and remembers how God had promised that through this very son He would raise up a mighty nation whose hosts should be numberless. "I do not now see what it means," the old man says, "but ever since He called me from my brethren He has led me safely and in obedience to His commands, He has been my 'exceeding great reward.'"

As morning breaks there rise before their sight the dark outlines of Mount Moriah, the place of sacrifice, and leaving the attendants the father and son begin alone the ascent. At last the summit is reached, the altar prepared and everything stands ready for the sacrifice. Then the father opens up his heart to his son and reveals the command which God has given him. Probably he tells the youth how God has dealt with him in the past, and now that the command has come to yield again the most precious possession of his life, he dare not refuse. It may be that there by the altar's side they kneel together and resign themselves into the hands of Jehovah. Then, as the father is about to obey the summons of his Lord, there comes a voice from Heaven crying to spare the son. Nineteen hundred years later, upon the hill of Calvary, God spared not His only begotten Son, but gave Him up freely for us all.



ANOTHER OBJECT LESSON

THE paschal lamb was still another great object lesson of the doctrine of Atonement. Every detail of that sacred passover feast was performed most reverently and with the greatest care. The blood of the lamb was in no way to be carelessly treated. And as the Lord's destroying angel passed through the land of Egypt that night, it was those who were sheltered behind the blood whose homes were spared. And when, in later years, God ordained the service of the Tabernacle, He provided that the only acceptable way of approaching Him was through the sacrificial blood. Throughout the entire Mosaic law that one great principle was repeated again and again, that purity and spotlessness were necessary for entering God's most holy presence, and that these only could be obtained through the atoning sacrifice.

These Jewish rites were but the foreshadowing of what Christ taught in His ministry and His apostles emphasized after Him. As the Master was taking His last journey toward Jerusalem He told His disciples that the Son of Man was "to give His life a ransom for many," and a few days later, when seated about the passover feast, He passed to His followers the sacramental cup, He said: "This is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

THE TEACHING OF THE ATONEMENT

THE early writers to the churches were, perhaps, the most pronounced in their teaching of the Atonement, as they saw that if this were lacking their religion would be lifeless. Peter declares that Christ "bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness," and in another place he writes, "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." The same Apostle even goes so far as to call the blood of Christ "precious," and to understand why He should be so esteemed by every Christian let us see what it does for the believer.

To the Beloved Apostle on Patmos there appeared a Heavenly host singing a new song of the Lamb of God, the theme of which was, "For Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood." The first reason why His blood is precious then is because it redeems us. In His great mercy He has bought us, having Himself paid the price of our redemption.

We are not only redeemed by the atoning blood, but it is the means of drawing us nearer to God and nearer to one another. This is Paul's message to the Ephesians: "But now in Christ Jesus, ye, who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ." There is no power which so unites men as the doctrine of the Atonement. Under its influence there are no masses nor classes; nationalities are forgotten and we realize the only genuine brotherhood of man in its acceptance. I remember Dr. Kirk, of Boston, saying that when he came to Christ there was an Irishman on one side of him and a negro on the other, but beneath the shadow of the cross and under the atoning blood they became brothers in Christ.

Paul, in his epistle to the church at Colosse, gives us the third reason for prizing the Atonement when he explains how God reconciled all things unto Himself "having made peace through the blood of His [Christ's] cross." Through the Atonement we are no longer at enmity with God, but we have peace and communion.

We are also acquitted or justified through the death of Christ before the great tribunal of God. It is not for want of evidence, however, as we must all plead guilty in His presence, but because the penalty has been paid. For, as Paul wrote to the Romans, "Being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him."

There is also a cleansing power in His blood which purifies from sin. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," writes the Apostle John. As we go about our daily duties we do so need a power which will cleanse from the corrosive influences which threaten our Christian lives. Here we find our need supplied and here we may come for constant relief.



WE ARE MORAL COWARDS

THE final reason why the doctrine of the Atonement should be precious to the believer is because it gives us boldness. We are naturally moral cowards. Did we but live up to what we know to be right we would have a far higher life of privilege. A story is told of a man on trial for his life. Friends at court, however, had procured a pardon for him from the king, who had commanded that on no account was the trial to be influenced by his clemency. The law was to have its full course, and in case the prisoner was condemned the pardon might be used. When at last the jury returned a verdict of guilty the prisoner showed the utmost indifference, and when the judge pronounced sentence of death he expressed the horror they had all felt at the callous indifference which the prisoner had manifested throughout the trial. But as they were about to take the condemned man back to his cell he drew from his breast the royal pardon and walked out a free man. It was the consciousness of what he had that gave the prisoner boldness. Thus it is that we too have "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."

All that Christ left upon this earth that was mortal was His blood. This He requires of man's hands, and the greatest question that can ever come to a mortal being is: What is my relation to the Atonement? The blood of Christ calls for our salvation or our condemnation. If we seek shelter behind it it becomes our surety; if we deny it, like Abel of old, it calls for our condemnation.

Without the Atonement Christianity loses its vitality and becomes dead formalism. Take the Atonement from the Bible and we have a meaningless confusion of vain rites and forms. This doctrine was the one theme of the New Testament preachers: it was the burden of Paul's and Stephen's testimony. It is the living teaching of the Church to-day and will be while the world remains. We know little of Heaven or of the life to come, but we do know that the song of the glorified is of Moses, "the servant of God," and "of the Lamb," that "there shall be no night there," and only those will ever enter its blessed gates whose names "are written in the Lamb's book of life."

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EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON WRITES OF LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BEGINNING in the next (March) issue of the JOURNAL, with "A Day With the President at His Desk," the first of a series of three papers. The illustrations



prepared for this article by Alice Barber Stephens represent the President at his desk, the President and his Cabinet, and the ante-room of the President's private office.

THE COVER DESIGN THIS MONTH

WINTER is drawing to a close. The associations formed during the indoor season have ripened into intimacies more or less tender. Saint Valentine's Day, by all lovers held sacred to the memory of their patron Saint, comes, and no matter how world-worn one may be, or how many serious interests may occupy one's thoughts, the old Saint's day brings with it a quicker-beating heart. The group on the JOURNAL cover this month, portrayed by Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens, suggests one of those happy evenings upon which Sir Cupid holds high court. "Will you be my Valentine?" has here been answered, as it has been thousands of times before.

TO THOSE WHO ASK QUESTIONS

SO VOLUMINOUS has become the correspondence addressed to the several Editorial Departments of the JOURNAL that it has become necessary to say that all letters accompanied by return postage are answered promptly, many of them by return mail. The exceptions to this rule occur when not even the facilities afforded by a well-selected reference library render prompt replies possible. Sometimes days are spent in hunting public libraries for the information asked, and this, of necessity, causes a certain amount of delay. When inquiries are received and no return postage is inclosed, the queries are attended to in regular order, and answers to them are given in the JOURNAL as soon as space permits.

MRS. RORER'S ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

MRS. RORER will answer, free of charge, by mail or in the magazine, all letters addressed to the Domestic Department of the JOURNAL. Letters accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes Mrs. Rorer will answer by mail, and all others will be answered in the JOURNAL.

A NATIONAL BIBLE CLASS

IS THAT conducted by the famous evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, each month in this magazine. To supplement Mr. Moody's Bible Class his friend and fellow-



worker, Mr. Ira D. Sankey, has written a hymn especially for the JOURNAL. The hymn is intended for choral singing, and is likely to prove even more popular than Mr. Sankey's best-known composition, "The Ninety and Nine."

CHARLES DANA GIBSON'S SKETCHES OF DICKENS' PEOPLE

IN HIS admirable conception of Dickens' characters Mr. Gibson has surprised even his most ardent admirers, who looked upon the "Gibson girl" as the very climax of his art. These sketches of "Dickens' people" will appear in the JOURNAL alternating with Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens' drawings of the typical American woman. Already full-page drawings of Scrooge, and Dick Swiveller and The Marchioness have appeared. Tom Pinch and Pecksniff's daughter will appear in the April issue, followed by others of equal interest.

A MOST GRAPHIC STORY

IN THE "Great Personal Events" series will be that told in the next (March) issue of the JOURNAL by Stephen Fiske, who describes in detail "When Lincoln was First Inaugurated." Mr. Fiske accompanied the President-elect and his family on their journey from Springfield to Washington, and witnessed the scenes of which he so interestingly writes.

THE BURGLAR WHO MOVED PARADISE

THIS is the odd title of the JOURNAL's serial story, by Herbert D. Ward, which began in December last and will be continued during 1897. The story is most humorous and tells of a newly-married couple's trials in finding a home. The most unexpected things happen at every turn—at the supreme moment of the proposal; just as the minister is to marry them; on their honeymoon—while the climax of the fun is reached when they find a place in which to locate their home.

Mr. Ward's story, which is a sequel to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "An Old Maid's Paradise" and "Burglars in Paradise," has been strikingly illustrated by Mr. W. L. Taylor, who has invested the characters with the humor which permeates the story. The issues containing the first chapters of "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise" may be ordered through the JOURNAL.

MRS. RORER'S MARKET ARTICLES

GIVING the most practical information obtainable concerning the markets of the Eastern, Western, Southern and Northern portions of the country, and telling exactly what foods are in season, will begin in the next (March) JOURNAL.

IF YOU WANT TO GO TO COLLEGE

WITHOUT the payment of any fee whatever, the opportunity is open. Three hundred scholarships already awarded demonstrate the idea to be a practical one; a list of 800 colleges, universities, conservatories and training schools shows it to be wide and liberal in its application. The offer is open to young men and girls alike. It contains no element of competition and is not limited as to time. The plan is very simple, easily understood, and thoroughly explained in an illustrated pamphlet, which will be mailed to any one who will request it of the Educational Bureau of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

A YOUNG MAN'S RESOLUTION

IS HELPED along by knowledge of things as they exist. That is what Mr. Bok's booklet, "The Young Man in Business," does, if it does anything. It tells a young man honestly what success in business means, and how he may achieve it. The JOURNAL's Literary Bureau has a few copies left at ten cents each.

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PROBLEMS OF A YOUNG MAN

BY EDWARD W. BOK

A. F. D.—If you are earning, at twenty years of age, eighteen dollars per week, you are doing exceedingly well, and have not the first reason for complaint. Thousands of men, twice your age, are supporting families on that income.

O. D. C.—You, or any other young man, can get any book wanted through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau. It was established to help our readers, and any book mentioned in this column can be obtained through that channel at an advantageous price.

WORSTER—Taking a college course in journalism is, unquestionably, a help to a young man who intends to be a newspaper man. But the most practical training for journalistic work is to be found in a newspaper office. One begins there usually as a reporter.

B. B. D.—I cured my attacks of indigestion by keeping regular habits and hours, abstaining, in my diet, from all fried foods, sweets and ices, and by taking five minutes' exercise, each morning directly on rising, upon a leather punch-bag suspended from the ceiling of my room.

IN DOUBT—The last National census relating to newspapers and periodicals showed that while the wages and salaries of newspaper workers were good, they were not high enough to attract people who have an idea that there is a "lot of money" in journalism. The average annual wages for editors, sub-editors and reporters were shown by this census to be \$627.19.

INQUIRER—A university career is, of course, better begun at an age earlier than thirty-five. At the same time, I have a friend who began studying at thirty-six and is now a college professor. Everything depends upon the man. Study, of course, does not come as easy or natural to a man at thirty-five as at eighteen or twenty. But success in almost anything is possible where the will and capability exist.

LONG—I have never heard of such an "age rule" for smoking or drinking as the one you mention. A rule has been given, and it is this: Don't smoke until you have reached thirty, and don't drink wines until after you have passed forty. The wisdom of this rule is found in the belief that if a man does not smoke until he is thirty or drink until forty, he is not likely to take up with either habit. And he is a wise man who does not.

SYRACUSE—I would not try to make any distinction about wines or liquors if I were you. Let them alone, no matter by what name or brand they may be known. One brand of wine may be a little purer than some other, so far as ingredients go. But alcohol is alcohol, and it is a young man's greatest enemy no matter in what form it comes or is taken. The rule of total abstinence is far safer and easier to follow than the rule of discrimination.

CHARLES B.—The average billiard-room or bowling-alley to which there is attached a saloon is a place from which, I think, a young man is wise to keep away. I know this is hard where a young fellow is fond of bowling or billiards, and no other place is accessible, but, all the same, I would rather give up these games than to run the risk of being seen in these places and misjudged. It is always best to err on the safe side—particularly where one's reputation is at stake.

"39"—The following books bear directly on the universal functions of law and government. Naturally they make very essential reading for every young lawyer: Mill's "Representative Government"; Woodrow Wilson's "The State," and "Congressional Government"; Bagehot's "The English Constitution"; Fiske's "Civil Government in the United States"; Sterne's "Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States"; Bryce's "American Commonwealth"; Maine's "Ancient Law"; Maine's "Popular Government"; Woolsey's "International Law," and Kidd's "Social Evolution."

E. R.—You ask why it is that so many intelligent men are disbelievers in the Bible. It is not so; exactly the contrary is true. The vital truths of the Bible are more fully accepted and more thoroughly believed by intelligent men at the present time than at any other period of the world's history. When a man becomes too intelligent to believe in the Bible, and too progressive to be a Christian, his usefulness as a business man, as a member of society and as a companion for other men, is over. Every young man should bear this fact in mind. There are no two sides to the question. He can make no greater nor more fatal mistake in life than to harbor or accept the notion that lack of faith in the Bible means progressiveness; on the contrary, it means everything that is contrary to right, reason and progress.

ROBERT—You must not get the idea that to know the "small graces of life" is useless or frivolous. What we call the "social graces" are very valuable to a young man. That is the great trouble with young fellows who are earnest: they are too earnest, and upon all occasions. You can have a high aim in life, a lofty purpose, and yet not close yourself up to all social pleasures or amenities. Girls feel uncomfortable, and pardonably so, when they go to a concert or any other form of entertainment with a young man who constantly makes mistakes in little things. The small rules and laws which must be observed on all social occasions are not to be frowned down: they are important, and a young fellow makes a great mistake when he considers them beneath him or unworthy of his attention.

SOPHOMORE—It is not always easy for a son to clearly understand a father's action. But a young fellow is safest when he adheres to it pretty closely. Experience has taught your father certain things which it is not given you to know or understand. The rule which you cite as having been applied to you by him I happen to have found out myself is eminently just, and in fact the only safe one by which you can guide yourself. Any other would be fatal to your future success, although you cannot now, perhaps, see how it might be so. Trust your father, my dear fellow. Next to your mother he is the best friend you have, and even if you cannot always understand why he does thus and so, believe that he does it for your good. A blind faith is generally safe where it is vested in a loving father by his son. With the knowledge which you profess to have of your father's methods in his honorable business career it should be easy for you to believe that his action in this important crisis in your life is for the best.

F.—You ask, "What books should a young man who intends to study law, read?" In the first place, no doubt, he should cultivate a correct style of writing and speaking the English language. For example, the form of your question would be improved by inserting the word "read" in its proper place, after "man." A clear and forcible style cannot be acquired by mere study of grammars and rhetorics. It can be gained only by abundant reading of the best English authors, especially the essayists and orators, whose object it is to convince the judgment and win the sympathy of the reader, rather than merely to entertain or to instruct. The essays and addresses of Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Curtis, the speeches of Everett and Webster should be read and re-read. These are accessible in every public library. Two very useful collections of representative selections from the masters of this style of writing are the following: "British Orations," edited by Charles Kendall Adams, and "Representative American Orations," edited by Alexander Johnston.

WHAT MEN ARE ASKING

BY WALTER GERMAIN

CHARLES K.—Eschew jewelry. Watch-chains are not worn with evening dress, and the festooning of a waistcoat with gold links is bad form. (2) The wearing of diamond or turquoise buttons, or even the single jeweled stud, is considered vulgar.

WILLIAM D.—The only proper dress for an afternoon wedding is the frock coat and waistcoat of black vicuna, the cashmere trousers of gray with small pattern, patent leather walking-boots, gray or white four-in-hand or Ascot tie, with a small scarf-pin, top hat, gray gloves, and *boutonnieres* of white lilacs or lilies-of-the-valley. This form of dress is orthodox.

LEON B.—Greys and browns still continue the fashionable colors for men's lounging suits. (2) I would advise you to get a dark blue pattern with a narrow black stripe for the trousers you would wear with your frock coat. (3) All frock coats this winter are silk-lined, the lining coming to the lapels, just in the same manner as seen in the evening coat. Three is the number of buttons, and these are covered with bright silk twist. Smooth cloth is more popular than vicuna.

LAWRENCE, R. I.—For a skating party wear either lounge tweeds or knickers with sack coat, not Norfolk jacket, and russet or black leather walking-boots. (2) At some very fashionable rinks in New York last winter a few men skated in Tuxedo or dinner jacket and black evening clothes. This was ridiculous and ultra. (2) For an evening entertainment at a golf club the members wear the red evening coat, the uniform of the organization. Men not members wear ordinary evening dress.

L. N.—I do not approve of any individual "rig" for cycling. An old pair of ordinary trousers and good stout shoes, a sack coat and waistcoat will make as useful a cycling outfit as you could wish. Use the regulation leather strap, passing under the shoe, to keep your trousers in place. Professional cyclists contend that knickers are necessary, but I have in my experience found this not correct. However, I would advise, in case you prefer the regulation suit, to have thick stockings of very dark brown and the knickers and short sack coat—not Norfolk jacket—of some stout Scotch homespun. Wear russet shoes.

J. F.—For driving, the best gloves are tan dog-skin. You will find these also of great service for calling or walking in cold weather. They are always in fashion. (2) Turn-down collars have been somewhat in vogue this winter. The plain turn-down of other days are seen as frequently as the high-banded-all-around ones. The collar, however, should be high enough to come a short distance above that of the coat. (3) Clean-shaven faces are much more in vogue than beards. (4) The part in the hair is either straight in the middle or an inch to the left. The hair is not worn long, the aesthetic and the college athlete to the contrary notwithstanding.

ARTHUR K.—You need not take your hat and stick into the drawing-room at a formal social call. The rule has been modified very much; it was the vogue, but to-day easier manners are the rule. You should remove your right hand glove, as you are expected to shake hands with your hostess. (2) If you wear a flower in your buttonhole let it be an orchid, a white carnation or a very small bunch of violets. The buttonhole bouquet or *boutonnieres* is not yet fashionable except at weddings. (3) Tan or reddish-brown kid gloves are fashionable, but gray suede still hold their own. (4) I think you will find a white China silk or a piqué four-in-hand or Ascot as fashionable a tie for afternoon dress as you could wish.

J. D. K.—There is yet some perplexity as to the exact line between the wearing of the evening or swallow-tail coat and the dinner or Tuxedo jacket. The usual custom is to wear the latter at one's own home, at the theatre, in the country at small dances, at the club, and in general at all semi-formal occasions after six in the evening. As yet it is not worn at large dances, at dinner parties, at weddings or receptions or at any entertainment where there are ladies. In the summer the Tuxedo jacket is worn almost universally in the evening, and until the height of the winter season. (2) Take an old black sack coat and have a silk collar put on it. Wear it with either your old dress trousers and waistcoat, or have an old black waistcoat cut "U" shape, and buy a cheap pair of black trousers. You will have then your complete Tuxedo. A Tuxedo suit should not cost you more than ten dollars. You will find that it will save your dress suit.

LAWRENCE—The bow tie is as popular, if not more so, this winter than last. Ascots and puff scarfs and four-in-hands are also worn. White Ascots are always fashionable. They should be tied with a decided puff and fastened with a pretty tie pin. The safety-pin arrangements are out of fashion. For a bow tie choose a dark blue, green or black background with small figures in white. Tie your own cravats; those already tied are stiff and ungraceful. (2) Fancy waistcoats are still popular with a certain class. The white waistcoat, double-breasted and quite high in the neck, is worn with afternoon dress, frock coat, etc., as a relief from the usual black. The fawn and plaids are for morning wear with business suits. (3) I have heard of gorgeous waistcoats to be worn with evening dress, but I have not yet seen them, except in illustrations. White waistcoats with gold buttons are the exclusive prerogative of foreign diplomats, as is also the colored velvet evening coat. I would not advise you to invest in these.

L. K.—In choosing a useful business suit for the winter select brown or gray, or a brown mixture homespun or tweed. The fashions have changed very little this year and the fuzzy Scottish goods are most in vogue. Do not have a cutaway but a sack coat. Very few men can stand the colored cutaway, and it is apt to lose its shape. Your sack coat should be cut almost square, moderately long, with two hand pockets and a small change pocket for car tickets. The breast pocket is not fashionable. Trousers are loose from the waist to the knee, then slightly tighter. Waistcoats are "V"-shaped, cut to just below the first shirt button. Do not buy the green, red and brown mixture or the loud checks. A gray check or a shepherd's plaid makes a very pretty suit for spring or summer, but the rough goods have a warmer look for winter. If you have a good figure you can buy your clothes "from the block," i. e., ready-made. All large clothing firms have an alteration department, and any necessary alterations will be attended to by them.

J. H. F.—Do not have a velvet collar put on your evening coat. It is bad form. The only evening coat a gentleman can wear is made from black wool or dress cloth or unfinished worsted. The collar is of the same material as the coat, which should be lined with silk, the facings extending on the lapels as far as the buttonholes. The tails are moderately long and squarely cut. You can have a waistcoat made of the same material, or to be a little more dressy you can wear one of white duck or linen. In either case the collar opening is low and shaped like a "U." A very narrow collar of cloth or linen extends around the opening. The white waistcoats are double-breasted, three buttons, and the cloth ones single-breasted. The trousers are of the same material as the coat. Braid is not used. The shirt is plain white stiff starched, with high standing collar. The cravat is a little over an inch in width and should be tied in a small bow with square ends. Two, and not three, shirt studs are in vogue, and these should be of gold, pearl or white enamel. White ties and white waistcoats can be washed, but they should not be starched.

Durkee's Salad Dressing

THE WORLD'S STANDARD FOR PURITY FOR 29 YEARS. E. R. DURKEE & CO. WERE AWARDED THE WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL FOR SUPERIORITY TO ALL OTHERS FOR ALL THEIR CONDIMENTS

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Diamond Dyes should be in every household

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Are Sold Everywhere

Direction Book and 40 samples of colored cloth, free.
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EVERY child should have one. The toothpick is inefficient, barbarous; yet most people at times have need of it. Silk Floss is harmless and never fails. Many already use it in spite of the difficulty of manipulation with the fingers.

Cutter's Floss Holder makes NOW, the use of silk a pleasure even for a child. It carries a bobbin of silk. Sold by Druggists and Dentists. Price 50 cts., in leather case, 75 cts.

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N. B.—In buying Dental Floss see that the box bears our signature

"Mizpah" Valve Nipples will not collapse and therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle. **SAMPLE FREE BY MAIL.**

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Procure a pair of **Ankle Supporters** and prevent all deformities of legs and ankles. Equally good for adults. Circulars free.
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SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS
BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

Questions of interest to mothers will be cheerfully answered on this page.

MRS. JEROME—It is customary in Holland to announce the birth of a boy baby by hanging a red pin cushion outside the door. If the baby is a girl the pin cushion is white.

K. B. C.—"Preparation for Motherhood" and "The Care of Children," either of which may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau, will give you the information that you require.

MRS. O. TEXAS—My letter to you was returned from the post-office. It is safest to send a self-addressed envelope when a reply by mail is desired. I cannot give addresses in this column, but will gladly do so by letter.

BELLA L.—The color of a baby's eyes is uncertain during the first three weeks of its life. Which way the coloring pigment will incline is a matter of doubt. The hair also affords little indication of the color it will ultimately assume in later life.

MRS. B. S. C.—The diamond-shaped bib, with one point cut off and shaped to fit the neck, is the newest shape for a baby's bib. It is made of nainsook, with an interlining, and is embroidered and trimmed with two ruffles of lace or fine embroidery.

MARY R. T.—Keep a piece of clean flannel to rub the children's hair-brushes after using them; they will not require washing so frequently. When it is necessary to cleanse them thoroughly, put a few drops of strong ammonia in cold water, wash the brushes in it and dry quickly.

WINTER—Five drops of spirits of camphor may be given on sugar for a cold in the head, and repeated twice in half an hour. It is usually very effective if its use is begun early, when the first symptoms are developing. A grown person may have ten drops at the same interval for three doses.

BETA—Make an Alpine hat for your little girl of twelve of brown cloth to match her cloak, and put two brown quills on one side. Paper patterns for these hats are sold, and they are easily made. They are like English walking-hats with a rolled brim. As you have the cloth the expense would be very slight.

G. L. T.—Stockinet rubber crib sheets one yard long and thirty inches wide cost one dollar and twenty-five cents each. If expense is an object make a bag of outing flannel this size, leaving one end open. Lay in this thick pads of newspaper, burn them when they are wet, and wash and dry the case ready for use again.

MRS. V. R. A.—A nursery maid should wear a long apron of muslin, with five tucks at the bottom, each about an inch and a half deep, the whole finished with a broad edge of Hamburg embroidery. It is tied with wide ends of the muslin, finished with a deep hem. These aprons are also finished with a very deep hemstitched hem.

BUSY MOTHER—To make a good paste for pasting pictures in a scrapbook, dissolve a tablespoonful of starch in cold water, pour on it sufficient boiling water to thicken it, stirring all the time. A pinch of powdered alum renders the paste more adhesive, and a drop or two of oil of cloves removes the smell of the starch which so many people object to.

MARIONETTE—An Egyptian basket, in which to carry the baby from room to room, can be purchased for eighteen dollars. It is trimmed with dotted Swiss muslin over colored silesia, the ruffles caught back with bows of ribbon. A basket untrimmed can be purchased for two dollars and eighty-five cents and ornamented at home at much less expense.

COUNTRY MOTHER—You can obtain a mitten pattern from any firm dealing in paper patterns. Measure the hand just behind the knuckles and send the measurement when ordering. Patterns can be procured in five different sizes and cost ten cents each. There is much less expenditure of time and labor making mittens in this way than in knitting them.

SUSIE P.—Why not make the animals for the menagerie for your little nephew? They are easily done by skillful fingers. You can buy paper patterns of a pig, an elephant, a camel, a sheep, a goat, a horse, a bear, a donkey, a cat, a pug dog and a rabbit. Full directions come with the patterns. The home-made ones are far more lasting and much less expensive than those from a toy shop.

MRS. W. B. N.—The baby's first short dresses come a little below the feet, although some mothers prefer to make only one change, and so shorten them at once to show the feet. They must not be long enough to interfere with freedom of motion when the child begins to walk, at about a year old. After three the skirts reach just below the knee, and are lengthened each year, until at fifteen they again reach the ankles.

AN INTERESTED MOTHER—Bacon is a desirable food for children, as fat is peculiarly necessary for them. It must be properly prepared and cooked, however, or it will be indigestible. Shave the raw bacon as thin as possible, have the pan in which it is to be cooked very hot, drop the thinly-shaved slices in it and let them remain for a minute or two until the fat begins to look clear. If cooked too long the fat tries out, leaving the meat hard and dry.

WINIFRED L.—The "iron constructor" is a toy which would furnish amusement for little boys who cannot play out-of-doors. The box contains an assortment of brass bars of different shapes and sizes, with bolts to be used in imitating iron structures, such as the Ferris Wheel, suspension or cantilever bridges, towers and arches. The boxes cost from one dollar to ten dollars each. (2) A game of "American History," something on the principle of the immortal game of "Authors," can be purchased for forty cents.

M. P. R.—Some of the kindergarten "occupations" for the little ones are basket-weaving, bead-stringing, drawing, flower-making, mosaic work, picture-weaving, plaiting, sewing and perforating, splatter work, stencil-drawing, worsted and embroidery work. For older children there is modeling—i. e., moulding busts, animals, etc.—and also enamel painting, which is decorating earthenware to imitate majolica and then varnishing it. The materials for all these "occupations" can be procured from any house that deals in kindergarten supplies.

FLORA E.—A pretty winter hat for a child of three is made of white Bedford cord with a broad brim and soft crown. The brim is edged with a band of grebe feathers—the soft, white feathers of a water fowl of the duck family. This is preferable to a band of ostrich feather trimming, which is effective, but easily spoiled, as it does not retain the curl in damp weather. Cashmere, silk, or any white material that is liked, may be substituted for the Bedford cord. These hats are tied closely under the chin with broad strings of white surah silk, which also serve as protection for the ears.

"JUST THE THING"

"DR. L. W. SAPP, of Cleveland, advised me to use MELLIN'S FOOD for my little girl, Alice Rudd Bullard, and it seems to be just the thing for her."

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is not a "cord," "braid," "rubber" or "velveteen" binding. Hence it does not disappoint, soil the shoes or become hardened by dirt or dampness. Supports bottom of skirt without the aid of wire or bone. Protects the skirt as long as the skirt lasts, and is the only perfect dress edge.

It cleans easily—a shake and the dust is off; a rub and it's clean; a brush, and it's new. It never frays. It lasts longer than the skirt.

ALL DRY GOODS HOUSES
or, write J. W. GODDARD & SONS, 98-100 Bleecker Street, New York

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or NUBIAN Linings of any kind, for Waist or Skirt, are Fast Black and

Will Not Crock. Positively unchangeable and of superior quality. Nothing else so fully satisfies the highest requirements. Inexpensive enough for any dress.

It is not enough to ask for "Fast Black" dress linings, because many such that retain their color may **crock** the underclothing or **discolor** by perspiration.

Look for this on every yard of the Selvage:

Nubian Fast Black

"Triple Knee Leather Stockings
25 cts. a pair

Black Cat Brand (fast black) the best thing for boys I ever saw"

A fortune awaits the firm that can make stockings to stand boys' wear; we guarantee our Leather Stockings for boys to wear 50 per cent. longer than ordinary stockings. Triple (3-thread) knees, heels and toes, made from the finest, smoothest, softest cotton yarn, making them the strongest, heaviest, most elastic and cheapest boys' stockings in the world.

Ask your dealer for them. If you cannot get them, sample pair sent on receipt of price, 25c. (give size), and will send the name of a dealer where you can buy them again. *Ask for Leather Stockings for men, women and children, guaranteed first quality, and to give equal satisfaction.*

CHICAGO-ROCKFORD HOSIERY COMPANY, Kenosha, Wis.

Never Slips or Tears

The **Velvet Grip** Hose Supporter

Cushioned Button Clasp

Sample pair by mail, 25c. Stamps

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Selling our **HYGIENIC COMFORT BELT and SUPPORTER**. Sells at sight. Button clasps that can't cut the stockings; double "hook" fastener front and back for special use; easy to fasten and unfasten, but can't unfasten themselves. Not sold at stores. Sample by mail, 35c. Satin-silk hose supporter, 60c. satin, \$1. Colors black and white. Give waist measure. Agents wanted. Circular free.

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20 latest designs—birds, flowers, fruit, figures, and alphabet—all for Would cost \$1.25 if stamped to order. Catalogue of **Stamped Linen Novelties** Laces & Jewelry Free to all mentioning this magazine.

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Complete outfit, 30 cut patterns infant's long, or 25 first short clothes, full directions, sealed, 46 cts. Hints to Expectant Mothers and description New Maternity Nightgown free with patterns.

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For only 10 CENTS (silver or stamps) we will send one packet each the following rare Fancies: **KING OF YELLOWS**, yellow; **BEAUTY**, fawn shade; **SNOW QUEEN**, white; **BLUE PRINCE**, blue; **OR SIX** Packets of Vegetable Seeds, including Beets, Radish, Lettuce, Carrot, Tomato and Turnip. **OR FOR FOUR CENTS** in stamps, one large packet of **GERMAN SHOW PANSIES**, MIXED COLORS.

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A trial will make you our permanent customer

A Vegetable Garden for the cost of postage. (Prize Collection) Radish, 10 varieties; Lettuce, 9 kinds; Tomatoes, 7 finest; Turnips, 5 splendid; and Onions, 6 best varieties. **Send 10 CENTS** to cover postage and packing, and receive this valuable collection of seeds, postpaid.

L. A. MINCKLER, Zion, Wis., writes: "Have planted Buckbee's Seeds for years, with the best of success. It is a grand business to handle such a good grade of seeds." Write to-day and receive my new Seed and Plant Book, the best published. I guarantee to please.

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PALMS and ROSES

We will send you postpaid

3 Palms

for 25c.

All different and distinct named kinds. The Champion Six Everblooming Roses for 25 cents

Champion of the World. The great everblooming rose. Snowflake. The purest white, always in bloom. Francis Kruger. Lovely shaded, deep copper yellow. Gen'l de Tartas. Brilliant deep carmine, shaded violet. Star of Lyon. The richest golden yellow. Crimson Bedder. Deep rich velvety crimson.

For 50c. we will send above palms and roses and one extra rose. Our beautiful new catalogue free, send for it.

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\$1.00 FOR 16 CENTS

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1 Pkg. Bismarck Cucumber, 15c.	1 " Round Globe Beet, 10c.
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Now all of above 10 packages, including our minnow Plant and Seed Catalogue, are mailed you **free** upon sending 16 cents postage.

35 Packages Earliest Vegetable Seed, \$1.00. 21 Brilliant Blooming Plants, \$1.00.

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Everything by mail at little price. A Fine Rose, Carnation or Cannun, your choice, with pkt. beautiful mixed Flower Seeds and Catalogue only 10c., the four for 30c. New house plant, **Angel's Wings**, 20c.

ALFRED F. CONARD, Box 11, West Grove, Pa.



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

G.—The specimen sent is Solidago.

M. C. McCa.—The specimen sent is annual Hibiscus.

Mrs. D. O. C.—The specimen sent is Rose Campion.

Mrs. S. B.—Seedling Geraniums seldom bloom much before they are a year old.

M. P. U. V.—Give your Rubber Plant a good light. Keep only moderately moist. It is injured by gas.

Mrs. J. S. R.—The finely-cut foliage sent is that of the Cosmos. The flower is Celosia or Cockscomb.

E. S.—Keep the Rex Begonia moist only—never wet. (2) Worms were probably at work at the roots of your Heliotrope.

A. G. B.—If your Palm is healthy it ought to grow. Something is evidently wrong, or it would not stand still.

K. B. W.—Examination would no doubt have showed you that worms were at work in the stalks of the plant.

Mrs. J. L. R.—The specimen sent is Adlumia. (2) You can procure Lavender seed of any one of the large seed firms.

LORA W.—The "Umbrella Plant" (*Cyperus alternifolius*) should be given a rich, porous soil, plenty of water, and shady location.

Mrs. H. H. B.—The specimen sent is Lantana. Give it a soil of rich manure. Keep it moderately moist. It is fond of sunshine.

A. R. W.—I think the soil in which your Violets grow is too rich, which encourages luxuriant growth of foliage rather than of flowers.

O. R.—I think single Jasmines are freer bloomers than the double varieties. They like a light, rich, sandy soil. Obtain plants in the spring.

Mrs. C. H. S.—Microscopical examination shows an insect on both Heliotrope and Ivy. I would advise the application of kerosene emulsion.

B. H.—Geraniums can be wintered in the cellar by hanging the roots to the ceiling, or by storing them in boxes of earth which should be kept dry.

J. F. H.—If your Orange is a seedling I would advise you to have it grafted with scions from a bearing tree. (2) You would hardly be likely to succeed with the Pineapple.

Mrs. J. F. B.—In the open ground the Amaryllis often flourishes luxuriantly, and produces many leaves and bulbs at the expense of flowers. Better keep it in pots the year round.

M. P. G.—The flies come from the soil, in which you have doubtless used manure from the barnyard; possibly from the use of tea-grounds about the plants. The remedy is lime-water.

L. I.—The leaf sent shows traces of bacteria. I know of no remedy for the trouble. I would advise you to remove the plant from your collection, as it might lead to all becoming diseased.

I. S. LEE—By writing to almost any dealer in garden seeds you can get information about the culture of the Mushroom. Any one of the large seed firms will furnish you with spawn. I have no knowledge of the culture required.

OREGON—The only way to get rid of weeds on the lawn is to go over it very carefully and pull them out. If any application is made that will kill them the grass will suffer also. Whatever is done should be done early in the season.

B. E. E.—The only way to become a successful florist is to go to work at the bottom of the ladder and work your way up. "Heaven is not reached at a single bound," and no business nor profession can be mastered except by learning it.

A. V. D.—Give the wild Maidenhair Fern a moderately cool place and shade. Do not keep it in a room lighted by gas if you expect it to do well. Never shower its foliage. Give it the same kind of soil as that in which you found it growing.

D. S. G.—Lantanas can be grown from cuttings if half-ripped wood is used. (2) The Lady Washington Geranium, more properly Pelargonium, is a class blooming in spring, and not at intervals during the year, like other members of this family.

E. U.—The Century Plant is better off in the cellar than the living-room in winter. (2) Let the Bouvardia branches grow. Do not plant it out next season, but give it a large pot. (3) The Brugmansia would not be likely to do well in the cellar.

Mrs. O. W. C.—The Wax Plant (*Hoya carnosa*) will not bloom until well established. I have known year-old plants to flower, and I have seen plants a dozen years old which had never bloomed. I know of no method by which they can be brought into flower at any particular time.

C. C. D.—*Hyacinthus candicans* is not hardy at the North. It should be taken up and kept in a dry place, like the Gladiolus. (2) Spring-blooming bulbs should be planted in the fall. (3) Anemones, Irises and Ranunculuses are hardy. Freesias are tender bulbs, and must have a warm room.

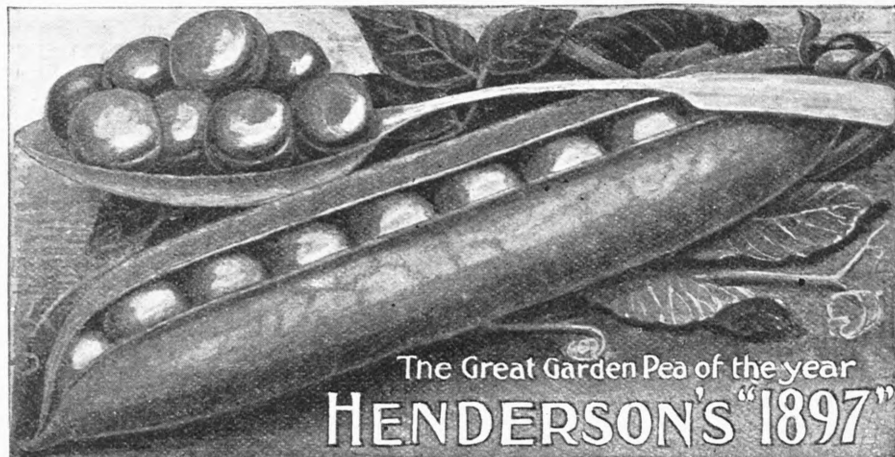
JULIA A.—Lily-of-the-valley is a difficult plant for the amateur to manage successfully. It requires moisture and considerable heat. Better try other bulbs. (2) Put your Fuchsia in the cellar. Give it no water. Do not be alarmed if it drops its leaves; it will come out all right in the spring.

T. W. S.—Grevilleas are among the easiest of all plants to grow. Give them a soil of ordinary garden loam. Water moderately. They do well in sun or shade. If insects attack them apply Fir Tree oil soap with syringe or spray. (2) The leaf you send is from the Phyllocactus branch of the Cactus family.

S. B. H. U.—If the growth of your Ficus was strong up to the production of the last leaf, and that is weak, defective root action would seem to be indicated. Perhaps you have not given enough water, perhaps too much. Possibly the pot may be filled with roots. Examine the plant, and let me hear from you again.

Mrs. M. W.—From your description your Cactus must be diseased. Cut away all branches which show signs of unhealthiness. Withhold water for a time. (2) Pinch off the top of the plant, and keep it from growing until side branches start. (3) In using an oil stove of course it will be necessary to prevent leaves from coming in contact with it.

Mrs. A. H. T.—From what you say about the behavior of your Rose I surmise that it was a grafted plant, and that the grafts have died off, since which time the new growth has been from the roots below the point of grafting. (2) The Aspidistra does not branch. Each leaf appears above the soil on a stem of its own. Give it a loamy soil and plenty of water.



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With every order from this advertisement. Every copy of our "Jubilee" Catalogue of "Everything for the Garden" costs 25 cents to produce, but with every order from this advertisement for "1897" Pea we will send a copy without charge. Prepared to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of our business, scores among the thousands who have already seen it have told us that it is the most beautiful and interesting Seed and Plant Catalogue ever issued. It is a magnificent work of 170 pages, on which are displayed over 500 illustrations of the principal products of our Gardens and Greenhouses. Also 6 full-sized colored plates, which in artistic beauty have probably never been equaled, certainly **FINALLY**—we bring this most liberal of offers to a close when we promise never surpassed. **FINALLY** to send our "Jubilee Surprise Souvenir" without charge to all who, in ordering from this advertisement, will state they saw it in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

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Free Book on Window Gardening

by Prof. S. T. Maynard, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, also accompanies each package, and coming from such high authority is well worth the price of the Flower Food. Every one who grows flowers should have it. We send it free with each package of the Flower Food.

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LITERARY QUERIES

BY THE LITERARY EDITOR

Under this heading the Literary Editor will endeavor to answer any possible question of general interest concerning Literary matters. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

C. M. A.—"The King's Daughters" and "Wise and Otherwise," by "Pansy," are connected in story.

CARRY—"Uncle Jeremiah and Family at the Fair" was written by C. M. Stevens, under the pseudonym of "Quondam."

L. W. R.—The quotation you desire is "The woman that deliberates is lost," and is from Addison's tragedy of "Cato."

T. L. M.—Herbert Spencer is living. (2) James Russell Lowell's second wife died in London in 1885, and he did not marry again.

MARION R. R.—The poet Longfellow was never as far west as the Mississippi, nor did he visit the "Falls of Minnehaha" mentioned in "Hiawatha."

GRACE M. J.—The name of George Eliot's heroine, "Romola," is pronounced "Rom-o-la," with the first "o" as in "not," the second "o" as in "note," and "a" as in "far."

J. L. C.—Stephen C. Foster's famous song, "My Old Kentucky Home," has been published as a handsome illustrated booklet, and can be obtained also in sheet-music form.

MRS. J. SHARPE—I cannot give authors' addresses in this column. Letters sent in care of the JOURNAL will be forwarded to them if postage is inclosed. (2) Two chapters of "A Literary Pilgrimage" appeared in the "Home Journal," a weekly periodical published in New York.

THEOSOPHY—Mrs. Annie Besant devotes herself to the propagandism of the Theosophical cult. She resides at the European Theosophical headquarters in St. John's Wood, London, N. W.

MITCHELLSBURG, KENTUCKY—The little books, "What to Do," and "Don't," containing many useful hints as to good manners, may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau.

BOOK WORM AND BROOKLYN GIRL—"Mary St. John" and "Averil" were written by Rosa Nouchette Carey, and "The Heir of Redcliffe" by Charlotte M. Yonge. Both are English writers and living.

MARIE—Charles Day Lanier, son of the poet Sidney Lanier, was for a time assistant editor of the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," and is now business and editorial manager of the "Review of Reviews."

ANXIETY—Ik. Marvel's (Donald G. Mitchell's) "Dream Life" was dedicated to Washington Irving. In the preface to the second edition the author refers to Irving's permission for such use of his name.

CREVA W.—Yes, it is "better to try sending manuscript for acceptance," after you have practiced writing sufficiently to feel sure in your own mind that you have produced something worth printing.

JOSEPHINE—Biographical sketches of many of the wealthiest men of New York City are contained in the book, "American Successful Men of Affairs," edited by Henry Hall, of the New York "Tribune."

JESSEMY W.—Miss Julia Constance Fletcher is the author of "Kismet" and "Mirage," published anonymously in the "No Name Series." She has written also under the pen name of "George Flemming."

F. S. E.—Ruritania, the scene of Anthony Hope Hawkins' "Prisoner of Zenda," is a wholly imaginary country, and there is no known historical foundation for any of the incidents or characters of the story.

R. D. W.—Kate Greenaway (which is her real name) has her home in London, England. A biographical sketch, with portrait, was published in the JOURNAL of February, 1892, copies of which can be supplied.

MRS. I. B.—Miss Julia Magruder, author of "The Violet," "A Beautiful Alien," "The Princess Sonia" and other delightful stories, is a niece of the late Confederate General, J. B. Magruder. A brief sketch of her life appeared in the JOURNAL of October, 1893.

B. E. H.—The lines, "Some roses of Eden are left to us yet, But the trail of the serpent is over them all," are from "Paradise and the Peri," by Thomas Moore.

MEDINA—The following are recommended as excellent practical helps in bee-culture: Hutchinson's "Advanced Bee Culture," Quimby's "Bee-Keeping," Cook's "Bee-Keeper's Guide," Langstroth's "On the Honey Bee," Newman's "Bees and Honey."

ALLIE—Hezekiah Butterworth, whose story, "The Wife of Ben Bow," appeared in the JOURNAL of July last, is best known as a writer of children's stories, biographies and travels. He would hardly claim to be "a scientific psychologist" on the strength of this weird tale.

W. G. A.—A copyright book cannot legally be dramatized without the consent of the author or publisher. In the case of a work not copyrighted in this country it is prudent, both as a matter of policy and of equity, to secure the author's permission to the proposed dramatization.

MAUD H.—"Ruth Hall" was written by Mrs. S. P. Parton, better known as "Fanny Fern." It was published in 1854, and had a remarkably large sale, causing much discussion, and receiving not a little censure. It has long been out of print, but second-hand copies may be obtained.

L. CLUB—Sir Walter Scott's novels are called the "Waverley Novels," because the only clew to the author in the first editions was the mention, "By the Author of 'Waverley.'" "Waverley" the first of the novels, was published anonymously, and for years the author's incognito was maintained.

ALICE C.—Nathaniel Hawthorne is said to have brought the story of "Evangeline" to the attention of Longfellow, who was much impressed with its poetic possibilities, and, being assured by Hawthorne that he did not himself propose to use the story, made it the subject of his famous narrative poem.

L. K.—"A girl of eighteen," if ordinarily intelligent and fond of reading, would be interested and benefited by reading "Lorna Doone," "Hypatia" and "Ramona." In the JOURNAL of November, 1895, Thomas Wentworth Higginson mentioned one hundred ideal books for "A Young Girl's Library."

A. G. O.—Tennyson's "Flower in the Crannied Wall" is as follows:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but 't' I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

delights the children. It is a real blessing, as its delicious fragrance and flavor make the operation of cleaning their teeth a pleasure to them.

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Tailor-Made Suits and Dresses, \$5 up, formerly \$8, \$10 and \$12. Jackets and Capes \$3 up, were \$6 up. Fur Capes, Separate Skirts, Plush Capes, etc.

Write to-day for Winter catalogue, samples, and Bargain List of reduced prices. Be sure to say that you wish the Winter issue.

Our new Spring Catalogue of Suits and Dresses will be issued in February. It will be a handsome fashion book of the latest Spring styles. Write now and we will send you a copy with a full line of new Spring Suitings as soon as it is issued. Be sure to say that you wish the Spring number.

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Sacrifice Prices for Cherry trees, \$5.75 per 100; Plum trees, \$7.25; Dwarf Pear, \$6.00; Apple, \$6.00 per 100. Catalogue, also copy of "Fruit Grower," free. GREEN'S NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.

SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

BY RUTH ASHMORE

Correspondents desirous of being answered by mail should, in each case, send either self-addressed stamped envelope or sufficient stamps to cover postage.

P. S.—A bayadere stripe runs around and not up and down.

E. G. S.—Schoolgirls should not correspond with young men.

A YOUNG GIRL—When writing to a gentlemen begin, "My Dear Mr. Brown."

DORIS—In entering a church pew the mother should precede the daughter.

FREMONT—I cannot advise any young man to marry a woman whom he does not love.

A CONSTANT READER—At a formal "at home" it is proper to remain about twenty minutes.

BESS—Do not accept an invitation to visit a family unless it comes from one of the ladies thereof.

CONSTANCE—When a luncheon is given in honor of a friend her place is at the right of the hostess.

LUELLA—I would advise you to consult the Prayer Book in regard to the faith and ceremonies of the Episcopal Church.

A. C.—If your husband is in the army you may, with propriety introduce him as "My husband, Captain Robinson."

HARRY AND OTHERS—When entering a carriage with a lady allow her to be seated first, and then take the seat opposite to her.

ONE GIRL—It would be a breach of etiquette not to thank a gentleman when he has been courteous enough to act as your escort.

J.—Announcement cards are sent out as soon after the wedding as is convenient. (2) The sending out of wedding cake is no longer in vogue.

CONSTANT READER—There could be no daintier nor more useful present for your betrothed on her birthday than a pretty gold watch and chain.

B. L. R.—A gentleman who is going to a place of amusement with a lady and her mother should walk on the outer side and offer his arm to the older lady.

GERTRUDE B.—Let the invitation to your old friend to make your house his home during his visit to your town, come from your mother, and not from you.

F. E. F.—A clergyman's visiting-card should be worded in this way: "Reverend Francis Brown Robinson." The address should be in the lower left-hand corner.

VIVIAN—If your visitor is a lady she is, when at the table, served first; if a gentleman, then he is served immediately after the ladies of the house have been attended to.

DÉBUTANTE—The fact of your sister not being "out" does not interfere with your visiting-card. As the eldest daughter you should have "Miss Robinson" engraved upon it.

R. L.—As even well-bred children do not eat when outdoors or in stores or public conveyances, surely grown-up girls cannot be excused for behaving so improperly in a street car.

J. J.—Unless you are betrothed to the gentleman do not send him a Christmas or birthday gift. Your generosity might be misconstrued into a desire on your part to receive a present from him in return.

GRACE D.—P. P. C. means *pour prendre congé*; it is written on cards left or sent by post when one is going away to be gone for a long time, or when one leaves a place not expecting to return to it permanently.

L. H. C.—When a maid servant brings in a cup of tea or chocolate for a visitor she leaves the room after presenting it and takes her tray with her. Any small salver, covered with a linen doily, is proper for such service.

MAUD—A girl of seventeen could wear a simple ring, but a costly one would be in decidedly bad taste for one so young. (2) If the conductor on a train assists you to get off the car simply say "Thank you" to him.

A. M. G.—The hostess calls on all those who visited her on her "at home" day. (2) Answers are required to all invitations, except to those to an "at home" or a church wedding. Cards answer for one's non-appearance at these two functions.

NANCY—For a gentleman, linen rather than silk handkerchiefs are preferred. A hemstitch of medium width is the fashionable finish, and the initials or monogram are embroidered in white cotton, the letters being very small, in one corner.

E. H.—The bride's family furnish the carriages for the bridal party and for themselves. (2) The bridegroom furnishes the flowers for the bride, for the bridesmaids and ushers, and quite frequently nowadays sends a bouquet to the bride's mother.

PRISCILLA—Pieces of silver sent as wedding presents should, unless for some particular reason, be marked with the initials of the bride. The linen furnished by the bride should have the initials of her maiden name upon it.

E. G. AND OTHERS—I cannot give names or addresses, nor answer very personal questions in this column; I will, however, answer all questions to the best of my ability, and send the answers by post if stamps or stamped and addressed envelopes are sent me.

CHARLOTTE—Tepid water is advised for rinsing the mouth and cleansing the teeth, as it is not so great a shock to the teeth as extremely cold water. Camphorated chalk is a good dentifrice, keeping the teeth white and preventing the accumulation of tartar.

A SUBSCRIBER—No matter how well acquainted she may be with the gentleman it is not wise for a young lady to go to dine with him alone at the hotel where he is stopping. (2) Thank a gentleman for any courtesy he shows you, no matter how slight it may be.

CRICKET—Manuscript should be addressed to the editor of the magazine, and not to the company which publishes it. It should be folded, not rolled. All manuscript is returned if stamps or a self-addressed stamped envelope are inclosed for the purpose.

SPARKS—The bridegroom pays the clergyman who performs the marriage ceremony, pays for the carriage that is sent for the clergyman, and for the carriage that takes him and the best man to the church; all other expenses are paid by the family of the bride.

AN INQUIRER—If a lady changes her residence immediately after the death of her mother she might properly communicate this fact to her very intimate friends through personal notes, but she should not send out cards announcing an "at home" day until a year has elapsed.

MARIAN AND OTHERS—When walking up the aisle of a church or place of amusement the usher precedes the lady, and her escort follows her. The gentleman offers the lady his arm, and does not take hers unless she is an invalid or a very old lady, who may be assisted in that way.

MARIE—If you really wish the gentleman and his wife, who are friends of your husband's but strangers to you, to make your house their home when in your town, you should write an invitation to the lady. A well-bred woman would not accept an invitation that only came from the gentleman of the house.

CLARA—If, when on your way to church with a friend, you met other friends who stopped you and told you that they had intended visiting you, it was quite unnecessary to offer to return home. (2) The gentlemen who met you should have bowed and passed you without interfering in any way with your plans.

H. H. B.—There would be no impropriety whatever in letting a man friend know that you were visiting in the city in which he lived. It is not necessary to send him a note, but, instead, mail your visiting-card to him, after writing upon it the dates of your arrival and departure and your address during your visit.

IRMA C.—It is in very bad form not to preface your name on your visiting-card with "Miss." (2) An announcement card, unless it has inclosed with it an "at home" card, is not an invitation to call upon the bride. (3) In writing a formal acceptance or regret you would speak of yourself as "Miss Mary Smith."

MABEL—In sending wedding announcements to a brother and sister a separate card should go to each. A gentleman, and his daughter who is out in society, should each receive separate cards. In sending to three sisters one card would be sufficient. It may be addressed to "The Misses Brown." The card to a clergyman and his wife should be addressed to "The Reverend and Mrs. James Robinson."

J. M.—When you invite your friend to visit you specify exactly the time you expect her to stay. Say, "We shall expect you on the first of May, and will hope to have you remain with us until the tenth." This is not impolite, but the most perfect politeness, since it leaves your visitor in no doubt. (2) In this country a lady usually gives a small sum of money to the maid servant who has attended to her room and shown her some special services. She does not "tip" the men servants.

L. C. A.—If your hands are badly chapped I would advise this simple treatment: Just before going to bed wash them in hot water, and dry them gently with a soft towel. Rub cold cream, or any perfumed cream that you fancy, well into the skin, and sleep in gloves that have the tips of the fingers cut off. One week of this treatment should get your hands in a good condition, while if it is persisted in for some time the hands will become white, soft and beautiful to look at, unless—and this is most important—your digestion is out of order, or you lace too tight.

L. P.—Although it is not always wise to allow the public to witness one's most secret emotions, a sister would be doing nothing improper if she kissed the brother whom she had not seen for a long time when she met him at the station. (2) If you are traveling alone, and a gentleman whom you know offers to attend to your tickets for you, give him the money with which to buy them. (3) When visiting in a town where you have many friends send visiting-cards to those you wish to see, with your address, the dates of your arrival and your departure upon them, so that your friends may know where you are and how long you will remain.

M. L. S.—You are wise in taking care of your hands, for every woman should try to have beautiful hands. (1) Wear a pair of soft, loose gloves when busy about the house or working in the garden. (2) Lemon juice will remove most of the stains that come on the hands of a housekeeper. Callous spots may be removed by the use of pumice stone. Rub all hard spots patiently, firmly, but gently, with a piece of pumice stone until they have entirely disappeared. As your hands have a tendency to perspire too freely, bathe them in very warm water in which a little powdered alum has been dissolved. (3) The creaking of shoes may be stopped by rubbing the soles of them with linseed oil.

HELEN—It is never in good taste to load the hands with rings. A married woman may, with propriety, wear a greater number of rings than a young girl. (2) A widow, when she remarries, removes her first wedding ring just before the marriage ceremony. (3) In this country a letter to a Bishop should be addressed, "To the Right Reverend James Smith, Bishop of Louisiana." In addressing a Bishop one would begin, "Right Reverend and Dear Sir." To a clergyman who has no higher ecclesiastical dignities the address on the envelope would read, "Reverend James Brown." The wife of a clergyman, like the wife of a doctor or any professional man, has no right to his title, and is simply "Mrs. Brown."

C. L. R.—When the skin seems lifeless and looks dull it requires a tonic. A good one is made of one ounce of tincture of camphor, half an ounce tincture of benzoin, and two ounces of eau de cologne. Put this in a bottle with a glass stopper, and when you wish to use it drop it slowly in the water used for bathing. You have put in sufficient of the tonic when the water has a milky look and an aromatic odor. For an oily skin a lotion that is highly recommended is made of half an ounce of borax, one ounce of pure glycerine, and one quart of camphor water. You are perfectly right in objecting to pure glycerine; undiluted, it is not fit for the skin, and a skin specialist has said that, by the continued use of pure glycerine, the skin would become like parchment, but when diluted with rose water or pure distilled water its effect on some skins is good.

OAKLAND—After a ball, a dinner, a breakfast, a luncheon, a supper, or a theatre party, a call is due to one's hostess. Such a call should be made within two weeks after the event, and, if possible, in the afternoon—that is, between four and seven. (2) A gentleman who has taken a lady to a place of amusement should call upon her within a few days. (3) A card is always left when a call is made, so that a hostess may know who her visitors have been and to whom she owes a visit. An afternoon call should be made between four and seven; an evening one between eight and half-past nine—that is, one should arrive before six in the afternoon or nine at night. (4) When a lady wishes to retain the friendship of a gentleman she cannot refuse his request to call. (5) At a ball a gentleman is supposed to dance with those ladies to whom he is under the greatest social obligations, and as it is impossible for a man to dance with everybody he knows no lady should feel slighted if she is not asked. (6) When two young ladies are taken to the theatre by one gentleman he occupies the outer seat, and allows them to sit next to each other. (7) It is courteous, but not necessary, for a gentleman when seeing a lady whom he knows on a train or boat by herself, to offer his services. It is courteous, but not necessary, as in this country ladies are carefully looked after by paid officials on both boats and trains.

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	6 in.	13c	14c	15c	17c
	6 1/2 in.	14c	15c	16c	18c
	7 in.	15c	16c	17c	19c
	7 1/2 in.	16c	17c	18c	20c
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MRS. RORER'S ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Questions of a general domestic nature will be answered on this page. Correspondents desirous of being answered by mail should send either self-addressed stamped envelope or sufficient stamps to cover postage, to Mrs. S. T. Rorer, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

A. J.—Milk biscuits, beaten biscuits and crackers may be made from whole wheat flour quite as readily as from ordinary white flour. Use the same receipts, being a little careful about adding the moisture. Whole wheat flour contains a large quantity of gluten, and requires, as a rule, less moisture.

N. F.—Cut-glass may be made very brilliant by washing it in warm soapsuds and drying in sawdust. Put the dish down into the pan of dry sawdust. When the moisture has been absorbed lift the dish, and with a soft brush and piece of linen polish it. Ordinary glass may be made very brilliant by the same treatment.

N. H.—Brasses may be brightened by first washing them with salt and vinegar, then rubbing them over with oil, or they may be washed in warm water, to which has been added a few drops of ammonia. The ammonia will neutralize the acid, and the acid and salt will readily remove the tarnish. Then polish them with whiting.

C. H.—For cooking, purchase the pulled figs. Wash them carefully, cover with warm water and stand aside over night. Then place them over the fire and bring slowly to a boiling point. When the figs are swollen and tender lift them carefully and boil the liquor down until a syrup is formed. Pour this over the figs and stand away to cool. Figs cooked in this way may be served with plain or whipped cream.

SMEMA—Bananas are indigestible in their raw state. It is because they contain less water and more nitrogenous matter than is found in other fresh fruits. They contain when ripe much sugar and a little starch. Bananas should be cooked. Strip the skin off, place the bananas in a porcelain or granite dish, add a little water, dust over each a teaspoonful of sugar, bake in a moderately quick oven for twenty minutes and serve warm. In this condition they are healthful and digestible.

J. K.—To whip cream quickly you must, of course, have a good quality of cream, and the cream must be very cold. Cream twenty-four hours old will whip more readily than new cream. An ordinary tin churn holding a dasher will whip one quart of cream in two minutes. If one is not at hand put the cream into a bowl, stand in a pan of cracked ice, and with an ordinary egg-beater or fork beat rapidly until the cream is stiff to the very bottom of the bowl. It may be sweetened before or after the whipping.

C. H.—Pudding sauce may be made without wine. Beat a quarter of a cup of butter to a cream, add gradually one cup of powdered sugar, add the unbeaten whites of two eggs, one at a time, and beat until light. Add a teaspoonful of the grated rind of a lemon, about ten grains of powdered mace, a teaspoonful of caramel, and, if you like, a teaspoonful of strong coffee. Add one gill of boiling water. Stir over a fire for just a moment and it will be ready to serve. This sauce must not boil, but must be served hot as soon as made.

NEWARK—A waitress should wear a large white apron made of linen if possible. It may simply button around the waist or may have long, wide strings, and be finished at the bottom with a deep hem. The waitress' cap is simply a three-corner piece of fine muslin with a ruffle. Four aprons will be quite enough providing the waitress is taught to remove the white apron the moment she is through serving. Six would, of course, be a better number. (2) The caps are scarcely worth the washing. I should advise buying them by the half dozen.

ANNA—The old-fashioned rice pudding is made by simply cooking rice, raisins and a little sugar in milk in the oven for at least two hours. About two tablespoonfuls of rice to each quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a grating of nutmeg and a quarter of a cup of raisins. Stand pudding-dish in oven, cook slowly for one and a half hours, stirring down the crust, for the first hour, as fast as it forms. Then allow a paper-like cover to form and the pudding is done. This may be made on Saturday to serve with Sunday's dinner. It is much better cold than hot.

EDWARD—Alcohol will prevent digestion if taken with meals. It is a destructive power to the gastric secretions, rendering the pepsin insoluble. I think the habit of taking a small glass of liquor at the close of the meal a bad one; instead of aiding digestion it retards it. If your physician has ordered a small quantity of liquor at the beginning of the meal it is to excite the gastric juices and draw them into the stomach so they may be ready to receive the meal, and I am quite sure that a much better plan would be to bring about a more healthful digestion by eating foods easily digested and gradually getting the stomach back to its normal condition.

Y. W.—Yams are the tubers of a twining shrub belonging to the *Dioscorea*. They grow principally in tropical countries. The best way to cook them is to partly boil and then finish by baking, or they may be boiled and after the skin has been carefully removed cut into slices and arranged in a baking-dish. Sprinkle a little sugar over the top, add half a cup of water, cover the dish and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Just before serving lift the cover that the steam may escape. Yams contain about fifteen per cent. starch, seventy-six per cent. water, about two per cent. albuminoids, one and a half per cent. mineral matter. They also contain a trace of fat and some cellulose.

M. B.—If your child has a long walk to school insist upon him eating a good nutritious breakfast. A bowl of well-cooked oatmeal and cream, a soft-boiled egg and a slice of whole wheat bread will give all the nourishment required. The lunch should also be nutritious: A sandwich made from beef placed between two slices of whole wheat bread, or a light cheese sandwich made from the ordinary cottage cheese and whole wheat bread, a cup custard, or an egg sandwich and fruit. Remember to give only one nitrogenous food at a time. As soon as he returns from school give him a bowl of clear warm soup. This will appease his hunger and enable him to wait until the regular dinner hour.

AMY—The coconut is indigestible if the fibre is eaten. It is true that in localities where the cocoa palm grows the natives use the cocoanuts as food and in large quantities, but it must be remembered that the cocoanuts used are ripe and soft, not hard and dry. Coconut milk may be made by grating the coconut, and covering it with boiling water. You must then allow it to cool, strain carefully through two thicknesses of cheesecloth. The result will be coconut milk. Allow it to stand in a cool place and the coconut cream or butter will come to the surface. Lift it carefully and use it for cooking in place of butter. It may also be used as oil in salads. It is easily digested and healthful.

BUFFALO—Boiled rice will digest in one hour; if boiled in milk, however, it requires two hours; if eaten with unboiled milk two hours and fifteen minutes. Raw egg will digest in about one hour and a half; fried, three hours and a half; soft-boiled, three hours; hard-boiled, three hours and a half. The white and yellow should be served together as one assists in the digestion of the other. Salt beef requires four hours and fifteen minutes. Beefsteak, broiled, three hours. Stewed oysters, three hours and a half. Oysters require a longer time to digest than broiled meat. Roast veal requires five hours for perfect digestion. Pork the same. Suet pudding is supposed to take five hours and a half.

G. S.—Baked beans are not proper food for a brain worker even once a week. It is true that a test tube in a chemical analysis of the bean will give a large proportion of brain-making material, if you choose to call it so, but then it must be remembered that a food which nourishes one part of the body will nourish another. The nitrogenous principles in beans may be in larger proportion than in beef, but it must be remembered that the editor or the literary worker does not have sufficient exercise to digest heavy food, so that in the end he can obtain from the elements of the beef much more muscle-making food than from the beans. It is not always enough to take the chemical analysis of a food. You must also consider the digestion of the same.

S. M.—Cream mushroom sauce may be made from either canned mushrooms or from fresh ones. The receipts, however, are different. Put one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour into a saucepan; warm and mix. Then add half a pint of milk, stir until boiling. Add a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and half a can of mushrooms. Stand this over hot water for about ten minutes, and it is ready for use. Or peel a quarter of a pound of fresh mushrooms, cut them into quarters, put them into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter, cover the saucepan and cook slowly for about five minutes. Mix a tablespoonful of flour in half a pint of milk, add this to the mushrooms, then a half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, and stir until boiling.

N. M.—Chestnuts are rich in starch, and may be stewed and served in place of potatoes or rice. They are unfit for food unless cooked, as human beings cannot digest uncooked starches. English walnuts and almonds are rich in fatty matter and do not contain starch, consequently they may be eaten raw. Almonds contain a large amount of oil and a small amount of hydrocyanic acid. In small quantities they aid digestion but should not be served either fried or salted, but blanched and dried. They contain twenty-five per cent. albuminoid matter, fifty-four per cent. of oil, while the chestnut contains only eight per cent. albuminoid matter and less than one per cent. of oil, while they contain twenty-nine per cent. of starch, seventeen per cent. of sugar, twenty-two per cent. of dextrin. Almonds contain three per cent. mineral matter, chestnuts a little over two.

MARY—The reason why so many physicians object to the drinking of water during mealtime is that Americans, as a rule, drink ice water. The temperature of the stomach is from 98° to 100° Fahrenheit. After a meal it should be from 99° to 102°, and if a person is exercising it sometimes will run up to 103°. Now this temperature is necessary to carry on digestion in a perfectly healthful way. Constant drinking of ice water during the meal or an ice at the close of the meal will reduce the temperature of the stomach sometimes to 95°, which would stop digestion and sooner or later render one a confirmed dyspeptic. Water of an ordinary temperature is not so objectionable—in fact, it would be better to take a swallow of water now and then during the meal provided the water is cool, not iced. Foods that are slightly diluted are more easily digested than those which are concentrated and dry.

LAURA—Fish timbale may be made from either white or red fish not previously cooked. Take half a pound of halibut, remove the skin and bone, and with a silver knife chop the uncooked fish fine, then press it through a coarse sieve. Put half a pint of stale breadcrumbs over the fire with a gill of milk. Stir until hot. Take from the fire, add the fish, mix well; stir in, one at a time, the unbeaten whites of two eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne. Now stir in the well-beaten whites of three eggs. Brush timbale cups with butter, dust them with truffles, and fill in the mixture. Stand the cups in a large baking-pan, half filled with boiling water, cover the whole with a piece of oiled paper and cook in the oven fifteen minutes. Serve with cream sauce. If you use salmon you may serve with cream mushroom sauce. If you use halibut serve with shrimp or lobster sauce.

CORRESPONDENT—To make purée of spinach wash two quarts of spinach, picking the leaves carefully from the stems; shake them until dry, throw them into a large kettle, add half a cup of water, stand the kettle over the fire; do not cover but stir or shake for five minutes until the spinach is a bright green and wilted; then drain, pressing out the water and saving it for coloring the soup. Chop the spinach in a chopping-bowl until it is as fine as powder; return it to the water in the kettle, add half a pint of good stock. If you are without stock you may add half a teaspoonful of beef extract. Put one quart of milk in a double boiler; when hot add to it two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour rubbed together. Stir until perfectly smooth. Turn this into the kettle with the spinach. Cook about two minutes, stirring constantly. Add a bay leaf, a teaspoonful of onion juice, two level teaspoonfuls of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Press the whole through a purée sieve, reheat and serve with squares of toasted bread.

S. V.—It is the special province of the stomach to digest the nitrogenized group of elementary principles, and there is not the slightest doubt but that the non-nitrogenized group are acted slightly upon while in the stomach. It seems necessary that they should pass through the stomach, consequently we take for granted that the stomach aids in the digestion even of the carbonaceous foods. Take sugars, for instance, which belong to this group. They may be absorbed by the stomach as they do not require digestion; being soluble their saccharine principle is already prepared for absorption. Starch, which is insoluble, must be converted into the soluble sugar, and while the stomach is not the organ usually credited with this work it is, nevertheless, of assistance. According to Maassett, however, non-nitrogenous foods are slightly acidified in the stomach, and are thus prepared for the emulsion produced by the bile. He calls attention to an important fact, and gives us to understand that non-nitrogenous foods are acidified in the stomach that they may be acted upon by the alkaline secretions. My own impression bears out this statement. Olive oil may be taken by the dyspeptic without giving the slightest inconvenience, but the same person cannot eat the fatty portions of meat and digest them.



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