

THE  
**L**ADIES' HOME JOURNAL

CHRISTMAS.  
1890.



Curtis.  
Publishing Company.  
Philadelphia.

Price.  
10 Cents.

Women are not slow to comprehend. They're quick. They're alive, and yet it was a man who discovered the one remedy for their peculiar ailments.

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YOUR Name printed on Two (2) Dozen (one name only, on 2 d. n.) latest style two-plate stock Cards, by MAIL, postage paid for **Only 25c.** Mearing cards, 30c. per doz. 2 for 50c. - Send 2 cent stamp & Address **Walter P. Webber, Lynn, Mass.**

### THE HOLIDAYS IN GERMANY.

By Mrs. A. G. Lewis.

**I**n northern Germany everybody who has in any way served you during the year, from the night-watchman downward to the portiere frau, sends Christmas greeting, usually something written in a sort of rhythmical doggerel, with the expectation of a gift from you of money in return. The price of service is so low that servants, also "the butcher, the baker and candlestick-maker," depend largely upon holiday generosity for their maintenance.

In many large towns and cities an extra five or ten dollars is added to the governmental salaries in order to eke out a very low rate of yearly payment. The reason for this seems to be that, whatever else a German does not have, he must not fail to make sure of a series of grand jollifications during the holidays. Everybody, from the foremost royal personage at the imperial palace downward to the boot-black on the corner, claims the right to shelter his great gladness under Christmas boughs, and to frolic through the bright hours that lead on to the grand festival of the New Year.

Every member of the imperial family—there are seven in all—has a separate Christmas tree. The five young princes have loads of costly gifts. Last year, among countless other delightful presents, were three saddles of blue velvet, richly embroidered with gold, with gold stirrups and trimmings, sent by the Sultan of Turkey to the three eldest sons of "our friend and brother, the Emperor of Germany." All the glad week happy families frolic around their Christmas trees, glittering with decorations of tinsel and shining gewgaws. They light up their trees both morning and evening, and the "Christmas man" (Santa Claus is not known there) brings their gifts. In some places the children when they go to bed set their shoes outside the door, for the "Christmas man" to fill as he rides along on horseback just before day-break. If any child has been naughty during the day, he may expect only a few kernels of oats in his shoes. The gifts are for everybody, both old and young. They are inexpensive and simple, as Christmas gifts ought to be, yet expressive of rare kindness and thoughtfulness. The same ornaments for the trees are used year after year, and Christmas stands as a bright milestone between the passing years.

The night before New Year's day an extra surge of noise rolls over town and city. A late supper is served in every house. Around the tables they sing patriotic and university songs and tell wonderful stories embellished with illusions, dreams and fairy legends with which their folk-lore is so delightfully interwoven.

Just before the midnight bells begin to peal, the crowded streets break out into cries of "New Year's night," and "I congratulate." People in the streets knock off each other's hats and greet each other with pleasantries which are flavored more or less with the spice of the punch bowl, an overflowing courtesy extended to every guest or friend. This rollicking, good natured riot is special to northern Germany, and presents many of the features of the Roman Carnival and of the Mardi Gras of New Orleans.

When the New Year's bells ring everybody rushes into the street, handkerchiefs are waved, and everybody wishes everybody else health, happiness and a long life.

On New Year's day it is considered a pledge of a prosperous year to catch sight of the emperor and empress. So the crowd surges toward and surrounds the palace. Nobility and ambassadors drive in gay equipages to the castle and are given audience; while the crowd of common people must wait outside until his highness, possibly accompanied by his family, may enter the imperial turnout, and, hastily driving through the streets, wave to right and left smiling congratulations. All lift their hats and return a fervent "God bless you."

The streets are lively with bands of music. The parks are brilliant with skaters, and the jingling of sleigh-bells and the merry shouts of happy children present a scene no where to be matched, for it is exclusively German.

**LADIES' BOOTS ONLY \$2.00.** Retail everywhere for \$3.00. Sizes 2 1/2 to 8, B, C, D, E and EE widths. We send these Boots in either Kid or Goat. Postage paid on receipt of \$2.00. Send for price list. CONSUMERS BOOT & SHOE CO., Box 3305, Boston, Mass.

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We wish to bring to your notice two very popular and choice pieces of music. One is a song entitled "More than Tongue Can Tell," (introducing the Wedding Chimes), by Chas. Graham, author of "If the Waters could Speak as they flow," "Somebody's Ship will be Home By and Bye." The other is "The Rosabel Waltzes," by Edward J. Abraham, author of the celebrated "Mephisto Gavotte," as played by all the orchestras. The regular price of these pieces is 60 cents each, but to introduce them in every home, we will, on receipt of 40 cents, send either of the above, and with each order send free ten complete pieces of our very latest vocal and instrumental music, full size (11 1/2 x 13 in.), printed on elegant heavy music paper, and would cost \$4.00 if bought at music-stores; or, if you will send 80 cents for both, we will send you twenty-five pieces free. A magnificent collection.

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Now in its Sixth Year. A paper you are SURE TO LIKE if you once read it. Full of WOMEN'S TALK and things which every woman wants to know. Recipes, Dress-Making, Knitting, Fancy Work, HOME FURNISHING, SHORT STORIES, Mothers', Children's, Health, and Housekeepers' Departments. Plain, Practical, CLEAN. Not an objectionable line to either reading or advertisements. Three Months' Trial, 10c. (stamps or silver, free of postage.) Address **HOME QUEEN**, 917 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
\$80 A MONTH and expenses paid any active person to distribute circulars. 60 a MONTH to distribute circulars only; Salaries paid monthly. Sample of our goods and contract free. Send 10c. for postage, packing, etc. WE WANT BUSY MEN. UNION SUPPLY CO., 26 & 28 River St., Chicago.

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# The JOURNAL FOR 1891



WE can give here only a few of the more striking features which will mark the JOURNAL'S pages for 1891. Hundreds of bright attractions must, of necessity, be left to the inference of the reader, for lack of room.

Each article and feature will have a practical purpose, the JOURNAL always aiming to be helpful while it is entertaining. Some of the most notable and brightest features ever presented for woman's pleasure are in course of preparation. It will be the aim, during 1891, to make the JOURNAL excel any past effort or success in the direction of making a safe periodical for the family

## MR. BEECHER AS I KNEW HIM



MRS. BEECHER

### Recollections of Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher

- ∴ After much reluctance, born of a natural feeling, Mrs. Beecher has been persuaded to write her reminiscences of her great husband, and the JOURNAL takes a special pleasure in announcing that it has secured them for exclusive publication
- ∴ Mrs. Beecher will, in this series of articles, give glimpses of the renowned preacher as he was in his home and by his fireside. Mr. Beecher was as gentle in his home-life as he was strong and powerful in his public life. No man loved his home and family more than did he. His love for birds and flowers, his passion for rare china, were part of his nature, and never was he happier than when he was amid them in his home. Through these articles the public will see Henry Ward Beecher as heretofore it has not known him, and they will throw many side-lights on his character which only a devoted wife can see.

## QUEEN VICTORIA AT MY TEA-TABLE

- ∴ Each summer, Queen Victoria, when at her castle in the Scottish Highlands, drives over to the house of Madame Albani, close by, and takes an informal tea with the great operatic prima-donna. For the benefit of the JOURNAL readers, Madame Albani has been induced to describe one of these visits from the Queen, how she serves tea for her, etc., etc. The article will be accompanied with the last portrait taken of Queen Victoria—a portrait taken privately for her own use and that of her family only two months ago. "It will be my last portrait," wrote her Majesty on a recent presentation copy.



MADAME ALBANI

## WOMEN'S CHANCES AS BREAD-WINNERS

- ∴ This series of articles will tell the chances of women in the great working-world, what are the opportunities in different branches, the salaries paid, the prospects of success, how to secure positions, what is essential for a woman's advancement in each profession. The leading authorities in each profession will sketch the chances of success of "Women as Telegraph Operators," "Women as Dressmakers," "Women as Stenographers," "Women as School-teachers," "Women as Trained Nurses," "Women as Actresses," "Women as Doctors," "Women Behind the Counter," "Women as Artists," taking up all the different business channels in which women are meeting with success.

## THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT HOME



THE PRINCESS OF WALES

- ∴ There is probably no woman more deservedly popular or more widely beloved throughout Europe than is the Princess of Wales. Sweet and gracious in her manners, kind and womanly in her disposition, a model wife and mother, her home-life offers the most entertaining material for an article. This article, prepared by an English woman of title, and an intimate friend of the Princess, will be the most thorough ever printed. It will give a glimpse of the Princess' home-life in every detail, accompanied by a new and beautiful portrait of herself, portraits of her daughters, her husband and her sons, her two homes, and interior views of her drawing-room and boudoir. The article has been prepared with direct royal co-operation, and will bear the stamp of authority and accurate knowledge.

## GENERAL LEW WALLACE, the Author of "Ben Hur"

- ∴ Has contributed, for boys, a most entertaining description of "How I Bought a Dog for the Sultan of Turkey."

## MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY'S NEW SERIAL STORY

- ∴ To those who read "Ascutney Street" in the JOURNAL, the announcement of a new story by Mrs. Whitney will be an especially welcome one. Mrs. Whitney has given the attractive title of "A Golden Gossip" to her new story. It is a bright, sparkling story of a quiet little neighborhood infested with "they says" and "I hears."
- ∴ It deals chiefly with the life of a young girl, whose frank, ardent, impulsive temperament, repressed by her surroundings, is continually breaking forth in little girlish escapades, giving pungent items to the newsmongers.
- ∴ How she wins, through the friendship and effective influence of "A Golden Gossip" to a higher understanding of herself, and a happier issue, and how the "gospel gossip" gradually overcomes and replaces the evil and careless speaking of the little neighborhood, is worked out by pleasing incident and action



MRS. WHITNEY

## QUEENS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

- ∴ In a series of articles Miss E. T. Bradley, daughter of the Dean of Westminster Abbey, will weave the story of the lives of the most famous queens in English history into a description of their royal tombs. The loves, the intrigues, the bits of romance which surrounded the lives of the great queens of history, will be told with a freshness that will make these articles interesting from another than an historical point of view. Portraits of several of the royal subjects, never before printed, will be given, as also illustrations of their tombs.

## UNKNOWN WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN



MRS. GLADSTONE

- ∴ How often it is that a man's name will become world-renowned while his wife will never be heard of. While we all know of such men as John Wanamaker, Thomas A. Edison, Will Carleton, Dr. Talmage, P. T. Barnum, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Howells, "Mark Twain," their wives, for the most part, are comparatively unknown, although, in many instances, they have been the molders of their husbands' successes. These and others are among the women whose portraits, many of them printed here for the first time, will be given in this series, with gossipy and popular sketches of their home-lives.

## PRETTY THINGS FOR A WOMAN'S BOUDOIR

- ∴ Will be a beautifully illustrated article, showing how a boudoir should be furnished what should be in it, how it should be arranged, and some dainty hints which every woman will appreciate. This article will be one of a series in which will be presented articles on "Pretty Things for the Table," telling how to set and dress a table for home, party or dinner; "Dainty Things for the Home" will give hints for parlor, sitting-room and bed-chamber. These articles will present home art and decoration in a way never before attempted.

## P. T. BARNUM'S MUSEUM OF LETTERS

- ∴ Will be a most readable article, written by the great showman, showing the curious letters he receives offering every conceivable curiosity for his "Greatest Show on Earth." Mr. Barnum will also write especially for the JOURNAL boys a chatty and helpful series of "Talks to Bright Boys," embodying experiences from his own life with stories of his great circus and famous people he has met. Mrs. Barnum has also written for the JOURNAL the first article ever attempted by her. It is entitled "Moths of Modern Marriages," a practical paper, full of sound sense for wives.

## SHORT STORIES BY FAVORITE AUTHORS

- ∴ A specialty will hereafter be made by the JOURNAL in giving a larger number of short stories by favorite writers than ever before. Every story will be illustrated. During 1891, stories will be printed by

- ∴ SARAH ORNE JEWETT      ROSE TERRY COOKE
- ∴ MARY E. WILKINS      KATE TANNATT WOODS
- ∴ MARY J. HOLMES      "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE"
- ∴ ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS      EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER
- ∴ FLORENCE MARRYAT      SUSAN COOLIDGE



MRS. SARAH ORNE JEWETT

- ∴ and a number of others less widely known by their names, perhaps, but equally skillful as story-tellers.

## THE TALE OF A FAMOUS TROUBADOUR

- ∴ Every woman in the land knows the sweet songs and Gospel hymns of Ira D. Sankey. How he wrote "The Ninety and Nine," and others of his famous hymns; how he sets them to music, his experience with audiences, and his home-life, are described in this article by Mr. Foster Coates, one of New York's best-known editors.

- ∴ A more detailed and illustrated 16-page Prospectus for 1891, showing all the good things which the JOURNAL will contain next year, will be sent free to any one sending his name and address to the Philadelphia office of the JOURNAL. It is worth sending for, if only for the portraits of famous people, and illustrations which beautify the pages.

# The Journal's Departments

WILL be increased in number and strengthened in force. Bright ideas and helpful innovations will be made, and more than ever before will each Department be made a distinct feature in itself.

## TWO NEW DEPARTMENTS WILL BE STARTED

during the year; the first to be entitled

### THROUGH CLEAR GLASSES

- Will be a bright reflection of our modern life, taking up those questions, those vanities, those points and those follies which make up a wise and foolish world. Here an opinion will be given, there a judgment, and again a hit—not meant to hurt, but with a hope that it will correct. It will be written by one who has every opportunity for seeing the world, and will tell how it appears to the looker-on. The jester and the student will sit together in this Department, and, like a well-chosen dinner, the heavy courses will come between the soup and the sweets. To see the busy world through clear glasses will be attempted, and so clear will be the reflection that all who read will see.

### FROM A SUNNY WINDOW—

- The second new Department—will carry good cheer into thousands of darkened rooms throughout the world. It will be entirely given over to the interests of invalids and the God-sanctioned "Shut-in Society." Its editor will be MRS. EMILY MEIGS RIPLEY, a woman who, although an invalid herself for years, has a distillery of good spirits ample enough from which to flow oceans of good cheer into the lives of thousands of her sex confined between four walls. From her sunny window she will throw each month the brightest rays of sunshine into the homes of invalids.

### THE KING'S DAUGHTERS' DEPARTMENT



Mrs. Borrows

- Entirely devoted to the best interests of the Order of "The King's Daughters," which has proved such an instantaneous success from its commencement, in October, will prove of striking interest to every "King's Daughter" in the land. It is written and edited by MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME, the founder and President of the Order, who, in this Department, will enjoy each month "Heart to Heart Talks" with the 200,000 Daughters of her Order. MRS. BOTTOME has, for a long time past, wished to enter more closely into the daily and spiritual lives of her "Daughters," and she hopes that she may attain this end through the medium of this her special Department, into which she has thrown her whole heart, and will give some of her best work.

### MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT'S HELPFUL PAGE

- "JUST AMONG OURSELVES," wherein the wife of the REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S successor, under her familiar pen-name of "Aunt Patience," holds a talk with women each month, will further the grand object of bringing together the noble band of JOURNAL Sisters in closer relations and mutual friendship.

### OUR SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS



- A Department which is read every month by thousands of girls who buy the JOURNAL for this feature alone. Every point in a girl's life will continue to be treated in the same truly sympathetic manner which has won for this Department a larger army of friends than ever before accorded to a similar feature: what is best for a girl to wear; the most becoming manners in society; little hints of deportment—all told in a chatty manner by the Department's Editor, RUTH ASHMORE, one of the best friends of the American girl.

### OUR BRIGHT THINGS FOR BOYS

- Will be a very popular feature with the JOURNAL boys, who, up to this time, have had no Department of their own. It will be filled with the very brightest things for boys by such popular writers as OLIVER OPTIC, GENERAL LEW WALLACE, ROBERT J. BURDETTE, DR. TALMAGE, HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, editor of *The Youths' Companion*, HORATIO ALGER, JR., P. T. BARNUM, and others, who have written their best things for boys for this page. A number of prize problems and puzzles will also appear.

### WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING

- And everything about woman's dress, millinery, hosiery, etc., will be even more fully treated than ever before in what has been pronounced as the fullest, newsiest and most reliable Fashion Department sustained by any general magazine. It will continue under the editorship of MRS. ISABEL MALLON, acknowledged in the great stores of New York as 'the best and most accurate writer of woman's fashions in the country. The JOURNAL's exclusive American artist, VICTOR W. NEWMAN, will portray what MRS. MALLON describes.



Mrs. Mallon

### THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

- Will receive beautifully illustrated stories and songs from such favorite juvenile writers as LAURA E. RICHARDS, KATE UPSON CLARK, LUCY C. LILLIE, ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL, MRS. A. G. LEWIS, J. MACDONALD OXLEY, and others.

### HINTS ON HOME-DRESSMAKING

- Will be given each month, as before, by MISS EMMA M. HOOPER, who, having severed other previous connections, will give her exclusive attention regarding Home-dress-making questions to her JOURNAL Department, and thus increase its value and helpfulness.

### OUR POPULAR MOTHERS' CORNER

- Will be materially improved under the hand of its new Editor, ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL, who, as she learns more and more the needs of the JOURNAL mothers, will become a most valuable counsellor.

### MR. REXFORD'S FLOWER TALKS.

- Which he has made so popular with the JOURNAL readers, will receive the closest attention and interest of their experienced author, while the illustrations will be increased in number and considerably beautified.

## PRACTICAL AND ARTISTIC HOUSEKEEPING



Mrs. Knapp

- Has never had a more experienced hand than that of MRS. LOUISA KNAPP, and the JOURNAL'S former and popular editor-in-chief will continue at the head of this branch of our paper.

### THE HELPFUL LITERARY TALKS

- Intended to be especially serviceable for young writers, will be strengthened by new pens, while the present force of writers will be retained, and contributions from them will be even more frequent. Book reviews, and sketches of noted authors in their homes, will be added features.

### WOMAN'S PRACTICAL AND DAINTY HANDIWORK

- Will receive more careful and distinct attention since the features of "Knitting and Crocheting" and "Artistic Needlework" were made separate Departments. Both will remain under the tried and successful editorship of MISS MARY F. KNAPP.

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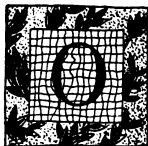
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## MRS PARKIN'S CHRISTMAS EVE. by Sarah Orne Jewett.



NE wintry-looking afternoon the sun was getting low, but still shone with cheerful radiance into Mrs. Lydia Parkin's sitting-room. To point out a likeness between the bareness of the room and the appearance of the outside world on that

twenty-first of December might seem ungracious; but there was a certain leaflessness and inhospitality common to both. The cold, gray wall-paper, and dull, thin furniture; the indescribable poverty and lack of comfort of the room were exactly like the leaflessness and sharpness and coldness of that early winter day—unless the sun shone out with a golden glow as it had done in the latter part of the afternoon; then both the room, and the long hillside and frozen road and distant western hills were quite transfigured.

Mrs. Parkin sat upright in one of the six decorous wooden chairs with cane seats; she was trimming a dismal gray-and-black winter bonnet and her work-basket was on the end of the table in front of her, between the windows, with a row of spools on the window-sill at her left. The only luxury she permitted herself was a cricket, a little bench such as one sees in a church pew, with a bit of carpet to cover its top. Mrs. Parkin was so short that both her feet had gone to sleep and had come to the prickling stage of that misery. She wondered if her mother were not almost ready to go home.

Mrs. Deems sat in the rocking-chair, full in the sunlight and faced the sun itself, unflinchingly. She was a broad-faced gay-hearted, little woman, and her face was almost as bright as the winter sun itself. One might fancy that they were having a match at trying to outshine over another, but so far it was not to be good that both her feet had gone to sleep and had come to the prickling stage of that misery. She was just now conscious of little Lucy's depression and anxious looks, and bade her go out to run about a little while and see if there were some of Mrs. Parkin's butternuts left under the big tree.

The door closed, and Mrs. Parkin snapped her thread and said that there was no butternut out there; perhaps Lucy should have a few in a basket when she was going home.

acquainted with Lucy than that, I'm sure. I catch myself wishing she wa'n't quite so still; she takes after her father's folks, all quiet and dutiful, and ain't got the least idea how to enjoy themselves; we was all kind of noisy to our house when I was grown up, and I can't seem to sense the Deems."

"I often wish I had just such a little girl as your Lucy," said Mrs. Deems, with a sigh. She held her gray-and-black bonnet off with her left hand and looked at it without approval. "I shall always continue to wear black for Mr. Deems," she said, "but I had this piece of dark-gray ribbon and I thought I had better use it on my black felt; the felt is sort of rusty, now, and black silk trimmings increase the rusty appearance."

"They do so," frankly acknowledged Mrs. Deems. "Why don't you go an' get you a new one for meetin', Mrs. Parkin? Felts ain't high this season, an' you've got this for second wear."

"I've got one that's plenty good for best," replied Mrs. Parkin, without any change of expression. "It seems best to make this do one more winter." She began to re-arrange the gray ribbon, and Mrs. Deems watched her with a twinkle in her eyes; she had something to say, and did not know exactly how to begin, and Mrs. Parkin knew it as well as she did, and was holding her back which made the occasion more and more difficult.

"There!" she exclaimed at last, boldly, "I expect you know what I've come to see you for, an' I can't set here and make talk no longer. May's well ask if you can do anything about the minister's present."

Mrs. Parkin's mouth was full of pins, and she removed them all, slowly, before she spoke. The sun went behind a low snow cloud along the horizon, and Mrs. Deems shone on alone. It was not very warm in the room, and she gathered her woolen shawl closer about her shoulders as

"Oh, 'taint no matter," said Mrs. Deems, easily. "She was kind of distressed sittin' so quiet; they like to rove about, children does."

"She won't do no mischief?" asked the hostess, timidly.

"Lucy?" laughed the mother. "Why you ought to be better acquainted with Lucy than that, I'm sure. I catch myself wishing she wa'n't quite so still; she takes after her father's folks, all quiet and dutiful, and ain't got the least idea how to enjoy themselves; we was all kind of noisy to our house when I was grown up, and I can't seem to sense the Deems."

wherever she came, so sisterly and down-folks-like. They've seen a sight o' trouble and must feel pinched at times, but she finds ways to do plenty o' kindnesses. I never see a mite of behavior in 'em as if we couldn't do enough for 'em because they was ministers. Some minister's folks has such expectin' ways, and the more you do the more you may; but it ain't so with the Lanes. They are always a thinkin' what they can do for other people, an' they do it, too. You never liked 'em, but I can't see why."

"He ain't the ablest preacher that ever was," said Mrs. Parkin.

"I don't care if he ain't; words is words, but a man that lives as Mr. Lane does, is the best o' ministers," answered Mrs. Deems.

"Well, I don't owe 'em nothin' to-day," said the hostess, looking up. "I haven't got it in mind to do for the minister's folks any more than I have; but I may send 'em some apples or somethin', by'n-bye."

"Just as you feel," said Mrs. Deems, rising quickly and looking provoked. "I didn't know but what 't would be a pleasure to you, same's 'tis to the rest of us."

"They ain't been here very long, and I pay my part to the salary, an' 'taint no use to overdo in such cases."

"They've been put to extra expense this fall, and have been very feeling and kind; real interest in all of us, and such a help to the parish as we ain't had for a good while before. Havin' to send their boy to the hospital, has made it hard for 'em."

if she were getting ready to go home.

"I don't know's I feel to give you anything to-day," Mrs. Deems said, in a resolved tone. "I don't feel much acquainted with the minister's folks. I must say she takes a good deal upon herself; I don't like so much of a man an'."

"She's one of the pleasantest, best women we ever had in town, I think," replied Mrs. Deems. "I was tellin' 'em the other day that I always felt as if she brought a pleasant feelin' like."

"I don't see a mite of behavior in 'em as if we couldn't do enough for 'em because they was ministers. Some minister's folks has such expectin' ways, and the more you do the more you may; but it ain't so with the Lanes. They are always a thinkin' what they can do for other people, an' they do it, too. You never liked 'em, but I can't see why."

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"Well, folks has to have their hard times, and minister's families can't escape. I am sorry about the boy, I'm sure," said Mrs. Parkin, generously. "Don't you go, Mrs. Deems; you ain't been to see me for a good while. I want you to see my bonnet in jest a minute."

"I've got to go way over to the Dilby's, and it's goin' to be dark early. I should be pleased to have you come an' see me. I've got to find Lucy and trudge along."

"I believe I won't rise to see you out o' the door, my lap's so full," said Mrs. Parkin politely, and so they parted. Lucy was hopping up and down by the front fence to keep herself warm and occupied.

"She didn't say anything about the butternuts, did she, mother?" the child asked; and Mrs. Deems laughed and shook her head. Then they walked away down the road together, the big-mittened hand holding fast the little one, and the hooded heads bobbing toward each other now and then, as if they were holding a lively conversation. Mrs. Parkin looked after them two or three times, suspiciously at first, as if she thought they might be talking about her; then a little wistfully. She had come of a saving family and had married a saving man.

"Isn't Mrs. Parkin real poor, mother?" little Lucy inquired in a compassionate voice.

Mrs. Deems smiled, and assured the child that there was nobody so well off in town except Colonel Drummond, so far as money went; but Mrs. Parkin took care neither to enjoy her means herself, nor to let anybody else. Lucy pondered this strange answer for awhile and then began to hop and skip along the rough road, still holding fast her mother's warm hand.

This was the twenty-first of December, and the day of the week was Monday. On Tuesday Mrs. Parkin did her frugal ironing, and on Wednesday she meant to go over to Haybury to put some money into the bank and to do a little shopping. Goods were cheaper in Haybury in some of the large stores, than they were at the corner store at home, and she had the horse and could always get dinner at her cousin's. To be sure, the cousin was always hunting for presents for herself or her children, but Mrs. Parkin could bear that, and always cleared her conscience by asking the boys over in haying-time, though their help cost more than it came to with their growing appetites and the wear and tear of the house. Their mother came for a day's visit now and then, but everything at home depended upon her hard-working hands, as she had been early left a widow with little



"Mrs. Deems sat in the rocking-chair, full in the sunlight and faced the sun itself, unflinchingly."



A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

WITH THE SPICE OF FUN AND THE WIT OF WISDOM.

By ROBERT J. BURDETTE.



Wealth maketh many friends; but the poor is separated from his neighbour.—Proverbs, XIX: 4.

**D**EARLY BELOVED: The Scripture moveth us in sundry places, and about once a year, to yearn, with bowels of compassion, for the poor, to stretch out our hands to the needy, to send a load of limewood to the widow, and to give the fatherless a job of shoveling off four dollars' worth of snow for fifty cents. We send a barrel of last summer's clothing to the Montana Missionary in the blizzard season; we buy a five-dollar ticket to a ten-dollar charity ball, out of which we get fifteen dollars' worth of fun, and cry aloud "I am he that considereth the poor." Yea, verily, and thou considerest him a nuisance, for hath not the Wise Man said, "The poor is hated even of his own neighbor"? He hath—see Proverbs, XIV: 20—and you are the very neighbor he was thinking of.

Beloved, let us consider this matter a moment. I indeed expected that the announcement of the text would raise a howl that might stop the clock—"but none of these things move me." Let us see, not how much you have done for the poor this merry Christmas season, but what you have done for him all the year round. I am not given to criticizing Providence, but sometimes, in my daring and sceptical moments, I have thought that it might have been money in the poor man's pocket and "collops of fat on his flanks," had he been built, as to his interior department, upon the plans and specifications of the cow, with four stomachs; or, with a storage lip like the pelican. Then, when the rest of the world had its annual spasm of Christmas benevolence, he might line himself with fat things full of marrow, and hibernate until the next December took us by the throat with "la grippe" again, and the fear of death should once more frighten us into renewing our fire insurance, and buying a cut-rate ticket to heaven over the Phylactery Broad Gauge. I cannot make you believe this now, when you have just helped to decorate a Christmas tree for the Blind Asylum; but if you would recall this sermon—which you will not—remember the text—which you can not—about six months from now, I think it would grow upon you.

"All the brethren of the poor do hate him; how much more do his friends go far from him? He pursueth them with words, but they are gone." So it was in the days of Solomon. Is it much better now? This Christmas week your heart is warm; you say "the first-born of the poor shall feed and the needy shall lie down in safety" if it takes a dollar. But when the same poor man came to you in October and wanted to borrow seven dollars, you even wished that you had a sword in your hand that you might slay him. You can stand him once a year, when all the world is bent upon gorging him until he "loatheth the honeycomb"; but to see the beggar lying at the gate every time you go out, that is trying. We could love him, were he a naked heathen, far, far away in benighted lands where we could never see him; but to stumble over him every time we go to church or theatre, euchre-party or prayer-meeting, communion table or ball-room, this makes us tired. But, brethren, he isn't promised to us as an annual blessing, like the later rains; he's an all-the-year-round reminder of God's riches and our stewardship. "For the poor shall never cease out of the land; therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor and to thy needy in thy land." Overhaul your Deuteronomy for that; it will probably take you all the rest of the morning to find it, but you will run across a whole volume of good things while you are looking for it.

Thanks to Christianity, thanks to every church founded on the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, we do take better care of our poor, a thousand fold, than Solomon, or his father before him or his sons after him, ever did. But we have yet to learn that while spasmodic charity is better than none, Christmas ought to last all the year round. And, indeed, there is no reason why it shouldn't. Because no man knoweth just when it should come. If we are positive about anything connected with the 25th of December, we know this, that Christ was not born on that date. So as we can't agree upon the date for observing Christmas, why not divide it up all through the year? It doesn't do to save all our charity for an annual deluge. A waterspout isn't a good thing for a garden. A cloud-burst destroys more crops than it helps. What blesses the land is not the thunderstorm, advertising itself far and wide with noise and fire, cyclone, lightning, thunder, roar and crash. The smiling farm and the dirty lane, the garden and the stony street laugh in gratitude for the commonplace, quiet, rather sleepy drizzle-drozzle that comes down without attracting much attention to itself.

"Love covereth a multitude of sins," sayeth the Apostle Peter, and of a verity, brethren, the little short-lived love we feel for our neighbor at Christmas time is as a garment that is made to serve as a duster in July and an ulster in December. You have given a Christmas token to each of the servants, if so be that you are, like Canaan, "a servant unto servants." That is right. But did you pay their wages regularly all the year? And if you didn't, don't you know that prompt payment is ever so much better than a present? "Thou shalt not oppress an hired servant that is poor and needy, whether he be of thy brethren or of thy strangers that are in thy land within thy gates. In his day shalt thou give him his hire, neither shall the sun go down upon it;



John B. Tabb.

for he is poor, and setteth his heart upon it; lest he cry against thee unto the Lord, and it be sin unto thee." Is there a dressmaker or a tailor, a shoemaker or a carpenter, hired man or servant girl holding a claim against you this week that you have put off to suit your own convenience? "Thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in the land of Egypt." You'd better; because if you forget it, there are a hundred people right here in this congregation, who remember it for you, and who will take frequent pains to remind each other that they can remember when your grandmother hadn't clothes to wear to church. And this story, oft repeated, will lead to the belief that your grandmother dressed in a palm leaf fan and was baptized in the river Congo by a missionary.

Do not abate one jot of your Christmas benevolence; but do not admit the firm of Mammon, Mammon & Mammon to your dealings. To whom are you most apt to send the costliest gifts? Do ye not lend to those of whom ye hope to receive? And how often do we read that the employes of a certain house have clubbed together to present a gold watch to the boss? "He that giveth to the rich shall come to want." Do not make Christmas a financial burden and worry to yourself and friends. "The desire of a man is the measure of his kindness"; a token wrought by one's own hand is a treasure to the friend who receives it. A letter of a dozen lines is better than an insane frenzy of a Christmas card, representing a howling snow-storm on the seashore at midnight, with a woman dressed for bed, and half a dozen bare-foot children picking up sea-weed with hot-house blooms on it, with a verse of poetry that doesn't rhyme, scan, or mean anything, printed in pale letters on a white ground on the margin of the nightmare. And is it not so, in these days of high art, that it is even cheaper to give unto a friend a house and lot, than a second-prize Christmas rebus? And is it not so, beloved, that oftentimes the women of the household have worn themselves out in the preparations for Christmas, so that it was the hardest day of all the year to them? And is it not so, that people labor to remember all to whom they should send gifts, and make a catalogue of their friends? Verily, our love is altogether lighter than vanity when that costs us an effort. Rather had we be forgotten than have people tax the brain into a headache, trying to remember us. Give simple gifts out of the fullness of your hearts.

After the deliverance of the Jews from the plots of Haman, the days of deliverance were established among the Jews in the provinces of King Ahasuerus—the 14th day of the month Adar and the 15th day of the same, "as the days wherein the Jews rested from their enemies, and the month which was turned unto them from sorrow to joy, and from mourning into a good day: that they should make them days of feasting and joy, and of sending portions one to another, and gifts to the poor." Now, there is a good way to celebrate Christmas. If you love me, send a turkey to a poor family down the alley; if you want to make your brother a present, give it to the poorest man you know; if you want to surprise your father with a gift, give it to some needy old fellow of whom he never heard. That will insure for you a right royal, merry Christmas.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.



**H**AS the spirit of Christmas come to you? I do not mean the spirit of Christmas as evidenced by the dainty things from the Christmas-tree, the plums in the pudding, or the rich juice of the gravy; but I do mean—are you ready to put out your hand to her whom you have thought did you an unkindness?

Are you ready to ask forgiveness for the thoughtless word spoken?

Are you ready to overlook what seemed to you a slight? And are you ready to ask that each one near and dear to you may be joyful and happy, and that the stranger at the gates may not be forgotten?

Unless you can do all this the Christmas spirit is not in you.

And if it is not, then, my dear woman, get down on your knees and pray to that little Child who came on earth so many years ago that He might bring to it light and joy, and ask Him to open your heart to the light and love of kindness.

Do you want to make a happy Christmas for yourself and for other people? Then give, and give royally. Royal giving means generous bestowing of the best that you have to those least used to possessing.

Your royal gift may be but a loving message, but be sure if it is given in the name of that little Child it will bring happiness wherever it goes, and, like the water of the fountain, it will return to you with its virtues a thousand times greater, and you will be made better and younger by it. In your joy remember the children, not just your own—they have you to look after them—but think of the little ones whose homes are bare, where life is like a tossing sea.

Remember the sick children. Think of the joy a beautiful toy, a great, round orange, a big bag of candies only to be looked at, will bring to the little ones whose limbs are tied down forever. Think of the great picture-book over which the eyes will open wide—eyes, my friend, that will soon be closed forever in death; and of the great and intense delight felt when a wonderful tree is recognized, or a bird's name is known to the little boy whose life has been spent in the close streets. These are gifts that you will never regret. Give of them—give of your plenty and from your heart, and be sure that to each little one of your own will come special happiness because you have remembered the sufferers among the babies. When that Divine Baby slept so quietly in the stable, the great kings of the earth thought it worth while to bring presents to Him, and surely as you consider the least among these, He will remember you. Let the bells ring out then on Christmas morning and let your heart beat in unison as you know that you have brought joy unto His little ones. Children are God's own angels sent by Him to brighten our world, and what we do for these messengers from the sky, especially at that time of the year which belongs to them, will come back to us threefold, like unto bread cast upon the waters.

Remember, the first Christmas gifts were laid at the feet of a child—a poor child of humble parents. Give your gifts then to the humble, to the poor, to the helpless, and thus will your own Christmas be a happy one.

ADMIRING THE RIGHT THINGS.

By KATE UPSON CLARK.



**N**E of the most mischievous ideas which young people are likely to conceive, especially in large towns, is that it is more important to please passing strangers or mere acquaintances than their friends at home. Thus they are kind and good-natured to outsiders, and cross to their brothers and sisters. They array themselves in very fine things for company, and appear in untidy wrappers and unkempt hair before their home friends.

Similar in kind is the procedure of the poor, ignorant working-girl, who spent all that she could save for months upon an elegant brown satin gown, with hat and shoes to match. In this attire she paraded the streets, with absolutely not a stitch of clothing beneath it. She even went without night-gowns to pay for her brown satin finery.

This is only an extreme example of what is going on about us all the time; women denying themselves even necessary food, that they may robe themselves showily in public.

One of the most hopeful features of the College Settlement on Rivington street, New York, is that the noble young women who work there, dress with the utmost plainness.

A certain merchant in a great city took his family last summer to a famous watering-place. They were accompanied by three servants of their own, and special attendance was supplied them at the great hotel where they were boarding. Their expenses are said to have been seven hundred dollars per week. Yet at that very time this man was heavily indebted, and was borrowing money at exorbitant rates of interest. He must have known that the crash which has since shattered his fortunes, was impending. It evidently seemed to him more admirable to spend money lavishly, to be followed by the gapes and stares of the public, and of obsequious servants, than to have a conscience void of offence, and to live in the simple way becoming to his true situation.

Because unthinking men admire a small waist, compressed feet and padded figures, the great mass of women have come to regard them as admirable also. It is characteristic of Mr. Moody's Northfield School that right standards of physical development are maintained there. Corsets, tight shoes, and all deceptive and artificial modes of dress are discountenanced there, and girls are taught that the Maker's handiwork must not be tortured.

A man who would like his sons to admire the right things must show to those sons that he does not admire them himself. If he admires smoking and betting and loose conversation it will not take express words to acquaint his sons with his predilections. They will see his ideals almost before he realizes them himself, and they will act accordingly. If a mother wishes to make home virtues and foundation graces dearer to her daughters than fashionable dress, unhealthy candy-munching, and miscellaneous society, and unseemly eagerness for marriage, she must show them that she herself loves the right things best. Your girls will soon detect what you consider most desirable, and they will not be slow to practice upon your covert wishes.

Let us be sincere with ourselves. Most of us know what we ought to admire. Our Bible, our pastors, our teachers have instructed us rightly from our youth up, but do we really accept the lofty ideals we have read of? Do we not usually admire what it is most fashionable to admire without going into the ethical meanings of things? Yet our ideals are pretty sure to be those of our children. They will admire what we admire, not what we pretend to think admirable.

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# THE STORY OF A SOCIETY GIRL

TOLD BY HERSELF



N these days when one does not have a father confessor—and no woman of sense has a confidante—one of ability finds herself forced occasionally to jot down her impressions. That is my excuse for the existence of this. To begin at the very beginning, I fancy I was born like other people, but was still a little girl when I learned that I was a beauty. This first came to me from my father. My mouth drawn up to its prettiest rosebud shape, a couple of tears in my eyes would make him give me whatever I asked for, and so there came to me the knowledge of the strength that lies in weakness. Sometimes I doubt if I were born—I think

quette that talked out an opera, or looked into a man's eyes so that he believed that I adored him, whereas I only calculated exactly to what extent I could count on him for flowers. You think this sounds vulgar, perhaps, about the flowers; but all coquettes are vulgar in that sense. The old novels tell of a time when maidens fair were delighted with the blossom sent by the man who adored them; but it is impossible to imagine anything so stupid. Of what earthly use would a blossom be? One has been effective when taken from a man's buttonhole and stuck in one's bodice, where it would show well against one's neck; but I cannot imagine their being of any other use. When the young men grew to know me, proposals of marriage began to pour in upon me; but I had concluded exactly who I would marry—the rich, and only son of a rich man, who really owned half the ground on which the New York houses were built. The other men did very well to pass away the time with and give me practice.

The first was a clergyman; he thought I was so lovely that I must be more than willing to give my life to the poor and my love to him. He gave me the most exquisite prayer-book in ivory and gold, with my monogram in diamonds upon it. It was very convenient for Lent, because I could make a wonderful picture by kneeling on the church floor holding that beautiful book near my lips, so that the gold in my hair and the jewels flashing from it, seemed the only things human about me.

My next proposal was from a man. Yes, he was a man. He offered me his hand and his heart, and his willingness to make a home for me. I laughed at it. The very idea of me marrying a poor man! No matter that he was a gentleman; no matter that I had a curious feeling in my heart about him—I laughed at him, and then he told me what he thought of me. You see, I had invited it; but still he couldn't know that under that laugh was the only

real bit of human feeling that had ever come into my life.

Then there were all sorts and conditions of men. A great light in the legal world, an immensely wealthy merchant, and an Englishman who would have given me a fine title, made me a duchess, indeed, for my ducats. But I had intended to marry Jack—the richest man in New York. When the season was nearly over, mamma was obliged to bring to our house the only child of her sister—an orphan. She said she would be a good foil for me, and, as she had to keep her, we might as well go out together. My clothes could be made over for her, and the fact of her being always with me, would make Jack think me more delightful, because more difficult to obtain. I am never mean enough to deny another woman's good looks, but Marjory hadn't the least claim to being a beauty, except in her possession of a pair of deep, dark blue eyes that told something, I never could understand what. Once I heard a man say they were sympathetic; but that seemed to me very stupid. May came, and on the day of the coaching parade, Marjory and I, with mamma's permission, and under the chaperonage of a young matron, were on Jack's coach. I sat on the box-seat, and I looked so well in my yellow crepe, my hat trimmed with yellow blossoms and with a

ing to speak to your mother to-morrow." Most girls would have got excited, or felt they had to tell somebody, but not I.

There was a small sense of triumph about me, for I felt that I had gained my end, and I walked over to Marjory's room just to let her see how well I looked. What a fool I thought her. Sitting there reading a book that had in it a chapter and a hymn and a prayer for every day in the year! She would kiss me—a something that I despise, these outward signs of affection, or whatever you may call it—and after that weakness I concluded not to tell her my secret. Jack came the next day, asked for mamma, and was with her for quite a time; and then a message came up-stairs, asking that Marjory would come down. I didn't connect the two; but awhile afterward my mother came to me, and for the first time in my life I saw her angry.

Mamma seemed to look exactly as if she had been learning a lesson, one that came home to her. Do you think that shocks of knowledge come to one? It is said they do. Imaginative people talk of "having the veil suddenly drawn away and seeing the truth," and really, I suppose from what followed, mamma had been undergoing some revolution of feeling, or, perhaps it would be proper to say, had had a revelation. For my own part it seemed silly. She said: "What in the world is the matter with you, that with everything in your favor you would let the greatest catch of the season slip through your hands and be captured by an ordinary, poor girl, like your cousin! What does he see in her? What is there lacking in you?" I thought it very rude of her, and I said, "Mamma, I think you are forgetting yourself." And to my astonishment, she answered, "No, I am not. I am just remembering myself. It has just come to me that I have educated you to be that something without a heart—a perfect society girl—and that I must not blame men if they do not find in you the sympathy for which they call." Of course, I was disappointed, first at Jack's bad taste, and then at mamma's ridiculous outbreak. Marjory was quietly married the next month, and to-day she, who used to wear my cast-off clothes, who wore me by talking of the beauty of love and religion, is the acknowledged leader of society in New York. After her marriage we went abroad. In London and in Paris everybody raved over

## HOW TO BE POPULAR.

By EMMA V. SHERIDAN.



HE girl who has a generous share of good qualities, and who is generous about using them, is the popular girl.

Therefore, if you would be popular, make up your mind to be good-tempered, sincere, hopeful, sympathetic, gentle, and unselfish. Difficult? Yes, but not so difficult as it seems. The popular girl, the girl who is a "general favorite," occupies a difficult position, and must work hard to keep it. The caprice of a season may hail a beauty, "popular," or a brilliant talker, a favorite; but genuine popularity must rest on more solid basis.

First among needed virtues comes sincerity. Mean what you say. Dear me, it is not necessary for you to say all you mean; that, in many cases, might at once ruin your popularity; but mean as much as you do say. Make a judicious selection from the many things you might say, choosing that which will be kindest and which will most please the one to whom you speak, and say it, that is all. By keeping strictly to this rule you avoid awkward self-contradictions, in which polite fibbing might involve you. To the support and aid of your sincerity you must call candor, good temper, and so much sense of humor and sympathy as you may have, or may be able to cultivate.

The girl who always speaks sincerely and never unkindly, can safely afford to "take sides" upon occasion, and she will find her popularity unimpaired, though her opinions may be protested.

Unfailing good temper is an essential. The cheery, humorous, good temper that can meet a snub, or an affront, or a discourtesy, and disarm it prettily. The cheery, humorous, good temper that is the saving grace of the picnic when a rain comes up; the comfort of the hostess when the "lion" does not appear; the consolation of the man who wants a smoke and can't; the timely help of the girl whose glove splits or whose dress tears at the last moment; the despair of the gossip who tries to bring every one into scandals; the terror of the ill-tempered, whose shafts fall harmless against the cheery armor.

This humorous, good temper constitutes a safer laugh-provoking faculty, than does wit. The popular girl must, of course, be depended on for keeping a party merry, and saying things that start a laugh around; but no one must be hurt. The woman whose laugh is feared must be clever, indeed, to sanction her sarcasms.

The popular girl must give other girls a chance; must cultivate the rare virtue of effacing herself now and then; must be quick to see when Alfred and Rosa want to slip off together, and be deft and good tempered about helping them to do so.

She doesn't come plunging ruinously into the midst of têtes-à-têtes, she is the good angel who averts the awful pause that falls upon some unintended admission, or some to-be-regretted slip of the tongue; she is too thoughtful to furnish information when she is not asked, and is careful about putting to embarrassment harmless schemers by injudicious questions. Thoughtfulness in these directions constitutes tact, and the popular girl must have tact. In other words she must be watchful, and thoughtful of others, and put her watchfulness and thoughtfulness to use with kindly motive.

Above all things, the popular girl must not appear to know she is popular. If the men run about to wait on her, and the girls tell her when her dress is pretty, she must consider herself indebted to the kindness of those who favor her, and not regard it all as tribute to her own attractiveness.

Also she must not let her popularity become confined to one set. If the men say of her, "An awfully jolly girl, ready for anything," the woman must not balance it by "She's very free and rather imprudent." She must be a

welcome addition to a party, not only from the young people's standpoint but from the chaperone's. The clever men must find she interests them, but stupid men must not feel that they do not entertain her.

The children must shout at her coming, but grandfather must not think her a romp. The man she favors must think her an angel, but the one she leaves must not call her a flirt. The daughter must confide in her little romance, but the mother must feel sure she will not be a letter-carrier. Girls must admire her and not envy her; she must talk base-ball with Charley, and heathen with Charlie's uncle, and, though she has no interest in heathen or base-ball, Charlie and the uncle must both vote her an intelligent girl.

To be a popular girl is no easy task. The girl who achieves genuine popularity is pretty sure to be rather a nice girl, who deserves all the love and praise she gets.



"I made my first appearance at the Patriarchs' ball."

I am the result of transmigration—first an orchid, next a bird of Paradise and, last of all, a blooded horse. I belong to an old family, and my solicitor tells me that I have a great deal of money; but, who ever heard of a woman having enough? Mamma, very sensibly, trained me to be a coquette. From the time that I could stand I was fully aware of the value of my white skin, my deep, dark eyes, and that attached to the wonderful red hair that made a gorgeous framing for my finely cut face. I was willing to go to bed early, for I had been told of the good of those sleeping hours that come before twelve o'clock; to be bathed and rubbed until I was weary enough to sleep again, because my nurse had said that this would make my form handsome and supple, and my arms and neck the admiration of the world. School was an unknown quantity to me—governesses and that sort of thing came and I endured them, learned of them, and was spoken of by them as the most beautiful girl they had ever seen—but one who was utterly heartless. They little understood that heart was the last thing that would be desirable in my profession, for I made it such.

At eighteen years of age I was brought out; but for three months before that my mother had taught me exactly who among the men were eligible, who were not, what women were to be cultivated, what ones to be civil to and what ones to ignore. I made my first appearance at the Patriarchs' ball, and mamma very wisely had me dressed in the finest of white silk muslin, made in Empire style, with a broad, white sash about my waist, a white rose in my hair, and long, white gloves, only partially covering my beautiful arms. As was proper, I accepted the invitations to dance from the elderly men, from whom it was a compliment to receive them, and, as far as possible, I ignored the younger ones. I sought mamma's wing at the end of each dance, and, to her delight, the impression left on everybody's mind was that of my being an extremely beautiful, ingenuous, young girl who knew nothing whatever about society. How they erred. I looked at Mrs. August Belmont's sapphires and thought that when I was a matron, I would have ones just as handsome. I stared, politely of course, at Mrs. Marshall Roberts's beautiful pearls, and wondered why they should be wasted on a widow. The next day the newspapers were full of descriptions of the new beauty, and before I knew it, the sweet, childlike look in my face had gained for me the title of "Baby."

At that time I was the most complete co-

"There were all sorts and conditions of men."

huge bunch of them laid at my feet, that even the boys on the street called to each other, "Ain't she a beauty!" I was. I knew it, and I felt that Jack ought to appreciate it more than ever before. As he bade us good-bye that evening, he said to me, "I am com-



"I am coming to speak to your mother to-morrow."

me as the beautiful American. My pictures were eagerly sought for; the gowns I wore were copied; a color fancied by me became the fashion. And so year after year went by, some spent in this country, some spent on the other side, until one day I had a sharp pain of a curious kind come to me when I heard a flippant boy of nineteen say in a rude, slangy fashion: "Baby is beginning to be a back number." It was horrible slang, but—but—I thought of the girls who had come out with me. They were married and had little children about them; I thought of my father and mother; they were both dead. Then I thought of myself. All that great fortune has come to me, but I was alone. As I drive in the park of an afternoon, sitting, as only I can sit in my victoria, I see the people look at me and I hear them say: "That's the famous beauty. That's the woman who has so much money and so much beauty that she might, at any time, have married any man she wanted to."

I see the shabbily dressed girls stare at me and hold on a little tighter to their sweethearts' arms, and once I heard a little woman say: "John, that may be a beautiful woman but she is not a happy one." "She is a selfish one, my dear, and the most beautiful face ceases to be lovely when in the heart there is only thought of itself."

Is this true? Has my life been a failure? Is there something better than the admiration of the aristocratic set? Is there anything better than luxury and beauty and surroundings that give pleasure to all the senses? There must be, else how can these people be happy? Well, it's too late for me—I can't begin again. I don't know that I want to; but I should have liked to have it decided if those people who talk about love and goodness are right, or whether it is just best to be what I always have been and am still

A SOCIETY GIRL.



"As I drive in the park in my victoria."

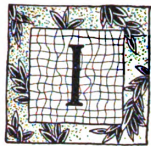
mance, but the mother must feel sure she will not be a letter-carrier. Girls must admire her and not envy her; she must talk base-ball with Charley, and heathen with Charlie's uncle, and, though she has no interest in heathen or base-ball, Charlie and the uncle must both vote her an intelligent girl.

To be a popular girl is no easy task. The girl who achieves genuine popularity is pretty sure to be rather a nice girl, who deserves all the love and praise she gets.



# The GHOST OF GREYLOCK

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH



It was a clear evening, late in December. I recall it well, though I was a boy then. A gold star was shining in the fading crimson over the New England town near Greylock like a lamp in a chapel window. The woodland pastures were purple with gentians, red with cranberries, and yellow with frost-smitten ferns. The still air echoed from the russet hills the call of the chow boy. The wains were rumbling home on the leafless country roads. Stacks of corn husks were rising here and there, after late hour's husking, and now and then a supper-horn was blown from the door of some red farm houses among the orchards, far and near.

Over the country road, between the sunset and moonrise, John Ladd, a farmer boy, was driving home a team of pumpkins and shocks of stalks. These stalks were cut late in summer and gathered into small bundles. The bundles were themselves gathered into shocks and these shocks were piled up to form a compact body about five or six feet high. A shock of stalks in the evening resembled the form of a woman, or the old-fashioned costume of a lady in short waist and large hoops. In bringing home the pumpkins from the fields of corn in which they commonly grew, it was a custom to load a few shocks of stalks upon them, and to cover the pumpkins with them in the barn cellar, or on the barn floor, as a protection from the cold.

Johnny Ladd had learned a new tune, a very popular one at that time, and he was one of those persons who are haunted by the musical ear. Everybody was singing this new tune. The tune was called, "There's a sound going forth from the mulberry trees," and the words were very mysterious and sublime, being taken, in part, from the inspirations of the old Hebrew poets.

Johnny made the old words ring with the new tune—  
"What joyful sound is this I hear,  
Fresh from the mulberry tops!"

A new tune turns the head of an impressionist, especially when associated with such grand, poetic images as these, and while Johnny's voice was being echoed by old and young, the boy lost his sense of sublimity things, and one of the bundles of stalks tumbled off the load and landed in the middle of the road, without his notice, and stood there upright, looking like the form of a woman at a little distance away in the dark. In slipping from the load the shock had bent a few sheaves upward on one side, so it presented the appearance of a woman with her arm raised as a gesture of warning.

The cart rumbled on with its singing young driver, leaving this ominous figure in the middle of the road at the very top of the hill. Many of the old towns used to have a poor, homeless dog, "nobody's dog," or dog vagrant, a cur that farm-hands shooed boys stoned, women avoided, and no one owned or cared to own. Cheshire had such a dog; he used to steal bones from back yards, and sleep under haystacks and shocks of stalks, and run out of these with his tail curled under him when he heard anyone approaching. This dog came trotting along the road, soon after the shock of stalks had been left behind, and thinking that the shock would be a good cover for the night, he crawled into it, curled up and probably went to sleep.

The shock was left on smooth, shelving ground, and could slip about easily, and whenever the dog moved the shock moved, waving its spectral hand in a very mysterious manner.

Now just beyond this animated effigy on the top of the hill, was a grave-yard, and in it a year before had been buried an old woman who had been found dead sitting in her chair. Her grave had been visited by a local poet who had written for her grave-stone the following biographical epitaph:

"As I was sitting in my chair,  
Busy about my worldly care,  
In one brief moment I fell dead,  
And to this place I was conveyed."

Such was the animated corn shock, and the peculiar condition of affairs on the top of the hill, when a party of philosophical jokers met to pass the evening in the big traveler's room of the "Half-Way Inn."

This inn was kept by Freelove Mason, a buxom hostess whose name was familiar to every traveler between Boston and Albany in the pastoral days of the old New England stage-coach. She was a famous cook, like Julien, of the good living Boston inn, whose name still lives in soups, and often heads the appetizing list on menus.

The gray-coated, old stage driver used to toot their horns on approaching the elm-

shaded valley of Cheshire, as a signal to Freelove to have the afternoon dinner hot on the table when the coach should stop under the swinging sign between the steeple-like trees.

What stages they were with their heavy wheels and flexible leather gearing! They were painted green and yellow, with sign letters in red, and the State of Massachusetts' coat of arms or other seal on the door. The middle seat was supplied with a broad leather band for a back, which was unhooked while the passengers of the back seat found their places. The driver's seat was high and grand, with a black leather boot under which were placed the mail bags, and a dog that had been well educated in the school of growls, and that was sure to check any impertinent curiosity in the conscientious exercise of his office. A tall whip cut the air above the seat, protruding out of a round pocket near the one high step. A tally-ho horn found a place between the driver's legs, and when it was lifted into the air, its blast caused the dogs to drop their tails, and the hares to prick up their ears, and the partridges to whir away, and the farm hands to take breath amid their work.

It was an important hour in Cheshire when the grand Boston coach dashed up between the two great Lombardy poplars, and stopped at the horse-block in front of the Half-Way Inn. Dogs barked, children ran, and women's faces filled the windows among the morning glory vines. At the open door stood Freelove always, on these occasions, her face beaming.



"We all stopped. The moon was rising over the oaks and pines, and on the top of the hill stood what looked to us all like the figure of a woman with an arm raised, mysterious and silent, as in warning."

her cap border bobbing, and her heart overflowing, and seeming to meet in every guest a long-lost sister or brother. She knew how to run a hotel, and nothing but prosperity attended her long and memorable administration.

On this notable evening of which I speak, the principal characters were Judge Smart, Billy Brown—or "Sweet Billy," as he was called, an odd genius, who was the "Sam Lawson" of the Berkshire Hills;—Cameralsman, the stage-driver, and Blingo, the blacksmith. I can see the very group now, as when a boy. They were joined by Freelove herself, early in the evening, who brought her knitting, and was eager to discuss the latest marvel of the newspaperless times, and to add the wisdom of her moral reflections upon it. She prefaced the remarks which she wished to make emphatically—and they were frequent—with the word "Lordy," almost profane in its suggestions, but not ill-intentioned by her. It was a common exclamation of surprise in the old county towns.

The short, red twilight had been followed by light gusts of night winds, whirling leaves, passing like an unseen traveler, leaving silence behind. Shutters creaked, and clouds flew hurriedly along the sky over the sparkling courses of the stars.

The conversation of the evening turned on the old topic—Were there ever haunted places? Judge Smart and Blingo, the blacksmith, were of the opinion that there were no trustworthy evidences of supernatural manifestations to human eyes and ears, and it required great moral courage at this time to call in question the traditional philosophy of the old Colony teachers and wonder tales.

"There is no evidence whatever that there ever was a haunted place in this country or anywhere else, and I do not believe that anyone ever knew such a place except in his imagination; not even Cotton Mather himself, or that anyone ever will."

"With those who think that there are witches, There the witches are;  
With those who think there are no witches,  
Witches are not there."

So said Blingo, the blacksmith.

Freelove started, but only said, "Lordy!" in a deep contralto voice. Was it possible that such heresy as this had been uttered in the great room of her tavern! A tavern without a haunted room or some like mystery would be just a tavern; no more to be respected than an ordinary! She let down her knitting work into her lap in a very deliberate way, and sat silent. Then she said, most vigorously to Blingo, the blacksmith—

"So you have become of the opinion of the Judge and the stage driver? Look here, Blingo, I would think that you would be afraid to doubt such things. I should. I should be afraid that something awful would follow me, and whoop down vengeance on me, like an old-fashioned hurricane. I should. —Mercy me, hear the wind howl! There it comes again, Lordy!"

The great sign creaked, and a loose shutter rattled and a shutter banged.

"Blingo, you may be an honest-meaning man, but don't you invite evil upon this house. I—"

"My good woman, don't you worry. I just want to ask you one question. If ghosts cry and shriek, as you say they do, they can also talk, can't they now? Say?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, why don't they do it then, and tell what they want, honest-like? There, now!" There came another rush of wind and leaves, and many rattling noises. Freelove seemed to have an impression that she was called on to vindicate the invisible world in some way so as to sustain the most friendly relations to it.

Sweet Billy Brown, the Cheshire joker, came to her assistance in a very startling and unexpected manner, after one or two more ominous bangs of a shutter. How odd he looked; his face red with the fire and his eyes full of rousery.

"Freelove," said he, with lifted eyebrows and wide mouth, "Freelove, these are solemn times for poor, unthinking mortals to make such declarations as these. Winds are blowing, and winders are rattlin', and shutters are bangin', and what not. Hist! Just you listen now."

Freelove sat like a pictured woman in a pictured chair.

"I have always heard that that old graveyard was haunted," said she at last. "Now let us be perfectly honest and sincere with each other. You three men say that there is no such thing as the appearance of spirits to living people. That is so. If you, Judge Smart, and you Cameralsman, and you, Blingo, will go to-night up to the top of that hill and say those identical words, I will give you all a hot supper when you return. It is in the brick oven now. People have seen strange things there for forty years. Here is a test for you. There, now! You've all got ears and eyes. Will you go?"

"I will," said the Judge. "I wouldn't think any more of doing a thing like that than I would of going to the wood pile and speaking to the chopping-block."

"Nor I," said Cameralsman.

"Nor I," said Blingo. "Well, go," said Freelove; "but promise me that if you should see anything all in white, or if the old woman answers you she did the others you will believe these ghost stories to be true."

"Yes," said the Judge, the stage driver and the blacksmith, all in chorus.

There was a shout of laughter, and a swinging of arms and putting on of overcoats, and the three men banged the door behind them, and turned merrily toward the hill road, thinking only of the hot supper they would have on their return. A December supper out of an old brick oven in the prosperous days of the Cheshire farmers was no common meal.

I followed them. I thought I saw the double sense of Sweet Billy's words, and I was full of wonder at his boldness. The old graveyard had borne a very doubtful reputation for nearly a generation, but Billy's joke furnished a new horror to the place of dark imaginations.

It was a bright, gusty December night. The moon was rising like an evening sun behind the great skeletons of oaks on the high hill. Now and then came a gust of wind breaking the chestnut burs, and dropping down showers of chestnuts.

The frosts were gathering and glimmering over the pastures. Billy Brown was specially happy over his joke, and the play upon words in the old woman's supposed answer. He had told the story in such a realistic way and tone that no one had seen the point of it, which is at once obvious in print. The Judge had a very strong feeling of self-sufficiency.

"I would not engage in this foolishness but for the supper," said he. "Three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl!"

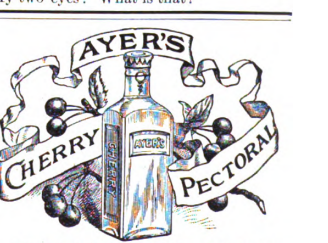
"Nor I," said Cameralsman. "I would hate to be quoted all over the town as having made such scatter-brains of myself. The people would all be laughing at me, and if there is anything that I care to endure it is to be laughed at. There are men who face battles that cannot stand a joke. I have seen stormy weather on the old roads, but my legs would fly like drumsticks in a cannonade, before the giggle of a girl. People are governed by their imaginations, and that makes us all a strange lot of critters."

After these sage remarks, we stubbed along the moonlit road, the Judge leading. Once he stopped and said, "What fools we all are," repeating Puck's view of the human species.

"That's so," said Cameralsman. "You'll feel as full of wisdom as old King Solomon," said Billy, the joker. "You will now, when you hear that answer comin' up from the bowels of the earth, without any head, or tongue, or body, or nothin'!"

The three men laughed. A white rabbit ran across the road. We all stopped. White! Was it a sign? Our imaginations began to be active, and to create strange pictures and resemblances. There followed the white streaks of the rabbit a gust of wind, overturning beds of leaves. I was so excited that my forehead was wet with perspiration.

"Cracky! There's somethin' strange somewhere. I can feel it in the air," said Billy. "My two eyes! What is that?"



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# PASQUALE

by Anne Sheldon Coombs



**PART II.**

It was on one of these days of indescribable discomfort with which New York avenges herself for the expense to which she has been put in the matter of real splendor in the days of late autumn and early winter, when Pasquale first set foot on American soil. There was high, gray sky, a damp and penetrating air, with a peculiar enervating quality in it. Little heaps of half-melted, blackened snow, lay in the streets, surrounded by pools of dirty water; little rivers of liquid mud ran swiftly down the grooved tracks of the street railways. A burst of sickly sunshine would break from the clouds now and then spreading a dismal light over the moist ugliness on every side. Carts and wagons rolled heavily by, splashed and spattered with mud, and with mud dropping from every wheel in an endless circle. Muddy nien, boys, dogs, hustled by forlorn women, their dragged skirts showing dados of mud half a yard deep, passed irresolute at crossings appearing to fear making worse what was already bad enough. The mud seemed to clog the atmosphere, which was at once raw and heavy. One spoke, moved, breathed with difficulty.

The misgivings which had been growing on Pasquale ever since he caught his first glimpse of the flat expanse of the great city, became certainty. Is there any one who has not experienced at some time in the course of his life that terrible frenzy of home sickness, the desperate longing to annihilate time and space and be among the beloved and familiar scenes once more? This came upon Pasquale with a force only known to southern natures, above all to Italian natures, to whom the soil of Italy is like the mother's breast to a child. England to Englishmen has come to mean the State; Germany is the army to her warlike sons; America, alas, is too often but a vast treasury to Americans; but Italy is always Italy, the beloved, adored mother to the least of her children. Pasquale had never loved Italy half so well as now when he walked through the mean and dingy streets that wander to the water like ugly streams to empty into a defiled sea. The ignominious water front, disgraced greeting to the foreign eyes that see it as they come up the noble harbor, troubled him. The rude colors, violent, yet not bright, of the warehouses; the countless signs in black and white lettering; the ill-paved, uneven, streets, the hurrying crowd of fair-faced people, all anxious and intent, though not ill-humored, all oppressed him with a sense of distance and loneliness. Once he started with a wild cry, as in a tangle of maroon pillars supporting something that looked like an endless gridiron, he was arrested by a rushing sound overhead and an immense clattering, whirling black object darted through the air above him. The *padrone* laughed boisterously: "If it the road in the air, the Elevated, they call it. Did you think it a demon, Pasquale mio?" Pasquale shuddered. A demon, it seemed to him, would be no more than a comfortable familiar in this nightmare of a city where the very air was black with traffic, and between one and the dear blue sky great engines dashed to and fro. Later he saw many handsome houses and many huge and brilliant stores, and throngs of elegantly dressed people—but anxious and intent still like those others down by the water front—and admired them all with the facile admiration of his race; but he never recovered from that first shuddering impression of the city, and was glad when the *padrone* told him that he was to go into the country to work. Pasquale did not greatly love the country. What Italian does? His people are all citizens at heart, result of the necessary assembling together for protection in ancient times, which preparation for defence became in times of peace a congress for beautifying the chosen spot. He was sure he could never love New York.

But when Pasquale was taken in the country, he felt that he could not love that either. It was in a little town in a not distant county than the *padrone* placed him and a score of men besides. This county has some very pretty little farms, but this was not one of them. It was raw, and new, and ugly, not in the least rural, and not in the least attractive. It had some dreadful little public buildings supposed to be designed in the fashion of the period, and called by the name of that unhappy queen who has injuriously been made responsible for architectural horrors over the length and breadth of this land, which would blacken the memory of any blameless sovereign. It had a street of mud chimneys, and more streets of mean houses, and a dozen or two of "residences" painted in extraordinary colors and

suggesting a terrible freshness to the nose as well as to the eyes, standing ungarlished by trees in "grounds" divided by paths of blue gravel, so bright and regular that they made you wink, and looking out on the world from windows edged with borders of stained glass so awful in hue and design, that one was assured of the utter darkness of those souls which could contentedly look through them by means of the eyes of the flesh. They looked so like booths he could be brought to believe that they were the palaces of the local gentry; and that these frail affairs, like paste-board boxes, were actually expected to endure for many seasons, seemed to him to indicate a national hopefulness which was quite in keeping with his own cheerful nature.

For the cheerfulness returned, after a little while. To be sure he was lodged in what

first but doing better with each stroke, true Neapolitan as he was, with all a Neapolitan's ready adaptability. He chatted gaily with the other men and made friends with the stray dogs that occasionally wandered desolately into and out of the tunnel.

"Body of Bacchus!" said a great lusty Calabrian, one day, "I will give it up. In the open air I can work like an ox; but here! I tell you I will give it up."

His next neighbor, a slender Sicilian, with great brown eyes and delicate brown hands that looked too slight for the pick they wielded, only sighed, "If one could!" and worked patiently on. But Pasquale turned around with that frank smile that seemed brighter than ever in the darkness:

"Coraggio, amici! It is a comfort, when one knows to meet all the ills at once. This earns me more than money. We have each so much trouble to bear in this world; see, here and now, leaving nothing for the years to come."

"Fine talking!" grumbled the Calabrian, a little mollified though.

"Ah, well, yes! But since one is not in Italy how does it matter where one is? A palace, a tunnel—it is all the same."

Yet when a countryman was sent home ill, by his brother, Pasquale, having charged him with a hundred messages to Nannina—they could neither of them read or write, poor children—particularly requested him to let her know nothing of the tunnel.

There was one ever recurring bright spot in Pasquale's present existence, and this may be

and Italians are great admirers of martial virtue.

"That is protection!" he said, facing his defenceless friend with an argument which had been much impressed upon him. "They protect their own industries."

It is to be feared that Piero did not vote the straight ticket.

"Do the Americans also pay these high prices?" asked Pasquale, wisely, thinking that possibly a handsome percentage was exacted from foreigners.

"Of a certainty," said Piero. "They are a generous people here. It is share and share alike."

"Then they are not so wise after all," said Pasquale, thoughtfully. "I think our way is best, amico. Half as much and twice as much for it."

"Well, we are here," said Piero.

"We are here," responded Pasquale, placidly. "The *padrone* is a sharp man," he added without any resentment.

"They are all sharp men," assented Piero, in a tone of subdued admiration. "But—accommodate yourself!"

Pasquale did accommodate himself. He always did, nor wasted time in lamentings. In spite of the heavy drafts on his slender share he was doing very well, for he was a very self-denying little creature, and went without some of the commonest necessities, seeing always Nannina's wistful face when any of the simple diversions, which seem a natural right of his pleasure-loving race, were suggested to him, and living very less than the miraculously small portion of food on which the Italian workman lives and labors.

One day there came a disappointment, a heavy one.

"We can't pay you to-night, boys," said the overseer. "Next week—"

The Calabrian swore loudly, in the name of every saint in the calendar, and every god in Olympus, after the manner of his country, people who combine pagan traditions with priestly legends. The young Sicilian turned deadly white. He had spent his last cent, and was waiting anxiously for this night's payment. He had had no food all day, save a crust in the early morning.

Pasquale's face fell. He had his little hoard put safely away, and it was a cruel thought that he must break into it for the week's living. He was quiet from dismay in the midst of the clamor of wild voices, protesting, imploring and threatening.

"What difference does it make, you fools?" said the overseer, roughly but not unkindly. "You'll have double pay next week. It comes to the same thing."

As quickly pacified as roused, the men became calm after a little. It was a disappointment to them, for they were like children, anxious to save their earnings in their hands, but they were very frugal for the most part, and had enough secreted to live upon for a little while. A few had a little—a very little—money in the bank; at all events, there were not many who would be seriously inconvenienced by waiting till next payday came around. And what a payday that would be! Double money! Oh, beautiful! Magnificent!

As Pasquale walked away he overtook the Sicilian. He was trailing slowly off like a wounded animal.

"Coraggio, Carlo mio!" cried Pasquale, chirping out the old cheerful note. "Think of next week, caro. It is as if we put away this week's earnings without the trouble of doing so, Courage!"

The lad turned a woeful face on him. "It may be so for you, Pasquale," he said, faintly. "But see, I have nothing. I had to pay so much for medicines to the *signor dottore* because I could not afford the time to go into the city to the hospital, and I had also to buy clothes that were heavier. He said I must. It is shiver, shiver in that tunnel all the time. I owe money, Pasquale, and I have nothing for this week. Palermo, my Palermo, did I leave thee for this!"

He sobbed as he spoke. He was a beautiful, graceful lad, as bright and gentle as a young fawn. He had led a very lovely life in that enchanted city, a sunlit and flower-thronged, flooded by night with the impalpable silver of a wonderful moon, or softly dark beneath great lustrous stars, a life all laughter and song and easy toil, though he was very poor. The vision of gold conjured up before his trusting eyes had drawn him across the bleak Atlantic to a city where he was as much out of place as a butterfly in an engine-room; drawn him to sickness and pain, and disappointment and bewilderment, drawn him to death! Its mark was on him now.

Pasquale shook his head, looking sideways at the sensitive face with a keen glance.

"You are not made for this work," he said; "you are not strong like me. And you Sicilians feel the cold so," he added, speaking as though Naples were afflicted by a rigorous climate which prepared its inhabitants for any northern severity. Meanwhile, he was thinking industriously as he walked along.

"Five lire. It must be that, at least. It is a great sum! Oh, a great sum! But he is an honest lad, and sweet as a girl. I must lend it to him. One cannot see him suffer."

The Sicilian accepted the loan with gratitude. He had had no thought of this in telling Pasquale his trouble, but had simply cried out, as a child cries in pain, to the first friendly ear. Pasquale went to rest that night with a strange sense of how kind luck. He had not had the heart to give the customary solacing look to his little head—such a very little heap—of treasure, so sadly lessened by the loan to Carlo and the sum drawn out for his needs.



"On the lowest step of the deserted house sat Pasquale, his head on his hand."

seemed to be a number of loose boards held together by a most "fortuitous concurrence of atoms in space." To be sure he had very little to eat, but he was used to that; and to be sure he was no longer Pasquale, but only number Twenty-six. But he reminded himself that he was nothing here but a machine to make lire for Nannina. What he did mind was the cold.

The Italians are a hardy race; their open-air life and frugal habits keeping them strong, and Pasquale had been well able to endure the few cold days which come to tell Neapolitans of distant lands when it is winter half new and terrible. It pierced like a knife through the thin clothing that he wore, and struck to the sturdy heart beating so quickly in the brown breast. It was particularly intense in the place where Pasquale had been set to work. A more trying place could hardly have been found. He had been employed upon some repairs in a tunnel, a long, black tunnel with a dim half circle of light at either end. It was very dark in that tunnel.

Away from the glorious sunlight of his smiling city, away from the changing glow and invitation of the Bay, away from the life and color and movement of Santa Lucia, our Pasquale had come into this huge tomb. But he never complained. Day after day, with the patience, uncomplaining fidelity of his nation, he wielded his tools, unskillfully at

briefly stated in a compound word—pay-day. Though accustomed to a small paper currency he had the peasant's dislike for it, and always begged to be paid in silver. When he had enough silver to change into gold he was a happy man. He kept the big bright piece carefully polished, and thought longingly of the moment when there would be two, and then three, and four, and five, and enough, finally, to carry him back, full handed, to Naples and Nannina.

It was a long time before the second large gold piece came; he had to be content with smaller ones. Pasquale's shoes had been in poor condition when he came, and he needed others. His clothes, too, were giving out. These things were bought for him by a friend who spoke a little English, at the cheapest place where workmen are fitted out. But Pasquale was agast when the cost was made known to him.

"Truly they have need to give higher wages here," he gasped. "Look you, Piero, one receives three times as much money as at home, and one spends four times as much."

Piero was quite an instructed person. He was one of those who later on voted for *il signor Ugo Granta*, as Mayor of New York, under the impression that it was the dead General Ulysses of that name who was running for office. Since Piero had become an American citizen he had felt quite a personal interest in all the defenders of the republic,



CHRISTMAS GREENS AND CHRISTMAS GIVING

COMMON SENSE IN CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

By HELEN JAY.



WITHOUT regard to the affection which prompts the gift, much of its value lies in the good judgment which adapts it to the needs and circumstances of the recipient.

Many people postpone their Christmas shopping until the crowded condition of the stores and the high prices asked for everything increase the difficulty of the undertaking ten-fold.

During the spring and summer many bits of bric-a-brac, and the accessories of fancy-work, can be culled from sales at very reasonable rates.

The same rule applies to articles of dress. To the young brunette whose evening gowns are generally pink or crimson, the pale blue fan, although lovely in itself, would not be as serviceable as a plainer one which she could use with her existing wardrobe.

Before you embroider the doilies or centre-piece for the housewife's table, consider the color of her china and try to bring your work into affinity with her possessions.

The friend in mourning and the invalid appreciate the thoughtfulness which adapts the gift to their saddened lives. The book with its comforting message, the potted palm to brighten the darkened room, the soft-knitted shawl or slippers, in fact anything that evidences consideration for their feelings, and does not jar by incongruity, is priceless.

It is astonishing to note how much money is frittered away on perishable trifles when the Christmas-gift, of all others, should be something enduring.

The elaborate card and be-ribboned booklet are practically useless, aside from the remembrance which prompts their giving. Almost every one has a collection of satin hand-painted vanities lovely to look at, but the care of which is the despair of both mistress and maid.

Co-operation is a boon to the average purse. If the members of a family, or a set of friends accustomed to exchange gifts, unite their finances they can give one handsome article in the place of several make-shifts.

Good taste discriminates between the needs of country and town, and does not send an operaglass or party-bag to the farm-house; neither does it give the boy a book which he ought to like, but tries to select one to complete his favorite series.

On the principle of like attracting like, the most valuable gift too often finds its way to the one who needs it least. In some cases good judgment dictates the giving of money as the kindest thing to be done.

DRESSING A CHRISTMAS TREE.

By MRS. A. G. LEWIS.



A CHRISTMAS tree ought to be selected with special reference to the space it is to occupy; one with branches firm, not too broad, and quite tall is best. The upper branches should be decorated before the tree is set up, in case they are too tall to be reached by step-ladders.

This can be managed by undoing the strands that confine the upper branches of trees as prepared for market, then tying upon the tips of the boughs white cotton-battling snow-balls, short loops of popcorn, strings of cranberries, glittering ornaments, etc., etc. The decoration of the tree may be more or less elaborate, as desired.

When the gifts are all nicely arranged, take a liberal quantity of frost powder and a dozen, more or less, packages of gilt and silver fringe, (these are sold at one dollar per dozen). Spread the fringe to ornament as much space as possible, and cover lightly the front and sides of the tree with it.

DECORATING A CHURCH ALTAR.

By EBEN E. REXFORD.



ALMS and other potted plants are usually used in the Christmas decoration of the church; but a much finer effect can be secured by grouping these at points away from the altar, and decorating that with vines or evergreens.

A charming effect is produced by sprinkling the leaves of holly or evergreen with mucilage, and sifting powdered mica over them. This will glisten in the evening like frost. If the supply of holly berries is limited, crystallized grasses can be worked in effectively.

THE CHRISTMAS WREATH.

By ISABEL A. MALLON.



HO would think that there needed to be a plea for the Christmas wreath! And yet, from over the country the Gradgrinds of civilization are objecting to its glossy, green leaves and its bright, red berries, and saying that it is nothing but a bit of sentimentality!

A bit of sentimentality, is it, my masters? so is every gentle, kind memorial; so is every remembrance of a birthday or a joyful wedding. So it is a bit of sickly sentimentality when you do not think it worth while to put a little bunch of flowers on the grave of the baby who, two years ago, screamed with delight at the sight of the Christmas tree glittering with its gay lights and funny fruit.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

By RUTH ASHMORE.



A BUNCH of holly may crown the Christmas pudding, but a bunch of mistletoe must be tied under the chandelier in the drawing-room; and woe betide the young woman who stands under it, for it gives to the first one who can seize it the privilege of a kiss.

Christmas romping has never gone out of vogue and as it is, after all, an innocent romp, who would want it to? No Southern girl would do like the elderly English maiden who wore a wreath of mistletoe on her head thus inviting a continued series of kissings, but each one is considerate enough to never get under the mistletoe unless her very own sweetheart is near her.

CONDUCTING CHRISTMAS FESTIVALS.

By MRS. A. G. LEWIS.



If a Christmas festival is given for schools in large towns or cities, the attendance ought to be limited by tickets; and teachers ought to make sure that every scholar receive a present upon the tree.

This may be easily arranged for by consulting with parents to find out if they intend to send gifts for their children. Any scholar not thus provided for, must, without fail, be remembered by the teacher. If the fruits of the tree are to be free to the children, great care must be taken that no child is omitted from the list.

Among the various devices to represent the downcoming of Santa Claus from the roof through the chimney, bringing his well-laden pack upon his back, that of arranging a fire-place upon the stage or platform near the tree, is usually most satisfactory to the little people.

Quite a realistic effect may be obtained of a fire in the grate, thus: Make a light framework of wood. Tack upon this a strip of red cloth, say five inches wide. Set this around the fireplace in the shape of a grate, and place inside a burning lamp—out of sight, of course—and the appearance of a cheerfully glowing fire is gained.

Santa has plenty of room to enter by the door with a good-sized pack on his shoulders. He must take time, however, before descending, to arrange for the conventional clatter of reindeer hoofs upon the roof, the jingle of sleigh-bells and the wheezing and sneezing that necessarily attend the descent of a corpulent, old fellow through a smoky and sooty chimney.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

To Mothers: We can help you to something which will exert an influence in your home second only to your own—something that will delight your girls, make your boys happy, and will be a great aid to their teachers. It is ST. NICHOLAS, what the London Spectator calls "the best of children's magazines."

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

An Illustrated Family Journal with the Largest Circulation of any Magazine in the World.

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O greater or more heartfelt pleasure can ever come to the Editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL than that accorded to him at this moment of writing when he sends forth, for the first time, to his readers, individually and collectively, his heartiest wishes for a bright, happy and a joyful Christmas-tide, one so full of pleasures that it will seem to each the red-letter Yule-tide of her life.

To the little infant, for whose restful sleep at eventide he seeks out the softest of lullabies, he would wish a Christmas dawn radiant with good health. For the child of good, old Saint Nicholas faith, may there be a stocking filled with everything closest to its heart-desires. To the boy or girl of school-day pleasures may there come a horn of plenty, full of bounties for their rollicking fun. To the young man, on the threshold of his career, may the Christmas-tide mean the birth of noble ambitions pointing to a useful life.

To our American girl, the pride and expectation of us all, may this Christmas mean much. Especially to the girl who all the day long works busily that she may live an honest life and be afraid to look no man in the face, I would say: "God give you a good Christmas."

A merry Christmas is a delight to have; a glad Christmas is a joy, but a good Christmas is best of all. It means a day of days, a day un-sullied by an ignoble thought or deed, made pure and sweet by loving thoughts, and bright and cheery by words of hope and joy.

EDWARD W. BOK.



HERE could scarcely be a more touching bit of evidence of the affection existing in the hearts of our nation's greatest women for the JOURNAL readers than the sweet and sympathetic message which Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, from her New England chamber of seclusion, sends to the Editor.

To the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—MY BELOVED FRIENDS: Will you accept my best greeting and Christmas wishes? May the Spirit of the Lord Jesus dwell in us all, and be our Teacher and Comforter. Lovingly yours, HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

FROM LOVELY MRS. DODGE. WITH all my heart I wish a beautiful Christmas and a Happy New Year to the women of America—one and all—those to whom life means work, and those to whom it means play; those who suffer, as all must sometimes, and those who rejoice, as all may in one way or another.

It is a great thing to be alive in this teeming age of query and improvement. Not one of us but can feel the thrill and movement of the time that affects every state of society, however high, however lowly. And yet, these are but the tide and the waves. Beneath is the infinite ocean of goodness and love.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS WELL AND WISELY. THE phrase, "keeping" Christmas is beginning to have a new significance. We have come to the point of asking ourselves seriously, how we are to preserve the dear old day.

THE madding crowd making itself maniac across the impassable streets, choking the writhing shops, stalling the railway trains, blocking the United States mails, and choking, stalling, blocking, and madding more madly every year than it did the year before, does not necessarily mean the growth of the Christmas sense, but is quite as likely to mean the growth of Christmas nonsense.

So, when we have a fine thing—a fine art, invention, feeling, or custom—the first point is how not to lose it, and it may be found that we need a high spiritual economy to save our Christmas from the kind of decadence that belongs to a society like ours.

It is worth trying—I venture the suggestion—to save the day by simple sincerity. Buy no more than you can afford. Give no gift where you do not delight to. Shop no more than you have the strength for.

EDWARD W. BOK. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

FROM AMERICA'S "GRACE DARLING."

SO many messages of good cheer have come to me in my watch-tower by the sea every Christmas-tide, that I am glad of the opportunity which allows me to send a greeting in return—a message, which I trust will reach all the corners of this pleasant old earth of ours at this happy season of 1890.

Have you ever thought what it must be to spend a Christmas day in a lighthouse? For fifty years my Christmases have been there. To you landmen and women, a snowy Christmas generally means that the day is complete; but to the lighthouse keeper it is too often ushered in by a northeast gale.

A MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS PEACE.

"PEACE on earth, good will toward men," the angels sang nearly 1900 years ago, and the words of that song which was first heard by the shepherds on the plains of Judea have been repeated over and over again, and echoed from valley to valley, from hill-top to hill-top, from sea to sea, and throughout the world wherever the Child of Bethlehem, whose birth they heralded, is known and worshipped.

A HARBINGER OF COMING JOYS.

HOW shall I pack into a few words all that may be said to women in these last days of a century that has seen the beginning of their struggle as workers, and that at its close points to the nobler one so near at hand. It is the twentieth that will be the woman's century.

FROM THE GALLANT CUSTER'S WIDOW.

IF instead of writing a Christmas welcome to the thousands of women to whom this Christmas JOURNAL will go, I could enter the homes myself and talk with you, it would please me far better than using this greeting, made formal by pen and paper.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX'S WOMANLY WISH.

I WISH that every one of you, the million of women who will read this holiday JOURNAL, may try to realize during the new year that you are growing hour by hour, day by day, week by week, month by month, and year by year, to be like your thoughts.

Perhaps you will tell me that your circumstances and surroundings render it impossible for you to do other than to worry, fret, and be despondent. I tell you it is not so. Remember that if no one in the world was cheerful save those who had nothing to worry about, there would be no cheerful people.

IS OUR CHRISTMAS DEGENERATING?

OUR Christmas of to-day makes me sometimes fear that the Christmas of our youth is degenerating into a festival of the store-keepers. Once there was merry-making at home, trimming of the church with evergreens, listening for the bells of Christmas eve pealing through the frosty air, interchange of gifts whose value was chiefly in their handiwork.

The money that is unwisely spent in many families of not very large incomes, for things that are presently laid by and forgotten, if put together in one sum would provide a southern winter for an invalid who would die in the north, or a journey in the hills next year for a tired needlewoman.

THE SONG OF THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

"GLORY to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." This is a climax, wrong end first. Shepherds heard the song, but perceived it not. Let us read it as it runs.

Let the climax of the Christmas song go with you all the year. He who showed His good-will to men even unto a death of shame, will work with you, and when "good will to men" has its sway upon earth then will come peace and glory to God in the highest.



CENTURIES ago, two plain people stopped in a village barn after a walk of eighty miles, too long a trudge for one in poor health. No lords of state awaiting in ante-chamber as when other kings are born; no messengers mounted at the doorway ready to herald the advent from city to city; no medical skill in attendance; no satin-lined cradle to receive the infantile guest, but a monarch born in the hostelry called the house of Chim Ham; the night with diamonded finger pointing down to the place; the door of Heaven set wide open to look out; from orchestral batons of light, dripping the oratorios of the Messiah; on lowest doorstep of Heaven the minstrels of God discoursing of glory and good-will!

Soon after, the white-bearded astrologists kneel, and from leathern punch chink the shekels, and from open sacks exhale the frankincense, and rustle out the bundles of myrrh. The loosened star; the escaped doxology of celestials; the chill December night afresh with May morn; our world a lost star, and another star rushing down the sky that night to beckon the wanderer home again, shall yet make all nations keep Christmas.

**THE CHRIST OF A DECEMBER NIGHT.**

I HAVE always rejoiced that Christ was born on a December night. Had it been the month of May—that is the season of blossoms; had He been born in the month of June—that is the season of roses; had He been born in the month of July—that is the season of great harvests; had He been born in the month of September—that is the season of ripe orchards; had He been born in the month of October—that is the season of up-hoisted forests. But He was born in the month of December, when there are no flowers blooming out-of-doors, and when all the harvests that have not been gathered up have perished, and when there are no fruits ripening on the hill, and when the leaves are drifted over the bare earth.

It was in closing December that He was born, to show that this is a Christ for people in sharp blast, for people under clouded sky, for people with frosted hopes, for people with thermometer below zero, for people snowed-under. That is the reason He is so often found among the destitute; you can find Him on any night coming off the moors; you can see Him any night coming through the dark lanes of the city; you can see Him putting His hand under the fainting head in the pauper's cabin. He remembers how the wind whistled around the caravansary in Bethlehem that December night, and He is in sympathy with all those who in their poverty hear the shutters clatter on a cold night.

It was this December night that Washington and his army worshipped at Valley Forge, when, without blankets, they lay down in the December snow. It was this Christ that the Pilgrim Fathers appealed to when the May-yeas that went by the graves digged were flower wharfed at Plymouth Rock. Oh, I tell you, we want a December Christ for dark days clouded with sickness, and chilling with disappointment, and suffocating with bereavement, and terrific with wide-open graves! Not a spring-time Christ, not a summer Christ, not an autumnal Christ, but a winter Christ. Oh, this suffering and struggling world needs to be hushed and soothed and rocked and lullabied in the arms of sympathetic Omnipotence! No mother ever with more tenderness put her foot on the rocker of the cradle of a sick child, than Christ comes down to us, to this invalid world, and He rocks it into placidity and quietness as He says, "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

**THE CRADLE OF POVERTY.**

CHRIST'S cradle was as wonderful as His cross. Persuade me of the first and I am not surprised at the last. The door by which He entered was as tremendous as the door by which He went out. He had only two friends—they, His parents. No satin-lined cradle, no delicate attentions; but straw, and the cattle, and the coarse joke and banter of the camel-drivers. No wonder the mediaeval painters represent the oxen as kneeling before the infant Jesus, for there were no men there at that time to worship. From the depths of that poverty He rose, until to-day He is honored throughout all Christendom and sits triumphant on the imperial throne in Heaven.

Not so high the gilded and jeweled and embroidered cradles of the Henrys of England, or the Louis of France, or the Fredericks of Prussia, as that imperial throne in the Heavens above us. Now I find out that that Bethlehem crib fed not so much the oxen of the stall, as the white horses of apocalyptic vision; now I find the swaddling clothes enlarging and emblazoning into an imperial robe for a conqueror; now I find that the star of that Christmas night was only the diamonded sandal of Him who hath the moon under His feet; now I come to understand that the music of that night was not a completed song, but the stringing of the instruments for a great chorus of two worlds, the bass to be carried by earthly nations saved, and the soprano by kingdoms of glory won.

What name is mightiest to-day in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth than any other being? Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel in chapel, and church, and cathedral the world over? Jesus. From what depths of poverty to what heights of renown! And so let all those who are poorly started, remember that they can not be more poorly born than was our Christ.

**A STAR HARNESSSED TO A MANGER.**

DO you know that the vast majority of the world's deliverers had barnlike birth-places? Luther, the emancipator of religion, born among the mines; Shakespeare, the emancipator of literature, born in a humble home at Stratford-on-Avon; Columbus, the discoverer of a world, born in poverty at Genoa; Hogarth, the discoverer of how to make art accumulative and administrative of virtue, born in a humble home at Westmoreland; Kitto and Prideaux, whose keys unlocked new apartments in the Holy Scriptures which had never been entered, born in want; one out of ten of the world's deliverers were born in want. I stir your holy ambitions this Christmas to tell you although the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and outside of your occupations or professions there may be those who would hinder your ascent, on your side and enlisted in your behalf are the sympathetic heart and the Almighty arm of One who, one Christmas night about eighteen hundred and ninety years ago was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Oh, what magnificent encouragement for the poorly started!

As the clean, white linen was being wrapped round the little form of that Child Emperor, not a cherub, not a seraph, not an angel, not a world but wept, and thrilled, and shouted. Oh, yes, our world has plenty of sympathizers! Our world is only a silver rung of a great ladder, at the top of which is our Father's house. No more stellar solitariness for our world; no other friendless planets spun out into space to freeze, but a world in the bosom of divine maternity. A star harnesssed to a manger.

**REVERBERATIONS OF A MERRY CHRISTMAS.**

I ENJOIN upon all those of my JOURNAL readers, whom these holiday times find in comfortable circumstances, two things: First, helpfulness to the helpless; and the next, cheerful talk. This experiment has been made by medical scientists. A dozen men conspire to tell a well man he looks sick. They are to meet him on a journey, and by the time the fourth man is giving him melancholy salutation, he feels he is doomed, and the twelfth man comes up with his melancholy salutation just in time to help carry him home on a stretcher. Then twelve men conspire that they will meet a man in uncertain health and tell him how well he looks. By the time the fourth man has met him with a cheerful salutation, his nervous system is all toned up, and by the time the twelfth man has met him with his cheerful salutation, he says to his wife: "Throw out that apothecary shop from our shelves; I don't want any more medicine."

Now, the nation is only a man on a larger scale. If you want to prostrate business and keep it prostrated, talk in dolorous tone and keep on talking. Let all the merchants sigh, and all the editors prognosticate a hard winter, and all the ministers groan in the pulpit. In the great orchestra of complaint, those who play the loudest trombones are those who have the fullest salaries and the completest wardrobe. They are only made because they have to fall back upon the surplus resources of other years, or because they cannot make as large investments as they would like to make. Did you have your breakfast? Yes. Did you have your supper last night? Yes. Did you have a pillow to sleep on? Yes. What are you complaining about? The genuine sufferers, those who are really in destitution, for the most part suffer in silence; but the loudest cries against hard times are by the men to whom the times are not hard. Artists tell us it is almost impossible to sing well on a full stomach, but it has been demonstrated over and over again that it is possible for men to groan well on a full stomach!

**A GLANCE TOWARD THE RISING SUN.**  
NOW, in these holidays let all the comfortable classes exchange the Lamentations of Jeremiah for the exultant Psalms of David. "Praise ye the Lord, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," and we will have a different state of things in this country. I wish there might be a conspiracy formed—I would like to belong to it—a conspiracy made up that all the merchants and editors and ministers of religion in this country agree that they would have faith in God and talk cheerfully, and there would be a revival of business immediate and tremendous and glorious. Stop singing Naomi and old Windom, and give us Mount Pisgah and Coronation. Merry Christmas!

The land is full of prophets, and I have as much right to prophesy as any one. I prophesy that we are coming toward the grandest temporal prosperity we have ever witnessed in this country. Mechanics are going to have larger wages; capitalists are going to have larger dividends; the factories that are now closed are going to run day and night to meet demands; stores are going to be crowded with customers jostling each other and impatient to get waited on. Amid the rapid strides of business, attorneys will be called in to interpret legalities, and merchants overworked will want medical attendance, and the churches are going to be abundant with men and women anxious to consecrate their gains to the Lord.

You prophesy midnight! I prophesy midnoon. You pitch your tent toward universal bankruptcy; I pitch my tent toward national opulence.

**THE BIRTH OF MOTHERHOOD.**

TO me, that Christmas night at Bethlehem has no more beautiful significance than that it was the birth of an honored motherhood as well as of a Saviour. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without Mary being there at all. When the villagers, on the morning of December 25th, awoke, by Divine arrangement and in some unexplained way, the child Jesus might have been found in some comfortable cradle of the village. But no, no! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words "Mother!" In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother; St. Bernard had a good mother; Samuel Budgett, a good mother; Doddridge, a good mother; Walter Scott, a good mother; Benjamin West, a good mother. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Don't you see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated.

When you hear some one in sermon or oration speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother your eyes fill up with tears, while you say to yourself, that was my mother. The first word a child utters is apt to be "mamma," and the old man in his dying dream calls, "Mother! Mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surrounding of a city, and in affluent home, and was dressed appropriately with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the old-time cap, and great round spectacles, and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles, seated by the broad fire-place, with great black log ablaze on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face, and how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna her's would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to soothe the pain! And was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace, and purity, and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, this Christmas day, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty, or fifty years ago, come and open the old Bible you used to read, and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old when you wished us a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year! But, no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough, and aches enough, and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, your prayers all answered, and in the eternal homestead of our God we shall again keep Christmas jubilee together. But speak from your thrones, all you glorified mothers, and say to all these your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice, for they have traveled far and with many a heart-break since you left them, and you do well to call from the heights of Heaven to the valleys of the earth. Hail, enthroned ancestry! We are coming. Keep a place for us, right beside you, at the banquet.

Slow-footed years! More swiftly run  
Into the gold of that unsetting sun;  
Homelick we are for these—  
Calm land beyond the sea.

*T. De Witt Talmage*

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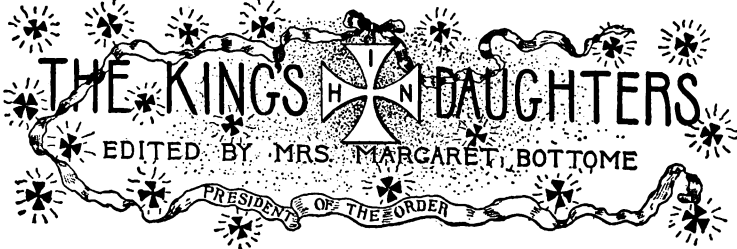
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HEART TO HEART TALKS.

**I** WANT to thank all the dear friends—for I feel you are such—whose letters greeted me as I stepped into my home on my arrival from Europe. How lovely they were, and how sorry I was that you did not know why I had not answered your dear, sweet, letters. They made me very happy, telling me as they did, how glad they were I had come to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. I could hardly believe my own eyes as I read letter after letter, for I really did not expect such a warm, loving welcome from those I had never met, and who had never seen me. My eyes filled with grateful tears as one wrote:—"Whom not having seen, we love." I shall receive many letters undoubtedly that will make me very happy in the future, but never shall I forget the first batch of letters from the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL on my arrival from foreign shores in October, 1890.

**AND** I want to tell you how much you have done for me personally by writing to me and being so confidential with me, and in feeling so sure I could help you in your spiritual life. I will try; and if you will be patient with me you shall have answers to all your questions. You shall have the best I have to give in the JOURNAL you love so much, and as we become more intimate, of course we shall be able to tell out more of our hearts.

**I** WANT you who are about to put on your silver cross to get all the help possible from it. As I read in one of your letters—"I shall put it on to bear more patiently"—my heart was deeply touched, and the old lines I used to sing in the long ago came floating back—

"Bear thy cross cheerfully, what'er it be."  
To suffer well is the noblest doing. Our King was so patient, so forgiving, so long suffering; and if the wearing of the little cross saves you from the hasty word, the quick retort, if it enables you to be silent under provocation, who can measure the influence?

**ONE** sweet JOURNAL girl writes to me and asks whether she can wear our little cross without joining a circle. Yes, you have a perfect right to wear the cross, even though you join no circle. Let it be between you and your King why you wear the emblem of our Sisterhood. I have known numbers to put it on who had, as they said, "quick tempers," and their cross was to remind them to be "slow to anger."

**I** LOVE my little cross more than ever since my return from a trip abroad. People of almost every faith have looked at it and smiled so pleasantly. Among the last was a Roman Catholic priest. Coming up to me, he said: "I have been looking at your cross, and it has set me thinking. We have only to wait a little longer for a spirit of toleration such as the world has never seen;" and then, with a hopeful smile, he added: "And I expect to live to see it." When we parted, he looked again steadily at my little cross as if it was helping the good time coming, and with a warm clasp of the hand, and a last pleasant glance at the emblem of our Order, he bade me good-bye.

**ONLY** a few days before my meeting with the good priest, a lovely Quaker lady asked me to tell her all about The King's Daughters. I did so as simply as I could. "Why," said she, "that is Quakerism." I said, "I do not know about that; I simply know that it is the New Testament." Then she said: "Can any one join who does not see as you do, and has the same views of doctrine?" "Oh," I said, smiling, "that is all between the soul and the King. Our Order does not touch that. Here is a copy of our Constitution.\* You will see how simple it is. If you subscribe to that we stand side by side to serve our King's suffering humanity." Her face was calm and solemn as she said: "I have never seen anything so Christ-like as that." No, the order is not Quakerism any more than it is Methodism. It is the union of many, bound to each other by love of the one Lord.

**EVEN** the best of us are sometimes apt to forget how the Master reproved His disciples, over nineteen centuries ago, for trying to stop a man from casting out devils in His name, because he did not follow Jesus with them. How thrilling were His words: "Forbid him not; for he that is not against us is for us." Ah, me! how slowly we come to what must finally be reached, that it is not the opinions we hold, but the Christ-like life we lead that is the one thing needful.

\* Let me say in general to all my JOURNAL readers that any one desiring a copy of the Constitution of THE KING'S DAUGHTERS, can secure one without cost, by simply addressing the secretary, at 47 West 22nd street, New York city.

**DEAR** Daughters of our King—whose birth we are celebrating—I come to wish you for the first time a merry Christmas! I wish I could give you all something; will you take my love as a gift? Will you let me come very close to you and take each one by the hand and call you—Sister? You know we are Sisters. The little cross with "In His Name" on it holds us to our King and to each other. I am glad Christmas makes the earthly life of our King so real to us. I am so sure that the happiest Christmas we could possibly have would be in realizing, what Christmas really means—"God with us!" Bethlehem! All mother-love, all childhood love, to my mind cluster round that word!

**NO** costly gifts of any sort could be to you on Christmas what the realization that Christ is really God's gift to you in the deepest need of your being will be. I have come a long way, dear Sisters; I have had much, I have known much of the lives of others; and with the thought that this is my first and may be my last opportunity to wish you a happy Christmas, I feel constrained to tell you that nothing less than whole-hearted love and whole-hearted service to the One whose birth we celebrate, can carry us happily and usefully through this life. Frederick W. Robertson never uttered a truer word than when he said:—"There is a need in a woman's nature to worship some man, and there is only one Man who is worthy of her worship, the Man Christ Jesus! Worship Him!" He is the Tree on which hangs all the Christmas gifts; love for all is on that Tree. You need not fear of loving any human being too much, if the gift is from that Tree. I don't think anybody has love enough given them. I wish on this glad day all in the family would resolve to give more love to all the relations they sustain in life. We are going to the land—and going very fast—where it is always the festival of joy, and where the evergreens are ever green, because it is a land of love; and as we near that shore I believe our regret will be that we did not give more love. One of the noblest men I ever knew said when nearing the heavenly shore, "I am sorry I did not tell everybody how much I loved them; if I should recover I would simply love more."

**WHATEVER** you have to economize in, dear Daughters, be extravagant in love. Did you never wish you had so much money that you need never think whether you could afford to buy this or that, and wondered how it would feel to have as much as you wanted? There are such people, but somehow, it does not seem to make the most of them as happy as I should think it would. Now, take love as a fortune, and begin to give it in any and every way, and to everybody that comes within the circle of your influence. Say to yourself, from this Christmas time, "I am rich"; and in ways that are within your reach give out of your wealth in smiles; in cheerful words; in appreciation of what others have; enjoying their gifts, thus making the things largely your own; in sympathy, in every way—simply giving love! And as you give, it will increase. Never think of getting, only giving. And as sure as the law of gravitation, so sure is the eternal law—"Give and it shall be given you." And thus the Christmas chimes will ring right merrily in your own hearts their old, sweet peal of Love! Love! Love!

**I** AM becoming fearful of our losing the true Christmas spirit. We sing "Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given." But I fear we are missing the real Christmas, even with little children who would be sure to take it in if we would tell them "that sweet story of old, how Jesus was here among men." I find myself wishing for the dear old-fashioned mothers who used to show us the picture of the Child in the manger, when picture-books were far less abundant than they are now. We had fewer dolls, but somehow it seems to me that the Child Jesus was brought more before our minds. And I feel sure, dear Daughters, you will forgive me if I suggest that there is real danger of our giving because we shall be thought mean if we do not, or from some other low motive, and thus losing all that would ennoble us in giving.

**MAY** I tell you what a favorite writer of mine, Canon Kingsley, says about Christmas? He says:

"Christmas Day declares thou art His child; be not afraid to go unto thy Father; pray to Him; tell Him what thou wantest; say to Him, 'Father, I am not moderate, reasonable, forbearing. I cannot keep Christmas Day right, for I have not a peaceful Christmas spirit in me, and I know I shall never get it by thinking and reading and understanding, for it passes all that, and lies far away beyond it—in God. Oh, Father, give me Thy peace; soothe this restless, greedy, fretful soul of mine as a mother soothes a sick child. I believe the message of Christmas Day, that Thou lovest me; the world; that Thy will is peace on earth—peace to me."

Oh, what a gift to you and me will peace be—a peace on earth; at peace with God; at peace with ourselves; at peace with all mankind. This Christmas gift no money can buy; but as Daughters of The King it ought to be ours—we have a right to it. So I wish you above all other gifts this gift of the peace which makes a Happy Christmas.

TOO OLD FOR CHRISTMAS.



**OW** strange it sounded last Christmas morning, when I said to the boy who came into my room to fix the fire, "Do you expect to have a happy Christmas?" He answered: "No, ma'am, I'm too old." And then I saw that he had no other association with Christmas but receiving toys. I soon told him how he could have a happy Christmas, and when I illustrated how God gives, by giving him something myself, he lighted up wonderfully.

Too old for Christmas! Yes, it did sound strangely, for Christmas means eternal life, eternal youth. I am sure we ought to be very careful to give little children the true idea of Christmas, and it might be well to take in the meaning of it in a deeper sense ourselves. We can be so taken up with giving, that God's gift shall be unnoticed, and so occupied with receiving, that we shall miss taking the one gift that makes the only real Christmas.

Another lesson I learned was that we should never be too old for innocent amusement; we should learn to see the meaning of the higher things symbolized by the lower. Floating back to me on memory's tide comes a little Quaker grandmother who never wore any other than the plainest and most severe dress, and her gay little grandchild, bursting into the room with a new hat in her hand, a hat with a gay wreath of flowers, exclaiming "Oh, Grandma! see my pretty new hat!" The quiet grandma looked at it, and laying her soft, white hand on the child's head, said, "It is very pretty, my dear, and if there is only good, some day a more beautiful wreath will be on thy fair head—of flowers that will never fade." Oh, if we could but learn to see the imperishable behind the perishable; if we could only come to see that the human arms that may fail us have "everlasting arms" behind them; that if the one, we have with so much pride called father, disappears from our sight, the dear "Everlasting Father" is still ours; that if our friends, one by one, leave us, that our Friend above all others remains! "His so with all our earthly joys; the everlasting joys they each one stand for are ours forever, and if we could see this we should never really grow old; we should never be heard to say, "I am too old for these things," for in having what the symbols stand for we should have

"A heart to blend with outward life,  
While keeping by His side."

I always feel sure that not only do our young daughters read THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, but mothers and, very likely, grandmothers. Will you let me whisper to you at this Christmas that there is no need of your

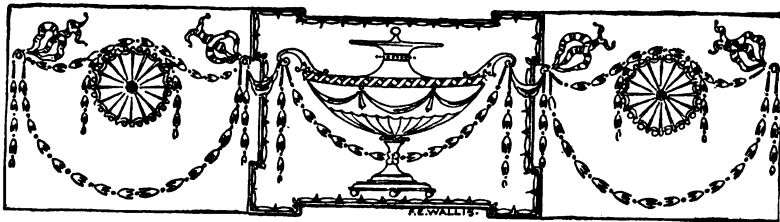
feeling or saying that you are too old to enter into the joys of the younger "daughters?" Your youth will continue through your sympathies with the young. Don't give them the impression that they are foolish and engaged in foolish things; one of the greatest joys to me in our great "Sisterhood of Service" is that none are too young, and none too old to belong to our Order; and no picture is lovelier than that of the grandchild sitting at the grandmother's feet, both planning what they can do for the King, and both wearing the Maltese cross with I. H. N. on one side, and on the other "1886," the date of the foundation of our organization. No, we must have no divorces between the young and the old; they need each other too much. I never like to hear a young girl declare "Oh, mother doesn't take any interest in what I care for," and I always feel like saying to every young girl:—"Make a companion of your mother; and to every mother "Make friends of your children." Every child should have the memory of a youthful mother or grandmother. My own sweet mother died young, at the age of seventy-five, and one of the most precious gifts of memory to-day is my youthful mother. Dear Mother! She always had a happy Christmas, and I am sure she is having the happiest one now in seeing our King face to face. I once said to her, "Mother, what is your idea of Heaven?" She answered—"There we shall see His face."

Some day our faces will be missed at the Christmas time. Let us give our dear ones the memory that we were never so old, never so poor that we could not make all about us have a happy Christmas because we were with them. This is my Christmas wish for us all.

THE JEWEL OF SILENCE.

**I** READ, soon after my marriage—and perhaps that was the reason why it made such an impression on my mind—of a young couple who had their first quarrel—one which occurred while at their breakfast in the early part of the honeymoon; and it was simply because the young husband broke an egg on the small end of it. The young wife said: "My dear, don't you know which end of the egg is the proper end to break?" His pride was touched, and he answered: "I think I know as well what is proper as you do." Her quick reply was: "Well, you don't, if you break the egg on the small end." That was a very little thing, but it was the commencement of what ended in a divorce. We need more "circles" which shall take for their motto—"He opened not His mouth." There is a circle of little daughters in one of our prominent New York stores, and they are called "The Door-keeper's Circle." I was so surprised when they gave as their motto, "Keep Thou the door of my mouth."

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A BOY WHO BECAME A KING.

By NELSON W. WILSON.

WHEN it happens that a little Chinese boy becomes tired of studying and runs away from school, just as any other little boy might do under the circumstances, his father draws him down beside him on the big bamboo mat, after the Joss sticks have been lighted, and tells him this story, which is true, and which happened many years ago. They do not begin the way we do in this country with the interesting "Once upon a time," but start right off as I do now:—

Ow Ah Quay was a little orphan boy who lived in the town of Hon San, in the province of Quong Fung. His parents had died before he had reached the age of twelve years, and had left him a little homestead, which was put in the hands of his aunt who was to act as his guardian. She was to use the proceeds of the rental for her nephew's education. For two years she remained true to her trust, and at the expiration of that time, being of an avaricious nature, she decided to keep the money for her own purposes, instead of educating the boy as she had promised. She at first began to abuse him and make him feel very unhappy by hinting that he was not welcome at her home any longer, and finally refused to allow him to attend school with her own son. She kept him home to work upon their little farm with the laborers, and treated him more as a slave than as a relative. This sudden change was a sad awakening to the little fellow, as his hands, which had always been white and tender, now became hardened by the heavy work which he was compelled to perform.

Ow Ah Quay, however, had always been a studious scholar, and the idea of giving up all his studies and growing up an ignoramus, troubled his heart greatly. He resolved that this would not be; so he did extra work for a rich man near by and soon had enough money to buy a few books. He would conceal one of these in his blouse in the morning, and study behind some tree while he was supposed to be working. When he had finished his evening meal, he would lay down his chopsticks and go to his little room in the garret where, by the light of a little oil lamp, he would study until his eyelids wearily hid the pages from his sight. His relatives not only heaped abuse and hard work upon him, but fed him poorly until finally their oppression became so disheartening that he packed up his beloved books and a few valuables and ran away one night when everybody was fast asleep. As he walked along the road, the mellow face of the big yellow moon peered kindly at him from between two big gray clouds, and seemed to smile encouragingly down upon the weary child. He brightened up under the soft rays, and after a few days came to the city of Canton. He had no money, and as his long journey had made him hungry he was forced to beg for a mouthful of rice. The first place he came to was the house of Lee Yuen Wy, a wealthy silk merchant who owned a big store in Yankin, Annam. The merchant happened to be on a visit to the home of his aged parents, and when he saw little Ow Ah Quay begging for something to eat, he was very much attracted by his genteel appearance and intelligent face. He took the little wanderer into his own room and asked him why he, so young and bright a boy, should be begging for food. Ah Quay brightened up at the prospect of finding a friend, and told a true story of his abuse and hardship. He concluded by saying that he was willing to work at anything so long as he could make an honest living and buy more books to continue his studies. So pleased was the merchant at the boy's earnestness, that he engaged him as his valet to go to Siam. After being at Yankin with his master for nearly a year, the silk merchant found that his protégé was much smarter than most of the boys of his age. It happened this way: Ah Quay had received the permission of the merchant to look over the accounts every night, so that he might become more proficient in figures; and one evening he came to his master and told him not to pay a large amount of money that had been placed against him on the books. The merchant was very much astonished, and immediately went to the store with his valet where the latter pointed out the mistake in the figures, thereby saving his benefactor many thousand taels. At this display of intelligence Lee Yuen Wy was so overjoyed that he discharged the head clerk who had made the error, and placed the boy in the responsible position. Ah Quay was at this time eighteen years of age. About this time the only daughter of the King of Annam, a most beautiful maiden, was seeking a husband. Being the only child of a

powerful king and, therefore, heiress to the throne, the position of prince consort was an enviable one; so much so in fact, that the nobles of the realm began fighting among themselves each trying to get his own son chosen as the royal son-in-law. The king himself was almost powerless, and for fear of a revolution did not dare to make a choice. At length the people demanded to have a voice in the matter, for the prince consort was to be their ruler and they wanted an acceptable one. After long consultations, the king decided to leave the matter of his daughter's future happiness in the hands of the gods. Proclamations were sent out all over the nation of Annam stating that on the "Fifteenth day of the Fifth Moon of the Reign of Tidok, the King of the Land of the White Elephants, all fine looking youths between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one years be attired in their best garments and assemble in the great public square, near the royal palace." Five thousand of the best looking youths would then be chosen from the assemblage and admitted to an open enclosure, in the middle of which was a tall tower. On top of this tower the royal princess and several ladies of honor would stand, each with a great red silken ball in her hand. The ball held by the princess would have her name worked upon it by her own hands, while those held by the ladies would be distinguished by blue and yellow bands in the centre, which colors corresponded with the shade of their garments. The three balls would be thrown into the air at the same time, and whoever should be struck first by one of them should pick it up and claim the lady the color of whose dress matched the band around the ball. He who received the princess's ball would then be chosen as her legal husband and part heir to the royal kingdom. Ow Ah Quay, who, by the way had grown into a very handsome youth, was persuaded by his benefactor to attend the trial. The lad was at first much ashamed to do so; but he robed himself in a suit of gorgeous silk the merchant presented him with, and set off with the good wishes of all his fellow clerks.

(To be continued.)

THE WHITE HOUSE CHILDREN.

THE White House has so seldom been, in recent years at least, the scene of young child-life, that the presence of President Harrison's grandchildren there has brought them into a notoriety of which, fortunately for them, they cannot be fully aware. They form a very large part of the domestic establishment, and their comfort and happiness are ever uppermost in the minds of grandpa and grandma. Not all nor anything that has been said and written respecting the President's devotion to "baby" McKee has interrupted, for an instant, their close companionship. And "baby" McKee loyally repays his distinguished grandsire for his devotion. No one



MARY LODGE MCKEE.

has such influence over the little fellow as grandpa, and to no one else does he go in his little distresses and find readier solace. Mary Lodge McKee, who is Benjamin Harrison's junior by a year and a half, is more retiring in disposition than her better known brother, but as she grows in years her winsome graces will make her a formidable rival for first place in the annals of the paragon.

The babies at the White House doubtless enjoy life with a vim that other less fortunate ones do not experience. They have all the sweets and none of the bitter of public life. They see only its joys and glitter, and these are very attractive. They are petted by visitors whom they are occasionally permitted to see, and the frequent performances of the Marine Band on the grounds and in the Executive mansion fill them with delight.

A baby's desire for toys might be said to be satiated at the White House; besides those which come from friends, the inventor or manufacturer of almost every ingenious toy, knowing that his wares will be appreciated by one portion of the family, sends a sample for the inspection and enjoyment of the babies. Benjamin Harrison McKee fancies mechanical toys, and appropriates all such to his own use. He is of an investigating turn of mind, not given much to demonstration of any kind, so it often happens that he has succeeded in totally wrecking some ingenious piece of mechanism in his efforts to fathom its mystery. He is fully in sympathy with "Helen's Babies," in their desire "to see the wheels go round."

During last winter, the McKees had their cousin Marthena, Mr. Russell Harrison's beautiful flaxen-haired daughter, for a playmate, and she will be with them again during the present season. Marthena is between Benjamin Harrison and Mary Lodge McKee in age, and the trio made a pretty picture as they played or rode about together. Belief in the virtues of fresh air is cardinal among the occupants of the White House, so that it was an inclement day indeed which did not see the carriage loaded with the little ones and their nurses for an airing. Shortly before the departure of Marthena Harrison for her far, western home, Benjamin Harrison McKee's birthday was celebrated with considerable state. A dinner was served at which he was host, and his sister and cousin guests. And who do you think acted as waiter on the party? No less a personage

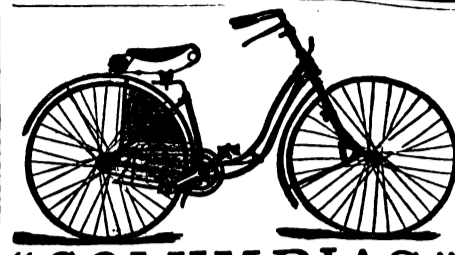


BENJAMIN HARRISON MCKEE. ("BABY MCKEE.")

than the distinguished Chief Magistrate of the nation. And it is said that a happier, merrier party seldom assembled under any conditions than that one. That will be something for those little folks to tell their grandchildren, how that they were served by the President of the United States himself, and that no one enjoyed it more than he.

The President's grandson regards his ancestor as his own personal property, and enforces his claims under conditions that are sometimes somewhat embarrassing. On one occasion the President, while standing on the deck of the Despatch, began to address a crowd of people in the Navy Yard, at Washington. Just as he began, "baby" McKee, thinking he was being neglected, set up a howl, which he would still nowhere save in grandpa's arms; so, holding the child close to his breast, he concluded his remarks.

One youthful personage has views of his own upon the extent to which the name of "baby" McKee fills the sounding trumpet of fame. He is Postmaster-General Wanamaker's grandchild, who cannot be induced, it is said, to look upon the President's descendant with anything but disfavor. He maintains a dignified silence whenever "baby" McKee is mentioned, evidently believing that children should be seen and not heard—of.



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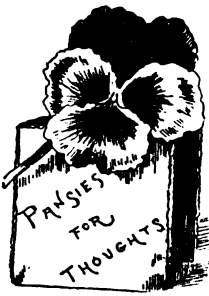


EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MARY F. KNAPP.

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

**A Tasteful Pansy Sachet.**

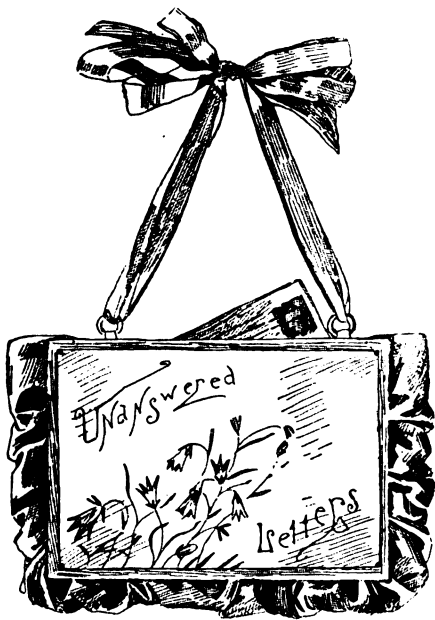
This is an exquisite sachet when nicely made. The foundation is a box of two and a-half inches square, or you can make a square frame of card-board, the width of the ribbon used. Five-eighths of a yard of gold-colored satin ribbon, two and a-half inches wide, and one-half yard of bright purple, same width. Cut the yellow ribbon to the same length as the purple, and lay the two in the form of a cross. In the centre put the box, in which is placed cotton-wool with perfume powder; bring the ribbons up around the box, and tie all together at the top. Oversew the edges and cover the seams with tinsel. Then trim off the four ends of the ribbon and catch them into the shape of the four upper petals of a pansy; then two purple petals at the top. Shape the extra bit of yellow ribbon and fasten on for the lower petal.



Touch up the edges and the centre of the yellow petals, with a little sepia (water color), and add a little Chinese white in the middle. If the long rubber stem of an artificial flower is added, it is an improvement.

**Case for Unanswered Letters.**

Four pieces of paste-board six and three-quarters of an inch long, four and three-quarters of an inch wide. Cover one piece with white kid, three pieces with white moiré paper. A strip of light-blue surah silk twenty-nine inches long, three inches wide. Turn down one inch at the ends, and gather the two sides of the strip. Paste on side of the gathers round three sides of the paste-board covered with kid (on wrong side), and the other gathered side of strip, to the wrong side of one of the moiré pieces. Crochet over four small brass rings with white silk, run a small



piece of narrow white ribbon through each ring, and paste the ends on the top of the paste-board, about an inch from the ends. Take the two remaining pieces of moiré-covered paste-board, and paste them on to cover the edges of silk puffing. Take two yards of three-quarter inch wide gros-grain ribbon with satin edge; put one yard through two opposite rings on both ends of case, tie in one bow to suspend by. Paint a delicate spray of blue-bells and fine grass on to a piece of bolting-cloth four and a-half inches by six and a-half inches, with "Unanswered Letters" painted in brown. Pin this piece on to the kid with a black-headed, small pin in the four corners.

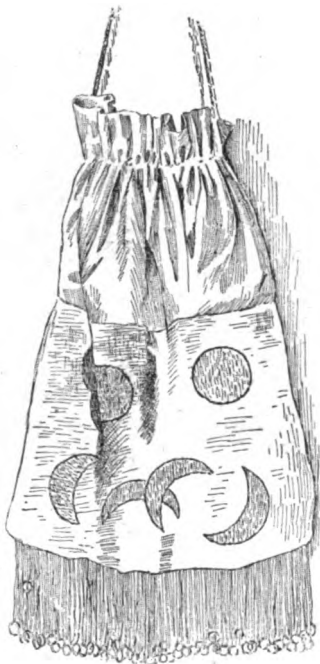
**Shoe-Button Chatelaine.**

Make a little bag of sage-green silk two inches and a half long, with a pocket on one side for the thimble; fill the bag nearly full of shoe buttons; then make a small needle-book of the same silk with leaves of flannel for holding the large, strong needles; next take a half a yard length of many strands of heavy, stout, black linen thread, and after folding in the centre, braid the thread loosely in one piece. Now make a flat bow of sage-green ribbon and fasten a large safety-pin on the under side by sewing it to the bow. This bow is intended to be pinned at the waist. Suspend the thread, button-bag, needle-book, a pair of scissors and a piece of beeswax with narrow sage-green ribbons sewed on the under side of the bow and varying in length, but averaging half a yard.

**Laundry Bag for Clean Linen.**

Materials:—Three quarters of a yard of heavy, evenly-woven Russia crash, sixteen inches wide. Twelve inches of Farmer's satin (yellow). One ball of yellow twine, one gross of brass rings a half inch in diameter. Three shades of olive crewel, two knots of each. Two shades of red crewel, 2 knots of each. One knot of orange crewel. Two shades of yellow crewel, one knot of each. One knot of peacock-blue crewel. One knot of light blue crewel. Cut the crash in two pieces for the sides of the bag, and overcast the raw edges that they may not ravel. Mark out the circles by the top of a jelly tumbler measuring two inches and seven-eighths of an inch in diameter.

Mark out the crescents by a paper pattern. Outline with different colors, using two threads. Fill in with different colors than those used in outlining; work in Kensington stitch, but not solid. I think you can tell by illustration. When the embroidery is done, stitch up the sides of the bag, leaving the bottom open. Cut the cord into eight-inch pieces and nine-inch pieces for the fringe. String a ring on an eight-inch piece, double the cord and sew the ends on the bottom of one side of the crash, then string a ring on the nine-inch piece, double the cord and sew the ends next to the eight-inch piece. Alternate the lengths all the way across, and you will have a pretty fringe. Stitch the two ends of bag together on the wrong side. Turn the bag and stitch across the bottom close to the edge. Stitch the satin across the top of bag, double it and fell it down on the wrong side to cover the stitching. Make three runnings so as to have two places for the drawing-string, made of a twisted cord, from the cord used for the fringe.



**Ornamental Towel-Holder.**

For this is needed three large rings of wood, bone or brass, one yard of plush or other material as best suits the maker's taste, and ribbon for three pretty bows. If plush is used, take the yard and sew together lengthwise and gather the ends very closely and attach to two of the rings. The joining is covered by a pretty bow of ribbon, the same, or contrasting shade. The plush is passed through the other ring and fastened in the centre under another bow of the ribbon. Hang up by the middle ring and pass towels through the two that hang down. The plush may be ornamented in any way desirable. A pretty design is daisies worked in ribbon-work for one side, and golden-rod in chenille for the other side.

**A Jewel Traveling Case.**

This is particularly convenient for carrying small articles of jewelry when traveling. A piece of plush, 5 inches wide and 13 long, is lined with a similar piece of eider-down flannel (the soft material so much used for baby cloaks).

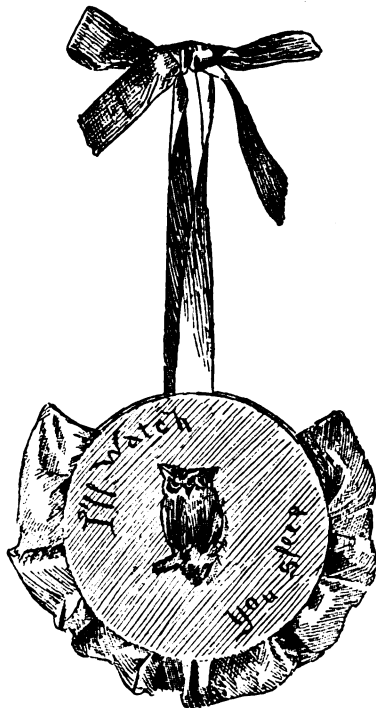
First turn and feather-stitch the edges of the flannel to make it lie flat, and then fell neatly down on the plush. At one end place a bag of surah, with drawing strings, which will hold rings and bangles. At the opposite end fasten three leaves of chamois, pinked and fastened on with a ribbon bow. The space of flannel in the middle, is to hold the fancy pins so popular now. Fold in three folds and tie with narrow ribbon.



**Sachet-Bag.**

One-half yard three shades of yellow, two-inch ribbon. Fringe six inches on each end, sewing the middle six inches together; this will form a square. Fold it on the diagonal and suspend by a tiny ribbon from the ends of the place of turning. This forms a three-cornered sachet, with a very thick fringe.

**A Dainty Watch Case.**  
Cut four round pieces of paste-board three and a-quarter inches in diameter. Cover two of them with red surah silk, and the other two



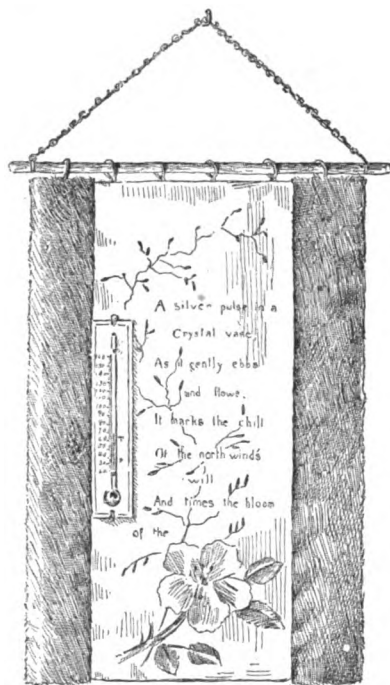
with white satin, or chamois skin, for the lining. Take a strip of the red surah twelve and a-half inches in length and three inches in width. Make a narrow hem on the two ends; gather the two sides and stitch them on to the wrong side of each white round, just inside the edge, leaving three inches and a quarter for the opening. Take one yard of half-inch wide ribbon, cut it in two pieces. Sew one end of each piece on the wrong side of the white rounds, tie the two ends in a bow to hang it up by. Paste one of Kursheeds' small silk owls in the centre of one of the red rounds, with the words, "You sleep, I'll watch," painted or written in gilt above it. Paste the red rounds on to the white ones.

**A Pretty Sachet-bag.**

One-third yard pink, (salmon), one-third yard olive or electric-blue, one-third yard dark terra-cotta, four inches wide ribbon. Fringe four inches on each end, and close and sew the middle four inches up, lengthwise; fill with cotton and sachet powder. Hang, by gathering round a cord, letting the fringe hang over the plain four inches in the middle. It makes a lovely bunch to put on an easel round, or chair-arm.

**Thermometer Case.**

Take a piece of paste-board eight and a-half inches long, five and three-quarter inches wide. Cover the paste-board with one layer of sheet wadding. Bind the two sides with plush two and a-half inches deep on the front, and half an inch deep on the back. Paste the edges down. Between the two pieces of plush place a strip of cream-white satin ribbon, five inches wide, overlapping the edges of plush. Paste the two ends of ribbon over on to the back. Fasten a thermometer three and a-half inches in length, on the left-hand side of the



ribbon about half way. Print the following lines on the ribbon:

A silver pulse in a crystal vase,  
As it gently ebbs and flows,  
It tells the way the North wind blows,  
And times the bloom of the

At the bottom of the lines paint a rose with leaves and a few fine grasses. Cover the back of case with white moiré paper. Paste it round the edges. Suspend by a six-inch gilt rod with a chain.

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IN LITERARY CIRCLES.

LITERARY STANDARDS OF TO-DAY.

By Wolstan Dixey.



His age is, above all things, a practical one. Readers—as much as everybody else—ask first of a book, "What can I do with it?" If they do not say it with their tongues, they ask it in their hearts.

Again, they must consider that the reading public is so variously constituted that every magazine takes a field of its own, thus dividing the ground between them.

But the most unfortunate story, from a commercial point of view, is one that aims to be so much of everything that it is not much of anything.

This need of a concentrated purpose is as peremptory in fiction as in any other class of literature.

If it is a group to be presented, keep them well together so they will all be "in focus"; if an army, very well; let them come as the leaves come when forests are redden.

Know before you begin what story you have to tell, what scene you have to show, what lesson to teach, what information to impart; and tell that story only, or display that picture, urge that lesson, impart that particular piece of information and no other.

And equally as a purpose must be definite and concentrated, its expression must be condensed to the utmost brevity.

Because of the division of labor which modern living has forced upon all workers who aim to furnish marketable wares, periodical reading must run in given channels and writers must say one thing at a time; that writer being commercially most fortunate who has only one thing to say, for all the time one story to tell, one message to deliver—a recognized specialty.

A PRESENT MANY TIMES OVER.

By Hortense Dudley.



That can be more acceptable as a Christmas or a New Year's gift than a well-edited magazine or journal? Each issue brings to mind the kind thoughtfulness of the donor.

A book is a finished picture, a retrospect of past life; but a periodical mirrors the life of to-day; it is current literature.

There is almost infinite diversity of periodicals presented us to choose among, from the pictured pages and jingling rhymes of a child's magazine up to the most abstruse record setting forth the theories of the scientists.

Consider, too, what an unbounded influence an appropriate magazine may have upon growing boys and girls.

What a delicate gift is the periodical! How many homes do we know where bright intelligent children have every necessary want supplied them but no effort is made to direct their young minds into suitable channels of knowledge!

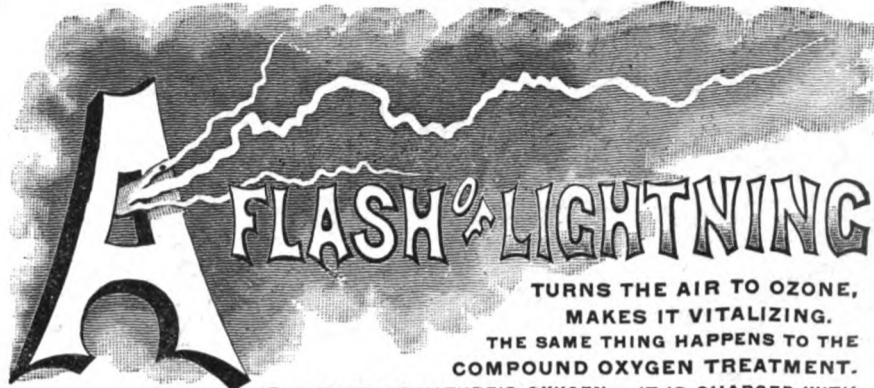
Then, there is the busy housewife, the anxious mother of many children, whose hands and purse are so occupied in providing for the comfort of husband and children that she does not even realize that her own mind is starving.

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HINTS ON HOME DRESS-MAKING BY EMMA M. HOOPER.

MISS HOOPER invites, and will cheerfully answer, any questions concerning home dressmaking which may be sent to her by the JOURNAL sisters...

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ACCESSORIES TO A GOOD FIT.

ALL seams are tapered to give a long-waisted appearance. Do not cut a basque extremely short on the hips if you wish a becoming fit...

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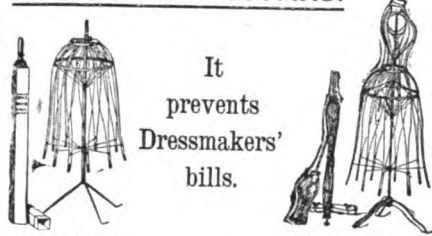
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THESE little ones wear about the same colors as their elder sisters, and use even more of a black note among their frocks in the shape of velvet or surah guimpes, ribbon and feather-stitching...

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DRESSMAKERS' CORNER

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

Mrs. M. D.—The answers are inserted as soon as possible, but we do not promise to have them 'in the next number.' The first are of course the soonest answered, but all are attended to if there is space for them...

A. J. H.—The full quilling you speak of, narrow knife-pleating and a gathered ruffle are worn on the edge of skirts, only showing where the drop skirt is lifted on one or both sides or when it is blown aside. Use the velvet for sleeves, collar and tiny round jacket pieces, or a girle across the front in place of a vest...

A. D.—With blue eyes, light brown hair and a pale complexion wear dark red, all of the brown shades—except an olive—clear dark green, dark and medium blue, cream, yellow, rose-pink and light-blue without a greenish tinge. Avoid all shades of gray or heliotrope.

NANCY—Use a plaid or stripe with your green dress, showing the shade of the plaid goods prominently. Have a fan-plaited back and straight sides of the green, as well as the back of a coat-tail plait in the hem with two and one-half yards of the new material make a slightly gathered front, high sleeves and pointed basque front.

Mrs. MAUD P.—Had you given your full name I would have sent you a personal letter ere this, as your letter reached me too late for the issue mentioned. Use two red widths for the centre front, placing them at the waist-line; then place a half width of black on each side, also placing these at the waist-line, and gather the fullness in several rows at the top to imitate a round, pointed, or square yoke. The back of the red basque will answer, with the third red width and the two black widths forming the skirt part. They should be laid over the basque edge and the red in the middle, massing the goods in a wide double box-plait in the middle of the back. The sleeves can be of one material, with shoulder puffs of the second fabric.

M. E. W.—Use plaid woolen goods or black faille at one dollar a yard.

Mrs. SAMUEL W.—Trim your little girls' cashmere dresses with velvet, and the flannel with black woolen braid. Rose-pink cashmere and pistachio-green velvet afford a charming combination. Use clear dark green with the gray, as black would be too sombre for a miss of fourteen years.

"OLD SUBSCRIBER"—Your kind remarks are fully appreciated, and I hope the article in the November issue helped you. Hereafter we shall pay more attention to the needs of such figures. There are covered steels for the purpose alluded to. A sleeve that is rather full at the top is more becoming than a very close coat-sleeve. Long polonaises are worn under the guise of princess gowns, several of which are described in this JOURNAL. A round waist with a belt would not be as becoming as a pointed basque. You should not cut your figure up with anything going crosswise, but have lengthwise effects entirely. A corset, made to order would be better for you, but as it is three times the usual expense the next best thing is to buy one specially adapted for stout figures. I cannot give names in this column, but will send you the name of a certain suitable make upon receipt of your address and a stamp.

Mrs. T. D. F.—A girl of fifteen years wears a close-fitting coat, or ulster, of plaid or striped goods for everyday, and a reefer jacket of blue or brown cloth trimmed with astrakhan for best. Have a blue or brown felt turban trimmed with velvet, ribbon and fancy "made" pieces, of bird's heads and wings, or a cluster of pompons.

"A BUSY MOTHER"—White guimpes do sell easily, but nothing looks as well with cashmere and velvet as them of the ready-made tucked nainsook at 75 cents to \$1.50 a yard, and have only the yoke, admitting the full sleeves.

R. E. G.—Boys of two to five years are wearing sailor hats of blue or black cloth, banded and embroidered with tinsel, also Tam O'Shanter's, jockey caps, Turkish turbans and other fancy caps, but the first named are the neatest.

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



LL the old books on costume, have been looked over; all the descriptions of curious stuffs have been thought out; all the pictures in which costume plays a prominent part have been given more than a passing glance, and the result is that we are historically, if not correctly, gowned. With the usual perversity or good taste, call it as you will, of woman, the ages have been mixed up and the sleeve of one time is long to the bodice of another; the skirt belongs to still another era, and the drapery, or decoration, may be of this time and this day. The result is decidedly picturesque, and, if to the eye of the student it seems mosaic, it is by no means lacking in artistic effect.

Stuffs are used almost exclusively for the street, their kind being many. Some are spotted like the leopard, others are plaided as the most earnest Scotchman might desire, while others are in plain colors, but in hairy, blanket-looking materials. The plaids have not been ousted even though they did seem a likelihood of the spotted stuffs taking their place. The blue and green combinations are oftentimes chosen, because blue is one of the leading colors of the season, and also because blue velvet can then be used with it.

**AN APRON-LIKE COSTUME.**

One of the latest models for a plaid costume is shown here. (Illustration No. 1.) The skirt is a tightly-fitted one of blue-and-green plaid suiting. In front it has the centre dart that does away with all fullness, while in the back it is laid in double box-pleat, giving the fan-shape that is considered most chic. The tablier is a long, square one of dark-blue velvet, slightly wrinkled and fitting, as shown in the illustration, after a bib fashion. The sleeves, raised high on the shoulders, are of the velvet, but the material proper shows above the bib, and is slightly fulled into a high collar of the plaid. The entire apron is outlined with a sort of dull gold braid, dull not because of the lack of lustre in the gold thread, but by its combination with dark-blue silk. A small bonnet of dark-blue velvet, with a cluster of pink rosebuds decorating it, is tied plainly under the chin.



THE APRON-LIKE PLAID COSTUME (Illus. No. 1).

"But," says mademoiselle, "where does your bodice fasten?" Well, the back is pointed and, copying the fashion of our grandmothers, it is laced all the way down, the strings being tucked under it, and it has velvet apron strings coming from the side, lapping over the back and hanging in long, straight ends over the skirt. These, of course, conceal the division of the bodice from the skirt. No bodice ever fits so well as one that is laced, and

if it does take a little more time to put it on and some one else's services are asked for, there is always a sister at hand who is willing to help, for she knows the day will come when she too will require assistance.

Dressmakers are very fond of announcing to their clients that black silk has gone out of fashion, and lately there have come to me a number of letters asking if this is true. Now, it is not; but—and you see there is a little change to be suggested—the black silk of today is not the hard, staring, angular frock that it was some years ago. Instead, colors are carefully blended with it, rich trimmings are put upon it, and the material that used to seem only fitted to have black jet passementerie as its decoration, or to be made without



A DAINTY ORCHID BONNET. (Illus. No. 4).

any garniture at all, is now enlivened by bits of color, gold, steel or silver trimmings; in reality, it can be made as becoming as one may desire, and surely one always desires to have one's gown becoming. Where a black silk is intended for what is known as general wear, it may be made up with absolutely no trimming except the material, and this is how one is made that is to be given just such wear.

**A SIMPLE BLACK-SILK GOWN.**

A graceful-looking costume is this which is made of black silk that is soft and almost lustreless, although it is gros-grain; the skirt is made with the front wrinkled so slightly that it fits almost as a cloth gown would, while the back has the invariable fan-pleats, made, however, in triple rather than in ordinary double fashion. The bodice is very short on the hips, outlines a small pointed back, and gives in front the effect of a draped Zouave jacket, the material being brought from under the arms to the centre and there held by a rosette made of the silk. It is closed with a rosette of it on the left side. "But," says Madame, "I want to fix over my black silk. There is plenty of material in it and I want it to look as good as new." Then, say I, remodel it after illustration No. 2.

**A SILK AND VELVET COSTUME.**

Take your skirt and fit it after the extremely plain fashion now fancied, allowing, however, a little more fullness to come to the sides than you would if you were using cloth or cashmere. In the back, arrange two double box-pleats that are to be hooked up to the end of the point of the basque, so that a princess effect is possible. Have your basque short in front and arching over the hips. Then to make the black look newer, and to give your gown the air that a French modiste gives a black silk, insert a violet velvet vest; have, as is pictured, a full velvet sleeve and a high velvet collar. Make your bonnet of velvet to match, and put three tiny little black tips just in front. Tie it under the chin with black velvet ribbons.

This is not hard to do if you follow the suggestions and the picture, for it is all plainly shown there.

If you do not care for violet velvet, then use green, blue or golden-brown, as is most let, or pale blue with your silk, for either will give it a curious air of having been made over, bringing out all its imperfections and showing none of its goodness.

**THE DRESSY MATINEE.**

The matinee, or morning jacket, is absolutely untrue to its name, for it is quite as often assumed for the evening, when there are no visitors, as it is in the morning, and its greatest commendation to the woman who takes care of her clothes is, that reserving it as she does for the house, it is really the salvation of her street bodice. It is never made with a loose or untidy effect, the soft, full fronts looking as if it were intended they should be that way rather than if they were made so for so-called comfort. Printed challies, light-weight silks with flowers or figures upon them; plain, smooth cloth, or, where a very striking effect is wished for, elaborate brocades, are used for making these jackets. They are fitted in at the back as perfectly as a basque would be, and while the fronts are semi-loose they are yet cut with such care that they curve in to the figure, a style that is always effective and which has a smart air stamping it.

**A PICTURESQUE BROCADED JACKET.**

This jacket (Illustration No. 3) is made of white brocade with pale green figures upon it. The jacket is fitted as described—a band of brown feather-trimming encircling it at the back of the neck, and extending down each side in front. The soft waistcoat is made of three frills of lisse with a hemstitched finish. The sleeves are high on the shoulder, bell-shaped at the elbow where they cease, permitting under-sleeves of lisse to show below them. At the wrist is a full frill finished with hand-work like the gilet. A ribbon stock shows just in front, and this, matching the feathers, is of brown silk.

A pink challie jacket developed in this fashion is quite as picturesque and becoming as the more expensive brocade, while bengaline in all the light colors and with flowers upon it, may also be commended for such jackets. If one happens to possess some dark brocade it may be brightened by the use of pale yellow, rose, or pale blue for the gilet and under-sleeves. Velvet is not advised for them as it is somewhat heavy looking, and it may be used to more advantage in a tea-gown, where it is always artistic because it can form the princess back and train.

**SPRING FLOWERS IN WINTER.**

Although feathers wave in the air in proud announcement of the vogue that has been given them, curiously enough a reign of flowers also continues during the winter. They are invariably large flowers—roses, chrysanthemums and orchids being given the preference. The roses specially liked are the large stately ones that we call the American beauties, and these stand up on large hats exactly as they grow. A very smart large hat is of green felt, the shade being darker than a Nile, and yet not as deep as billiard; the crown is very low and the brim is cut and turned up at the back so that it may permit the hair to be worn low. From the back the trimming starts: there stands up in a most defiant manner, three short black tips stiffened by being wired, and against them is the most aggressive-looking rose you ever saw. It also stands up, and its leaves are on the stem with their thorns accompanying them exactly as if it had been taken from a florist's window a little before. Where this is seen in place is concealed by a band of ribbon that crosses over the crown, is brought down on to the brim in front, and as its finish there are three shorter tips posing as do the taller ones, and with a rose that might seem a sister to the one at the back, except that it is not quite so large. The ties, of very broad black ribbon come from the back, and are knotted under the chin.

Another very smart hat is a deep heliotrope, the shade called *ceque*, or "bishop's purple." It is as flat as a mushroom and is mounted on a high band of velvet the same color, that makes it stand up from the head. The decoration all comes from the back, and falls over one in a careless fashion. It consists of large purple velvet pansies in many shades. Two half wide, stand up at the back, wired to re-odity, but is very trying and not to be advised for any but a young and pretty face. A hat that one is seen in a great deal is something that should have the *cachet* of good form, but never of oddity.

**THE MOST DAINTY OF BONNETS.**

A bonnet that seemed a veritable orchid itself and that showed as a dainty bit beside the somewhat bizarre hat just described, is a flat, low toque of deep heliotrope velvet. (Illustration No. 4.) Just in front and quite forward, is a velvet orchid, showing the peculiar heliotrope and crimson shades in this variety.



A PICTURESQUE BROCADED JACKET. (Illus. No. 3).

The ties are of heliotrope ribbon velvet, and are knotted under the chin, just over a collar-ette of black feathers. A rose, a bunch of violets or a few chrysanthemums might take the place of the orchid, but, as it is rather newer in the floral world, it is of course counted most desirable. Just remember that while your hat may have the dash you desire, your bonnet wants essentially to speak of a dainty and rather a quiet taste. A bonnet may be rich in decoration, but it should always hint at a slight formality, for it is your bonnet you wear when you pay formal visits, when you go to formal entertainments, or to church, while your hat is put on to go for a walk, to visit an intimate friend, to wear when the weather is doubtful or when you are striving essentially for the picturesque rather than the conventional.

A great deal depends on how you place your chapeau. You must learn to arrange your hair to suit it, and the bang must not be too fluffy or too thick when the bonnet or hat are tiny and flat in effect. If you wish to wear your hair low and can not pin your head covering to it, then a good method is to have a small switch that you can pin on top of your head, and to this can be fastened the unruly adjunct to your toilette. Very often small pins, that is, the usual large pin of the cushion—which is a lilliputian beside a bonnet pin—can be used to pin a bonnet to place; it goes easily through the velvet facing, and then may be caught in the hair. Nobody but a woman who has suffered the infliction, knows what it means to have a bonnet that will not remain in place, a breeze or a sudden start giving one the feeling that it is going, and that one will be made ridiculous—a something more to be dreaded than anything else.

To have all things not only in good taste, but in place, means the success of a costume. You smile at that? You think it is not much? My dear general woman, a good appearance is the best intervention that anybody can possibly have; everybody likes to meet the woman who looks sweet and charming, for they think that surely she must be as she looks, and, oddly enough it is often so. To be sure that one is pleasant to look upon often makes one pleasant to be with; to like beautiful belongings is proper, and womanly; to think of them to the exclusion of everything else, is vain and foolish. The woman who devotes most of her life to her frocks is no more likely to be the best-dressed woman than is the man who having read books of all sorts believes that he is well-educated. Common sense is a safer lever to a woman's correct and tasteful dress than anything else.



A MODEL SILK AND VELVET COSTUME. (Illus. No. 2).



FOR WOMAN'S WEAR EDITED BY MRS MALLON



THE PREVAILING CLOTH BONNET.

many-colored combinations peculiar to Eastern designs. The development of these robes is extremely simple, for the buyer naturally wants the embroidery (which is really woven in the stuff) to show to the best advantage, and this can never be done if the gown is over-trimmed, or made too elaborate.

THE FASHIONABLE CASHMERE ROBE.

This robe (Illustration No. 7) is one of the best styles and one that possesses the charm of novelty, inasmuch as it is not copied from the fashion-plates that so frequently accompany the dress patterns, but is, instead, taken directly from a costume made by a modiste who understood her trade. The material is cashmere of a billiard-green color, and the embroidery, while of many shades, makes black and a glint of gold most conspicuous. The skirt is perfectly plain and gathered on to the waist bodice. This is fitted without any darts, that is, smoothly draped across in the fashion most in vogue, the seam at the waist-line being concealed under a pointed girdle of black passementerie.

The fastening is at the back, the lacing being concealed under folds of the material that extend from the neck to the edge of the basque. The sleeves are slightly raised on the shoulder and are untrimmed. The neck finish is a full frill of black lace, falling over in toby fashion. The large hat is of billiard-green felt, with full plumes of black upon it, and the gloves are of black undressed kid. With this could be worn most suitably a reefer coat of heavy rough cloth. The effect of the girdle is to make the waist seem smaller and the bust broader, and for that reason it may be commended to almost any figure, the plump one gaining from it as well as the one which is slender and lissom.

THE CLOSING OF BODICES.

There is a decided fancy this year to close bodices in every way except after the fashion of old Grimes' coat, which we have all heard was buttoned down before; but really the amateur dressmaker needs a word of warning as to what is and what is not advisable. A bodice with absolutely no seams, and buttoned under the arm, can be made to fit the figure most perfectly; but the getting this done is more than a work of art—it is a work that requires experience and which no one should undertake unless they have had it. It needs to be buttoned very closely, and yet the material must not look as if it were dragged to position.

The fabric itself has to be considered, for one that pulls easily soon loses its shape, and a bodice of this sort not made properly has no reason for existence. The bodice laced down the back is much easier to make and to fit, and as the lacing is usually covered by folds of the fabric, the objection that many women have to frocks closing in the back, that they look too youthful, is entirely done away with. An English dressmaker is always happiest when she can close a bodice in this fashion, for she has the opportunity then of making the front a perfect fit, and the back is bound to yield to the gentle suasion of a silken lace. Be sure that your lace is good and strong; do not yield to the seduction of a cheap one—certain to break.



THE FASHIONABLE CASHMERE ROBE. (Illus. No. 7).

ABOUT EVENING BODICES.

Now that the day, or rather the night for the dance or the reception has come, there is more or less interest in the evening bodice. Skirts of tulle continue to receive the most favor, and very little, if any, decoration is used upon them. They are fluffy and trail on the ground slightly, giving a most graceful air, and yet the little train is not long enough to in-

commode her who finds pleasure in the merry dance. Heliotrope, rose, lavender, yellow, pale blue, gray and black tulle are all in vogue, while white, of course, counts itself supreme. With these skirts is worn a bodice made of velvet, the same shade, or, if one can stand it, an absolute contrast to the skirt. Like all evening bodices this is laced in the back, and the pointed Spanish design is the one preferred.

A TYPICAL VELVET BODICE.

Black velvet is used for the bodice shown at illustration No. 8. It is fitted closely to the figure, pointed in front, arches over the hips, and is laced from the neck to the end of the sharp point at the back. The neck is prettily rounded out, remaining high on the shoulder, and is outlined by a full band of black ostrich feathers. From under the arms come out broad, black ribbons that are tied on the arm just above the gloves. The hair is arranged in the latest mode; that is, the front is in soft fluffy curls, the back hair is brushed down smoothly almost to the nape of the neck, the ends are then curled and tied together with a black ribbon. It is a coiffure specially becoming to brown-haired lassies, or blondes, but not advised for those who have absolutely black hair.

The tulle skirts worn with this bodice are of very pale gray, and the long undressed kid gloves match them in hue. With a becoming and well-fitting velvet bodice one may have several skirts, for with the black may be worn not only the pale gray, but scarlet, pale blue, black, yellow and, if a positive contrast is liked, white. If this be chosen, the gloves and fan should be of white, while the stockings and slippers are black. There is more than one reason why a velvet bodice is to be preferred to a satin one; first of all, it is more becoming and then it shows signs of old age much later in life. The satin is inclined to wrinkle and will willy-nilly lose its gloss and surprise one by cutting right across the front, or in some other equally conspicuous place. Experience has taught that the velvet bodice, or the silk one covered with tulle, is always to be commended in preference to that of satin.

THE CLOTH HAT.

Although cloth toques and cloth bonnets made to match special suits have been in vogue for some time past, only this season has made the cloth hat absolutely popular. Where a velvet was not wanted, the only thing possible to get seemed to be a felt, and sometimes a felt would not bend as one wished it to. Now, however, the cloth hat is to the fore, and that of course may be draped, the frame bent, indeed the entire hat pulled around to suit one's fancy. Golden-brown, light green, the curious blue which is between a blue and green and becoming to nobody, scarlet, black, gray and olive are all used for the cloth hat or bonnet. Very often cloth and felt are combined, the large brim of the felt hat having a soft crown of cloth and then the plumes or other decorations are in harmony.

A very picturesque hat has a rather wide brim of soft black felt, a brim cut off at the back so that it could be turned up without coming over the crown. Black cloth, the fine-face cloth, makes the soft, rather square crown which is draped to one side. At the back are three high loops of black ribbon held in place by a silver dagger, the handle of which is encrusted with turquoises. Two loops of ribbon are flat on the brim just in front, and another dagger is stuck through the loop in the centre of them and it then lies flat on the brim. Although the decoration of this hat is so simple, it is extremely becoming, and a would-be buyer was amazed to find that it cost as much as a large velvet hat elaborately trimmed with flowers and plumes.

A BROWN CLOTH BONNET.

A typical cloth bonnet is pictured in the illustration at the head of this page. One calls it a bonnet though it is just as deserving of the name toque, for it may be with, or without, strings. It is of a light shade of brown cloth, draped over a net toque frame, and made so extremely flat that it rests quite upon the head. From the back come forward and are fastened to position on the top two long rather narrow loops of brown velvet ribbon. The real trimming, however, consists of mink tails starting from each side and coming to the front where the tiny little head of the mink looks out from between them.

In green or dark blue cloth a little bonnet of this shape trimmed with the mink would



A VELVET EVENING BODICE. (Illus. No. 8).

be equally pretty, though in having an all-brown one there is the advantage of a single color that may be worn with most any costume. When the winter days come and the long cloak covers the gown or the short one conceals the imperfections of the bodice, the hat or bonnet, as the finishing adjunct to the costume, are of most importance, so it is wise to choose one that is not only becoming, but which will be good style the season through. Therefore do not exactly imitate your neighbor's hat, but, at the same time, do not select a chapeau that loudly introduces itself because of its oddity or bright colors. Choose instead the happy medium which you and the rest of the world will not tire of.

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# IN THE WORLD OF FASHION

EDITED BY MRS MALLON

MRS. MALLON will, in this Department also be happy to answer any question appertaining to the more expensive fashions of women which the JOURNAL readers may send to her. An answer in print is greatly preferred to a request to reply by mail.



**W**ITH the stormy days comes a keen appreciation of the value of the ulster. It is an absolute rival to the storm-coat, for, when made of the proper rough cloth, it is quite as invulnerable to the rain or snow as is the material that is water-proof. The smart ulster, as shown

at Redfern's, is a small plaid, fitted in the back, having loose fronts, double-breasted, and a very deep cape. The sleeves are easy to get into and the pockets are deliciously big. It cannot be denied that about such an ulster there is a positive air of good style. Small plaids are given the preference in making ulsters, but, of course, larger ones may be chosen, or the coat may be developed in plain cloth of some dark color. One says plain cloth meaning a plain color, for the cloth itself is always rough. A smooth cloth in an ulster would be as ridiculous as mayonnaise dressing on ices. The advantage of an ulster over a storm-coat is, that, while one is kept good and warm the violent perspiration induced by the water-proofed stuff does not



A STYLISH WINTER COAT. (Illus. No. 10).

afflict one, and if the sun should suddenly come out the ulster has an air of smartness unknown to the other coat.

### SOME FASHIONABLE JACKETS.

A fashionable coat does not of necessity need to be a very elaborate one, but it does need to have the *cachet* of a good cutter and a good fitter. It may be made of absolutely plain cloth, untrimmed, and yet look much smarter than coats that are elaborately braided or decorated with fur. Such a coat is one shown and advised for general wear. It is of black, rough cloth, double-breasted, fitting the figure very closely back and front, having a seam over each hip. The collar is high and rolled over, and the sleeves are sufficiently full to look well and not to have too heavy an air, as too often happens when rough material is gathered. Prettily enough it is lined throughout with scarlet brocade. Redfern is making a speciality of these extremely pretty coats, which are by no means expensive, and yet not even the most particular woman could find any fault with material or style.

A somewhat more elaborate coat is of black cloth, with a waistcoat of scarlet striped with black Persian lamb and braided with black braid. The effect produced being that of a fanciful scarlet and black striped material; the sleeves are striped in the same way and the collar is a high one of black Persian.

### A MODE AND GOLD COAT.

At illustration No. 10 is pictured a very rich looking coat showing the favorite combination of mode and gold. The cloth is quite smooth and in its development is fitted in at the back, and has a semi-loose front that buttons far over on one side and gives in this way the air of contrasting sides, a something much in vogue among French and English tailors. The collar, which comes far down and forms a lapel, is of brown fur, and on each side of it are *passermenterie motifs* in gold braid. The sleeves are slightly raised on the shoulders, have cuffs of fur, and above these, extending quite a distance on the sleeves, are elaborate gold braid decorations. The pocket on one side is defined by similar trimming. The hat is a large one of mode felt, turned up in the back, with a soft crown of brown velvet and plumes of mode coming from the back and falling over the crown. The gloves are mode undressed kid.

### A HUSSAR JACKET.

The military jacket is bound to retain its hold during the entire winter and the hussar jacket, looking prettier and more picturesque than ever, is made with a lining warm enough to permit of its being worn during the winter time, and so make the bright cheery spot on the face of the universe which the woman in a red coat always is. It is close-fitting, has the regular frogs of gold braid and the white collar and cuffs overlaid with the gold braiding. The effect is extremely smart, and she who has one counts herself specially fortunate.

Apropos of outdoor wraps, the full cape, recalling the visits of many years ago, is again shown. It looks like a petticoat slit down the front and tied about the throat, but it really is extremely becoming to a slender woman and because of its fullness is warm. A typical one is developed in dark-blue cloth, the top being gathered in to a high collar of black velvet, and long black-velvet ribbons tying it in front. The trimming consists of five rows of velvet ribbon with proper spacings between them, each row being outlined with black braid. Much more sensible than the short cape because it gives greater warmth, this will undoubtedly obtain and will be pretty developed in light colors for evening wear.

### THE LATEST COSTUME.

The very smart gown in cloth is quite close fitting; the effect being obtained either by a seam directly in the centre of the skirt, or one at each side; occasionally the gown is drawn up so that a slight fullness is just about the hips, an arrangement that suits most women, large or small, as in one it conceals the too abundant flesh, while in the other it conceals the angles. An extremely pretty gown is that illustrated at No. 11. It is of dark-blue cloth. The bodice has no seams in front, the drawn folds fitting it to the figure, and it is buttoned under the arm. The sleeves are slightly raised and have a braid decoration formed of two widths of black braid. The skirt, which dips slightly in the back, is drawn up at the waist-line and has a girdle decoration of braid, while about the edge is a very deep and elaborate braid ornamentation. With this is worn a black feather boa, and a small hat, perched high on the head, is made of blue cloth, while the bird just in front is as black as the proverbial ace of spades. In dark green, billiard-green, black, brown, or any color fancied, this gown will be in good form. In black it is very smart when trimmed with wide black braid, outlined with gold soutache.

### THE POPULARITY OF BLACK.

All the black cloths, rough or smooth, diagonal or plain, are liked for the tailor-made gown. Developed as they are with a slight train, trimmed with black, gold or silver braid and having coats accompanying them with rich furs as their garniture, a black costume has an air of good form that is very desirable. The black diagonal is particularly liked by women who understand the art of dressing. It looks well when made up, and hasn't quite the dull effect of a smooth surface cloth. Serge is its only rival, and the woman choosing a black gown, and hesitating between the two, may be certain that whichever she selects has upon it the stamp of approval given by La Mode.

### WALKING COSTUME.

Illustration No. 12 shows a very rich, as well as a very stylish, walking costume. It is made of the curious blue cloth, first-cousin to the shade known as mazarine, which is so difficult to wear and yet which is so pretty to look upon. The skirt fits very closely over the hips and is plaited quite full in the back, not only to make it graceful, but to make walking easy. The foot decoration is of black braid arranged in floral design, and with geometrical-like figures above the curves. The coat bodice is very suggestive of the marquise style. It parts in front to show a black velvet waistcoat; the edges are all piped with black velvet, and outlined by a waving pattern done in black soutache. The collar is of black velvet. The sleeves are high on the shoulders and come down close on the arm in coat shape, with a finish of black velvet and braid.



AN EXTREMELY PRETTY GOWN. (Illus. No. 11).

### DECORATIONS FOR CLOTH COSTUMES.

Almost any kind of fur can be used with good effect on a cloth gown, and, of course, braids of various widths and kinds are always in good taste. At Redfern's every particle of braid is put on by hand, and consequently when the gown itself is in the sere and yellow leaf the braiding has not pulled or gotten out of place, a something that always seems the result when braiding is done by machine. The inlaying of fur and surrounding it with braid that will bring out, not only the fur but the cloth to good effect, obtains; and diamonds, circles or crescents, in flat furs—oftenest Astrakhan, Persian, or natural beaver—are noted about the edges of skirts, on close-fitting jackets or on bodices. On long wraps, enormous Russian collars of long-haired furs are most in vogue, and if the style of the garment permits other decoration, it is then of the fur like that used for the collar.

Many a gown is made to look elaborate by a Russian collar of fur, and cuffs to harmonize; these are sold by the furriers in mink, bear-skin, black marten, Hudson Bay sable, gray



A JAUNTY WALKING COSTUME. (Illus. No. 12).

brimmer and real sable. If one has a cloth costume, the bodice decoration of which is worn or has gotten out of vogue, then it cannot be made to look like new, better than by having velvet sleeves, and the fur decorations described. If you bought a plain coat last year and want to freshen it up for this season it can be done with the fur, and, of course, not having an entire garment to buy you can afford to spend a little more on your furs. Mink is specially smart; but my young women seem to have a liking for black bear or black marten, the fluffy furs suiting them best.

One's outside wrap means so much in the winter time, for all one's walks abroad are taken in it, and that it should be smart and comfortable is most necessary; the rough cloths are usually given the preference, but women who like it choose the smooth-surfaced cloth. Usually it is in the light shades of mode or gray, or the odd blues and greens. A coat above everything else needs to be in good order—that is, buttons must remain as if fastened forever to their places, the lining must not be ripped or the pockets "sagging" by their being made receptacles for small bundles, or even to hold nervous hands that stretch them by never keeping still. Unless you know just how to fold a jacket and have the time to fill the sleeves with tissue paper and to place it as if it were being worn, then hang it on one of the wood shapes sold specially for such a purpose. Do not get a twisted wire one—they are apt to tear the lining. Neither do you want a frame that will stretch your coat out of shape. To take proper care of one's belongings means economy—a few cents gained by a less expensive fabric is as nothing to the consideration shown, day after day, to the brushing, airing and proper putting away of whatever may be worn.

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# The Belle of the Season.



A BEAUTIFUL American lady had grown pale and thin. "The belle of the season" was tired. Each passing winter had found her in the forefront of social gayety, and each recurring summer had tossed her like a straw from city to seaside, from seaside to mountains, and from mountains to country. It was very pleasant while it lasted. There were balls and dinners in the winter, with hosts of admiring friends to bear witness to her social triumphs. A black and dismal day came when she was forced to admit, even to herself, that her influence was gone, and that she was merely a belle of the past. She was no longer beautiful. Flesh and blood and nerves had stood the strain as long as they could, and then they went to the wall.

Realizing that the youth and beauty of her life had come to an end, and knowing how hopeless it was to doctor shattered nerves and a worn-out constitution, she took up the broken threads of her saddened existence and sought in some neglected corner of Europe the rest and quiet that nature so peremptorily demanded.

One October day three years later, the list of steamship arrivals contained the name of the broken-hearted creature who had once been the social favorite. In memory of happier days some friends made haste to call upon her. Among them was her cousin, who had a young physician's belief that his skill in medicine could cure her. Upon entering the drawing-room he was greeted by the most brilliantly beautiful woman that he had seen for years. He gazed in dumb surprise. Could this be his cousin—this radiant creature, with rounded form, elastic step, sparkling eyes, and, above all, a complexion more charming than she had ever possessed before? It was impossible; and yet, she was laughing merrily.

"If it be indeed you," he said, "one sign will not fail me." He looked at her searchingly.

"Your sign has failed," she said; "my freckles are all gone."

"Beauty spots of the past—all gone! Then, you are indeed a stranger. My call is in vain. I came here to cure an invalid."

"I am truly a stranger, for I am new throughout, in mind and body. I have almost been born again."

"You must have discovered the spring of eternal youth."

"I have. Listen well, and I will tell you the secret. You may remember what a wan and broken-down creature I was when I said good-bye on the steamer three years ago. I was on my way to Europe in the hope of benefiting what little health I had left. I could not hope to regain it. Old Doctor Pillsbury discouraged that. At his last visit he scowled at me, talked at me, pounded the floor with his cane, berated my relatives, my bringing up, the state of society which permitted such things to come to pass, and had now left another victim at death's door. No more late hours for me, no more dancing, no more tight lacing, no more indigestible food, no excitement—no nothing. What a physical wreck I was in appearance you know. Young, in both years and disposition, fond of society—the traditions of my family as well as my own tastes leading me to be the gayest of the gay—I had found myself prematurely old and broken-down in health. Well, a change of scene and air would do me some good, and if I abstained from all that makes life pleasant and interesting I might hope to continue to live more dead than alive for a good many years. I did not quite see the gain in that. But, to go on with the story, on the steamer I fell in with some acquaintances who were going to a place called Carlsbad. They asked me to go with them, and as one place was as good as another to me, I went. We reached Carlsbad at the beginning of the regular season, which is the first of May, and I stayed through the entire season, until the first of October. It seemed to be the custom there to drink the mineral waters, and more because it was the custom than from any idea that the waters would do me any good, I began taking the waters myself. For lack of something better to do I equipped myself each day with an earthenware mug, and joined a long line of men and women from all parts of the world on the way to the Springs. The largest, the hottest, and the best-known of the springs was the Sprudel, and naturally I went there. To be in Carlsbad and not to drink the waters of the Sprudel is to be out of fashion; so, out of mere force of habit, I drank.

"I was a long time at it, it seemed to me, and then, to my great surprise, I began to gain in strength. This was more than I had looked for, but it was true. I felt better mentally and physically, and, above all, I began to gain in weight. I seemed to be an entirely new creation. My old flesh had in some mysterious way entirely disappeared, and new flesh was forming in its place. This was like a miracle, but I hardly dared to hope that it could or would continue. But it did continue, although slowly. I felt that I was passing through a new stage of growth. I gained in weight pretty steadily, and, after a time, I felt much stronger. At the close of the season I might have imagined that I was a young girl again.

"I think that you have found the spring of eternal youth," said the young physician. "But how do you expect to retain your present health and freshness without living most of the time in Carlsbad?"

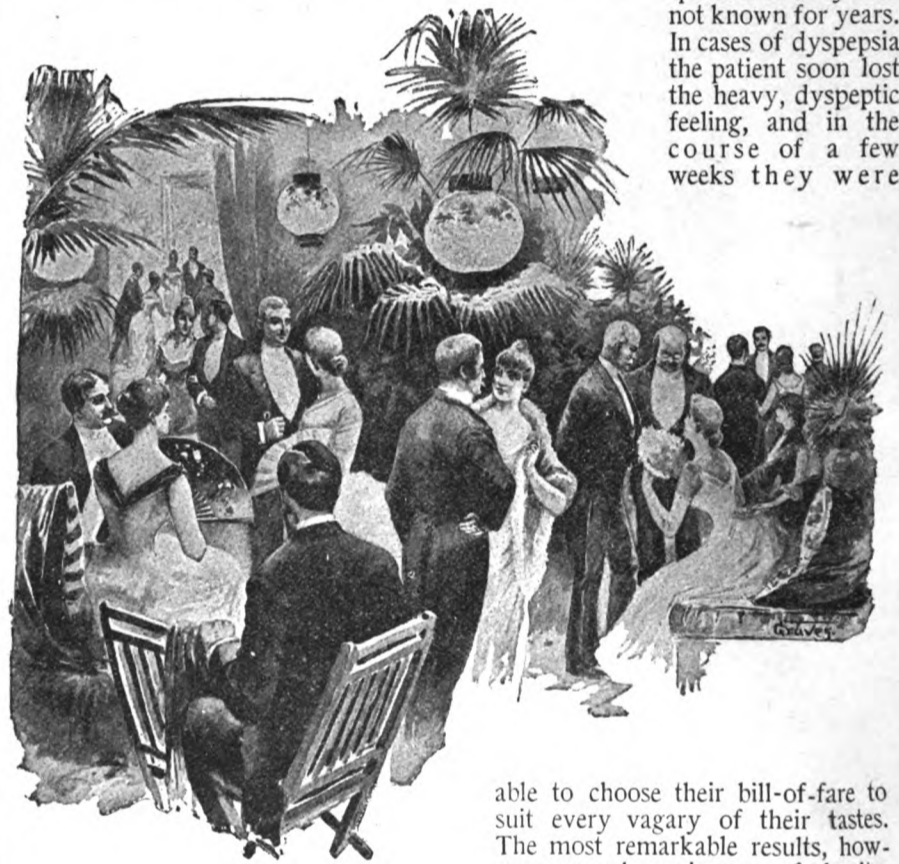
"As it would be inconvenient for me to go to the mountain I make the mountain come to me. In other words, I carry the famous Sprudel Spring around with me. The imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salt, in powder form, is a most ex-

cellent substitute for the waters themselves. Although I am fully restored to health still I am so fond of the waters that I drink as much, or nearly as much, as though I were an invalid. In the morning before breakfast, I dissolve one-half to one teaspoonful of the powder in a glassful of water, which is sold in this country in bottles brought direct from Carlsbad. I would advise you to try a few experiments for your own information on some of your patients. It will do them no harm, in any event, and it is pretty sure to surprise you with its good results."

"It is certainly worth consideration," said the young man. "Perhaps I shall find the opportunity to make the trial that you suggest. Meantime I must again congratulate you upon your recovery."

Some weeks later, the young physician, much impressed by the wonderful story that he had heard, began a series of experiments with the Carlsbad mineral water, the crystallized Carlsbad Salt, and with the Carlsbad Salt in powder form. As his cousin had predicted, he was greatly surprised at the result. Experiments with the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt in powder form were remarkably successful. The diseases treated were mostly dyspepsia, constipation, gout, rheumatism, melancholia, obesity and jaundice. Persons afflicted with melancholia and ailments of a similar nature, began to grow brighter mentally soon after beginning the treatment, and in a few weeks they felt an exhilaration of

spirits that they had not known for years. In cases of dyspepsia the patient soon lost the heavy, dyspeptic feeling, and in the course of a few weeks they were



able to choose their bill-of-fare to suit every vagary of their tastes. The most remarkable results, however, were shown in cases of obesity. In all of these cases the action of the

salts in powder form upon the skin was strongly marked. Especially was this the case with persons having dull or mottled faces as the result of bad complexions. Under the stimulating action of the powder the skin would exfoliate frequently, thus causing the complexion to become much clearer.

He found that the action of the Carlsbad Salt in powder form shows clearly the peculiar value of the water for medicinal purposes. It is not a mere purgative, as might be supposed, but is an alterative and eliminative remedy. In its action on the human system it dissolves tenacious bile, removes all unhealthy growths, allays irritation, neutralizes free acid, and places the vital organs in a sound and healthy condition. It does this by aiding nature, and not by sudden and excessive stimulation.

In its effect upon the stomach the water or the Carlsbad Salt (powder form) causes a soothing, altering action on the nerves or the stomach. This causes the increased appetite that is invariably noticed after a short course of treatment, and also the feeling of comfortable warmth that spreads throughout the entire body. By its introduction into the circulation of the system the Salt corrects many morbid decompositions of blood and lymph.

It will be seen from this casual glance at the action of Carlsbad water and the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt in powder form, that the curative results are obtained in the simplest and most natural manner. The remedy first dissolves and absorbs all tough and obnoxious secretions, and immediately thereafter begins to build up the system with new health and strength. As in building a new house on the foundations of an old one, the builders first clear away the old rubbish, so the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt and water clear away the rubbish and accumulated secretions of ill health. The superstructure of new life and strength is then built upon the renewed foundations.

The Salt in powder form is becoming so popular in this country that dishonest persons have found it profitable to place upon the market bogus Sprudel Salt; but to make sure that he is getting the genuine imported article the purchaser should be careful to buy only that which bears the name of Eisner & Mendelson Co., of 6 Barclay street, New York city, on the wrapper and label, who are the sole agents for the United States for the products of the Carlsbad Springs. The pamphlets issued by this house give a great deal of interesting information concerning Carlsbad, and will be mailed free upon application.

Messrs. Eisner & Mendelson Co., will also mail one bottle of the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt (postage paid and securely packed), upon receipt of One Dollar, if the same can not be procured of the Druggist.





THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP



MRS. KNAPP cordially invites the JOURNAL sisters to send her any new receipt or idea for kitchen or table. All such accepted will be paid for at liberal rates.

NOTES ON EUROPEAN COOKERY.

By MARY BARRETT BROWN.



WHAT an immense help it is towards having an attractive, daintily-furnished table at a very trifling cost when once the housewife has made herself intimately acquainted with the art of superior vegetable cookery.

POTATO KLOSSE. This receipt is of German origin, and highly to be recommended. Beat a pound of well-boiled, mealy potatoes to a perfectly-smooth pulp, and while still warm, add a pleasant seasoning of salt and pepper, two ounces of butter slightly melted, but not oily, a tablespoonful of finely-minced parsley, and two well-beaten eggs.

POTATO OLIVES. Peel the requisite quantity of potatoes, and cut them into the shape of olives; rinse them well in cold salt and water, then drain and put them into a saucepan of boiling salted water, and boil very gently until quite soft, but not at all broken.

POTATOES A LA PARISIENNE. Take one pound of well-boiled, mealy potatoes—weighed after being cooked—and pass them through a fine, wire sieve—a utensil which ought to be found in every kitchen.

CUCUMBERS A L'ESPAGNOLE. Choose two or three fresh, young cucumbers, peel them, and cut each one in halves lengthwise; next cut each half through the middle, thus forming four neat-shaped, equal-sized pieces out of each cucumber.

Choose two or three heads of well-blanchéd celery and trim them nicely, leaving on just as much of the stalk as is tender; parboil the vegetable in well-salted water, then rinse in cold water and drain on a sieve.

CELERY A LA VERSAILLES. Cleanse two or three heads of well-blanchéd celery and trim them nicely, leaving on just as much of the stalk as is tender; parboil the vegetable in well-salted water, then rinse in cold water and drain on a sieve.

A FEW DELICIOUS PUDDINGS. ALTHOUGH new desserts continually appear, many of us often recur to the puddings which have long ago passed beyond the point of experiment.

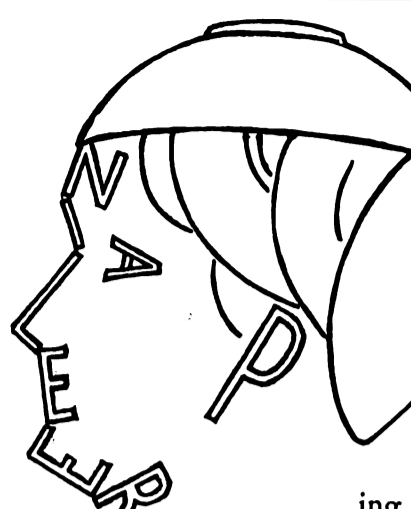
RICE PUDDING. Boil two teaspoonfuls of rice in a quart of milk; when tender, pour in a pint of cold milk, add two cupfuls of sugar, half a cupful of butter, half a pound of seeded raisins, a teaspoonful of grated cocoanut, half a pound of sliced citron, and some of blanched almonds pounded.

TAPIOCA PUDDING. Soak a cupful of tapioca over night. Peel and core six tart apples, stew until tender. Put them in a pudding dish, fill the centres with sugar and grated nutmeg.

GELATINE PUDDING. Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in a pint of hot water. Let cool, add the whites of three eggs, the juice of two lemons, and a teaspoonful of sugar; pour in a mold. Make a rich custard. Flavor with vanilla and pour over the gelatine. Eat with lemon and sugar.

CABINET PUDDING. Beat four eggs until light, add three coffee-cupfuls of milk, and half a teacup of sugar. Grease a pudding mold, sprinkle the bottom with stoned raisins, chopped citron, and blanched almonds, then put in thin slices of stale cake, cover with another layer of the fruit, put on more cake and fruit, until the mold is filled.

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Beware of cheap imitations. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, do the honest thing—send it back.

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CAN YOU BEAT EGGS? You can't without a SURPRISE EGG BEATER. POULTRY. All about diseases, breeds, management, incubators, and a thousand facts. BIG PAY to agents to introduce the Queen Washing Machine.



THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MRS. LOUISA KNAPP



MRS. KNAPP cordially invites the JOURNAL sisters to send her any new receipt or idea for kitchen or table. All such accepted will be paid for at liberal rates.

A DAINTY CHRISTMAS TEA OF "TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

By MARY BARRETT BROWN.



THE principal meal on Christmas Day, is, of course, the dinner, which is, generally speaking, of a very elaborate character; the tea, therefore, in order to be really appreciated should form as far as possible, a pleasing contrast.

Nothing of a hot, heavy, or greasy nature should be provided, but only those light, elegant trifles which are so enjoyable when accompanied by a cup of judiciously made tea.

LEMON PATTIES.

These appetizing little cakes are very easily made and are not at all expensive. The preparation with which they are filled will, if nicely made and stored in a cool place, keep good for several months, and it is always a convenient thing to keep on hand; it is prepared as follows: Put eight ounces of butter into an earthenware jar, with the well-beaten yolks of eight fresh eggs, eight ounces of finely-sifted white sugar, the strained juice of two fresh lemons and the grated rind of three.

CURLED WAFERS.

Beat six ounces of fresh butter to a cream, then mix it gradually with an equal weight of dried sifted flour, three large, well-beaten eggs, two ounces of fine, white sugar, a pinch of salt, a few drops of flavoring essence and three or four tablespoonfuls of cream; beat the mixture briskly until the various ingredients are thoroughly blended, then drop it, a tablespoonful at a time, upon a buttered baking-tin, leaving plenty of space between for the cakes to swell during the process of cooking, which they will do to a considerable extent.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS.

Put a quarter of a pound of grated chocolate, of the very best quality, into a basin with an equal quantity of sifted, white sugar and three ounces of almonds which have been blanched and pounded; mix well, form into a rather soft, light paste with beaten egg, then drop the preparation, in tiny morsels of equal size, upon a baking-tin which has previously been covered with a sheet of thickly-buttered paper.

FRUIT LEAVES.

Break three large, fresh eggs into a basin; beat them well, then add four ounces each of finely sifted flour and white sugar, a seasoning of salt and some flavoring essence, and continue a brisk beating until all the ingredients are thoroughly blended. Spread the paste out in a half-inch layer on a buttered baking-tin; bake in brisk oven for about a quarter of an hour, then allow to cool, and stamp out in pretty-shaped leaves with a sharp pastry cutter; cover the top with a thin layer of green icing, dry in a cool oven with the door open, then cool on a sieve. Serve in a circle or wreath on a pretty glass dish, and fill in the centre with a mound of delicately whipped cream, the latter lightly sprinkled with finely-chopped, candied cherries.

I would fain offer more receipts would space allow of it, but all I can say is, place the plunk-ake in the middle of the table, garnish it, after it has been prettily iced, with holly leaves and berries, and arrange the other cakes according to taste; supplement these with some plates of rolled bread and butter—a dainty which I dare say every housewife knows how to prepare—plenty of plain, crisp crackers or "biscuits," as we term them, and a dish of fresh butter made up into pretty, fanciful shapes, and the Christmas tea-table will present an appearance welcome to all.

TWO CHOICE CHRISTMAS CAKES.

ALMOND CAKE.

BEAT sixteen eggs very light, whites and yolks separate. Cream one pound of butter, and beat into it one pound of soft white sugar. Have ready one pound of flour sifted and warmed. Stir the egg yolks into the sugar and butter, then add the egg white and flour alternately, and one level tablespoonful of finely-pounded mace. Have two pounds of almonds blanched and pounded in a mortar with rose-water, two pounds of citron cut into small pieces. Mix well into the cake and bake slowly.

BOILED ICING FOR ALMOND CAKE.

To one pound of white sugar add one gill and a half of water. Boil it gently until it will fall in strings from the spoon. Beat the whites of three eggs very stiff. When done pour the syrup into a large bowl and beat it hard until it has a milky appearance. Then, by degrees, add the egg white. Continue to beat it until very thick and light, but not too thick to spread smoothly. Flavor with essence of lemon, and ice the cake at once. When smoothly iced set it in a warm oven for a few minutes to dry. Do not let it remain in the oven long or the icing will be discolored.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.

Cream one pound of butter and add one pound of soft white sugar. Beat fourteen eggs very light, the yolks and whites separately. Sift and warm one pound of flour, and add it by the handful to the sugar and butter alternately with the egg yolks and whites. Stir in one tablespoonful of essence of lemon and one tablespoonful of mixed spices, beaten very fine and sifted. Have ready two pounds of stoned and chopped raisins; two of currants, picked, washed and dried; two of citron, cut small; two pounds of almonds, blanched and pounded with rose-water, and one gill of sweet cider. Mix the fruit and cider thoroughly into the cake, and bake it very slowly and carefully.

There has never been anything discovered that will equal Dobbins' Electric Soap for all household uses. It makes paint look like new, and clothes as white as snow. Our wash-woman says it is a pleasure to use it. Ask your grocer for it.

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This pure Extract of Beef is acknowledged, by all who have tested its qualities, to be superior in its nutritive properties to any other extract of meat yet offered. For the sick, or well, it should be an indispensable article of diet in every family. Beef tea, bouillon, or soups made from it in a few minutes. General agents for United States.

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INDISPENSABLE IN GOOD COOKING.

As a "Stock" or Meat-flavoring Ingredient for Soups, Made Dishes, Sauces, Poultry, Game, Fish, etc. A Slight Addition Gives Great Strength and Flavor.

Genuine only with J. von Liebig's signature in blue, thus: J. Liebig

RECIPE FOR OX-TAIL SOUP. (Thick.)

Divide at the joints, into pieces, three ox-tails; put into a stew-pan with two sliced onions, a few mixed herbs, two or three cloves, 2 1/2 quarts of water; bring it gently to the boil; skim carefully the skum from the top; strain the liquor and put back into the stew-pan, with the pieces from the tail; stir in two teaspoonfuls of Liebig's Company's Extract, and thicken with a little flour.

Five Persons—Time, Three Hours.



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NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

The following poem, among the tenderest in our language, descriptive of a child saying this prayer, is reprinted here at the request of several readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

GOLDEN heap so lowly bending,  
Little feet so white and bare;  
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,  
Lipsing out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying—  
"Now I lay me down to sleep"—  
'Tis to God that she is praying;  
Praying Him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly—  
"If I should die before I wake"—  
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—  
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Oh, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,  
Of the soul who wrote that prayer;  
Children's myriad voices floating  
Up to Heaven, record it there.

If of all that has been written  
I could choose what might be mine,  
It should be that child's petition  
Rising to the throne Divine.

LETTERS TO BETH.

NO. IX.—GIRLS BEHIND THE COUNTER.



Y DEAR BETH:—Your question concerning the duty of girls who stand behind the counter to sell goods of any sort whatsoever, has more significance than you think.

I have been interested in these girls for years, and it is now a long time since Mrs. Croly (Jennie June), myself and a few others, besought employers to give the girls seats when not specially occupied with customers. This interest, which time increases, leads me to put down a few rules for such young women—indeed for all women—behind the counter, to remember. Four times within a month I have left as many different stores without the article I desired to purchase, because the attendants were so occupied in talking over their own affairs, or a party they had attended, or young men they knew, that my interest and that of their employer could not be considered.

I should like to say to these careless girls that they not only injure themselves, but the honest and ladylike circles, who attend strictly to business and find time to be very polite while doing so.

My suggestions or rules would read something like this:—

- Remember that all the time spent in the store belongs to your employer.
- That courtesy behind the counter wins even the most captious customer.
- That gossip about young men, or with them, is unbusiness-like and, under the circumstances, rude.
- Never attempt to instruct a customer; while you may suggest, or politely question, the desirability of this or that.
- Do not say, "Here Sade, hand me your pencil," to your neighbor.
- Never say, "No, we haven't got it," in a short, crisp tone; far better a polite "I am sorry to say we do not have it in stock."
- Do not thrust a package at a customer as you would a pistol in the face of a highwayman.
- Never throw down goods with an air which seems to say, "I do not care whether you buy it or not."
- Remember that the purchaser often sees more in the seller than she thinks, and refined young women have made valuable friends for life by their courtesy to an accomplished customer.
- Always remember, that duty to your employer demands your best service, and duty to yourself also.
- Seek to be a model saleswoman, and some one will soon recognize your merits.
- Dress modestly and avoid cheap jewelry; the best ornaments are: promptness, politeness, a well-modulated voice, and strict attention to duty.
- Have your hair neatly combed, your teeth well brushed and your finger-nails tidy. Customers are often repelled by an untidy clerk of either sex.
- Remember always, that you are superior to circumstances, only when you make yourself so. The most selfish, exacting employer will gladly recognize the merits of an efficient clerk.
- Frown down with womanly scorn the nonsensical title of "saleslady." It is a grand thing to be a woman anything; if you are a true and good woman, a good clerk is infinitely more respectable than a so-called "saleslady," and the term has a shoddyish ring which is totally un-American.
- Out of two hundred clerks in a large establishment, the favorite with nearly all of the customers, is a young woman who invariably dresses modestly in black, and has such charming manners that it is a positive pleasure to visit her department; indeed, it is said, that ladies frequently make excuses to do so.
- This young woman makes the best and most of herself; she attends strictly to business in the store, and out of it improves her leisure hours. She can speak several languages and commands a good salary. When she left school, she did not care to teach and thought it was wrong for one to do so, without some special fondness for the profession. She was fond of business and business methods, and consented to begin at the bottom and work up. She is consulted by her wealthiest customers, relied on in matters of taste and selection, and is a welcome guest in

many a home where her energy, talents and refined bearing have won her a place. This young woman would never consent to be called a "saleslady," as she remarks, "I am a saleswoman, at the head of a department if you choose, and very glad to be of service to the many lovely women who come to me."

While I recognize all the trials and temptations of girls behind the counter, while I am familiar with the exactions, restrictions and sometimes actual immorality and cruelty of some employers, while I know that good girls are often exposed to unjust suspicion and criticism, I must still think, after taking the testimony of hundreds of girls, that some of the evils are due to themselves.

Therefore, my dear young women, make yourselves attractive, because you are so well bred, so earnest, so capable, and so honest. Every employer will then respect you, and every customer appreciate you.

Small wages and long hours are grievous enough; but I beg of you, do not add to the evils you endure, others which are the direct result of your own carelessness or thoughtlessness. Let your principles be strong, your patience and tact unflinching, and kindness and respectful attention unlimited.

Remember, I pray you, that

"Sweet Mercy is nobility's true badge."

This, fair Beth, would be my sisterly advice to girls behind the counter.

Yours faithfully,

KATE TANNATT WOODS.



On the mend

—the consumptive who's not bereft of judgment and good sense. He's taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If taken in time and given a fair trial, it will effect a cure. Consumption is Lung-scrofula. For Scrofula, in its myriad forms, and for all Liver, Blood and Lung diseases, the "Discovery" is an unequalled remedy. It's the only guaranteed one. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you get your money back. You only pay for the good you get.

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THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Is one which will give the most lasting pleasure. If, in addition to the joy it carries as friendship's token, it will also serve to encourage a rational and laudable ambition for "getting on in the world," by placing the recipient on the sure road to the acquirement of a competency, two very great ends are attained. Instead of spending \$25, \$50, or \$100 on some bauble of only passing interest, which well-meant act you know has in the past only cultivated the extravagant taste, without satisfying it, why not this season try an entirely new plan which commends itself to every thoughtful person, young or old? Buy one or more lots in some new but absolutely solid, permanent, progressive place in the richest section of the northwest. This would be a most suitable and attractive Christmas or New Year's present for anyone. What could be better to cultivate a taste for the acquirement and care of property or to permanently cheer those who like to contemplate the possession of an indestructible "nest egg" for a rainy day?

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USEFUL THINGS WORTH KNOWING

VERY often is the short hint or suggestion that we read somewhere which proves a mountain of help at some critical time...

AN EASY METHOD OF EBONIZING.

Picture frames, chairs, etc., are ebonized by washing them four times, thoroughly drying between the times, in a boiling mixture of strong log-wood and water.

WHEN YOU DUST OR SWEEP.

In dusting do not forget the backs of pictures hanging on the walls.

A skewer used under the edges of carpets, and a slightly dampened cloth or sponge, will save much dust and labor if occasionally used in place of a broom.

TO REMOVE BRUISES FROM FURNITURE.

To remove bruises from furniture, wet the part in warm water; double a piece of brown paper several times, soak in warm water and lay it on the bruise; then apply a warm—not hot—iron until the moisture has evaporated; if the dent is not raised to the surface, repeat the process.

HOW TO DRINK MILK.

Why milk is "distressing" to so many people as they commonly complain, lies in the method of drinking it. Milk should never be taken too quickly, or too much at one swallow.

TO GET RID OF MOTHS.

Salt is now pronounced to be, beyond all other things, the best exterminator of moths. Women in hospitals, large storage rooms have tried all remedies only to come back to common salt.

A USE FOR PAPER BAGS.

Paper bags, in which many articles are sent from the grocers, should be saved for use when blacking a stove. The hand can be slipped into one of these, and the brush handled just as well, and the hands will not be soiled.

WHEN THE EYES ITCH.

People who are troubled with itching eyes should remember that the best treatment is to use a cool, weak salt-water wash every few hours. If this does no good, go to a physician who makes a specialty of eye diseases.

TO CLEAN MIRRORS.

Clean mirrors with warm soap-suds, and rinse with warm water and ammonia; then rub them over with whiting tied in a piece of muslin, and polish with a chamois skin.

TO CLEAN DECANTERS.

Clean decanters with strips of coarse, brown paper and cold water, filling the decanter quite full with the strips. Tea-leaves, potato parings and shot are also used, but nothing gives the polish of the brown paper.

COPPER SAUCEPANS AND TINS.

Copper saucepans are cleaned on the outside with salt and vinegar, and on the inside with soap and water—after they have been filled with water and a small lump of soda, which must come to a boil.

New tins should be set over the fire with boiling water in them for several hours before food is put in them.

EARTHENWARE, CHINA AND GLASS.

Before using new earthenware, china or glass, place it in a boiler of cold water and salt, and let it gradually boil and then slowly cool. It is less liable to crack if thus treated.

TO CLEAN FURNITURE.

Wash dusty furniture with warm—not hot—white soap-suds, in which drop an ounce of linseed oil to a pail of water; wipe dry before polishing.

Dust carved furniture with a new paint-brush, which will find the dust in the deepest of the work.

Sponge an old leather chair lightly with warm soap-suds, and then rub it over with the white of an egg whipped stiff.

HOW SHOES SHOULD FIT.

A shoe, or even stocking, that is too short, may so seriously deform a child's foot as to cause trouble through life. Indeed, foot-gear of all sorts should have, above everything, length, breadth and thickness. The shoe ought to be at least half-an-inch longer than the foot, with a double sole broad enough to save the upper from touching the ground.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

No other Weekly Paper gives such a Variety of Entertaining Reading at so low a price.

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Free to

To any New Subscriber who will send \$1.75 now, we will mail The Youth's Companion FREE to January, 1891, and for a Full Year from that Date. This offer includes the FIVE DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBERS and all the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY SUPPLEMENTS.

Jan., 1891.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Pears' Soap



SCRAMBLING FOR IT (BEWARE OF VILE IMITATIONS.)

HERE is a good-natured tussle for a cake of Pears' Soap, which only illustrates how necessary it becomes to all persons who have once tried it and discovered its merits.

The man who has once tried Pears' Soap in form of a shaving stick wants no other; he takes it with him on all his journeys. That woman who travels and fails to take—as she would her toothbrush or hairbrush—a supply of Pears' Soap, must put up with cheap substitutes until her burning, smarting skin demands the "matchless for the complexion."

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS

Is the most marvelous Antidote yet discovered. It is the premier Specific for Sick Headache and Indigestion, and is found efficacious and remedial by FEMALE SUFFERERS.

Beecham's Pills Act like Magic on a Weak Stomach

And are the Great Cure for

SICK HEADACHE, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, DISORDERED LIVER, Etc.

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B. F. ALLEN CO., Sole Agents for the United States, 365 and 367 Canal Street, New York, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—but inquire first. Please mention LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

OUR SYSTEM THE BEST.

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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. SURE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE. THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. D. NEEDHAM'S SONS, Inter-Ocean Building, Cor. Madison and Dearborn Streets, CHICAGO. RED CLOVER BLOSSOMS, AND FLUID and SOLID EXTRACTS OF THE BLOSSOMS. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER KNOWN, Cures Cancer, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Piles, Whooping-Cough, and all BLOOD DISEASES. Send for circular. Mention paper.

HOLIDAY PACKAGE. Containing 75 Christmas Presents, as follows:—1 Pretty Doll, 7 in. tall, life-like features, curly hair, 4 dresses and hats; 1 Set Toy Furniture, 25 pieces, Sofa, Table, Bureau, Chair, etc.; 1 Menagerie, containing 33 Animals, Bear, Lion, Dog, Horse, Camel, Cow, etc. Also, 10 Toy Soldiers and 1 Picture Story Book, all painted in fancy colors, surpassing anything of the kind in the toy line, and furnishes endless amusement for a house full of children. You can buy nothing more appropriate to give as a Christmas Present. Special Offer.—To introduce our Beautiful Family Magazine, filled with charming stories, and everything that is good, we send it 6 months, and the Holiday Package, containing all the 75 Toys named above, postpaid, for 50 cts. (stamps taken). Don't wait; order now. SOCIAL VISITOR MAGAZINE, BOX 3139, BOSTON, MASS.

Down With High Prices! SEWING MACHINES FROM \$40 TO \$10! Prices Lower than the Lowest on Buggies, Carts, Sleighs, Harness, \$5.00 Family or Store Scale, \$1.00 A 240-lb. Farmers' Scale, ... 3.00 Farmers, do your own Repairs. Forge and Kit of Tools, ... \$20.00 1000 other Articles at Half Price. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS. Has a pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. A permanent cure for the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. EDGELSTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

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PERSONAL BEAUTY. HOW TO ACQUIRE and RETAIN IT. How to remove Pimples, Wrinkles, Freckles and Superfluous Hair; to Develop the Form; to Increase or Reduce Flesh; to Color and Restore the Hair, Brows and Lashes, and to Beautify the Complexion. A book of interest to every lady. Mailed (sealed and postpaid) for 10 cts. It contains many hints, testimonials and valuable receipts (easily prepared at home), and shows how to obtain free samples of Cosmetics. MADAME LAUTIER, Cosmetic Artist, 124 West 23d St., New York City. FRAGRANT LOTION PURIFIES and BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN. Is not a Cosmetic. At druggists or by mail, 50 cents. (Mention this Paper.)

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DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED BY Peck's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where Remedies fail. Sold by F. HISCOX, only, 852 B'way, New York. Write for book of proofs FREE.

# ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

## HOLIDAY DECORATIONS.

WITH the approach of the holidays comes renewed interest, yearly, in the decoration of rooms. Churches, school-rooms and the home are decked with greenery in honor of the season. The question of "How shall we trim," and "What shall we trim with," comes up everywhere. With a view to being helpful, the following suggestions are given:—

In churches there should be as much variety of design as possible, from year to year. The same design used season after season, becomes tiresome, and there is no reason for repeating it. Put a little thought into the work, and vary its leading features; make a change here and there, and the result will be something new, in a great degree. Of course, the general plan will be the same to a great extent, but change in details produces an effect of freshness in result which will be highly appreciated.

Decorating a room will require considerable thought if you would have the result an expression of individuality. If you pattern closely after what some one else has done in this line, you have something that suggests a copy, without the idea of originality which makes work of this kind most pleasing. Exercise your own taste and judgment as to the fitness of things, and let the material at hand and the style of decoration harmonize. Never attempt anything very elaborate with slight or simple material. If the idea comes to you that this or that arrangement would be pleasing, don't discard it simply because you never heard of its being carried out before. Try its effect, and you may be greatly pleased with the result. Experiment. Successful work in this line is always the result of experiment based on the principle of good taste. Therefore, don't be afraid to be original.

The material in use in most parts of the country for holiday decoration consists mainly of arbor vitae, hemlock, spruce, cedar, ground pine and lycopodium. Where holly can be obtained, it will be found very effective. In some sections, mountain laurel or kalmia is abundant. At the South there are many evergreens which will be found useful. Even the ordinary pine can be used, though it is not as desirable as any of the others named, except when used in large masses where special effects are desired. But it must be kept in mind that all evergreens used must be relieved of a monotony of color by the use of contrasting or bright colors. In England, holly-berries are mostly depended on. Here we can press into use, bitter-sweet, rose-lips, the brilliant red berries of the swamp alder, sumach and the white fruit of the waxberry, while immortelles in various natural colors, or dyed ones, can be used. A most charming and airy effect can be secured by the use of *asclepias cornuti*, the common milkweed. Separate the plumes from the seed and lay them together, smoothly; then pass a fine wire around one end of them and fasten it snugly. Then shake out the little bundle of silken floss, and you have a fluffy tuft which suggests thistle-down. In most parts of the country the seed-pods of this plant can be gathered in great quantities, and a little practice will enable one to make the pompons neatly and rapidly. They are often sold under the name of "fairy flowers"; when combined with a few bright everlasting, or a cluster of brilliant berries against a back-ground of evergreen, they are extremely effective.

Most kinds of grains and grasses, if gathered before quite ripe, and dried in the shade, will be found useful in giving variety. Pampas grass plumes are to be bought at low prices and will be found very effective; cat-tails are valuable; pine cones are excellent if given a coat of glue or mullaged and then dusted with powdered mica. Begin to "study up" on this subject, and you will find that the stock of material from which to draw is much larger than you had supposed. Excellent effects can be had with but a very little study,—study which will richly repay the time spent.

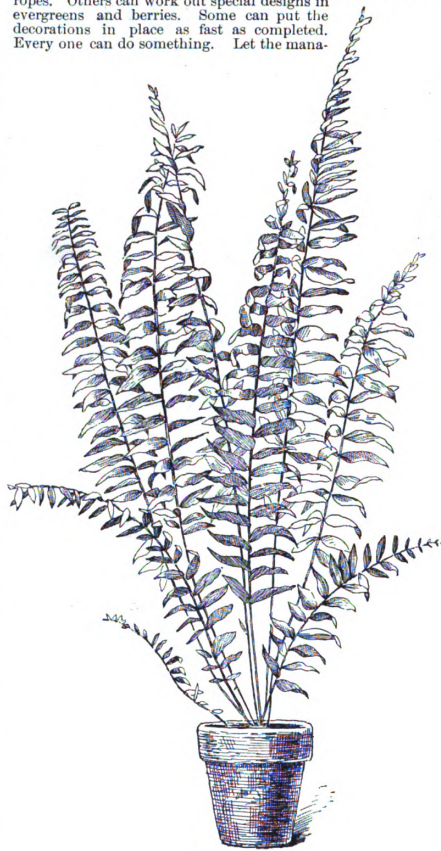
Have a plan to work to, always, in decorating a room. If you have none, the effect will certainly be lacking in harmony of idea when the work is completed, for each person taking part in it will be pretty sure to follow out his or her idea of what ought to be done. Therefore, leave the design to some one having good taste, and carry out the plan decided on, faithfully. Don't attempt too much, but what you do attempt, do well. Get all the young people interested in the work. Some can make wreaths of evergreen for festoons and arches by tying branches to stout string or ropes. Others can work out special designs in evergreens and berries. Some can put the decorations in place as fast as completed. Every one can do something. Let the mana-

## THE GRACEFUL SWORD FERN.

ONE of the most satisfactory plants for a hanging-basket or vase is *Nephridium exaltatum*, or Sword Fern. It lacks the grace of the *Adiantum*, it is true, but it makes up for this by its vigor and the ease with which it adapts itself to culture in ordinary rooms. Few ferns can be grown well outside a greenhouse, but I have seen very fine specimens of the Sword Fern growing in the sitting-room window. It is a rapid grower, throwing up many fronds from eighteen inches to two feet in length. These droop gracefully over the basket, and their rich, dark-green color shows to good advantage when the plant is suspended in the window. Care should be taken to keep the foliage clean by showering frequently, and free from scale. This can be done by washing occasionally with weak soapsuds. The texture of the leaf is thick and leathery, and because of this, the plant is able to flourish in rooms where most ferns would die. Give it a soil of leaf-mold and never let the roots get dry. Wherever a frond touches soil it sends out roots, and in this manner the plant multiplies itself.

## WINTER-BLOOMING GERANIUMS.

BECAUSE a Geranium will blossom so freely and constantly during the summer season, most persons seem to think it ought to keep on doing so the whole year, and I am constantly in receipt of letters asking why it fails to do so. In reply to these questions I can only say this: That unless special preparations are made for it in advance, you cannot expect satisfactory results from Geraniums in winter. You must grow your plants for winter flowering, and, in order to have them in proper condition for this, you must begin with them in spring. Take plants grown from cuttings the year before; these are in every way preferable to young plants of the present season, as a Geranium cannot be made into a good flowering plant the first year. It must have age and size; cut it back well in order to secure as many branches as possible, as the amount of bloom depends largely on the number of these. If a plant shows an inclination to "straggle," keep at it, pinching off the top or the ends of its branches until you force it to put forth as many branches as you require. If the plant has vigor it will have to grow, and if you refuse to let it



THE SWORD FERN.

put its growth into one branch, it will have to throw out other branches in which to find a channel for the expenditure of its vitality. If you are patient and persistent, you can oblige the plant to grow to suit you. Keep all buds picked off during summer. You know the old saying, "You can't eat your cake and keep it too." If you have flowers from a plant in summer, you cannot expect to have them in winter. If you want them then, keep the plant at work during the summer season in getting ready for winter work. If given proper care you will have a plant in the fall which is bushy, compact and covered with growing points, and it will be ready to begin blooming as soon as given a chance to do so; but a plant which has been allowed to bloom through the summer will be in a condition requiring rest. The following list includes some very good winter bloomers:

## NEW VARIETIES OF CARNATIONS.

AMONG the many new varieties of carnations sent out last season, the following have proved worthy of special mention:

- Anna Webb*—A flower of fine size, form and substance, of a very rich, velvety-red, heavily shaded with maroon. One of the darkest kinds, and a great acquisition.
- Chester Pride*—An excellent winter-flowering variety. Does not burst its calyx, as so many kinds do. Very large and double flower, pure white, striped with carmine.
- Pride of Kennett*—Flowers large and freely produced. Color, magnificent dark red.
- Starlight*—Sport from the old and well-known *Hinze* white, which flower it resembles closely in all except color, which is a pale, even straw.
- The Bride*—A most constant bloomer. Very large and fine in form. A vigorous grower and a flower of most delightful fragrance. One of the very best white varieties because of its free blooming and vigorous qualities.

put its growth into one branch, it will have to throw out other branches in which to find a channel for the expenditure of its vitality. If you are patient and persistent, you can oblige the plant to grow to suit you. Keep all buds picked off during summer. You know the old saying, "You can't eat your cake and keep it too." If you have flowers from a plant in summer, you cannot expect to have them in winter. If you want them then, keep the plant at work during the summer season in getting ready for winter work. If given proper care you will have a plant in the fall which is bushy, compact and covered with growing points, and it will be ready to begin blooming as soon as given a chance to do so; but a plant which has been allowed to bloom through the summer will be in a condition requiring rest. The following list includes some very good winter bloomers:

- Jean Sisely, scarlet flower, with white eye.
- General Grant, rich scarlet.
- Mrs. James Vick, salmon.
- Vesuvius, fiery scarlet.
- Wood Nymph, clear pink.
- Master Christine, bright rose.
- Advance, large flower, rich scarlet.
- The above are single sorts. The double kinds are not as satisfactory for winter, but the following often give good results:
- Bishop Wood, scarlet and violet.
- Ernest Lauth, crimson.
- Madame Thibaut, rosy pink.
- Madame A. Ballet, white.



## THE NEW POLYANTHA ROSE.

LAST spring Mr. J. Vaughan, the well-known florist of Chicago, sent me specimens of the new Polyantha Rose, *Clothilde Soupert*, saying that he considered it a plant of great merit and asking me to give it a trial. I have done so the past summer, and I fully agree with Mr. Vaughan's estimate of the merits of the plant. Most of the Polyantha Roses have been lacking in many of the essential elements which go to make up a desirable flower. They were more interesting as "novelties" than as really fine roses, though they have great merit; but those who grew them hardly felt satisfied with them as substitutes for the Tea or Bourbon Rose. They seemed to lack dignity because of their diminutive size. They were regarded as being more "promising" than anything else, I think, by most who grew them. In the new variety named above, this "promise" of great possibilities has been carried out very satis-



THE NEW POLYANTHA ROSE.

factorily. Its flowers are of good size and color, and its fragrance is exquisite, not like that of La France in quality, but quite as sweet in another way, being more on the Wild Rose or Damask order. It has all the wonderful freedom of bloom peculiar to the older varieties of the Polyantha class, its branches being perfect masses of flowers through the greater part of summer. In color it is a soft flesh, deepening to pink in the centre. It is quite double and a good grower. It is a much better rose for the amateur than any of the Tea, Bourbons or Noisettes in my opinion, because of its greater vigor, freedom of bloom and constancy of habit.



This department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in answering any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the JOURNAL readers.

A FEW TIMELY HINTS.

ON'T give your plants much water at this season. They will not be growing much, and plants not active will require but little moisture.

Keep your plants clean, always, if you would thoroughly enjoy them, or if you want them to do their best.

Stir the soil often. This keeps weeds from growing and admits air to the roots of the plants.

THOUGHTS FROM A FLOWER LOVER.

"I think, for a winter bloomer, there is nothing prettier than the different kinds of primroses; as you can get so many different varieties and colors, they are a constant pleasure all winter.

"Another pretty thing is the Ornithogalum. I had quite an experience with mine last winter; the bulbs arrived late in the afternoon, and so I left it till morning; when I looked at it, the top had grown an inch.

"I saw in a recent JOURNAL an answer to a lady in regard to her tuberose not blooming. I have had the same trouble, and it is not because I used the bulbs the second time.

"The florist sent me a paper of amaranthes seeds, called the 'Rainbow,' and it was gorgeous. I had it upon the south side, and the sun shining upon it made it dazzling.

[Very probably the tuberose was not ready to bloom.—EDITOR.]

DECIDEDLY A FLORAL FREAK.

"Two years ago I invested in half a package of the Celestial Pepper, from which I raised seven plants. When frost came they were not ripe, so I potted two of the best plants and put them with my other plants.

"Now what I want to know is this: Is that a common thing, or is it a freak of nature?"

[A freak, decidedly.—EDITOR.]

THE GROWING OF VERBENAS.

"DEAR FLOWER FRIENDS:—With the Editor's permission I would like to give J. V. W. my experience with Verbenas. In reading the floral items last February, it almost hurt me to see the Verbena question dismissed so summarily, because, after years of failure I have found a Verbena secret which enables me always to keep one or more plants as part of my winter attractions.

"Quite jubilantly I bought about a dozen little flower-pots and planted them all carefully, confident that now I should always have a supply of Verbenas, only to find in a few days that planting and growing are two distinct qualities.

"I do not know what special merit there is in the soiled suds (probably from the greater quantity, the work is done more thoroughly than when only a little is mixed for the purpose); but with this treatment, in addition to the usual amount of care and sunshine, I find that Verbenas always thrive well.

FLOWERS RAISED IN A PIT.

"I have a pit, eight by nine, and four feet deep, with a double wall of thick plank, raised four feet at the north end, sloping to the south, with steps to go in.

"I spend a portion of every day in there; for I do enjoy the society of my flowers. Like Dr. Talmage, I think they are almost human; they do live and breathe, and talk with a language, though silent, sweet and eloquent.

"I have a begonia that I do not know its name. It has a sea bloom, resembling other begonias. During the summer while it is blooming, it has little balls or tubers along the stalks; late in autumn it ceases to bloom, the stalk rots and the little balls sprout and come up during the winter.

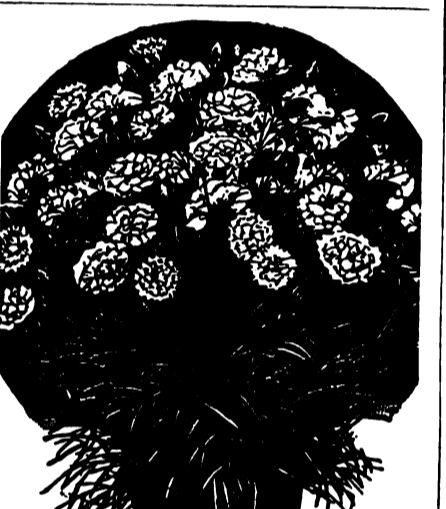
"Mrs. M. J. P."

NEW ENGLISH PERFUME! CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.



INVIGORATING LAVENDER SALTS. "Our readers who are in the habit of purchasing that delicious perfume 'Crab Apple Blossoms,' of the Crown Perfumery Company, should procure also a bottle of their 'Invigorating Lavender Salts.'"

Send 12 cents in stamps to Caswell, Massey & Co., New York, or Geo. B. Evans, Philadelphia, who will mail you a sample bottle of the above delicious Crab-Apple Blossom Perfume to any address.



WONDERFUL NEW CARNATION MARGUERITE

Offer No. 1. The most rare and beautiful class of the seed we have procured at an enormous cost from the celebrated flower seed specialist Ernest Benary of Erfurt, Germany.



Bowker's Flower Food. A clean, odorless dressing for house plants, easily applied, producing healthy foliage and generous flowering.

CACTUS. 10 Plants mailed for \$1.00. Hints on Cacti, 10c. Catalogue free. A. BLANC & Co., Phila.

RARE PALMS and ORCHIDS. New, rare and elegant plants of every description. OUR CHRISTMAS COLLECTION of Palms, Orchids, Cacti, etc. (nine beautiful plants in all), and a copy of our new descriptive catalogue, free, by mail, for \$1.00.

A PRETTY FACE always attracts attention. Rose Toilet Cream, a harmless and valuable preparation for the toilet. Agents' terms free. One bottle, prepaid, for 25 cents.

SANTA CLAUS WEARS THEM.



Yes, he wears the Alfred Dolge Felt Shoes and Slippers. That is why he is so jolly and noiseless, and he likes them so well he makes large use of them for Christmas gifts.

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In entering upon its fifth year, invites the attention of JOURNAL readers to some of its Special Features

FOR 1891. 1. A Prize Story and a Prize Poem each month. 2. Twelve Great American Industries. 3. Twelve Important Pursuits in Life.

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Our Offer good till April 1st only. We will accept from you a six month's (new) subscription to THE YOUNG IDEA for twenty-five cents, or a year's (new) subscription for seventy-five cents.

GRANT C. WHITNEY, Pub. Box 1901. Belvidere, Ill.

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Its leading departments, written by ladies, are: Easy Lessons in Art, Fancy Work, and Artistic Novelties, Brush Studies, Illustrated with Colored Plates, Home Needlework and Crochet, Household Decorations, China Painting, Domestic Helps for the Home, Correspondence, Answers to Queries, etc.

BOOKS FREE! To any one who will send me the names and addresses of six persons who are DEAF, in different families I will send THREE COMPLETE NOVELS, as follows: A TROUBLED GIRL, by the Mrs. Wood, by Julia Verne, Address F. HIBCOCK, 863 Broadway, New York, proprietor Peck's Lavishable Rubber Bar Cushions for restoring hearing.

THE KINDERGARTEN. A Monthly for Home and School. Science lessons, stories, games, occupations. \$1.50 a year. Sample copies, 6 cents. Alice B. Stockham & Co., 161 La Salle St., Chicago.

TACOMA \$5 cash and \$5 a month for our \$100 100% Write us. Tacoma Investment Co., Tacoma, Wash.

CINNAMON VINES. Elegant, hardy vines, bearers as sweet as cinnamon. Send, postpaid, 5 bulbs, 5 cts., 10 bulbs, 8 cts., 25 bulbs, 15 cts., 100 bulbs, 50 cts. The first person ordering 100 bulbs can select seeds from our catalogue to the amount of \$2.00, FREE. BASSETT & SON, Hammon, N.J.

MOUTH ORGAN Chart teaches a tune in 10 minutes. Agents wanted. 2c. stamp. Music Novelty Co., Detroit, Mich.

Where are You Going for the Winter? Agassiz, Coronado Beach, San Diego County, Cal. A climate that is equal. For particulars, address E. S. BABCOCK, Jr., Manager the Hotel Del Coronado.

SIR MORRELL MACKENZIE, the eminent Throat Specialist, says—"The Soden Mineral Pastilles (Troches), which are produced from the Soden Mineral Springs by evaporation, are particularly serviceable in Catarrhal Inflammations, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis and Lung Troubles."

ENCOURAGING TRADE.



"How ingeniously Mr. Pozzoni complimented my complexion to-night." After a moment's reflection: "Oh, Heavens, I wonder if he can be the face-powder man!"

WHEREIN WOMEN DIFFER FROM MEN. WOMEN always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative. When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND PHOSPHATES. For the Cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases, Asthma, Influenza, Scrofulous Humors. FLESH BLOOD NERVE BRAIN.

WHAT DOES CHAUTAUQUA MEAN? Mothers, do you ever feel that your bright boys and girls in school and college are growing away from you? Do you live in their world? Can you talk of the things which interest them?

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN. Is the best in the world. Genuin Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress shoe which commands itself. Ladies Department.

MOTHERS' PORTFOLIO. Instruction and amusement in kindergarten lessons, stories, games, etc. Best helps for parents. Grand Book for agents. Circulars free. Prepaid, \$2.25. Alice B. Stockham & Co., 181 La Salle St., Chicago.

ESPEY'S FRAGRANT CREAM. Cures Chapped Hands, Face, Lips or any Roughness of the Skin, prevents tendency to wrinkles or aging of skin, keeps the face and hair soft, smooth and plump.

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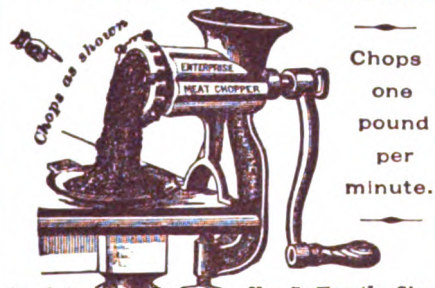
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