

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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 Mean perfect action of the pores.  
 There are 7,000,000 pores in the human skin.  
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THE "OLD MANSE" AT CONCORD IN 1885

## MY FATHER'S LITERARY METHODS

By *Rose Hawthorne Lathrop*

[With Illustrations from photographs and views furnished by the author for this article]



I AM asked to write of my father's literary methods. I wish I knew just what they were—it would be easier then to write an article pleasing to the gentle reader—I might even hope to write a romance.

But as the bird on the tree bough catches here and there a glimpse of what men are about, although he hardly hopes to plow the field himself or benefit by human labor until the harvest comes, so I have observed some facts and gathered some notions as to how my father thought out his literary work.

ONE method of obtaining his end was to work constantly at writing, whether it brought him money or not. He might not have seemed to be working all the time, but to be enjoying endless leisure in walking about the country, or the city streets. But even a bird would have had more penetration than to make such a mistake in regard to him. Another method was to choose just the right wife, whether or no she brought him money. Just the right wife let no bores reach him, if they could be diverted.

One of his methods was to love and pity mankind more than he scorned them, so that he never created a character which did not possess a soul—the only puppet he ever contrived of straw, "Feathertop," had



MRS. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

an excellent soul until the end of the story. Still another method of gaining his success was to write with a noble respect for his own best effort, on which account he never felt satisfied with his writing unless he had exerted every muscle of his faculty; unless every word he had written seemed to his severest self-criticism absolutely true. He loved his art more than his time, more than his ease, and could thrust into the flames an armful of manuscript because he suspected the pages of weakness and exaggeration.

ONE of his methods of avoiding failure was to be rigorous in the care of his daily existence. A preponderance of frivolous interruption to a modicum of thorough labor at thinking was a system utterly foreign to him. He would not talk with a fool; as a usual thing he would not entertain a bore. If thrown with these common pests, he tried, I think, to study them. And they report that he did so very silently. But he did not waste his time, either by politely chattering with people whom he meant to sneer at after they had turned their backs, or in indulgences of loafing of all sorts, which leave a narcotic stupidity in their wake. He had plenty of time, therefore, for thought, and he could think while

walking either in the fresh air, or back and forth in his study. Men of success detest inactivity. It is a hardship for them to be as if dead for a single moment. So, when my father could not walk out-of-doors during meditation, he moved back and forth in his room, sturdily alert, his hands clasped behind him, quietly thinking, his head either bent forward or suddenly lifted upward with a light in his eager, gray eyes.

HE wrote principally in the morning, with that absorption and regularity which characterize the labor of men who are remembered. When his health began to show signs of giving way, in 1861, it was suggested by a relative, whose intellect, strength of will and appetite for theories were of equally splendid proportions, that my father only needed a high desk at which to stand when writing, to be restored to all his pristine vigor. With his usual tolerance of possible wisdom he permitted such a desk to be arranged in the tower-study at "The Wayside"; but with his inexorable contempt for mistakes of judgment he never, after a brief trial, used it for writing. Upon his simple desk of walnut wood, of

which he had nothing to complain, although it barely served its purpose, like most of the inexpensive objects about him, was a charming Italian bronze inkstand—over whose cover wrestled the infant Hercules in the act of strangling a goose—in friendly aid, no doubt, of "drivers of the quill." My father wrote with a gold pen, and I can hear now, as it seems, the rapid rolling of his chirography over the broad page, as he formed his small, rounded, but irregular letters, when filling his journals, in Italy. He leaned very much on his left arm while writing, often holding the top of the manuscript book lovingly with his left hand, quite in the attitude of a boy. At the end of a sentence or two he would sometimes unconsciously bow his head, as if bidding good-by to a thought well rid of for the present in its new garb of ink.

IN writing he had little care for paper and ink. To be sure, his large, square manuscript was firmly bound into covers, and the paper was usually of a neutral blue; and when I say that he had little care for his mechanical materials I mean that he had no servile anxiety as to how they looked to another person, for I am convinced that he himself loved his manuscript books. There was a certain air about the titles, which he wrote with a flourish, as compared with the involved minuteness of the rest of the script, and the latter covers every limit of the page in a devoted way. His letters were formed obscurely, though most fascinatingly, and he was almost frolicsome in his indifference to the comfort of the compositor. Still he had none of the frantic reconsiderations of Scott or Balzac. If he made a change in a word it was while it was fresh, and no one could obliterate what he had written with a more fearless blot of the finger, or one which looked more earnest and interesting. There was no scratching nor quiddling in the manner with which he fought for his art. Each day he thought out the problems he had set himself before beginning to write, and if a word offended him, as he recorded the result, he thrust it back into chaos before the ink had dried. I think that the manuscript of "Dr. Grimshaw's Secret" is an exception, to some extent. There are many written self-communings and changes in it. My father was declining in health while it was being evolved. But yet, in "The Dolliver Romance," the last work of all in process of development, written while he was physically breaking down, we see the effect of will and heroic attempt. It is the most beautiful of his compositions, because his mind was greater at that time than ever and because death could not frighten him, and in its very face he desired to complete the proof of his whole power, as the dying soldier rises to the greatest act of his life, having given his life-blood for his country's cause. Though the script of this manuscript is extremely difficult to read, the speculation had evidently been done before taking up the pen. I am not sure but that my father sometimes destroyed first draughts, of which his family knew nothing. Indeed we have his own word for it that "he passed the day in writing stories and the night in burning them." Nevertheless, his tendency we know to have been that of thinking out his plots and scenes and characters, and transcribing them rapidly without further change.

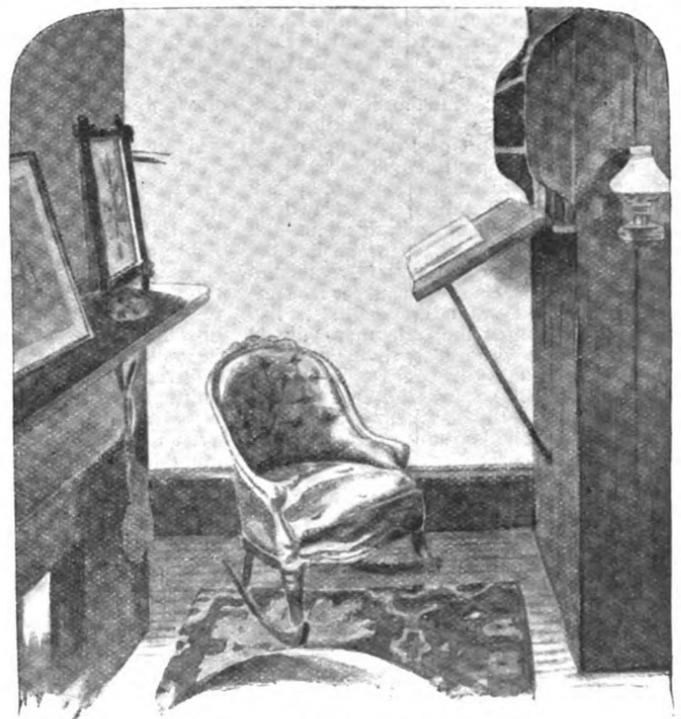
SINCE he did not write anything wholly for the pleasure of creative writing, but had moral motives and perfect artistic harmony to consider, he could not have indulged in the spontaneous, passionate effusions which are the substance of so much other fiction. He was obliged to train his mind to reflection and judgment, and therefore he never tasted luxury of any kind. The enjoyment of historical settings in all their charm and richness, rehabilitated for their own sake or for worldly gain; the enjoyment of caricatures of the members of the human family, because they are so often so desperately funny; the enjoyment of realistic pictures of life as it is found, because life as it is found is a more absorbing study than that of geology or chemistry; the enjoyment of



MRS. ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP

redundant scenes of love and intrigue, which flatter the reader like experiences of his own—these things he was not willing to admit to his art—a magic that served his literary palate with still finer food. He wrote with temperateness, and in pitying love of human nature, in the instinctive hope of helping it to know and redeem itself.

His manner was philosophy, his style forgiveness. And for this temperate and logical and laconic work—giving nothing to the world for its mere enjoyment, but going beyond all that to ennoble each



HAWTHORNE'S STANDING DESK

[In the tower of "The Wayside," 1863]



HAWTHORNE'S BIRTHPLACE AT SALEM  
[Still standing at 21 Union Street]

reader by his perfect renunciation of artistic clap-trap and artistic license—for this aim he needed a mental method that could entirely command itself, and when necessary, weigh and gauge with the laborious fidelity of a coal surveyor, before the account was rendered with pen and ink upon paper.

BUT who will ever be able to weigh and gauge the genius which carries methods and philosophies and aims into an atmosphere of wonderful power, where the sunlight and the color, and the lightning and ominous thunder transfigure the familiar things of life in glorious haste and inspiration? While following his rules and habits my father was constantly attended by the rapturous spirit of such a genius, transmuting swarming reality into a few symbolic types.

Another way in which he effected telling labor was to conserve his force in the matter of wrangling. He kept his temper. He had a temper, of course. He was not without the fires of life, but he banked them. He did not permit disgust at others nor the adverse destiny of the moment to absorb his vitality by throwing it off in long harangues of rage, long seasons of the sulks. There are no such good calculators as men of consummate genius. They dread the squandering of energy of an Edgar Allan Poe or of a boiling Walter Savage Landor. Temperateness implies the control of fierce elements. And as it rejoices the heart to see the graceful skill with which a Napoleon manages his mettlesome horse (says Heine), so in all subtle management of volcanic power we perceive sweetness and beauty.

When he handled sin it became uncounting tragedy; when he handled vulgarity, as in "The Artist of the Beautiful," it became inevitable pathos; when he handled suspicion, as in "The Birthmark" and "Rappaccini's Daughter," it evolved devoted trust. When he brought within his art the personality of a human devil he honored its humanity and proved that the real devil is quite another thing. Though he dealt with romance he never gave the advantage of an inch to the wiles of bizarre witchery, the grotesque masks of wanton caprice in imagination—those elements which exhibit the intoxication of talent. His terrors were those of our own hearts; his playfulness was the merit of the sunlight, which comes from vast mysteries as dark as they are radiant. In short, he was artistically temperate, in that he guided the forces he used with the reins of truth, and he could do this unbrokenly because he governed his character with Christian fellowship.

I WILL give a few illustrations of his attitudes of mind, which I have chosen from some of my mother's letters to her family.

Here is evidence of that genial tolerance which made my father so dear to those who could not afterward remember that he had entered into much actual conversation with them:

"Friday, August 13, 1851.

"My Dearest Mother

We have had here an Englishman, an artist, whom George Putnam sent to take sketches of Mr. Emerson's house and of the 'Old Manse.' He came here with his carpetbag, and there seemed nothing to be done but to ask him to stay with us while in town.

This gentleman is from the North of England, but has lived mostly in London. . . . He talks like the Cataract of Lodore. . . . He has the magnetic influence upon Mr. Hawthorne which produces sleepiness. . . . You know Mr. Hawthorne is a sort of loadstone, which attracts all men's inmost confidences, without a word of question and scarcely any answer, and so Mr. Miller tells his whole life, and thoughts, and aspirations, and experiences, to him. . . . If he has the national reservedness it certainly vanishes in Mr. Hawthorne's presences, for it seems as if he could not tell enough. . . .

But, oh, dear, how the little man talked! . . . It was with a truly divine patience that my husband gave ear to this personated paper mill, because he saw that he was good, and true, and honest. . . .

Into those depths of mystic gray light, which stand for eyes under my husband's brow, the little man was drawn as by a line. . . . It really is marvelous how the mighty heart, with its immense charities and comprehending humanity, which glows and burns beneath the grand intellect, as if to keep warm and fused the otherwise cold abstractions of thought—pictured by Mr. Hawthorne's eyes and head—it is marvelous how it opens the bosoms of men. I have seen it so often in persons who have come to him. So Mr. Melville, generally silent and uncommunicative, pours out the rich floods of his mind and experience to him, so sure of apprehension, so sure of a large and generous interpretation, and of the most delicate and fine judgment. How truly St. Paul spoke when he said that without charity all was a tinkling cymbal. I never knew what charity meant till I knew my husband. Thus only could the poetic insight, the far-searching, analytic power, be safely intrusted. To him only who can tenderly sympathize must the highest and profoundest insight be given."

Though such eager, clinging appeals as

were brought to my father's sympathy by Mr. Miller and Herman Melville and others, as well as his vigorously companionable letters to friends, show the strength of his innate intercourse with his kind, yet he cherished the virtues of isolation. Writing to her sister, from Lenox, 1851, my mother says:

"I never intend to have a guest for so long again as father stayed, on Mr. Hawthorne's account. It fairly destroys both his artistic and domestic life. . . . I do not know that any one but myself can estimate the cost to him of having a stranger in our courts. . . . A week or so does very well, but months do not do at all. . . . You know he has but just stepped over the threshold of a hermitage. He is but just not a hermit still. . . . Una says she does not think father is imaginative enough. Is not that funny?"

Una was seven years old, but she had been brought up upon instincts which cultivate rapidly, and which left her very practical grandfather Peabody outside the inmost intimacies of the Hawthorne home.

If, however, my father shrank from unnecessary interruptions, which jarred the harmony of his artistic life, he nevertheless met any that were to him inevitable. Could he have written with the heart's blood of old Hepzibah if he had failed to put his own shoulder to the domestic wheel on the plea that it was too deep in the slough of disaster to merit his assistance? He did not dread besmirching his hands with any affairs God sent.

From the "Old Manse," in 1844, my mother writes to her mother:



"THE WAYSIDE" AT CONCORD (FRONT VIEW) IN 1885

"We dined upon potatoes, corn, carrots and whortleberry pudding quite sumptuously. Our cook was Hyperion, whom we have engaged. . . . He, with his eyes of light, his arched brow and 'locks of lovely splendor,' officiated even to dishwashing, with the air of one making worlds. I, with babe on arm, looked at him part of the time. . . . He will not let me go into his kitchen hardly. . . . But as the only way we can make money now seems to be to save it, and as he declares he can manage till September, we will remain alone till then. It is beyond words enchanting to be alone as we are." There are plenty of records of my mother's happy labor for her husband's comfort and delight when she was able to perform it.

The frequently ethereal meals of vegetables and fruit prove my father's capacity for temperateness in daily living, and show how it was, in one of many ways, that he could carry out a principle such as that referred to in the following paragraph, written in 1863:

"Mr. Hawthorne will never run in debt, even to save life, and his principle is immutable, and I agree to it heartily. It has saved us from ruin aforesaid. . . . He never presumes on the next day. . . . Bankruptcy would cease if the world was like him."

IN 1859, at Redcar, my mother mentions, when writing to Miss E. P. Peabody, "The Marble Faun," or, as we all preferred to call it, "The Romance of Monte Beni": "Mr. Hawthorne has about finished his book. More than four hundred pages are now in the hands of the publishers. I have read as much as that, but do not yet know the dénouement. . . . He is very well and in very good spirits, despite all his hard toil of so many months. As usual he thinks the book good for nothing, and based upon a very foolish idea, which nobody will like or accept. But I am used to such opinions, and understand why he feels oppressed with disgust of what has so long occupied him. The true judgment of the work was his first idea of it when it seemed to him worth doing. He has regularly despised each one of his books immediately

upon finishing it. My enthusiasm is too much his own music, as it were."

My father's success with "The Scarlet Letter" had not shaken his equilibrium. In 1851 my mother gladly reported to the same correspondent: "Mr. Fields writes from Europe that sixteen thousand copies of 'The Scarlet Letter' have been sold in England! That Mr. Hawthorne's books are even peddled about the streets. His popularity there is immense. . . . Mr. Browning told Mr. Fields in Paris that Mr. Hawthorne was the greatest genius that had appeared in English literature for many years, and Mr. Fields wrote that he was as much read in Paris as in London. Mr. Thackeray made some other splendid encomium and Douglas Jerrold another, and all the finest spirits in England and on the Continent recognize and admire him."

SOME passages from a copy of an article in "The North British Review" of Edinburgh during 1851 were capable of filling a wife's heart, at any rate, with exultation:

"The most striking features in these tales are the extraordinary skill and masterly care which are displayed in their composition. . . . It would be difficult to pick out a page which could be omitted without loss to the development of the narrative and the idea, which are always mutually illustrative to a degree not often attained in any species of modern art. . . . His language, though extraordinarily accurate, is always light and free. . . . We know of nothing equal to it, in its way ["The Portrayal of Dimmes-

dale"], in the whole circle of English literature," and much more in the same superlative vein.

The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddled not with its joy," and the joy and the bitterness of creative work are not intermeddled with as much as one might suppose by the outside weather of praise or non-comprehension if the artist is great enough to keep his private self-respect. I am of opinion that my father enjoyed his own indifference to his accomplished work, and, on the other hand, sharply challenged the enchantment of his first conception. I believe that the men we admire most, in the small group of great minds, are always sufficiently necromantic to look two ways at once. Therefore my father heard himself praised quietly, and blamed his skill with even more composure.

TO revert to Redcar, 1859, my mother says: "The sea entirely restores Mr. Hawthorne, and he is finishing his book in great peace and quiet. He writes from nine till three, and then dines, and then walks on the beach for three hours. At seven he takes tea, and walks again till near nine. . . . We have here the finest, hardest sands on the English coast. For ten miles there is a firm carriage drive on the beach. It is an old, small town of one winding street, but every house is filled with visitors, small and inconvenient though the houses are. Lords and ladies, as well as lower gentles, throng the place."

And in 1860 my mother remarks: "Mr. Hawthorne had no idea of portraying me in Hilda. Whatever resemblance any one sees is accidental."

This little allusion suggests a symphony of questions from minds untrained in art or unfamiliar with it. To any one at least permeated by its

atmosphere it seems strange that a truly artistic work should be thought to be an imitation of individual models. The distance of inspiration is the distance of a heavenly fair day, or of a night made luminous by mystery, giving a new quality and a new species of delight to facts about us. In reading the sympathetic merriment of the introduction to "The Scarlet Letter," and then the story itself, we perceive the difference between the charm of a Dutch-like realism and the thrill of imaginative creation, which uses material made incomprehensibly wonderful by God in order to make it comprehensibly wonderful to men. But, of course, the material thus transmuted by the distance of inspiration is only new and fine to men who have ears to hear and eyes to see. The blind puppies among books are many and noisy. My father never imitated the men and women he met, nor man nor woman, and such conceptions of his way would bring us to a dense forest of mistake.

IN the afternoon my father went, if practicable, into the open spaces of nature, or at least into the fresh air, to gather inspiration for his work. I have sometimes had the pleasure of being present, always out-of-doors, while he was smoking a cigar, of which the fragrance was so exquisite that it has been a symbol of elegance to me all my life. He never, I think, smoked but one cigar a day, but it was of a quality to make up for this self-denial, and I am sure that he reserved his most puzzling literary involutions for the delicious half hour of this dainty rite. In Lenox he walked the "stately woods," as my mother calls them in a letter of that period, or lay upon his back under the trees beside the lake intervening between the "little red cottage" and Monument Mountain. Also, in Concord, a year afterward, my mother writes: "My husband at full length upon a carpet of withered pine presented no hindrance to the tides of divine life that are ready to flow through us, if we will." She further says: "He cannot write deeply in mid-summer at any rate. He can only seize the skirts of ideas, and pin them down for further investigation."

In 1861, and thereafter, he traversed the wooded hilltop behind his home, which was reached by various pretty, climbing paths that crept under larches and pines and scraggy, goat-like apple trees. We could catch sight of him, going back and forth up there, with now and then a pale blue gleam of sky among the trees, against which his figure passed clear. He wore a soft, brown felt hat, and looked in it like a brother to Tennyson, though with a difference. Along this path, made by his own steps only, he thought

out the tragedy of "Septimius Felton," who buried the young English officer at the foot of one of the large pines my father saw at each return. At one end of the hilltop path was a thicket of birch and maple trees, and at the end toward the west and the village was the open brow of the hill, sloping rapidly to the Lexington road, and overlooking meadows and distant wood-ranges, some of the cottages of humble folk, and the neighboring huge, owl-haunted elms of Alcott's lawn.

And along this path in spring huddled pale blue violets, of a blue that held sunlight, pure as his own eyes. Masses also of sweet fern grew at the side of these abundant bordering violets, and spacious apartments of brown-floored pine groves flanked the sweet fern here and there. But my father's violets were the wonder of the year to us. We never saw so many anywhere else, that is, until his death, when they greeted him with their celestial color in wide profusion as he was borne into Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, apparently in remembrance of his long and steady sentinelship among them at "The Wayside," and as if they were eager to join in the loving farewell which we were making to the clear eyes that had been so full of sunlight for us in the days that were ended, but were never to be forgotten by those who had known and honored him.



HAWTHORNE'S GRAVE IN SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY

\* THE CHURCH AND THE CHOIR

By the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.

(With Illustration by Alice Barber Stephens)



THE Book of Revelation gives an account of the way in which music is conducted in Heaven. There is a quartette choir, a small chorus, a large chorus, and congregational singing: four living creatures, four and twenty elders, many angels—the number of them was “ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands,” and “every creature which is in Heaven and on earth and under the earth and such as are in the sea.” Heavenly music is a good pattern for the earthly. The ideal church will have a quartette, a chorus and congregational singing.

Congregational singing is the one essential thing. The method, more in vogue a few years ago than now, of having all praise done by proxy, substitutes æsthetic enjoyment for worship, and turns the church into a concert-room. A friend of mine a few years ago satirically proposed a new version of Psalm 67: 5. It should read, he said: “Let the people praise Thee, oh God; let four people in the choir loft praise Thee.” The expression of devotion produces devotion. There is no better way to develop penitence, prayer or praise than to lead a great congregation to unite in the expression of penitence, prayer and praise. Herein is the advantage of a liturgy; herein, also, the advantage of congregational singing. Nor is there any musical effect finer than that produced by a great volume of voices joining in a service of song. No cathedral service I ever listened to in England stirred my heart so deeply as hearing Dr. Allon's great congregation of two thousand join in the singing of an anthem, led by a choir of a hundred voices and a great organ. A service of this sort is one to which the memory ever returns with pleasurable recollection.

TO the best congregational singing a choir is essential. The tendency to depravity in human nature is witnessed in music as in everything else. Without some strong leader the congregation are sure to drag and to fall from the key; without some strong leader they will never take up a new tune. A precentor is not leader enough; they need a choir for an example and an inspiration. But the choir-singing should never take precedence over congregational singing. The choir may well render in every service some music to which the congregation listen, but the prime function of the choir should be to lead, to strengthen and to develop the congregational singing. For this purpose a chorus is almost indispensable. Quartette effects and chorus effects are essentially different. The changes in time and in expression, which are required of a quartette, are impossible in a congregation. The better the quartette, the less capable it is of leading congregational singing. Moreover, a quartette is rarely willing to take the place of leader; rarely desires, often with difficulty even submits, to any participation in the music by the congregation. If circumstances forbid a chorus choir, then there should be beside the quartette a precentor to lead the congregation in singing.

IT is a great mistake to suppose that congregations can only sing poor and commonplace music. They can sing the best, but they cannot sing the best without some training. For this purpose an occasional, or better yet, a stated service of song, in the week evening, in which new tunes can be practiced, is desirable. More important is it to use the same hymn-book in the prayer-meeting and in the church services. It is very desirable to use some of the same music in the Sunday-school, and as far as possible to make the church hymn and tune book a family hymn and tune book. Congregations will sing difficult tunes provided there is a movement and a melody which can be caught, but new tunes they will not sing. When, therefore, the minister desires to add a tune to the congregational service he must give it out Sabbath after Sabbath until the people have become familiar with it. Most people sing by ear, or if they sing by note are aided by the ear; therefore, they will not sing until they have become accustomed to the tune.

BOTH choir and congregational singing should be a part of worship. As most of us are greatly affected by association, the borrowing of music from operas, popular ballads and negro melodies for the church service is not commendable. It may give a volume of sound, but it does not give an expression of spiritual life. The church is not a concert-room any more than it is a lecture-hall. If the sermon takes precedence of worship, and the sermon is an essay or a lecture; if the music takes precedence of worship, and the music is adjusted for æsthetic enjoyment—in either case the church is desecrated and the true object of the service is disregarded. The one question of the minister and the choir-master, in the conduct of the music, as in the conduct of the prayers and the sermon, should always be, how can the spiritual life of this congregation be best developed, strengthened, enriched? Whatever music will do this is good church music. The same music may, therefore, be good



A CHOIR IN A METROPOLITAN CHURCH

church music in one place and bad church music in another. There are some absolute principles, but there is no absolute standard. Western revival melodies and English choral services cannot change places.

If this fundamental principle is to be regarded, and the church music is to be made to minister to the spiritual life, those who conduct it must themselves have spiritual life. It is more important that the minister should have some knowledge of music than that he should be an expert in mediæval theology. I have been more than once at a church in which the whole value of the service was impaired, if not destroyed, by the musical stupidity of the minister, who selected a prosaic or even repulsive hymn, or a hymn set in the congregational book to an impossible tune, or followed some exquisite musical rendering of the choir, which had hushed and harmonized the congregation, with a congregational hymn and tune, commonplace, prosaic, and therefore destructive of the very sentiments which the choir had aroused in the congregation. The choir-master should be in direct and absolute sympathy with the minister and the church.

THE highest experiences of prayer and praise should not be rendered by those whose hearts are ungodly, and whose lives are worldly, if not even immoral. Churches have been known, not infrequently, to engage as their singers men and women whom the most of the church would not introduce into their households, and as organists and choir-masters men whose habits of dissipation would turn them out of almost any secular employment.

In our towns and cities the choir-master and the quartette must almost, of necessity, be salaried persons. The best music can be rendered only by those who are professionally trained and who depend upon their music for their livelihood; but where it is possible to secure both choir and choir-master from the congregation it is better so to do; not for the sake of economy, nor because voluntary service can compete musically with professional service, but because voluntary service is more likely to have in it that spirit of Christian fellowship and that spiritual life which is the first requisite of church music.

THE minister and the choir-master should be in constant conference; the choir-master should know the minister's theme, and adjust his music for the purpose of producing the same impression which the minister wishes to produce by his sermon.

PUT four, or forty, worldly people in the choir gallery, with a worldly man to lead them, with no other ideal before them than to exhibit their musical ability, earn their salary, or at best produce a pleasant musical effect, with a minister in the pulpit, and a congregation in the pews who desire some expression of and inspiration to penitence, prayer and praise, and there is certain to arise, sooner or later, serious friction, if not hopeless division and bitter dispute. Put four, or forty, people in the choir who possess a devout spirit, led by a man who has the same spiritual ambitions as the pastor, and a pastor in the pulpit who appreciates the value of music for the culture of the spiritual life, and the strong and noble purpose which unites them will overcome all difficulty, smooth away all friction, and make the music what it should be—a means of the highest harmony in the church.

But if this is to be accomplished the congregation must take their share in it; must recognize the choir and its leader as a part of the ministry of the church; must give them fellowship, and must express from time to time their cordial appreciation of, and thanks for the service which has been rendered. It is because Plymouth Church thus receives its choir into its fellowship, and Plymouth Church choir regard their service of song as a part of the spiritual ministry of the church, a condition symbolized by the fact that on communion Sunday the choir-master and almost, if not quite all the members of the choir, both quartette and chorus, are accustomed to come from the choir gallery and participate in the communion, that the music in Plymouth Church has been, at least within my experience, without either friction in the choir or friction between the choir and congregation.

THE expense of the music in the church is a perpetual problem, the solution of which must depend upon the circumstances of the church. My own experience leads me to the conviction that the first thing for a church to do is to secure a good organist and choir-master, and pay them a fair compensation. If it then has surplus funds it may well expend them in hiring a few leading singers, but it should never endeavor to make a concert platform of the choir loft, nor hope to draw people to church by the same attraction which draws them to the concert-room.

A great deal depends upon the character and location of the choir loft. If the choir are to conduct the musical service and the people are to be merely listeners, the choir loft is best concealed from sight, and therefore best in the rear of the church. There is a dramatic and yet truly sacred effect produced by music stealing upon the ears of a devout and hushed congregation from some half-concealed, secret place above, as though it descended from the heavenly space. If, on the contrary, the choir are to lead the congregation, they should be at the same end of the church with the pulpit, in plain view of the congregation, and but little raised above them. The more nearly the minister can be united with his choir the better for leading the congregation in public worship.

A FEW additional suggestions may be grouped together. The congregation should be supplied with tune-books. This is not only important because an increasing number of people can read music, but also because a music book is an invitation to every person to join in the singing.

The hymn should always be sung to the same tune, and unless the adaptation is hopelessly bad, to the tune to which the hymn is set in the book. There should be such a good understanding between the choir-master and the minister that the latter will never give out a hymn if the tune is pronounced by the former impracticable.

The minister should eschew dogmatic definitions done into rhyme. These are not hymns. A hymn is either prayer, praise or pledge; it is addressed to God; albeit a few invitations addressed from God or in His name to the spirit of man are also legitimate in the hymn-book. The cornet should never be used unless the congregation is a large one and the volume of sound sufficient to temper the otherwise overpowering rules of the instrument.

Do not begin the service with an anthem. The people regard it as a prelude, and destroy its sacred character by coming in during the singing and accompanying it with creaking boots and slamming pew doors. Begin the service with a congregational hymn, which may be announced by a hymn-board, like a processional in the Episcopal church. Announce the anthem later and make it a true part of the service.

The congregation should always stand in singing.

\* The second article in the series of "Articles by Famous Pastors," of which the first, discursive of "The Woman in Society" by the Rev. Morgan Dix, D. D., was printed in the JOURNAL for November, 1893.



FIRST PAPER—EXACT POSITION OF A MOTHER TOWARD A DAUGHTER

IT goes without saying that every mother thinks her own particular darling the "queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls." "Love flings a halo round the dear one's head," and never, perhaps, is that tender light more apparent to a mother's eyes than when her daughter reaches the age of sixteen. The newly-developed womanliness, shown at times, seems to establish a closer bond of sympathy between them and recalls the mother's own youth which the lapse of time has idealized.

Only the sense of her great responsibility for the little maiden's weal or woe induces a wise mother to brush aside the rose-colored medium through which she sees her child, and compels her to think seriously of her as she is, of her faults and their cure, her virtues and their development, her talents and their culture, and of the environment of the young life, which it is a mother's duty to arrange and control.

THE age of sixteen is, perhaps, the most critical in a girl's life. She is never more keenly sensitive to outside influences, and their effect in the formation of character never more important. It is the time of all others when unwise or careless sowing will yield a harvest of bitter regret.

God forbid that a time should ever come to any of us who are mothers, when, reviewing our present opportunities, our aching hearts shall condemn us for unfaithfulness! With the fair girlish forms at our side looking to us for guidance, for encouragement, for love, for everything, they are completely our own to make and to mould—or to mar by neglect or unwise influence. At sixteen nothing is hopeless, all things are possible.

IT is of the first importance that a girl shall be vividly impressed with the conviction that her mother loves her with a deep, inalienable affection that no other love that may ever be offered her can exceed. It will lie at the foundation of all that mother's influence. But though never allowing her for an instant to doubt her full possession of that tender affection that is her birthright, there is yet what theologians call a "love of complacency" that is not dependent upon the tie of nature, but upon the girl's own character and attainment. It is fatal to the best development of any soul to feel that the limit of affection and approval of its loved ones has been reached. A great incentive to improvement would be lost. A mother should hold her children up to their best and highest.

Excuse does not readily present itself for the mother whose interests outside the home circle are such that she does not make her young daughter her companion. Nothing can take the place of that constant daily intercourse in which mother and child learn to know each other, not merely on the surface, but heart to heart. Only so does love "grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength," and only in such intimate knowledge of each other can that sympathy exist which leads a girl to give her fullest confidence and seek her mother's comfort and advice in all her difficulties. If one does not always approve of the matter so confided it is not the time to chide lest the trust be given elsewhere on the next occasion.

IT argues ill for the home influence when "a long talk with mother" is not regarded as a privilege. There are subjects that only her handling is delicate enough to touch upon. Life is continually presenting mysteries that stir strange questionings in young minds, and a girl should be encouraged to bring any problem that puzzles her to her mother for solution, rather than refer it to some girl friend. Such talks often serve to emphasize the sacredness of the tie between mother and child as nothing else can. I think that a mother may be a little confidential on her side if the secrets of others be not involved. We love those best to whom we are necessary, and when a girl feels that her mother leans upon her for sympathy, and shows her dependence for happiness, it helps to make her thoughtful and womanly and develops an endearing sense of responsibility.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of five articles of "A Daughter at Sixteen" will alternate with a companion series dealing with boys, entitled "Before He is Twenty," of which the first article, "The Father's Attitude Toward a Boy," by Robert J. Burdette, will appear in the next (April) JOURNAL.

NOT the least valuable among motherly arts is that of creating an atmosphere of cheerfulness about herself. It is a symptom of serious import when a girl hushes her laughter at her mother's approach, or when her face clouds instead of brightens at the prospect of being accompanied anywhere by her parents. The "entente cordiale" between mother and daughter is greatly enhanced when they enjoy their pleasures together, and when parents are not connected in their children's minds only with the serious side of their lives.

It is said of American parents that they do not take the position that is their due. Young people used to be taught to feel themselves of secondary importance to their parents, and that their wishes and pleasures should be subordinated to the desires and convenience of their elders. It may be that American children have been bright enough to discover the parental secret that they are the first objects of interest and solicitude in the household, but it is surely unwise to encourage them in that belief. Children naturally have an almost religious veneration for their parents, and it is not their fault if this does not continue. As time goes on they often cease to look up to father and mother as persons to be revered and obeyed, and assume a critical attitude which should be checked in its beginning. The habit of looking up to those whom we believe higher and better than ourselves has a distinct educational value in the religious life.

The parents' treatment of each other does much to raise or lower them in the eyes of their children.

There is an old saying that "unselfish mothers make selfish children." Surely, this can be but a half-truth at most. Unselfishness is too fine a thing when genuine to act otherwise than as an inspiration and incentive to imitation, but there is a species of unselfishness for which American mothers have been much criticised.

AT a fashionable resort in Southern France some years ago there was a bright American girl who was much admired, until it became noised about the hotel that, lacking a maid, her mother was in the habit of rising early to brush and repair her gowns, while the young beauty reposed after the fatigue of the balls of the previous evenings.

Another young compatriot always referred to her parent in a patronizing way as "poor mother," apparently regarding her as quite an inferior. The doting mother accepted the position and effaced herself completely, allowing her daughter to take the lead in everything.

One may teach that crowning Christian grace of unselfishness by example and precept all the better by such discriminating exercise of it as shows respect for the office and position of "mother," and which exacts a proper deference.

It has long been a reproach to the children and youth of our nation that they speak in a disrespectful manner to their parents and elders, and the sad thing about it is that it is true. The slightest approach to a lack of respect in manner or tone of voice should be checked instantly. The habit grows unconsciously if anything of the kind be tolerated.

If the mother herself be the one so sinned against, a manner expressing "hurt" displeasure, that is very far removed from "sulkiness," the refusal to smile, as though one's heart were heavy, will often make a girl feel more guilty and bring quicker repentance than the sharpest reprimand. When the apology comes there will be opportunity for a talk upon the subject that will not soon be forgotten. If no apology be forthcoming a little note full of loving reproach and wounded tenderness tucked in some corner where the refractory little daughter may find it at night upon retiring, will often melt her to repentance and impress a lesson. Encouragement, approval, congratulation over some little moral victory, as well as reproach, may be conveyed by such little notes.

Anything that tends to make a girl look down upon her mother is fatal to the best interests of both. For that reason a woman should try to keep abreast with the times, that her notions may not seem antiquated. Her dress should be as tasteful and well-chosen as her means will allow. It is a gratification to a girl's pride to present her young friends to a mother who is well-dressed, gracious and versed in the requirements of good society. Bulwer says that "nothing increases love like pride in the beloved object."

AND now, leaving the relations of mother and daughter, let us consider what are the most important lessons to teach. In character building, the foundation-stones must, of course, be the principles of religious truth, and a voluntary obedience to the law of duty is the ultimate object of all moral training.

During childhood the mother is the interpreter of God, and the little one's love and trust in her inspires her reverence and obedience. Later, as the mother-bird teaching her young to fly, upbears them on her own wings until theirs can be trusted and then gradually withdraws her help, so the human mother little by little effaces herself and leads the young consciences to feel their accountability to God alone.

This is the initial step in self-government, and duty is gradually recognized to be a finer thing than self-pleasing.

A definite direction at this juncture is of immense help and dissipates vague, nebulous ideas of duty. Carlyle's clarion call, "Do the duty that lies nearest you, already the next will have become clearer," has been an inspiration to many lives. Unquestionably "the duty that lies nearest" is that arising from the natural relationship as members of a family. Duty, like charity, begins at home.

A girl should be taught that her part is to make the sunshine of the home, to bring cheer and joyousness into it. She should especially be led to recognize her obligations to her father, whose love provides for her comfort and happiness with untiring devotion and unremitting effort. Her loving little attentions should make him feel her gratitude, and "petting" comes with charming grace from an affectionate daughter. "Love does not work for wages" but it is sorely wounded by ingratitude, and there is sometimes a tendency to regard the father merely in the light of "purse-bearer." There is not a day that she cannot make lighter and brighter to her family by nameless acts of kindness and unselfishness, and she should feel that "a small unkindness is a great offense."

A GIRL'S time, at the age of sixteen, is necessarily so much engrossed by her studies during nine months of the year, that domestic occupations, unless of the slightest, are hardly to be expected of her. With the vacation days, however, comes the mother's opportunity for teaching her housewifely arts. If she has little taste for them the more strenuously must the mother strive to interest her.

I do not believe in presenting duty to a young mind as a medicine that must be sugar-coated with some form of pleasure in order to be accepted. As soon as anything is recognized as duty it should be embraced for its own sake, but even Nature—which is only a reverent name for God—teaches us that sometimes indirect government is the best. The child attracted by every sight and sound runs hither and thither pursuing enjoyment, and the little body is thus exercised in its every part, but it is "deceived to its good."

A GIRL of sixteen should be as care-free as a humming-bird during her vacation if it has been well-earned by conscientious study, but she may be induced to take up little home tasks voluntarily without arousing any antagonism. Her love of home may be cultivated by a sense of proprietary interest in it. Her own room may be made a little sanctum, and the pride in it and care for it will be a rehearsal for the future home that she may be mistress of. The parlor or reception-room might be left to her care, her interest being stimulated to render it attractive with fresh flowers, perhaps an artistic rearrangement, or some bit of her own handiwork, by the thought that here she shall welcome her young friends.

Should her mother need her help in caring for the house because of delicate health or modest circumstances, the girl's duty is plain before her. If she does not recognize it and lovingly insist upon sharing her mother's cares, the father should be the one to make the appeal to her sympathy and sense of right.

A feeling of incompetence lies at the root of much of the indisposition to domestic duties evinced by young girls. The practical things of life have to be learned like anything else, and a great deal of information is picked up unconsciously merely by seeing others at work.

A mother might ask her daughter to accompany her to market now and then for the pleasure of her society, and the girl, becoming familiar with the surroundings and overhearing her mother's conversation with those who serve her, would insensibly lose her shyness and be able to replace her mother at times, thus acquiring a valuable gain in self-confidence.

It is to be regretted that the old-fashioned accomplishment of sewing is quite out of favor with the present generation of maidens, and yet, I think, a mother who would guard her daughter from many annoyances and vexations in the future should insist upon her learning the deft use of her needle. An interest in making her own room dainty and attractive may prove suggestive of pretty things to be fashioned by "fingers neat and nimble."

UNLESS endowed with special talent for it cooking is often felt to be most irksome, and yet some knowledge of that art every woman should have. A cooking club often solves the difficulty delightfully, and a pleasant rivalry among its members in preparing a dainty luncheon or tea, to which the rest shall be bidden, turns work into play. Tempting the appetite of some beloved invalid by a toothsome dish of one's own making is a pleasure indeed.

But though home duties have the first claim a girl should be taught to recognize poverty, ignorance and even wickedness, as so many appeals to her patience, charity and love.

Next in importance to the recognition and fulfillment of her duty "in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call her," I think that a girl should be taught the value of physical health, and that youth is the time to lay its foundations.

It is such a joyous thing simply to live, when the body is no drag on the buoyant spirit, and a good physical condition helps one wonderfully in bearing the sorrows and troubles that are inevitable here below in this our purgatory.

Young people are proverbially careless, and while deprecating the habit of concentrating a girl's attention too much upon her health, and so leading her into suffering imaginary ills, she should be so far instructed as to exercise a general superintendence over the various functions of the body, and then let Nature's own pharmacopoea care for the rest. Plenty of fresh air, active exercise, wholesome food, sufficient rest and a lavish use of soap and water, are essential to the development of a healthy and vigorous womanhood.

In the matter of exercise it is held by physicians to be capable of proof that the benefits derived are much greater when it is attended by some form of pleasure. A walk undertaken for health's sake is generally a dreary affair, whereas a taste for botany lures one far afield, and a love for Nature in all her moods of shine and shower brings delight enough to woo a girl even from the attractions of a new novel with a box of her favorite confection.

Just as the physical muscles are developed by exercise so is the moral fibre strengthened by overcoming the difficulties that meet one in the little rubs of life, and it is misplaced kindness for parents to try to ward off every hard responsibility from a girl. She should be encouraged to meet little trials with cheerful courage, morally to "dry her eyes and laugh at a fall," to know the joy of conquering difficulty and turning stumbling-blocks into stepping-stones.

THERE are few more valuable lessons to be learned in these halcyon days of youth than that of contentment. It is largely a habit of the mind and may be acquired, since it depends more upon disposition than circumstances. The only way to be happy is to take the bits of happiness as God gives them day by day. If these be overlooked the search for the treasure will prove as disappointing as looking for the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow.

Visiting the hospitals and the homes of the poor, trying to bring a little sunshine into shadowed lives and to ease the burdens of others prove wonderful sources of contentment, and shame us into the confession of the children's hymn:

"Not more than others I deserve,  
Yet God has given me more."

"MANNERS are minor morals," and a girl should be taught, both by precept and example, that she does not fulfill every duty unless she exercises the art of pleasing. Ruskin says, "Be sure that people like a room better with you in it than out of it." Home politeness is a great preserver of family peace. Sharp criticism and disagreeable "home truths" are well nigh impossible where courtesy is habitual.

Courtesy and consideration for servants are distinguishing marks of a gentlewoman, and should be inculcated in early girlhood.

Like all transitional phases girlhood is irregular in its development, and little faults must be overlooked with the loving charity that "hopeth all things."

Scolding is worse than useless. It arouses antagonism, if only because angry looks and feelings are so contagious. One should wait until the irritation subsides before correcting any one. A reprimand given in the presence of others is apt to arouse a feeling of mortified pride that quite nullifies any impression that might otherwise be made, and it is an exceptional person that can be trusted to be the bearer of a scolding. It is apt to gather force *en route*. Argument between parents and children is unseemly, and it is always best to avoid letting the point of contest become too important.

It is so much easier to live up to a good reputation than to live down a bad one that we should be most careful how we fasten a fault upon any one. This principle in ethics is strikingly illustrated in the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" where the stern grandfather is positively shamed into becoming almost the noble gentleman that his little grandson believes him.

\* \* Mrs. Kingsland's next article in the series of "A Daughter at Sixteen" will deal with the mental and religious development of a girl.

POMONA'S TRAVELS

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

By Frank R. Stockton

[With Illustrations by A. B. Frost]



LETTER NO. VIII

CHEDCOMBE.

WILL now finish telling you about the great hay-making day. Toward the end of the afternoon a lot

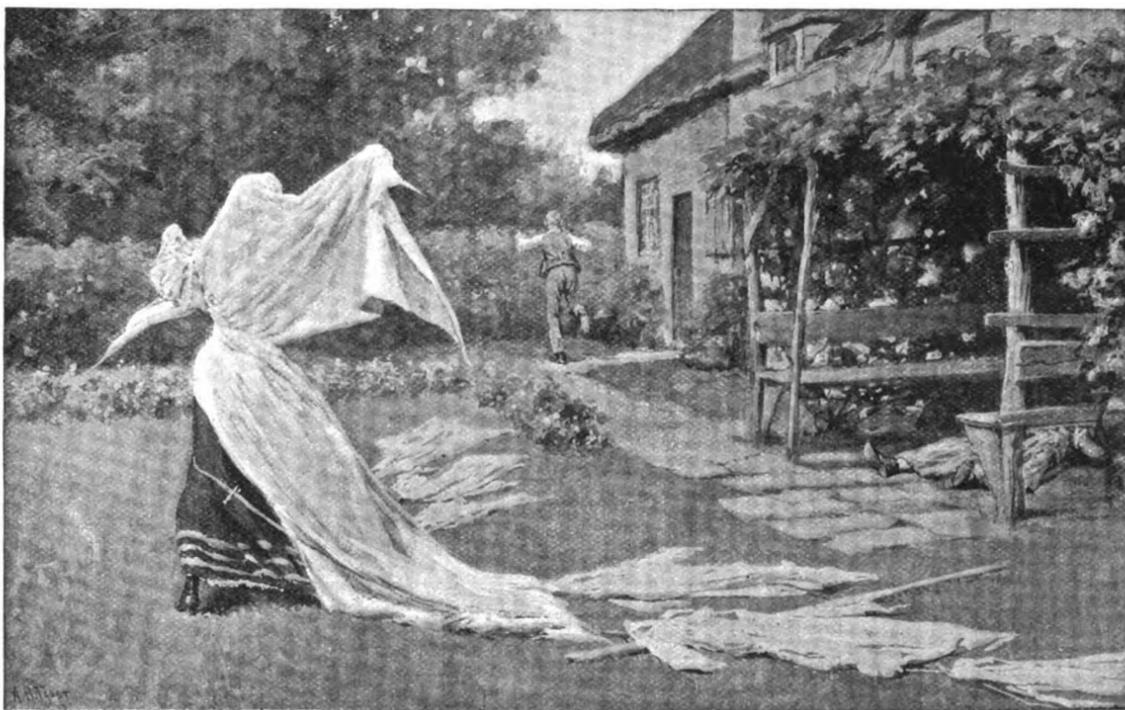
high-priced for his practice, when I happened to look across the field and there, with the bar lady at the inn, with her hat trimmed with pink, and the Marie Antoinette chambermaid, with her hat trimmed with blue, was Jone, and they was all three raking together as comfortable and confiding as if they had been singing hymns out of the same book.

Now I thought I had been sitting still long enough and so I snipped off the rest of the doctor story and got myself across that field with pretty long steps. When I reached the happy three I didn't say anything but went round in front of them and stood there throwing a sarcastic and disdainful glance upon their farming. Jone stopped working and wiped his face with

of boys and girls began playing a game which seemed to belong to the hayfield. Each one of the bigger boys would twist up a rope of hay and run after a girl, and when he had thrown it over her neck he could kiss her. Girls are girls the whole world over, and it was funny to see how some of them would run like mad to get away from the boys, and how dreadfully troubled they would be when they was caught, and yet after they had been kissed and the boys had left them they would walk innocently back to the players as if they never dreamed that anybody would think of disturbing them.

At five o'clock everybody, farm hands, ladies, gentlemen, school-children and all, took tea together. Some were seated at long tables made of planks with benches at the sides and others scattered all over the grass. Miss Ponder and our maid Hannah helped to serve the tea and sandwiches, and I was glad to see that Hannah wore her pointed white cap and her black dress, for I had on my woolen traveling suit, and I didn't want too much cart-before-the-horseness in my domestic establishment.

After tea the work and the games began again, and as I think it is always better for people to do what they can do best I turned in and helped clear away the tea things, and after that I sat down by a female person in black silk—and I am sure I didn't know whether she was the lady of the manor or somebody else, until I heard some h-words come out in her talk, and then I knew she was the latter—and she told me ever so much about the people in the village, and why the rector wasn't there on account of a dispute about the altar cloths, and she was just beginning to tell me about the doctor's wife sending her daughters to a school that was much too



"At last I did get on my feet"

his handkerchief as if he was hot and tired, but hadn't thought of it until just then, and the two girls, they stopped too.

"He's teaching us to rake, ma'am," said Miss Dick, revolving her green-gage eyes in my direction, "and really, ma'am, it's wonderful to see how good he does it. You Americans are so awful clever."

was a good deal surprised that we should think that there was anything uncommon in that, coming from a country where everybody was free and equal. Jone was smoking his pipe, and when it draws well and he's had a good dinner and I haven't anything particular to say, he often likes to talk slow and preach little sermons.

"Yes, sir," said he, after considering the matter a little while, "according to the Constitution of the United States we are all free and equal, but there's a good many things the Constitution doesn't touch on, and one of them is the sorting out and sizing up of the population. Now you people over here are like the metal types that the printers use. You've all got your letters on one end of you and you know just where you belong, and if you happen to be knocked into 'pi' and mixed all up in a pile, it is easy enough to pick you out and put you all in your proper cases, but it's different with us. According to the Constitution we're like a lot of carpet-tacks, one just the same as another, though in fact we're not alike, and it would not be easy if we got mixed up, say in a hayfield, to get ourselves all sorted out again according to the breadth of our heads and the sharpness of our points, so we don't like to do too much mixing, don't you see?" To which Mr. Poplington said he didn't see, and then I explained to him that what Jone meant was that though in our country we was all equally free it didn't do for us to be as freely equal as the people are sometimes over here, to which Mr. Poplington said,

"Really!" but he didn't seem to be standing in the glaring sunlight of conviction. But the shade is often pleasant to be in, and he wound up by saying as he bid us good-night that he thought it would be a great deal better for us if we had classes at all to have them marked out plain and



"Rise, Sir Jane Puddle"

stamped so that there could be no mistake, to which I said that if we did that the most of the mistakes would come in the sorting, which, according to my reading of books and newspapers, had happened to most countries that keep up aristocracies.

I don't know that he heard all that I said for he was going up-stairs with his candle at the time, but when Jone and me got up-stairs in our own room I said to him, and he always hears everything I say, that in some ways the girls that we have for servants at home have some advantages over those we find here, to which Jone said, "Yes," and seemed to be sleepy.

LETTER NO. IX

CHEDCOMBE.

THERE was still another day of hay-making, but we couldn't wait for that because our cycles had come from London and we was all anxious to be off, and you would have laughed, madam, if you could have seen us start. Mr. Poplington went off well enough but Jone's bicycle seemed a little gay and hard to manage, and he frisked about a good deal at starting, but Jone had bought a bicycle long ago when the things first came out, and on days when the roads was good he used to go to the post-office on it, and he said that if a man had ever ridden on top of a wheel about six feet high he ought to be able to balance himself on the pair of small wheels which they use nowadays. So after getting his

long legs into working order he went very well, though with a snaky movement at first, and then I started.

Each one of us had a little hand-bag hung on our machine, and Mr. Poplington said we needn't take anything to eat for there was inns to be found everywhere in England. Hannah started me off nicely by pushing my tricycle until I got it going, and Miss Ponder waved her handkerchief from the cottage door. When Hannah left me I went along rather slow at first, but when I got used to the proper motion I began to do better and was very sure it wouldn't take me long to catch up with Jone, who was still worm-fencing his way along the road. When I got entirely away from the houses and began to smell the hedges and grassy banks so close to my nose, and feel myself gliding along over the smooth white road, my spirits began to soar like a bird and I almost felt like singing.

The few people I met didn't seem to think it was anything wonderful for a woman to ride on a tricycle and I soon began to feel as proper as if I was walking on a sidewalk. Once I came very near tangling myself up with the legs of a horse who was pulling a cart. I forgot that it was the proper thing in this country to turn to the left, and not to the right, but I gave a quick twist to my helm and just missed the cart wheel, but it was a close scratch. This turning to the right, instead of to the left, was a mistake Jone made two or three times when he began to drive me in England, but he got over it, and since my



"There, with the bar lady and the Marie Antoinette chambermaid, was Jone"

grazing the cart it's not likely I shall forget it. As I breathed a sigh of relief after escaping this danger I took in a breath full of the scent of wild roses that nearly covered a bit of hedge, and my spirits rose again.

I had asked Jone and Mr. Poplington to go ahead, because I knew I could do a great deal better if I worked along by myself for a while without being told what I ought to do and what I oughtn't to do. There is nothing that bothers me so much as to have people try to teach me things when I am puzzling them out for myself. But now I found that although they could not be far ahead I couldn't see them on account of the twists in the road and the high hedges, and so I put on steam and went along at a fine rate, sniffing the breeze like a charger of the battle-field. Before very long I came to a place where the road forked, but the road to the left seemed like a lane leading to somebody's house, so I kept on in what was plainly the main road, which made a little turn where it forked. Looking out ahead of me, to see if I could catch sight of the two men, I could not see a sign of them, but I did see that I was on the top of a long hill that seemed to lead on and down and on and down with no end to it.

I had hardly started down this hill when my tricycle became frisky and showed signs of wanting to run, and I got a little nervous for I didn't fancy going fast down a slope like that. I put on the brake but I don't believe I managed it right, for I seemed to go faster and faster, and then, as the machine didn't need any working, I took my feet off the pedals, with an idea, I think, though I can't now remember, that I would get off and walk down the hill. In an instant that thing took the bit in its teeth and away it went wildly tearing down hill. I never was so much frightened in all my life. I tried to get my feet back on the pedals but I couldn't do it, and all I could do was to keep that flying tricycle in the middle of the road. As far as I could see ahead there was not anything in the way of a wagon or a carriage that I could run into, but there was such a stretch of slope that it made me fairly dizzy. Just as I was having a little bit of comfort from thinking there was nothing in the way, a black woolly dog jumped out into the road some distance ahead of me and stood there barking. My heart fell like a bucket into a well with the rope broken. If I steered the least bit to the right or the left I believe I would have bounded over the hedge like a glass bottle from a railroad train and come down on the other side in shivers and splinters. If I didn't turn I was making a bee-line for the dog, but I had no time to think what to do, and in an instant that black woolly dog faded away like a reminiscence among the buzzing wheels of my tricycle. I felt a little bump but was ignorant of further particulars.

I was now going at what seemed like a speed of ninety or a hundred miles an hour, with the wind rushing in between my teeth like water over a mill-dam, and I felt sure that if I kept on going down that hill I should soon be whirling through space like a comet. The only way I could think of to save myself was to turn into some level place where the thing would stop, but not a cross-road did I pass, but presently I saw a little house standing back from the road, which seemed to hump itself a little at that place so as to be nearly level, and over the edge of the hump it dipped so suddenly that I could not see the rest of the road at all.

"Now," thought I to myself, "if the gate of that house is open I'll turn into it, and no matter what I run into, it would be better than going over the edge of that rise beyond and down the awful hill that must be on the other side of it." As I swooped down to the little house and reached the level ground I felt I was going a little slower but not much. However, I steered my tricycle round at just the right instant, and through the front gate I went like a flash.

I was going so fast and my mind was so wound up on account of the necessity of steering straight that I could not pay much attention to things I passed. But the scene that showed itself in front of me as I went through that little garden gate I could not help seeing and remembering. From the gate to the door of the house was a path paved with flagstones; the door was open and there must have been a low step before it; back of the door was a hall which ran through the house and this was paved with flagstones; the back door of the hall was open and outside of it was a sort of arbor with vines, and on one side of this arbor was a bench with a young man and a young woman sitting on it, holding each other by the hand, and looking into each other's eyes; the arbor opened out on to a piece of green grass with flowers of mixed colors on the edges of it, and at the back of this bit of lawn was a lot of clothes hung out on clothes-lines. Of course I could not have seen all those things at once, but they came upon me like a single picture, for in one tick of a watch I went over that flagstone path, and into that front door, and through that house, and out of that back door, and passed that young man and that young woman, and head and heels

both foremost at once, dashed slam bang into the midst of all that linen hanging out on the lines.

I heard the minglement of a groan and a scream and in an instant I was enveloped in a white, wet cloud of sheets, pillow-cases, table-cloths and underwear. Some of the things stuck so close to me and others I grabbed with such a wild clutch that nearly all the week's wash, lines and all, came down on me, wrapping me up like an apple in a dumpling—but I stopped. There was not anything in this world that would have been better for me to run into than those lines full of wet clothes.

Where the tricycle went to I didn't know, but I was lying on the grass kicking and trying to get up and to get my head free so that I could see and breathe. At last I did get on my feet, and throwing out my arms so as to shake off the sheets and pillow-cases that was clinging all over me I shook some of the things partly off my face, and with one eye I saw that couple on the bench, but only for a second. With a yell of horror and with a face whiter than the linen I was wrapped in that young man bounced from the bench, dashed past the house, made one clean jump over the hedge into the road and disappeared. As for the young woman she just flopped over and went down in a faint on the floor.

As soon as I could do it I got myself free from the clothes-line and staggered out on the grass. I was trembling so much I could scarcely walk, but when I saw that young woman looking as if she was dead on the ground I felt I must do something, and seeing a pail of water standing near by I held it over her face and poured it down on her a little at a time, and it wasn't long before she began to squirm, and then she opened her eyes and her mouth just at the same time, so that she must have swallowed about as much water as she would have taken at a meal. This brought her to, and she began to cough and splutter and look around wildly, and then I took her by the arm and helped her up on the bench.

"Don't you want a little something to drink?" I said. "Tell me where I can get you something."

She didn't answer, but began looking from one side to the other. "Is he swallowed?" said she in a whisper, with her eyes starting out of her head.

"Swallowed?" said I. "Who?"

"Davy," said she.

"Oh, your young man," said I. "He is all right unless he hurt himself jumping over the hedge. I saw him run away just as fast as he could."

"And the spirit?" said she. I looked hard at her.

"What has happened to you?" said I. "How did you come to faint?"

She was getting quieter, but she still looked wildly out of her eyes, and kept her back turned toward the bit of grass as if she was afraid to look in that direction.

"What happened to you?" said I again, for I wanted to know what she thought about my sudden appearance. It took some little time for her to get ready to answer, and then she said:

"Was you frightened, lady? Did you have to come in here? I'm sorry you found me swooned. I don't know how long I was swooned. Davy and me was sitting here talking about having the banns called, and it was a sorry talk, lady, for the vicar, he's told me four times I should not marry Davy, because he says he is a Radical, but for all that Davy and me wants the banns called all the same, but not knowing how we was to have it done, for the vicar, he's so set against Davy, and Davy, he had just got done saying to me that he was going to marry me, vicar or no vicar, banns or no banns, come what might, when that very minute, with an awful hiss, something flashed in front of us, dazzling my eyes so that I shut them and screamed, and then when I opened them again, there, in the yard back of us, was a great white spirit twice as high as the cow stable, with one eye in the middle of its forehead, turning around like a firework. I don't remember anything after that, and I don't know how long I was lying here when you came and found me, lady, but I know what it means. There is a curse on our marriage, and Davy and me will never be man and wife." And then she fell to groaning and moaning.

I felt like laughing when I thought how much like a church ghost I must have looked, standing there in solid white with my arms stretched out, but the poor girl was in such a dreadful state of mind that I sat down beside her and began to comfort her by telling her just what had happened, and that she ought to be very glad that I had found a place to turn into, and had not gone on down the hill and dashed myself into little pieces at the bottom. But it wasn't easy to cheer her up.

"Oh, Davy's gone," said she. "He'll never come back for fear of the curse. He'll be off with his uncle to sea. I'll never lay eyes on Davy again."

Just at that moment I heard somebody calling my name, and looking through the house I saw Jone at the front door and two men behind him. As I ran through the hall I saw that the two men with Jone was Mr. Poplington and a young fellow with a pale face and trembling legs.

"Is this Davy?" said I.

"Yes," said he.

"Then go back to your young woman and comfort her," I said, which he did, and when he had gone, not madly rushing into his loved one's arms, but shuffling along in a timid way, as if he was afraid the ghost hadn't gone yet, I asked Jone how he happened to think I was here, and he told me that he and Mr. Poplington had taken the road to the left when they reached the fork, because that was the proper one, but they had not gone far before he thought I might not know which way to turn, so they came back to the fork to wait for me. But I had been closer behind them than they thought, and I must have come to the fork before they turned back, so after waiting a while and going back along the road without seeing me they thought that I must have taken the right hand road, and so they came that way, going down the hill very carefully. After a while Jone found my hat in the road, which up to that moment I had not missed, and then he began to be frightened and they went on faster.

They passed the little house, and as they was going down the hill they saw ahead of them a man running as if something had happened, so they let out their bicycles and soon caught up to him. This was Davy, and when they stopped him and asked if anything was the matter he told them that a dreadful thing had come to pass. He had been working in the garden of a house about half a mile back when suddenly there came an awful crash, and a white animal sprang out of the house with a bit of a cotton mill fastened to its tail, and then, with a great peal of thunder, it vanished, and a white ghost rose up out of the ground with its arms stretching out longer and longer, reaching to clutch him by the hair. He was not afraid of anything living, but he couldn't abide spirits, so he laid down his spade and left the garden, thinking he would go and see the sexton and have him come and lay the ghost.

Then Jone went on to say that of course he could not make head or tail out of such a story as that, but when he heard that an awful row had been kicked up in a garden he immediately thought that as like as not I was in it, and so he and Mr. Poplington ran back, leaving their bicycles against the hedge and bringing the young man with them.

Then I told my story and Mr. Poplington said it was a mercy I was not killed, and Jone didn't say much, but I could see that his teeth was grinding.

We all went into the back yard, and there, on the other side of the clothes, which was scattered all over the ground, we found my tricycle, jammed into a lot of gooseberry bushes, and when it was dragged out we found it was not hurt a bit. Davy and his young woman was standing in the arbor looking very sheepish, especially Davy, for she had told him what it was that had scared him. As we was going through the house, Jone taking my tricycle, I stopped to say good-by to the girl.

"Now that you see there has been no curse and no ghost," said I, "I hope that you will soon have your banns called, and that you and your young man will be married all right."

"Thank you very much, ma'am," said she, "but I'm awful fearful about it. Davy may say what he pleases, but my mother never will let me marry him if the vicar's agen it; and Davy wouldn't have been here to-day if she hadn't gone to town, and the vicar's a hard man, and a strong Tory, and he'll always be agen it, I fear."

When I went out into the front yard I found Mr. Poplington and Jone sitting on a little stone bench, for they was tired, and I told them about that young woman and Davy.

"Humph," said Mr. Poplington, "I know the vicar of the parish. He is the Rev. Osmun Green. He's a good Conservative and is perfectly right in trying to keep that poor girl from marrying a wretched Radical."

I looked straight at him and said: "Do you mean, sir, to put politics before matrimonial happiness?"

"No, I don't," said he, "but a girl can't expect matrimonial happiness with a Radical."

I saw that Jone was about to say something here, but I got in ahead of him.

"I will tell you what it is, sir," said I. "If you think it is wrong to be a Radical the best thing you can do is to write to your friend, that vicar, and advise him to get those two young people married as soon as possible, for it is easy to see that she is going to rule the roost, and if anybody can get his Radicalistics out of him she will be the one to do it."

Mr. Poplington laughed and said that as the man looked as if he was a fit subject to be henpecked it might be a good way of getting another Tory vote.

"But," said he, "I should think it would go against your conscience, being naturally opposed to the Conservatives, to help even by one vote."

"Oh, my conscience is all right," said I. "When politics runs against the matrimonial altar I stand up for the altar."

"Well," said he, "I'll think of it." And we started off, walking down the hill, Jone holding on to my tricycle.

When we got to level ground with about two miles to go before we would stop for luncheon, Jone took a piece of thin rope out of his pocket—he always carries some sort of cord in case of accidents—and he tied it to the back part of my machine.

"Now," said he, "I'm going to keep hold of the other end of this, and perhaps your tricycle won't run away with you."

I didn't much like going along this way, as if I was a cow being taken to market, but I could see that Jone had been so troubled and frightened about me that I didn't make any objection, and, in fact, after I got started it was a comfort to think there was a tie between Jone and me that was stronger when hilly roads came into the question than even the matrimonial tie.

#### LETTER NO. X

CHEDCOMBE, SOMERSETSHIRE.

THE place we stopped at on the first night of our cycle trip is named Porlock, and after the walking and the pushing and the strain on my mind when going down even the smallest hill for fear Jone's rope would give way, I was glad to get there.

The road into Porlock goes down a hill, the steepest I have seen yet, and we all walked down, holding our machines as if they had been fiery couriers. This hill road twists and winds so you can only see part of it at a time, and when we was about half way down we heard a horn blowing behind us, and looking around there came the mail-coach at full speed with four horses, with a lot of people on top. As this raging coach passed by it nearly took my breath away, and as soon as I could speak I said to Jone, "Don't you ever say anything in America about having the roads made narrower so that it won't cost so much to keep them in order, for in my opinion it's often the narrow road that leadeth to destruction."

When we got into the town and my mind really began to grapple with old Porlock I felt as if I was sliding backward down the slope of the centuries and liked it. As we went along Mr. Poplington told us about everything, and said that this queer little town was a fishing village and seaport in the days of the Saxons, and that King Harold was once obliged to stop there for a while, and that he passed his time making war on the neighbors.

Mr. Poplington took us to a tavern called the Ship Inn, and I simply went wild over it. It is two hundred years old and two stories high, and everything I ever read about the hostelries of the past I saw there. The queer little door led into a queer little passage paved with stone. A pair of little stairs led out of this into another little room, higher up, and on the other side of the passage was a long, mysterious hallway. We had our dinner in a tiny parlor, which reminded me of a chapter in one of those old books where they use f instead of s, and where the first word of the next page is at the bottom of the one you are reading.

There was a fireplace in the room with a window one side of it, through which you could look into the street. It was not cold, but it had begun to rain hard, and so I made the dampness an excuse for a fire.

"This is antique indeed," I said when we were at the table.

"You are right there," said Mr. Poplington, who was doing his best to carve a duck, and was a little cross about it.

When I sat before the fire that evening, and Jone was asleep on a settee of the days of yore, and Mr. Poplington had gone to bed, being tired, my soul went back to the olden time, and looking out through the little window in the fireplace I fancied I could see William the Conqueror, and the King of the Danes sneaking along the little street under the eaves of the thatched roofs, until I was so worked up that I was on the point of shouting, "Fly! oh, Saxon!" when the door opened and the maid who waited on us at the table put her head in. I took this for a sign that the curfew bell was going to ring, and so I woke up Jone and we went to bed.

But all night long the heroes of the past flocked about me. I had been reading a lot of history, and I knew them all the minute my eyes fell upon them. Charlemagne and Canute sat on the end of the bed, while Alfred the Great climbed up one of the posts until he was stopped by Hannibal's legs, who had them twisted about the post to keep himself steady. When I got up in the morning I went down-stairs into the little parlor, and there was the maid down on her knees cleaning the hearth.

"What is your name?" I said to her.

"Jane, please," said she.

"Jane what?" said I.

"Jane Puddle, please," said she.

I took a carving-knife from off the table, and standing over her I brought it down gently on top of her head. "Rise, Sir Jane Puddle," said I, to which the maid gave a smothered gasp, and would you believe it, madam, she crept out of the room on her hands and knees? The cook waited on us at breakfast, and I truly believe that the landlord and his wife breathed a sigh of relief when we left the Ship Inn, for their sordid souls had never heard of knight-hood, but knew all about assassination.

(Continuation in April JOURNAL)

A BEAUTIFUL ALIEN

By Julia Magruder

(With Illustration by A. B. Wenzell)

VII—Continued

HE baby was still asleep, and when Christine had placed it carefully on a wretched little couch, she sretched for the first time, free to think of Noel. She turned and asked him to sit down—at the same time glancing about her with a sudden rush of consciousness, which until now a nearer interest had crowded out. The poverty-stricken look of her surroundings was made the more evident by the few objects belonging to other days that lay about—a charming sacque, smartly braided and lined with rich silk, hung on the back of a chair, and a handsome traveling rug was folded under the baby on the sofa. Everything was clean, for Christine even yet had not come to contemplate the possibility of doing without a servant.

There was a small kerosene lamp on a table, over which were spread a lot of cards with their faces up. Some one had evidently been playing solitaire, and as evidently, on the witness of another sense, been accompanying the game by the smoking of bad tobacco. The room reeked with it to a degree that made Noel feel it an outrage to Christine. But what was he to do? There was but one thing. He said good-by and went away, carrying the memory of Christine's face flushed scarlet for shame.

He remembered afterward that Dallas had taken no notice of the baby—not even glancing at it or inquiring for it—a thing which the poor mother had taken as a matter of course. He thought, as he shook hands with her at parting, that Christine had tried to speak—perhaps a word of thanks—but something stopped it and she let him go in silence.

The next afternoon Noel, at the same hour, went down to the wharf and boarded the excursion boat, for the deliberate purpose of having some practical talk with Christine. He soon found her, absorbed so completely in the baby that his coming seemed scarcely to disturb for a moment the intentness of her preoccupation. This, at first, made him feel a certain irritation, but he soon had reason to congratulate himself upon an absence of self-consciousness on her part which made it the easier for him to put certain questions. Everything he inquired about she responded to with absolute honesty, and a sort of vagueness which precluded any such feelings as wounded pride. He learned, by his adroit questionings, that the Dallases were now very poor, that Dallas had been spending his principal, which was now exhausted, and that their chief means of support was the money she obtained for doing a very elaborate sort of embroidery which she had learned while at the convent. When he asked if she had all the work she wanted she said no, and that she often rang door-bells and asked ladies to give her work and was refused. She told all this with apathy, however, and seemed to have no power of acute feeling outside of her child.

Then Noel, with a beating heart, made a proposal to her which had occurred to him during the wakeful hours of the night, but which he had felt he should hardly have courage for. This was that she should come every day and give him sittings for a new picture he had in mind. When he suggested it, to his delight she caught eagerly at the idea, accepting every word he said in absolute good faith, and showing no disposition to doubt when he told her that every hour would be many times more valuable so spent than in sewing, as good models were rare and very well paid. She thanked him with the simplest gratitude, and when she heard that she would be allowed to bring her child with her she promised to come the next morning to his studio. The baby, she said, was better now, and would sleep for hours at a time, and in the afternoon she could take him on the water as usual. It was evident that there was no one else who made any demand upon her time—a significant fact to Noel.

Accordingly, next morning she came, her baby in her arms as usual. She had made an effort to dress herself attractively, looking upon the matter in a very business-like way, and so girlish and charming and delicately high-bred did she look in her French-made gown of transparent black lace, with trimmings of pale green ribbons, and a wide lace hat to match, that Noel rebelled with all his might against her lugging that absurdly superfluous baby up those long steps. Still, it was necessary to accept the inevitable, and he set his teeth and said nothing. When she had laid the sleeping child upon a lounge and turned toward him, her eyes fastened eagerly upon a great bunch of crimson roses in a blue china bowl, which Noel had gotten in honor of her coming. She did not, of course, suspect this, but he saw that here, at least, was a vivid and spontaneous feeling apart from her child, as she bent above the mass of rich color.

teeth. Noel felt a keen delight to see that she was letting herself be gay for a brief moment, but he seemed to see into the sadness back of it more plainly than ever.

"Oh, I am very happy," she said, suddenly throwing herself into a chair where she could see her sleeping child. "My baby is better—a great deal better; he has smiled twice, and is sleeping so peacefully! Yes, I am happy!—and yet the other feeling—the one that has been with me always lately—is here too. It is very strange that one can be at the same time very happy and also the most miserable woman in the world! Does this sound like craziness? I am not crazy. There are some people—did you know it?—who can't go crazy!—who never would, no matter what happened to them! A doctor told me that, and I believe it. He says it is constitutional or inherited or something like that—a physical thing—having a very strong brain that couldn't be upset!"

She rose now, and insisted that the sitting should begin. Noel saw again the unforgotten outline of her beautiful head, with its rippling dark hair drawn backward into that low knot behind.

It was in silence that she seated herself, and he began to work. He felt as if some fair saint were sitting to him, and that the picture would never come out right without

hard together and drew in her lower lip, clenching it in her teeth.

"Perhaps I ought not to speak like this," she said. "I don't know whether it is very wrong or not. But it is so long since any one was kind to me or seemed to care."

"It is not wrong," said Noel, "don't think it. Ease your heart by speaking, if it comforts you. Try to remember what we are to each other—think of me as your brother."

Thus invited, he hoped she would speak freely, but she caught her lip again, as if in the effort of self-repression, and shook her head. Noel was hurt.

"Do you not trust me?" he said. "I trust you always," she answered. "You are good and kind and true, and not like other men. Oh, how bad they are! What things they can think of a woman! The world is dark and evil, and I and my baby are alone—alone—alone!"

The vehemence of this outburst seemed to recall her to herself and her surroundings, and by a tremendous effort she managed to attain a manner and expression of calm. The baby stirred and opened its eyes, and in a moment everything else was forgotten.

A few moments later, when, with the child in her arms, she was ready to go, Noel, as he handed her her gloves and pocketbook, slipped something into the latter.

"I don't know what you will think of the reward of your morning's labor," he said, in an off-hand way. "To me it seems miserably little, although you, with your notions, may think it too much. You don't know, of course, that a model such as the one I've secured this morning is hard to get, and can always command a good price. You have fairly and honestly earned it and I hope you will be willing to come again. May I say to-morrow?"

"If baby is as well as to-day. Oh, how good you are! I hope God will bless you for being so good to me."

"I hope He would curse me if I were not," said Noel, and then, restraining his vehemence, he begged her to let him carry the baby down-stairs for her. This she utterly refused, and it cut him to the heart to feel that her reason for doing so was not so much to save him trouble as to prevent his being seen in such a condescending attitude toward his model. So he had to see her go off alone with her unnatural-looking burden. He rebelled passionately at the sight. Since the baby was—a stubborn fact in an emaciated form—and Christine could not be happy to have it out of her sight the situation should, at any rate, have had the mitigations which civilization supplies. A picturesque *bonne*, in an effective cap and apron, should have carried the child for her, and a footman should have held open the door of a comfortable carriage for her on reaching the street. Instead of which he had to meet the maddening possibility that the cabman was careless and insolent and that passers-by in the street stared at her.

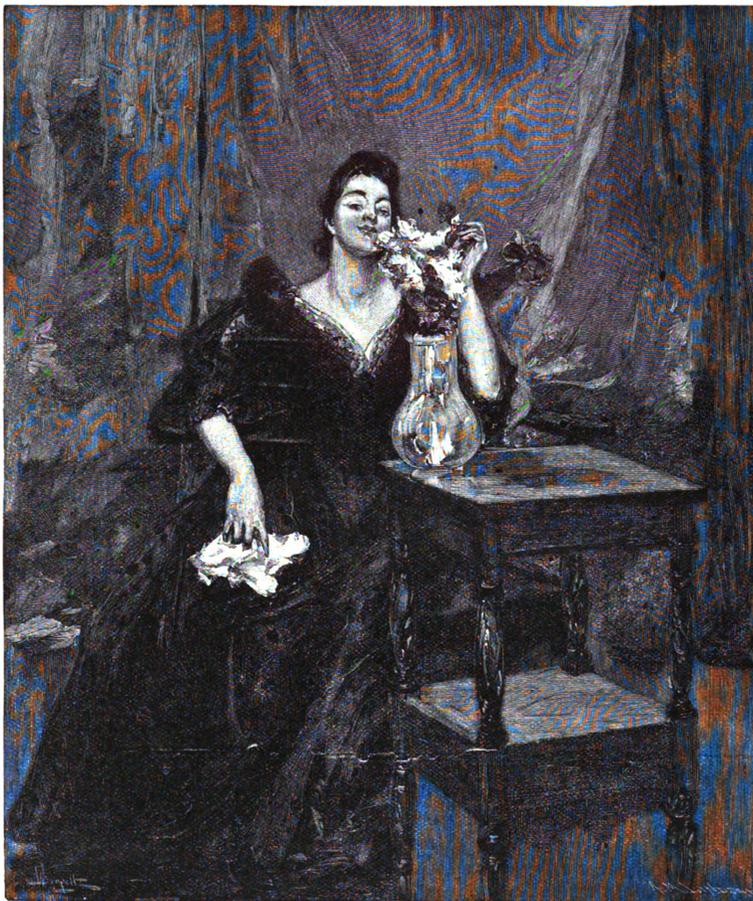
With his hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets he turned back into the studio, slamming the door behind him with his elbow, and walking moodily over to the window, where he stood a long while lost in thought. The one satisfactory reflection which the situation suggested was that he had succeeded in making Christine accept, as a natural arrangement, the fact that when artists employed models they always sent them to and from the studios in a cab, which it was the artist's business to pay for.

VIII

THE next day Christine came again, and although she was comforted by the fact that the baby still seemed better Noel thought he had never seen or imagined such absolute sadness as both her face and manner showed. The picture progressed in long spaces of absolute silence, while Christine sat as immovable as the sleeping child near by. It seemed to Noel, in spite of his inexperience, that the child lay more in a state of stupor than sleep, and that its prostration argued the very lowest degree of vitality, but Christine seemed satisfied when he was asleep and so Noel made no comment.

During the sitting that day he asked Christine if he would prove himself a nuisance to either her or her husband if he sometimes called in the evening. To the first part of the inquiry she replied that she would be glad to see him, and to the latter, with a sort of hopeless wonder, that Mr. Dallas would not mind.

Noel went once, and once only. The visit was too painful to himself, and he felt



"Oh, how good they are!" she said

"Oh, how good they are!" she said. "I seem to want to eat them, and smell them and look at them all at once."

She held them off and regarded them enjoyingly a moment and then raised them to her face again, and smelled them with audible little sniffs, even nibbling the red leaves with her white teeth, as she looked at Noel over them and smiled. He went, delighted, and brought a basket of luscious grapes which he held out to her. She took a large bunch, and holding it by the stem began to pick the grapes off one by one and eat them enjoyingly. They were pale green in color, and he noted the effect of her clear pink nails against them and the beautiful curves of the long fingers that held the stem. He poured out some water in a beautiful old Venetian goblet and offered it to her. There was a bit of ice in it, which she tinkled against the side with the delight of a child before she drank it.

"I am sure I am dreaming, perfectly sure," she said seriously. "I only hope I won't wake until I have finished this bunch of grapes."

Then she lifted the glass to her mouth, tilting it until she had gotten the ice, which she chewed up noisily with her sharp little

a nimbus round the head. As he went on with his rapid drawing in charcoal he saw a change settle heavily upon the face before him. Utter sadness seemed to come there as soon as the lines relaxed into their natural look.

At last, when he felt he had done enough to entitle her to feel that she had really rendered service, he threw a cloth over the picture and declared the sitting ended. She did not, however, ask to look at it, but went over at once to where the baby lay, and stood looking down upon him. Noel, who had followed her, stood silently beside her for some moments. Suddenly she said aloud:

"I am very miserable."

He took it in silence, as he had taken her former confession of happiness. Presently she went on:

"I said, a little while ago, that I was happy, and for a moment I seemed to feel it in spite of all the misery. God knows I don't forget to thank Him that my baby is better"—her lips trembled—"but what is his dear life to be? What is mine to be? Always like this? Oh, God help me! My heart is broken."

He thought she was going to cry, but she did not. She only clasped her hands

also to Christine, to be repeated. The hideous barrenness of the place seemed an outrage to her delicacy and made the refinement of her beauty seem cruelly out of place. But more than all, when Noel looked on the untidy negligence and brutal insensibility of the man who was at liberty to call her wife, and whom she acknowledged as husband, he felt it unbearable. He was even worse than he remembered him. Formerly he had, at least, dressed well and kept up the forms of civility. Noel could imagine that he was now glad to be rid of the trouble. He did not even care to be particular about his person since he was now in a position where that bother could be dispensed with.

As soon as Noel began to talk to Christine Dallas filled his pipe and went off to the table to play solitaire. Noel fancied that the smell of the rank tobacco, which was unimproved in quality, made the poor girl sick. It was a relief when Dallas got up after a while, and showing the cards together in a heap left the room. Then Noel inquired for the baby. Somehow he always shrank from speaking of it before Dallas.

"He is asleep up-stairs. Eliza is with him. He is better," said Christine, "but the doctor says there is no certainty until the hot weather is over. Oh, it's selfish of me to want him to live," she added, with a sudden agitation in her voice, "but it isn't that; it isn't life I want for him—only to keep him with me—to be where he is. If I could—"

She broke off huskily, and Noel, out of pity for her, got up and walked to the other end of the little room. When he got back she had recovered, and said with a smile:

"I am out of patience with myself for being gloomy now. You will think me such a poor coward. The baby is better and I will try to be bright. I said in my prayers to God that if He would let my baby get better I would be happy, and ask for nothing else. But what do you think this is?" she added, with a change of tone, drawing something from her pocket and holding it hid in her closed hand.

"I can't imagine," said Noel, full of delight to see that look of interest and amusement on her face.

"A present for you from me! Isn't that funny? It isn't anything very valuable and perhaps you won't care for it, but I have a feeling that I want you to have it. It's the cross of the Legion of Honor, which belonged to my grandfather. My mother left it to me among some trinkets of hers, which have all been sold. Don't look sorry about it; you don't know how little it matters now! This I could never have sold, and besides it is worth very little really—but I felt I wanted you to have it. Will you let me give it to you?"

She opened her hand and held it out to him with the cross lying on the palm. Noel was deeply touched.

"I never really expected to be decorated," he said, "but there is no possible way in which a decoration could come to me that could give me such pride and pleasure as this. Take it? I should think so! When I used to dream of being a painter I thought perhaps I'd have a great picture in the *Salon* and get a decoration for it. But I assure you this is better."

"Oh, what pleasant things you say!" said Christine. "You make me feel quite happy," and she held out the cross for him to take.

"I want you to fasten it on," said Noel. "I mean always to wear it. Will you pin it here?"

He turned back his coat and Christine came close to him and complied with the utmost willingness. The pin was a little blunt or rusted and it took her perhaps half a moment to put it in and fasten it. Their faces were almost on a level, and Noel's eyes looked closer than they had ever done before at her youthful loveliness. Hers were bent in complete absorption upon her task.

When she had fastened the pin she drew backward, still holding open the coat that she might see the cross in its new position. All the time she never looked at Noel, but all the time he looked at her.

"Thank you," she said simply. Noel seemed stricken with silence. His mind was confused, and he did not know what to say. And Christine, wondering that he did not speak, lifted her large eyes to his face and looked at him questioningly. Then Noel remembered himself, and in perfect recollection and self-possession he took her hands and kissed them, first one and then the other.

"You have made me your knight," he said. "Let me never forget it. I am a knight of the Legion of Honor. I shall carry this cross about me always to remind me of it. Thank you, and bless you, Christine."

Then he dropped her hands, and they sat down and fell to talking. For the first time in his recent intercourse with her she was able to speak of general subjects. There was a momentary lull in her anxiety about the baby, and in her release from that recent and heavy burden she felt a rebound from the more remote causes of unhappiness too. So they got into a talk that was easy and almost bright. They spoke

together of foreign lands familiar to them both, of music and painting, and all the things from which her present life divided her so completely that, as Christine said presently, it was like recalling dreams. And then in the midst of it Dallas came in, with his slovenly dress and horrible pipe, and Christine, with an awful look of recollection, came back to reality. It was impossible to take this man into a talk like theirs, and Noel quickly said good-night.

## IX

THE next day and the next Christine went to the studio, and the sittings passed in almost total silence. It had become more than ever impossible for them to speak to each other, and they both realized it. Then came a day on which Noel waited in vain for Christine. When morning and afternoon were passed and he got no tidings he could bear the suspense no longer, and went to the house to inquire. Old Eliza, the negro servant, opened the door for him and told him the baby was dying. His heart grew cold within him. What would Christine do? How could she bear it? He asked if the doctor had been, and was told he was now up-stairs. He inquired for Dallas. "Gone to walk," Eliza said with contempt, and then added that "He might as well be one place as another, as he didn't do no good nowhar."

Noel saw the doctor, an elderly, capable, decided man, who, as he soon found, took in the whole situation and sympathized with Christine as heartily as he excoriated her husband. Noel said he was an old friend of Christine's, who was anxious to do all that was possible for her, and had the satisfaction of seeing that he had inspired Dr. Belford with confidence in him. He soon saw that it was unnecessary to ask the good physician to see that her wants and those of the child were supplied, as his own sympathies were thoroughly enlisted, so he could only beg to be notified of anything he could possibly do, and go sadly away.

When Noel came, early next morning, a scant bit of black drapery, tied with a white ribbon, told him that the thing had happened which deprived Christine of all she loved on earth. The desire of her eyes was taken from her and her house was left unto her desolate.

Eliza opened the door, and he came inside the hall and asked her a few questions. The baby had died about midnight, the woman said. Dr. Belford had stayed until it was over. The child was now prepared for burial, the mother having done everything herself, seeming perfectly calm. She would not eat, however, and was lying on the bed by the baby. He did not need to inquire for the father, for at the end of the hall was the dining-room, where he could see Dallas, with his back turned, seated at the table, evidently making a hearty breakfast, the smell of which smote offensively the visitor's nostrils. Noel felt he must get away, and yet the thought of Christine, lying up-stairs alone by her little dead baby, seemed to pull him by his very heart-strings.

He put some money into Eliza's hand, telling her to use it as she thought necessary, and then went away. He next sought Dr. Belford and sent a message to Christine, which he felt would fall as coldly as upon the ear of a marble statue, and then he went to a florist's and sent her a great heap of pure white flowers, which he thought she might care to put about the baby. This done he felt helpless, impotent and miserable.

The next morning he went with Dr. Belford and helped to lower into the earth the treasure of Christine's heart. There were but four persons present, the mother, the clergyman, the physician and himself. Dallas had slipped from the house early in the morning, telling Eliza he would not be back, deliberately shirking the unpleasantness of the occasion. He had never shown any love for the child, but a funeral was, in itself, a painful thing, and he ran away from it. This, at least, was the explanation given by Dr. Belford. Noel felt that the kind old doctor was the being who could best help Christine now, since he had been with her through the worst of her trial. So it was he who sat beside Christine as they drove through the crowded city streets, with the little white coffin on the seat opposite. Noel went in another carriage with the clergyman, to whom he told something of Christine's history, begging him to go see her and try to give her comfort, which he promised to do. It seemed a bitter thing to him that both these men seemed to have some place and position beside Christine—and he none! He looked at her during the short service, which tortured his heart with pain for her, but, behind her thick veil her face was quite invisible, and her figure was still and cold as marble. He longed unspeakably to try to comfort her, but he felt he could not take one step until she gave some sign that she wanted him. He knew that Dr. Belford had told her that he wished to speak with her as soon as she could bear it, and now he must wait—no matter how long—until she signified her wish to have him come. She had sent him a message of thanks by Dr. Belford,

and said she would see him when she could. With that he had to be content. He felt it useless to deny the plain fact that grief had crowded every thought of him out of her heart now.

Every day he sent her flowers—although he felt assured that they all found their way to the cemetery—and every day he went to Dr. Belford to find out how she was. The report was always the same—calm, uncomplaining, hopeless!

He longed to feel that Christine thought of him with some degree of comfort, but there was absolutely no foundation for such a hope. He had always felt a certain impatient scorn of the unfortunate, and to him totally uninteresting baby, whom Christine had loved with such idolatry, but now he found himself formulating a passionate wish that he could get back the child's life for her at the sacrifice of his own. He almost felt that he could consent to it.

## X

ABOUT two weeks after the death of the baby Dr. Belford called upon Noel. It was absolutely necessary, he said, to do something to rouse Christine from her state of hopeless lethargy. He had accordingly laid his plans to do this. He had discovered, through Eliza, that all the money furnished for the support of the establishment for some time past had come from Christine, and that Dallas even applied to his wife for money for tobacco and car-fares, pretending he went out looking for work.

"As far as I can understand," said Dr. Belford, "the creature has no strong vices—he is too bloodless and inane for them. Even when he had money it doesn't appear that he gambled, and I don't believe he drinks. He is simply wanting in principle, feeling and everything. Eliza says he has scarcely spoken to his wife, or she to him, since the baby died. Indeed she never speaks a word to any one beyond what is strictly necessary. This state of things cannot go on. I told Eliza yesterday to go and ask her for money, which she did. On the heels of it I went to her and told her you wanted to begin a new picture and could find no model so suitable as herself. I asked her if she would agree. She told me then that Eliza had come to her for money to carry on the house, and that she felt she must, in some way, earn it, as she would not owe tradespeople, who could not afford to lose by her. So she asked me to tell you she would begin the sittings to-morrow."

"What a friend you are, Doctor, to her and to me!" said Noel, grasping his companion's hand.

The doctor held his hand in a resolute pressure as he looked at him keenly and said:

"I think I know my man. At all events I'm going to trust you. I haven't much belief in saints, but unless you're a double-dyed scoundrel you will never betray this trust."

Noel answered nothing. The two men grasped hands a second longer and then, each satisfied with each, they parted.

When Christine came the next morning the pity that Noel felt for her almost overcame him. It was evident that the sight of the place brought up the saddest memories, and she appeared at the door empty-armed, instead of weighted down by her helpless little burden. The look on her face, as she threw back her veil, was almost more than he could bear. By a mute little gesture she seemed to implore him not to speak of what filled the minds of both, and he obeyed her. She gave him both her hands. He felt like falling on his knees before her, and controlled himself only by a strong effort. It seemed inhuman not to do something to help her, but what could he do?

"I'm so sorry for you," was all he could say.

"Don't speak. Don't make me speak. You know I thank you for everything. I can't talk."

Then, loosing his hands, she walked off to a window and stood looking out, while Noel chose a different canvas and busied himself with preparations for work. Presently she came and placed herself calmly, and Noel began to draw. Occasionally he said some little thing, and she assented, but they both soon felt that silence was the only thing. There was no suggestion of tears in her eyes, but their look was the sadder for that. When the sitting was ended Noel tried to make her take a glass of wine or some fruit, but she turned from them almost with distaste. As she was leaving, however, she asked if she might have the roses on the table. When Noel eagerly said yes she took the great bunch in her hand and went off—he well knew where!

After that she came daily, and the picture progressed, but she, the beautiful model, remained unchanged in her hopeless apathy and misery.

One day at the close of the sitting Noel, as usual, went from the studio to his law-office. The season was dull and his partner was out of town, so it devolved on him to read and attend to the mail. He had read half through the little pile of letters which he found awaiting his attention when he took up one bearing the name

and address of a law firm in a Western town, with whom he and his partner had, from time to time, transacted business. He opened it abstractedly and began to run over the contents rather listlessly, when a name caught his eye that arrested his attention. The lawyers proposed to his partner and himself to cooperate with them in a case of bigamy. They had worked it up satisfactorily, they said, their client being the first wife of a man said to be now living with a second one in the city of Noel's residence. The man's name was Robert Dallas.

Noel sprang to his feet, while a dizziness that made him almost unconscious took possession of him. He fell back into his chair again, a chill running through all his veins. If it should be the man Christine had married so hastily in a foreign country—the father of her child! The horror of it overcame him so that for several moments he remained transfixed. Then he reflected that the name might be a mere coincidence, and took up the letter to finish it.

Every word he read strengthened the conviction that it was the Robert Dallas that he knew. There was a minute description of him, which corresponded perfectly, and the lawyer added that he had sent, by express, a photograph and specimens of his handwriting. Noel looked about him. An express parcel, which he had not noticed, lay on the table. He hastily cut the twine and opened it. There were papers and memoranda, and in an envelope a photograph. He tore it open and the weak, handsome face of the father of Christine's child confronted him. There was no longer a doubt of it; Christine, the innocent, the guileless, the confiding, the pure and sweet and lovely, had been betrayed, and by this creature, this insipid excuse for a man, whose dull and feeble beauty looked to him hideous as leprosy. What would become of her? How would she bear it? Who would take care of her when the great shock came?

A wonderful strength came into him. A force that had lain as silent and reserved as the force of steam in water surged forth at the fiery touch of the thought that had first come to him. He got up hastily and put the lawyer's letters and the parcel of papers into his iron safe and locked it. The photograph only he left out, and this he thrust into the inner pocket of his coat. As he was doing so it caught on something. It was his cross. A thought thrilled him. He was her knight of the Legion of Honor, and he felt that he had kept his trust!

He went out of the office, called a cab, and had himself driven to a street and number in a remote suburb of the city. In a quiet, pretty little house, overrun with vines, and facing a green and grassy public square as fresh and lovely as it was unfashionable, he stayed a long time, and when he emerged from it an elderly lady, dressed in black and with a white widow's cap set above her smoothly-brushed hair, came to the door with him and pressed his hand with a fervent "God bless you" as he was leaving her.

It was evident that he had inspired her with some of the ardent spirit that was animating him, for she looked eager and full of interest, and as she turned back within the house, when he had driven off, she had the manner of a person who had work to do that called forth her best energies and sympathies. Noel had the same air as he caused himself to be driven from place to place, in pursuance of some purpose which kept him occupied until far into the night.

## XI

NEXT morning when the hour for Christine's sitting came Noel was walking up and down in his studio with a face intensely pale from past sleeplessness and present excitement. He looked at his watch frequently, as if impatient, and yet the least sound made him start as if nervous and apprehensive. At last the sound he longed for and yet dreaded was heard, and he went to the door and threw it open for Christine to enter.

She came in without speaking, and throwing back her veil revealed her pale, sad face, with its look of passionless woe.

Noel took her hand as he closed the door behind her and inquired for her health. It was steadier than his, that little black-gloved hand. He felt reluctant to let it go as she withdrew it and began to take off her bonnet and gloves. When she had laid these on the table she ran her fingers with a pretty motion that he had often noticed through the loose masses of her dark hair, where it curved behind her ears. It was quite mechanical and showed an unconsciousness of self that Noel wondered whether he should ever see in her again.

She poured out a glass of water and drank half of it, and then said she was ready to begin. She looked tired, but she said she was not, and would like to begin if he were ready.

"Sit down, Christine," he said gently, "I am not ready to begin yet. I want to talk to you."

She looked surprised, but sank upon the lounge and he seated himself by her side. The utter lassitude of her expression made his task seem desperately hard to begin.

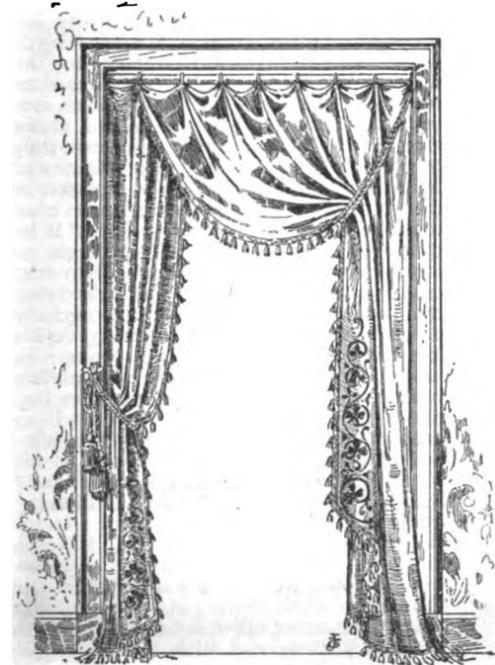
(Continuation in April JOURNAL)

ARTISTIC DOORWAYS AND WINDOWS

By James Thomson



HE decorative and artistic treatment of the windows and doorways of the interiors of our homes is a matter that every day assumes greater importance. The possibilities of the portière as an arrangement of general utility and a medium of artistic expression, had but small appreciation in this country twenty years ago.



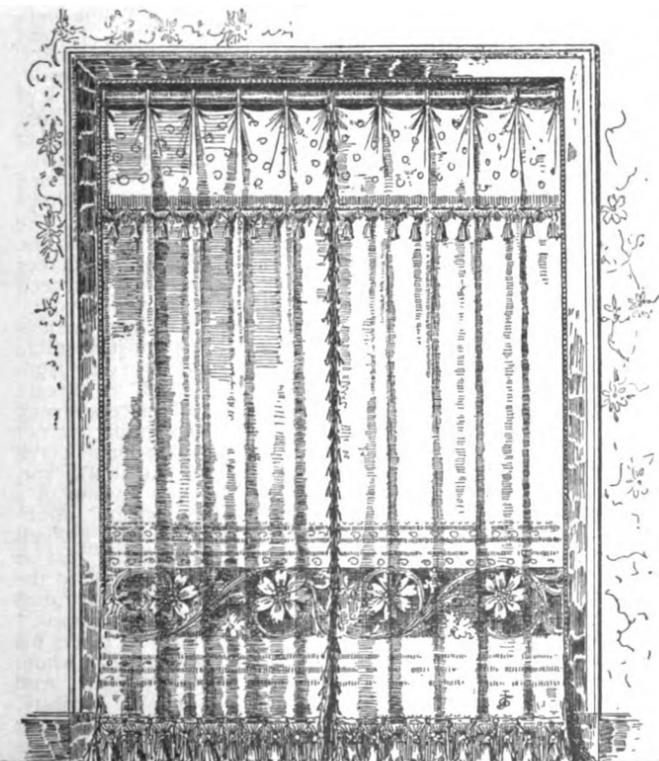
WINDOW DRAPERY (Illus. No. 3)

Who can forget the window drapery of that period, the decidedly stiff-looking contrivance known as a lambrequin, embodying in its ungainly folds about as much appearance of grace and flexibility as a sheet of tin? When long curtains and festooning were employed the result was equally depressing, the folds being so voluminous, and the detail so involved that the general effect was very far from being artistic.

The portière hanging has been rendered available in American homes by the very general introduction of steam and hot air devices for purposes of heating, thus putting it within the power of the household to keep the entire house at an even temperature, and to a great extent doing away with the necessity for doors.

NEW METHODS OF DRAPING

THE windows have also experienced a change in method of treatment, the revival of the good old fashion of using poles and rings having greatly simplified the work of putting draperies in position, so that what in former days was a matter of some little difficulty has now become comparatively easy. Curtains ready to hang in place and suitable for portières may be purchased in all colors.



ARTISTIC DOORWAY (Illus. No. 4)

ARRANGEMENT OF DRAPERIES

THESE remarks have reference more particularly to the simple hangings that slide with the aid of rings. There are numerous ways of arranging draperies, but none of them may be attained without careful measurements and much thought as to the purpose for which the room is intended to be used.

When overdraperies or festoons are introduced the difficulties assume somewhat greater proportions. These, however, are not of such moment as to deter any one with an eye for good effect and with deft fingers, from undertaking the task. It is, however, better by far to pay the competent professional his price than to perpetrate the burlesques which are not infrequently met with. Much of the drapery work done by cheap dry goods houses is of this character, and always betrays a superficial knowledge of the art. When the fabric is caught up into festoons or thrown over a pole it should appear to have a well-defined beginning and end. Care must be taken that the drapery is not placed carelessly.

SIMPLE METHODS

IT would be impossible in the limited space at my disposal to more than hint at the possibilities, by presenting a few of the simpler methods now in vogue. Illustration No. 1 represents an ordinary door opening, five feet wide and seven feet six inches high in the clear. This method admits of fastening the pole in socket ends, which is with-

out doubt the better way, both as regards appearance and stability. In this way the door architrave forms a framing for the portière, and if the woodwork is presentable, will also furnish a pleasant contrast to the woven fabric. For a low doorway, such as this one, the hangings, as usually purchased ready made, will be found rather long. This may be remedied by folding the surplus over at the top, thus forming a fringed frieze or border.

This, however, is at best a makeshift, and does not find favor with high-class upholsteries. In place of this feature there are sometimes introduced designs in appliqué work usually in gold and silver effects. These designs are arranged on heavy curtains between the folds, and are very effective.

When a portière is elaborately embellished with embroidery, particularly when showing a large all-over design, such as a branch of a vine with leaves and blossoms, it should hang straight so that it may show to the best advantage. When the border only is ornamented the curtain may be looped back and gracefully arranged to make the border the most prominent.

Door hangings present excellent opportunities for the exercise of one's talents in the way of painting, embroidery and other methods of embellishment. Where one is desirous of avoiding the commonplace, and cannot afford the high-priced and comparatively rare stuffs, there is here presented a wide field for profitable experiments in producing that which, whatever value it may lack as a work of art, will have the merit, at least, of being practical and in the best of taste.

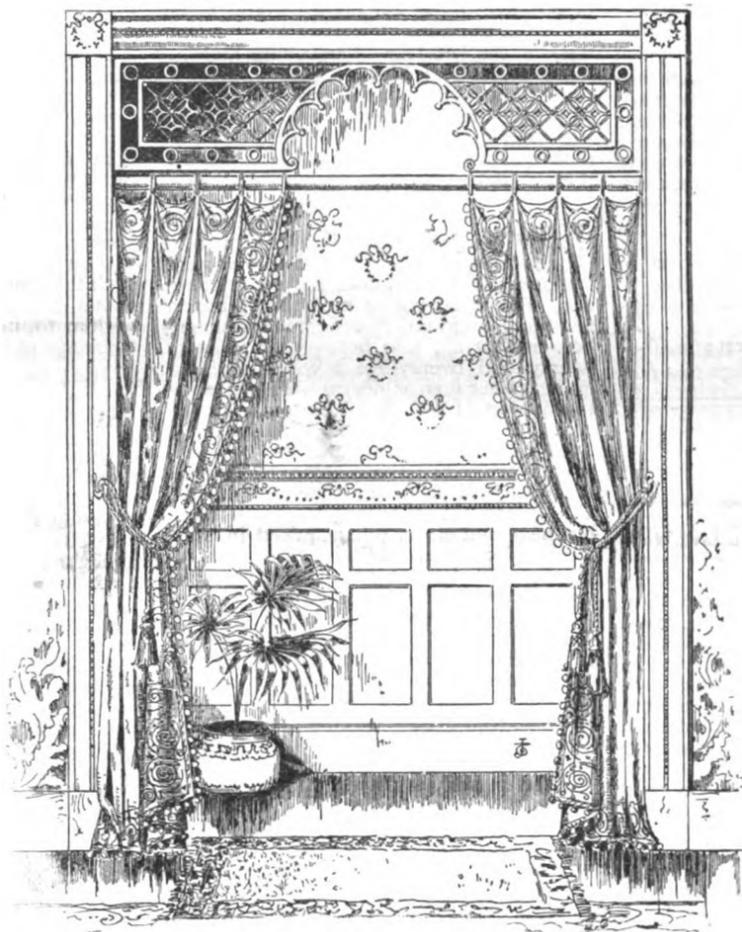
MORE ELABORATE DESIGNS

WHEN the opening is unusually high, as will often be found to be the case in old city houses, it is customary to use a grille transom frame of open fretwork or spindle work, which serves the double purpose of breaking up the monotony of plain surface and forming a very handsome decorative feature. This method of treatment is exhibited in Illustration No. 2, which represents a pair of curtains embellished with a border of embroidery, the ornament in the original curtains being in gold bullion and silver, worked on a groundwork of olive bronze double-faced velours.

OPEN LATTICE WORK

THE fretwork may be obtained in an infinite variety of patterns at prices ranging from seventy-five cents to three dollars and a half per superficial foot, finished in any color and wood, or in white enamel and gold, or all gilt. This open lattice work—delightfully reminiscent of the Orient—is a valuable adjunct in the "filling in" of awkward spaces, and is adaptable to many uses similar to that here shown.

Overdraperies are often employed in conjunction with the long curtains, and the draperies described here for windows are equally well adapted for doorways. A design which finds favor for a narrow open-



AN ELABORATE DESIGN (Illus. No. 2)

ing is shown in Illustration No. 3. This also presents an excellent opportunity for the exercise of one's talent in painting or embroidery.

WHEN HANGING DRAPERIES

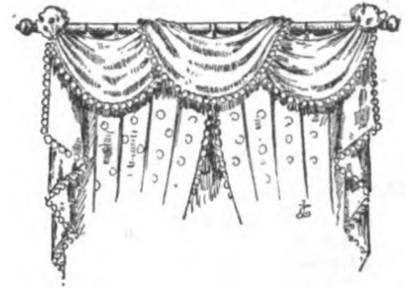
REVERTING to the subject of hanging curtains it should be said that when ever possible the pole should end in socket fastenings. Where the woodwork surrounding the doorway is of good design, and not unsightly, it should always be left in view. When it looks badly, cover it with your curtain, using a pole with ends secured on bracket fastenings. For portière draperies rings should always be used. A special kind now much employed is known as the traverse, and is notable for its easy running on the pole.

White enameled or brass poles may be used, or wood to conform with other woodwork in the room. These are now easily obtained at any of the dry goods houses, and will be cut to order ready to put in place. Where one is likely to remain in a house for some time, or is the possessor of curtains of value, it is poor economy to invest in the cheap and flimsy fixtures so frequently offered. In such a case, if one can afford it, it is far the better way to go to some reliable upholstery house and intrust them with the work.

It is also a good plan to take down and store the winter draperies during the summer months when moths are rampant. There are persons who make it their business to take draperies and rugs for safe keeping during the summer, insuring same from fire, and returning them, cleaned and in good order when the winter approaches, hanging the draperies in place and spreading the rugs and carpets. The expense for this is not large, being but a small per cent. on the original cost.

OVERDRAPERY EFFECTS

ILLUSTRATIONS Nos. 4 and 5 are intended for windows, and show the overdrapery effects with the long curtains behind them. The entire drapery may be of the same



OVERDRAPERY EFFECT (Illus. No. 4)

color and material, or two contrasting colors may be employed.

MATERIALS FOR HANGINGS

AS to materials for hangings, it is needless to particularize; their number is legion. It can no longer be said that the person with a limited purse is debarred from enjoying the delight of perfect color and form

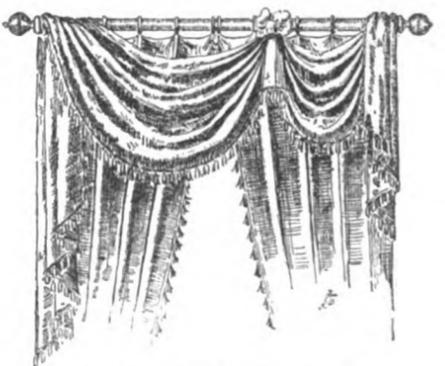
in textiles suitable for interior embellishment. In truth, there has never been a time when so much crystallized thought and effect could be purchased for so small a sum of money as at present. Designs and colorings that in former days were only possible for the princes of the earth, are, through improved methods of production and a higher standard of taste in the makers, brought within the limits of the average purse. Jute, that once despised material, and the blue jean of the laboring man have not been passed as unworthy of improvement. We now find them rivaling the more expensive fabrics in beauty of design and usefulness.

Jean, under the name of denim, is now to be found in many colors besides the well-known blue, both in plain and figure designs, and its possibilities are by no means exhausted. Jute has borrowed the beautiful designs formerly seen only in high-priced satin damasks, and the results are marvelous.

But it is in the moderate-priced silken fabrics that one can feast the eye. The most beautiful designs, copied from rare stuffs, have been utilized, with the result that is now seen in many varied hued fabrics.

CARE OF DRAPERIES

WHEN any cleaning or sweeping is in progress the heavy curtains and portières should be removed, and after being thoroughly brushed and shaken should be allowed to hang in the air until the rooms are cleaned and ready for their return. Heavy hangings will absorb the odor from cigar smoke or from any food which may be cooking, and the greatest care should therefore be taken that they be kept well aired. The doorway curtains may be so easily removed and placed in position again that there should be no excuse for any unpleasant odor being attached to them. Of course the made draperies cannot be taken down,



WINDOW DRAPERY (Illus. No. 5)

but they may always be carefully covered while the weekly cleaning is going on.

It is always well to buy good material for window and door draperies; the better qualities of goods sold for the purpose do not fade nor are they liable to grow shabby with the constant use to which they are subjected.

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Edited by

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MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT  
MISS RUTH ASHMORE  
MARGARET BOTTOME  
ROBERT J. BURDETTE  
EMMA HAYWOOD  
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## AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR



YOUNG men when they reach eighteen, and from there on until they are, say twenty-five years of age, are very apt to be walking interrogation points, and their questions are often not without interest. Letters from three such young fellows came to me recently, and as they reflect the questionings that I know are present in the minds of scores of others, it occurred to me to answer them by the types rather than by the typewriter.

There lie before me on my desk, too, the letters of three or four young women who, likewise, are troubled with uncertainties on some special topics, and these I shall answer to the best of my ability on this page next month. But to the three uncertain young men first.

One of these young men in his letter is particularly reflective of a state of feeling in which hundreds of others have found themselves.

He writes me that he is twenty, and is impatient because he doesn't make the progress in his business which he feels that he should. He confesses that he is not so very much dissatisfied with his salary, which is twenty-two dollars per week, although he thinks it ought to be forty dollars; unfortunately, however, his employers do not seem to think so, and he is quite sure that he is "being kept back." He concedes that he is "becoming impatient," but he insists that he has reason to feel so.

Well, I felt precisely the same way when I was twenty, only my salary was eighteen dollars and thirty-three cents per week, and I felt quite sure that the figures ought to be reversed. And there were several positions just beyond me, too, which I felt I should justly be asked to occupy. But I wasn't, and, of course, I felt grieved. I considered myself absolutely imposed upon. Now, when I look back upon that time I can see that the reason my salary wasn't thirty-three dollars and eighteen cents was simply because I wasn't capable of earning that amount. And the reason I didn't get those several positions just ahead of me was because I couldn't have filled them if I had gotten them—not one of them. But I'm a little more than twenty now, and my correspondent when he is about ten years older, will understand a great many things that are not very clear to him just now. Of course, he probably will not choose to believe this; youths of twenty are not apt to believe much that is told them, since they have so little to learn.

NOW, if I were back to twenty again and, with my later knowledge, was earning twenty-two dollars per week, I should not only be satisfied, but I should be intensely thankful. I think, too, that the knowledge that there were thousands of men of forty and fifty years who were not earning as much would help me endure the ordeal. I think that instead of rebelling at the fact that I was earning twenty-two dollars I would rather devote my time trying to find the best way of doubling it. I might not be able to make it twenty-five dollars for a year or two, but I would endeavor to. In fact, if we look over the field, there are more young men of twenty-one who are worth less than twenty-five dollars per week than there are who are worth that or more. And one proof of this is found in the fact that in New York City alone there are tens of thousands of young men at that age who are not earning eighteen dollars per week. The fact of the matter is that young men of twenty-one are not such tremendous factors in the business world as they are sometimes apt to think. In addition to all this, I might be tempted to believe that too rapid advance might not be the best thing in the world for me. Too large an income, even when deserved, is far often more of a hindrance to a young man of twenty-one or thereabouts than a help. What I would feel willing to do would be this: If I felt that my employer was a man of honor and judgment I would leave myself in his hands for a while. I would do him the courtesy of believing that he knew more than I did. A man at fifty is sometimes apt to know more—if only a very little more—than a boy of twenty, and if I had his confidence and felt that I was pleasing him with my services, I would let it go at that—for a time, at any rate.

THERE are hundreds of young men in business to-day who feel just as restless and impatient as does my correspondent. But these young men should bear a few things in mind. They should remember, first of all, that between the years of twenty and twenty-five a young man acquires rather than achieves. It is the learning period of life, the experience-gaining time. Knowledge that is worth anything does not come to us until we are past twenty-five. The mind, before that age, is incapable of forming wise judgments. The great art of accurate decision in business matters is not acquired in a few weeks of commercial life. It is the result of years. It is not only the power within himself, but the experience behind him, that makes a successful business man. The commercial world is only a greater school than the one of slates and slate-pencils. No boy, after attending school for five years, would consider himself competent to teach. And surely five years of commercial apprenticeship will not fit a young man to assume a position of trust, or give him the capacity to decide upon important business matters. In the first five years, yes, the first ten years of a young man's business life, he is only in the primary department of the great commercial world. It is for him, then, to study methods, to observe other men—in short, to learn and not to hope to achieve. That will come later. Business, simple as it may look to the young man, is, nevertheless, a very intricate affair, and it is only by years of closest study that we master an understanding of it.

THE electric atmosphere of the American business world is all too apt to make our young men impatient. They want to fly before they can even walk well. Ambition is a splendid thing in any young man. But he must not forget that, like fire and water, it makes a good servant but a poor master. Getting along too fast is just as injurious as getting along too slow. A young man between twenty and twenty-five must be patient. I know patience is a difficult thing to cultivate, but it is among the first lessons we must learn in business. A good stock of patience, acquired in early life, will stand a man in good stead in later years. It is a handy thing to have and draw upon, and makes a splendid safety-valve. Because a young man, as he approaches twenty-five, begins to see things more plainly than he did five years before, he mustn't get the idea that he is a business man yet, and entitled to a man's salary. If business questions, which he didn't understand five years before, now begin to look clearer to him, it is because he is passing through the transitory state that divides the immature judgment of the young man and the ripening penetration of the man. He is simply beginning. From then he will grow, and his salary will grow as he grows. But Rome wasn't built in a day, and a business man isn't made in a night. As experience comes, the judgment will become mature, and by the time the young man reaches thirty he will begin to realize that he didn't know as much at twenty-five as he thought he did. And when he is ready to learn from others he will begin to grow wise. And when he reaches that state where he is willing to concede that he hasn't a "corner" on knowledge in this world, he will be stepping out of the chrysalis of youth.

ANOTHER young man is evidently not quite sure of himself. He is nineteen, writes a straightforward, clear-cut letter, and shows that his intelligence is, in many respects, above the average. He is well-bred and well-connected, as I chance to know. But he thinks his father's home—one of refinement—and the circle in which he moves do not give him a sufficient chance for a broad view of life. He has a longing to see "the other side"—the dark side. That will broaden him, he feels, and yet he is not quite certain that he should examine the dark side, wherein is shown the value of a good moral training. But his question is this:

"Whether, in order for a young man to have a broad view of life, it is wise for him to see every phase of life; to be frank, I mean the darker side of the world—that side where women and men are different from those who come to my father's house? Is there truth in the theory that it is really good for a man to 'sow his wild oats' in his young manhood days?"

SO far as a young man "sowing his wild oats" is concerned, to consider the last query first, it has always seemed a pity to me that the man who framed that sentence didn't die before he constructed it. From the way some people talk one would imagine that every man had instilled into him at his birth a certain amount of deviltry which he must get rid of before he can become a man of honor. Now, what is called "sowing wild oats" is nothing more nor less than self-degradation to any young man. It doesn't make a man one particle more of a man because he has passed through a siege of riotous living and indiscretion when he was nineteen or twenty; it makes him just so much less of a man. It dwarfs his views of life far more than it broadens them. And he realizes this afterward. And he doesn't know one iota more of "life," except a certain phase of it, which, if it has glitter for him in youth, becomes a repellent remembrance to him when he is matured. There is no such thing as an investigating period in a man's life; at one period it is as important to him to be honorable and true to the teachings of his mother as at another.

NO young man need seek this "darker side of life" of which my correspondent speaks. The good Lord knows that it forces itself upon our attention soon enough. It does not wait to be sought. A young man need not be afraid that he will fail to see it. He will see plenty of it, and without any seeking on his part either. And even if he does fail he is the gainer. There are a great many things which we can accept by inference as existing in this world. It is not a liberal education to see them. Too many young men have a burning itch to see wickedness—not to indulge in it, as they are quick to explain, but simply to see it. But the thousands of men who have never seen it have never felt themselves the losers. If anything, they are glad of it. It does not raise a man's ideal to come into contact with certain types of manhood or womanhood which are only removed from the lowest types of the animal kingdom by virtue of the fact that the Creator chose to have them get through the world on two legs instead of four. The loftiest ideal of womanhood that a young man can form in his impressionable days will prove none too high for him in his years of maturity. To be true to the best that is within a man means, above all, to be an earnest believer in the very best qualities of womanhood. Let him take by inference that there are two types of women, the good and the bad. But he will be wiser and happier if he associate only with the former. There are hundreds of good women in this world to every one of the contrasting element. No young man has, therefore, a valid excuse for seeking the latter.

A BROAD view of life, my dear fellow, means the cultivation of a mind that can take in every part of the horizon of the truest living; that can see good in everything; that accepts the good and rejects, not investigates, the bad. Leave that to some one else to do. The outlook from the wheel-house of an ocean steamer is far better than it is from the stoke-hole. Curiosity may lead some people to go down and look into the stoke-holes of life, but take my word for it, you will find the atmosphere purer and the vision clearer if you stay in the wheel-house. To see "the wheels go round" is a very instructive thing to do in directions where the motive is a good one, prompted by lofty ideas. But some "wheels" are far better unseen. Satisfy a healthy curiosity always, but shun the other kind. There is no satisfaction to be had, and a man whose curiosity overcomes him is always disgusted with the poor return he receives for his trouble. The young man who reaches manhood without a knowledge of the dark and vicious side of human nature is far better off than the one who has seen it. He will lose nothing by not having seen it; not an ounce less of respect will be meted out to him. But he will feel prouder himself, and men will respect him infinitely more for the strength of his will power.

MY third correspondent propounds to me perhaps the most direct question. He expresses it in this wise:

"Is a life built upon religious principles really compatible with a young man's business success in these days?"

Why "these days" I wonder? Surely, business success means the same to-day as it did at any other time. But to the main question, which is but another way of asking, "Does it really pay to be honest in business?"

Now, the simple fact of the matter is that a business success is absolutely impossible upon any other basis than an honorable one, followed upon lines of the very strictest honesty.

THE great trouble with young men nowadays is that their ideas are altogether too much influenced by a few unfortunate examples of apparent success which are prominent—too prominent, alas—in American life to-day. These examples—for the most part representing politicians—are regarded in the eyes of the world as successful. That is, they are talked about incessantly; interviewed by reporters; they buy lavish diamonds for their wives and build costly houses—all duly reported in the newspapers—and young men read these things and ask themselves, "If he can, why not I?" Then they begin to look around for some "short cut to success," as one young fellow expressed it to me not long since. And it is precisely through this method of "cutting across lots" in business that scores of young men find themselves, after a while, completely baffled. And the man who has once had about him an unsavory taint in his business methods, rarely, very rarely rids himself of that atmosphere in the eyes of his *confères*. How often we see some young man in business, representative of the very qualities that should win success. Every one agrees that he is brilliant. "He is clever" is the general verdict. He impresses one well in his manner, he is thoroughly businesslike, is energetic, and yet, somehow or other, he never seems to get into a place and stick there. People wonder at it, and excuse it on the ground that he hasn't quite found his right place. But some day the secret is explained. "Yes, he is clever," says some old business man, "but do you know, he isn't—well, he isn't just safe!" "Just safe!" How much that expresses; how clearly that defines hundreds and hundreds of the smartest young men in business to-day. He is everything else—but he isn't "quite safe!" He is not dishonest in any way, but he is, what is equally as bad, not quite reliable. To attain success he has, in other words, tried to "cut across lots." And rainbow-chasing is really a very commendable business in comparison to a young man's search for the "royal road to success." No success worth attaining is easy; the greater the obstacles to overcome, the surer is the success when attained. "Royal roads" are poor highways to travel in any pursuit, and especially in a business calling.

IT is strange how reluctant young men are to accept, as the most vital truth in life, that the most absolute honesty is the only kind of honesty that succeeds in business. It isn't a question of religion or religious beliefs. Honesty does not depend upon any religious creed or dogma that was ever conceived. It is a question of a young man's own conscience. He knows what is right and what is wrong. And yet, simple as the matter is, it is astonishing how difficult it is of understanding. An honest course in business seems too slow to the average young man. "I can't afford to plod along. I must strike and strike quickly," is the sentiment. Ah, yes, my friend, but not dishonestly. No young man can afford to even think of dishonesty. Success on honorable lines may sometimes seem slower in coming, but when it does come it outrivals in permanency all the so-called successes gained by other methods. To look at the methods of others is always a mistake. The successes of to-day are not given to the imitator but to the originator. It makes no difference how other men may succeed—their success is theirs and not yours. You cannot partake of it. Every man is a law unto himself. The most absolute integrity is the one and the only sure foundation of success. Such a success is lasting. Other kinds of successes may seem so, but it is all in the seeming and not in the reality. Let a young man swerve from the path of honesty and it will surprise him how quickly every avenue of a lasting success is closed against him. Making money dishonestly is the most difficult thing to accomplish in the world, just as lying is the practice most wearing to the mind. It is the young man of unquestioned integrity who is selected for the important position. No business man ever places his business in the hands of a young man whom he feels he cannot absolutely trust. And to be trusted means to be honest. Honesty, and that alone, commands confidence. An honest life, well directed, is the only life for a young man to lead. It is the one life that is compatible with the largest and surest business success.



## MY LITERARY PASSIONS

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS



**A**FTER my day's work at the case I toiled the evening away at my boyish literary attempts, forcing my poor invention in that unnatural kind, and rubbing and polishing at my wretched verses till they did sometimes take on an effect, which, if it was not like Pope's, was like none of mine. With all my pains I do not think I ever managed to bring any of my pastorals to a satisfactory close. They all stopped somewhere about half way. My swains could not think of anything more to say, and the merits of my shepherdesses remained undecided. To this day I do not know whether in any given instance it was the champion of Chloe or of Sylvia that carried off the prize for his fair, but I dare say it does not much matter. I am sure that I produced a rhetoric as artificial and treated of things as unreal as my master in the art, and I am rather glad that I acquainted myself so thoroughly with a mood of literature, which, whatever we may say against it, seems to have expressed very perfectly a mood of civilization.

**T**HE severe schooling I gave myself was not without its immediate use. I learned how to choose between words after a study of their fitness, and though I often employed them decoratively and with no vital sense of their qualities, still in mere decoration they had to be chosen intelligently, and after some thought about their structure and meaning. I could not imitate Pope without imitating his methods, and his method was to the last degree intelligent. He certainly knew what he was doing, and although I did not always know what I was doing he made me wish to know, and ashamed of not knowing. There are several wiser poets who might not have done this. And after all the modern contempt of Pope he seems to me to have been at least one of the great masters, if not one of the great poets. The poor man's life was as weak and crooked as his frail, tormented body, but he had a dauntless spirit, and he fought his way against odds that might well have appalled a stronger nature. I suppose I must own that he was from time to time a snob, and from time to time a liar, but I believe that he loved the truth, and would have liked always to respect himself if he could. He violently revolted, now and again, from the abasement to which he forced himself, and he always bit the heel that trod on him, especially if it was a very high, narrow heel, with a clocked stocking and a hooped skirt above it. I loved him greatly at one time, and afterward despised him greatly, but now I am not sorry for the love, and I am very sorry for the despite. I humbly own a vast debt to him, not the least part of which is the perception that he is a model of ever so much more to be shunned than to be followed in literature.

**H**E was the first of the writers of great Anna's time whom I knew, and he made me ready to understand, if he did not make me understand at once, the order of mind and life which he belonged to. Thanks to his pastorals I could long afterward enjoy with the double sense requisite for full pleasure in them, such divinely excellent artificialities as Tasso's Aminta and Guarini's Pastor Fido; things which you will only thoroughly like after you are in the joke of thinking how people once seriously liked them as high examples of poetry.

Of course I read other things of Pope's besides his pastorals, even at the time I read these so much. I read, or not very easily or willingly read at, his Essay on Man, which my father admired, and which he probably put Pope's works into my hands to have me read; and I read the Dunciad, with quite a furious ardor in the tiresome quarrels it celebrated, and an interest in its machinery, which it fatigues me to think of. But it was only a few years ago that I read the Rape of the Lock, a thing perfect of its kind, whatever we may choose to think of the kind. Upon the whole I think much better of the kind than I once did, though still not so much as I should have thought if I had read the poem when the fever of my love for Pope was the highest.

**I**T is a nice question how far one is helped or hurt by one's idealizations of historical or imaginary characters, and I shall not try to answer it fully. I suppose that if I once cherished such a passion for Pope personally that I would willingly have done the things that he did, and told the lies,

and vented the malice, and inflicted the cruelties that the poor soul was full of, it was for the reason, partly, that I did not see these things as they were, and that in the glamour of his talent I was blind to all but the virtues of his defects, which he certainly had, and partly in my love of him I could not take part against him, even when I knew him to be wrong. After all, I fancy not much harm comes to the devoted boy from his enthusiasms for this imperfect hero or that. In my own case I am sure that I distinguished as to certain sins in my idols. I could not cast them down or cease to worship them, but some of their frailties grieved me and put me to secret shame for them. I did not even excuse these things in them, or try to believe that they were less evil for them than they would have been for less people. This was after I came more or less to the knowledge of good and evil. While I remained in the innocence of childhood I did not even understand the wrong. When I realized what lives some of my poets had led, how they were drunkards, and swindlers, and unchaste and untrue, I lamented over them with a sense of personal disgrace in them, and to this day I have no patience with that code of the world which relaxes itself in behalf of the brilliant and gifted offender; rather he should suffer more blame. The worst of the literature of past times, before an ethical conscience began to inform it, or the advance of the race compelled it to decency, is that it leaves the mind foul with filthy images and base thoughts; but what I have been trying to say is that the boy, unless he is exceptionally depraved beforehand, is saved from these through his ignorance. Still I wish they were not there, and I hope the time will come when the beast-man will be so far subdued and tamed in us that the memory of him in literature shall be left to perish; that what is lewd and ribald in the great poets shall be left out of such editions as are meant for general reading, and that the pedant-pride which now perpetuates it as an essential part of those poets shall no longer have its way. At the end of the ends such things do defile, they do corrupt. We may palliate them or excuse them for this reason or that, but that is the truth, and I do not see why they should not be dropped out of literature, as they were long ago dropped out of the talk of decent people. The literary histories might keep record of them, but it is loathsome to think of those heaps of ordure, accumulated from generation to generation, and carefully passed down from age to age as something precious and vital, and not justly regarded as the moral offal which they are.

**D**URING the winter we passed at Columbus I suppose that my father read things aloud to us after his old habit, and that I listened with the rest. I have a dim notion of first knowing Thomson's Castle of Indolence in this way, but I was getting more and more impatient of having things read to me. The trouble was that I caught some thought or image from the text, and that my fancy remained playing with that while the reading went on, and I lost the rest. But I think the reading was less in every way than it had been, because our work was exacting and our leisure less. My own hours in the printing office began at seven and ended at six, with an hour at noon for dinner, which I often used in part for putting down such verses as had come to me during the morning. As soon as supper was over at night I got out my manuscripts, which I always kept in great disorder, and written in several different hands on several different kinds of paper, and sawed, and filed, and hammered away at my blessed Popean heroics till nine, when I went regularly to bed, to rise again at five. Sometimes the foreman gave me an afternoon off on Saturdays, and though the days were long the work was not always constant, and was never very severe. I suspect now the office was not so prosperous as might have been wished. I was shifted from place to place in it, and there was plenty of time for my day-dreams over the distribution of my case. I was very fond of my work though, and proud of my swiftness and skill in it. Once when the perplexed foreman could not think of any task to set me he offered me a holiday, but I would not take it, so I fancy that at this time I was not more interested in my art of poetry than in my trade of printing. What went on in the office interested me as much as the quarrels of the Augustan age of English letters, and I made much more record of it in the crude and shapeless diary which I kept, partly in verse and partly in prose, but always of a distinctly lower literary kind, than that I was trying otherwise to write.

**T**HERE must have been some mention in it of the tremendous combat I saw there one day with wet sponges between two of the boys who hurled them back and forth at each other. This amicable fray, carried on during the foreman's absence, forced upon my notice for the first time the boy who has come to be a name well-known in literature. I admired his vigor as a combatant, but I never spoke to him at that time, and I never dreamed that he, too, was effervescing with verse, probably as fiercely as myself. Six or seven years later we met again, when we had both become journalists, and had both had poems accepted by Mr. Lowell for the Atlantic Monthly, and then we formed a literary friendship which eventuated in the joint publication of a volume of verse. The Poems of Two Friends became instantly and lastingly unknown to fame; the West waited, as it always does, to hear what the East should say; the East said nothing, and two-thirds of the small edition of five hundred came back upon the publisher's hands. I imagine these copies were "ground up" in the manner of worthless stock, for I saw a single example of the book quoted the other day in a bookseller's catalogue at ten dollars, and I infer that it is so rare as to be prized at least for its rarity. It was a very pretty little book, printed on tinted paper then called "blush" in the trade, and it was manufactured in the same office where we had once been boys together, unknown to each other. Another boy of that time had by this time become foreman in the office, and he was very severe with us about the proofs, and sent us hurting messages on the margins. Perhaps he thought we might be going to take on airs, and perhaps we might have taken on airs if the fate of our book had been different. As it was I really think we behaved with sufficient meekness, and after thirty-four or five years for reflection I am still of a very modest mind about my share of the book, in spite of the price it bears on the bookseller's catalogue. But I have steadily grown in liking for my friend's share in it, and I think that there is at present no American of twenty-three writing verse of so good a quality, with an ideal so pure and high, and from an impulse so authentic as John J. Piatt's were then. He already knew how to breathe into his glowing rhyme the very spirit of the region where we were both native, and in him the Middle West has its true poet, who was much more than its poet, who had a rich and tender imagination, a lovely sense of color, and a touch even then securely and fully his own. I was reading over his poems in that poor little book a few days ago, and wondering with shame and contrition that I had not at once known their incomparable superiority to mine. But I used then and for long afterward to tax him with obscurity, not knowing that my own want of simplicity and directness was to blame for that effect.

**M**Y reading from the first was such as to enamor me of clearness, of definiteness; anything left in the vague was intolerable to me, but my long subjection to Pope, while it was useful in other ways, made me so strictly literary in my point of view that sometimes I could not see what was, if more naturally approached and without any technical preoccupation, perfectly transparent. It remained for another great passion, perhaps the greatest of my life, to fuse these gyves in which I was trying so hard to dance, and free me forever from the bonds which I had spent so much time and trouble to involve myself in. But I was not to know that passion for five or six years yet, and in the meantime I kept on as I had been going, and worked out my deliverance in the predestined way. What I liked then was regularity, uniformity, exactness. I did not conceive of literature as the expression of life, and I could not imagine that it ought to be desultory, mutable and unfixed, even if at the risk of some vagueness.

**M**Y father was very fond of Byron, and I must before this have known that his poems were in our bookcase. While we were still in Columbus I must have begun to read them, but I did not read so much of them as could have helped me to a truer and freer ideal. I read English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, and I liked its vulgar music and its heavy-handed sarcasm. These would, perhaps, have fascinated any boy, but I had such a fanaticism for methodical verse that any variation from the octosyllabic and decasyllabic couplets was painful to me. The Spenserian stanza, with its rich variety of movement and its harmonious closes, long shut Childe Harold from me, and whenever I found a poem in any book which did not rhyme its second line with its first I read it unwillingly or not at all. This craze would not last, of course, but it lasted beyond our stay in Columbus, which ended with the winter, when the Legislature adjourned, and my father's employment ceased. He tried to find some editorial work on the paper which had printed his reports, but every place was full, and it was hopeless to dream of getting a proprietary interest in it. We had nothing, and we must seek a chance

where something besides money would avail us. This offered itself in the village of Ashtabula, in the northeastern corner of the State, and there we all found ourselves one moonlight night of early summer. The Lake Shore Railroad then ended at Ashtabula, in a bank of sand, and my elder brother and I walked up from the station, while the rest of the family, which pretty well filled the omnibus, rode. We had been very happy in Columbus, as we were apt to be anywhere, but none of us liked the narrowness of city streets, even so near to the woods as those were, and we were eager for the country again. We had always lived hitherto in large towns, except for that year at the Mills, and we were eager to see what a village was like, especially a village peopled wholly by Yankees, as our father had reported it. I must own that we found it far prettier than anything we had seen in Southern Ohio, which we were so fond of and so loath to leave, and as I look back it still seems to me one of the prettiest little places I have ever known, with its white wooden houses, glimmering in the dark of its elms and maples, and their silent gardens beside each, and the silent, grass-bordered, sandy streets between them. The hotel, where we rejoined our family, lurked behind a group of lofty elms, and we drank at the town pump before it just for the pleasure of pumping it.

The village was all we could have imagined of simply and sweetly romantic in the moonlight, and when the day came it did not rob it of its charm. It was as lovely in my eyes as the loveliest village of the plain, and it had the advantage of realizing the Deserted Village without being deserted.

**T**HE book that moved me most, in our stay of six months at Ashtabula, was then beginning to move the whole world more than any other book has moved it. I read it as it came out week after week in the old National Era, and I broke my heart over Uncle Tom's Cabin, as every one else did. Yet I cannot say that it was a passion of mine like Don Quixote, or the other books that I have loved intensely. I felt its greatness when I read it first, and as often as I have read it since, I have seen more and more clearly that it is a very great novel. With certain obvious lapses in its art, and with an art that is at its best very simple, and perhaps primitive, the book is still a work of art. I knew this, in a measure then, as I know it now, and yet neither the literary pride I was beginning to have in the perception of such things, nor the powerful appeal it made to my sympathies, sufficed to impassion me of it. I could not say why this was so. Why does the young man's fancy, when it lightly turns to thoughts of love, turn this way and not that? There seems no more reason for one than for the other.

Instead of remaining steeped to the lips in the strong interest of what is still perhaps our greatest fiction, I shed my tribute of tears, and went on my way. I did not try to write a story of slavery, as I might very well have done; I did not imitate either the make or the manner of Mrs. Stowe's romances: I kept on at my imitation of Pope's pastorals, which I dare say I thought much finer, and worthier the powers of such a poet as I meant to be. I did this, as I must have felt then, at some personal risk of a supernatural kind, for my studies were apt to be prolonged into the night after the rest of the family had gone to bed, and a certain ghost, which I had every reason to fear, might very well have visited the small room given me to write in. There was a story, which I shrank from verifying, that a former inmate of our house had hung himself in it, but I do not know to this day whether it was true or not. The doubt did not prevent him from dangling at the door post, in my consciousness, and many a time I shunned the sight of this problematical suicide by keeping my eyes fastened on the book before me. It was a very simple device, but perfectly effective, as I think any one will find who employs it in like circumstances, and I would really like to commend it to growing boys troubled as I was then. I never heard who the poor soul was, or why he took himself out of the world, if he really did so, or if he ever was in it; but I am sure that my passion for Pope, and my purpose of writing pastorals must have been powerful indeed to carry me through dangers of that kind. I suspect that the strongest proof of their existence was the gloom and ruinous look of the house, which was one of the oldest in the village, and the only one that was for rent, there. We went into it because we must, and we were to leave it as soon as we could find a better. But before this happened we left Ashtabula, and I parted with one of the few possibilities I have enjoyed of seeing a ghost on his own ground, as it were.

I was not sorry, for I believe I never went in or came out of the place, by day or by night, without a shudder, more or less secret; and at least, now, we should be able to get another house.

W. D. Howells.

## WHEN THE LITTLE STRANGER COMES

By Mrs. Everett and Mrs. Mott

### THE UNIQUE CAUDLE PARTY

By Edith Townsend Everett

WHEN the new baby arrives the proud little mother, thinking it the dearest and sweetest thing in the world, is anxious to show it off to friends and relatives and therefore plans a "caudle party." As I have just had the pleasure of returning from one of these dainty festivities I mean to tell all the young mothers about it and then they can go and do likewise. Far back within an age remote, the persons who called to congratulate the happy possessor of a new boy or girl, were offered mulled wine and plum cake; later on, the two things got mixed and a beverage known as caudle was the result. The old-fashioned caudle was a sort of oatmeal gruel, boiled two days with raisins and spices and wine, but nowadays the wine is omitted at this first party given to the new baby, and other dainties substituted in its stead.

WHEN the little one is about six weeks old an invitation reading thus is sent to those friends whom the young mother deems worthy of so great an honor:

"Mr. and Mrs. DeCourcy Jones request the pleasure of your company on Tuesday afternoon, at three o'clock. South Rittenhouse Square. Caudle."

The sentence "no presents are expected" may be added, but as a "caudle party" is very much like a wedding anniversary such an expression would not carry much weight.

These invitations are generally engraved in silver, on delicately tinted paper; pink, being the color of babyhood, is the tone most frequently chosen. In one corner, if the little one has not yet had its photograph taken, there is a small water-color of an infant, the little face peeping out of a rose, or surrounded by tiny blossoms. In these days of amateur photography, however, the fac-simile of the original can be easily obtained, for a friend with a camera can run in when baby is happy and serene, and take an instantaneous photograph as the wee mite lies contentedly in its bassinet or in the arms of its nurse or mother. This done there will be no trouble in transferring copies of the picture to the invitations, and the guests will thus secure a souvenir of the occasion.

AS the main attraction in such an entertainment is too young for over-much handling and bouncing about, the bassinet is brought into the drawing-room, or the newcomer is displayed in the nurse's arms. The young mother receives the congratulations of her friends in a loose house gown and is, of course, not expected to provide other entertainment beside the baby and the caudle.

The room is daintily and simply decorated with spring flowers, these blossoms being emblematical of the little life that has so lately begun. Sometimes the christening takes place at the same time as the giving of the "caudle party," but this is not generally approved. Of course, baby is attired in the very best robe that it possesses and the little bassinet is fitted out with lace and ribbons and adorned with flowers. At the party that I attended a very quaint ceremony preceded the general reception. The great-grandmother of the little one, on its mother's side, carried it first up one flight of stairs before it was taken to the drawing-room, this act being popularly supposed to bring good luck, while the same relative, on the other side of the house, put some salt in the little hand and placed an egg among the lace trimmings of the cradle for the same reason.

A dainty book in white and gold was laid open in the drawing-room, and the guests in turn signed their names, and added a good wish or some appropriate sentiment. This volume was entitled "The Baby's Biography," and was intended to be a faithful record of all the important happenings of the child's life up to maturity.

Of course, at a "caudle party" the caudle is the most important thing next to the baby, and if the genuine article is not provided then a great punch-bowl of warm milk is substituted, and every one drinks the health of the little stranger. Now that "caudle parties" promise to become popular the jewelers are making "caudle cups" that are exact imitations of the ones that were used in England in the old days when these parties were the custom. These cups are made with two handles, and are supposed to be passed from one to the other after the toast has been given, after the fashion of a "loving cup."

THE table, a small one, is covered with an open-work cloth laid over pink. The plates are pink, and, if possible, the centre of each one should represent some ideal baby face. The centrepiece at the affair which I attended represented a swan in bisque being driven by a dear little baby boy. The back of the swan opened between the wings and this space was filled with tiny moss rose-buds that overflowed on to a circular mirror that was surrounded by smilax caught here and there by pink satin ribbons that wandered off over the cloth in loops and ends, holding at short intervals tiny clusters of arbutus and white hyacinths. The reins by which the swan was driven consisted of pink blooms also.

The candles, in pink, were covered by little paper shades formed of a row of baby faces that seemed to laugh in genuine enjoyment as the light shone through from the back. At each place was set a real baby's pink kid shoe filled with moss rose-buds, and the almonds and bonbons reposed in little pink glass cradles. Of course, in giving such an affair, original ideas present themselves and can be carried out both inexpensively and daintily.

Now for the presents which the little stranger receives. Among these is a christening basket—a luxurious little oval nest just long enough to hold the tiny body, and covered within and without with white silk. Silken cushions tufted and filled with down line the bottom and the sides, and a frill of the finest lace hangs over the outer edge. A tiny pillow rests in one end of the oval and a full ruching of white silk forms the heading for the lace ruffle. This gift is usually made by some loving and admiring relative, though it may be bought in stores where baby *layettes* are to be found.

Silver brushes and combs, porringers, strings of amber beads, pretty rattles, worsted socks and little caps, in fact, everything appertaining to the welfare or the wardrobe of the baby, make acceptable gifts. At the "caudle party" that I am writing about a bank book with an account started for the wee mite was presented by the grandfather. This idea particularly appeals to the nineteenth century foresightedness, and can be carried out by every one though the first deposit be but a very small one indeed.

Only one more thing is to be said, and that is do not stop longer than an hour or you will weary the young mother, and do not handle the baby. Look and admire all you desire, but remember that it requires the following out of these primary principles to the letter, in order to make a "caudle party" a genuine success.

### NAMING THE BABY

By Mrs. Hamilton Mott

THE fashions in children's names are as many, as various and as constantly changing as the styles in any other department of life, be it millinery or literature. During the past ten years the fashions in given names have taken on a more dignified, sensible and euphonious phase than at any other period of the nineteenth century.

There are three considerations to be weighed in selecting a name for the little helpless fragments of humanity whom we individualize in this manner, and these are as follows: First, to select something that in itself is beautiful; second, something that will blend euphoniously with the family name, and third, something that will have some association or reminder to the bearer of goodness and nobility. If these three considerations are borne in mind a choice should be easily made. The custom of using a family or surname as a first or Christian name is one of these newer fashions, and one which is to be greatly commended. The value of such a use should be especially considered by parents in their selection of a name for the baby. Immediate family recognition is one of the first results of such a name. When the family names are famous their selection is even more appropriate, as they carry on to further generations the names which have made the world greater. When they are reminders simply of the good, if not of the great men of an older day, they ennoble their possessor with past honor and present resolve. Almost any boy will have a stronger incentive for living a manly and noble life if he feels that the name which he wears was borne by one whom all men loved to honor. And any girl will surely be more womanly and conscientious if she feels that her name is a synonym for honor and nobility.

IN selecting suitable surnames there are a few considerations to be weighed against certain names. Butcher, Baker, Carter, Hunter, Mason, Shoemaker, Barber, Miner, Judge and Fisher when followed by a middle and last, or simply by a surname, are much more likely to suggest an occupation than a name, so these should be avoided. Shoemaker Warren Wilson is as much of a mistake as Barber Phillips. Brown, White, Black, Green, Gray, or other colors, do not make a dignified combination with other names. Black Washington, for instance, is as unfortunate as Green Cady Maitland. Other qualities, as Bright, Savage, Noble, Gross and Early, make suggestions which are unfortunate, and which should, therefore, be avoided.

The family grouping of names is one of the best of the many good effects of this growing use of surnames as Christian names, their geographical location being shown almost at once, as certain names and unions of families have become identified with the history of different parts of the country.

IN New England, for instance, the family relationship of Quincy and Adams; of Beecher, Hall, Lyman, Stowe, Foote and Abbott; of Alcott, Bronson, May and Chatfield; of Emerson, Waldo, Bulkely, Bliss, Haskins, Forbes and Tucker; of Aldrich and Bailey; of Trumbull, Clay and Hammond; of Wells, Talcott, Ames and Williams; of Ellery and Channing; of Everett and Hale; of Wentworth and Higginson; of Lodge and Cabot; of Greenleaf and Whittier; of Russell and Lowell, and of Wadsworth and Longfellow, is absolutely established and localized. Other surnames peculiarly the property of New England are Pyncheon, Abbott, Kendall, Alden, Winthrop, Allerton, Otis, Bancroft, Curtis, Howe, Bellamy, Webster, Heber, Bromley, Dwight, Edicott, Eliot, Wetmore, Frothingham, Sumner, Lapham, Putnam, Stanton, Cady, Olney, Peabody, Warner, Warren, Clark, Pillsbury, Tremont and Burnham.

In New York belong properly the Howell, Prescott, Schermerhorn, Gardiner, Livingstone, Osborne, Astor, Clinton, Montgomery, Bryant, Hamilton, Irving, De Lancy, Crittenden, Butler, Lenox, Monroe, Morgan, Marshall, Rhinelander, Pierpont, Montague, Roosevelt, Remsen, Vanderbilt, Chanler, Jay, Cornell, Hudson, Leland, Merritt, Schuyler and Osgood families.

Pennsylvania claims the Rawle, Borie, Newbold, Sergeant, Binney, Ralston, Wallace, Biddle, Garrett, Brewster, Donald, Sellers, Norris, Cameron, Coleman, Meredith, Rittenhouse, Rodman, Franklin, Elliston, Rush, Logan, Wistar, Perot, Morris, Cresson, Mifflin, Wayne, Wharton, Paul, Lippincott, McKean, Chew, Hobart, Willing, Bache, Patterson, Hare, Read, Scranton, Emlen, Ervin, Dickinson, Clymer, Cadwallader, Shippen, Furness, Vaux, Lowber, Dallas, Brinton and Wylie families, and many of the most prominent of her sons bear a combination of these names.

In Maryland are recognized the names of Randall, Snowden, Blakiston, Key, Howard, McKim, Mason, Lloyd, Barton, Tilghman, Cheston, Goldsborough, Wickham, Murray, Blackford, Buchanan, Arundel, Woodville, Kent, Talbot and Pendleton.

In Virginia are Fairfax, Harrison, Custis, Washington, Carroll, Tyler, Randolph, Tucker, Carter, Cuyler, Wirt, Lee, Peale, Henry and Page representatives.

Other Southern names, but which are found equally prominent in various States, are Jefferson, Wade, Calhoun, Hampton, Bayard, Lamar, Clay, Du Pont, Decatur, Magruder, Abercrombie, Waddell, Beauford, Ravenel, Oglethorpe, Ingraham, Chisholm, Hollingsworth, Barnett, Dorsey, Douglas, Blount, Pinckney and Peyton.

THE most important change in the naming of girls has been the growing disinclination to give them more than one name, the object of this being that when a woman marries she may easily combine her full maiden name with her new surname. A three-word signature is much prettier and more convenient than one composed of four words. Then, too, immediate recognition of her own, as well as that of her husband's surname, and the convenience in genealogical research and legal transactions, are two reasons of sufficient importance to warrant the combination were there no others.

With this fashion in girls' names has come, as in boys', a disinclination to use diminutives or pet names. Mollies, Maggies, Katties and the various feminine "ies" and "ys" are as scarce as their masculine counterparts Jimmie and Willie. Mary, Margaret and Katharine have taken the place of the former, and James and William of the latter.

Favorite girls' names are Helen, Mary, Edith, Ruth, Phyllis, Mildred, Margaret, Elinor, Dorothy and Alice. Other names commonly used, though not so much the present rage, are Ethel, Winifred, Janet, Millicent, Laura, Elizabeth, Adele, Lilian, Edna, Isabel, Agnes, Marion, Dora, Louisa, Mabel, Beatrice, Madeline, Gertrude, Florence, Cicely, Constance and Eunice.



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**\* BE MY SWEETHEART**

BY EUGENE FIELD

SWEETHEART, be my sweetheart  
When birds are on the wing,  
When bee and bud and babbling flood  
Bespeak the birth of spring;  
Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
And wear this posy-ring!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
In the mellow golden glow  
Of earth aflush with the gracious blush  
Which the ripening fields foreshow;  
Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart,  
As into the moon we go!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
When falls the bounteous year,  
When fruit and wine of tree and vine  
Give us their harvest cheer;  
Oh, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,  
For winter it draweth near.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
When the year is white and old,  
When the fire of youth is spent, forsooth,  
And the hand of age is cold;  
Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart  
Till the year of our love be told!

\* The first love-song ever written by Mr. Field.

**TWO CHORDS**

BY EDWARD W. BOK

HE had come with his mother to one of the largest of the winter hotels among the pines to escape the city's whirl. The head waiter had just seated them. After he had given the order for his mother and himself at their first dinner, his eyes wandered around the room, and rested, as though drawn by force, upon a girl at the table just beyond his. The face held him, and all through that first meal his eyes wandered to it.

The girl and her family arose, and, almost as unconsciously as his eyes had sought her face, her eyes dropped to his as she passed by his chair. A faint color rose in her face as their eyes met, though only for a second.

But all that evening he carried the face with him, and he was never happier during the ensuing days than when he could look upon her.

With her, his face was the last she saw as she dropped off into sleep, and the first to come to her when she awakened. And as each day passed she spent more time before her dressing-table, and when her hair coiled to her greater satisfaction, and her dress seemed to fit her figure better, a light of joyous satisfaction came into her eyes. Her one wish was to look her best. It was a strangely thoughtful week with him.

There was the bliss of suppressed joy in those days for her.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a city friend who approached the family group seated at the large fireplace in the "exchange," and asked:

"Miss Allison, will you allow me to present to you and your family Mr. Howard, one of my most intimate New York friends?"

A warm color came into the face of the girl, and the sparkle of sincere pleasure illumined her eyes as she extended her hand to meet his cordial grasp.

For a moment their hands rested within each other.

"I feel, Miss Allison, that I ought, perhaps, to apologize," he said, as they walked down the long corridor together, "for the warmth with which I say to you how glad I am of this opportunity of knowing you. Although," he continued, "I have derived no little pleasure merely from seeing you; so, too, has my mother. Your face held us both from the first moment we saw you."

The girl was silent from pleasure. "We never believed that we should ever meet one who could so strongly and yet so tenderly bring before us the face of one of the sweetest girls that ever lived—my sister. She died a fortnight since."

And as the young man raised his head, the girl looked quickly up at him. She saw there the radiant smile of a tender memory.

But a shadow crossed the face of the girl.

**DOROTHY: A DISAPPOINTMENT**

BY CHARLES B. GOING

HER hair is soft—the brown that glows  
With sudden little glints of gold;  
Her rounded cheek, faint flushing shows,  
Like apple buds that half unfold.

Her throat is full and round and white—  
The sweet head poised so daintily;  
She reads a note; I wish I might  
Address her, too, "Dear Dorothy."

Ah, Dorothy, so very dear!  
With clear sweet eyes of tender brown  
And, close above the small pink ear,  
The dark hair rippling gently down.

Dear Dorothy, so very fair!  
My thoughts outrace the rushing train  
To build strange castles in the air,  
With Dorothy for chateleine.

How sad when pleasures born of hope  
Are born so late so soon to die!  
She drops her letter's envelope  
Addressed to—Mrs. Arthur Why!

**A CLOUDED TITLE**

BY HARRY ROMAINE

A WIFE—ah, well, perhaps I may,  
I always liked a spice of danger—  
And, yet, a wife would come to stay—  
There is no shop where one might change her.

But, should I want to change her, though?  
Should I grow weary of love's blisses,  
And let my stubby whiskers grow,  
To shield my face from wifely kisses?

Away! Such pessimistic views  
Do not become a cheerful poet.  
I have a nature to enthuse,  
And I should love her! Well I know it.  
I think I see her sitting here,  
Correcting proof, or reading copy,  
And saying gently: "See, my dear,  
You need a comma after 'poppy.'"

To think that I could call her mine,  
This dear, bewitching, little creature,  
And boldly place my loving sign  
Upon each tender, shapely feature.  
To think that I could own it all,  
This dream which rises here before me;  
But, then—I see what might befall:  
*She might own me! and that would bore me!*

**THE MINOR POET**

BY MYLES P. FRISBIE

I'D rather be a simple bard and sing a homely song,  
The annals of plain common-folk, their humdrum right and wrong,  
Than stand upon Parnassus with a scroll of flame unfurled  
And invest my tongue with eloquence to thrill a waiting world.

I'd sing of sturdy farmer lads about their daily toil,  
The brightly gleaming plowshare as it turns the mellow soil,  
The wealth of golden harvests that in barns and stacks is stored  
And the fruitage of the orchard, brown October's precious hoard.

I'd sing the fall of twilight as the sun sinks in the west,  
The hour when tired mothers lull their sleepy babes to rest;  
The bliss of fond young lovers under evening skies in June,  
And the sweet and foolish nothings said beneath the yellow moon.

The joys of careless childhood and the pains and griefs of age,  
The histories and mysteries that fill life's storied page,  
The days all glad with sunshine and the hours of doubt and gloom  
Through which we all must journey from the cradle to the tomb.

Let others sing of chivalry and deeds of days of old,  
Of battles grand by sea and land, of knights and warriors bold;  
The lowly rhymes of present times are dearer far to me,  
And I hold these songs are sweeter for their simpler melody.

**OVER A GLASS OF WINE**

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES

THEY had been introduced, of course, but he spoke to her first at dinner. "May I pour you a little wine?" he asked. "Thank you," she said simply, "a little. I drink only claret."

"You don't care for the sweet wines?" "I don't think I really care for any wine, but this is what we drink at home. You did not pour any for yourself," she added a moment after.

He smiled. "It would be for the first time in my life if I had."

"How strange!" She looked at him point blank with a pair of clear and very kind blue eyes. "Have you scruples? Do you think it wrong?"

"Well"—he drew a long breath—"hardly. Yet, for me it would be wrong." The color deepened on her cheek a little. He saw her check back a word from her lips, and the shadow that swept over her face was sweeter than any brightness. But he could not appropriate her unmerited sympathy.

"No—no," he declared, laughing slightly. "It is not at all a temptation to me. I have never known the taste of any sort of liquor. I think I have a great advantage against fate in this, and—I mean to keep it."

"Then you are afraid, after all." "Sometimes we recognize danger though we may not fear it."

"If it be danger you must fear it. You do, or you would not take precautions."

He looked down and met her earnest glance. She was forgetting her dinner.

"If you were not afraid," she went on impulsively, "wine would seem to you as harmless as water. It is because you have a fear that you will not touch it."

He was at a loss just here. It was difficult to match her candor without a touch of seeming discourtesy.

"Suppose I drink to your better courage," she said. A roguish dimple showed itself. "The deadly cup has no terror for me."

He raised his crystal goblet and drank to her in sparkling water, saying gently: "But of my cup no one need be afraid."

There was a pause. She had not lifted the wine to her lips. A servant came to remove the course and some one spoke to her across the table. When he could claim her attention again he was ready with a bright remark about the beauty of some roses in a vase near them.

"Yes—so pretty—pretty," she said vaguely, and then with purpose in her tone, "We had not exhausted our topic, I think. May I ask—is it your conviction that liquor should not be used in any form?"

"You are unmerciful," he deprecated. "Think how ungracious it would seem to object to anything amid such surroundings."

"Never mind about being complimentary," she replied gravely. "I am trying to reflect—to decide. I have never before given one serious thought to this question of temperance. The people I live among—and they are all upright, intelligent and refined—regard a moderate use of liquor as almost indispensable. Surely you must admit that there are thousands and thousands who are not in any way injured by its use?"

"I know," he said quickly, "but there are millions and millions—the jails will tell you—the hospitals—"

He stopped abruptly. "Yes," she said thoughtfully, "yes. But why not take the good and avoid the evil? We need not become drunkards because we use liquor?"

He met the appeal of her earnest eyes with a look as earnest.

"Since you desire it," he answered steadily, "let me say one word, and then, I think, I will say no more. If you never touch liquor, you not only need not, you cannot become a drunkard. But, if once it cross your lips, the first step is made."

There was a long silence between them. The rest of the guests went on talking gayly. Presently she spoke, but so low that he had to bend his ear to listen.

"You have given me a wonderful message," she said. She laid aside her glass of wine, and in the simple act he knew there was consecration.

**THE YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS**

MR. EDWARD BOK'S successful article entitled "The Young Man in Business," printed in the January "Cosmopolitan Magazine," has been reprinted in a small and convenient form, in response to a general demand. To it have been added the editorial comments appearing on Mr. Bok's page of "At Home With the Editor," in this issue of the JOURNAL. The two articles make a most acceptable booklet, and will be sent, postage free, to any address for 10 cents.

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## YOUR OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND

By Ruth Ashmore



HERE is nothing so beautiful as a faithful friendship between two women. Nothing is quite so unselfish and nothing in life lasts quite so long. This friendship, however, must have the trial test of years; it does not grow up in a day, or a night, but it is cemented and made perfect by the gradual learning of each to understand the other, by the willingness to help bear each other's burdens, and by that greatest of all virtues in friendship, the never asking a question, but the waiting until the confidence is given. Young girls very seldom form such friendships. They are, as I have said, the outgrowth of years of confidence, and you, who are sixteen, seventeen or eighteen, have not had the time to try, or be tried, to prove your worthiness as a friend. You look at me with a bit of indignation, and you tell me of "the dearest girl that ever lived" who sympathizes with you in everything, to whom you tell all your hopes and ambitions, who loves you dearly, and whom you have known exactly one week. You know it must be a real friendship because you were attracted at once, and because immediately you began to tell one another things that you wouldn't have had the other girls know—not for anything. And you think this friendship is going to last forever. You have planned it all out in your own mind. You two, after you leave school, are going to marry two brothers, the handsomest and best men that ever were born, and you are all going to live in one house, and you will tell each other everything and life will run along as smoothly as possible for both of you. That is what you say this week.

### THE WEEK AFTER

NEXT week I ask after your bosom friend and you don't seem inclined to talk about her. When I insist upon hearing about this feminine Damon I hear that she has rather neglected you; that a new girl has come whom she finds more sympathetic, and you find to your horror that she has told her the secrets which you whispered, believing that they were as sacred as if they had been told in the confessional. But you brighten up a little and tell me that after all you suppose one must make mistakes, but that now you have discovered a real friend, one who loves you simply for yourself. She has such a lovely name, too. You think you never heard a more musical one—Florence. And then you show me the little notes she has written to you, notes that are as sentimental as possible, full of "darling" and "sweetest," and making protestations of love such as Romeo might have made to Juliet. And then you tell me how on your desk you find a rose from her; and you show me the ring you are wearing which is hers, and which she begs you to kiss every day. As a profound secret you hear from another girl that she has sent to the city and is having a locket made in the shape of a heart with her picture inside it, and that this will reach you on Easter Day. And then you look at me and say, "Isn't this beautiful? Isn't this real friendship?"

### WHAT I THINK

I DON'T like to hurt your feelings by laughing at you, and I know, my dear, that you are quite in earnest, but this is all very silly. A veritable friendship between women doesn't express itself in that manner, and you are not old enough yet to have friends. The pleasant acquaintance among the girls will last a thousand times longer than that with the gushing admirer. Florence is as jealous as if she were your sweetheart, and you pride yourself on this. She writes you most despairing notes because some afternoon you take a walk with some other girl, or because you broke an engagement with her to go out with your mother. You think it is very desirable to be known among your girl friends as "Florence's crush," but if you will take a little trouble and inquire, you will find that you are only one among a number for whom Florence has expressed this great admiration at various times, and to whom she has shown this marvelous devotion. This may last three months or even a year, but great emotions have sudden endings, and some day you will be surprised to get a letter from Florence inclosing the photograph which you gave her, and begging you to return the little locket. That poor little locket! If you have the sense I credit you with you will wonder who the girl is who is going to get it next, for you may be very certain that it will answer for several people.

### THE DANGER OF IT

THE great dangers of such intimacies as I have described are that they wear a girl from her best friend, her mother, and that they induce her to be over-confidential and to tell the affairs of her home to one who is not of her own household. Then, too, by mincing up one's love as if it were a piece of citron, and giving a little of it here and a little of it there, there is left a portion not altogether desirable which is to be given to Prince Charming when he comes to claim his bride. I like a girl to have many girl friends; I do not like her to have a girl sweetheart. There are but two people in the world to whom a girl should give her confidence—the first is her mother, the second is her husband. To the first belongs her life while she is unmarried; after that she must find in her husband the one person to whom she can tell everything. And she is a very foolish woman if she ever whispers to either mother or woman friend the confidential life of her husband and herself. Many, very many girls say, "Oh, it is very easy to say tell your mother everything, but suppose she don't care to hear it." Now, I just want to ask you one question: Have you ever tried to make her your confidante? Have you ever tried to tell her how your life goes along, the acquaintances you make at school, what interests you, or even the little compliments that are paid you by young men, and about which you are, properly enough, a little shy? Don't be satisfied with one trial and feel repulsed because she happens to be too busy, or too much troubled about something else to pay strict attention to you, but instead, take another time, and when you try this and keep on trying you will gradually discover that she will grow interested, that you will have no more ardent partisan in your troubles and your happiness than she is, and no one who will give you better advice. If you are unfortunate enough not to be able to gain this consideration from your mother, then, my dear girl, keep your private affairs to yourself. Discuss everything else you want, from gowns to books, from pictures to sweetmeats, but do not tell to the rapturous girl friend the story of your innermost life, nor wear your heart upon your sleeve for every daw to peck at.

### THE MANY DISAPPOINTMENTS

THEY will come surely, and you will be hurt again and again. While you believed in Louise, or Florence, or Geraldine, you may have whispered how difficult it was for the home people to save the money to have you take the music lessons you so much desired. And then when Geraldine, or Louise, or Florence has turned the page that bears your name, you will be horrified to hear that this has been told all over the school. Very young girls seldom remember that there are obligations—even after a friendship has ceased to exist, and that the greatest one of these is to force one's self to forget that which was told in confidence when life meant nothing unless you two were together. Too many girls are inclined to think themselves martyrs some time in their lives. The fancy for believing that they are ill-treated and misunderstood at home is a common expression of this martyrdom, and to the girl friend this story of suffering is told with the keenest sort of pleasure. Now the suffering may consist in the fact that the martyr (?) after lounging all day reading a volume of poetry was asked to take care of the baby for a while, as nurse was busy in the kitchen, and mother must go down and see a visitor. And the martyr holds the baby carelessly, and the poor little tot cries because it is uncomfortable, while the happy victim of sixteen, who really enjoys her trouble, thinks what a sorry lot is hers that she should be taken from her beautiful poems and forced to be a slave. For so she puts it. She never seems to realize that there is a thousand times as much poetry in helping her mother as there ever was in any volume published. Next day her confidante hears in most inflated terms the story of her suffering, and the confidante tells somebody else, and she tells somebody else, and some day—this is not only possible but I have known an actual case—the loving mother of a foolish girl is horrified to hear that she is credited with not treating her child right. And all of this came through the over-wrought imagination of a young girl who didn't know how to hold her tongue. You have said foolish things, and folly too often is really criminal. You have talked without thinking, and thoughtlessness has brought about a sad state of affairs. When will you learn to control your silly talk? When will you learn to be a womanly girl?

### WHAT TO DO

UNTIL you are quite old enough to comprehend that friendship is more than a name, and that the real friend is one that is tried and not found wanting, you will probably speak of all the girls you like as your friends, meaning, of course, your acquaintances. Now, I want you to like each other, to be good comrades, but I think it will be wiser if you make this good-fellowship, in number at least, one of three or five, rather than of two or four, for then you will not be so likely to discuss your private affairs, nor to reach a state of sickly sentimentality that is as undesirable physically as it is mentally. Where there are three girls or five girls there is certain to be one who, healthy in mind and body, will laugh down any inclination to martyrdom, or other nonsense that may exhibit itself. Possibly you think I am a little hard-hearted. Indeed, my dear girl, I am not. Nobody grieves more sincerely than I do when a young girl loses her belief in her companions, but what I would like to do would be to suggest to her how to thoroughly enjoy these companions, and how to be so careful in her conduct with them that there will be no possibility of her being disillusioned.

When two girls are very intimate, and count out of this intimacy not only their own sisters but all their other friends, they are apt, unconsciously, to cultivate the faults of selfishness, of meanness, and to cause an undesirable morbidity to spring up. You think, perhaps, I shouldn't have used the word meanness, and yet I'll tell you why I say it. You two have a great talk together about everything and everybody, and consequently you do not hesitate to criticize severely every little fault, every little weakness of your neighbors, although you never stop to remember what was said about the mote and the beam. If it were not for this very great intimacy you would not dream of speaking ill of others; if nothing else restrained you the fear that what you say might be repeated would have much to do with making you careful, but this great friendship, so-called, permits you to give license to your tongue, and you do not hesitate to utter before your bosom friend words and opinions which you would be ashamed to have other people know even entered your mind. Too great intimacy begets too great familiarity. Books and stories are often gilded over between two girls, and affairs are discussed that if a third girl were present they would never dream of referring to.

### THE RIGHT KIND

I HAVE been talking to you about the foolish and the wrong kind of a friend, but you must not suppose for a minute that there is not a sensible and a right friend. She can be as jolly and as full of fun as possible; you and she can read together, walk together, play on the same side in the outdoor games and find much joy in each other's society. But this companion won't show a ridiculous jealousy because you happen to walk to-day with some other girl and to-morrow take tea with another one. No, on the contrary, she will be delighted to hear what a good time you have been having, and if she has been the one to have the good time she will tell you about it, and how she wished, earnestly and honestly, that you were along. She will never tell you of the affairs of her home, and be very certain that she will not write love letters to you, nor make you think yourself a much-abused young woman because you have some duties in life to perform. She will be a pleasant acquaintance, careful never to grow sufficiently familiar to give or accept any rudeness, and quite as careful not to listen or talk about anything that she ought not to. You will find that you can rely upon her, that she will not run to you with every unpleasant thing she hears, and that if the day of sadness comes and she is near you, she will try and console you. As the years go by you will be surprised to discover that the girl you thoroughly liked has become the friend with whom you are on most affectionate terms, while she who adored you for a day or a year has either entirely forgotten you, or else when you meet her again you are amazed that you could have cared for a woman who seems so foolish.

A good friend is a blessing straight from Heaven, but it is a blessing like a beautiful flower: it does not bloom all at once, but requires continual care. It will not stand rough handling or neglect. You must be gentle and considerate; you must allow to it the same individual life that you have yourself, and while you may differ it must be without the utterance of ill words. You must never permit any one to speak ill of your friend to you, and if something should seem to come between you, a coldness for which you can find no cause, then the good friend will seek out the other, discover the cause and clearly explain away whatever has seemed wrong. Just be a little careful, and in electing who shall be close to you choose that girl who in the years to come you can still call by that sweet old name your "own familiar friend."

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

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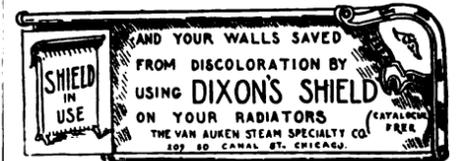
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THE ART OF DRESSING THE BRIDE  
By Isabel A. Mallon

Of all people in the world the French are the ones who most positively combine sentiment and frocks. The rich lace, the costly jewel, the much-trimmed gown never belongs to the unmarried woman until she has passed youth, and even on the very day of her wedding, the French girl, while she is essentially a bride, always has in her costume the suggestion of youth and innocence. The material especially dedicated to the bride is white satin, heavy and lustrous; occasionally some caprice of fashion may show itself on one of these gowns, as has the band of sable around the edge this winter, but the artist in dress disapproves of any such departure from regulation rules, the first one of which is that the bride shall be all in white. White silk, white crêpe, white cloth, and some of the very thin stuffs are occasionally chosen for the wedding gown, but personally I can fully sympathize with the girl who chooses fewer frocks in her trousseau, yet elects that on her wedding day she shall really look what she is, a bride. With her white gown come the white tulle veil and the orange blossoms.

There are some things that a bride must remember: her bodice must be high in the neck; her sleeves reach quite to her wrists, and her gown must fall in full, unbroken folds that show the richness of the material, and there must not be even a suggestion of such frivolities as frills or ribbons of any kind. The design for a white satin wedding dress which is shown in Illustration No. 1 is that approved by the greatest and most artistic of dressmakers. It has about it not only the air of girliness that should be there, but, by the disposition of the rich material, makes prominent the elegance of toilette that will be permitted to the young matron.

THE DAINTY WEDDING GOWN

VERY heavy white satin is used for this gown, which is quite plain in front, but has a flare about the lower part, the result of there being two full plaits on each side of the broad gore. In the back there are two double box-plaits that fall far down, spread out and extend through the train which is very nearly a yard long. The bodice is a pointed one, laced in the back; is high in the neck, and has over its white satin collar, folds of white tulle caught at one side with a tiny bunch of orange blossoms. The sleeves have enormous puffs of the satin that reach quite to the elbows, and below that they fit in to the arms, and each comes down in a point over the hand. Folds of tulle outline this point. Over each shoulder is an elaborate epaulette of orange blossoms. The hair is arranged quite high and pinned closely and very firmly to the head; and the veil, which is fastened under a wreath of orange blossoms, extends to the edge of the skirt in front and over the entire length of the train at the back. It is necessary in arranging this veil to remember that while it is worn over the face going up the aisle of the church, it is thrown back after the ceremony, so that the flowers are placed in such a way that the wreath is at its best when the veil is off the face. It is the duty of the maid of honor to throw the veil back, and while, of course, she must be careful in doing this, whoever arranges it must be equally careful in pinning it firmly. The gloves worn are white undressed kid; the stockings are white silk, and the slippers white satin. Instead of a bouquet there is carried a white satin prayer-book mounted in silver.

Custom permits a bride to wear the wedding present given her by the bridegroom, but the student of the art of dress claims that the bride should wear no jewelry unless, indeed, it should be a string of pearls, the gems dedicated to girlhood. At the receptions or dinners given to the bride after the wedding she wears her wedding dress, that is, to all those given within three months after her marriage. But the orange blossoms must never be worn after the ceremony.

THE ATTENDANT MAIDS

THE maids who attend the bride are given greater license in the way of dress than is permitted to her, and quaint costumes and fanciful effects are liked for them, so that the group may form a pretty picture. Just now either chiffon or cloth is fancied for the dress of the bridesmaid. Pinks, blues or Nile greens are liked, and



AN ELEGANT WEDDING GOWN (Illus. No. 1)

the modes from centuries gone by are seized upon and literally developed up to date. In almost every instance at a church wedding the bridesmaids wear large picture hats, unless, indeed, they follow the fashion that prevails on the Continent and appear in short veils, it being considered in bad taste for them to appear in church with their heads uncovered.

ONE OF GAINSBOROUGH'S MAIDS

IN Illustration No. 2 is shown a bridesmaid who might have stepped out of one of Gainsborough's pictures, for her costume and its combination of colors are historically correct. Her gown, which just escapes the ground, is of white chiffon made rather full, with a round waist, over which is worn a broad fichu of fine white gauze. This is crossed in Marie Antoinette fashion, its ends being hidden in a full sash of pale blue gauze drawn about the waist and tied in long loops and ends. The hat is a large black felt one, caught up on one side under a wreath of pale blue feathers. The gloves and slippers are white and so is the bouquet.



TWO DAINTY BRIDESMAIDS (Illus. No. 2)

THE OTHER BRIDESMAID

NARROW bands of golden brown fur are much liked when cloth costumes are worn by the bride's attendants. Combinations especially fancied are white cloth with very dark brown fur, pink with a lighter brown, and pale green with a lighter brown. Probably the last combination is the most fashionable. The toilette of the second figure in our illustration shows a maid who is to attend another bride, and is an evidence of the beauty possible with cloth and fur, and shows how the faint green and the golden brown come together. The skirt is made after the fashion of an ordinary walking skirt, and it has about the lower edge a two-inch band of the fur. The coat basque, which reaches almost to the knees, has double Robespierre revers, the under ones being of golden brown satin, and the outer ones of the cloth finished with a narrow piping of fur. The sleeves have full, high puffs of cloth and deep cuffs of fur. The high collar is overlaid by a stock of golden brown ribbon. The bonnet, which is a very small poke, is made of green cloth like the dress, and has three mink heads in front, while around the low crown are wreathed two mink tails. With this is worn a deep veil of golden brown net with chenille dots upon it, the fine material being edged with a narrow piping of fur. The bonnet ties are of golden brown velvet. The gloves are of undressed light tan kid, and the low shoes match them.

SOME WEDDING ETIQUETTE

THE maid of honor relieves the bride of her bouquet at the altar, hands it to the first bridesmaid when it is time for her to assist the bride with her glove, or to throw back the veil; later on she takes it again and presents it to the bride just before she takes her husband's arm and turns from the altar. The bride who is wise wears a somewhat loose glove on her left hand, so that the removal of it is a very easy matter. A bride always gives her bridesmaids their gloves and usually presents them with some little souvenir of the wedding. The bridegroom usually gives each a piece of jewelry in which his and the bride's initials are combined. He presents the best man and ushers with their gloves, ties, and very often their scarfpins. Custom has made it proper for the bridegroom to wear a gardenia in his buttonhole, the best man an orchid, and the ushers

bouquets either of white violets, or some other small white flower. In entering the church the ushers come first, then the bridesmaids, walking two by two, then the maid of honor alone, and then the bride on the arm of her nearest male relative. In coming out, the bride and groom are first, the maid of honor next with the best man, and usually the bridesmaids, each walking with an usher. I say usually because sometimes the bridesmaids walk out together as they came in, with the ushers just behind them.

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## COLORS AND MATERIALS FOR SPRING

By Emma M. Hooper



**T**HE newest color out in Paris seems to indicate that we shall see a quantity of red even through the warm weather. From that source comes the news that yellowish reds or chrysanthemum shades will prevail this spring. Color has become so important that one of the first questions asked each season by storekeepers and customers alike is in regard to what shades will be worn. No matter how lovely a tint may be it fails to leave an agreeable impression if unbecoming to the wearer, thus making the study of stylish and appropriate colors one of actual necessity for a well-dressed woman.

### THE COMING COLORS

**A**CCORDING to the importers' and manufacturers' orders brown will rank first. In this line modoré, marron, caféine and trappiste are the better. Two bright golden browns are caféine and marron; trappiste is a rich shade of reddish brown, while tabac and modoré are like the tints of an excellent cigar. Sumatra, glaneuse and Pygmalion are light golden browns. Three remarkably handsome golden copper browns are Siam, Mélilla and Java. The former two are very fashionable in Paris. Castor and beige are the only beige shades worthy of mention, and these are the same as of yore, a combination of brown, gray and tan, producing a cool, restful shade to wear alone or to combine with brighter colors. Green comes next in prominence, and the shades having a grayish or réséda cast are very choice. The newest green is Hilda, a réséda apparently dashed with a blue tint. Two bright yellowish greens are known as fougère and mousse. Nile, a delicate blue green; emeraude, a deep, vivid tint, and Russe, a dark water green, are all repeated on the latest French color cards. Six whitish or willow greens shade from a nearly white tone to a clear medium tint. These are marcotte, dracæna, roseau, palmier, sédum and cyas. The first three are only fit for evening wear. A Parisian fancy for combinations and millinery is caspienne, which connoisseurs claim will be a rage. It strongly resembles fresh leaves or stems, and has a peculiarly softened brightness.

### LOVELY COLORINGS THE RULE

**P**INK is still a favorite, and in *vieux rose* or old pink, two exquisite shades are Anbussan and Walkyrie. These are lovely for gowns or millinery, and are too soft to look warm on a summer's day. This cannot be said of a bright shade known as pompon, Bengale, an almost reddish shade, and laurier, which reminds one slightly of Magenta. Pink is gradually leaning toward a yellowish cast, as corail. Old white or ivory, cream, paille, a dainty straw tint; florin, very light golden tinge; ebénier, a shade darker, and a deep gold include the shades of a yellowish cast, except the well-known mais, a pale corn yellow. Of these florin is the most approved. Only three gray shades are remarked, argent, nickel and platine, which are described by their names. In the purple line five tints now fill the demand: violetta, a real violet; prélat or bishop's purple of a clear dark tone; ascanio, reddish purple; campanule, a deep lavender, and verveine, a very pinkish lavender. Blue has rather fallen in grace, though navy is ever with us, and a very bright navy called matelot. Olympia, azurine and libellule are three greenish blue tones that need a perfect blonde complexion to wear them. Ciel is a pale sky blue, handsome for the evening, and myosotis, a "baby" blue, is ever in the fashion. In reds coquelicot, deep scarlet, grenat, bright garnet and cardinal are standbys. Chrysanthemum is a light yellowish red, Van Dyck is yet lighter in tone, and Lucifer is the deepest and choicest of this range of new shades. A Magenta shade called phlox is considered good, as is malmaison, a Magenta of a softened appearance. These are all handsomer in combinations than alone. Two yellowish shrimp shades are serpentine and Sarah. All colors are bright, yet softened by the dyer's art until nothing crude nor harsh ever strikes the observer. Black is in the very height of favor.

Black accessories and effects will be worn with every color through the spring and summer. The deep violet shades are passé, and the new green tints, are predicted as the coming fad in Paris. The summer fabrics go to the extremes, and show much of white or black in their combinations.

### COMBINING COLORS

**T**HIS is an art in which the French excel, and we constantly follow in their wake. Brown is seen with black, green, red, old rose, yellow, blue, pink and Magenta, being one of the colors that will accord with many others. Some elegant toilettes are a dream of blue and green, but let no crude eyes nor inexperienced hands attempt to put together such a contrast. Pink and yellow is a stylish commingling, also black, or gray and white. The latter two arrangements are cool and restful for a warm weather attire, and very stylish withal. Tan is used with green and brown as well as with black. Yellow and black are stylish in Paris; being the Czar of Russia's colors Paris must needs admire and wear them, as she is not yet over the Russian fever caught last fall. Cream promises to be worn in the shape of lace or chiffon on every color, and black tones up or down many a tint. Chrysanthemum red blends handsomely with brown, black, green, navy and tan. The secret of successful combinations is to form a harmonious whole with no one color too prominent, yet all invisibly blending to perform an effect becoming to the wearer and appropriate for the costume and occasion.

### NEW SILKEN FABRICS

**T**HE first thing noticed among the new silks is the softened effect of the colorings, and then that all designs are small. The prominence given to stem or réséda greens, beige and brown is not unexpected; neither is the rich effect of the greenish blue Hilda or the yellowish red chrysanthemum when combined with other colors. In fancy silks for spring and summer care has been taken to prepare many attractive lines to retail at one dollar and a quarter to one dollar and seventy-five cents in soft-finished taffeta, satin, *peau-de-soie* and louisine textures. While the stiff taffeta is still to be seen it is not as fashionable, new or serviceable as the soft-finished. In selecting silk of any weave take one of a soft feel, rather than a stiff, crackling texture, as the latter will very soon split. Novelties for young and middle-aged ladies in the louisine weave have a Roman warp of tiny stripes in several colors that are never distinct, but show changeable lights with every movement, recalling the definition of a perfect toilette that seems lovely without leaving any set impression. These are also seen with a tiny figure showing up lighter. Other Roman stripes or warps seem to be crinkled and frosted, imparting a lovely effect in any light. Black *peau-de-soie* grounds have the Roman or multi-colored figures. It is a texture noted for fitting itself beautifully to the form, and therefore liked by Parisian modistes. Serpentine stripes of tiny flowers on black satin grounds are styled Dresden effects. Broken armure or bird's-eye grounds have small satin figures.

### SATIN AND TAFFETA

**T**WO-TONED figures on a soft taffeta ground of tiny stripes and narrow, zig-zag stripes on satin are two of the favorite striped patterns appropriate for short and stout figures. Handsome shaded designs seem to fade out on the edges. Flat satin cords in colors have tiny black specks over them, and grounds like lightning flashes have small figures in contrast. Wave designs represent most faithfully waves washing up over the sandy beach, one fast upon the other. Broken, indistinct stripes of three and four colors are on black grounds. On a satin ground is a light and shadow pattern of colors like an artist's palette, and as harmoniously blended. Stem grounds in all-over patterns like interlaced stems are still good, and all of these fancies keep within the prices named. Clover leaves on contrasting grounds and seeded scrolls of two colors on a third are among the dainty small designs that are flooding the city stores. Fancy broken grounds have a pointed nail pattern effectively arranged. Dotted or pointille stripes are stylish and sufficiently quiet for any one. Wavy *bayadères* or cross-stripes are shown, but only slender women can wear them. Chiné or shadow figures are among the novelties fancied by young ladies. Flowered stripes are called Pompadour or Dresden. Liberty satin is one dollar and seventy-five cents a yard, and has a soft finish peculiar to itself. Plain satin duchesse from one to two dollars will be still worn for combinations with figured silks and woolen goods. Crêpes are from one to three dollars, the newest having a frosted Roman striped background. There are striped, straight and serpentine crêpes and ice crêpes—like frozen water.

### FASHIONABLE COTTON FABRICS

**F**ROM an artistic standpoint the swivel silks are the prettiest cotton goods seen. They are twenty-seven inches wide, and retail at sixty cents in stripe, swivel, wave, lace and figured effects on black, white and colored grounds. The fabric is silky in texture and finish, and suitable for women and children. The black ground seems to have exactly the gloss of silk. These "cotton silks" are excellent also for shirt waists. The silk and cotton are of equal parts, with the silk thrown as much as possible upon the surface. Serpentine, dot, ombre, diamond, flower, crystal stripe and black effects in designs are noted. There are plain-colored goods as well. The Galatea suitings are back again at nineteen cents in white and red, yellow, pink, blue or gray, and blue and gray, etc. Batistes show chiné, Dresden, dot and striped figures, all being small and grounds light. These fabrics sell for thirty-five to sixty cents generally. Mouselines *de l'Inde* show figures similar to silk goods, and on grounds black, colored and white at twenty-five cents up. These almost transparent materials will be greatly worn. Cotton crêpons are from thirty-five to fifty cents in self-colored and white figures—called lappet—upon light grounds, one of the prettiest having a network over the ground. These goods are finer than those sold last year. Clitheroes are a fine zephyr texture thirty-two inches wide and twenty-five cents, in plain and figured styles that introduce the clearest white, fast colors and combinations of pink and blue, yellow and black, red and white, tan and pink, blue or brown. Printed yarn and corded effects are very stylish, also broken plaids, shaded stripes, Scotch plaids of rich colorings, narrow stripes bordered with black, etc. Such zephyr gowns can be made very dressy with ribbons and heavy cream lace, and always seem new when washed with reasonable care. A zephyr gingham to sell at twenty cents is twenty-seven inches wide, slightly heavier and in much the same range of colors and patterns peculiar to Parkhill zephyrs. Lavender is now fast in cottons as far as the washing goes, but sometimes fades in a hot sun. Cotton sergette in wide and narrow stripes is used for shirt waists and men's negligés. Printed welts or French piqués from thirty-eight cents promise to figure as house and street suits in white with colored figures, and *vice versa*. They are in broken stripes and small figures, black outlining many of them. Canvas or duck suitings are from fifteen to seventy-five cents, and resemble basket cloth weaving. They are in white and colors, plain and with hairline and shaded stripes, tiny dots and dotted stripes.

### CHALLIES AND TAILOR SUITINGS

**F**RENCH challies will be very fashionable again with embroidered silk figures, dots and satin stripes. The designs are small, floral, dot or stripe, and grounds light and medium. Jacquard figures and changeable effects abound; prices are from fifty to seventy-five cents. New tennis suitings are of cream albatross grounds, having stripes an inch apart, woven as though the darned stitch; between each stripe is a twisted cord in contrast. Storm serges still occupy a place at prices from fifty cents, and are in black, navy, golden brown, olive, myrtle, seal and dark gray. Ladies' cloths for capes are in qualities from seventy-five cents to one dollar and seventy-five cents, and all colors. New lines of printed flannels for children's dresses and ladies' wrappers are in small designs and stripes on cream, light and navy blue, Nile, yellow and pink grounds, from fifty cents, and for the same price are French twilled flannels in plain colors for seaside, mountain and house wear. Lines of Scotch tweed at one dollar and thirty-five cents show rich heather mixtures that one Scotchman claims have "the atmosphere of the moors and the rich fragrance of the heather bell." They show black and white; blue, brown and white; olive, brown and navy; brown and white. Nothing surpasses a tweed for a general wear or traveling gown, or regular tailor-made suit. Large and small checks in English suitings in knotted yarn effects are on every counter, and sell for one dollar and a quarter to one dollar and seventy-five cents, wearing almost a lifetime. Vigoureux mixtures show changeable or iridescent effects, diagonal and small figures, bringing out brown, cream, beige and green prominently, at seventy-five cents to one dollar and a quarter. Crêpe and crêpon effects are very much favored in Paris, but will they take here? Colored silk dots and hairlines form the silk and wool mixtures that are light in weight and from one dollar and a quarter to two dollars and a half per yard. Waffle figures, heavy cords, hairlines, tweed effects and diagonals are all pronounced good in trade parlance. The thin albatross weave has knotty effects on light grounds at seventy-five cents. For the same price there are satin-faced grounds having small black flowers or figures and narrow stripes showing a white thread on either side. Many gray and white mixtures are found in the silk and wool and all wool fabrics, selling from seventy-five cents.

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## "Kayser Patent Finger-Tipped Silk Gloves"

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## HARD TIMES

So they are; and still some of you continue to buy of the middleman. Why not buy direct from the Manufacturer and save the Jobbers' and Retailers' Profits? We are manufacturers and by buying from us you will not only save from 30 to 50 per cent., but, as we cut and make each garment to order, you will receive a perfect fitting, stylish and well-finished garment for less money than a ready-made garment bought elsewhere. By remitting 4 cents in postage you will receive a catalogue, showing the latest styles of Cloaks and Suits, a measurement diagram (which insures a perfect fit), a 48-inch tape measure and a select assortment of samples to select from. You may choose from our catalogue any style you desire, and we will make it to order for you from any of our materials. We also sell Cloakings by the yard. Write to-day for catalogue and samples, and you will receive same by return mail. We pay expressage. Please mention "The Journal."

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## Pretty as long as they last, and they last a long time Sea Island Zephyrs



Wear well and the colors do not fade from washing. For women's and children's wear. Especially desirable for outing costumes. For sale at all High-Grade Dry Goods Stores.

JOHNSON MANUFACTURING CO.

## THE EARLY SPRING BONNETS

By Isabel A. Mallon



**T**HE very general use of lace during the winter was only the harbinger of its popularity for the spring wear. But where the winter bonnets were lace, pure and simple, the spring ones are made of straw, of beads and of spangles. The combination of a fabric with a straw lace is probably the most becoming, as it is certainly considered the smartest. At one time one had to suit one's self to the bonnet shape. Nowadays the bonnets are suited to the wearer; the artistic milliner flares or bends the lace to form a brim, raises up the material to make a crown, or concluding that a crown is not necessary, permits the hair to be seen through bands of ribbon or strings of beads. Suiting the bonnet to the woman, and not the woman to the bonnet, is the rule.

### SOME OF THE MATERIALS

**T**HERE are shown a great number of jetted brims that fit the head in any shape desired. Some outline the pointed Mary Stuart; others fit the head as a capote would, and others flare a little and come down like a tiny poke. The trimming, which does not stand up very high, is just in front, and the covering of the crown is a matter of personal taste. Very often if two shades of rosebuds, that is, those of a light pink and a deep crimson, are in front, the crown will be formed of a basket work made of narrow velvet ribbon of the two colors, and the ties will be both



A VERITABLE CAPOTE (Illus. No. 3)

of the light and of the dark ribbons. Of course, if the brim is of jet it cannot be bent to suit the face, and here is where the straw lace or the Tuscan straw is desirable. The straw lace, which this year is a deep coffee color, is very finely woven, and while it is made over a frame, has no wire foundation under it, so that a pinch may be given here, another there, and it may then be made not only becoming, but comfortable. The crowns noticed are of dead white chip, affording a contrast that is counted artistic.

### THE WHITE CONTRAST

**T**HIS effect, which is extremely pretty, is shown in Illustration No. 1. The brim is of straw lace of a deep yellow shade, and it shapes an oval, close-fitting capote. The crown, which is a little high and quite narrow, is of dead white chip. About it is twisted a string of straw and pearl beads, while just in front is a full bunch of dead white lilies-of-the-valley, with their leaves as a background, tied in place by a small bow of velvet ribbon the color of the straw. From the back there come two-inch wide strings, one of dead white satin, the other of yellow white velvet, both being tied after the latest mode. This is to bring them forward; cross them just in front, fastening them with a small brooch, drawing them back and tying them in a bow with short ends so that they come just at the base of the head below the hair. In arranging this mode of tying, the ribbons must be sufficiently loose in front to allow movement to the head.

### THE FASHIONABLE COMBINATIONS

**I**T almost goes without saying that pale blue is always fashionable in summer time, and the reason for it is not difficult to discover, because of all colors it is the coolest looking. Just now pale blue is combined with so many shades that it may be worn by people who never found it becoming before. It is noted with dark blue, with lavender, with emerald green, with golden brown, and, of course, with the various straw shades. It comes out specially well with black, and is seen with lace and jet. The deep crimson which had so much vogue last winter has lightened in tone a little, and is seen on straw color, on black and on white. Emerald green, much liked in velvet, is still fancied with golden brown, with a peculiar shade of mauve, and with dead white lace. Coarse laces in white, well stiffened, are used for brims, and are thickly covered either with spangles or with larger decorations in the shape of stars, flies, crescents or serpents. Jet flies are especially liked on the white lace, and most effective contrasts in color are arranged with

a brim showing the dead white and the glittering black. Among the straws brims of emerald green have crowns of black and underfacings of black satin; others show brims of black and crowns of pink, olive, apple green, Nile, mauve or pale blue. Sometimes these colors are reversed, and then the brim is faced with the black satin, which seems to have taken the place of black velvet for this purpose. Crowns formed entirely of spangles, either of silver, gold or jet, have brims made of frills of satin or velvet ribbon, with which the flowers, rosettes or whatever the decoration may be, are in harmony.

### AN EASTER BONNET

**I**N Illustration No. 2 is seen a bonnet that may be worn on Easter Sunday with a black silk gown combined with emerald green velvet, which has a Mary Stuart brim formed of stiffened white lace and thickly studded with small jet flies. The crown, which is quite flat, is formed of emerald green velvet half an inch wide, plaited in basket fashion with white velvet. Just in front, but quite

low down on the brim, are three rosettes of emerald velvet, one fitting directly in the point and the others being at each side and a little higher than the middle one. In the heart of each is a jet fly. The ties are of emerald green velvet two inches wide, and as the wearer has an oval face they are arranged in a prim bow with short ends fastened up on each side by jet flies, so that they apparently broaden the face. If one wished, cerise, mauve, blue, golden brown or black velvet could be used in place of the emerald, but in combinations with white the green is considered rather newer than any of the others. Some one has asked how the lace is stiffened for these brims. It is done by its being carefully threaded with the very finest milliner's wire. Of course, the lace used is coarse in design. In threading the lace a needle is used, and if one takes even a little trouble the lace may be made so that it will bend as is desired, and when the bonnet has served its time, the wire may be removed, and behold, the lace is as good as new.

### SOME OF THE SHAPES

**T**HE fashionable bonnet is never conspicuous in shape. That is always true, but never did it impress itself on my mind so thoroughly as it does at present. Occasionally an oddity in a crown may be seen, a little bending of the brim may individualize the shape, but as a general rule the tendency is toward an oval or a round capote which fits the head comfortably and is easily pinned to position. The oval fitted brim with a high, narrow, Mother Goose crown is liked for elderly ladies, but the small shapes are given preference over all others. The Princess of Wales, who is credited with wearing the most becoming bonnets of any living woman, has never changed the shape. She has been faithful



AN EASTER BONNET (Illus. No. 2)

to the capote; sometimes it was a little larger, sometimes it lost in size, sometimes its trimming was high, sometimes low, but always it was in the fashion. The same story is told of a well-known French milliner whose bonnets always have the stamp of quiet gentility and elegance; and when one sees the possibility of the capote shape, and that the same design may be used and yet be different every time, the truth of this forces itself upon one.

### A VERITABLE CAPOTE

**I**T is an oval capote of golden brown chip that is pictured in Illustration No. 3. It fits easily on the head, permitting the hair to be worn high or low, as is preferred. Under the brim in front is a band of golden brown velvet, which throws it up a little, and this is studded with yellow primroses.



THE NEWEST THING IN A BONNET (Illus. No. 1)

About the crown, at least an inch and a half from the brim, is a small wreath of primroses, and on one side, quite near the front, stands up an oddly-shaped bow of two-inch wide brown velvet ribbon pinned with gold pins having topaz heads. The ties are of golden brown velvet, knotted under the chin, and tied in the back.

December 4th, 1893.

## I Prefer

Cleveland's Baking Powder to others because it is pure and wholesome. It takes less for the same baking. It never fails. And bread and cake keep their freshness and flavor.

CORNELIA CAMPBELL BEDFORD,  
Supt. New York Cooking School.



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The most delicious and lightest biscuit manufactured, each weighing only a pennyweight. A few of these biscuits and a glass of milk make an ideal lunch, refreshing and healthful. Fay Biscuit are nicely packed in attractive cases for sale to retail customers. Ask your Grocer for them, and if he does not keep them, have him order them for you from MARVIN-Pittsburgh, or U. S. BAKING CO., Boston

## "1847" Rogers Silverware

If you wish the old original quality of Rogers Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., accept only those which are stamped



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## DILWORTH'S BRUNSWICK COFFEE

It won't do to rely on the appearance of Roasted Coffee for drinking merit. Most of the coffee offered in bulk under the alluring name of "Java" is roasted from some ordinary kind. Retailers and consumers alike are fooled. **Brunswick Coffee** is a combination of choice growths with drinking merit positively surpassing all others. You cannot be deceived, as it is sold only in one and two pound, patent preservative packages bearing our name and trade-mark. If your grocer hasn't it send us his address. Beautiful Premium offered to consumers of Brunswick.

**DILWORTH BROTHERS, Pittsburgh, Pa.**





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



LADY who manages a very successful summer boarding-house relates an incident which shows that outward circumstances are not an indication of the vigor and earnestness of the mind.

Having occasion to visit her kitchen one morning she found there a group of maids shelling peas. Their fingers, busy as those were, were not more active than their tongues, and my friend was interested in the subject of their discourse. She heard one give a quotation, another quickly give the author, a part of a quotation followed, and some one completed it. This provoked conversation about books and authors which showed a remarkable amount of intelligent familiarity with good literature.

Leaving this pleasant scene our friend went to the front piazza, where finely-dressed ladies with beautiful fancy work were chatting gayly. My friend did not give the subject of their conversation, but expressed herself by gestures stronger than words in regard to the topics which occupied her guests. The useless talk of boarding-house piazzas has been the theme of many a satirical paragraph, but it is not often that it is brought into contrast with a more thoughtful and intelligent kitchen conversation.

THE following clippings from a local newspaper are so suggestive that I copy them, making no changes except the elimination of the names of the participants. If such a club can be maintained in one small country town it can in others. Matrons and young ladies are represented on the programmes, and one can easily imagine how each one's different gifts are called out. The short winter afternoons must have passed too quickly for all the interesting sketches and discussions planned:

The next meeting of the Current News Club will be held at Mrs. A. P. H.'s, Tuesday afternoon, December 19. The exercises for the afternoon will consist of quotations on Christmas-tide from each member.

Paper, "The Growth of Christmas in the United States," by the Misses C.  
Reading, "Christmas Poem," Mrs. A. T.  
Music by Miss G. and Miss H.  
Reading, "Christmas at Valley Forge," Mrs. H.  
Conversation, topic, "Christmas Legends."  
Miss M. C. will preside at the meeting.

The next meeting of the Current News Club will be held at Miss M. C.'s, January 9, 1894, at three p. m. The programme is as follows:

Quotations, general.  
Paper, "Geographical Description of the United States," by Miss B. J.  
Reading, selections from "Hiawatha," Miss F. P.  
Reading, from Cooper, Mrs. Dr. B.  
Conversation, topic, "Early Religions in the United States Before the Revolution."

A short sketch of the following will be given by several of the members:

Presbyterian—Mrs. F.  
Catholic—Mrs. T. T.  
Methodist—Miss L. H.  
Friends—Miss M. C.  
Baptist—Miss R. C.  
Huguenot—Miss A. C.  
Puritan—Miss S. G.  
Greek—Mrs. A. T.  
Episcopal—Mrs. H. H.  
Jews—Miss C.  
Mrs. A. P. H. will preside at the meeting.

MY husband is a physician, and I read his journals. Of course I don't pretend to understand all of their terms, big words, etc., but gather sufficient knowledge to converse with him when he comes home at night. When women take an interest in their husband's affairs, besides making things bright and cheery when they come home, not many men—unless they are brutes—will leave a charming, brilliant, loving wife for the "club" or "down town" after business hours are over.

DOCTOR'S WIFE.

If two persons are to live together they ought to feel an interest in each other's pursuits, and if that is true in general it is specially true in the case of married people. If a woman is fond of music or of some other form of art I think her husband should take an intelligent interest in that. If he does not enjoy instrumental and vocal music himself he ought to make an effort to sympathize with his wife in her liking for it. There are many ways in this world in which music and painting can serve a very good purpose, and every man should try to help his wife use such gifts as she may have in the best way; so a wife should wish to be acquainted with that work or recreation which occupies her husband's thoughts and time. She may not—indeed she cannot—be as learned and skillful in his special business as he is, but she can be wise enough to talk with him intelligently, and often to help him materially. She may not be brilliant, but she can be sensible.

A NICE way to amuse a creeping baby for half an hour or more is to spread a clean cloth on the floor and sit him down and sprinkle a teaspoonful of sugared caraway seeds around him. The more they are scattered the longer it takes him to pick them up, and he never picks up more than one at a time. I secured a whole hour for sewing one day in that way.

A. M. B.

I should be afraid that caraway seeds would hurt the baby, and I doubt if Miss Scovil would approve of them. Little sugar pellets would be less harmful, but I should fear that serious trouble of indigestion would be caused by the sugar. Many babies are quite content on the floor without anything to eat, and so gain strength of limbs by a free use of them.

\* \* \*

WHAT is the reason that sometimes after talking confidentially with, as I suppose, a sympathizing friend, my heart feels like a stone, literally, and there is such an exhausted feeling comes over me? I have had this experience several times and do not know why it is, or to which part of our nature to assign it—mind, body or spirit.

MARY N.

A good physician does not diagnose a case without examination, and I should not venture to say without more knowledge of you what the difficulty is in your case. Sometimes conscience pricks one a little for having talked of people or affairs in a way not quite consistent with the love described in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. And sometimes the feeling you describe comes from nervous exhaustion. One is tempted, I think, to store away a great many feelings which are not altogether wholesome, and confidential talks often magnify supposed grievances, and induce a morbid condition of mind, which might very possibly exhaust the nerves and leave the heaviness from which you suffer.

Active service for others and a loving sympathy for their sorrows will leave little time for confidential talks about one's self.

\* \* \*

I WAS very much shocked the other day to hear a man, whose fortune runs into the millions, say that he received on an average twenty begging letters a day, and that almost all of them were from women and girls asking for financial assistance. It is fair to suppose that almost all millionaires have the same experience, and if they do is there not something very wrong somewhere? Are these women dignifying their sex by begging for assistance? Can they not be content if they have no money of their own? The "daily round, the common task," may be monotonous, but there is a certain self-respect which comes from honesty of purpose. Money obtained easily is apt to do little good to the possessor, and surely any money which comes as the result of a "begging letter" can neither help nor dignify the recipient. Will you not give some practical words as to the wrong which is being done to self-respecting women by these indiscriminate and impetuous appeals to rich men?

GRANDMOTHER.

A woman could scarcely be expected to be contented without money, if she is hungry herself, or what is far worse has children or other dependents about her looking to her for food. I can sympathize very thoroughly with those who make appeals to the very rich. I am constantly tempted to do it myself for the sake of the person or the institution for which I feel a certain responsibility. I have to say to myself, "If I were to feel free to call upon Mr. So and So's full purse for the needs which seem to me, only one person, to be very pressing, his purse would be empty before I were through asking. And there are many others who would have the same desire to call upon the same purse."

I admit that in most cases the writers of begging letters are themselves much at fault. They would profit little were every demand granted, and it is very true "that money obtained by beggary is generally of little real help." We are slowly learning that the true way to help another is to help her help herself. To give a woman the opportunity to earn money is immeasurably better for her than to give her the money she needs.

As I write this I know how hard it will seem to two classes: one, the sentimental, unintelligent men and women who know no better how to help the ragged and the degraded than to put food, and probably "strong drink," into their mouths, and to shelter them in their degradation, and would take away the only ambition and energy there is left in those to whom misfortune and obstacles have proved too great. For the other class I am deeply sorry—the really suffering ones, the quiet, unobtrusive, uncomplaining, who will think I am cruelly indifferent to their poverty. I am not. I often wish it were in my power with one hand to intercept the giving of money where it would only injure, and with the other hand to put it where it would be the stepping-stone to self-respect and to self-maintenance.

MAY I inflict upon you a grumble, my first and last for publication? It is about the familiar idea that higher education fits women to be better wives and mothers. I believe this in theory, but in practice am puzzled. I have a college education and have rejoiced and gloried in it. But I married a young man with his fortune yet to make, and soon found trouble. I could do housework, though not with skill and speed; of dairy work and gardening I was ignorant. My untrained hands had to plod slowly over this work, which a girl reared in a farmer's kitchen could have done in half the time, while my mind began to rust for lack of time to use its powers.

Now I have two tiny children, and it is worse yet. Before I can make the round of their many little bodily needs my time, strength and patience are exhausted, and I am becoming a fret and a scold. What I could do well is neglected or abandoned for what I cannot do. My education, so far, seems to make me not a better mother, but a worse, because a less capable one. My husband is kind, but, like myself, sees and chafes at my unfitness for my sphere. Now where is the trouble? There surely is one, but can I yet remedy it, and how shall other girls escape it? If they go to college must they renounce marriage except with millionaires? I am

PERPLEXED.

Pardon me, my dear friend, I do not think "a girl reared in a farmer's kitchen" would be sure to do any better than you are doing. Your trained mind ought to help you solve this problem. It is quite possible you are physically unfit to do the sort of work which you are undertaking to do. That same difficulty has often occurred when "a girl reared in a farmer's kitchen" has broken down under too great physical labor. If you have gained anything from your higher education it ought to be a mind capable of solving a difficult problem, and an ability to direct strong hands and feet to the accomplishment of a larger amount of work than they could do without your trained direction. Perhaps you have forgotten this and failed to use your abilities in their best way. Sit down with your husband, carefully go over your business affairs and see if there is not some way in which you can enlarge your business, that is, your farming income, enough to allow a larger expenditure of money for manual labor. Are you not allowing the tools which your college education put in order and sharpened to get dull and rusty while you use others ill prepared? Seek to lessen the expenditure of your strength in unnecessary details, and by so doing you will find your way growing smoother. It is when you are rasped and hurried that your children need more attention, and so the endless chain binds you tighter. Work will increase worry and worry will increase your work.

\* \* \*

I GAVE my girl of ten years a little account-book and pencil and an allowance of ten cents a week. The money was paid a penny or two at a time through the week, for work done the same day, such as a penny for washing dishes, a penny for wheeling baby an hour, etc., to be spent for anything she liked except candy, and each item to be placed in the account-book with date and price, also the date of receiving the penny on the opposite page. Then, too, each of my children has her own bank-book at the five-cent savings bank, and each coin that happens to come to me bearing the date of their birth year goes to that child for "bank-money."

When twenty-five cents is accumulated she takes her book and goes to the bank herself to deposit it. It is amusing sometimes to see her trying to decide if she will put some of her "earned money" with the "bank money" or buy something she wants. To the older one I do not give any advice; she must decide and learn by experience, as in her case the temptation is about equal, but I help the little ones, as they do not earn as much. I find the paper coins very useful too, and have played "cash-carrier" system with my girl by the hour, having her make change. She was a little dull in arithmetic and it helped her.

You would not hesitate, would you, to give advice to your daughter if it were asked? I suppose what you mean is that you do not control her in her decision. Your plan of making play help the child in her weak point is a good one.

\* \* \*

SOME of the letters in this department I find filled with happiness and content—helpful letters; others are full of unrest and dissatisfaction. It would be such joy could I breathe into the souls of the unhappy ones of the lesson that has come to me through trial and trouble. It required so much teaching, so much hard experience for me to learn, that I would gladly spare some one else the headache. It is a very old lesson, one that has been before the world for eighteen hundred years, but we are so slow to believe it. Leave your troubles with the Lord. "Wait patiently for Him and He shall bring it to pass." I brought my troubles readily enough, but carried them away every time. At last it came to me that I was treating the dear Lord with less confidence than I would any earthly friend—giving Him my care and unrest, but always taking them back to my own heart. But now I leave them, knowing that what is best He will give. When I awake in the morning with a heart full of care I say, "Well, I'll just trust for to-day." I know that care and responsibility have done for my character what years of ease and luxury could never have done. I am not old, and it is God's kindness to have taught me this lesson when, perhaps, not half through my life.

How many people there are who have gone just as you have carrying their burden to the great burden-bearer, and have come away bringing it with them, trying to persuade themselves that they really meant to lay it down. My husband says sometimes when we are out driving, and I appear to feel a little anxious, "Do you want to drive or do you want me to drive—it is not worth while for both of us to try to do it?" Of course I say, "I want you to drive," but it is not long before I find myself again anxiously watching the road and the horse. That is just the way, I think, we treat God. We tell Him we will trust Him, but we worry and fret just as if we did not.

A. F. H. Abbott.



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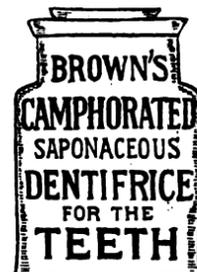
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## WHAT TO DO IN EMERGENCIES

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil

**W**HEN an accident happens there is usually not much time to decide what is best to be done. Help, to be effectual, must be prompt, and often delay implies farther injury or loss of life.

It is well to fix in the mind a few general principles of treatment in the more common accidents. When the emergency arises these are recalled instinctively and form the basis of action. The means by which they are to be carried into effect follow naturally and the necessity is met.

**POISONING:** Empty the stomach; give an antidote if it can be had; when there is much prostration stimulate the sufferer.

An emetic is the readiest way to accomplish the first object. Give one tablespoonful of mustard stirred in a tumbler of tepid water; repeat several times if necessary; two tablespoonfuls of syrup or wine of ipecac, repeated; a small half teaspoonful (thirty grains) of white vitriol (sulphate of zinc) in half a tumbler of tepid water. Tickle the back of the throat with a feather, camel's-hair brush or the finger.

Some poisons paralyze the stomach so that emetics will not act, in which case the stomach may be washed out if a long piece of rubber tubing or a fountain syringe can be obtained. Put a little oil or vaseline on the end of the tube, hold the tongue down with a teaspoon or tooth-brush handle, push the tube as far back in the mouth as possible, that it may enter the food passage and not the air tract. When about eight or nine inches has passed down attach a funnel to the end, and holding that or the bag of the fountain syringe above the head pour in two or three pints of water. Lower the funnel below the level of the stomach and the water will run out. Repeat the process until it comes away clear. In a case of poisoning from strong acids, when the lining of the mouth and stomach are corroded, this means cannot be used.

**I**N poisoning by opium strong coffee should be given, the victim being kept roused and awake, if possible, until medical aid may be obtained.

The antidotes to arsenic are tablespoonful doses of dialyzed iron, magnesia and castor oil.

Carbolic acid: give a tablespoonful of Epsom salts stirred in water, and repeat.

Oxalic acid: give chalk, lime, lime-water or magnesia freely.

Corrosive sublimate: white of egg and milk in quantities.

In poisoning by an acid the use of alkalis is indicated, as soda, magnesia, chalk, lime and soapsuds. When the mischief has been wrought by strong alkalis acid must be used, as vinegar, lemon juice or hard cider.

When the mucous membrane of the mouth is much inflamed or destroyed give raw eggs, flour stirred in water, flaxseed tea, arrowroot, or any soothing drink. Stimulation can be applied by means of hot water bottles or bags to the feet and over the heart, and by rubbing the extremities. Alcoholic stimulant should be administered very cautiously.

**BLEEDING:** Stop the hemorrhage by means of pressure, position, heat or cold, and, if necessary, styptics.

When a large vein or an artery has been severed it is sometimes a difficult matter to stop the flow of blood. If the cut is on a limb tie a hard knot in a towel, place the knot inside the arm or leg as high as possible and twist the towel firmly round the limb. A stick can be thrust through it and used as a handle to twist by if necessary. This stops the circulation and cuts off the supply of blood. It should not be kept up more than one hour on the arm and rather longer on the leg.

Ice, or very hot water applied with a sponge or cloth, will check the bleeding when it comes from a number of small points.

When possible the wounded part should be raised so the blood will flow away from it toward the heart.

Binding a bunch of cobwebs or a handful of flour on the wound, or bathing it in strong vinegar is sometimes effectual.

Bleeding stops from the blood coagulating or clotting. All our efforts should be directed toward helping it to accomplish this by every available means.

**H**EMORRHAGE from the lungs is always alarming, but unless it is very violent seldom threatens life immediately. Raise the head and shoulders slightly with pillows. Fill a pitcher with boiling water, pour in a teaspoonful of spirits of turpentine and let the fumes be inhaled. Give small pieces of ice and enforce perfect quiet. Blood from the lungs is bright red and frothy, and is coughed or spit up.

Blood from the stomach is dark, mixed with particles of food, and comes in the act of vomiting. The person should be kept perfectly quiet, lying down, and ice wrapped in a cloth or ice bag placed over the stomach.

Epistaxis, or bleeding from the nose, is sometimes very troublesome. Keep the head thrown back, holding a wet cloth or sponge to receive the blood, at the same time raising the arms above the head. Press the fingers firmly on each side the nose where it joins the upper lip. Place some cold substance, as a lump of ice, at the back of the neck, or on the forehead at the bridge of the nose. If these remedies are ineffectual have a little fine salt or powdered alum sniffed into the nostrils.

**A** BROKEN bone need not be set immediately. This knowledge saves much unnecessary anxiety when the doctor cannot be procured at once.

The parts must be put in as comfortable a position as possible and most nearly corresponding to the natural one. It is necessary to give support above and below the break.

Handle the injured part very carefully not to force the rough ends of bone through the skin.

Improvise splints of some kind—two strips of wood, a couple of stout book covers, or pieces of pasteboard. Place one on each side when it is a limb that is injured, and bind them in place with handkerchiefs. A long pillow firmly tied will answer the purpose, or in case of injury to a leg it may be fastened to its fellow if nothing better can be done, remembering to tie it above and below the injury.

**W**HEN the shoulder-bone is broken place the arm on the injured side across the chest, the hand touching the opposite shoulder, and fasten it in place by passing a broad bandage around the body.

In fracture of the ribs pin a towel around the body until the doctor comes.

In a simple fracture the bone is broken, it may be, in several places, but there is no deep flesh wound extending to the seat of injury; when there is such a wound the fracture is said to be compound.

When there is a fracture the part is unnaturally movable unless the ends of the bone have been driven together or impacted.

In a dislocation the bone is forced out of its socket at the joint. There is more or less deformity, and it is difficult to move the limb. The last point helps to distinguish it from a fracture. Time is of importance, as the swelling which supervenes increases the difficulty of reducing it or returning the bone to its proper place. Hot applications may be made if the surgeon cannot be had immediately.

A sprain occurs when a joint is twisted but not dislocated. The ligaments which hold the bones together are stretched and sometimes torn. Immersing the part in very hot water for a time, and then keeping it surrounded with hot water bags, usually gives relief. The joint should be firmly, but not too tightly, bandaged from the fingers or toes upward. After a time gentle rubbing is useful.

**C**ONVULSIONS in a grown person are always alarming. In children they proceed from a variety of causes, some of which are comparatively unimportant. A fit of indigestion or the irritation from cutting teeth may produce them. They may indicate the commencement of disease, but they are seldom fatal, and while the doctor should be sent for there is no cause for immediate alarm. The child is rigid for a moment, with fixed eyes, clenched hands and contracted face. Then the muscles relax and often the little patient falls into a heavy sleep.

The child should be placed in a hot bath as quickly as possible, a tablespoonful of mustard being added to the water. A cloth wrung out of cold water should be wrapped around the head and changed as it becomes warm. After being immersed he should be lifted out, wrapped in a blanket and left to sleep. If there is another convulsion the bath should be repeated.

**T**HERE is no accident more terrible than severe injuries from fire. All well-instructed persons know that when a woman's dress is in flames water is almost useless to extinguish it, unless she could be plunged under it. The fire can be put out only by cutting off the supply of air, without which it cannot burn. This can be done by enveloping the person in a rug, blanket or any woolen article of sufficient size.

The pain from slight burns is very great. An excellent application is a thick paste of common baking soda moistened with water, spread on a piece of linen or cotton, and bound on the part. This can be kept wet by squeezing water on it from a sponge or cloth until the smarting is soothed.

A thick coating of starch can be used instead of the soda, or wheat flour if nothing better can be had, but neither should be applied if the skin is broken. In this case it is better to use vaseline, olive or linseed oil. The doctor will apply some preparation containing carbolic acid.

If the air can be effectually excluded from a burn the pain is relieved.

Blisters should be pricked and the fluid absorbed with a soft cloth before applying a dressing.

If the clothing adheres to the skin the loose part should be cut away and the patches of material soaked off with oil or warm water.

When the injury is extensive the sufferer will be prostrated and may die from the shock. Heat should be applied to the extremities and over the heart, and hot drinks given until the doctor comes.

In burns from a strong acid the part should be covered with dry baking soda or lime, as the alkali will neutralize the acid. No water should be used, but a dressing of cosmoline or oil applied after the alkali has been brushed off.

When the burn has been caused by an alkali an acid must be used. A person recovering from the effects of a burn requires very nourishing food.

**T**HERE are few accidents more alarming to a mother than when a child swallows a foreign body.

If it has gone beyond reach of the finger no special effort should be made to dislodge it. Nature will probably take care of it if she is not interfered with. Emetics or cathartics may produce disastrous results. The only thing that can be done is to give a plentiful meal of soft food.

Foreign bodies in the ear: These do not usually occasion much discomfort for a time, and as the passage of the outer ear is closed at the end by a membrane they cannot penetrate farther, and may safely be left until they can be removed by a competent person. When an insect has entered turn the head on one side with the affected ear uppermost and gently pour in a little warm water. When this runs out the drowned intruder comes with it.

Water should not be used when a pea or bean has been introduced, because they swell when moist.

Foreign bodies in the nose: These may sometimes be drawn out with a bent hair-pin. If not easily removed in this way they should not be poked at. A little snuff or pepper may be sniffed in, or the opposite nostril tickled with a straw. The act of sneezing will probably dislodge the substance; if not it should be left for a surgeon to extract.

Foreign bodies in the throat: This may be a very serious accident whether it occurs in the windpipe or the food passage. It demands immediate action or the result may be a fatal one. Send for the doctor at once as he may have to open the windpipe to save the victim's life. Meantime slap the sufferer on the back between the shoulders. Insert the finger as far down as possible to try to grasp the obstruction and remove it. Turn the person head downward and slap the back forcibly.

If breathing ceases the patient should be laid on the back, the arms pulled upward, the hands resting on the top of the head, then brought down and pressed on the chest, repeating the movements sixteen times in a minute.

**F**AINTING is caused by an interruption of the supply of blood to the brain. The head should be lowered immediately. Often laying the person down will revive her without other measures. The head may be allowed to hang over the side of the couch for a few moments. Smelling-salts may be held to the nose and heat applied over the heart to stimulate its action. Open a window or outer door to admit plenty of fresh air, and unfasten the clothing to permit free circulation. In severe cases when unconsciousness is prolonged, a mustard paste may be placed over the heart; if the breathing stops artificial respiration can be begun. It is useless to try to give stimulants by mouth unless the person is sufficiently conscious to be able to swallow. The attack usually passes off in a few minutes, but the invalid should be made to lie still and be kept quiet for some time after it.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Scovil's former column of "Mothers' Corner," which is now treated under the title of "Suggestions for Mothers," will be found on page 32 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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HEART TO HEART TALKS

**M**ARCH, some one says, is the arch-angel's trumpet of the flowers, bidding them arise and live! Ah, if we could only think that every sharp wind that blows, all that naturally antagonizes us is only to bring up the flowers of patience and long suffering and gentleness. But we think the winds are killing. I have had a respect for all winds that blow since I read George MacDonald's "At the Back of the North Wind." Some time we shall come to the knowledge of the tenderness hid in the storm blast that disturbs us so now. We have much to learn, and the "tallest saint" has hardly touched the hem of the garment of His mercy and loving kindness.

A THOUGHT FROM PHILLIPS BROOKS

**I**HAVE always been fond of "Year Books," or thoughts for every day in the year; so I turned to see the thought in the Phillips Brooks "Year Book" and I read: "Coming nearer to Christ, we say, and that does not mean creeping into a refuge where we can be safe. It means becoming better women; repeating His character more and more in ours. The only true danger is sin, and so the only true safety is holiness. What a sublime ambition. How it takes our vague half-felt wishes and fills them with reality and strength when the moral growth which makes a man complete is put before us, not abstractly, but in this picture of the dearest and noblest being that our souls can dream of standing before us and saying, 'Come unto Me,' standing over us and praying for us, 'Father, bring them where I am.'"

I felt like giving you, dear Daughters, this one thought out of one of my loved books. How lovely it would have been if I could have sent you all last January a little book that each of us could have read, and all, as it were, together. But I love to think that if that were impossible, yet some sweet word of the same story of old we do read every day.

THE BANNER CHAPTER

**I**N a little Testament I own, prominent passages are marked. The fourteenth chapter of St. John, for example, is inclosed by a banner, and so it is called the banner chapter. "Let not your heart be troubled!" Ah, those words do carry the banner! Only think of being told by Him who knows all our past, all our future and all the present—think of being told by Him, "Let not your heart be troubled!" He must know something that we have not seen yet. How I wish the one who signed herself "One in Misery" could see this, and could take it in and say, "It will be only a short time and then there will be no misery for me. I am going out of misery into joy." And those who sign themselves "Your Lonely One," if they could see that every need of their social nature will be satisfied. The noblest one said, "I am alone," but He added (what we have a right to add), "but the Father is Me!" God is with us, only we do not recognize Him! Our real misery is that we do not know God. I know there is a great deal of misery in the world: poverty, sickness, bereavement, but all this will pass away—it is not to last. But the need of our spirit is God, and to starve with Him is better than to have fullness of bread without Him! Oh, what a victory comes to a soul when that soul says, "I can be poor, I can endure sickness, I can afford all that, but I cannot and will not live without Thee." Of all the parables that impressed me when I was a child the parable of the rich man and Lazarus touched me most deeply. It was such a change for Lazarus, begging just the crumbs from the rich man's table and having only a dog kind to him! But he died and then—the angels! And the rich, selfish man died—and no angels! Oh, when will the kingdom of universal love come?

THE STONE IN THE BASKET

**I**REMEMBER long ago having a hanging-basket, and the plants in it drooped, and though I was careful to water them it was of no use. Finally I said, "Well, I shall find out what the matter is if I take out all the soil." Alas, there was not much soil in it to take out; there was a great stone in it! I took out the stone and put in soil and soon had a lovely basket. Now that is what God wants to do: take the hardness out of us! There are so many who are hard. They feel hard. You write me you rebel against circumstances, and your hardness sometimes amounts to hatred! Ah, my sister, you need a heart of flesh, a tender, sympathetic heart, more than you need anything else. You think if it had been this or that. Again I say what you want is a new heart! And God says He will give it to you, and then many other new things may follow. For it was the same one who said, "I will give you a new heart," that said also, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things will be added unto you." But you want the "things" first! Oh, how slow we are in learning that not what we get makes us happy, but what we are!

HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS

**I**AM so hopeful myself that it makes my heart ache to read such letters as the one I have just laid down. The writer says she is utterly hopeless. No one has any right to be hopeless, not while there is a God of all hope. There was to me a note of warning in that letter. There is a way of speaking of God that influences us, and we need to remember that our words influence us. We ought to cultivate faith in God, instead of cultivating doubt. I never forgot what a professor of philosophy said when his last sickness came. He said there was nothing he would not give if he could only have back his childhood faith. But he had studied to demolish his faith in a loving God that Christ taught us to call "our Father," and he could not get back his faith. There is nothing that calls for such diligence as cultivation of faith in God. If we do cultivate it we shall not become hopeless; we shall cling to "this one fixed stake," as Whittier said, "We know that God is good."

REMEDY FOR HOPELESSNESS

**D**O you ask me how I shall write to my hopeless friend? I shall tell her I am so glad that God is not hopeless. He has a great many hopeless children on His hands, but He is not discouraged though they are! It is said of Him, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He hath set judgment in the earth." Oh, when I think of God's poor children, sick children, insane children—then I remember that Jesus came to tell us of the heart of God! You have seen the picture of the poor broken lamb in the arms of the good Shepherd. His love and His long suffering never end. He can wait. But you know in all three parables, the lost sheep, the lost piece of silver, the prodigal, they all sought till they found. There are many lost sheep but there is no lost Saviour! So I have hope when I see Him as He is for my hopeless friend. I shall see her when all the shadows have passed away. Oh, yes, there is hope in God and in what God is! I have lived long enough to see mercy in much that terrified me. And as soon as you come to see that, you are in everlasting arms, surrounded by everlasting love, you have then an unchangeable Friend. Your inner life will begin to grow, and though it may not yet be summer in your life it will be on the way to it.

So you see you have only to believe in God, and all this blessed peace and joy will come to you. But it always will be joy in believing, and always the absence of joy in doubting. If we would only show as much common sense in our life that is not to end as we show in the life that must end we would be far happier. We know enough to cultivate what we desire to have in profusion in things earthly; but do we cultivate faith, and hope, and love? Do we make believing in God a business? Who will begin business?

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST

**Y**OU enter into the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, the spiritual kingdom, by utter helplessness, utter powerlessness. That is the mistake some have made all their lives. They have struggled through their lives to become Christly. They have read the Bible and prayed, but their religion, when it came to the real downright needs of their hearts, was a failure. Now I am satisfied that the trouble is in not seeing the simplicity of Christ's teaching, and the fact that life—spiritual life—comes not from struggling and trying. I have seen people set off to do something. "Go off and do that and you will be happy." There is a sense in which you will have a change right away, but they know themselves that it has not met the deep, deep need. They do not know, after all, whether they are children of the Kingdom. I wish you could see the letters I get. One woman wrote me the other day, "If I do not get hold of something that will give me some comfort and joy I'll give up the whole thing!" I was glad to see the desperation in that woman. We come into the Kingdom not by striving and struggling, but by being first powerless and helpless, and with just that kind of dependence that a child has when it absolutely throws itself on its mother, and clings to its mother. Then you are in the Kingdom. Oh, friends, I do not know how you pray. I hope you are really out and out honest when you come to pray, but I am afraid you are not. You do not go to the Lord and tell Him, "I'm just as lonesome as I can be!" as you would go to a friend and say, "I'm just as heart-hungry as I can be!" But if you do, and absolutely throw yourself on Christ, who is the only life that is worth calling a life, if you do that you are in the Kingdom. That is the Kingdom, and then comes joy.

Anxiety, worry about the future do not belong to the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. When you are there you have slipped out of the Kingdom. Now consider the lilies. Consider the lilies, how they grow. Well, how do they? They toil not. We do. How unlike lilies! They toil not, neither do they spin, and we are spinning all the time. Just think how you spin. Think how we spin, thinking, thinking, thinking, spinning, spinning, spinning! They toil not, neither do they spin, but they grow. Well, how do they grow? They live on sunlight, they live on rain and air. God's lilies live on Christ. They toil not, neither do they spin, and they are never anxious. Now suppose, for instance, that the lilies had a conference about the place they were in. If they were only in different circumstances how much better they could spin. "Now, I need to be right where those pansies are." And that is what we are saying all the time. "If I were rich!" Yes, if you were you'd be happy—no, you wouldn't! It isn't true. Man's happiness comes from within, and not from circumstances, not from the fine house.

WHAT MAKES HAPPINESS

**I**REMEMBER a friend who, driving down Fifth Avenue a good many years ago, stopped at a house. Two girls came along, lively girls but not rich girls. They looked at her horses, and she heard one say to the other, "Oh, if I only had such horses!" And she heard it, and she called those girls to the carriage. "You will pardon me, but I heard what you said. Now," she added, "I want to tell you, I will give you the horses and a carriage if you will give me the strength to walk up Fifth Avenue that you have."

Oh, do not let us make any mistakes here! Do not let us think that if things were different we should be happy! It is not the different things, it is the Kingdom that we want within us, and not to have things different. I wanted to give a little something to a woman once. You know there are people it is difficult to give to. It takes a great deal more grace to receive than to give; so I tried to do it just so nicely, and I was afraid to see that shadow come over her face at the thought of the time when she could have been giving instead of receiving. So I said to her, "Do not let us try, you know, and get above the Master. I suppose that the Master wore no clothes during the years of His ministry, except the clothes that were given Him by the women who ministered unto Him, and He had not where to lay His head. The Lord Jesus was glad to get a bed in somebody's else house, for He had no bed!" Friends, this is all very simple but it is intensely vital. We want to be Christians that are Christians, that estimate things as the Lord Jesus Christ estimates them, that is, realize the unseen, the eternal, the endlessness of our life. This world in which we live this life is the mere vestibule of what we are going into. If we have not this realization we shall not bring forth the fruit that the world needs.

*Margaret Bottoome*

King Philip Mills



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## THE FIRST SPRING SEWING

By Emma M. Hooper



WHEN the rush of mid-winter is over and all cleaning and ripping of garments are done with, the weary woman has a chance to sit down and think of cotton dresses. These usually come in before, and after, the first woolen gown arranged for Easter. In fact, cotton gowns seem to be in the stage of making from February until July, and as they promise to be more worn than ever this year one can hardly have too many of them. The beauty of a cotton gown is its fresh, cool and clean appearance and not its expense.

### ZEPHYR OR GINGHAM GOWNS

PLAIDS, stripes and broken checks in blue, pink, heliotrope or tan predominating, meet one on every side, at fifteen to twenty-five cents. Make skirts from three and a half to four and a half yards wide, with slightly gored front and sides and a full back and a four-inch hem. Trim with two ruffles of the same, or from one to three rows of Hamburg insertion or white cotton passementerie, which is just fancy braid. The wide Spanish flounce is also in vogue, set on with an inch heading doubled under and simply hemmed, or finished with a row of insertion above the hem and top. Since overskirts have tried to creep in it brings back the long round apron trimmed on the edge and a trimming of ruffles to outline or imitate an apron front. The sleeves are made very full at the top and closer at the wrist, or have a deep puff to fall over the elbow, and close-fitting cuff of embroidery, lace or trimmed with braid or insertion. The collar rolls as a rule; next comes the high ruffle of the goods or of embroidery. The round waist is usually unlined and is made with French seams. These are stitched close to raw edges on the right side, and then turned under and stitched on the wrong side. It is a good plan to put a wide facing of the goods all around the armholes, and if one perspires very freely have a facing across the back of the shoulders. Run a casing and drawstring around the waist-line and let the skirt come over the waist; fasten with small pearl buttons and trim with a small round, square or pointed yoke of embroidery or lace, or a bertha ruffle of the goods edged with insertion or braid, or one of lace or open embroidery from six to eight inches deep. Two and three rows of insertion all around the waist will be used: one at bottom of armholes, one above and, perhaps, one below. Lengthwise strips of insertion are becoming to a full figure. Bretelles of embroidery or lace are, likewise, becoming to a stout person. A leather, satin or moiré ribbon or embroidery belt may be worn. A black ribbon belt, fastening with an enameled Russian buckle, is very chic with all kinds of cotton gowns. Clitheroe zephyrs in plaids of yellow, pink or blue, with white prominent, and black in printed yarn effects, are trimmed with a crush collar and belt of black satin, and yoke and bertha ruffle of deep cream point de Genes lace.

### SILK AND COTTON FROCKS

THE swivel silks, or silk and cotton mixtures, can be made up for house wear as you would fashion a dainty summer silk. One in pink on a yellowish-cream ground has a skirt four yards wide, with a ruffle of the goods in festoons upholding a second one of point de Genes lace, with a bow of black moiré ribbon No. 9 at the point of each festoon. The round waist has a small yoke of lace, with shoulder ruffle to match and deep lace cuffs; belt of black moiré ribbon having a jet buckle; crush collar of moiré. Such a dress is not supposed to see the washtub for at least a season, and can be pressed out on the wrong side if wrinkled. Another one of white designs on black is trimmed with white lace sleeve epaulettes, and two rows of insertion around the waist and skirt, with a crush collar and belt of white satin. Designs of pale blue having a touch of black are made up with black or white lace insertion and black ribbon belt. Ruffles of the goods are finished with a row of insertion above the hem. For street wear select one of the medium grounds and trim with the goods and lace, though not using the latter as profusely as if intended for the house. Shirt waists of narrow and medium stripes are worn with silk and woolen skirts, and are both cool and dressy when made of the silky cotton goods. They can be without any trimming or decorated with lace insertion or edging. In any case they are worn under the skirt band and have very full sleeves.

### SWISSES AND DIMITIES

THESE are only suitable for house wear, and while some people go to the expense of a white silk slip to wear under such fabrics, being semi-transparent, it takes from the coolness and adds greatly to the expense, besides being really inappropriate for the outside goods. If a lining is desired have it of plain white lawn. White grounds are the prettiest with pink, blue, yellow, green or lavender designs, having all of the colors softened, and dots here and there over the pattern as well as the ground. The skirt averages four yards in width, and is trimmed with ruffles of the goods or of lace put on moderately full, straight around or in festoons; a third style has lace brought up in a round form like a deep apron. Round waists are trimmed with lace insertion in rows around, back and front; also with yokes, epaulettes and ruffles of lace edging. The yokes are left transparent, laid over the goods or a plain color of silk or similar cotton goods that match the flowers. Satin and moiré ribbon belts are worn, also crush belts of satin. Sleeves are very full at the shoulders, with the close-fitting cuff of lace or the material trimmed with several rows of lace insertion or No. 9 ribbon. Dimities are worn with ribbon belts and trimmed with fine embroidery or lace; if the former it must be fine, and in open patterns applied like the lace mentioned above. A dimitie is more apt to need washing during the first season, being soft goods, than one of the stiff Swisses, so for this reason I would advise embroidery for a trimming, as it washes better than lace. No. 12 ribbon makes a pretty belt, fastening with a "windmill" bow of two loops, up and down, or a cabbage rosette on the left side, if not with a buckle in front.

### CANVAS OR DUCK SUITINGS

THESE materials, whether plain or printed, of duck, heavy linen called dungaree, canvas or piqué, now called French welts, look better made up in tailor style than any other. The only appropriate trimming is stitched edges, and pearl buttons fasten the waist or trim the jacket edges. A seven-gored or full bell skirt, pointed, double-breasted basque or Eton jacket, each and all having immense leg-of-mutton sleeves, are in good taste for street suits. The fit and finish must be as exact as possible, and the shirt waist worn with an Eton jacket may be of silk, cotton and silk or lawn. A double-breasted vest is also worn with a jacket suit, and large pearl buttons serve as a fastening. Brocaded silk De Joinville ties are worn with a vest or shirt waist. Such dresses lose much of their beauty when washed, unless it is done by a practiced hand. The blue dungaree linen dresses in jacket shape, worn with a white linen waist or one of the tailor-made shirt waists, having starched collars and cuffs and soft body in blue and white, are stylish for street, country and seaside wear. Do not attempt to trim such a suit, or the simple, tailor air will be lost at once. Wear white or blue sailor hats, a white veil, yellow or cream chamois gloves and a plain blue or white silk parasol to complete the suit. If white predominates add white canvas shoes and white hose for the seaside or country.

### FANCY CREPONS, BATISTES

MOUSSELINE DE L'INDE, organdy and batiste are particularly handsome for house wear trimmed with point d'esprit or guipure lace and ribbons. The prettiest have white or very light tinted grounds and floral figures that furnish a key-note for the ribbons, though black ribbons with all colors will prove an idea that will flourish vigorously. Some of the exquisitely fine French organdies that retail as high as one dollar per yard are lined with taffeta silk and trimmed with moiré ribbon and Mechlin or point Venice lace, but such luxurious dressing cannot be called usual. When the expense can be afforded it is nice to have a white taffeta silk petticoat to wear under all such thin dresses, and corset covers of white Japanese silk. At the same time white nainsook, cambric and muslin petticoats will be more worn this summer than they have been in years. The crépons are often made up just like a woolen dress, with satin or fancy taffeta accessories, using lace for a yoke or epaulettes. These will be worn a great deal on the street, while others for the house have more lace and ribbon trimmings. The Anne of Austria collar in silk under lace is a lovely waist trimming for a crépon. This is a wide turn-over collar cut in points, or the edge left plain that crosses the back, comes over the shoulders and ends at the bust, leaving a square neck of lace and crush collar.

### PLAIN COTTON FROCKS

FOR morning wear and housekeeping duties percales and gingham are made in the simplest manner, with a skirt having a slightly gored front and sides gathered to the belt and a full back with a hem, or, perhaps, a six-inch hem, if the wearer is tall and slender. The round waist comes four inches below the waist-line, with a casing and drawstring. The collar is a roll-over or high ruffle, and the sleeves are gathered full into the armholes. A leather or canvas belt is worn, and no trimming is used, as the dress must often seek the washtub, and every piece of trimming is just so much more to iron on a warm summer's day. A work dress must have the facing around the armholes and be made amply large, as every piece of cotton will shrink more or less. It is a wrong idea to buy very dark goods for every-day wear. They soil as soon and never look as cool, clean and fresh as the lighter ones. A French percale at twenty-five cents looks well as long as a bit of it lasts, which cannot be said of the domestic goods many times at twelve and a half and fifteen cents. Toile de nord is a much-liked fabric for morning dresses and children's wear. Sateen is not as much worn of late years, owing to cheaper goods of a similar nature springing up, and to the fact of its being warm, as from the first it was lined and made up like a woolen gown; then dress-makers discovered that it easily wrinkled and its favor soon began to wane.

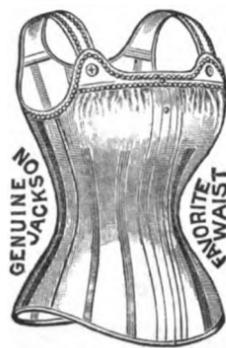
### THE POPULAR SHIRT WAIST

NO one will make a mistake in having a goodly supply of shirt waists in cotton or silk, and cotton goods like percale, cheviot, Madras, sergette, swivel silk, white lawn, nainsook, dimitie and chambray. Small plaids, checks and figures and medium and narrow stripes, as well as plain fabrics, are in demand for these very comfortable, neat and cleanly garments that are worn with silk and woolen skirts, besides the canvas, duck and piqué jacket suits. They are new every time they are washed, and are worn by the feminine element of every age, size and complexion. Make them unlined and with the bag seams, shirt or leg-of-mutton sleeves. The former have regular cuffs fastening with silver link buttons or a pearl button to match those on the front. Have a high, broken point, round or very much rolled collar, and if you like, starch the collar and cuffs like the "tailor-made" shirt waists, but never the rest of the garment. Use only shoulder and side seams and cut sufficiently long to set well below the skirt belt. A casing and drawstring at the waist-line will help to keep the waist down neatly. Sometimes the front is laid in three box-plaits; again it is left plain or may have a ruffle of Hamburg embroidery or of the goods sewed thickly down the lapping edge so as to fall in a jabot. No trimming is appropriate but the goods, embroidery or plain chambray; as collar, belt and cuffs of plain blue on a blue and white striped percale or plain colored lawn on an all-white one. The plainer the waist is kept the more stylish it is, provided the fit and material are correct, the belt and necktie what they should be, and the fabric becoming to the wearer.

### THE BELT AND NECKTIE

TO wear with the above waist have a two-inch belt of the material, fastening with a cross strap and pointed end or a simple pearl buckle, unless you own one of the quaint Russian enameled buckles that are pretty with any belt. Belts of satin or gros-grain ribbon, No. 12, especially in black, can be worn with a buckle or rosette. Then there are a legion of leather and kid belts in all colors, but remember that colored belts make the waist look larger. Silk and canvas belts also come in all colors, the better taste demanding a belt that matches the skirt. Do not let your dress skirt hang below the belt in the back, as nine out of ten do. Either have the skirt very snug or use a large pin to keep the extra weight of a full back up. This defect ruined the appearance last summer of many women having otherwise perfect costumes. A breastpin is out of place with a shirt waist, unless it be a stick pin worn in the knot of a De Joinville tie. This is the prettiest necktie for a shirt waist, being of plain, plaid, brocaded or striped silk seven inches wide and having a woven edge. This is folded narrowly around or under a collar and tied in a four-in-hand knot in front. It is more feminine than a regularly-sewed four-in-hand, though having the same effect. Nearly every man knows how to tie a four-in-hand knot so this deft trick may be easily learned from a masculine member of the family. Let your tie either just match the shirt waist or form a harmonious contrast. If another style of tie is wished select a Windsor tie or scarf. Every one knows what this is: a bias or straight piece of silk—plain, brocaded, plaided or striped, with plain hems or hemstitched edges—tied in two short loops and ends or worn as a loose sailor knot, with two ends. Ladies, misses and little boys wear the Windsor ties.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on page 34 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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TWO IDEAL SPRING COSTUMES

THE EARLY SPRING GOWNS

By Isabel A. Mallon

**A**CCORDING to the edict sent forth by the makers of fashion the most fashionable spring gown will be one of black silk, combined either with velvet or brocade. This heavy, glistening fabric has not been so popular for many years as at present, and its lack of softness in framing is obviated by the care with which a contrasting material is put upon it. Everybody is at some time patriotic, and this is my time. I am standing up for my country from a purely feminine standpoint; that is to say, I am advocating the fabrics made in this country, and especially the black silks. Those shown this season cannot be distinguished from the French ones. I know this is true, because I have seen expert buyers attempt to discover which was which and fail. The world is much given to talking about the influence of women, and I think that the best way for her to show her influence, and help make better times, is to buy materials made in America, the making of which employs those who are willing to work. Let American women patronize American goods of all sorts, and times will not be so hard.

SOME OF THE CHANGES

THE most positive change noted in the early spring designs is the lowering of the shoulders, although the sleeves are kept equally fanciful and quite full. Then, too, the basque, with its many possibilities, is appearing. Oftenest it has a belt. If one is tall and slender this belt goes entirely about the waist; if one is short and inclined to plumpness then the belt will start from under the arms and fasten flatly a little to one side in the front. Skirts were never more beautifully shaped. They escape the ground gracefully, fit smoothly across the front and hips, have two double box-plaits in the back, and in the cutting they are so arranged that a graceful width is given, which, while it makes walking easy, does not suggest either stiff linings or crinoline. All the pretty, fanciful methods of trimming the bodice remain in vogue, and she who can achieve something entirely novel and most decorative is counted chief among the dressmakers. Undoubtedly the band trimmings will continue in vogue, but they cannot be counted as new. Very deep Vandykes, artistic curves and square Greek designs are wrought out on the skirts, or else they are left quite plain.

In cloth there is a decided tendency to the overskirt, but just at present it shows itself in an upper skirt shaped exactly like the lower one, matching it in color, but not in material. That the polonaise will be worn is certain, but that its wear will be general is to be doubted. This garment, like the ulster, will suggest fall and winter, rather than spring and summer wear.

**A SILK GOWN FOR SPRING**  
 IN our illustration is shown a black silk gown intended for early spring wear. The skirt has for its decoration enormous points outlined by coffee-colored lace insertion, which overlays pale Nile green satin ribbon. The bodice is round. A pointed yoke of green satin overlaid with coarse lace is so shaped that the sharp point extends to the waist-line, and is hidden under a folded belt of green satin which fastens at one side under a tiny rosette. The collar is a stock of green satin laid in folds, and the sleeves, full but falling, have for their finish five bands of lace insertion over ribbon, each band having a tiny bow of the ribbon on the outer side. With this is to be worn a small bonnet made of stiffened lace, and having a bunch of grass just the color of the satin standing up in front, while black velvet ties are arranged in the latest mode. The gloves are of black undressed kid, the parasol of black silk, trimmed with strips of white lace insertion and finished with a lace frill, while a big bow of green ribbon is tied on the handle.

A SPRING COSTUME

THE gown shown to the left in illustration at the head of this page is made of broadcloth of the faint mode shade, and combined with it is satin exactly the same color. The skirt, which is quite plain, is of the cloth, and fitted over it and reaching just to the knees is another skirt of the satin. This is so carefully lined that not a stitch shows. The bodice, which is a round one, is of the cloth, and is draped across the front in surplice fashion, one-half of satin and the other of the wool fabric. The sleeves are of the cloth, and have the upper part in a very full puff strapped down just in the centre by a bias band of the satin. Midway between the elbow and wrist is a cuff of the cloth trimmed with milliner's folds of satin. The collar is a high, folded one of satin, with a tiny edge of white lace showing just above it. A short jabot of white lace is in the centre, and breaks the space between the cloth and satin near the top. With this is worn a chip bonnet of the same color, with high loops of cerise ribbon just in front, and velvet ribbons of the mode shade to tie it under the chin. The gloves are of undressed kid, and match the costume in tone.

THE FASHIONABLE WOOLS

THE smooth cloths in black, blue, silver gray, mode and very pale green are fancied for somewhat elaborate street dresses. Although they must bear the stamp of the tailor they do not have the trying lines of the original tailor-made gown. Very often these cloths are combined with either silk or satin, and where these are not used it will be found that the neck finish and the wrist decoration are of velvet. The very light shade of mode that almost touches a gray, and for which no satisfactory name has ever been found, is certain to be popular this spring.

ABOUT THE SUITINGS

THE suitings most favored are the light-weight cloths, not smooth, and showing designs either of small checks or hair lines. For the young woman whose figure is charming and rounded, and to whom silks and satins are not given, because rich framings are not required when one is young and happy, nothing is smarter than a costume of one of the small plaids. These are shown in blue and white, black and white, gray and white, gray and black, gray and dark blue, green and white, indeed in almost every combination made. In our illustration is shown a pretty gown of this material that will have its first wearing on Easter Sunday. The colors are green and white, the plaid being the tiniest possible. The skirt, cut after the received fashion, has, quite close to the lower edge, a series of narrow waves formed by three frills of two-inch wide green velvet ribbon gathered sufficiently full to achieve the curves properly. The basque is a fitted one with one fold laid in the centre of the back. This fold is a single box-plait about three inches wide. In front the material is caught up at the neck in five small folds on each side of the closing, and these are confined at the waist-line so that, while they give a certain fullness, they do not add either to the size of the waist or the breadth of the hips. The skirt of the basque, which has a smart little flare, is added to the upper portion in front, although in the back it is a continuation of the bodice part. The belt is a folded one, quite wide and of green velvet, slipped through a pearl buckle. The small buttons, which close the bodice to just below the waist-line, are bullet-shaped ones of pearl. The sleeves are very simple, having a slight fullness in the upper part of the arm and then shaping into it. The collar is a high, turned-over one of green velvet, with a narrow white ribbon bow seeming to fasten it just in front. The deep cape, which may be worn or carried on the arm, as the weather suggests, is of the cloth, and is lined throughout with green velvet. It has a collar of green velvet, and silk cords and tassels of green to tie it to position. The bonnet is a capote of white straw, with a



A DAINTY EASTER COSTUME

wreath of apple blossoms encircling it, and ties of green velvet ribbon. The gloves are of white undressed kid. A gray and white costume made after this design is given a very artistic touch by having its belt, collar and bonnet trimmings of cherry-colored satin. And, of course, its cape has the same cheerful lining—the real cherry shade, not the Magenta.

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**N**OTHING adds so much to the attractiveness of a country house, be it large or small, as a neat, well-kept lawn. It is the setting for the home and without it everything seems incomplete. It is a picture

without a frame. The picture may be very lovely, but until the frame is added we are not satisfied. I have seen some houses that needed only a small lawn to make them seem almost perfect. Without it they gave one that sense of being unfinished, which always detracts from our enjoyment of anything. About many country homes I see great flower-beds, brilliant with color, but none of that velvety green sward which is so beautiful in itself, and which adds such a charm to the humblest cottage as well as the costly residence, and I wonder if their owners understand what a mistake they are making in giving up all the ground to flowers. Flowers are beautiful, and no home should be without them, but they should never crowd out the lawn. Its cool, refreshing color rests the eye, and gives an air of repose to the place which is eminently homelike in its influence. Passers-by often pause to look at it and say, "How pretty it is!" while the brightest bed of flowers would fail to attract their attention. A few good shrubs are desirable additions to a lawn if there is room for them, but flower-beds scattered about it detract from its beauty instead of adding to it.

There are lawns and lawns. Some evolve themselves, but these, while better than none at all, are never satisfactory. They always lack that depth and richness of turf which is to a good lawn what the pile is to velvet. The only way in which a really fine lawn can be made is to begin properly and work along proper lines until you have that thing of beauty which will be a "joy forever," if it is given proper care.

**PREPARING THE SOIL**

**T**HE first thing to do is to grade your yard, and put the soil in shape to support a strong, fine growth of grass. This may be done by spading or plowing the ground. If small, better work may be done with the spade than with the plow. If large, the plow is advisable, because it will save both labor and time. The future of it depends largely on its beginning. If a good beginning is made success will be attained. If not, the result will be far from satisfactory. Spade or plow the soil to a depth of at least a foot. Make it fine and mellow, and work into it a liberal quantity of some fertilizer like bonemeal or guano. I do not advise manures from the barnyard, for the reason that they almost always contain seeds of weeds, and all weeds ought to be kept out of the lawn from the start. If they germinate there at the time the grass is taking root they rob it of nutriment that should be held in reserve for it, and because of the ease with which the grass is uprooted during its early stages of growth it is not desirable to do much pulling of weeds among it. Much the best way is to keep them from getting a foothold there. The commercial fertilizers will never bring weeds into your lawn, therefore they are preferable.

**LIGHTENING THE SOIL**

**I**F the soil is heavy, like clay, it is a good plan to add sand, ashes, old mortar—anything that has a tendency to lighten it and make it more open to the influences of air and moisture. Mix these in with the fertilizer used at the time you pulverize the soil for the reception of seed. It is a good plan, also, to spade or plow your lawn in fall, if possible. If the soil is turned up and left exposed to the action of the elements over winter the hard lumps of earth become disintegrated, and the work of putting the soil in proper shape for seeding can be done more easily in spring, as soon as the water from melting snows and early rains drains out of it, than is possible if work begins in spring. It can be done better, too, and earlier in the season. If the soil is not naturally well drained see that proper drainage is given. You cannot expect a fine sward where water stands long at the roots of the grass. In yards of ordinary size, two lines of six or eight inch drain-tile, starting from the two back corners of the lot, and running across it diagonally until they meet near its centre, in front, will be found amply sufficient to drain it well. On larger grounds it may be necessary to use more. This must be determined by personal examination.

**THE TIME TO BEGIN**

**Y**OU cannot make your soil too fine and mellow. Work it over and over, until it looks as if it might have been intended for a flower-bed. This cannot be done until spring moisture has drained out of it thoroughly, and the weather has become warm, so that the sun has a chance to do its work on the soil. This being the case it will be understood that nothing is gained by beginning work too early in the season.

**GRADING THE LAWN**

**G**RADING must be intelligently done, in order to be satisfactory. A perfectly level surface is not desirable. There should be a gentle slope in all directions away from the house. It may be found necessary to add some soil here and there in order to secure an even surface. If there are knolls have them cut down. What you take away from them may be sufficient to fill up all depressions. But be sure to do all the work of filling in or cutting away before seed is sown. This work can be done advantageously now, but it cannot later on. If the soil can be spaded or plowed, pulverized and leveled before the rain, your lawn will be greatly benefited thereby, because the rain will help to settle the soil, and if it settles unevenly, as it is quite likely to do, because of a lack of compactness in some parts that exists in others, the trouble can be remedied before seeding.

**PLANTING THE SEED**

**T**HE best seed for a lawn is composed of seeds of several kinds of grass which have the habit of spreading or "stooling" freely, thus forming a thick mass of leaves close to the soil, with a proportion of White Clover, whose creeping habit makes it valuable in helping to completely cover the soil at an early period in the existence of the lawn. In buying seed buy only of such dealers as you know to be entirely reliable. Some who have more "enterprise" than honesty claim to sell mixtures of seed for lawn purposes quite cheaply which is equal in all respects to the more expensive mixtures advertised by the firms whose honesty is unquestionable, but "be not deceived thereby," for the cheap mixtures are generally made up of inferior kinds, and not infrequently contain seeds of weeds. It is better and also cheaper in the end to pay a little more and get the best article. It should be borne in mind that in order to produce the most satisfactory results seed should be sown thickly. The estimate of those who have had large experience in making lawns, and who have been successful, is that it is advisable to sow at the rate of four bushels of seed to an acre. Ascertain the amount of land in your yard, and buy as much seed as is required under the above estimate. There is nothing gained by attempting to economize in quantity of seed used. A thinly-seeded lawn will be lacking in depth and richness of turf, while a thickly-seeded one will have a velvety appearance from the start.

**THE BEST TIME TO SOW**

**I**T may seem to be a very easy thing to sow a lawn properly, but it is not. The seed used is light as air almost, and a slight puff of wind will be sure to blow it where it ought not to go. Therefore, select a perfectly still time in which to sow your seed. Quite early in the morning is generally the best time in which to do this work. Begin at one side and sow across. Then return to that side and sow across again, over another strip. Do this until you have been over the ground. If you have any seed left it is a very good plan to sow across the lawn at right angles with the first sowing, until you have exhausted your supply. By doing this you make sure of scattering the seed more evenly, and of not missing any places. The seed is so fine that you must judge whether you are doing the work properly by observing it as it leaves your hand and settles. There is nothing to be seen of it after it strikes the soil. Lawns should be rolled well after sowing, with a heavy iron roller, but this is not practicable in a small yard; however, some substitute for such a roller may be found that will help to make the soil firm and compact, and press the seed into the earth. It requires no covering. If nothing better is at hand go over the ground with a hoe, pressing the blade down squarely in such a manner as to make the surface compact as possible everywhere. This may be slow work, but it is the work that "pays." It should be borne in mind that lawn-making is not done every year, therefore one can afford to do it carefully and thoroughly.

**MOWING THE LAWN**

**T**HE lawn should not be mowed until the grass has grown to a height of at least four inches. To cut it at an earlier stage of growth is to seriously injure it. Have the mower set so that it will not cut very close to the roots at first. The aim is to merely clip the tops of the plants, and prevent their making more upward growth. This done, they "stool" out and thicken at the roots, and in this manner is laid the foundation of a sward that will prove satisfactory. Too close cutting injures the crown of the plants—something that should always be avoided. The frequency with which mowing is done should depend on the growth of the grass, which depends largely on the season. In a moist, showery season it will grow rapidly, consequently it will be necessary to cut it much oftener than in a dry one. It is also much safer to cut it oftener in such a season than in a very dry one. If there is a drought let the clippings remain on the sward as a mulch, and a protection of the roots, to some extent, from the hot sun. In cities and villages where connection can be had with some system of water-works, the lawn can be sprinkled daily, and the sward kept rich and green all through the season, but it is hardly practicable to do this where the water supply is drawn from well or cistern. When a good turf is secured lawns stand a summer drought pretty well without watering, unless the soil of which they are made is one that dries out very easily.

**BEAUTIFYING THE LAWN**

**T**HE beauty of a lawn depends largely on the neatness with which it is kept. Dead leaves, rubbish and refuse of all kinds should be kept from disfiguring its surface. Lawn-rakes are made of bent wire which take up everything that may be scattered over the grass without in the least injuring its roots, as an iron-toothed rake will. They cost but little, and every one owning a yard should provide himself with one. A lawn-mower should, also, be procured that will do its work neatly and well. For small yards one with a narrow cut answers all purposes, but on larger grounds one cutting a wider swath is advisable, as it greatly expedites the labor of taking proper care of the lawn.

Some persons always disfigure their lawns in fall by spreading coarse manure over them, under the impression that they are to be greatly benefited by the application. Such is not the case, however. The fertilizing elements of the manure are dissipated and wasted in winter by the action of the elements. Very little nutriment from it reaches the soil, and as a protection it amounts to nothing. Wait until spring and scatter bonemeal or some such concentrated fertilizer over the soil as soon as the grass shows a tendency to begin to grow.

**TREES FOR THE LAWN**

**I**N giving a list of trees suitable for lawn planting I shall name only those which careful test by experienced growers have proved to be best adapted to that purpose. There are many varieties that would be very desirable if all lawn makers were able to give them the care they require, which, unfortunately, is not the case.

One of the most graceful trees we have for any purpose is the native Elm. This I consider our best tree. Others would prefer the Maple, while many would choose the Oak. The latter I consider one of our finest trees, but it requires very careful treatment while young, and many would fail with it who would be pretty sure of success with the Elm or Maple. The Linden or Basswood is a quick-growing, graceful tree. The Butternut is a favorite in many localities because of its rapid growth, great spread of branches and the liberal amount of fruit which it yields annually after a few years. It has one bad habit, or, perhaps I should say, a habit which detracts somewhat from its desirability as a yard or lawn tree—that of dropping its foliage very early in the season.

The Locust is a favorite with many because of its profusion of fragrant flowers. It has pretty foliage also, and grows very quickly. Because of its exceedingly rapid growth the Box Elder is extensively planted by those who want a tree in the shortest possible time, but I cannot advocate its use. It is a coarse tree and one soon tires of it. Such trees as the Elm, Maple, Oak and Linden one comes to have a stronger love for as they grow older. They grow more beautiful with age.

In planting trees on the lawn do not make the mistake of overplanting. Very likely you will, however, because one or two small trees on the lawn look so very small that one feels like adding enough to make something of a show. But look ahead and think what your one or two trees will be in a few years, and be content to wait. In lawns of ordinary size two good trees are quite enough. If half a dozen or more were planted there there would not be room enough for them after a little. You must be careful not to cut away all the light from your house for the sake of beautifying the lawn with trees.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Rexford's answers to his correspondents, under the title of "Floral Helps and Hints," will be found on pages 30 and 31 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

**A Great Seed House**

Have you read this interesting article on page 29 of the February JOURNAL? If not, do so now, or better still, read it in full, with illustrations from flashlight photographs, in BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1894, a handsome book of 172 pages; price 10 cents, or free if you intend to purchase seeds.

**MUCH for 25 Cts.**

Do not think that the Four Favorite Fordhook Collections, advertised on opposite page, are the only good things we have in store for you. Here are others:

In 1892, when we first advertised **The Latest Fashions in Pansies**, five packets for 25 cents, a prominent seedsmen said to us: "You are ruining the Seed Trade." Probably other seedsmen, equally short-sighted, thought the same of last year's advertisement of **Sweet Peas are All the Go**. Both of these collections, revised "UP TO DATE," are described below, while in our two-column advertisement, we surpass all previous offers in the **Four Favorite Fordhook Collections for 1894**.

What will our competitors say to this? But legitimate competition is the life of trade—let them make it still livelier if they can. So long as they do not sell cheap seeds (cheap in quality as well as quantity), it is all to the benefit of Horticulture. We only wish other seedsmen would join with us in trying to persuade every one who lives in town or country to learn the delights of gardening. In this new country of ours the trouble is that the struggle for material prosperity is so absorbing, that many are in such a hurry to add dollar to dollar, that they overlook the pleasure (and profit too, for that matter, to both purse and person) to be derived from a good garden. "Gardening is the first and noblest pursuit of man."



**THE LATEST FASHIONS IN PANSIES**

**For 25 Cents** we will mail one packet each of all the following: **FIRE KING**. Yellow, with bright reddish-brown, of a really fiery shade. **GLORIOSA PERFECTA**. Reddish, steel-blue, with white and pink edge. Of surpassing beauty. **BURPEE'S DEFIANCE GIANT FANCY PANSIES**. Flowers from two and a half to four inches across: both three-spotted and five-spotted. **IMPROVED GIANT TRIMARDEAU**. Greatly improved in the enormous size and increased colors. **IMPERIAL GERMAN**. Splendid mixed. Seed of over fifty colors, saved from the finest flowers. **ALL FIVE** of the above grand Novelties in **PANSIES**, one packet of each, with instructions how to raise the largest Pansies, will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents, or five complete Collections for \$1.00. We hope to further extend the culture of Pansies by thus popularizing the finest strains of this beautiful flower.

**Sweet Peas are all the Go**

To still more widely popularize these fragrant floral favorites, we again planted Acres of Sweet Peas the past season, and have warehoused over seven tons (nearly 15,000 pounds) of the choicest seed, enabling us to offer a collection of beautiful, rare Novelties at an extremely low price.



*Reduced Fac-simile of Front Cover.*

**For 25 Cents** we will send one full-sized packet each of all the following, together with a copy of the bright new Art Monograph, **ALL ABOUT SWEET PEAS**: **APPLE BLOSSOM**. Beautiful, large flowers, delicately shaded pink and rose. **ECKFORD'S DELIGHT**. Wings pure white, standard, daintily crested with crimson. **PRIMROSE**. Of a pale primrose-yellow; unique. **THE QUEEN**. Wings of delicate mauve, standard soft pink. *All the above are painted from nature in our colored plate.* **ALL NEW VARIETIES MIXED**. Seed of 28 new varieties, including the fifteen novelties shown on the beautiful colored plate in *The Farm Annual for 1894*—a liberal-sized packet. Every purchaser will receive **FREE** with each Collection of five packets as above a copy of the new Art Monograph, which was so well received last season that we had calls for more than fifty thousand copies—**ALL ABOUT SWEET PEAS**—by the well-known amateur, Rev. W. T. Hutchins. This booklet warrants its title, and tells all about Sweet Peas necessary for any one to know to have full success with these favorite, fragrant flowers.

If preferred, you can have either Pansies or Sweet Peas as advertised above instead of either of the collections advertised on next page. Thus you can select any four of these six 25-cent collections, with Mrs. Rorer's Book, *How to Cook Vegetables*, OR without this book (but with Selection in Seed Growing) you can have any five collections for **ONE DOLLAR**. *Shall we make acquaintance now?*

**W. Atlee Burpee & Co.**  
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CEMETERY IN THE COUNTRY

By Eben E. Rexford



RURAL cemeteries, as a general thing, are greatly neglected. Not because those who have friends buried there are forgetful or unmindful of the dead, or are unwilling to do their share of work in making the place beautiful, but because of a lack of system in the work done.

I have often thought that if a few of the leading women of a country community would take the matter in hand, a great deal might be done to improve the appearance of our rural cemeteries. The first step should be the organization of an improvement society, which should enlist the assistance of all the people interested. There need be but little "red tape" about it—the less there is the better is its chance of being successful. Those who are lot owners in any cemetery will almost invariably give countenance and aid to any scheme calculated to make it attractive, and the judicious expenditure of a small amount of money in combination with willing labor by interested parties will produce satisfactory results in one season.

ORGANIZING FOR WORK

There should be a committee to decide what is to be done, and some one selected to act as superintendent in carrying out the plans of this committee, people who donate labor being required to work under his instruction. Without such a committee and such a superintendent there will be no unity of aim, much less of action. Individual tastes will be brought into action, and because these tastes differ widely there will be an utter lack of that harmony upon which everything depends. The committee should be made up of persons having good taste, and when the work is put into their hands they should not be hindered by suggestions from outsiders. Such a committee would receive suggestions, but it should be made to feel entirely free in accepting or rejecting them. There are always those in every community who cannot give labor but who can and will give money, and from small sums obtained in this way shrubs and plants for general use may be purchased. I am convinced that it is only necessary for some one to make a start in this direction in each community, to make it possible to accomplish great things in the way of improving country cemeteries. I would urge the proper action should be taken at the proper season, and that an interest be aroused which should manifest itself in action. When a few persons in each community see what may be accomplished by united and systematic work, an enthusiasm will be created which will spread to others, and soon all will take pride in contributing to the undertaking.

AVOIDING ELABORATE EFFECTS

I would suggest that elaborate effects be avoided. To make them successful requires more knowledge of landscape gardening and other matters of similar nature than can be commanded in a country neighborhood. Aim to bring out the natural beauty of the place. Work over the soil until it is in a condition to be seeded with lawn grass, after removing all weeds and bushes which have taken root there. Wherever there is a living tree or shrub that has in it any beauty, leave it, but go over it and remove all weak or superfluous growth, and prune it into something like symmetrical shape. But in doing this avoid, if possible, the mistake of making it take on a prim, stiff look. Study nature's plans and imitate them as closely as you can. In bare spots set out shrubs and hardy perennials. Plant bulbs here and there to brighten the place in early spring. If there are no trees plant them, but do not place them in regular rows nor after any set rule or pattern. Go into some city park and see how the intelligent superintendent of it has allowed trees of native growth to remain in natural groups, and note the charming effect thus secured, and then go back and try to plant your trees in such a manner that they shall look when they are grown as if they were native there. Aim to make the entire cemetery look like a park if you want to make the most of its beauty. In doing this I am aware that the boundaries of lots must be ignored to some extent, and fences of all kinds must be discouraged. Do away with all that indicates a division of the place, and blend it all into one pleasing whole.

No covering is prettier for a grave than the green sward. The grass always seems to me like a coverlet which nature spreads above those who lie down to rest.

SELECTING PLANTS AND SHRUBS

In selecting plants and shrubs for cemetery use choose only hardy kinds, for they will not be likely to get that care in autumn which is necessary to the half-hardy sorts. In choosing flowering plants I would not confine the selection to white flowers. Some persons seem to think that no bright color ought to be used about the dead. But God made all the flowers and they are appropriate everywhere. Why should there not be brightness where the dead are at rest? No spot can be made too beautiful for their resting-place, and it cannot be made attractive in the highest degree if we ignore color. There are not many shrubs suitable for cemetery use, because those which grow there must be able, in a large degree, to take care of themselves after being planted. The Deutzias and Spiraeas are among the best we have. The Lilac is fine for planting in conspicuous places. For groups nothing is finer than Hydrangea, *Paniculata grandiflora*. This plant is as hardy as it is possible for any plant to be, and has the peculiar merit of being late in blossoming.

Another most charming late-blooming plant is a new variety of the Japan Anemone, which is put upon the market this spring for the first time. It originated in a garden near Rochester several years ago, and is doubtless a seedling from the old single variety, Honoree Jobert. Unlike that variety, the new one is double. Its flowers are large, exceedingly beautiful and not too perishable. It has been given the singularly inappropriate name of Whirlwind, but the inappropriateness of name does not detract from the beauty of its flowers. This I consider one of the best hardy plants of the herbaceous class for cemetery use. The herbaceous Spiraeas, both pink and white, are very beautiful. So are the Aquilegias, in white, blue, crimson and yellow. The perennial Coreopsis, *C. lanceolata* of the catalogues, is a charming yellow flower, blooming freely and constantly throughout the season. Achillea, both pink and white, is desirable. So is the Iris. Among the larger shrubs the Weigelas take high rank as desirable cemetery plants. Plant the white and pink varieties together and a fine contrast and perfect harmony are secured. For early spring blooming the Japan Quince, with its intensely bright scarlet flowers, is very effective.

ROSES AND VINES

Among the Roses suitable for cemetery use Madame Plantier takes first place. It is perfectly hardy in most localities. It makes a very free growth, sending up scores of slender branches, which in June are laden with great clusters of rather small but perfect flowers of a pure white. The old Provence Rose should have a place in all grounds, because of its great beauty and wonderful sweetness. So should the Scotch and Austrian Roses, because of their profusion of bloom. The climbing Roses and the hybrid perpetuals I cannot recommend for general use, because they will seldom do well without good care and protection, which they cannot be sure of receiving.

Vines are not used as much in cemeteries as they ought to be. If there are trees large enough to support them, plant Virginia Creepers or Bittersweets. These can be found growing in most old pastures and along the banks of streams. Another most charming vine to clamber over trees or old stumps or rock work is our native Clematis. Its feathery white flowers are exceedingly beautiful, and I have often wondered why the superintendents of cemeteries do not make more frequent use of this plant.

CHOOSING NATIVE SHRUBS

We have many native shrubs which are suitable for use in cemetery work. The Sumach makes a most brilliant display of color in fall. Some of the Alders are remarkably appropriate, for their spikes of rich scarlet fruit remain on through the winter, and if we plant them in positions where they can have a background of evergreens against which to display their brilliance nothing can be more effective.

Such native plants as the Goldenrod and Aster should not be overlooked. They seem particularly appropriate in the decoration of a country cemetery, if planted in such a manner that they retain their own wild grace, and given positions similar to those they select when left to choose for themselves. The wild Rose is beautiful anywhere, and when we see it growing in the home of the dead it seems to take on a fresh beauty and a charm unnoticed before. And bulbs, such as the Tulip, Hyacinth, Crocus, Lily and Snowdrop, may be made very effective in cemetery work, because they are entirely hardy.

Much for 25 cents Much more for a dollar

Four Favorite Fordhook Collections.

That those who do not know us may be convinced that:

Burpee's seeds grow.

We'll send at less than wholesale price, the FIRST AND FAMOUS IN VEGETABLES, the FASHION AND FANCY IN FLOWERS—the best varieties known at merely nominal price. Any one collection for twenty-five cents, all four for a dollar. With the four we give Mrs. Rorer's brand new book, "How to Cook Vegetables," the best work in cookdom. There's no profit in it, but it pays us, for we know the quality of our seeds—a trial order means a permanent customer. We can fill the hundred thousand orders we expect from readers of The Ladies' Home Journal and a few other great publications like it. Not space enough here to describe these varieties; we simply brief them; all about them in

Burpee's Farm Annual for 1894,

the leading American seed catalogue. 172 pages, hundreds of illustrations direct from photographs, beautiful colored plates as bright and true as Nature. New features for '94, noteworthy novelties nobody else has. The original, interesting and instructive seed book of the world, valuable to everybody. Mailed free to every one who plants seeds; to others 10 cents, less than cost.



Fordhook Fashion Flowers

Comprises SIX NOVELTIES in three of the most fashionable flowers of the day, together with a bright booklet, entitled "PANSIES, POPPIES, AND SWEET PEAS." It contains:—

NEW SWEET PEA—American Belle. THE FLORAL NOVELTY FOR 1894. Extremely early, wonderfully free-flowering, bright rose, with wings of crystal-white, vividly spotted rich purplish-carmine.

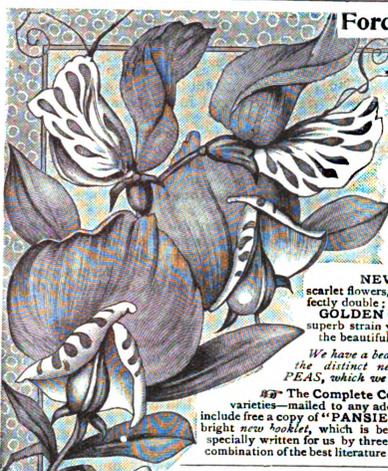
NEW CARDINAL POPPY—GILT-EDGE or SURPASSING SWEET PEAS. This grand strain of New Sweet Peas is unequalled. BURPEE'S DEFIANCE PANSIES, finest Mixed. Magnificent new giant-flowered Pansies, which measure two and one-half to four inches across.

SUPERB IMPERIAL GERMAN PANSIES. All known colors, including the brightest fancy varieties, blotched, veined, mottled and margined.

NEW CARDINAL POPPY. Glowing cardinal-scarlet flowers, which are uniformly of enormous size and perfectly double; of great profusion and long duration in bloom. GOLDEN GATE POPPIES. If you already have this superb strain you can give this packet to a friend, to whom the beautiful flowers will be a constant source of delight.

We have a beautiful colored plate, painted from nature, of the distinct new PANSIES, POPPIES, and SWEET PEAS, which we mail flat with our FARM ANNUAL.

For the complete collection—one packet each of the above six varieties—mailed to any address in the world—we include free a copy of "PANSIES, POPPIES, AND SWEET PEAS," the bright new booklet, which is beautifully printed and charmingly illustrated, and specially written for us by three well-known authors. We have thus a unique combination of the best literature on the subject, together with the choicest seeds.



Fordhook Fancy Flowers

This collection embraces seeds of real beauty that should be in every flower garden,—one full-size packet each of real beauty that should be in every flower garden,—one full-size packet each of NEW YELLOW DOLICHOS. Unique rare yellow, and no wing in its quick growing. ASTERS, CHOICE MIXED. Of every color.—BALSAM, Burpee's Superb Camellia-Flowered. Magnificent double flowers.—MARGUERITE CARNATIONS. Perfect double Carnations in four months.—CALLIOPSIS Coronata. Brightest yellow. DIANTHUS. Double. Both double and single Chinese and Japanese Pinks.—New Erfurter MIGNONETTE. Of large size and delicious fragrance.—Fordhook Strain of PHLOX Drummondii. Of remarkable perfection.—SALVIA Splendens.—VERBENA Hybrida, Mixed, of all colors. The entire collection, one packet each of the above ten varieties, mailed to any address, which is less than one-third the regular retail price, if purchased separately. Five collections for \$1.00.

Fordhook First Vegetables

Most appropriately named, as this collection comprises the five earliest vegetables, those first to mature, and all of which are of FORDHOOK introduction. This collection contains one packet each of:—Early Black LIMA BEAN. Two weeks earlier than any other Lima.—NEW TOMATO, Fordhook First. The only first early Tomato that is smooth and perfect.—Burpee's Allhead Early CABBAGE. The most thoroughbred and best Early Cabbage.—Columbia BEET. The earliest of all, of a surpassingly fine flavor.—Burpee's Earliest RADISH. Ready to pull in only 20 days. One full size packet of each of the above Five FORDHOOK FIRST VEGETABLES mailed to any address for 25 cts. Each packet bears an illustration of the variety, our registered trade-mark, and directions for culture. Purchased separately the five packets would cost 60 cents, but together as a collection they can be had for 25 cents,—less than wholesale price.

Fordhook Famous Vegetables

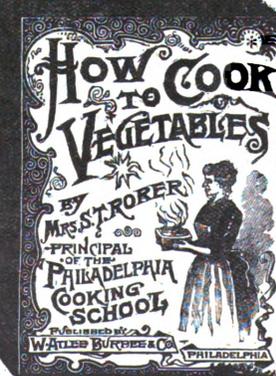
This collection embraces five of the most famous vegetables introduced from FORDHOOK FARM. It contains one full-size packet each of:—Burpee's Bush LIMA. The only bush form of the true large Lima Bean, and the most remarkable of new vegetables.—Burpee's Surehead CABBAGE. See record of seventeen year trials of this world-famous Cabbage.—New Iceberg LETTUCE. See colored plate for the decided merits of this rare novelty.—Burpee's Melrose MELON. No other melon is so handsome, and none can equal this in delicious flavor.—White Victoria ONION. Famous for its immense size. One packet each of the above Five FAMOUS FORDHOOK VEGETABLES would cost 60 cents, if selected at retail from our catalogue, but we include the five packets in our FORDHOOK FAMOUS COLLECTION for 25 cts. postpaid, to any address. On each packet is an illustration, our trade-mark, and directions for culture.

4 Collections for \$1. 2 Books Free!

She who cooks and she who eats will find in Mrs. Rorer's new book more practical, palatable information than in any other work of its kind published here or anywhere. There is no other book like it. We cannot sell these books—our contract forbids it—we could have sold thousands—we can give them to you, if you buy the Four Favorite Fordhook Collections. Perhaps you don't want all the seeds—why not buy them all, get the book for nothing, give the extra seeds away—they'll be appreciated for more than they cost you? If you're in the city and have no garden, better buy these seeds for presents to country friends. If you are our customer, and have the cook book, then select any five collections for a dollar—we can give them to you, if you so request, and we will send it to your friend with your name on the wrapper, that she may know it came from you. We'll pay the postage, save you all the trouble. For a dollar you get even more—our new book, "Selection in Seed Growing," a grand work of practical sense. This is free to any dollar customer who asks for it. When ordering, please mention The Ladies' Home Journal.

Let us figure together.—At retail the 26 varieties of seeds in the four collections would cost \$2.00. "Selection in Seed Growing," 112 pages, and "How to Cook Vegetables," 182 pages, are sent as general gifts. Books, 60 cents—\$1.50 for your dollar. We want you for a customer, and we're willing to meet you more than half way at the start. We guarantee that you will be more than satisfied. If you should also read our column advertisement on preceding page and REMEMBER! You can have any four collections for \$1.00. We want you for a customer, and we're willing to meet you more than half way at the start. We guarantee that you will be more than satisfied.

W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia Pa.



## THE ETIQUETTE OF FLOWERS

By H. H. Battles



WITHIN a few years the use of flowers has grown enormously. Every occasion from the cradle to the grave is marked by evidences of this kind. Very often the relations between two persons are such that flowers are the only thing that may be sent with propriety. They may represent large value to be sure, but a value that is entirely lost with their rapid fading. The same money put into an article whose value would not be so fleeting would never be sent by a cultivated man, nor accepted by a refined and right-minded woman. It may be laid down as a general rule that it is always in good form to send flowers to any one with whom pleasant, friendly and social relations exist. On the other hand it may be said with truth that flowers are rarely other than acceptable.

### FLOWERS FOR RELATIVES

I KNOW a gentleman who, on each anniversary of his wedding day, sends to his bride of twenty or more years ago a *fac-simile* of the bouquet she carried then. Not a pretty arrangement as we now regard it—a large lily in the centre of a pyramid with lace paper around the edge.

For years another man has come as regularly as Saturday itself for a box of flowers for his wife. Later he asked that a few violets or pansies be added for his little girl. This little girl is now a young lady, but he still calls, and the violets and pansies are never forgotten. And some wives have *boutonnieres* delivered every morning for their husband's wear.

Another man well on in years travels many miles every Saturday to spend Sunday with his mother, never failing to carry with him a few of the choicest roses to be had. It is no uncommon thing for fathers to send flowers to daughters, brothers to sisters, and children to parents, occasionally or regularly, in honor of a birthday or some other anniversary. In all these cases it is the proper thing to inclose a card with the flowers sent; indeed there are few times when it is wise to neglect it.

### FLOWERS FOR WEDDINGS

THE decorations for house and church weddings are provided by the bride's family. Flowers for the bride, maid of honor, bridesmaids and little flower girls, as well as *boutonnieres* for the ushers, best man and groom, are furnished by the groom. These last are usually delivered at the church, and at least an hour before the ceremony. The bridesmaids' bouquets may be sent to their homes with the groom's card attached. He should also send a cluster to the bride's mother, and a *boutonniere* for her father.

Ribbon is now seldom drawn across the aisle to designate the pews reserved for the family and special guests, as was so common a few years ago. Instead, clusters of white flowers are tied with white ribbon to the pews so reserved. More often the ushers make mental note of the reserved pews which are without any distinguishing mark; this saves them the annoyance of raising the ribbon, and the possible bad taste in making any marked distinction between the guests.

Sometimes the bridesmaids meet in the vestry-room at the rear of the chancel, and at a signal from the organist march down the aisle to meet the bride, who enters from the rear. As the wedding march begins they turn and march ahead of the bride, who is on her father's arm, followed by the maid of honor and ushers, who bring up the rear. As they near the chancel they separate to the right and left of the aisle, at places frequently marked by white flowers tied to the pews, when the bride, her father and maid of honor march through and are met by the groom and best man.

At a home wedding a gracefully-arranged canopy is in good taste, but set designs, such as bells, wish-bones, horse-shoes, etc., etc., should be avoided. It is a mistake to remove handsome and expensive ornaments from the mantels and bank them with flowers. It is far better to use a tall vase filled with the choicest roses on one side and a low vase similarly filled on the other. If, however, the marble be stained and there be no handsome ornaments, then banking the mantel with plants and flowers is possibly the best arrangement. Often there are so many guests and the space is so limited that an aisle is arranged with ropes of flowers which the bridal party walk through. After they have taken their places the ropes are removed.

### FLOWERS FOR DINNER PARTIES

THE art of decorating dinner-tables has developed rapidly in the last few years. Formerly a plateau of flowers for the centre of the table and a little smilax on the chandelier was thought to be sufficient. If the dinner were large and elaborate possibly three plateaus, a large design in the centre of the table, wholly obstructing the view across, was added. Sometimes there was a large pyramid of fruit made up of red bananas and apples, yellow lemons and oranges, bunches of grapes dangling down, and perhaps a little smilax or some hardy ferns to give the finishing touches. All this is changed. Nothing should obstruct the line of vision. Flowers should either lie close to the table or when high effects are wished narrow shafts of medium height containing long-stemmed flowers tastefully arranged should be used. At times clusters are made and arranged on a plateau, then given to the guests after dinner. This is in doubtful taste. It is far more graceful to use flowers with long stems arranged in a cut-glass bowl, and if it is wished to give them to the guests it can be done as if it were an after-thought or informally. A still better way is to have centrepieces made, and in addition place a few flowers at each lady's plate and *boutonnieres* at the gentlemen's.

Bachelors, who do not have the opportunity to return the courtesy of a dinner, may send handsome flowers as a recognition of their appreciation of the honor shown. It is entirely good form for any of the guests who feel so disposed to do the same thing.

### FLOWERS FOR STATEROOMS

FLOWERS are frequently sent to friends who are going abroad. It often taxes the florist to get them aboard at the proper time. Vessels usually sail very early in the morning, and in order to insure delivery, flowers are sent by special messengers from Philadelphia and Boston to New York. This is due to the fact that the person ordering flowers much prefers to have them sent from his own city. They are sent by gentlemen to families from whom they have received social favors, and to young ladies as a pleasant reminder of thought, and best wishes for *bon voyage*. A few years ago many monstrosities in the shape of ships, anchors and horseshoes were perpetrated; fortunately these are becoming bad form. An exquisite bunch of hothouse grapes hung on a basket of flowers adds a delicate touch. These are always well received, and if the recipient be not a very good sailor are very much appreciated. At times flowers are carefully selected and packed to be kept in a cool place by the steward, so that the owner may appear on deck every morning wearing a few apparently fresh flowers.

The captain of one of the large ocean steamships, on every trip, takes a box of flowers home to his wife in Liverpool. Properly selected and packed flowers will last a long time. Flowers have been sent to Paris and have been forwarded from there to Rome, arriving in very fair condition. Roses have been sent from Philadelphia to be exhibited at a London flower show.

### MEN'S BOUTONNIERES

WHITE flowers are the best for dark coats. During "the season" the weather is apt to be cold, and delicate flowers when exposed to the air will fade. When possible it is best to carry them in a box and put them on in the coat-room. Lilies-of-the-valley, hyacinths, orchids or something equally delicate are the best for indoor entertainments. If the weather be very cold and the occasion an opera or theatre party, something more hardy is preferable, such as several carnations or heather. The stems should be wired small enough to pass easily through the button-hole, and not long enough to extend below the lapel. Failure to observe either of these directions gives great annoyance to the wearer.

Three small roses compactly arranged is good form. Gardenias have long been popular in England, but in this country the growers have been unable to supply them at all times of the year, so they have never come into general use. Violets are affected by many, but they are rather too similar in color for a dark coat. Carnations with a spray or two of lily-of-the-valley are pretty, and orchids are always admired. For street wear in very cold weather men are apt to prefer scarlet carnations to white ones.

During the season chrysanthemums are apt to be worn in preference to any other flower, and it must be said that they make most effective *boutonnieres*.

### FLOWERS FOR CHRISTENINGS

WHEN the child is to be christened at home the decorations used should be all white and most daintily arranged. The bowl that contains the water for baptismal purposes may be placed on a plateau with flowers grouped around it. The designs for these occasions should never be elaborate. The simpler the effect the better. White flowers arranged simply in one's own vases appropriately distributed about the room are not only in the best taste, but most effective.

### FLOWERS FOR GIRL GRADUATES

OF all the times in a girl's life this is the one where flowers should be used with a liberal hand. They may be carried in loosely-arranged bouquets, and a few can be worn. Flowers sent to girl graduates are always of the choicest kinds. If the girl about to graduate be very popular she will be literally showered with flowers. As a rule girls prefer roses, and as the graduating day is apt to be in June, the month of roses, she is apt to have an abundance of them.

### FOR WOMEN'S LUNCHEONS

LUNCHEONS are often served on small tables placed in different rooms; this arrangement admits of beautiful effects. Each table may have a distinctive color. A small vase in the centre filled with choice flowers, detached rose petals strewn over another, violets and lilies-of-the-valley on still another. In fact the variety is infinite. Clusters for the ladies may be placed at the base of the banqueting lamp. The vases around the room, and appearing as part of it, may be made effective by being filled with flowers.

Frequently young girls lunch early in order that they may be able to attend a *matinée*. When this is the case flowers are arranged upon the luncheon table so that each guest may have a few to wear or carry to the theatre. A particularly pretty bunch should, of course, be arranged for the chaperon. At a box-party, if the actor or actress by some special effort or pronounced merit deserves it, these flowers may be thrown upon the stage.

### FLOWERS FOR INVALIDS

WHEN choosing flowers for the sick be sure they are perfectly fresh; do not send too many, but make it up in frequency and variety, and avoid those that are very fragrant. A pleasant variety, which is the delight of the sick-room, can be made by placing a few loose flowers on the tray when food is served.

It is astonishing how general is the custom of sending flowers to the sick. People in all conditions of life buy flowers for such occasions. Husbands send them to sick wives, who, in turn, do the same when the circumstances are reversed; club men to their fellows, friends to friends. The flower missions do good work, distributing weekly, as they do, to the poor, in districts previously agreed upon. Some thoughtful invalids who receive a great many flowers derive a double pleasure by sending them to poor families who rarely have them. Poor people, whose friends are in hospitals, buy a few cents' worth. Often they enter the florist's without any idea of values, and asking for "ten cents' worth," expect roses, carnations, etc.

### FLOWERS FOR COLLEGE GAMES

COLLEGE contests in general arouse great enthusiasm. Yale's color is blue. Purple violets are the flower nearest that color. For several days before a Yale game violets bring fabulous prices, and are sent from Philadelphia and Boston to supply the unusual demand. Crimson and blue being the colors of the University of Pennsylvania have the call in Philadelphia. Red roses and violets, or carnations and violets, come near enough to satisfy its adherents, and the red must be worn above the blue. Anything in the way of red suits Harvard. It may be roses or carnations, but it must be red. Princeton, with orange and black, is particularly fortunate in its colors. Chrysanthemums bloom during the foot-ball season, and it is impossible to get flowers too large for the "Tigers." Some of the most enthusiastic wear two, each being six inches in diameter. They must be yellow, of course, and tied with black ribbon. Some young men tie large clusters to their canes with black ribbon. In sending to young ladies get the proper combination, and use broad ribbon if the flowers are to be carried in the hand, and narrow ribbon if intended to be worn. Lehigh, with brown and white; Columbia, light blue and white, and Cornell, with maroon and white, can be satisfied with flowers approximating their chosen colors.

At dinners after these contests the floral decorations carry out the same idea. The colors show where the sympathies of the hostess lie. If her side has not been victorious her loyalty is still strong enough to find excuses for the defeat, a sentiment echoed by her guests.

Once in a while a girl may be found with the colors of both colleges. This, however, is not common, and doubtless arises from having admirers on both sides. While from surface indications it would be impossible to guess where her preferences lie, that she has them we may be sure.

## HOW FLOWER-LOVERS TALK WITH EACH OTHER.

WE doubt if even the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL with its wonderfully large calling list, enters any home where flowers are not loved. Certainly it visits none they could not brighten and beautify.

While the love of flowers is world-wide, knowledge as to their best care is by no means universal; in fact nothing but the recollection of past difficulties and disappointments in growing them, keeps flowers to-day out of many homes where they would otherwise be most welcome. But happily this need be the case no longer.

There is to-day in this great country, with its more than 20,000 newspapers, one, but only one, magazine devoted entirely to the care and culture of flowers. This magazine grew out of a flower experience of twenty-five years—from a firm that had been the first to introduce the system of selling flowers by mail, and had so become known in every Post Office in the country. This firm, The Dingee & Conard Co., of West Grove, Pa., had all these years been in constant and close correspondence with their customers. The latter had always been encouraged to state their difficulties, and to draw on the special knowledge and experience of the Company for help. For years this interchange of experience went on, until the idea came, why not by the use of printer's ink make this most pleasant and most helpful knowledge available for flower-lovers everywhere? The thought was put into deed, and the flower-lover's magazine—SUCCESS WITH FLOWERS—was born.

Within three years of this start the Magazine is visiting 100,000 families a month. It sticks to its text—its name, and gives practical directions for the best care of flowers, and hints for seasonable work; an authority on this subject it is to-day the chosen medium for the interchange of greetings and experience between those who are bound together by the common tie of love of flowers.

Not the least remarkable feature about SUCCESS WITH FLOWERS is its price, 25 cents a year. This feature accounts for much of the wonderful circulation already attained, and removes the only obstacle which could possibly prevent every flower lover in the country from having a copy all her own.

If you will send 25 cents to the address given below, it will insure the visits of this magazine for a whole year. If not quite willing to start with a year's subscription, upon receipt of your request we will send you a sample copy, containing many helpful hints for next summer's flower campaign.

To the readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, we also make the following special offer, never made before.

We will give to every yearly subscriber at 25 cents, provided the subscription is one of a club of six or more, the five handsome plants and bulbs described below, all sure to bloom this year.

1 LEMOINE'S HYBRID OR BUTTERFLY GLADIOLUS, odd, rich and beautiful; greatly resembling Orchids in form, and in brilliant, fantastic coloring. Hardy enough to endure severe winters in the open ground. 1 TRITELIA UNIFLORA, a lovely little spring-flowering bulb, perfectly hardy, star-shaped bloom, pure white, lined with azure blue. 1 CANNA MADAME CROZY SEEDLING. The praises of Madame Crozy have been so frequently exploited, that a description is unnecessary. It is acknowledged to be one of the grandest of all Cannas. Foliage luxuriant and massive. Flowers a blazing scarlet, edged with deep yellow. These seedlings vary more or less in color from their illustrious parent, but each one possesses the same dwarf and vigorous habit that characterizes Madame Crozy. Each plant will prove to be a gem. 1 ZEPHYRANTHUS SULPHUREA OR YELLOW FAIRY LILY, a grand novelty, newly introduced and still very difficult to procure. Free grower and bloomer; large flowers all perfect in form; color, pure sulphur yellow. 1 NONTRETIA ROSEA, a beautiful novelty, as yet quite unknown in this country. Flowers produced in dense spikes. Color, a very unique pink; the only one of this tint.

In addition to the premiums named above, we will give to the person getting up a club of six names, any one plant from the following valuable specialties (these are fully described in our new Guide for 1894, which will be sent to any address, postage free, upon request). 1 New Rose or Chrysanthemum Novelty of 1894, (Our selection). 1 New Pedigree Rose, Marion Dingee. 1 Rose, Clotilde Soupert. 1 Hydrangea Paniculata Grandiflora. 1 New Honeysuckle, Halliana. 1 English Ivy. 1 Otahite Orange. 1 Fuchsia Speciosa. 1 Violet, Miss Cleveland.

For a club of 12, we will give the getter-up any two selections from the above list; for a club of 18, any 3; of 24, any 5; of 30, any 7; of 40, the entire collection.

Now, lady reader, would you like an introduction to SUCCESS WITH FLOWERS? If so, please decide whether it shall be by a sample copy on request; a year's subscription for 25 cents; as one of 6 subscribers, and therefore the receiver of our five premiums, or as to the organizer of a club, and the recipient of a part or the whole of the collection offered those who work. Address

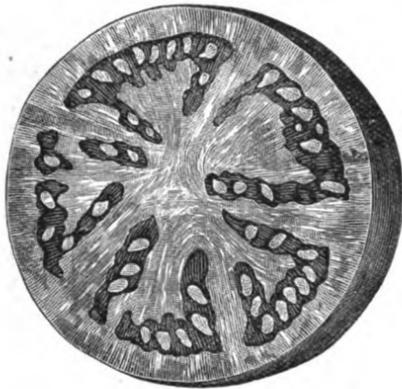
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., WEST GROVE, PA.

# SOME ASTONISHING SEED AND PLANT BARGAINS. Unparalleled! Unsurpassed! Unsurpassable!

...NEVER before in the history of this business have we found it necessary until this year to meet low-priced competition, but the exception proves the rule in times like these. With a business like ours, the largest of its kind in America, we believe in always doing the best we know how, consequently we offer below the greatest values for the money ever known in the history of the American seed trade.

## A Startling Vegetable Seed Offer! SIX PACKETS OF THE CHOICEST NOVELTIES IN SEEDS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

SPECIAL LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COLLECTION No. 1  
Consists of one packet each of the Following Six Choice Novelties in Vegetable Seeds POSTPAID TO ANY ADDRESS FOR 15 CENTS.



MAULE'S EARLIEST TOMATO



MAULE'S EARLIEST RADISH.

**MAULE'S EARLIEST TOMATO.**—5 to 10 days earlier than any other sort. In a test of 120 different strains of tomatoes, Maule's Earliest matured its fruit 5 days to 2 weeks earlier than all the others. If you wish to have tomatoes one to two weeks ahead of your neighbors, this is the variety you must sow. Thousands of dollars were made last season by market gardeners who planted this variety, and sold their tomatoes at top prices long before their competitors' fruit was in the market. Can be purchased in no other way for less than 15 cents a packet.

**ALL HEAD EARLY CABBAGE.**—This new cabbage is the earliest of all the large cabbages, heads always being remarkably solid, of uniform shape, color and size; and is really an improved strain of the popular Early Flat Dutch. Never sold at less than 10 cents a packet.

**BURPEE'S BUSH LIMA BEAN.**—Has been largely advertised. Bushes grow only 18 to 20 inches high and are full of pods, which are identical in size and luscious flavor to the well known large pole lima. To give some idea of its productiveness, would say 439 pods have been grown on a single plant. This variety is generally listed at 10 to 15 cts. per packet.

**MAULE'S EARLIEST TURNIP RADISH.**—This is absolutely the earliest radish. Remarkably brittle, crisp flavor, with small top. Frequently matures in 20 days from sowing. Always sold at 10 cts. a pkt.

**WHITE PEARL CUCUMBER.**—This new variety is very productive. Several days earlier than the White Spine, always solid, tender and of crisp flavor; of excellent quality for slicing and for pickling in bottles, the pure white small fruits are most attractive.

**GRAND RAPIDS LETTUCE.**—This new lettuce has made a name for itself among all growers. It is most excellent for early spring sowing in the open ground; of superior quality and beautiful appearance. It keeps crisp and tender without wilting, longer than any other variety.

OUR regular catalogue price for the above mentioned six varieties is 60 cents. We will mail the entire collection to any one mentioning THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for only 15 Cents.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS FOR EVERYTHING ON THIS PAGE TO WM. HENRY MAULE, 1711 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



BUSH LIMA BEAN.

Six FLORAL GEMS. Each one singly worth 15 cents per packet, but any reader of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL can have the entire collection, one packet of each variety, six in all, for only 15 cents.

**MAMMOTH BUTTERFLY PANSY.**—Without exception this is one of the most superb pansies ever offered. Flowers frequently measure 2 inches or more across, being variously striped and blotched with all the colors of the rainbow. A single packet of this superb Pansy is worth more than the price of the entire collection.

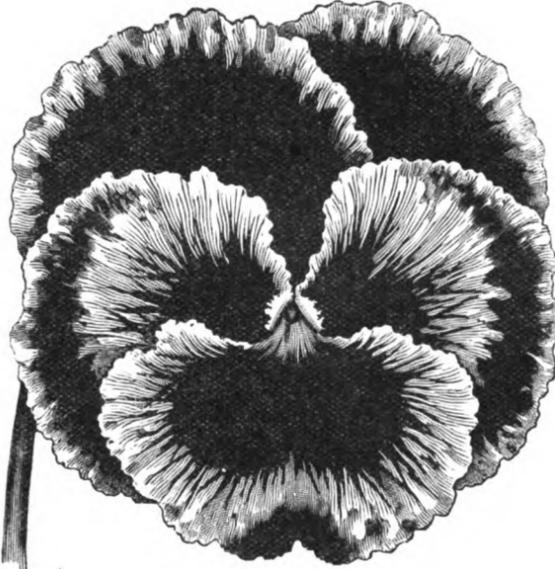
**MAMMOTH WHITE CANDYTUFT.**—A wonderful improvement on the well known White Rocket, bearing large trusses of pure white flowers, double the size of the old variety. Very dwarf, free flowering and desirable alike for pot culture or the open ground.

**THE NEW TULIP POPPY.**—Nothing has excited more admiration among flower lovers. It grows 12 to 14 in. high and produces well above the foliage large flowers of the most vivid scarlet, which reminds the beholder of the well known scarlet Duc Van Tholl or Vermilion Tulip. Blooms early in June and flowers abundantly and constantly for a period of 6 to 8 weeks.

**GODETIA, PRINCESS HENRY.**—A new and brilliant addition to the popular garden favorite. Its distinctness over all others is clearly established by its dwarf, compact habit and beautiful color of its flowers, which are of the most delicate satiny rose, each petal marked with a carmine spot, contrasting finely with its rich color.

**PETUNIA, HYBRIDA, FINEST MIXED.**—This selection of this beautiful flower begins to bloom early, and produces a striking effect the whole season until killed by frost.

**PHLOX DRUMMONDII, GRANDIFLORA.**—This superb mixture is sure to please. The large flowers are of remarkable brilliancy, and so abundant as to completely shade the foliage. They are of many colors, and for massing are hard to surpass. This beautiful strain starts to bloom remarkably early, and continues the entire season.



NEW MAMMOTH BUTTERFLY PANSY. (Never before offered for less than 25 cts. per packet.)

Special Ladies' Home Journal Collection No. 2. One packet of each of the above Floral Gems sent postpaid to any address for only 15 cents.

### The CHOICEST FRUITS.

WE propose to treat the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL as well in Fruits as we have in Vegetables and Flowers, consequently we offer the following choice collection of Fruit Trees, etc., postpaid to any address in the United States, for only \$2.50. Most nurserymen would charge you anywhere from \$6.00 to \$8.00 for Trees and Plants not half as good.

- 1 Pear, Wilder Early. 1 Pear, Idaho.
- 1 Pear, Vermont Beauty.
- 1 Apple, Fallawater. 1 Apple, Garfield.
- 1 Peach, Crosbey. 1 Peach, Champion.
- 1 Peach, Elberta. 1 Plum, Abundance.
- 1 dozen Michel's Strawberry.
- 1 dozen Gandy Strawberry.
- 1/2 dozen Cuthbert Raspberries.
- 1/2 dozen Erie Blackberries.
- 1 Grape, Moore's Early. 1 Grape, Niagara.
- 1 Grape, Delaware.

All the above delivered at any post office in the United States for \$2.50.

Satisfaction always guaranteed, also that all Trees, Plants, etc., will reach our customers in good order. If they do not, we cheerfully replace them free of charge.

### Our Excelsior Collection for 1894.

20 Splendid Plants for \$1.00, postpaid. We herewith give you one of the best offers of fine, well grown plants ever made. Every plant a gem, and all together making 20 plants from Flora's Kingdom that can hardly be had elsewhere for three times the money. This collection will consist of twenty plants. We name ten kinds to give you some idea of what we will send.

- One White La France Rose.
- One Tennessee Belle Rose.
- One Archduke Charles Rose.
- One Trailing Fuchsia.
- One Anemone Japonica.
- One Mexican Primrose.
- One Boston Ivy.
- One Lizette McGowan Carnation.
- One Wm. H. Lincoln Chrysanthemum.
- One Begonia Rex.

The above ten choice named plants and ten others of our own selection of Roses, Chrysanthemums and other bedding Plants, only \$1.00, postpaid. We guarantee you such a lot as you will not see offered again by any one.

### Our Special Peerless Rose Offer for 1894.

15 Choice Hardy Garden Roses only \$1.00, postpaid. We claim to send out the best Roses that can be had, not puny, small things that hardly survive through the mail; but good, strong, healthy Plants, every one of which will grow if you follow our directions for culture, which we send with every collection, and which, by the way, are really worth the price of the offer alone. Every collection will contain:

- One Clothilde Soupert.
  - One Perle des Jardins.
  - One Grevillea. One Meteor.
  - One Countess Riza du Parc,
- and Ten others equally as good of our own selection.

Remember, every Collection contains FIVE OF THE MOST NOTED HARDY GARDEN ROSES, and TEN others just as good, and costs only \$1.00, postpaid. No other Offer of the year Equals It!

### The Leaders in Pansies.

For years we have made Pansies a specialty. The demand for this ever popular flower never seems to stop, but constantly increases. The following are THE FIVE BEST PANSIES FOR 1894. Separately they would cost 10 to 15 cents per packet; but you can have one packet of each for 25 cents.

**EMPEROR FREDERICK.**—A fine new variety from Germany, the ground color being of a deep, rich purple, with an outward margin of yellow and scarlet. A very unique and charming contrast.

**PEACOCK.**—A most striking variety, the upper petals being of a beautiful ultramarine blue, resembling in shade the peacock feathers.

**FIRE KING.**—The three lower petals are of a rich golden yellow, with blotches of deep brown red. One of the most popular of late introductions.

**ROSEY MOON.**—Of a beautiful rosy red color, with a distinct white edge around each petal.

**NEW IMPERIAL GERMAN.**—This is our special mixture of all the best varieties in a single packet. Have sold it for years to the entire satisfaction of lovers of the Pansy, from Maine to California.

A single packet of any of the above varieties will cost you 10 to 15 cents; but you can have one packet of each, 5 packets in all, for 25 cents, postpaid; 5 pkts. of each, 25 pkts. in all, for \$1.00.

### The Newest Sweet Peas.

For the last two years Sweet Peas have been largely admired, and bid fair to soon become as popular as the Pansy. We offer one packet each of the following six choice sorts for 10 cents. OTHER SEEDSMEN SELL THEM THIS YEAR AT 10 to 15 cts. a pkt.

- QUEEN OF ENGLAND.—Pure white.
- MISS BLANCHE FERRY.—Most popular of all, blooming 10 days earlier than any other.
- BOREATTON.—Deep maroon.
- COUNTRESS OF RADNOR.—Pale mauve.
- ORANGE PRINCE.—Bright orange pink.
- ECKFORD'S SUPERB LARGE FLOWERING.—All the newest and best Eckford varieties in a single packet. This packet alone is worth 15 cents.

### AN OFFER OF OFFERS.

15 of the choicest Summer Flowering Bulbs for only 20 cents. Once again we meet you more than half way. This Bulb Collection consists of:

- 3 Gladioli, Extra Choice.
- 4 Oxalis, White.
- 4 Oxalis, Pink.
- 1 Mexican Star Flower.
- 1 Giant Cape Hyacinth.
- 1 Cinnamon Vine.
- 1 Tigridia, Shell Flower.

This makes a collection of Summer-Flowering Bulbs that will be a constant surprise to yourself and friends. Well worth \$1.00, but to readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL we offer all the above named varieties for 20 cents by mail postpaid. SIX COLLECTIONS, 90 BULBS in all, will cost you only \$1.00.

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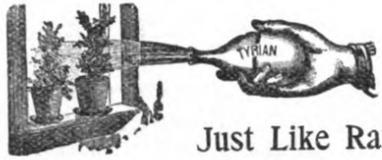
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## FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

MISS L.—The so-called German Ivy is not a true Ivy; it is a *Senecio*. It grows rapidly, and makes a pretty covering for a screen. But its foliage has not that heavy texture characteristic of the real Ivy. Another rapid-growing plant for a screen is Madeira Vine. It is grown from little fleshy roots or tubers. Its foliage is heart-shaped, of a rich green color; its flowers small and white, pretty and fragrant. Give it a rich soil, and plenty of water while growing; when at rest the roots can be kept in the cellar.

MRS. L. E. J.—The fungoid growth sometimes seen on Geraniums should be removed. I cannot say what causes it. If the "Leopard Plant" shows an inclination to flower, and you have any curiosity to see what its flowers are like, let it bloom. The plant will not be injured by it. But the flowers have very little beauty, and will be appreciated only as a curiosity. Bulbs should be kept in the dark after potting until they form strong roots. It is not an easy matter to say just how long this should be, as some root rapidly, others slowly. Be governed by the development of the roots rather than by any specified time.

MRS. C. E. S.—Your Dahlias were probably not started into growth early enough in the season. This plant comes from Mexico and Central America, where the summers are long. In order to succeed with it we must imitate natural conditions, and give it a long season in which to develop. Start the tubers in March or April, in pots or boxes, in the house, and do not put out in the garden until the weather is warm; then give rich food and a good deal of water. In dry seasons mulch about the plants with leaves or grass. Early-started plants will begin to bloom in August. Those not given a start in the house seldom begin to bloom before frost comes and kills them.

MRS. D. H. B.—The reason why the leaves of the Heliotrope turn black is owing to the fact that either too much or too little moisture reaches the roots. These roots are very fine, and you may not give as much water as the plant needs, though you may think you are watering it very liberally. It is often difficult to get the water in among the mass of roots in the centre of the plant. The earth outside this mass may seem moist, while inside it there may be a great lack of moisture. It is a good plan to run a knitting-needle or wire through the roots several times, from all sides, before watering. Sometimes the leaves blacken because there is not room enough for the roots.

C. P. H.—If you turn your plants out of their pots into the garden-bed in summer, of course, they grow finely, and from that one gets the idea that they are benefited by the change, but by-and-by, when you come to take them up and put them into pots again, so many of the roots must be cut off or injured that the plants are sure to suffer, and then you question the wisdom of turning them out of their pots. I prefer to keep plants intended for house use in pots the year round. By mulching we mean the application of anything that protects the soil beneath it from the sun, thus preventing the too rapid evaporation of moisture. Grass clippings from the lawn make a good mulch.

MRS. N. W. I.—Bulbs should be ripened off in light and warmth. Chrysanthemums winter well in a cool, dry cellar. The best syringe to use among plants is made of brass. Two or three sprays or nozzles generally come with each syringe; one very fine, throwing a spray like mist, one not quite so fine, for ordinary use, and one throwing a coarse spray, useful in applying kerosene or other oily emulsions. The cost varies according to the size. The price of a good one will be about two dollars or two dollars and a half. It can be obtained of all the large firms dealing in plants. Atomizers are worthless except in very small window collections, and then a syringe is in every way more satisfactory.

MRS. J. C. H.—I know of no better remedy for the mealy-bug, which is the name of the pest troubling your Oleander, than an emulsion of kerosene. Prepare one from the following formula: One-third fir-tree oil, two-thirds kerosene; agitate until a union takes place; dilute with water in the proportion of about one part of the mixture to twenty parts water for green fly on soft-wooded plants, and of one part mixture to twelve parts water for mealy-bug on hard-wooded plants. If you are doubtful about the strength of your mixture experiment on a few plants before applying generally. Some persons write me that their plants are killed by a weak mixture, and others that a strong application fails to kill the insects against which war is made, and does not injure plants in the least. Therefore, experiment a little.

F. W. J.—If you are careful to give them thorough protection you can winter hybrid perpetual Roses successfully in Northern New York. The best kind of protection is afforded by leaves. Bend the bushes to the ground, placing sods or boards on them to keep them in place. Then make a box or frame about the plants, and fill in with at least eight inches of leaves. Put branches of evergreens upon the leaves to hold them in place. It is a good plan to plant your Roses in rows; it is an easier matter to lay the bushes down and cover them well when planted in this way, than where they are planted away from each other. I would advise planting the dark varieties in groups, with white ones near by to afford contrast. The pink and other light colors are most effective when planted away from the dark ones.

CONSTANT READER—Easter Lily bulbs are more likely to bloom a second time in the house than any of the other bulbs used for forcing, but they cannot be depended on to do this. For this reason I always advise buying fresh bulbs each season. If you do not like to throw your old bulbs away ripen them off in their pots, and when summer comes put them out in the garden. If very well protected they may survive the winter there, but this cannot be depended on. Freesias will flower season after season, if you are careful to ripen them properly after blooming, and allow them to remain in the pots in which they have grown from the time you dry them off to the time of giving them another start. They should be allowed to rest, in a perfectly dormant condition, all through the summer. To keep them dormant keep them perfectly dry.

QUESTIONER—I know of nothing better for driving worms from the soil of pot-plants than lime-water. I am aware that many persons use it without satisfactory results. This is almost invariably the case where instructions are not followed strictly. I advise applying it thoroughly, that is, apply enough to completely saturate the soil. If a small quantity is used it stands to reason that the worms will not be materially affected by it, as they can shift about in such a manner as to get into portions of the soil not saturated by it, but if enough is given at one time to moisten the soil all through they can only escape its influence by getting entirely out of the soil—precisely the result to be aimed at. A spoonful, or a dozen spoonfuls will not do the work. It is a good plan to stop the hole in the bottom of the pot with a cork before applying the lime-water, then put on enough to wet the soil all through, and let it remain long enough to do its work.

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Have been favorably known for more than twenty years, and always give satisfaction. In order to increase my business, I make the following SPECIAL OFFERS which are marvels of cheapness.



### NEW EVER-BLOOMING Dwarf Calla "THE GEM"

This is a novelty of great merit. The only objection to the old variety is that it sometimes grows tall and scraggly, but the "Little Gem" is of strong and dwarf habit. The foliage, which is of a lustrous dark green, is in great abundance. The flowers are produced in the greatest profusion. Being literally an ever-bloomer, it will bloom freely all summer in the open ground; in September it can be lifted and potted and will continue blooming all winter. The "Little Gem" Calla will continue to grow and bloom for years without ceasing, and the quantity of flowers which a large plant will produce is astonishing. The flowers are snowy white in color, and of good size; it seldom grows higher than fifteen inches. Price for plants that will bloom this season, 30 cents each. For \$1.00 I will mail 5 plants to one address.

ONLY \$1.00 Will buy any one of the collections named below, delivered safely by mail, postpaid, to any address. The collections are all fine, strong plants of the best varieties and are marvels of cheapness. Every plant is plainly labeled, and there are no two varieties alike in the same collection. Any six of the collections for \$5.

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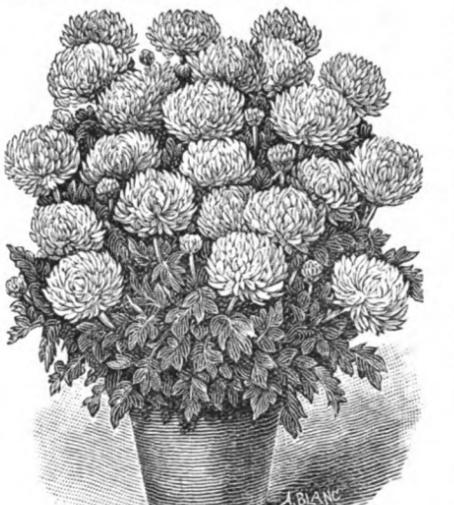
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This is a grand collection of Prize-winning Chrysanthemums. All the varieties have either won medals or prizes at the different shows. There is no class of plants that is attracting more attention at present than the Chrysanthemum. Every city, town and village must have its show of this flower. The novel and brilliant flowers of the new varieties have been a revelation to the public wherever they have been exhibited. Among the colors are soft, rich yellow, crimsons and maroons, pearly white and chestnut browns, with some of them fringed, some of them whorled, curved, twisted, quilled and anemone-centred. With each collection will be mailed our essay on the successful cultivation of the Chrysanthemum.

For only \$5.00 I will mail FREE Six of the Prize Winning Collections. To everyone who sends an order from this advertisement and mentions this paper, we will send FREE a valuable new Plant.

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For 50 Cts. we will send, postpaid, SCOTT'S QUALITY COLLECTION, embracing one strong plant each of Mad. Elie Lambert, carnation-rose of a delicate freshness; Clothilde Souper, pearly white; Comtesse Riza du Parc, bright copper-rose; Meteor, dark velvety-crimson; Marie Guillot, pure white; Champion of the World, bright coral-pink; White La France. The 7 ROSES as above are all "thoroughbred," and remarkable for beautiful buds.

For \$1.00 we will send SCOTT'S QUANTITY COLLECTION, 20 free-flowering Roses, for \$1.00, postpaid, embracing Snowflake, pure white; J. B. Varonne, bright crimson; Mad. Pernet Ducher, a new yellow; Duchess de Brabant, soft rosy-pink; Etoile de Lyon, rich golden-yellow, and 15 other choice sorts, our selection.

For \$1.50 we will send all the above, and also new Rose, Mad. Caroline Testout—28 Roses in all.

The above collections are offered at our lowest wholesale prices to advertise the superior quality of our plants. Try them!

Order now and ask for Scott's Catalogue of Beautiful Flowers. It fully describes the grandest novelties in Plants, Seeds, and Bulbs, and is mailed free.

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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS BY EBEN E REXFORD

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

MRS. W.—Coreopsis lanceolata is not an annual. It is a hardy, herbaceous plant, well adapted to border culture.

W. G. T.—The Hollyhock seldom blooms the first season from seed. If you want flowers this season buy young plants.

MISS T. R.—The botanical name of the Christmas Rose is Helleborus niger. It is in no sense a member of the Rose family.

READER—Gen. Jacqueminot is a hybrid perpetual Rose. It is comparatively hardy at the North if given good protection.

P. P. S.—The Marguerite Carnation has not proved to be as hardy as we hoped. It seldom survives the winter out-of-doors at the North.

M. V. B.—The Othoua grows very readily from cuttings. If a branch is broken off accidentally and comes in contact with the ground it seldom fails to root. Give it a sunny place.

SUBSCRIBER—I know nothing about the culture of Mushrooms. I noticed the advertisement of a work on this subject recently, but cannot now recall title of book or publisher's name.

MRS. W.—Perhaps the best Honeysuckle for general purposes is Halleana, sometimes called Hall's Evergreen. It is a free bloomer, very sweet and quite hardy, also a free grower.

W. T.—The "Wake-Robin" of the poets is a Trillium. There are several varieties, some white, some pink, others marked or shaded with a rosy purple. The "Jack-in-a-Pulpit" is an Arum.

AMATEUR—It is easier to make a good lawn by spading, pulverizing and sowing than by cutting sward and covering the ground with pieces of it. The lawn grass mixtures give a much richer, more velvety sward.

A. L.—The specimen sent is Cinnamon Vine. I think you would be pleased with Impatiens sultana as a window-plant. It is a constant bloomer, having very bright, pretty flowers of a Magenta carmine. It is of the easiest culture.

SUB.—The practice of putting dregs from the tea and coffee pot on the surface of the soil about pot-plants is a pernicious one. They are sure to breed worms and they contain no nutritive qualities by which the plants are benefited.

S. V. P.—The Gold-Banded Lily is L. auratum of the catalogues. The varieties of Japan Lily most grown are L. roseum, L. album and L. rubrum. They are more generally successful in our climate than the variety first named, which frequently fails.

MRS. O.—The old-fashioned Damask Rose is catalogued as Maiden's Blush by some dealers, I am told, by others as Provence. It is not the Cabbage Rose, as you imagine. That and the hundred-leaved variety are identical, I believe. The best yellow variety is Harrison's or Persian Yellow.

W. S.—The Marechal Niel Rose is quite similar in color to the Perle, which is frequently sold for it. But when you see the two together you find that the Niel is larger and finer in color. Sunset is a Rose with rich shades of fawn and apricot, shaded with coppery tints. It is very sweet.

MRS. F. W. Z.—The Lady Washington Geranium does not bloom in winter, but usually in May and June, sometimes a little earlier, sometimes a little later. In winter it should be kept cool and dormant. Give but little water. In March give more water and encourage free growth.

MRS. W. D. M.—The best treatment to give the Bermuda Easter Lily and the Chinese Sacred Lily, after blooming is to throw them away. Occasionally a bulb blooms a second time, but this rarely happens. They can never be depended on for more than one crop of flowers when forced.

F.—Leaf-mould is decayed vegetable matter. Loam is a soil much heavier and more compact, containing sand and clay in small quantities, with some vegetable matter. Good loam is a rich soil, probably better for most plants than all leaf-mould would be. Plants with strong roots, like the Rose, require a much heavier soil than those having fine roots in great quantities, like the Azalea.

MRS. T.—Linum trigynum is the variety I have frequently recommended for house culture in winter. L. flavum is identical in form and color, but does not bloom freely enough to give satisfaction. Great care must be taken to keep the red spider from injuring these plants; shower with water daily all over, or, what is better, dip them in water. When you do this you know that no part has escaped a bath.

J. B. R.—The formula for the most effective kerosene emulsion I have ever used is as follows: Five parts kerosene, one part Fir-tree oil; agitate until union takes place. For scale and mealy-bug dilute with eighteen to twenty parts of water. For aphid use more water. This is much easier to prepare than the old emulsion made with milk and oil, as less agitation is required in getting the elements to mix.

S. P.—By all means buy Roses grown on their own roots. Grafted Roses are quite likely to die off, that is, the grafted portion fails, and any shoots that may be sent up come from the roots upon which the graft was made, and these seldom bloom. Such is never the case where the plants are grown from cuttings. Some contend that grafted plants are stronger, but I have never been able to satisfy myself that such is the case.

MRS. W. F. P.—The Hoya does not require a great deal of water. It likes considerable heat, and must not be disturbed often. It does not have many roots, therefore a large pot is not necessary. Just how long it takes to get in a condition to bloom I cannot say. Some plants bloom when small, others wait for years. If your plant is growing nicely wait in patience for flowers, which will come some time. I know of no way of "hurrying up" plants.

M. A. T.—The Heliotrope does not take kindly to a pit in winter, because pits are not adapted to plants requiring much warmth. The object of a pit is to merely keep the plants alive through the winter, and only hard-wooded plants are likely to be successfully wintered in that way. The Heliotrope must have warmth and sunshine. It always dies in a low temperature if continuous. Tender Roses winter much better in a pit than in the house.

L.—Lemon Verbena cuttings should be struck in early summer. Water does most good to plants in the garden if applied early in the morning or after sundown, because the soil has a chance to take it in before the sun causes evaporation to take place. Cape Jasmine requires a temperature of 70° in daytime, in winter, 60° or 55° at night. Give it sandy, rich soil, and water well when growing, moderately at other times. Fond of sunshine.

MRS. H. L. M.—You can get Sansaveria zeylanica of the larger seed-houses who generally catalogue it. The Doacenas can be obtained of almost all florists. The price of the former is from thirty-five to seventy-five cents, according to size of plants, and of the latter from twenty-five cents to one dollar, according to variety.

C. M. C.—To make a bed of Ferns remove the old soil, if hard, and fill in with loam and leaf-mould from the woods. Procure small plants from locations along streams, or in shady corners of the pastures, and set them out under conditions as nearly as possible like those in which they have grown. It will not be necessary to take them up in the fall; simply cover with leaves. Native plants are always preferable to kinds procured at greenhouses.

H.—Clothilde Souperet is the name of a most desirable variety of the Polyantha class of Roses. The flowers are of good size, quite double, very freely produced, and very sweet. The outside of the flower is a soft pink, or rather a flesh color with creamy shades; the centre is much brighter. The fragrance is quite as sweet as the June Roses. On account of its free growth and great profusion of bloom this Rose ought to be a general favorite.

READER—If you want to grow Chrysanthemums for pleasure never follow the methods of the florists who grow them for exhibition purposes, and train to one stem. They are much more satisfactory when several branches or stalks are allowed to grow. Not only is the plant more graceful, but there is a much greater flowering surface. The professional florist aims at securing a large flower, and the exhibition blooms are often so overgrown as to be monstrosities.

MISS H.—The Lily-of-the-Valley is, perhaps, the most difficult of all plants ordinarily forced for winter for the amateur to succeed with. It must be given a very high temperature and a good deal of moisture. Not one in fifty succeeds with it under ordinary conditions. I saw the article to which you refer, in which all amateurs are advised to grow this plant, and when I read what the writer says about the ease of its cultivation, etc., I knew she was "writing from theory." No practical florist would ever advise the amateur to attempt its cultivation in the sitting-room window.

MRS. W.—Judging from the frequency with which complaints come to me of the failure of seed of perennial Phlox to germinate, it is not an easy matter to secure a collection by sowing seed. The price of good roots is so reasonable that I would advise you to buy young plants in spring. In this way you are sure of getting the colors you care most for. With seedlings you are sure of nothing. They may give you fine flowers, but you cannot depend on them to do so. Very few plants grown from seed "come true," as the florists say, that is, resemble the varieties from which the seed was saved.

P.—I have only to repeat that Ampelopsis viticida is not hardy at the North, though it may do well in some sections, because of peculiar or local conditions. I am told that there are very fine specimens of it in Boston and vicinity. But I know that it fails so frequently in most other places as far south as Chicago, that but few attempt its cultivation after having given it one trial. You will find that a great many dealers in plants catalogue many plants as hardy, which years of test have proved to be only half hardy. Most dealers are in the lower tier of Northern States, or in the central belt, and plants hardy there often fail farther North.

MRS. J. O. S.—Azaleas bloom on year after year, if given proper treatment. They do not like a very high temperature in winter. They are quite particular as to soil, requiring one made up largely of peat and sand. If peat is not obtainable leaf-mould is a tolerable substitute. Care must be taken to water well. The roots are very fine, and there are thousands of them, and they form such a mass at the base of the plant that water often fails to effect an entrance, and the first thing you know, your plant begins to drop its leaves because it does not get moisture enough where it is most needed. Be sure to see that all the roots are reached by water when you give it. After blooming keep the plants somewhat warmer than when they are in bloom, and syringe them daily.

MRS. W. J. B.—If you water your Palm regularly and thoroughly, and the tips of the leaves persist in turning brown, I presume you will find, on examination, that the soil is completely filled with roots. If this proves to be the case repot, giving the roots more room. A soil of loam and sand answers very well for all varieties of Palms, and is preferable to one made up largely of fibrous matter. Use deep, rather than wide pots. Provide good drainage, as the Palm likes a good deal of moisture at its roots when growing, but it does not like to have water confined there. You ask for the best three varieties for parlor use. I would advise Phoenix reclinata, with long, spreading leaves; Latania Borbonica, the fan Palm, with broad foliage, and Kentia Fosteriana or Belmoranana, of robust habit and rather more rapid growth than the others named.

P. W.—In asking me to name the best hybrid perpetual Rose you set me a most difficult task, and one that very few would be likely to be satisfied with. There are so many most excellent varieties, and such a wide difference in individual taste. What suited me might not suit you; therefore, my choice of a variety would not be considered a good one, looked at from your standpoint. If I were to name a variety that suited me in nearly all respects—one that I consider among the best, if not the best—I think I should give the preference to Mrs. John Laing. This Rose is beautiful in form, color and habit, and very sweet, but it is a bright pink, while you, perhaps, prefer the darker sorts, like the Jacqueminot. It is hard to decide where there are so many to choose from, all good, all desirable. The best way is to have some of all the standard sorts.

MRS. W. C. M. AND OTHERS—After blooming the Amaryllis should be encouraged to make growth by the application of plenty of water and warmth. When no new leaves appear and some of the old ones begin to turn yellow, consider it a hint that the period of growth is over for the time, and withhold water gradually until the soil is somewhat dry; keep the plant in a dormant condition until you see indications of renewed growth, then give water again. Gladioluses should be set out as soon as the weather and soil become warm. Tuberoses should be started in the house in April and should not be transferred to the garden before the last of May. To kill the green lice on Cinerarias fumigate the plants with tobacco leaves. When Smilax turns yellow it requires a rest. Keep the roots dry for two or three months, then repot and give water and new growth will begin. Aspidistra generally grows all the year round. It requires a good deal of moisture at the roots as well as on its foliage.

H. W. W.—There is no reason why you should not succeed with the Calla if you give it proper treatment. I am aware that it is difficult for the amateur to decide what "proper treatment" is after reading the multitude of directions given about the cultivation of this plant. What I mean by "proper treatment" is the treatment I give it, which is very satisfactory in results. Plant the roots in a soil made up of leaf-mould or loam, with some sand, or muck can be used. If you procure and plant roots in spring let the plant grow the following summer; water freely while growing; in fall shift to a larger pot—a four or five inch one is large enough for the first six months of the plant's existence—and give an occasional application of liquid manure after the plant gets well established in its new quarters, but not before. Wait till it begins to grow before applying a fertilizer. It may not bloom the first winter, but generally it gives two or three flowers. The next summer dry off the roots by turning the pot on its side under a tree, and giving no water. In September repot and start it into growth again: provide good drainage.

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of these charming garden flowers, selected by careful comparison from our trials of nearly one hundred varieties—

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**SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS**

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

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

**"PRINCE DIMPLE" BOOKS**

I NOTICED in your "Suggestions for Mothers" a number of books suitable for little ones. I was delighted to see this item, but so disappointed when the author was not given. Could you find out the author of "Prince Dimple and His Every-Day Doings"? I would like this answered just as soon as possible. Your early reply will be appreciated. Mrs. G. S. S.

The author of the "Prince Dimple" books is Mrs. M. E. Paull. There are three: "Prince Dimple and His Every-Day Doings," "Prince Dimple and His Further Doings," and "Prince Dimple on His Travels." They can be obtained from the book department of the JOURNAL. Price \$1.25 each.

**EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION**

MY little boy's feet perspire so profusely that it is really unpleasant. He bathes every night and is very healthy in every respect. Can you suggest a remedy?

My little girl has long, beautiful lashes, but I have been told they will wear off before she is grown up. Can I use anything on them to prevent it? This column is a source of great comfort to me in the JOURNAL. L. W.

Ask your physician to prescribe a lotion for the feet. One containing tannic acid would probably be effectual.

There is no reason to apprehend that the eyelashes will diminish in length. It is never wise to make applications near the eyes without the advice of a skilled physician.

**A BABY'S REQUIREMENTS**

I HAVE heard there is a small book sold, which I can get by applying to you. I do not remember the name, but it tells just what belongings to buy for a new baby, and information desired. Can you give the name of the book in the JOURNAL? Mrs. N. D. C.

The book you refer to is "A Baby's Requirements." It will be sent you from the JOURNAL book department for twenty-five cents.

**A PERPLEXING SUBJECT**

HOW to dress during the period of expectant maternity so as to secure one's comfort and some pretense of comeliness, and to avoid unfriendly comment, from which a sensitive woman naturally shrinks, is a perplexing question, concerning which I think a few helpful suggestions may be offered. Considering the underclothing first, have it of light texture, whether of cotton or wool, and avoid extra fullness about the waist. Some persons recommend the utter abandonment of the corset on the ground that it is a positive injury, but one of the many comfortable corset waists may be substituted for the corset, and if properly worn will be found helpful and not harmful. All undergarments, except the long petticoat, perhaps, may be buttoned to the lower edge of one of these waists, which allows the weight of them to be supported by the shoulders. This arrangement also diminishes somewhat the apparent size of the waist and gives a good figure.

For lounging or morning negligé there is nothing so comfortable or becoming as a Mother Hubbard wrapper made with a deep yoke and full sleeves. For general wear in the house for the last months have a pretty gown made with a Watteau back, a demi-train, full sleeves and a loose Empire front. The sleeves of such a gown may be trimmed below the elbows with wide frills of lace, and the waist or yoke may be decorated with the same in the style of a berth. Any full arrangement of the front of the gown or full decoration, providing it is not too full, will tend to disguise the figure and insure its becomingness. The pretty tea-jackets that obtain nowadays may be found available to wear in the house with different skirts, but for street wear it is decidedly inconvenient to keep in wearable condition more than one gown, simply because one is under the continual necessity of making more or less alterations in the bodice and in the length of the skirt to meet the requirements of the occasion. One woman whom I know wore for six months every time she went out—which was every day, by the way—a gown made of black surah silk. She found it in every respect adapted to the purpose. It is to be chiefly recommended on account of its light weight, its soft, clinging qualities and its unobtrusiveness, as it goes without saying that a figure looks smaller and attracts less attention on the street gowned in black than in a color. The skirt of this gown was attached to a waist binding in full gathers all round, except across the front for four or five inches, which was left nearly plain. The waist binding measured several inches more than this woman's waist, and it was just wide enough to have inserted into it a black drawing tape that allowed an easy adjustment of the skirt round the waist as the size increased. The bodice was only about an inch and a half deep below the waist-line, and the front of this one was trimmed with wide lace that fell below the waist. The sleeves were full to the elbow, and below the elbow were deep frills of lace. She began to wear this in the summer. In the autumn she wore over it a loose cape wrap. When the weather became more severe this was replaced by a fur-lined circular. The long three-quarter length winter garments worn at present seem especially adapted to the exigency of a case of this kind, and will be preferred to the old-time circular. Whatever, in fact, one chooses to wear at such a time as this there are a few rules which will be found always practicable to follow.

For comfort and health's sake do not wear heavy, burdensome garments. If a heavy outer garment must be worn by all means choose one that allows the weight to fall from the shoulders.

Avoid belts and smoothly-fitting bodices, unless some drapery of lace or a lace fichu covers it well. Choose soft dark-colored fabrics of light weight for a street gown. Positively eschew close-fitting garments for street wear. Be sure that the skirt of the gown is long enough in front and that it hangs evenly at the foot.

If a summer wrap is a necessity make one of a square of soft white mull, trimmed all round with wide lace. Fold it shawl-fashion, and wear it as it is most becoming, like a fichu or otherwise. M. A. S.

It is well to have the front breadth of the dress cut longer than is required at first, turning in the extra length and letting it down as needed.

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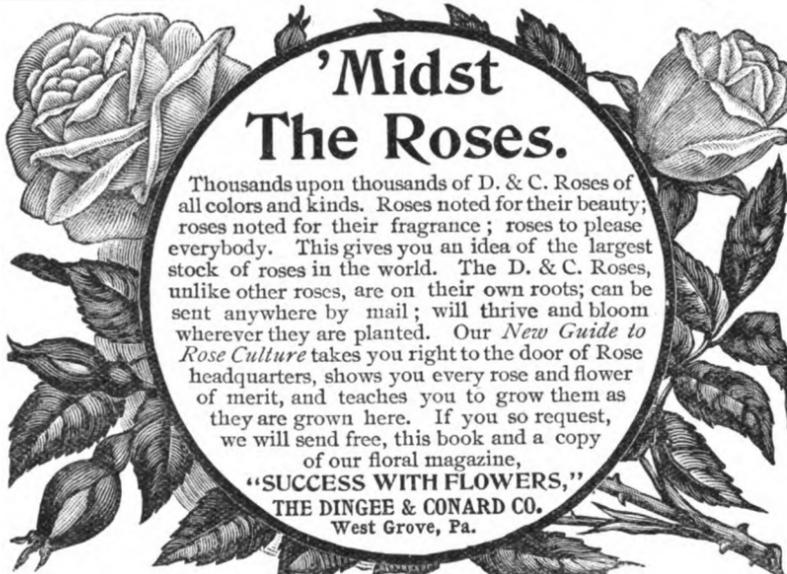
The List—Bridesmaid, the best pink rose by far ever introduced. Princess of Wales, amber yellow, deepening to orange. Snowflake, pure white, always in bloom. Princess de Radziwell, lovely coral red. Pearl of the Gardens, deep golden yellow. Beauty of Stapleford, bright rosy crimson. Queen of Fragrance, in clusters of 6 to 10 roses, white edged pink. Blackgold, beautiful shades of buff and tawny. Sunset, golden amber, resembles an "afterglow." Dr. Grill, copper yellow, and fawn rose. Duchess Marie Immacolata, an intermingling of bronze, orange, yellow, pink and crimson. Lady Castlereagh, soft rosy crimson and yellow. Papa Gentler, lovely dark red. Star of Gold, the queen of all yellow roses. Waban, a great rose in bloom all the time. Lady Stanley, great garden rose. Viscountess Wautier, one of the best roses grown. Cleopatra, soft shell pink, lovely. Sappho, fawn suffused with red. Letty Cole, very classic and beautiful.

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This applies to Floral matters as well as to matters culinary. The Good & Reese Co., Springfield, O. Gentlemen: The 20 ever-blooming roses you sent me for \$1 arrived yesterday in the most splendid condition, and allow me to say that I was absolutely surprised at the size of the stalks and the amount, length and thriftiness of the roots. I have wondered many times how you could afford to send out such roses for such a small price. Every rose in the land should have their yard full of ever-blooming roses at this price. Yours, (Judge) C. H. WILLINGHAM.

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

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

**C. H. K. AND OTHERS**—I cannot give any addresses in this column.

**BLACK EYES**—It is never proper for a gentleman to take a lady's arm.

**HYACINTH**—I would not advise a girl of sixteen to correspond with a young boy.

**SWEET SIXTEEN**—A young girl merely bows, and does not rise when a man is presented to her.

**MARION K.**—Introductions in street cars are quite as unnecessary as introductions on the street.

**READER**—It would be very rude if you did not write a note thanking the young man for the flowers he so kindly sent you.

**EVA**—It is quite unnecessary at a public entertainment or at church for a young woman to take charge of her escort's hat.

**ESTELLE**—If you do not care to give your godchild the usual silver mug, why not give it a silver dessert-spoon, teaspoon and fork?

**M. C. AND OTHERS**—I can recommend nothing for developing any part of the body except regular massage and care as to bathing.

**T. L. G.**—To the man friend who has been kind enough to be your escort simply say, "Thank you very much for your goodness in seeing me home."

**E. F. H.**—Experience has taught me that where lace is good it is much wiser to send it to a professional cleaner's than to attempt any amateur work on it.

**EMMA**—Because a young man admired your bouquet it is not necessary to offer him a flower. (2) Simply bow when a young man is presented to you; do not rise.

**IGNORAMUS**—The bride who wears a traveling-dress wears also a hat or bonnet at the ceremony and during the breakfast, for usually she leaves before that is over.

**MARGUERITE**—It is quite proper for a young woman to wear her hair high if it is becoming to her. (2) I should not think it wise for her to accept a ring from a man friend.

**EUNICE**—Your friends will know that you have not sent out cards by their not receiving any. It is no longer customary to add this announcement to the wedding notice.

**FLOSSIE**—If, after accepting your invitation, the young man does not come, and sends no excuse for his non-appearance, the wisest thing to do is to never invite him again.

**BERTHA A.**—When one is wearing even the deepest of mourning it is quite proper to assume a white dress in which to be married, and after that to re-assume the mourning.

**L. M. W.**—At the time of the wedding the engagement-ring is laid aside and assumed afterward as a guard to the wedding-ring, which is invariably worn on the third finger of the left hand.

**DAFFODIL**—If you have told the gentleman that you do not wish to correspond with him the only way to convince him of the fact that you mean just what you say is to leave his letters unanswered.

**MAZIE**—It is considered in best taste to announce an engagement as soon as possible. The idea in vogue some years ago of keeping it a secret for any length of time is very wisely relegated to the past.

**L. B.**—A bride could, if she wished, dispense with a veil when she wore a white gown, but it would seem a little odd, and as a tulle veil is by no means expensive I should certainly advise her having one.

**REX**—A gentleman assists a lady out of a carriage by her hand. Unless she is old or ill she needs no assistance in going up the church steps, and if she should be either of these he would offer her his arm.

**TURQUOISE**—A girl of fourteen would wear her dresses just below her ankles. Her hair should be drawn back off her face and allowed to flow from under the black ribbon that ties it, or be braided and looped.

**DELLA**—I certainly think it very improper for you to meet a man when your parents have forbidden it. (2) Girls of seventeen are very seldom out in society, although one would wear a skirt of the same length as an older girl.

**CAP**—Paper that is known as note size, and which folds once when it is put in an envelope, of clear white, is proper for a young man to use in his social correspondence. A stamped envelope is not considered in good taste.

**THREE LITTLE MAIDS**—It is very improper to make an appointment to meet a young man somewhere away from your own home. It is not in good taste to exchange rings with a man friend to whom you are not engaged.

**VIOLA H.**—I would advise you to ask the gentleman to come to your own house and meet your people, and then you will discover whether he is all you think him to be, or whether you are looking at him through rose-colored glasses.

**S. M.**—A married woman signs her own name in any letter written in the first person, whether it be a business or a social letter; but very often a business letter is written in the third person, and then, of course, she uses her husband's name.

**MRS. G.**—No answer whatever is required to a wedding invitation. (2) It was quite proper for you to give the servant who opened the door your card at the afternoon tea. (3) At a large reception it is not necessary to say good-by to the hostess.

**CRYSTAL**—I think it was very imprudent in you to talk as you did to a perfectly strange man. (2) In passing your plate for a second helping of any dish lay the knife and fork slightly to one side in such a way that they will not interfere with whoever is serving you.

**SCHOOL GIRL**—The conductor who comes in on the train with you every day is only being polite when he lifts his hat to you, and you should show your appreciation of this by a simple bow. Do not allow yourself to drift into a conversation with him.

**BLUE-EYED**—I should certainly advise your bowing to the man to whom you were once engaged, even if you did break the engagement at the desire of your parents. (2) Try walking in the open air during the day, and taking a cup of hot bouillon just before you go to bed for sleeplessness.

**ONE OF YOUR GIRLS**—The illustrations are oftenest done in pen and ink, or in that process commonly known as "wash." A thoroughly good illustrator can make a very good income, but excelling in a special work is necessary, for editors will not look at pictures that are even near mediocrity.

**STELLA**—If there is a party out for a day's pleasure there would be no impropriety in all the members of it dining with the gentleman who is your host, either at a restaurant or at a hotel. But I do think it in very bad taste for a young girl to dine alone with a man at a public place.

**MAY**—The maid who opens the door takes your card on a silver tray. (2) There would be no impropriety if, after attending a place of amusement, you invited the man who had been your escort to come in and chat for a while, provided you knew that your mother and sisters were entertaining visitors.

**MYRTLE**—My dear girl, do you think it quite nice to ask me how old I am, and whether I am married or not? I should never be that inquisitive about your affairs. You must understand that this is not a reprimand; it is just a suggestion to you that absolutely personal questions are not in good taste.

**A WELLESLEY GIRL**—As you have concluded to marry another man it would certainly be proper for you to return the presents and the engagement-ring that you accepted from the first one. The wisest thing to do would be to write a letter telling of your coming marriage, and sending with it the various gifts and letters.

**FLORENCE MARIE**—It is not in good taste to stand on the street and talk with a man. It is wisest, if he insist upon talking to you, to walk along and let him walk beside you. (2) It is not customary in this country to go to the theatre in evening dress. A somewhat elaborate visiting toilette and a small bonnet, or a hat that is easily removed, is considered in best taste.

**AN INTERESTED READER**—In making a formal call you may conclude, unless you have left a card, that your hostess never heard of it. If there is any fault it is on your side entirely, for a card is the essential part of a first call, or the return of a first call. It is never necessary to ask visitors who are making formal visits, that is, in the afternoon, to remove their wraps.

**NINA C.**—My dear girl, do not under any consideration permit yourself to take so dangerous a medicine as arsenic. From your account I should think it would be wisest for you to consult a physician with reference to your complexion. (2) As your handwriting inclines to the pointed English style the best way to improve it would be to get some copies and practice imitating them every day until you have achieved the desired regularity.

**BEATRICE**—There will be no impropriety whatever in giving the man to whom you are betrothed a birthday or holiday present, but let it be something very simple: a book that he has expressed a desire for; a pretty etching, or if you wish to give something that is closer to him, more absolutely his, choose a silk muffler or some linen handkerchiefs, having a narrow hemstitched edge. Linen handkerchiefs are considered in better taste than silk ones.

**NAOMI**—An invitation to a dance simply sent in the form of a visiting-card, with date and "dancing" written in one corner, requires a formal answer. This will be best: "Miss Brown thanks Mrs. John Smith for her courteous invitation for Thursday, the eighteenth, at eight o'clock, and accepts it with great pleasure." Regrets should be exactly the same, except that in place of "accepts with great pleasure" she should write "regrets her inability to be present."

**TWO SISTERS**—In sending "at home" cards address your envelope to "Mr. and Mrs. Brown." (2) That the bridegroom is not acquainted with your friends makes no difference at a formality like this, for, of course, it is supposed that the people you like he would accept with pleasure. (3) In going back to the city where you have once lived it would be proper to send your card to all your friends, men and women, inclosing your father's card, as he is to be with you, with yours.

**ISABEL S.**—I want to thank you very much for your nice letter, and I am going to quote a little from it for the benefit of some of my other girls: "We drew up four pledges—three of them were very staunch friends. Each girl took one and the other was left in my room. We are to put one cent in a box which is on the mantel-shelf, for every slang word or phrase which we use. Before we parted last night we had two cents in it. This was the result of your article on slang. We are determined to learn to speak pure English." How many girls are going to follow this good example?

**DOROTHY DIMPLE**—A lady always precedes a gentleman in entering the aisle of any place of amusement, or of a church. (2) Try mutton suet rubbed well into your hands to heal and whiten them. As the suet is apt to be hard I would suggest your warming it before applying. (3) Your apology was quite unnecessary. I hope that none of my girls will ever feel afraid to write to me. Sometimes it is impossible for me to answer all their questions, because some of the other girls might not understand just what was asked, and then the answer would be of no interest to them; and I want my part of the JOURNAL to entertain and interest every girl who cares for me.

**BEATRICE T.**—The proper way to fold a sheet of note paper is once, for the envelope should be sufficiently large to permit that. It is in the best taste to write on the pages in the way that is easiest to read, and the fancy for writing first on one page, and then turning the sheet and writing on the other, and turning it again, and writing on another until one doesn't know which is the up or down of anything, is not only very bad form but very silly. The easiest way to write and the easiest way to read a letter is to begin it on the first page, then come over to the third, which is written like the first down the sheet, then return to the second, which is written across, and the fourth in harmony with it. This is the easiest way, and therefore the most to be commended.

**A. U. S.**—Of course, a woman of twenty-four years is supposed to be perfectly competent to take care of herself. At the same time in the larger cities, unmarried women do not go out with men unless a party is formed, or some other woman accompanies them. Still the social laws that obtain in small places decide in many instances what one should do when there, and personally, I believe the American girl is so good and true that it would be possible for her to go to any place she may please and never receive anything but respectful attention. (2) It pleased me very much to know that the fining method for curing slang proved so effective in the case of yourself and sister. Now you must think out what will be the fate of the slang pennies, what good they are going to do, and who is to be made happier by them.

**SUNNYSIDE AND OTHERS**—Of course, it has been very pleasant for me to know that among the pictures of the different editors of the JOURNAL, Ruth Ashmore's face has been missed. As I have said before, we all have our little oddities, and mine is a dislike to the reproduction of my face. I would rather be an ideal in the heart of my girls; then to each of you I am the dear friend you would like to find me. Many of the letters have made me laugh, and vanity forces me to say this one thing, I haven't gray hair and I am not fat. I am still close enough to youth to enjoy all the pleasures of life, and far enough from it to realize its temptations. God has been very good to me in giving me a hopeful heart, and so to those girls who ask where I live, I can only say it is on the sunny side of the street, in Household Number Two of Home Terrace. To another girl who asks, I have to say that the world has treated me kindly. If I have gotten a blow or a buffet I have always had a smile and a loving word that would compensate. All the thanks that have come to me, and all the blessings that are showered upon me are the sunshine of my life. When one lives in such an atmosphere, even if one isn't a young girl, and one hasn't any absolute flesh and blood girls of her own, still it is fine to own so many heart girls that life is much more than merely worth living. That is all I can say about Ruth Ashmore.

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## HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

**PAULINE**—I cannot give addresses in the columns of the JOURNAL.

**MRS. H. V. C.**—I could not answer your request on account of your failing to send any address.

**MARIE**—If you send me your address and a stamp I will have a practical milliner and business woman write you the desired information.

**MISS ANNIE G.**—For a light-weight tea-gown try a printed Japanese silk, with a front of plain silk and collar of cream guipure lace.

**SIMPLE MAID**—I cannot give you explicit directions of such length in this column, but will gladly do so if you send me an addressed and stamped envelope.

**BOSTON GIRL**—A pearl necklace is about all the jewelry that a very young lady wears to her first ball. Commence with one string of pearls and add others gradually.

**MRS. NELLIE C.**—Trim your black satin with a white satin vest and revers and white guipure sleeve ruffles or epaulettes; edge revers and wrists with jet and have a jet collar band and girle.

**MISS GERRIE**—I have no interest in any business enterprise except THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and the "Dry Goods Economist." (2) I am not related to the late Mrs. Lucy Hamilton Hooper.

**MISS M. J. F.**—Trim your blue satin with two ruffles of the same, or folds of velvet can be used if the material fails you. Add crush collar, revers and circular basque piece of velvet, with a small yoke piece of cream guipure lace.

**JEANNE**—Brown is the first choice for the spring and green is second. (2) Buy a small-figured soft taffeta at one dollar and twenty-five cents, in changeable beige and green, the latter a reseda shade, and trim with cream guipure lace.

**AMY J.**—Buttons up the sleeve seams are out of style. (2) Girls of fifteen years wear their dresses to their shoe tops. (3) Girls of this age wear veils only to keep out the cold—not for dress—and they should be of grenadine or tissue in navy blue, brown or gray.

**MARY D.**—Read of old rose shades in this issue; either one named will be handsome for a *gumpe* with the gray house dress. (2) Get a soft taffeta for a silk petticoat, as it wears better and is more refined than a stiff, crackly piece that announces the wearer's coming.

**HOUSEKEEPER**—Make your linen sheets and pillow-cases with hemstitched hems and an embroidered initial in the centre above the hem. (2) Your table napkins should be marked in one corner; the five-eighths and three-fourths sizes will probably suit you, being the most popular.

**MRS. T. H. L.**—Cotton dresses are written of in this issue. (2) Challies will be trimmed with lace and satin or moiré ribbons. (3) Fancy and colored crêpes will be much used for summer millinery; black and light ostrich tips and iridescent embroideries, as well as flowers and satin and moiré ribbons, will also be worn.

**JOSEPHINE**—Read answer to "H. C. M." and study the article on cotton frocks in this issue. (2) All cotton goods of any reputation are now fast in color, but you must neither dry them in the sun, soak them in chemicals nor rub with strong soap. Wash with reasonable care and their wear and appearance will repay you for the extra trouble.

**MARGARET**—Glacé kid gloves were introduced last winter for evening wear, but are not, I think, as handsome for this purpose as *suède*. (2) White veils will be very fashionable after the first of June. (3) Tiny bonnets and medium-sized hats will be popular in the spring. (4) Moiré ribbon in black and moiré effects in colors will be stylish for Easter.

**EMILY**—You can wear a very short puff, not over five inches deep when on the arm. (2) Certainly wear your armlets; they are very precious heirlooms and quaintly antique. (3) Elbow sleeves should come to the elbow—not above it—and long gloves are correct when you must have pretty arms or you would not "hate sleeves."

**BELLE B.**—I do not approve of even "moderately tight lacing." If you know anything of your form you must realize the danger of tight lacing. (2) Wear small hip pads under the corset. A well-fitting, firm corset does not mean a stiff and tightly-laced one, as any French *corsetière* would tell you. It is true that many fashionable women do lace, but does that make it right or healthful?

**H. C. M.**—Clitheroe zephyr is the name of a summer cotton fabric of a lighter class than outing cloths and without the nappy look of the latter. (2) Trim such fabrics with Hamburg embroidery or heavy open cotton lace. (3) Black satin ribbon belts will be fashionable with all wash cotton dresses. (4) I would recommend cambric or percaline underwear in preference to linen.

**A NEW SUBSCRIBER**—The green samples could not be made up together, one being too yellowish to harmonize with the other. Combine black moiré antique, bengaline or velvet with one, and deep rich brown velvet or velutina with the other. (2) These shades would be considered too bright in a large city for church and ordinary street wear, but in a smaller town custom may allow it.

**MANY INQUIRERS**—You have a wrong impression, as I am not a specialist of any kind and only use common sense in advising women to look and remain young as long as possible. I never recommend anything unless I have proven it satisfactory; whether you will or not I cannot tell, as each woman has her own way of thinking and doing. I cannot promise to answer personal letters unless a stamp is enclosed. This may seem a trifle, but within four weeks I have received many letters lacking necessary stamps, asking for a personal reply.

**T. M. G.**—In asking for advice regarding the trimming and making of a gown it is a great assistance to me if a correspondent gives some idea of her figure, age and complexion, as everything depends upon this in successful dress designing. It is not enough to have a stylish dress, but it should also prove a becoming one to the wearer. Your woolen armure is a very pretty shade of brown, and should be trimmed with three or five rows of glossy black mohair braid, one and one-quarter inches wide on the flared skirt of three and a half yards width. Round waist slightly pointed back and front, and with a circular basque piece, would be suitable, with sleeves very large at top, close at wrist and trimmed with three rows of braid. One row of braid finishes the basque. Add very wide, though short, revers and a crush collar of black moiré antique. Buttons should match the braid, unless you prefer hooks and eyes.



DBL. ANEMONE

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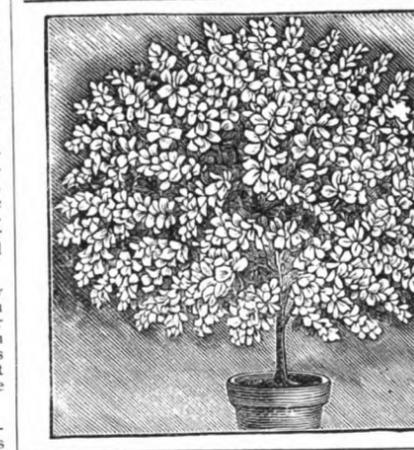
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**EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE**

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

J. P.—Concentrated solution of cyanide of potassium is said to be efficacious in the removal of indelible ink stains.

L. L.—Full directions for making hard soap at home were given in the January, 1892, number of the JOURNAL. This will be forwarded to your address on receipt of ten cents.

CHARLOTTE—After having wiped the book cover free from dust apply fine kerosene oil, rubbing it thoroughly into the leather, being careful, however, that it does not touch the leaves.

BRIDE ROSE—Silver-handled knives are liked best for general use, as when the handles are composed of other materials they are apt to become loosened from careless handling and washing.

MARGARET—Sprinkle oil of pennyroyal about the places which are infested with ants, being careful, as this is a poison, to place the bottle containing it where it may not be mistaken for medicine.

MRS. W. B. S.—You will find answers to your inquiries in an article entitled "Correct Service at Table" in the February, 1893, number of the JOURNAL, a copy of which will be mailed you for ten cents.

MRS. S. A. C.—Silk portières may be woven in the same manner as carpet rags if desired, but this is hardly desirable, as it makes them very heavy. A loosely-woven curtain proves more satisfactory.

SELMA—Scratches may be removed from highly-polished wood by rubbing with a woolen rag which has been saturated with boiled linseed oil. Shellac dissolved in alcohol may then be used as a varnish.

A. E. C.—Use cartridge paper of either a neutral blue or a medium olive green, with wide frieze above, showing either scroll or floral design. The ceiling may be either a lighter shade or the same tint as the side walls.

HOUSEKEEPER—Buy powdered borax by the pound and scatter it freely about your kitchen, and we think that you will get rid to a large extent of the cockroaches. (2) The best way to keep rats and mice away is to secure a good cat.

L. MC.—The following dry process of cleansing kid gloves has been found satisfactory: Prepare a generous quantity of cracker crumbs; button the gloves upon the hands and rub thoroughly with the crumbs. This process is especially efficacious in cleansing those of light undressed kid.

CELIA—When washing linen embroidered with white silk use cold water and the silk will keep its pure, lustrous, silvery whiteness. It is the same with white woven silk; keep hot water away from it and it will retain its purity of whiteness, with no suspicion of a yellow shade.

MRS. L.—The following is a good receipt for molasses gingerbread: One cup of cold water, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of shortening (beef fat preferred). Add one heaping teaspoonful of soda, ginger to taste, thicken with flour to the right consistency, and bake in a rather quick oven.

TERRSA—The new method of making lemonade is to pour water that has just been allowed to come to the boiling point over the lemons and sugar, then putting it on ice to cool. To make each quart use the juice of three lemons, an eighth of a pound of powdered sugar and a scant quart of water.

RUTH—A menu that would serve for an informal luncheon is the following: Bouillon; creamed oysters in scallop shells, with thin bread and butter; broiled chicken with rice croquettes; lettuce salad with French dressing, Neuchâtel cheese and plain wafers; fruit, Charlotte russe and lady fingers. Coffee and chocolate for beverages.

PETO-EX-TE—We see no reason why you cannot establish a satisfactory "cozy corner" in either of the rooms described; more room may, perhaps, be gained for your parlor by a different arrangement of the furniture. (2) It is in quite good taste to hang a moderate number of pictures upon the walls—as many as may be tastefully disposed without crowding.

BANGOR—Any cabinet-maker will make you a rack for your collection of souvenir spoons. They are usually made with, in the centre, a small mirror resting upon a velvet square. Fastened neatly half way between the edge and the mirror is a heavy gimpy, which is tacked with just space enough between to allow the handles of the spoons to be placed.

M.—Below we give two receipts for making cement for china: Dissolve one ounce of powdered gum-arabic in a gill of boiling water, and into this liquid stir enough plaster of Paris to make it the consistency of thick cream. Powder quick-lime and make a paste of it with the white of an egg. Spread lightly on the broken edges and press tightly together.

M. C. D.—Mattresses wear more evenly if they are turned daily, both from head to foot and from one side to the other, and over. A good housekeeper will also see to it that a mattress is thoroughly aired each day, and frequently brushed with a whisk. (2) Fireplace cushions are stuffed with hair, not with down. They should be covered with a material that will correspond in color with the room in which they are intended to be used.

WILDLY MISERRABLE—To make tomato ketchup slice one peck of ripe tomatoes; pour over them one-half cup of salt and let them stand over night. In the morning pour off the salt water and cook the tomatoes until fine. Strain and add two tablespoonfuls each of ground cloves and cinnamon, two grated nutmegs, one-half a tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, two teaspoonfuls of whole mustard seed, one pint of vinegar and a small quantity of celery seed; cook until rather thick.

J. M. Y.—To make delicious stewed lobster pick all the meat out from the shells of two good-sized, freshly-boiled lobsters and cut it into square pieces about half an inch in size. Place in a saucepan with an ounce of fresh butter, season with a salt-spoonful of salt and a little red pepper. Cook for five minutes. Then add one-half pint of sweet cream, into which three eggs have been beaten, and stir until almost to the boiling point, when it will be ready to serve. This must be served and eaten while hot.

MATTIE—Do not be distressed because you have neither pretty china nor handsome silver to use upon your table upon the occasion of receiving your husband's men friends. They will miss neither of these things. A clean table-cloth, a soft table-napkin and a pleasant-faced hostess will please them more than any array of costly table service. Try and plan your menu so that your one servant may not have too hard a task, and prepare the dessert yourself the day before, so that you need have no misgivings about it. Men, as a rule, prefer a salad prepared with French dressing when salad is served as a course. With the salad serve cheese and plain crackers. Men generally prefer Roquefort or Neuchâtel cheese.

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# THE OPEN CONGRESS

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

ADA—The birthday stone for June is the pearl. MABEL—The salary of a Cabinet officer is \$8000. E. H. M.—The birthday stone for July is the ruby. MOUNT AIRY—The battle of Navarino was fought in 1827. ST. BERNARDINE—Manitoba is part of the Dominion of Canada.

M. C. M.—Greek and Roman mythology are substantially the same. PHOEBE—Chicago has an area of one hundred and eighty-five square miles.

JAY—Henry Ward Beecher is buried in Greenwood Cemetery, in Brooklyn. TERRY—The widow of General Crook is at present residing in Washington, D. C.

CONSTANCE—A bimetallic standard of currency. JOHNSONBURG—The proper place for the teaspoon is the saucer; it should not be left in the cup.

HELVETIA—The name Alice, or Alicia, means noble. (2) Pennsylvania has no State flower. CINCINNATI—The wife of ex-President Harrison is buried at Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis.

SUNNYCLIFFE—The colors of Princeton University are orange and black; of Harvard crimson, and of Yale dark blue. CAPE COD—The strictest etiquette requires that introductions shall not take place without the consent of both parties.

B. J. W.—Benjamin Franklin, in "Poor Richard's Almanac," gave the saying, "God helps them that help themselves." STRATFORD—In Pennsylvania the marriage must be performed in the county in which the marriage license has been procured.

NETTIE—The population of the earth is said to be 1,479,729,400. (2) The legal rate of interest in New York State is six per cent. MARY—Switzerland belongs to the Monetary Union, consequently the coins in general use there are the same as those used in France and Italy.

MAUCH CHUNG—No soldier is eligible to membership in the Grand Army of the Republic unless he served between April 12, 1861, and April 9, 1865. WEST POINTER—General Grant was given the nicknames "Old United States" and "Unconditional Surrender" from the initials of his name, Ulysses Simpson.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—A sketch of ex-Empress Eugénie appeared in the JOURNAL of March, 1892, a copy of which will be mailed to your address on receipt of ten cents. MARGARET—The Emperor of Russia is represented at Washington by a legation, the chief of which has the title of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—Tammany was an Indian chief who lived in the seventeenth century. According to one account he was the first Indian to welcome William Penn to this country. SAG HARBOR—We cannot give any advice as to the investment of money. (2) Mr. and Mrs. Kendal when off the stage are known as Mr. and Mrs. Grimstone. They have several children.

H. R.—Men's visiting-cards are usually small and long; they are engraved with the full name or initials preceded by Mr. Of course a doctor uses his professional title, as does a military or naval officer. ANNA—According to the best authorities the temperature of the dining-room during the progress of a dinner should not exceed 68°. (2) Finger-bowls should not be filled more than two-thirds full of water.

SCHOOL GIRL—Either "Duc d' Orleans" or the "Duke of Orleans" is correct. The title and the name must both be written in the same language. (2) *Lex talionis* is a Latin phrase signifying the law of retaliation. E. D.—There is a Genealogical and Biographical Society in New York City. It endeavors to procure and perpetuate whatever may relate to genealogy and biography. The society is located at 23 West Forty-fourth Street.

J. W. T.—The name Monterey means "King's Mountain." The place was named in 1602 in honor of Conte de Monterey at that time Viceroy of Mexico. (2) Vassar College is located at Poughkeepsie, New York. JESSIE—P. C. upon a visiting-card signifies that your visitor has called to say good-by preparatory to going out of town for a time. The letters are an abbreviation of the French words *pour prendre congé*, to take leave.

DOBB'S FERRY—A postal money order is only payable to the person to whom it is sent, or to some one to whom he has transferred it by written order on the back of the note; consequently it is considered a very safe way to send money. LEROY—The students at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis are called Naval cadets. The course of study is six years, four at the academy and two at sea, at the end of which time the cadet returns to the academy for final graduation.

W. F. E.—All unmarried women, regardless of their ages, should be addressed as "Miss," not "Mrs." In beginning a formal letter, however, it is customary to use the words "My Dear Madam," whether the woman addressed be married or single. JAQUELINE—The fourth of March came upon a Sunday in 1877. Mr. Hayes was publicly inaugurated on Monday, March fifth. He took the oath of office on Sunday in the White House. (2) It is said that the best time to wind a watch is in the morning.

MURIEL—The late Lucy Stone was married in 1855 to Mr. Henry B. Blackwell. Their married life was a very happy one. Mr. Blackwell was willing that his wife should retain her maiden name, and their children were given the surname of Stone-Blackwell. VERNON—It would be quite impossible for us to give you any information concerning the process by which the paper for our banknotes is made. It is manufactured by a private firm under a patented process, and is furnished only to the United States Government.

C. S.—The "Actors' Fund of America" assists sick and indigent persons who are in any capacity connected with the dramatic profession, and provides for their decent burial. The headquarters of the fund are located at 12 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York City. ANNETTE—At a hotel on the "American plan" a guest pays a fixed sum per day, which includes the room and meals, and he may order everything and anything on the bill of fare. On the "European plan" the guest pays a certain sum for his room, and pays only for the food that he orders. HOOSICK—In sending out wedding invitations it is well to send one to each member of the family whose company you desire. One, of course, will serve for husband and wife, and the daughters may be addressed as "The Misses," but if possible there should never be an attempt made at economy in the matter of invitations.

H. M.—It is never wise for a young girl to carry on a correspondence with a young man to whom she is not engaged. If, however, she elects to do so her letters should begin "My Dear Mr. —" and end "Yours very sincerely." The more dignified her correspondence the more respect will her correspondent have for her. INVALID—It is said that the climate of Colorado is very beneficial to persons afflicted with weak lungs, but we cannot undertake to advise you as to a removal there. No change of climate should be undertaken without the advice and consent of a physician who thoroughly understands the constitution of the person who is desirous of seeking a change.

MYRTLE—Little Elsie Leslie is being educated for the stage. (2) The Princess Beatrice, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, is in her tenth year. She is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, her father being the Queen's second son. (3) The Lady Alexandra Duff is Queen Victoria's great-granddaughter and the oldest grandchild of the Prince of Wales. MANY GIRLS—Dr. Thomas W. Evans has given to American girl students in Paris a beautiful home there. It is located in the most desirable part of the city. Mrs. Walden Pell has liberally supplemented this generous gift with donations of money and with artistic furnishings. The home is non-sectarian and in no sense a charity. The students are charged from three to five francs a day.

L.—The term "black Maria," as applied to the vehicle in which prisoners are taken to jail, is said to have originated in Boston, where, in Colonial days, a negress named Maria Lee, kept a boarding-house for sailors. She was of heroic size, and at one time took three sailors to jail herself. The authorities came to rely upon her aid in arresting sailors for any misdemeanor. Hence the term. GLEN'S FALLS—Queen Victoria sent upon the occasion of President Garfield's funeral, through the British Legation at Washington, a wreath of white and Maréchal Niel roses on a bed of smilax, with the inscription, "Queen Victoria to the memory of the late President Garfield. An expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American nation." She also sent a message of condolence, inquiring, at the same time, after the health of President Garfield's mother and his wife, and asking for a photograph of the martyr President.

WALKLEY—The dukedom of Veragua dates from 1537. In that year it, with a pension, was conferred upon Don Luis Colon, eldest son of Diego, son of Christopher Colon, or Columbus. This was in compensation for the renouncing by Luis of all rights, privileges and titles conferred upon his ancestor by Ferdinand and Isabella. In 1557 Philip II, of Spain, took back the Veragua property, and in its stead conferred the title of Marquis of Jamaica with plenary authority. In 1713 Spain ceded Jamaica to England. Since that time the title of Duke of Veragua has been only honorary. SUBSCRIBER—Snow is sometimes found in Polar and Alpine regions, where it lies unmelted from year to year, and the annual fall is small, colored red by the presence of innumerable small red plants. In its native state the plant consists of brilliant red globules on a gelatinous mass. Red snow was observed by the ancients, a passage in Aristotle referring to it, but it attracted little or no attention until 1760, when Sansure observed it in the Alps, and concluded that it was due to the pollen of a plant. It was also noticed by the Arctic Expedition under Captain Ross on Baffin Bay shore on a range of cliffs, the red color penetrating to a depth of twelve feet. Less frequent is a green growth on snow.

BOSTONIAN—The "Lend a Hand," "Silver Cross" and "Wadsworth" clubs, the "Look-Up Legion" and similar organizations adopting the Wadsworth mottoes, "Look up and not down," "In His Name," etc., originated from the story entitled "Ten Times One," written in 1870, by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, the first club being formed in 1871. The "Look-Up Legion," numbering nearly four thousand children, was formed in 1874. Shortly after the publication of "Ten Times One" Dr. Hale wrote "In His Name," and in 1886 was organized the order of "King's Daughters," adopting the watchword and the cross which had been introduced into the book. The adoption of the watchword and the cross is not, however, compulsory with the "Lend a Hand" clubs, although many voluntarily adopt both.

W. L. E.—Standard time is the name given to a system of time-keeping adopted in 1883, by which the United States are divided into four divisions, the time of each place in any one of which is the same as that of all other places therein. The four sections are respectively: The eastern, taking in the Atlantic coast down to Charleston, South Carolina, the line running from Charleston irregularly to a line running north and south from Detroit; the central, all territory between this line and a line running from Bismarck, North Dakota, to the mouth of the Rio Grande; the mountain section takes in from this line to the western borders of Idaho, Utah and Arizona; west of this line lies the Pacific section. The eastern section takes its time from Philadelphia, which has 75° of west longitude; the central from St. Louis, 90° west of Greenwich; the mountain section from Leadville, 105° west, and the Pacific section from Virginia City, Nevada, 120° west. The sections are about 15° of longitude in width.

MABEL—You have consulted us upon a very serious subject, and one upon which we would like to advise you, but you give us so little clew to your surroundings in the big city in which you live that it is not easy for us to give you any very real help. If you have a home and there is any way by which you can make it attractive and pleasant it would seem as though some plan might be devised which would keep your brothers at home during the evening. Boys are gregarious, they like company, they like excitement, and too often seek it at the expense of their health and strength. We can only advise you to continue to be kind and gentle to them, to try and interest them in their home and in your friends. Do not abuse the stage to them, but try to interest them in other things, so that they will be content to remain away from the theatre occasionally. A sister's influence always counts, even though it may not always seem to do so. Suggest to your father that he shall help you in trying to teach the boys that home is the safest, best place for them, and that "all play" is a good deal worse than "all work."

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