

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



APRIL 1895

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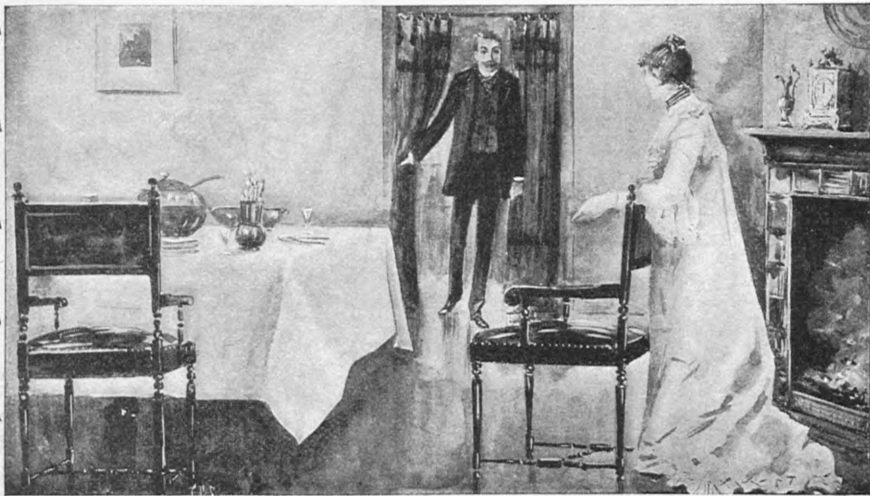
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## THE BURNING QUESTION OF DOMESTIC SERVICE

*And an Endeavor to Solve It*

*By the Countess of Aberdeen*



AMERICAN women seem to think that they have a monopoly of the difficulties and trials in connection with domestic servants, and that the mistresses in the older countries on

they are at the mercy of their maids, who are able to do just what they please without ever getting their deserts—and that to talk about servants being at a disadvantage, as compared with other girls earning their livelihood, is altogether absurd. But wait a moment. May it not well be the very sense of the supposed inferiority that induces the servant to take the line she does?

as the word of reproof in the contrary case, and if she can rely on her mistress' kindly interest in her life and outside occupations and pleasures, the probability is that all will be well and that one more self-respecting servant will have been added to the select number who bless the homes in which they minister.

There is an idea, too, that servants cannot possess cultivation or education, that their very duties forbid it, and that while the girls who become telegraph operators or milliners may attend classes, pursue some line of study or attend concerts, etc., in the evening, there is no time for these things for the house servant. Unlike any other class their work must be their all, and it is pre-supposed that their evenings out are only spent in gadding about or

the education of girls, both at school and at home, a different estimate of industrial work? In all classes they should be taught to see its value, to realize that it needs mental as well as manual training, and that to understand domestic economy, to be a good housekeeper or a good cook, aye, or to be a good general servant, one must be an educated woman. This position being conceded, girls would be trained for domestic service as for a definite profession, and mistresses receiving such trained servants would realize that women of this stamp need consideration in all respects, and that they will have their own outside interests and occupations and friendships, for which they will need leisure as well as do persons pursuing any other trade or calling. When once this position is conceded I fancy there will be but little trouble; there will be no slur on any educated woman of any class doing the work of a servant, and there will doubtless be in time a system whereby certificates and degrees will be granted for various grades of proficiency in the domestic arts at the centres for industrial education. It will also follow, as a consequence of her being educated, that an employee will take it as a matter of course that absolute authority is vested in the employer during hours of work, and that that authority must be respected, and, on the other hand, that the employer will respect the leisure time of her employee.

We cannot arrive at this position all at once, and meanwhile we who are concerned at the present state of affairs can only do each our best, in our own way, to bridge over the transition period.

The editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has asked me to give some account of an experiment which Lord Aberdeen and I have made in connection with our household in Scotland with the aim of obviating the disadvantages of domestic service for those in our employ. I must remind my readers, at the outset, that the experiment is one that could only be carried out with success in a really large household, and that I must not be supposed, therefore, to be advocating it for the general public. Considerations of the character that I have mentioned above had often occupied our thoughts, and it lay somewhat heavily on our minds that while we were endeavoring to advance various philanthropic movements outside, yet the lives of those living in our own house were as a sealed book to us. And yet it was difficult to see how it would be possible to bring in any common interest outside the household work which would bring us all in touch one with another. We met twice a day for family worship, but that was all. That very fact suggested that something more should be attempted.

About five years ago we resolved, therefore, to make an effort in the desired direction, and the following circular was drawn up:

"God has lent us powers and capacities to cultivate and develop.

"Through a chain of circumstances which seem (but are not) accidental, He has gathered us into one family, and has thus given us the opportunity of influencing and helping one another. We are, therefore, responsible to Him for one another's welfare.

"We are conscious of this bond of union, but we lack unity. Its form is with us and must be developed.

"Unity depends on mutual trust, common knowledge and mutual development.

"It is, therefore, proposed to form a 'Haddo House Club.'

"The club will be managed by a committee, elected annually by the members of the club, who shall be responsible, not only for due decorum, but also for the enjoyment and occupation of the members.

"The occupation of the club will take two forms:

"1, Education.

"2, Recreation.

side of the Atlantic in some mysterious fashion are exempt from these troubles: that they have only to hold up their little fingers to obtain a selection of well-trained, dependable servants, able to relieve them from all household cares and worries. This is a fallacy. The wail of mistresses about the difficulty of obtaining good servants is becoming almost as loud and as persistent on one side of the Atlantic as on the other, yet all the while we see young girls crowding factories and business houses often to find themselves out of work, underpaid, overworked and losing their health under the unfavorable surroundings and necessities of their elected trade. What does it all mean? In this century, which has been termed the age of woman, is woman content to acknowledge that in that kingdom where she has held undisputed sway, in that sphere which has ever been allowed to be her own, she is a failure? There are, of course, many exceptions to the general complaint. It has been my privilege to have been at meetings where this question has been discussed, both in Scotland and in Canada, at which mistresses of long standing have gladly acknowledged that they knew nothing of the trouble of which so much was heard. The experience of Lord Aberdeen and myself, through seventeen years' connection with a large household, has of necessity brought us into contact with very different dispositions, and though we have had our disappointments and trials yet we can most truly say that we have received service of the most devoted and ungrudging character, and that we number among our servants some of our truest friends.

But that the trouble exists and is widespread there can be no doubt, and it would seem that there must needs be a revolution in the way in which domestic service is regarded before a real improvement can take place. Say what we will there exists in the public mind a notion of inferiority in connection with the calling of domestic service. All other honest trades and callings are honored—the handicrafts as well as the professions. And it is a question whether domestic service is accepted as a definite trade or profession at all. Is it not rather taken as a matter of course that any one who cannot be anything else can become a servant and earn her living? And having become a servant is there not an inbred idea (none the less true because it is not often openly expressed) that her business is to be a servant and nothing else, that she must be ready to be at her mistress' beck and call day and night, and that she has no right to and no need for the education and the books and the amusements expected by other girls of her age? True, she demands all these things nowadays; she makes terms with us, and as often as not she gives inefficient service in return for high wages, and is ready to leave us in the lurch to suit her own convenience. By this admission I may appear to some to be acknowledging that domestic service places girls in an inferior position. Injured mistresses will tell me that I know nothing about it, and that



THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN

Mistresses of well-ordered households who are the victims of incompetent and impertinent pleasure-loving girls who abuse their goodness, have often not a notion of the very real hardships endured by young servants at the hands of mistresses who do not know themselves, and therefore cannot train others, or even discern between good and bad service, who perhaps are full of toil and worries of their own and forget that their servants have any right to interests outside of their daily work. Many a bad servant and bad woman has been manufactured by such a mistress. Much depends on the first place. It is there where a girl learns to estimate the worth put on her service—and if she be there trained to realize the importance of her duties, if she is sure of a word of encouragement when she has done well, as well

walking about with young men. That they should have any definite aims after self-improvement, or that they should take up work for the benefit of others is rarely thought of. But they are human beings, and they feel the need of something outside their daily work, and reaching forth after that something often results in the unjustifiable reproaches which we so often hear—of want of interest in their work and of strained relations between mistresses and maids. Half the time these girls know not what they want. They are rebelling against being "only a servant," and the mistress, not seeing the signs of the times, and looking back to the remembrance of olden days, frets and fumes and tries to exercise authority in vain. Do not we all need to recognize that the times have changed, that we need to introduce into

given us the opportunity of influencing and helping one another. We are, therefore, responsible to Him for one another's welfare.

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"The occupation of the club will take two forms:

"1, Education.

"2, Recreation.

"1, Education—Classes will be formed (as opportunity arises) to meet the expressed wishes of the members, *e. g.*, classes for part singing, discussion, wood-carving, elementary science, the study of the Bible, literature, etc.

"2, Recreation—Recreation means, not idleness, but change of occupation. Games, therefore, and social amusements and gatherings will be provided as the committee shall think fit or the members require."

In December, 1889, in response to this circular, a general meeting was held, to which all Haddo House employees, whether engaged in indoor or outdoor service, were invited, when Lord Aberdeen explained the idea and the objects of the proposed organization. The establishment of the club was decided on unanimously and all present came forward to enroll themselves as members. A constitution based on the circular, and a few simple rules were adopted, and honorary officers and a committee were elected by ballot. Lord Aberdeen was elected president, myself vice-president and our under butler secretary and treasurer. The committee, which ever since has been elected annually, has been mainly composed of the heads of departments both indoor and outdoor; for instance, the butler, the housekeeper, the head gardener, the head coachman, the head forester, the gamekeeper, the estate clerk of works, the farm manager, the head laundry-maid, the poultry man, etc.

The annual subscription was fixed at one shilling, entitling the member to attend all classes and social meetings and entertainments, and entitling married members to bring their children under seventeen years of age, free. It was also decided, with the consent of the heads of the household, that through the winter the hour from 6 to 7:15 P.M. should be kept as free as possible for the operations of the club.

Before a fortnight had passed we had a singing-class of twenty members, led first by the preceptor of a neighboring parish church, and subsequently by our head forester; a carving-class of twelve members, led by our governess; a drawing-class of thirteen members, led by our butler, who has attained no mean proficiency as an artist; a sewing-class, led by our nurse, and a home reading circle of twenty members, led by a neighboring schoolmaster. This last was felt to be a very practical and useful part of the club's work. Points were raised and debates carried on by the readers on the subjects treated in the prescribed course. These classes prosecuted their work through the winter months, and may be regarded as having been successful in attaining their objects, inasmuch as those attending them not only showed interest while they were proceeding, but displayed a disposition during the subsequent summer months to keep up and develop the attainments acquired.

Social evenings, held either weekly or fortnightly, have been a prominent and successful feature of the club from the beginning, and have proved not only popular but helpful. These entertainments have been nearly all provided by home talent and have consisted chiefly of music, singing, reading, recitations and short lectures. The readiness of the members to take a personal part in the proceedings and to take trouble in preparing for them has been very marked. From among the members a different chairman or chairwoman was chosen for each meeting, and all the members were asked to let the secretary know when they felt able to make any personal contribution to the entertainment of the club. One played a melodeon, another a concertina, another the piano or violin; many could sing or recite; others gave readings or short lectures. The singing-class gave valuable assistance with glees. It was surprising to find how much home talent there was. Thus all learned to cooperate, and there is no doubt but that the classes and social gatherings drew all the household very closely together. Then at times there were short lectures from outside friends, such as one on the "Spectroscope," by the doctor; another on "The Wild Flowers of Burns," by the agent; another on "New Zealand," by a neighboring minister.

Let me give the programmes of two social evenings, by way of illustration:

JANUARY 5TH

EARL OF ABERDEEN IN THE CHAIR

PIANO DUET—  
Lady Marjorie Gordon and Miss Forssman  
(Our little daughter and her governess)  
PART SONG—"Love at Home," Singing-Class  
LECTURE ON RAILWAYS AND RAILWAY WORK—  
Lord Aberdeen  
PART SONG—"Come to the Woodlands,"  
Ivy Cottage Children  
(Some little orphan girls whom we were  
bringing up in a home near at hand)  
SONG—"Will o' the Wisp," Mr. Turner  
(Lord Aberdeen's valet)  
RECITATION—"Caught in His Own Trap,"  
Frederick Hurst  
PART SONG—"The Woods," Singing-Class

MARCH 6TH, 1890

MRS. ANDERSON (HOUSEKEEPER) IN THE CHAIR

MUSICAL BOX  
LECTURE—"Phrenological Plea," Mr. Gregory  
(House carpenter)  
DUET—"The Burial of the Linnet,"  
Dudley and Archie Gordon  
(Our little sons—then five and six years old)  
PIANO—  
Miss Forrest  
(Gardener's daughter)

RECITATION—"The Bridge-Keeper's Story,"  
Edward Moseley  
(Hall-boy)  
SONG—"The Runaway Musketeer," Mr. Isherwood  
(Poultry manager)  
READING—"The Broken Crutch," Mrs. Chevalier  
(Head nurse)  
MELODEON—  
John Kiddie  
(Groom)  
SONG—"The Cows are in the Corn,"  
Mary Isherwood  
(Poultry manager's daughter)  
DUET—"The Rowan Tree,"  
Mary Cook and Maggie Gall  
(Two of the maid-servants)  
RECITATION—"Old Scissors," Frederick Hurst  
(Footman)  
HARMONIUM AND CONCERTINA—  
Mrs. Isherwood and Mr. Germain  
(Poultry manager's wife, and under butler)  
SONG—"The Four Jolly Smiths," Mr. Grant  
(Butler)

Great as was the success of the first year it was entirely eclipsed by the report given in at the second annual meeting. This report had to deal with educational classes (comprising composition, arithmetic, book-keeping, Shakespeare reading, wood-carving, drawing, singing, embroidery, shorthand, ambulance classes, the operation of an efficient fire brigade, cricket club, foot-ball club, lawn-tennis club (composed of girls), the working of garden allotments offered to members of the club, and an account of the various social meetings, picnics, expeditions, etc. These included some special lectures kindly given by guests staying in the house, such as "Canada," by Professor Bryce, M. P., and the "Pacific Islands and Japan," by Professor Henry Drummond; also the first attempts toward a debating society, which may be regarded as most hopeful. Another new and important feature was the introduction of magic lantern lectures. The club also undertook to raise a coal fund for the poor of the neighboring district by means of supplying lectures on contemporary history, illustrated by slides provided by the magic lantern mission. This effort and a concert given by members of the club on behalf of the funds of a public library in another district, showed that a desire was growing to extend its advantages to others. Since then our Household Club has continued to live and to flourish and has shown unmistakable signs of vitality.

During temporary absences from home, and recently since we have come to live in Canada, the club has shown its ability to stand alone, and we feel that it is now proving of immense value to us in forming a centre round which those in our employment about Haddo House can rally while we are away, and also in keeping up a definite link between them and ourselves and the other members of our household who have accompanied us across the Atlantic. For coming to a new home we have not severed old associations, and last winter a Government House branch of our club was formed, with Mr. Grant, our butler, as secretary. The surroundings of this new branch differ from those of the parent institution, but as far as possible it has been carried out on the same lines. Weekly social meetings, such as I have already described, generally including a lecture given us by some kind friend at Ottawa, have been the leading feature, and in this manner we have been given some most valuable instruction in a very pleasant way.

There was also a French class, a singing-class, a drawing-class, also a large working party, the members of which decided to make garments suitable for poor emigrants arriving in Canada without proper clothing; one of the number undertaking to give, while the others worked, a résumé of the history of the world each week as gathered from the newspapers. It is not likely that at Ottawa outdoor recreation would be forgotten, and we have had our skating, cricketing, lawn-tennis and boating sections, in which the members of the club have taken full part during their leisure hours.

Mutual reports between the Haddo House Club and the Government House Club are sent at frequent intervals, and are looked for eagerly, for considerable rivalry exists between the two branches of our institution. But the tie which is thus kept up is a very healthful one, and one of the pleasantest memories of my visit home to Scotland last summer is a bright evening in July in the grounds of Haddo House, when the members of our little community were gathered together for one of these pleasant social out-of-door gatherings, and when I was asked to give a report of all that the absent members of the old club were doing in Canada, and to hear what they had been doing at home. One of the special efforts of which they told was the weekly Sunday evening service, which they have carried out in a most happy and helpful spirit, and which they desire should keep up the practice of the Sunday evening services in our private chapel at Haddo House, in which the ministers of all the various denominations in our neighborhood have taken part in turn.

The same sort of service is now carried on in the Government House chapel at Ottawa, and we trust that both sections of our club are drawn together in spirit in the truest and most sacred bonds of association and fellowship, as we remember one another gathered together for worship at the same hour every Sunday evening.

In conclusion let me again impress upon

my readers the fact that we fully realize that a club such as ours can only be carried out fully in a large household, and that a big country house, the centre of a great estate and having extensive grounds demanding the employment of many outdoor servants, furnishes the best possible field for an experiment such as ours. And again we have been peculiarly fortunate in our head servants, for as heads of departments they have all heartily thrown themselves into the movement. Much in these cases must always depend on the persons occupying the positions of foremen. Without their help one can do but little. But while admitting this I must also assert the opinion that the principle underlying the operations of such a club as ours can be introduced into much smaller households, or a number of households can combine together to carry it out, as has been done with so much success by the "Neighborhood Guilds" initiated by Dr. Stanley Coit in New York and London. I can but mention these now, and also the plan of the "Onward and Upward" association, originally started for the benefit of servant-girls on farms, and which in many cases has been able both to supply the outside interests needed by domestic servants, and has also done much to create a bond between mistresses and maids. Such associations are of more than value to housekeepers, and should be warmly welcomed by them wherever and whenever they appear. The good that they do is incalculable.

Now I am fully aware that there have been many extraordinary stories circulated about our club, its aims and its working, and that our objects have been much misunderstood. I hear that we are supposed to be introducing all sorts of revolutionary ideas among servants in general by our example, and that, as a consequence of our club, our girls refuse to wear caps and aprons, and that our servants in general are rude to our guests and are unwilling to supply their wants, and that when our friends are bidden to entertainments they are liable to find on arriving that we are having a party for our own servants!

Of course, such stories cannot emanate from any who have been inside Government House, and I should not notice them were it not for the fact that I am told that they are beginning to do real mischief and might tend to undermine that which we desire most to promote. Suffice it, therefore, to say that if ever a mistress had reason to be proud of her maids, because of their being modest, hard-working, self-respecting girls, I have at the present moment good ground for that feeling.

The majority of them are girls who have come with us from Scotland and Ireland, and who no more object to wear caps and aprons than a sick nurse in a hospital objects to wear the badge of her profession.

I need scarcely say that it is well understood in large households in the old country, that some of the upper servants (such as the lady's maid) never wear caps, as they are not engaged in duties which require the use of one. The original reason for wearing a cap is too often overlooked, and that is to protect the wearer's hair from the dust or dirt which might soil it as a result of the work in which she is engaged. Any dainty girl who thinks of this would wish to wear a cap while sweeping a room; indeed, she would not be willing to sweep a room without the protection of her cap.

But what I have said of our girls applies to all our servants at the present time, both upper and under, both men and women, and we deem ourselves peculiarly fortunate in being surrounded by those who desire truly to help us to make Government House a pleasant resort. Ladies who are hostesses know how much organization and thought are required to make an entertainment a success, and the larger the entertainment and the larger the staff of servants the more careful planning and trouble does it give, and the more necessity is there for all to work heartily together. Indeed, I have always found the most intelligent coöperation among our household servants whenever and wherever there has been any special occasion for it, as well as when things have been moving along smoothly and regularly.

Of one thing I am very sure, and that is that the existence of our Household Club in no way tends to deteriorate the service rendered either to ourselves or to our guests, nor does it diminish the respect accorded to master and mistress from the servants, nor does it interfere with that discipline which must exist in every well-ordered household. But it does introduce the element of deep, mutual regard and understanding and sympathy for one another's lives, and a basis on which may be built a common fellowship for all true and noble purposes which should surely be the outcome of every Christian home, and the aim and desire of every thoughtful householder.

To be able to be on these terms with all the members of our household makes our home what it is to us, and enables us all, from highest to lowest, to go about our work, whatever it may be, with greater cheer, and these happy relations we owe in no small degree to the formation of the Haddo House Household Club.

## EASTER AND EASTER CUSTOMS

BY JANE SEARLE



THE ancient customs of Easter Day are curious and amusing to the people of the present day, though many modifications of them have come down to us, and add beauty and solemnity to that glorious season. Easter is so called from the Saxon goddess, Easter, or, as others think, from the Saxon oster, to rise. In the East the day is known as the "Bright Day," and in Bohemia as the "Great Night."

There was an ancient custom at Twickenham of dividing two great cakes in the church upon Easter Day among the young people, but it was looked upon as a superstitious relic, and Parliament ordered in 1645 that the parishioners should abandon that custom, and with the money formerly spent that way buy bread for the poor of the parish.

A WARWICKSHIRE correspondent, in "Howe's Every-Day Book," says: "When I was a child as sure as Easter Monday came I was taken to see the children clip the churches. This ceremony was performed amid crowds of people and shouts of joy by the children of the different charity schools, who, at a certain hour, flocked together for the purpose. The first comers placed themselves hand in hand with their backs against the church, and were joined by their companions, who gradually increased in number till at last the chain was of sufficient length completely to surround the edifice. As soon as the hand of the last of the train had grasped that of the first the party broke up and walked in procession to the next church, where the ceremony was repeated."

Dr. Chandler, in his "Travels in Asia Minor," gives this account of the manner of celebrating Easter among the modern Greeks:

"A small bier prettily decked with orange and citron buds, jasmine flowers and bows, was placed in the church, with a Christ crucified rudely painted on board for the body. We saw it in the evening, and before daybreak were suddenly awakened by the blaze and crackling of a large bonfire, with singing and shouting in honor of the Resurrection."

Easter Day is set apart for visiting in Russia. The men go to each other's houses in the morning and introduce themselves by saying, "Jesus Christ is risen." The answer is, "Yes, He is risen." The people then embrace, give each other eggs, and drink a great deal. They present a colored red egg to the priest of the parish on Easter morning. The common people carry one of these red eggs in their hands upon Easter Day, and three or four days after. They use it in token of the Resurrection, whereof they rejoice.

THE use of eggs on Easter Day, sometimes called Pasche, or paste eggs, has come down to the present time. Eggs were held by the Egyptians as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the Deluge. The Jews adopted them to suit the circumstances of their history as a type of their departure from the land of Egypt; they were also used in the feast of the Passover.

Hyde, in his description of Oriental sports, tells of one with eggs among the Christians of Mesopotamia on Easter Day, and forty days afterward: "The sport consists in striking their eggs one against another, and the egg that first breaks is won by the owner of the one that struck it. Immediately another egg is pitted against the winning egg, and so on till the last egg wins all the others, which their respective owners shall before have won."

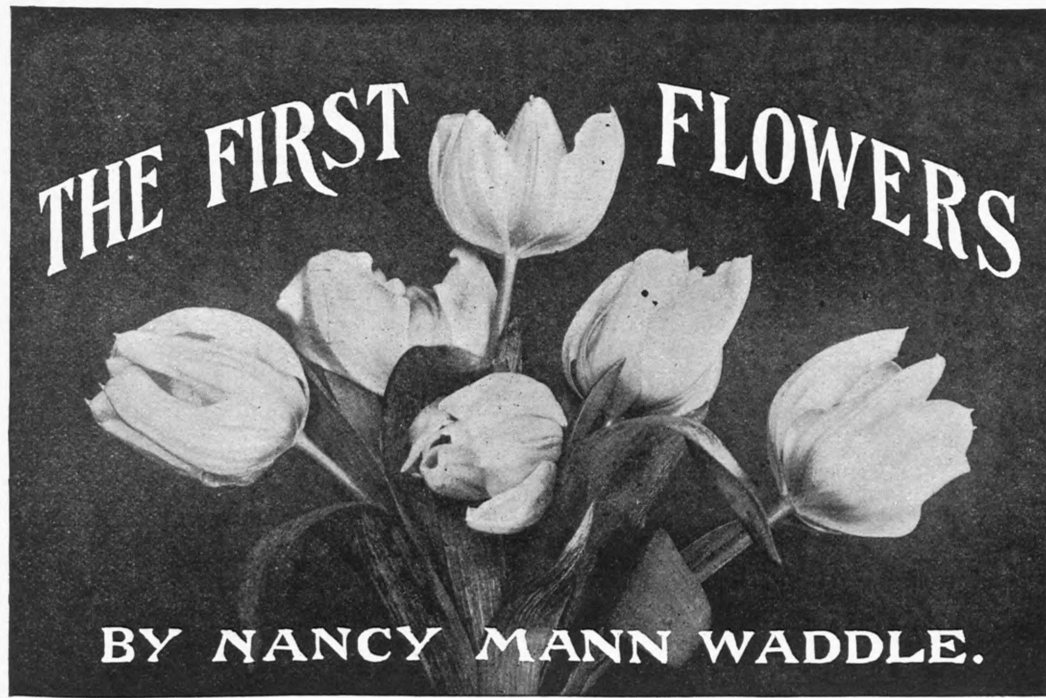
In Germany, sometimes instead of eggs at Easter, an emblematic print is occasionally presented. One of these is preserved in the print-room of the British Museum. Three hens are represented as upholding a basket, in which are placed three eggs ornamented with representations illustrative of the Resurrection: over the centre egg the "Agnus Dei," with a chalice representing faith; the other eggs bearing the emblems of charity and hope.

Easter Day has always been considered by the church as a season of great festivity. Belithus, a naturalist of ancient times, tells us that it was customary in some churches for the bishops and archbishops themselves to play games with the inferior clergy, even on Easter Day itself.

A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for July, 1783, conjectures that, "The flowers with which many churches are ornamented on Easter Day are most probably emblems of the Resurrection." There are people to-day who think that unless something new is worn on Easter Day no good fortune will come to them during the year.

The Dorsetshire poet, Mr. Barnes, gives us this quaint little verse in regard to this custom:

"Laste Easter I put on my blue frock coat, the vust time, vier new;  
Wi' yaller buttons aal o' brass  
That glittered in the zun like glass;  
Bekiaze 'twer Easter Zunday."



[With Illustrations from Original Photographs]

WHEN the roads are heavy with mire and ruts," and the north wind blows, one is glad to turn from the desolate winter landscape and enter where glowing logs fall to ashes and flickering flames illumine a window of flowers—flowers which hold the brilliance and beauty of the vanished summer and whose fragrance seems a breath of the coming spring.

Dutch bulbs are the most admired of these winter-blooming plants, and deservedly so, for they are easy of cultivation and extremely satisfactory. The Tulip has played the most remarkable part of any flower in the world's drama. From the close of the sixteenth and half way into the seventeenth century, Holland was a Bedlam. One could fancy that some malicious enchantress had touched the eyelids of a most practical people with her tricky wand and uttered her incantation. All classes of society adored it. Great artists painted it, poets sang its praises, and the Dutch noble who did not possess a collection was a disgrace to his order. One writer asserts that a trader in Haarlem gave one-half his fortune for one bulb, and the Semper Augustus, a favorite flower, brought the moderate price of five thousand five hundred florins.

So long as Tulipomania was an elegant diversion of the dilettante classes, it was comparatively harmless. But when the

market. They were sold on the stock exchanges of the principal cities. Tulip stock was bulled and beared at the dictates of the speculators who controlled the market, and houses and lands were mortgaged that bulbs might be bought at high rates and sold again at a greater profit.

As a result of a whole nation rushing recklessly into speculation, prices for the necessities of life rose incredibly; but money was plenty, the mania had spread and foreigners bought eagerly. Holland was rich, glutted with gold, drunk with success. Then came the deluge.

The Saturnalia of wealth was ended. The wheel of fortune turned and stopped at ruin, destitution and disgrace. The fictitious value of the Tulip had fallen, never to rise again. And yet, the true Hollander bears no grudge against the flower for which his ancestors ruined themselves, and the Tulip's cup is still the most prized bloom in his garden.

Tulips are divided into several classes. The Gesneria is a variety which was discovered by Conrad Gesner and named in his honor. They are the giants of the family. The long, thick stem bears a large crimson

cup with a blue centre. The Bybloemens and Bizarses are usually bracketed together, owing to their similarity. The former have markings of lilac, scarlet and deepest purple on a white or pink ground, while in the latter the markings are of crimson, black and chestnut hues on a yellow ground. The Parrot Tulips are by some connoisseurs considered the most beautiful of the species. They are very odd, the edges of the petals being deeply divided, almost fringed, and their purity and brilliance of color very striking. The Greigi is the finest Tulip grown. It is very odd in appearance; the broad green leaves have peculiar dark markings, and the flower petals curl backward. But it is to its color that this Tulip owes its reputation for beauty. The cup is of that hue which is like the sound of a trumpet, scarlet, of an absolute purity of tone. The Peacock and Persica varieties are Italian, and exhibit a southern warmth of color.

ing treatment: If bulbs are wished to flower at Christmas, plant in September. They thrive best in a light, thoroughly-

The Peacock variety has a vivid scarlet ground, three of the petals are banded with golden yellow, and the centre is black bordered with gold. The Persica is quite unique, as the stem is branching, and bears three or four flowers, which are golden yellow.

The fragrance of the Hyacinth breathes the poetry of spring, its odor recalls the joyous bursting of bud and blossom, the first song of the bluebird and the blossoming of the shy and tremulous Snowdrop. The Hyacinth is especially beloved by the folk of the land of "dikes and dunes," and has been grown for over two centuries in Holland.

The Roman varieties are excellent for early winter blooming. They come in four different shades, white, blue, pink and yellow, and have a delicate individuality all their own.

Tulips and Hyacinths require the same culture. The most successful growers advise the following treatment: If bulbs are wished to flower at Christmas, plant in September. They thrive best in a light, thoroughly-

best known and most easily grown varieties. Poeticus is the name of a white Narcissus with a small crimson cup; its fragrance is exquisite. Biflora is single, with white petals and short yellow cup. Horsfeldii, or Daffodil King, is a larger blossom, with snowy perianth and yellow trumpet. Alba Plena Odorata is very double white. Von Sion is a double yellow. In the Polyanthus Narcissus the flowers are produced in clusters on a single spike. To this class belongs the lovely Paper White Grandiflora. The flower stalk rises from its narrow green leaves, its buds shrouded in a thin wrinkled gray cloak. Casting this off it expands its clouds of tiny fragrant blossoms, and stands clothed like a *débutante* in purest white. The handsome double Roman is also a member of this family. The yellow Jonquils, too, seem the year's new gold, fresh from the mint of Nature. Of this family, the Odora is, perhaps, the best known. The flowers of the Giant variety are very fine, and have a delicious fragrance.

All that is necessary to secure an abundance of blooms is to cut the bulbs slightly with a sharp knife and lay them in a dish filled with pebbles and water, never allowing the water to cover the corns of the bulbs, and keep in a dark place until the bulbs sprout, then see that they receive plenty of sunlight. They prefer a rather cool atmosphere and a not too rich soil.

There is no more desirable bulb for the house than Cyclamen Persicum. They bloom throughout the winter, and as fast as one flower droops and fades, other buds push up from the roots and expand.

The Lily-of-the Valley is the flower of



THE FLOWER OF SENTIMENT, THE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY



THE FRAGRANT NARCISSUS

rich merchants and East Indian traders entered the field the nobility could not cope with them. Tulip bulbs were thrown upon

scarlet, of an absolute purity of tone. The Peacock and Persica varieties are Italian, and exhibit a southern warmth of color.

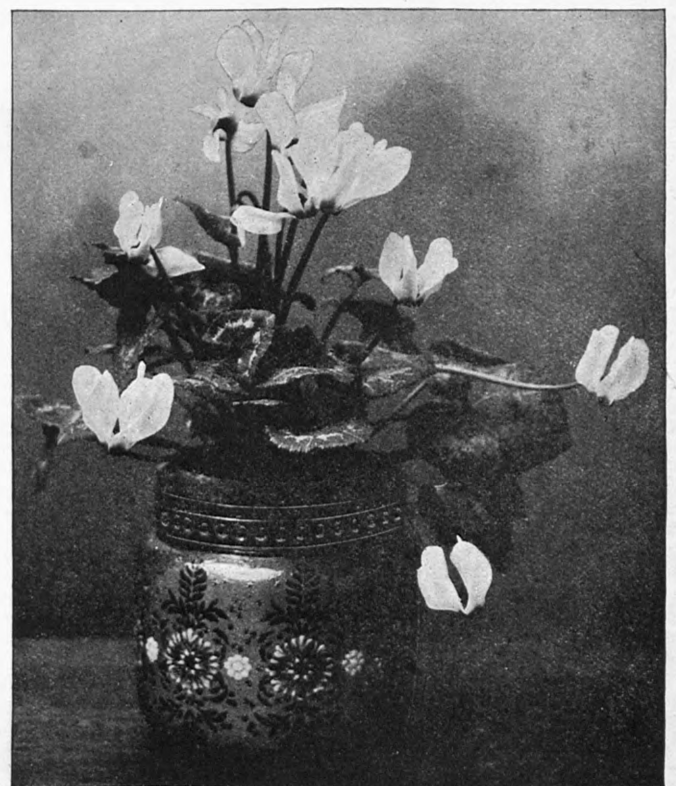
drained and rich soil, and in pots not too large. Give plenty of water. Tulips should be planted about two inches below the surface of the soil, but Hyacinths should be covered with earth about half the depth of the pot. After planting set the pots in a dark, cool place, from four to six weeks. When the growth has begun bring the young plants to the light, but keep them in a cool temperature.

Too much forcing will cause the leaves to grow too rankly, and the stock to bend and droop, weakening the bloom as well. The blossoms will last much longer, also, if not subjected to too much heat. If the Hyacinth begins to bloom imperfectly, before the stalk has pushed up well from the base of the leaves, put a paper cap over it. Should it burst into bloom on one side, while the bells on the other side remain tightly closed, expose the closed bells to the warmth and light of a lamp and you will be surprised at the rapidity with which they expand. These bulbs can be grown in water, but the result is never so satisfactory.

Another member of this family is the Daffodil. For winter forcing it is well to choose the

sentiment. Lily-of-the-Valley bulbs in white and rose-colored can be secured and are of easy cultivation.

There are a host of minor bulbs which are very beautiful. The ones, however, which are mentioned in this paper are the recognized favorites among the winter-blooming bulbs, because of their delicate fragrance and exquisite coloring.



THE DELICATE CYCLAMEN

## WHEN LADY: WHEN WOMAN

*A Consensus of Opinion on a Perplexing Question*

By MRS. MARGARET DELAND

MRS. BURTON HARRISON

MISS SARAH ORNE JEWETT



HE regret has, of late, been made very manifest in polite circles as to the fast-disappearing usage of the old-fashioned and courtly word of "lady," the consensus of opinion being that the word should find its ancient and rightful place in our speech. Upon this renewal of attention to the word have followed discussions of the perplexing question of the proper use of the term "lady" and that of "woman." It has seemed most fitting, in view of the plural use of the word "lady" in its title, that THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL should meet these tendencies of popular thought in a discussion of both phases of the question. This it seeks to do in the contributions which follow.

## MRS. DELAND'S DEFINITION

ANY discussion which makes us reflect upon the value of words is helpful, and the question under consideration—when it is right to use the word "woman" and when "lady"—ought to set us all thinking. In considering this question, we must, of course, go back to the beginnings of both these words to get at their primary reason for being. One authority traces the word "woman" back to *wifman* or *wobman*: the person who stays at home to spin—as distinguished from the word *weapman*, who goes abroad to fight. The suffix man is, of course, generic, and includes both male and female. Lady, primarily, signifies one who has to do with a loaf or bread—one who kneads. So it would appear that, to start with, both these words meant that the person so named was a worker. By-and-by, however, new meanings begin to grow around these primitive and simple ideas. Woman meant merely an adult female of the human race; lady meant some one who was, as we say, "well born," and, consequently, well-bred; in other words, "Lady" grew to mean a woman, plus education, refinement, dignity and culture.

But even when this is clear to us the question at once arises, how shall we discriminate, how shall we decide at first glance whether the "adult female of the human race," who, perhaps, brings our clothes home from the wash, or she who rolls by us in her fine carriage, is entitled to the name of lady? The fact that the first "adult female" is a washerwoman, and that the second is plainly rich enough to ride in a carriage, has nothing to do with that plus which makes the word "lady" differ from the word "woman." To be sure, on the surface, we would infer that the woman who bends all day over a wash-tub has not had the chance to acquire that "education, refinement, culture and dignity," which unquestionably go to make up our understanding of the term lady; on the other hand, the woman in the carriage has, evidently, leisure, and consequently the opportunity at least, to cultivate these beautiful and noble qualities, even if they have not come to her in virtue of being born to them. But such obvious inferences do not help us in deciding which term is appropriate for either, for we all know very well that carriages do not of necessity carry our four adjectives, nor do wash-tubs exclude them; so what are we going to do?

We must have some general rule to follow, and, fortunately, custom has made one for us: First, that a woman, when referred to in connection with her occupation in life, should be spoken of as a woman. If she is in a shop, she is a saleswoman or a forewoman; if she brings our washing home to us, she is a washerwoman; if she goes in her carriage to visit her patients, she is a medical woman. It is perfectly exact to describe her as a woman, plus her business, whatever it is. I think we know this instinctively when we remember how it offends us to hear the word saleslady or scrublady or the like.

Secondly, custom has suggested that when we would refer to such persons not in reference to their occupation, we would, for the sake of courtesy, speak of them as ladies. It may often be inexact, because those things we found constituted the plus which makes the lady, as distinguished from the woman, may not belong to these particular adult females. But, after all, it is not our business to judge; furthermore, the use of the term is kind, and, consequently, courteous. One seldom goes amiss in being kind.

This use of the term "lady" is plainly courteous. Even when the street car conductor cautions us, "Don't get off, lady, till the car stops," or the cash-girl wails at us, "Here's your change, lady," and we feel half impatient and half amused, we hardly know why, even then, we do realize, I think, and appreciate, that it is meant courteously. "Woman, here's your change," would be distinctly unpleasant, even though strictly true, and not meant to be impolite.

There is, however, another term which is coming more and more into use, which saves us either of these extremes. I mean the old, dignified, non-committal word, "madam." "A conventional term of address," the dictionary declares it to be, "to women of any degree." It is courteous, and, because it is conventional, it is exact.

The fact is, we have so cheapened the beautiful word "lady" by using it without meaning, that I think many of us prefer to say "woman" whenever we can. And certainly this word, at first used to designate one who labored, then as merely a distinction of sex, has grown in dignity and value. How much we mean when we speak of a friend as a "fine woman," and what a curious and subtle condemnation would lie in the phrase "fine lady"!

I think, however, that general usage sums the matter up, and we come to understand, as I said before, that in speaking of the "adult female of the human race," in relation to her occupation, we must say woman—a woman artist, a woman writer, a scrubwoman; and in speaking of her as an individual, we may, with courtesy, say "lady"; while in directly addressing her we may, with courtesy, propriety and truth, say "madam."

MARGARET DELAND.

## MRS. BURTON HARRISON'S OPINION

ALAS! the poor, beautiful old word, "lady," so wedded with high thoughts of chivalry in mediæval times (how could a knight have bound his "woman's" glove upon his crest?), alternately so caressing, so reverent, so noble, so exalted, as Shakespeare uses it, has, indeed, fallen from its high estate, and become a toy for mockers to kick about in the dusty arena of society. Who does not know its abuses? One of the drollest of these was invented by the newly-emancipated negroes of the South just after the war. By way of asserting their recent dignity they made it a point to speak of a woman of African descent and previous condition of servitude as "a lady," while any other woman was a more or less "white lady," thus easily and effectually making a new category of "colored persons." To-day, the saleslady, the washlady and their kind have swelled the ranks of the pretenders to such a degree that the foreign house-servant, lately landed and installed, does not hesitate to announce to her mistress a "lady" from the dressmaker, and a "lady" to clean the house.

But, so far as I know, we have not attained to the English affectation of a "lady-help," who is quite on a par with that other absurdity of the English newspapers, the "paying-guest." It was in England, too, the other day, that the clergyman of a rural parish changed the style of his "mothers' meetings" to the "meetings of lady-mothers." If one could send into limbo all these pretentious phrases (not forgetting the worst of them, the "lady-friend") there might be some hope of bringing again into its own the word "lady," dear to us from association and tradition.

But how can this be done so long as our social fabric is perpetually upheaved by the great seething mass of imported aspirants to be our "fellow-citizens," who occupy places subordinate to us only until they dare assert themselves our equals or superiors? How are we, who yet do not willingly relinquish our claim to the title, to use it?

One must needs, indeed, fashion a phrase with nicety that contains the word under discussion. There are some surroundings that imperiously call for it. How, for instance, could Mrs. Gaskell have delighted the world with "Cranford," if, instead of the "ladies upon the sofa" disturbed by the little hand-maiden in her attempt to get out the tea-tray underneath, the gifted author had described, the "women" upon the sofa? Again, "The card-table was quite an animated scene—four ladies' heads with middle-nodding caps all nearly meeting in the middle of the table in their eagerness to whisper loud enough." Substitute for the above "four women's heads" and the fine impression of the picture flees at once. And again, we are told that a dish called "little Cupids" was "in great favor with the Cranford ladies." What interest would it have been to know that little Cupids were enjoyed by Cranford "women"?

Jesting apart, one hesitates to apply the word "woman," as it is now so recklessly used in newspaper descriptions of the class who lead gay society, to the dear and aged saint who sits apart enthroned in her family circle enjoying her afternoon of life. Around her is the magic ring of purity and reverence that enshrined the "lady" of Comus, and the title is her due.

In the earlier days of our republic, when class distinctions were less a matter of feverish moment than they seem now to be, what was the "lady" whom all delighted to honor? Was it not she who stood out upon the background of her own domestic circle rather than upon that of her "set" in society, the simple-minded, God-fearing, self-respecting wife, mother and daughter, of whom I have many an example in my mind's eye as I write—so serene in her own claim to place that she could accept those with whom she came into contact without fear that her position might be injured? That is my idea of "a perfect lady"—rather an old-fashioned one, I fear—not the "perfect woman," which she would have been the last to believe herself entitled to be called.

Sometimes, in a crowded gathering of modern fashion, when I see the curt, business-like manner of some of the "women" quoted as models for the rest, in their dispensation of hospitality, I hark back in memory to the "lady" I once admired, and wish she might be duplicated a thousand times over for the benefit of these, our contemporaries. Then, indeed, the fit among us might once again be ladies, attended upon with deference by all, and a millennial reign of good manners, dictated by good feeling, might set in. So far as what we call the "lady born" is concerned, if heredity confers anything, it is simplicity of manner and avoidance of all affectation and boasting; the Royal ladies of European dynasties strike every one who has the honor to come into contact with them in private intercourse, as wonderfully unpretending, courteous and considerate, and the greatest people with whom a properly-accredited American meets abroad are invariably the least burdened with pretense of importance.

It would never enter into my head to think a person of great wealth and possessed of a fine establishment, a lady, if she could turn in her own house from a beaming recognition of some star of contemporary fashion to bestow a frozen greeting upon a social makeweight, or a poor friend of other days who had not kept pace with her in progress up the ladder of society.

To lay down a law for the use of the word in the present condition of American society would, I think, puzzle the most ingenious makers of social codes. For the time it must remain a matter of intuition when and where to apply the graceful and stately old courtesy-title of "lady" that I sincerely trust will one day again "come unto its own."

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

## THE VIEWS OF MISS JEWETT

ONE summer afternoon the heart of a small boy (who was on a steamer off the Massachusetts coast) was filled with joy at the sight of many small sailing vessels of every shape and rig. He seemed to possess an amazing knowledge of them, and gave much information to his mother and her friends.

"Why isn't that a yacht?" the mother asked once, timidly. "How do you know a yacht?"

"How do you know a lady?" answered the wise small boy after a moment's reflection.

Perhaps one can best reply to the question in hand in some such way as this. Yet it seems to me that the proper use of the word "lady" is, to quote the definition of the "Century Dictionary," to describe a woman who belongs to that level of society which is marked by "good breeding, education and refinement."

I remember well being rebuked in my childhood for the use of the word gentleman by an old friend, who kept carefully to the standards and discriminations of her youth. I was speaking of a person of much worth whom she also heartily admired. "But, my dear," she added, "that is not the way to describe him. He is not a gentleman. One may be most gentleman-like and yet not be really a gentleman." It cheapens our praise to use words in their wrong places, and the words lady and gentleman, which everybody understands clearly enough, with their derivatives, ladylike and gentlemanlike (or gentlemanly), have slipped into common and careless use until they often seem like worn coins that have lost their first value. To deny the title of lady is almost to accuse a woman of an entire departure from the beautiful traits which are ladylike and should be every woman's standard. The ideal is so admired that we have come to have a fashion of according it to every one; appointing everybody a lady by brevet, as one may say.

Perhaps in the old times it depended a little more upon what a woman had or represented whether the world called her a lady or not, while it depends more in our time upon what a woman is. I always like to know what definition Dr. Johnson gave of such words as this in his famous dictionary, since he was not only a famous man of letters, but an English citizen of the best conservative sort, who liked dignity and rank and was most humane in his personal relations to his neighbors. He defines a lady to be:

1st, A woman of high rank: the title of lady properly belongs to the wives of knights, of all degrees above them, and to the daughters of earls and of all higher ranks.

2d, An illustrious or eminent woman.

3d, A word of complaisance used of women.

We can see from Dr. Samuel Johnson's last definition that even in his time the word was used by courtesy, and we can only remember that it is a matter of education to use words in their proper and unexaggerated sense, where it is impossible to lay down strict rules of speech. There are rules for the use of adjectives, and yet people speak of an awful umbrella or magnificent lemonade, and one grows quite used to hearing them, and takes the worn coins of speech at their real value of worn and cool or delicious, or whatever the umbrella and lemonade really were!

We may safely decide that in the mere discrimination of sex one may always use the word woman with much greater propriety and elegance. Spokeswoman, forewoman, saleswoman are certainly better words in themselves than their counterparts of spokelady or what one hears still oftener, saleslady. Woman is certainly the proper term in such cases; the personal distinction should be made secondary. We should rather hear any one say: "A lady who has been spokeswoman at the club," or "a lady who was saleswoman at Messrs. So-and-so's," than "a spokelady" or "a saleslady." But we must never forget that since common usage bestows the title of lady by courtesy upon women, while one should not use it foolishly or carelessly one should not deny its use in an arrogant or wounding way. We must neither claim it by arrogance and pretense nor forget to be guided by courtesy in giving it. A little thought will teach us good taste and dignity in the matter, and help us to separate what is historical in the use of such a word from what is common politeness at the present time, as well as what belongs to mere classification in business or general matters from what is social and personal. We must recognize, too, as has been already said, that all ladies are unfortunately not ladylike, nor are all ladylike persons ladies, though courtesy expects a woman to be ladylike if courtesy grants the title. The "true lady" exists in all our imaginations and is recognized by every one at sight.

We might follow this idea and say that a lady should instinctively feel at home in the best society, in spite of shyness or lack of ease in making friends. "There are coarse ladies and fine ladies," said a very great person once, "and I may be a coarse lady, but I am a lady." We also must grant that there are bad ladies as well as good ladies, which seems to make clear the fact that we all have an ideal of what a lady should be.

Once I was spending part of a rainy day in the famous People's Palace in London, where there was just then a remarkable collection of paintings. Near where I was standing a poor woman stopped with her little son before a beautiful portrait.

"Oh, who's that, mother?" cried the little boy with charming enthusiasm.

"That's a gentleman," said the mother with equal pleasure in her voice, and they stood looking and looking at the fine face, and the boy was entirely satisfied. Perhaps in this country one would not be so likely to have heard just that answer. An American might have said, "Oh, I don't know who he is!" but the truth remained that the words exactly told the truth, "That's a gentleman"; and since nobody's eyes could help seeing the same thing the touch of reverence in the speaker's tone could not but be pleasant to hear.

And this reminds one that a noble look and fine traits of character are very often matters of inheritance. There are certain horses that come of a race noted for swiftness and intelligence and a certain refinement of looks and behavior; why should we not expect to see men and women who take social rank and personal value for the same reasons? Thoroughbreds who go upon four feet may be bad-tempered and possessed of many faults, and fall below the standards which we expect of their race, but they are none the less thoroughbreds, and we can sometimes say the same of men and women.

I should like to say, in ending, that there is something quaint and pleasant to me in a fashion of speech which has prevailed in our country of late years. When I hear some one call suddenly, "Lady! show your ticket!" or, "Lady! did you give me your check?" or, "Pass on, lady!" I remember in the old ballads:

"The ladye ran to her tower head,"

or,

"Sweet William to his lady said,"

or young Tamlane who says,

"Lady, let a-be!

What gars ye pu' the flowers, Janet?"

Wherever we can add to the politeness and considerateness of every-day life we are doing a right and pleasant thing. If, now and then, through courtesy, our good old discriminating word is misapplied, it may, after all and in many ways, do more good than harm.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT.



MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

## THE PERSONALITY OF A CHARMING WRITER

By Emma B. Kaufman

[With Illustrations from Photographs]



RS. WIGGIN bids me date her from the moment when she first became interesting to me. It is her fault then if I go back to the moment when I first saw her. It was in a crowded car on a windy day in an unfashionable quarter of San Francisco. It was not the crowded car that impressed itself on my mind, and it was not the windy day either, because nine days out of ten in San Francisco are windy. Mrs. Wiggin got into the car and crowded it more because there were half a dozen small ragged children hanging about her, and they were calling her "Miss Kate," and she was smiling with very blue eyes at one, and she was talking with very red lips to another, and her cheeks were very pink even then, and her golden hair was all blown by the wind. She had on a little hat that was surrounded by a wreath of red roses, and she had on a pretty dress that fitted her to perfection. It all struck me as being very incongruous—this pretty, fashionable lady who did not seem in the least to mind all these ragged children clinging to her and trampling on her dress, and the children who did not seem to be in the least afraid of the lady's style or beauty. The car was full of poor people who seemed to know her too, for they smiled at her and made room for her in a way they had not done for me. Presently I discovered that the conductor was an acquaintance, too, for suddenly he stopped of his own accord and called out Silver Street. Then there was a scampering and a scattering, and it flashed over me that the lady was Mrs. Wiggin of kindergarten fame.

Let me say here that Mrs. Wiggin was the pioneer of free kindergarten work on the Pacific coast, and the organizer of the Silver Street school, the first free kindergarten established west of the Rocky Mountains. This will dispel any idea that might have gained credence that kinder-

gartening was at any time a fad with her. It was always an earnest work, for which she had been equipped by long and varied training, made necessary by the death of her father when she was still a very young girl. While in San Francisco she married a young lawyer, Samuel Bradley Wiggin, who died shortly after their removal to the East. To-day, as first vice-president of the New York Kindergarten Association, Mrs. Wiggin still continues to be interested in kindergarten work.

I referred a moment since to Mrs. Wiggin of "kindergarten fame," for then she had not written a book unless, perhaps, it was "The Story of Patsy," and she was not known the country through as its best author-reader, if that is what one is called when one is clever enough to be the author of what one reads. In those days, and they are only a very few years back (her first book was published by Messrs. Houghton & Mifflin in 1890), she was everywhere spoken of as a most clever and versatile amateur, for she had not yet attempted to make money out of the parts that she then turned to account for the amusement of her friends. She was perpetually reeling off most able verses which she had written between kindergarten hours or a lecture to her teacher's class, and some dinner and reception. If you did not like these she had no end of other resources. She could sit at the piano and sing you songs you had never heard, because they were her own compositions that had not yet been published. She had made a delightful and characteristic setting for the "Butterfly Song" in Ibsen's "Brand." She had written no end of children's ditties, and the music to "Lend Me Thy Fillet," by E. R. Sill, was already at her fingers' tips. But if, again, you were not suited she could take her guitar and murmur to you odd minor-keyed Mexican folk songs till you might fancy yourself, in spite of her nodding golden head, at the feet of some dusky-haired *dago*. She was accounted one of the best amateur actresses in San Francisco, which those of us who have heard her read can readily believe, and has probably been advised as many times to shine on the stage as to go into literature. But in those days she seemed to have no thought of doing either.

I have referred thus to Mrs. Wiggin's accomplishments at this period before New York knew her, because they were as great and as varied then as they are now, and because one is apt to infer that only a large

metropolis can develop and encourage such talent. It was some years later, when Mr. Wiggin decided to move to New York, that Mrs. Wiggin plunged into literature ready equipped by years of amateur training for the struggle which for her was none. There are no tales of unappreciative publishers and returned manuscripts to tell in connection with her. Messrs. Houghton & Mifflin were her discriminating admirers from the start. "Patsy" followed their republication of "The Bird's Christmas Carol," and since then scarcely a year has passed that they have not brought out something from her pen. The list is known to us all, and it is as well and completely known in England, where all Mrs. Wiggin's books have been republished, but it is interesting to glance at their wide circulation elsewhere. "Timothy's Quest" and "A Cathedral Courtship" have already appeared in the Tauchnitz edition; "Patsy" and "The Bird's Christmas Carol" have been put into raised type for the blind; "Timothy's Quest" has found its way into Danish and Swedish, and attempts have been made to transfer the humor and pathos of "The Bird's Christmas Carol" into Japanese, French, German and Swedish.

She was born in Philadelphia and educated in Andover, Massachusetts, but Maine, where she declares she loves every stick and stone, claims her too. She spent many years of her childhood there in the small town of Hollis, where last year she purchased a house with the intention of passing her summer in uninterrupted work. This residence is appropriately known as Quillcote. It was the atmosphere of that region which lent color to those stories of hers about New England life and character, which have appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly."

For two years Mrs. Wiggin's winter home has been near New York at Bronxville.

There, the last time I saw her, she was acting in the capacity of *cordons bleu*, of musician and singer, and poetess and humorist, and hostess. At odd moments before the party proper arrived, I was, for the occasion, one of the family and admitted behind the scenes; at the oddest moments indeed, between the fastening of a hook, or the adjustment of a curl, or the placing of a flower, or the ordering of a maid, Mrs. Wiggin was scribbling sonnets, murmuring trios and breathing out love verses. As easily as she placed the flower, or ordered the maid, or fastened the hook, or adjusted the curl, did she "rhyme reason and couple compliments" to fit her guests. The feast she gave was a novel one. On the menu cards it was presented as a country supper and served to the announcement of "The Wittles is up." There were artists and lawyers and a dramatist and a critic at her

An artist whose brilliancy and fluency of speech are well known, and who laughed more heartily at the characterization than anybody else, was greeted with:

"There once was a man with a brush,  
O'er his pictures the public would gush,  
What e're he did sign,  
They protested divine,  
And bought up his work with a rush.

The ocean wave that laps the shore,  
The wheel that turneth o'er and o'er;  
The brook that dashes to the sea,  
The squirrel leaping in the tree;



A FULL-FACE PORTRAIT

The clock that ticks the hours away,  
The earth that rolls the livelong day—  
All these are ceaseless in their motion,  
The wheel, the clock, brook, earth and ocean;  
But in its steady rise and fall  
His power of speech surpasses all!

Still, when he thus to me discourses  
I never wish for any pauses!

And then, with a great driftwood fire melting from red to violet, settling its radiance with nice discrimination upon the golden hair of our hostess, we listened to her plaintive Mexican songs, and we stamped our feet and beat time to a jolly new Christmas plantation song which I hope Mrs. Wiggin and her publishers will some day let you hear.

In the early spring, perhaps before this issue goes to press, with Mr. George Riggs, who will become her husband some time in March, Mrs. Wiggin will leave for Europe. Henceforward she will divide her time between England, where she is a well-



MRS. WIGGIN'S STUDY IN HER HOME AT LAWRENCE PARK, NEW YORK

board who cooked and served dishes to the rest of us less talented ones. I remember Mrs. Wiggin's venison, which she fried in its own juices in a way that showed that if she had not been a musician and a singer, and a poetess and a humorist, and a writer and a reader, she might have made her living, and a good one, as a cook. Before we left the table we were presented with envelopes fittingly addressed. Mr. Laurence Hutton's was inscribed:

"To one who hoards curios rather than pelf,  
The gem of the treasure-house being himself."

And inside he read:

"There once was a nice little hostess,  
Who hadn't a sign of a host  
To sit at the head of the table  
And saw up the tough little roast.

"Each one of her guests was examined  
The instant he came on the scene,  
To see if he'd suit the position  
In muscle and dignified mien.

"But when they all came to the table,  
The rest were just laid on the shelf;  
The place was bestowed upon Hutton,  
For he was a host in himself."

known member of society, and where she has received the most flattering reviews and notices, Maine, where they claim her with pride and joy, and New York, where she has been variously called the prima donna of literature, an irresistible wit, a peerless dinner guest, and finally the most accomplished woman engaged in philanthropic work in America. She will still always—my pen slipped into "always," let it stay for surely there will be Ruggleses and Timothys and Patsys in succeeding generations, and people who will need Mrs. Wiggin's pen to see anything interesting or humorous or pathetic in them—she will then always continue to be known in literature as Kate Douglas Wiggin. To hundreds of small children, who may even number big ones, she will ever be "Miss Kate," the gentle girlish guide, the sweet counsellor and friend, who has added immeasurably to the happiness of their lives, and who has done so much to move them to guileless laughter.



MRS. WIGGIN'S SUMMER HOME AT HOLLIS, MAINE

## USES OF A CONTRALTO VOICE

By Jessie Bartlett Davis



THE contralto voice is as scarce as its recognition in operatic composition is recent. In accurate musical definition the contralto is the lowest of the three principal varieties of the female voice, the others being the soprano and mezzo-soprano. In the popular mind the contralto is to the female voice what the baritone is to the male. Its recognition by composers is recent in point of time and far from general. The ordinary register of a contralto is from the G below middle C to the G in alt, a range of two octaves. The peculiarity of a contralto voice, however, is not the range, but the quality of the tones: a deep 'cello-like resonance which is evident at once in the speaking voice. The contralto voice is perishable and is far more easily



MRS. DAVIS

and more visibly affected than is the soprano or mezzo-soprano. Fatigue or illness shows at once in its tones, and its possessor must, therefore, keep herself in perfect physical condition. Exercise, fresh air, sleep, simple diet and an unruffled state of mind are more than necessities of its well-being; they are the requisites of its existence. With care a contralto voice may last its possessor for twenty or thirty years. Alboni was unquestionably the greatest of all contraltos, her voice retaining its purity as late as 1871, although her *début* occurred in 1843. Constant care and watchfulness preserved her voice through all those years.

TO the physical well-being of its possessor must be added the careful cultivation of the voice itself. A judicious teacher and careful, but not too constant practice, will insure this. The first thing to be secured is a capable teacher. All things being equal—I mean by this given equal experience, equal ability, equal knowledge, and above all, equal common sense—I would advise a woman as vocal instructor for girls rather than a man, for the reason that a woman will be able to understand and explain the physiology of voice culture to young women with greater tact, and to illustrate what may be called the physical gymnastics of voice production with greater freedom than could a man. But where the man knows his art and the woman does not, the man should be selected by all means. Unfortunately the number of ignorant and injudicious teachers with large classes of misguided, hard-working and high-paying students, is large and is constantly increasing. The best way to secure a good teacher is to ask some acquaintance or friend, in whose musical knowledge and judgment you have firm faith, to choose a teacher for you. Do not select an instructor merely because he or she is the present fashion, but choose one whose work and results are well known. The age at which to begin study should be the earliest at which a knowledge of music can be attained. Vocalization, however, should be postponed until the voice has changed, until the quality and register are undoubted. A knowledge of the piano and the ability to read music at sight are as much a part of the education of a good singer as is the ability to vocalize.

I THINK it is very generally, if not universally, conceded that the so-called Italian school is the best for vocal cultivation, and in no division of vocal cultivation is this more true than in the training of a contralto voice. The Italians seem to have come into their possession of the first rank as singing teachers from a number of causes. Pronunciation and voice production being inter-dependent, the euphonious Italian language is, naturally, the best adapted to tone production. A second reason is found in the fact that the development of music, especially in its dramatic and ecclesiastical forms, has been more and longer prominent in Italy than elsewhere; and a third, in the necessity for providing a perfect choir for the Papal service, which threw absolute power into

the hands of the Italian choirmasters and demanded subjection and study from the pupils. These are, perhaps, the first causes for the superiority of the so-called Italian or natural school—a superiority which history and precedent are daily making stronger, and whose results are hourly more evident. As this method of voice cultivation gives better results in accuracy of tone, vocalization and voice preservation, and as the greatest teachers, like the greatest singers, no matter in what part of the world we may find them, are those of the Italian school, it seems fair to accept as final the testimony of those who claim for this method its unquestioned superiority. My personal advice on the subject is, for the best results in every sense, study the Italian method.

THE rules which should regulate contralto practice are the same as those which should govern all other vocal exercise. Never use the voice in practice for more than fifteen minutes at a time, but do this at least a half dozen times a day. When one has learned how to produce the tone properly, how to vocalize accurately and brilliantly, in other words, when one has learned how to sing, it can do no harm for the performer to sing steadily for an hour or more. Beginners must avoid this, and no one should ever practice for that length of time. The dangers of abuse are greater, perhaps, in the case of a contralto than in any other voice. The temptation to force low notes is with her as great, or even greater, than it is with the soprano or tenor to force high ones. The teacher is often equally foolish and weak—I had almost said criminal—in allowing and encouraging this. The only way to attain low notes is to wait for nature to grant them. Use the natural register naturally, and notes both high and low will be added unto it. But they will never come from forcing.

THE contralto voice is best adapted to solo singing, but it may be excellently combined in duets with the soprano and tenor. In solo selection the voice seems to peculiarly adapt itself to sacred music, and to the dramatic and more serious styles of ballad. Sacred songs, dramatic or pathetic ballads, love songs and lullabies seem the especial field of the contralto. For the lighter songs Molloy's are always good and invariably popular. Hope Temple's songs for contralto, especially "My Lady's Bower" by this author, are beautiful. The love songs of Frederick H. Cowan and Sir Arthur Sullivan are known the world over. The ballads written by John W. Mullen are all good for contralto singing. The beautiful songs by Tito Mattei are so many as to be almost innumerable. Tosti and Tours have also been prolific writers of contralto music. We have some new composers who are giving us very beautiful contralto songs. Of these are the "Cradle Song" and "Good-by, Sweetheart" of Kate Vonnoh, and some lovely ballads by Anita Owen. To secure a list of suitable sacred songs I should advise the singer to go to the most prominent local music dealer, who can give at once what is required. There are so many good sacred songs for contralto that I have not sufficient space in which to enumerate them. The same may be said of the classical songs. The best way to secure the latter is to purchase the scores of the great contralto operas, "Orpheus," "Trovatore," "Carmen," "La Prophete," and many others, and select the contralto songs from them.

IT is of great assistance to a singer, and especially to an amateur, that she shall memorize the words and music of her song. If she plays her own accompaniment the distraction of turning pages is avoided, an always available and ever-present repertoire is compassed, and an artistic finish is given the performance which is quite impossible otherwise. If, on the contrary, the performer sings to some other person's accompaniment, the element of grace and simplicity is added to an effect of thorough mastery of the song.

It is almost unnecessary to remind the singer that she must modify her style and selection to suit the audience and the size of the room in which she sings. It is on such modifications that her success rests.

I have spoken of the scarcity of the contralto voice. Mezzo-sopranos are plentiful, altos numerous; but the pure contralto is so scarce as to command, when properly cultivated, almost immediate recognition and success in the professional world, and to be in constant demand with impresarios. If a girl has a natural contralto voice and desires to become a professional singer, she will find a place awaiting her in the musical world when she has earned, by diligent study, her right to fill it.

If, on the other hand, she desires only to cultivate her voice for her own gratification and for the pleasure of her friends,

let her compass all of her art attainable and be that rarest and most delightful of all musical beings, an amateur artist.

Every woman who sings—those who sing badly as well as those who sing well—will find that ample opportunity is given her for the display of her abilities or of her lack of them. Singers are always in demand, and it is well for the amateur who, in the future, hopes to make anything of her voice, to remember to keep her grapes hung high. Do not sing for every person who asks you to. Select those occasions which are likely to surround you with a cultivated and critical audience—occasions which will demand your best work from you, and which you will feel will put you upon your mettle.

Quarrels among vocal artists are matters of such every-day happening we are likely soon to be provided with a new simile—"as quarrelsome as a singer," we will soon hear. The prevalence of these quarrels is an indication of a dangerous condition which confronts the singer. The awarding of public favor to one artist and the withholding it from another is the framework of bitterness, envy and unhappiness. And the wise singer will determine to use common sense in dealing with all her problems, and good temper and good nature in considering her rivals.

### THE GIRL ON HER TRAVELS

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

IF by offering, as one offers flowers, fruit, good wishes, to my young countrywoman about to embark upon her foreign travels, a few hints as to her demeanor while *en voyage*, I might hope to effect certain reforms, and to save her from certain strictures, I should be well repaid, for I am an ardent advocate of her species. Beside her the rank and file of girls one meets in traveling abroad seem stiff and colorless. The better class of our American girls are almost always original, piquant, pleasant to look upon, refreshing to meet. I have seen two of them, quite unintentionally, and by the magic of their frank cordiality of manner, wake up a dull gathering of people thrown together at a *table d'hôte*, and make it lively and sociable in a trice. And this success was not by any means obtained by the process of talking for the benefit of the table. It began in the immediate neighborhood of two girls sitting with their mother; it spread across the way, and finally circled around the board. This American family had traveled long enough and knew enough of the custom of *table d'hôtes* to be aware in the beginning that it is quite proper to enter into conversation with strangers placed beside one at hotels, and they had also discrimination enough to know how far they might venture to relax into easy talk with such neighbors. And so the leaven of their social tact spread through the mass of people, and made one acknowledge anew the universality of the American woman's power.

THE great liners that ply the ocean in summer voyages, give one an unlimited opportunity to study the American girl away from home. Either she is going out, eager with a hundred schemes for travel, or coming back with a budget of new experiences and new clothes. The lazy people who sit in their deck-chairs most of the way over, and watch the brisk ones in their eternal rounds of walking, have her continually before their eyes. And as there are no conditions of life wherein character in little things is more freely displayed than on shipboard, during that week or more of suspended animation called a voyage, the lookers-on are apt to criticize or comment freely on what they see.

Therefore, it is well for a girl to remember that a study of her made thus on shipboard may be scattered afar, whenever in the future her name comes up for mention. In all innocence she may do heedless things that will be misinterpreted, and among these are such as too frequent appearance in the promenade with the same man, sitting on deck in the evening alone with any man, or returning late to her stateroom accompanied by him. If she feels well at sea she is apt to feel very well indeed, and the inspiration of the air, the buoyancy of natural spirit, the hope of reunion with those left at home, or the zeal for things untried abroad, will key her up to a high pitch of spirits. This often accounts for conspicuous actions at sea that would be never seen at home. But a little self-control would help her to restrain these, and thus avoid comment likely to be a serious drawback to her future career.

LOUD talking, laughing, over-late suppers in the main cabin, to the annoyance of quiet folk who are outsiders, are in bad form, although the example may be set by ever so fashionable or exclusive a party. Picnicking, an excuse for horse-play in some eyes, should be carried on in the seclusion of a leafy dell, not for the benefit of a ship's company of unsympathetic souls gathered from the four quarters of the globe. Fun in a stateroom, however pro-

voked, should be kept within the limits of undertones and subdued laughter. Two girls finding themselves in the game of cross purposes, and amid all the droll happenings of life in a cabin in rough seas, will often become hysterical in their mirth, and give everybody along the entry an opportunity to enjoy their experiences at second hand. Especially is it in bad taste to be heard gossiping and giggling after the hour when most people are settled to a night's rest. When a well-bred girl disappears behind the door of her stateroom she should be lost to sight and hearing.

DRESS on shipboard marks the traveler. She who is accustomed to make the Atlantic voyage will wear during the whole of it a dark tailor-made gown of tweed, cloth or serge, with a rough outer coat, cape or jacket, according to the season, and a small inconspicuous hat or bonnet. Yachting caps for women are no longer used by those of critical taste. A soft felt hat of the deer-stalking variety, well pinned in place and further kept down by a veil, is most suitable. It is a whim of some very fashionable women to keep their countenances on deck forever behind a thick veil of black tissue. That, and the bunch of fresh violets, one for each day of the voyage, kept till called for in the steward's ice-box, are a sort of trade mark of a certain set of habitual voyagers. A boa or cape of fur is a welcome addition to the toilette on cool days on deck. Skeleton India-rubber shoes, a luxury unknown to English women, are useful in walking on wet decks. A traveling-rug or lap-robe is, of course, indispensable to put over one's knees in sitting out; and a down pillow, with ribbons to hang it on the back of the steamer-chair, is equally needful to comfort.

But, unless to change the bodice of the walking-gown for one intended for house wear—a blouse of soft silk in subdued colors—no one of fastidious taste attempts to make a toilette for dinner at sea. To remove the hat, smooth or rearrange wind-blown hair, and wash one's hands, is the general concession of preparation for the festive meal of the day, where all meet who can stand it down below. And while on the question of necessities for the voyage, a girl would not be likely to require more luggage in going out than an ordinary traveling trunk (consigned to the baggage room of the steamer till the other side is reached), and a steamer trunk containing a few changes of clothes—another plain day gown, a sea-wrapper to sleep in over her usual nightgear, and her articles for the toilette not in her handbag. It is customary to take underclothes that, with the sea-wrapper, can be given to the stewardess for distribution among the poor steerage passengers upon arrival. I should add that the only other desideratum for the voyage occurring to me beside a steady brain, is the deck-chair, best hired of the functionaries on the docks who provide such things at the cost of one dollar for the voyage. The deck steward, who takes this in charge, will see that it is daily put in place. Fruit is the only edible that can be enduringly kept in the stateroom, and that, in times of seasickness, is to be banished.

ARRIVED in a foreign country, a young person is apt to think the people who do not understand her tongue are thereby deprived of the powers of criticism of her conduct. But, on the contrary, the American girl, wherever she goes, is immediately covered by the *lorignon* of foreign curiosity. She can neither move nor have her being without being discussed as a type of her now famous class. No doubt her success socially, wherever she is known, has much to do with it. Other women, old and young—English women preëminently—are on the lookout for her every departure from good form. From her chance, trifling lapse at *table d'hôte* in speech or action from their accepted tenets, they judge her kind. This may not seem amiable, but it is strictly true. One can't make the round of half a dozen countries of Southern Europe in the traveling season and not have it borne in upon one's inner consciousness. The chaperons of other countries say to each other, "Ah, these American girls, they are sad poachers on our preserves," and consider it their duty to condemn our maiden upon the smallest pretext. As for their passing criticisms upon her speech, that is a matter of course, and to steer clear of them she might almost feel tempted to hold her tongue altogether in foreign company.

Another count of the English indictment against Americans in travel, is that they get all the best places, the best of everything, stand back from no extortion of landlords, and deny themselves no luxury of "extras."

There is a class of traveling Americans so intolerable to the sensibilities of the conservatives of their own country, that one is inclined to go over basely to the critics and say the worst that can be said of them. With this noisy, boastful, extravagant variety of our fellow-citizen *en voyage*, I can only trust it may never befall the American girl I have had in mind to join company, except, perhaps, as a missionary! When she belongs to such let us hope that her tact may serve to shelter her misfortune.





"I was delightfully startled by my appearance when I stood on a chair"

### A VIVACIOUS GIRL

By Grace Stuart Reid

[With Illustrations by Frank O. Small]

MARY had been out of school three years, Fanny two and I one. We were not married. We were not literary, musical, artistic, nor were we in any way connected with benevolent associations. Poor, dear mother began to have fits of silence at the table, and we would look up to find her gazing at us with sadness and reproach. She even went so far once as to say :



"Every inch a parent to be consulted"

"I try hard to have faith in my children"—and then she turned away her head as if we made her disappointed enough to cry.

If any one had a right to complain of that remark it was good, faithful Mary, the housekeeper and seamstress of the family, who never found her tasks homely and who always kept an unruffled temper. But she only passed a bit of tender steak from her own plate to mother's, and said :

"Now you know perfectly well in your inmost mind, mother, you would rather have your daughters good and happy than any success in the world."

And Fanny added cheerily :  
"Never mind, mamsie, I am going to wish for a carriage and team for you, with liveried Ethiopians to the fore and rear. You know I always get what I make up my mind to have."

She went to repeat the mistakes she always made on the piano, her pretty, smiling face watching itself absent-mindedly in the candle-mirror near her ; her conscience at perfect rest, though she be-

gan her hour's practice by the slow clock in the dining-room and ended it by the fast one in the parlor. When she had finished she called me to follow her to the tennis-ground at the Park.

Mother had cut me to the quick by her reproachful words, and sitting lonely in my room, I could not think of any way to right myself. She knew I was just as ambitious as she was, but what could be done with my portion of a widow's limited income and no natural gifts? She could not complain of my appearance, for everybody exclaimed at my resemblance to her, and she used to be very sympathetic about the same little foxes coming after my vines that had come after hers. She used to laugh, too, at my head, just like hers, requiring a woman's hat before I was grown up ; but now she seemed to think it was a very expensive shape even for the smallest fashion of the day. I dreaded her meeting a belle or any other social success, because Mary, Fanny and I were sure to hear of it afterward, and her comparisons were always unpleasant.

I knew I had been pricked into an ill-humor. I knew I was disrespectful in my thoughts. I knew I would like to have been so openly if I had not been sure I would be heart-broken afterward. But I told the girl who had come in to brush up my room that it was she who was impertinent, because she put down her broom when she came across my tennis shoes on the floor, and took a whisk to dust in and around them, as if they were too big and heavy to lift. I

did not believe any such thing as that she just did not want to disturb my belongings when she was not giving the room a regular sweeping. I told her loftily she could follow me down-stairs with the tennis shoes when she had tied them in paper. I was not going to tramp to the Park in them, and probably find the ground unfit to play on. It would not hurt Fanny to wait while I went to a friend's near by to put them on.

"Josie," mother called, as I passed the sitting-room door on my way down-stairs, "if you are going out I wish you would leave

my old slippers at the cobbler's and see if he can't fix them up. I cannot get used to the heels of these new ones."

"Why cannot Maggie take them when she's through her sweeping?" I answered. "Fanny will be tired waiting for me."

I had not thought thus before, but I did now, and a second time when I sat in the parlor and heard mother stop Maggie on her way down to me, and give her the errand to the cobbler's. Then I felt bound to hurry so that I dropped my tennis racket in the street and did not miss it till two Normal College girls ran after me with it. I used to think the "introductorics" were the most satisfactory girls in college, and the enthusiastic way they popped up in chapel to regale visitors with quotations was truly refreshing to me as a senior usually unprepared. But now I found these specimens intolerably childish. They were spending their Saturday holiday filling commissions for the fellow-pupils whose lunches had been assaulted by college mice. The college janitor had replied, upon complaint, that the Board of Education had made no appropriation for mousetraps ; so these shoppers were buying different varieties of those articles. I could not smile when they giggled over the ones they had already gotten, which had become unset in a crowded street car and burst their wrappings.

Fanny, too, was giggling when I reached the tennis-ground. I

had not cared about playing, but I thought it was really pretty cool of her, after asking me to come, to begin a game with our next-door neighbor, Harry Evans. She had probably forgotten all about me as soon as she opened the hall-door, and had looked up purposely at the window where he was studying, and hailed him to carry her net. If mother had seen Fanny's blue and brown canvas shoes racing on the grass and stood first on their toes and then on their heels, and her blue and brown striped skirt rushing forward balloon-shaped or falling back folded like an umbrella, and her blue and brown cap on the back of her head when she tried to make a tall catch, or pitched over her front curls when she doubled up to laugh at missing, she would have called her a disgraceful tomboy.

I did not care if the air was fine and the sky blue and the grass green and smooth as seal plush, if lots of players were out and the benches crowded with onlookers, and if Fanny was as happy as a child and

Harry had been brought up almost in our family. It was time they realized their age. I had no notion indeed of playing after the way I had been treated. They might have saved their coaxing. But I could sit at hand and form some opinions. I never in my life saw any one bounce as Fanny did, and Harry's stubby steps were simply ridiculous.

"If I could not wear a longer shoe than you do," I said to the latter, "I would not try to be a man at all."

He laughed and called out :  
"If I could borrow a pair of yours they might give me a start, perhaps!"

"Here you are then!" I answered.

With a quick stroke of my racket I sent him the tennis shoes I had not yet untied. They missed him and reached a player in the court beyond, who sent the bundle flying to one still farther away, whence it continued on an exciting tour around the big field amid shouts of laughter. It was a great relief to have an excuse for getting rid of my temper without compromising my dignity, so I laughed at Harry's wild chase after the shoes and at Fanny's anxiety when the paper burst, till tears rolled down my cheeks. I was never in a more agreeable frame of mind than when Harry, in a breathless condition, handed me back my bundle twisted up so tightly in its piece of twine that it looked half its original size. We were all three united in a gay mood as we walked briskly home down Central Park, West, flicking the overhanging trees with our rackets and waving them to Jumbo's skeleton, which grinned at us as it stood near a window in the Natural History Museum.

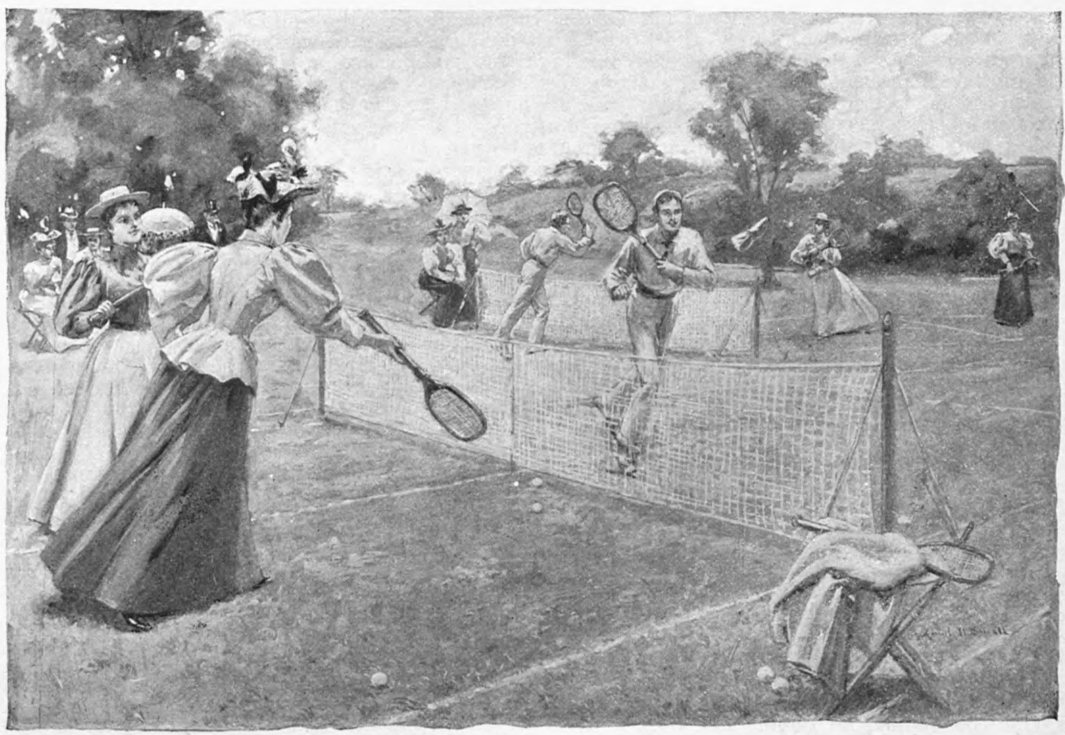
As we drew near home Fanny exclaimed at the unevenness of our parlor shades and the height to which they had been drawn.

"No one but the doctor would dare to do that," she said.



"She had such an innocent way of going to meet him with her hands out"

Instantly I seemed to see mother falling down-stairs in her high-heeled slippers because I had not hurried to have her old ones mended, and Mary fainting under the cares Fanny and I had left with her since mother had had the rheumatism, and Maggie hurting herself badly with the parlor furniture, which I had not waited to dust. But as we hastily bade Harry goodbye and entered our front door with a latch-key, at the other end of the hall Mary was cheerfully directing Maggie to sacri-



"With a quick stroke of my racket I sent him the tennis shoes"

face our Sunday apple pie and poundcake on the dining-room table, and mother sat comfortably in a parlor armchair, her high-heeled slippers facing a pair of patent-leather, manly shoes.

The advent of Mr. John Thurlow Spencer in our commonplace family was like taking a trip abroad. He was an old friend of dear father's, but young enough to be our elder brother. Born to wealth, a weakly constitution, and anxious parents, he had spent the greater part of his life in traveling. We all remembered a kind loan of money from him which had tided us over a tight place. It is pleasant to make much of a friend who is ready and able to help in such matters, but it is delightful when no longer necessary to do so, and one can feel one is giving favor for favor.

Fanny and I even allowed Mr. Spencer to insinuate that he had once dandled us on his knee; but he added that he had carried hundreds of miles a doll pin-cushion which I had given him with many tears at parting, and he was very sorry that he had been unable to accept, also, a tin kitchen. He did not remember Fanny doing anything but asking for his watch or scarfpin to console herself, and, when she could not be gratified, clapping her hands and exclaiming:

"But I will have all that's in your pockets when you come back!"

I must confess Mr. Spencer's hair was, and still is, of a shade of sand I had always avoided in making up ideals, and he had a bad habit of slipping down in his chair and wagging one foot when he talked; but his profile was like Napoleon the Third's on our old Sèvres medallion. He had a tenor voice, and I understood for the first time Jean Ingelow's pretty description of how it really often confirms one's admiration, or perhaps affection, for a person, to forgive some peculiarities.

It was truly nice, through our new old friend, to have a living link with the foreign lands we had often sighed in vain to see. We seemed so much more refined when we found we made tea the way Parisians do, and coffee as they do in Mexico. When Mary sent me out, after Mr. Spencer's departure, to repair his unconscious ravages in our Sunday provisions, I took an unnecessary circuit around the Navarro apartment houses and read with a sense of intimacy the names on their vestibule lamps—Madrid, Cordova, Granada, Valencia, Lisbon, Barcelona, Salamanca, Tolosa. I glanced through their graceful arches into the dull courts and imagined myself in all sorts of charming connections with lace head-dresses and high combs, almonds and grapes, olive trees and mules. I wondered if such a thing could be as the glinting glimmer of a possibility of my being personally conducted through the land of Columbus and the Alhambra.

I was glad I had had even this fleeting pleasure when I returned home to find I was not yet through with the subject of mother's slippers. She met me at the door, limping in one new and one old slipper. The mate of the latter was missing, she said, from the bundle Maggie had given me in mistake for my tennis shoes. The next day would be Sunday and I must return at once to the Park to complete the only comfortable pair of slippers she had ever had in her life. She did not know how she could get along if I were unsuccessful in my search; she never had met such a careless girl as I, not excepting Maggie, and she would not be at all surprised if several of our least familiar friends had already seen her initials on the sole of the dreadful-looking thing, for she had been very careful to mark it lest it should be thought of no account at the cobbler's.

No shabby, easy slipper awaited me on the tennis-ground or in its neighborhood. It seemed to me I never had seen the Park sweepers and rakers so youthful and brisk. I sat down by one of their wheelbarrows to cast an eye over its contents, and my bench proved the only one that needed to be moved. I tried to carelessly poke out a black object from under a bush as if I were simply amusing myself, and immediately a rake held up in the air before me a battered felt hat. I mounted to the reservoir, thinking mother's property might have fled by water, but only met a man's old boot, with the toe curling over to join the heel in the strange, lonesome manner of those articles when cast aside. I was truly sorry for mother's loss and discomfort. I knew that however nice a pair she might procure, she would always forget the defects and mourn the superior virtues of the slipper departed. I little thought how and when I should next meet it.

The white pebbles of the path around the reservoir crunched under my own shoes as I started to see our morning visitor enjoying the expanse of blue sky and water broken only by white gulls and tiny waves. He approached me in his smiling, leisurely way, and I rejoiced to walk homeward with such a society escort, especially as it gave me the opportunity to snub Harry Evans on the road. For, be it known, we always called Harry Evans the Old-fashioned Boy. He was very good to his family, no doubt, and very studious, and might indeed soon be a

graduated civil engineer if Fanny would not be so frivolous in her influence over him; but his hair was high off his forehead and inclined to be long, and he did not care a button for the cut of his clothes or for his appearance in general. Also, he once made the impertinent remark that if we girls continued to talk over all the fellows we knew in the way we did we were more than likely to wither unplucked from our maiden stalks. Fanny, instead of reproving, applauded him, but talked on in the same way as ever. She never realized what it was to mother to have to share her income with all three of us. I was determined she should treat such a friend as Mr. Spencer properly, and teach Harry, too, that he was not, perhaps, so indispensable as he thought.

## II

It was surprising what a hard task I had with Fanny. I never knew her to be of a contrary disposition before. She fled from Mr. Spencer in the most pointed manner, and it seemed to me that most of my time with him was spent in excusing her rudeness, and trying to give her a good character. He did take me out a great deal, and was very patient listening about Fanny, and polite questioning about her. I was so troubled for fear the feelings of such a constant, delightful companion as he began to be should be wounded that I made various plans to entrap her into my place. The first succeeded one Sunday evening when I saw Mr. Spencer coming up the church aisle toward our pew after service. Mother was not out. I gracefully saluted him at a distance and took Mary's arm, making a deflection around a radiator, and leaving Fanny to his tender mercies. We were only a short walk from home, but Mary thought she had to wait an hour to shut up the house, and I could have told her it really was a good half-hour by my bedroom clock before Fanny arrived.

"Why, Fanny!" I heard Mary say. "What on earth kept you, and why did you wait to come home alone?"

"It's all Josie's fault!" Fanny answered out of breath as if she had been running a mile. "She rushed off with you, and the pin of my cuff caught in his coat sleeve! I thought he would never get it out in this world!"

She was much more tractable after that. In fact, she began to be rather selfish in being ready for all the invitations to evening entertainments. Of course, I could not be so pointed as to claim my right when she was too blind to see it. It was strange Mr. Spencer did not ask two of us together. He only sent flowers to Mary and me though, because, he said, Fanny had never made him a present in her life and he thought it was time she did. Before this, mother had always objected to our receiving flowers from gentlemen, but, of course, it seemed different with him. And mother said one day:

"It would be a shame really to disappoint him by refusing. I never met any one, I do believe, who loves to give as he does."

That sounded so sweet and unusual coming from mother that I kissed her on the top of her old morning cap. It began to bob up and down, and I found she had been only joking. Therefore, I felt obliged to assume I had been kissing good-by to her faded headgear, and to make her a new one. Fanny offered to assist me, but she was so absent-minded she was more hindrance than help. I had had a moonlight ride the evening before behind Mr. Spencer's lovely team, and was just dreaming of the long line of tree-shadows on the boulevard, the firely twinkle of the bicycle riders' lamps, and what had been said to me in connection therewith, when Maggie appeared with Mr. Spencer's card.

Fanny flew to a chair at the extreme end of the room, and began to sew for dear life; but mother's presence was the only one requested, and finished or not finished she insisted upon wearing the new cap. Slightly flustered, as was natural under the circumstances, but erect and every inch a parent to be consulted, in spite of rheumatism and numerous pin-points attacking her from her half-made headdress, mother descended the stairs on my arm, Fanny having refused to give assistance. I heard the latter rustle back into the sitting-room from looking over the bannisters as I ran up from the bottom step; but she sat demurely as I passed on my way to my room. There I heard countless steps in the house and out, up stairs and down, as my heart pulsed quickly, and my brain made many surmises, though I flattered myself I had never preserved a more calm and dignified demeanor. But the only steps not in my imagination were mother's as she mounted from the parlor, and Fanny's as she went slowly down and shut the door softly.

"Well, Josie!" said mother, when she had called Mary and me to her in the sitting-room, "I suppose your busy little head," she never found it that before, "will be satisfied with its plannings all these weeks now they are successful. I think Fanny has decided to give Mr. Spencer the gift he covets most of all, and that, of course—is herself!"

Of course? I put my arms around Mary's neck and whispered:

"How could he pass you by?"

When she laughed heartily, I lifted my head and followed her smiling eyes to Harry, standing in the door. Did I forget to speak of a redeeming beauty in Harry Evans' face? Fanny once made the remark that she would as soon have a search-light turned on her as his steady, clear gray eyes. I thought of that saying now, and I thought, too, of something that had never struck me before, as Harry sat down with his hand on the back of Mary's chair, quite ignoring my presence.

There was not much billing and cooing in Fanny's courtship. Fanny was as natural with her lover as if she had been spending her whole life with him. She always rose the instant she heard his voice or step, and she had such an innocent way of going to meet him with her hands out, and dimples in her pink cheeks, and such a shining light in her eyes that one could have forgiven her almost anything.

She would wear only the plainest gold engagement ring, but she borrowed right and left from her family to look her prettiest when she expected Mr. Spencer. As the latter was not exactly of our generation, and so superior in accomplishment and knowledge of the world, we did not feel free to call him by his first name; he would not answer when addressed formally, so we compromised with John Thurlow. John Thurlow was as blind as his lady-love to the dreadful havoc she made in the wardrobes of her sisters. She continually was grateful that I was so near her size, and that Mary's hats and other alterable belongings made such a nice change for her. There were old things she begged us not to wear out, she did so want to take them away for association sake; and there were lots of new things she asked timidly to have, if it were not too extravagant, and because she had always longed for them, and she never, of course, would have another wedding trousseau.

It came down to my having really nothing suitable to wear to church the first lovely Sunday in June, and Harry found me moping alone in a dark corner of the parlor. He gave Fanny a little lecture when she returned home all smiles and color, and the poor child was so surprised and startled she cried. Then I scolded Harry Evans till I was actually hoarse. I restrained myself from telling him I thought it was ridiculous of mother to make him one of our family and to miss him if he did not come in every single day; but I did say to him that it was nothing short of cruelty to make Fanny unhappy in the happiest time of all her life.

Of all our home circle, Harry was the only one who did not adore John Thurlow. I thought at first this was due to disappointment about Fanny, for though they had been only like two playmates together, they were nearly of an age, and I had fancied mother was building castles-in-the-air about them. But when I saw how little John Thurlow appreciated the extra trouble his advent caused good, patient Mary, and how Harry stood up for her and by her whenever he had the opportunity, I added a few more ideas to the one that came to me at the time mother announced Fanny's engagement.

As John Thurlow's bachelor apartments were to be given up, and as his costly furniture and bric-à-brac were committed to our care, Fanny began enthusiastically to dispose them around our bare abode. But Harry suggested, through Mary, that our house was not Fanny's, and mother would not care for people's comments on her son-in-law's furnishing it. So Mary and I had to resign our beloved individual apartments for warehouses, and room together in a hall bedroom. That would certainly have made me cross, but Fanny's wedding-dress was finished just then, and she was unsentimental enough to insist that I should try it on, veil and all, while she called an audience.

I was delightfully startled by my appearance when I stood on a chair before a looking-glass. My dull complexion blushed with pleasure. Never, indeed, had my dun brown hair appeared so thick and rich as it did upholding the gauzy veil, nor my tidy figure so French and graceful. I looked much more dreamy and love-stricken than Fanny could ever hope to do, but she clapped her hands in rapture and without a trace of jealousy, exclaiming:

"Josie, thee art a born bride!"

John Thurlow bowed low, adding:

"It is well Josie was always so matter-of-fact with me, isn't it, Fanny? I might have been led away by my æsthetic eye."

But Harry caught him up, saying:

"What difference would that make to Josie?"

In an aside he ordered me to hurry and take off "that trumpery." It was so ridiculous to see him looking pale and angry about nothing that I jumped off the chair, and, seizing John Thurlow's arm, sailed from the room, calling back:

"Good-by, Fan! Address us in Cairo!"

John Thurlow had truly made a difference in Harry's relationship with us, for before our brother-in-law's arrival Harry had attended, in a great degree, to mother's money matters. Now, John Thurlow took them in hand, and was able to suggest such improvement in investment that our pros-

pects brightened considerably. It was very fortunate, for when Fanny had arranged not a simple wedding but "a regular one to please the girls," and we had calculated the expense of the music, flowers and refreshments she had chosen, mother asked, out of Fanny's hearing, if the latter intended us to beg, borrow or steal. Now, we felt we could strain a few points and fall forward on the future, so that we might have nothing to regret when our little bride was cut off from us by miles of sea and land.

Poor Fanny! She was merry and ready for all the ins and outs of her courtship, and all the strangeness and hardship of which John Thurlow warned her in their planning to visit his foreign haunts. But, on the bridal day, when we were all breathlessly watching her come down the stairs, when even I was thinking her the loveliest, blushing, dimpling bride the sun could ever shine upon, she was taken with the worst kind of wedding fright. She turned and fled to mother's empty rocker in the sitting-room.

"Oh, John!" she cried piteously, "I can't! I can't!"

"Can't marry me?" asked John Thurlow.

"Oh, no! no!" answered Fanny. "But—oh, dear!—if you only had let me just go off quietly in a summer silk or any way at all but this! I can't remember anything I'm to say. I feel as if I'd fa-fall right down at your feet before everybody."

"Well, that is not at all necessary," said John Thurlow, and I think even Harry admired his patience. "We will wait an hour, a day, a week or a month till you feel all right about it."

He drew up a chair close to Fanny's and sat down comfortably with her hand in his, smiling at our frightened faces. But the bride no sooner saw him so composed and unconcerned than she started up and said she thought she could get through if we would hurry down-stairs right away, and if Harry and I would stand very close to her and prompt her. So, after our many and careful rehearsals, our bridal procession descended all mixed up, and I was sure everybody must have remarked it.

Harry was so anxious to help Fanny out that he could not keep off her train. She did not need to be prompted after all, but he said most of the service in a whisper till I pinched his hand, whereupon he seized mine and held it fast, to my great annoyance. I leaned against his arm to cover up his absent-mindedness, but he took no notice. He appeared to be drinking in the ceremony in forgetfulness of everything else, and actually smiled serenely at John Thurlow. No one, indeed, would accuse him of a pang of jealousy, but a singular thing occurred when our guests were gone and we gathered round Fanny in her traveling dress to bid her good-by.

She had, indeed, become very courageous as soon as she was pronounced Mrs. John Thurlow, meeting her congratulations half-way. But when John Thurlow was thanking us at the door for giving him such a kind protector, and hoping that she would allow him to keep young and fresh and like a little bunch of sweet temper and contentment all his life, with other sayings to cheer us up and be understood *vice-versa*, she suddenly darted away from him, and slipped a little package in Harry's vest pocket.

Harry laughed and looked across where Mary stood, but, meeting my eye by the way, colored furiously. No one noticed but me, for Fanny had said naturally she must not forget to say good-by to her dearest, goodest, Old-fashioned Boy, and I am sure I did not at all intend to spy on any little farewell civility. I had enough to make me forget it when the hall door closed and the carriage rolled away, for mother wept heartily on my shoulder. She said, of course, I could not appreciate the trial it was to a mother to send a daughter out into the world with a comparative stranger, even in a happy marriage, and it was so hard to believe one's own children, that one had rejoiced and grieved over all their lives, could possibly get through their trials safely without their parents.

It was exceedingly pleasant to have mother confide in me. I realized that to be the stay and companion of one's mother was a very noble and satisfying aim. I made up my mind to be the staff of her old age, and was perfectly patient when she lamented the slipper I had lost, as she painfully mounted the stairs in a pair bought for the day's festivity. I helped her remove her finery and made her so comfortable on a lounge she said really a great deal about it. She wished, too, that I would see if the caterer's men had left, so that the girls might put the house in order.

Of course, I appreciated Mary, but I could not deny it was pleasant to be treated with the confidence usually bestowed upon that individual. I descended pensively to the dining-room, sighing to think of Fanny's vacant chair; but I found it occupied by Harry Evans at Mary's right hand, both enjoying a charming little supper. Though they gave me a warm welcome and said they were just going to look up mother and me, I turned speechless from the room. Not a tear, not a regret, but utter self-indulgence!

(To be continued in May JOURNAL)

# THE EARTHQUAKE OF EIGHTEEN EIGHTY THREE

By Josiah Allen's Wife

With Illustrations by Frank T. Merrill



WHEN Tom Petigrew wuz took up for stealin' money out of the till of his own uncle, Jabez Petigrew's store, you could have knocked me down with a pin feather—or I guess you could—you could with a tail feather anyway. Why, I wuz dumfounded to that extent that I acted dazed and sort o' high-headed all the mornin'; I walked round with my head up in the air a-lookin' real lofty and sort o' stiff-necked. You see the news wuz brung to our door by his cousin Jabe, old Jabez Petigrew's only son. He peddles groceries and things out of his father's store, and he come to our house real early in the mornin', and pretty nigh as soon as we let him in he disseminated the news about his cousin Tom. He seemed to feel like death about it, he sort o' cried before he got through with his story. It melted Josiah down dretfully to see a young man take on so because another young man, his own cousin, too, had got to cuttin' up. I won't say right out that he cried, but he brandished his white handkerchief round real dramatic and put it to his eyes and acted.

I never liked Jabe Petigrew somehow, and still I could never put my finger on anything in his conduct that wuz bad and ugly. He acted jest about as good and formal as if he wuz actin' from a paper pattern of goodness from day to day, and mebbly that wuz what ailed me—I'd always ruther see folks act spontaneous and without patterns.

Now, Tom wuz always gittin' into mischief when he wuz a boy. They both on 'em used to be here a sight with Thomas J., and although I used to git out of patience with Tom a dozen times a day, when he come I always liked him, and when he went hum I liked him, and between spells. While no matter how much like a pattern Jabez had acted all the time he wuz there, I didn't like him when he come, or when he went away, or between spells.

Curious, hain't it.

He'd always be settin' round dretful demute, with a Sunday-school book in his hand a good deal of the time, and he'd always bring the boys out in every little mischief they'd git into, and then he'd seem to be so sorry for 'em while they wuz a-bein' scolded or whipped, as the case might be. They called him in their mad moments "sneak" and "old tell-tale," and every other cuttin' apellation they could lay their tongue to; but he would act meek under it all, jest exactly as if he wuz a-actin' after that pattern o' hisen. And so he'd come up, always a-behavin', and always bein' disagreeable to me, till I declare for't I would take myself to do so for my onjestice that I almost felt that it would be a sort of a relief to my conscience if he had bust out and rapined or burgled a little, or sunthin' to justify my blind dislike, for, as I sez to myself, for a person who has tried for years and years to be just and megum, it wuz fairly dretful to continue to dislike anybody without any cause. But I might have settled down and felt comfortable if I'd only called on to my philosophy as I'd ort to. I might have known that it wuz the real person that wuz a-speakin' to my soul with that silent, convincin' language—that still speech that sounds above all the voices of language; I might have known that nobody can hide this real self—smiles, soft words, measured steps and jesturs can't hide the real you and I.

What we are will be known and felt by those about us. Though the fine atmosphere that wraps round each individual soul hain't been mapped out yet, and we hain't got the lay of its deep, black ravines and high, sunlit meadows, yet it is there,

and by some finer sense than the hull five senses we read on, the glory-kissed summits and the black depths cast their shadders on them about us. But I am indeed a-eppisodin', and to resoom.

As I say, Tom Petigrew, no matter what he did I liked him. He acted quite a good deal in his school days—always a-laughin' and sassy, some, but generous and truthful and honest, and I liked him the hull time and so did Thomas J. Tom and Jabez wuz both on 'em some younger than our boy, but they used to come and play with him, bein' we wuz all in the same meetin'-house, and their aunt on their pa's side, Mis' Abram Miles, lived neighbor to us. Well, what should them boys do when they grew up to be young men, but both fall in love with the same girl, little Kitty Miles, the sweetest little baggage you ever see, and the fullest of fun—she wuz Mis' Miles's adopted daughter.

Mis' Miles wuz a sad Christian, a droopin' and despondent member of the M. E. Church—a good creetur as ever wuz, but she looked on life in a melancholy way—a 'sa'm tune in a minor key, instead of the full royal march to a grand future, that bigger and happier souls find it. Her soul sung mostly such tunes as "Old China," while some souls tune themselves up to "Coronation" and "How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord." She couldn't help it, Mis' Miles couldn't—she wuz made so onbeknown to her. And I don't spoze she could help makin' that poetry of hern. She used to make sights of it. They never seemed to want it in newspapers—bein' they would have so much on hand when she'd send it—and so she'd have 'em print it on little square pieces of paper with vines runnin' round the edge—dretful affectin', melancholy poetry it wuz. There wuzn't a death nowhere round but what she wrote a poem on it, and then she'd read it to the survivors, and I've hearn some of 'em say that it wuz almost worse than their first trouble to have to set and hear it—it wuz so affectin' and melancholy. And then she wrote on the livin', too, which always made me feel queer when she come visitin' to our house—she'd set and look at me so kinder queer when I'd be goin' round gittin' the dinner, and I thought more'n likely as not she wuz writin' a poem on me—it made me feel queer as a dog. I know she wrote one about Josiah and me; there wuz twenty-nine verses on 'em, dretful gloomy and forebodin'—I didn't git over it for weeks. It begun like this:

"If your Josiah should fall in the fire."

It depicted all out what a state I would be in if my pardner wuz took from me in such a way, but it maddled Josiah. He sez, "Don't the dum fool think I know enough to keep out of the fire?"

But as I say, Mis' Miles couldn't help it, she wuz made so.

But mebbly it wuz because of the melancholy notes of life's march about her that made Kitty Miles break out in such gay strains, when out of the depressin' presence of Ma Miles. Her big hazel eyes wuz full and runnin' over with the joy and fullness of life; she wuz royally endowed with nater both to enjoy and to suffer. For it is a great philosophical fact that the board that teeters up highest toward the sun will go down lowest toward the depths when it gits to goin' down. I might illustrate this further with swings, clock pendulums, etc., but bein' in sunthin' of a hurry I will refrain. Yes, Kitty had had a glad good time all her life, for Mis' Miles wuz one of the best-hearted creeters in the world and fairly worshiped her, and she had had every advantage that love and money could buy, for Mis' Miles wuz very rich and Kitty wuz lawfully adopted; it wuz all hern to use now and would be entirely hern in the futer. Well, which of the two fellers wuz gittin' favored the most it wuz hard to tell. They wuz both called handsome and smart,

and both wuz well-to-do, though Jabez wuz worth the most. But if she went a-ridin' with one of them to-day, to-morrow she would go out a-walkin' with the other; if she smiled warm on one of 'em durin' the mornin' service, lookin' down like a sweet angel from the quire loft, why she smiled jest as sweet on the other at evenin' meetin' or at rehearsal, for they all belonged to the quire. Yes, indeed! after Kitty jined these two young men would have jined and tried to sing if they had had the voices of frogs and ginny-hens.

But they hadn't, no, indeed! Tom had a strong, sweet tenor voice that jined in first-rate with Kitty's clear sulfereno. As for Jabe, he had a dretful heavy bass voice, most too heavy, about as heavy as a bass viol or a trombone. Well, matters had gone on in this way for more'n a year, these two fellers a-follerin' her and growin' more and more desperate in love with her every day, and she as sweet and bright as a June mornin', a-sheddin' smiles and sunshine on to both on 'em. But Mis' Miles openly favored Jabe—yes, he got round her by actin' melancholy with her and by admirin' her poetry, and she wrote one or two poems on Jabez, so I hearn. And he admired 'em dretfully, and bein' so used to actin' by a cut-out pattern he could sink down into despondency jest as she did, and it wuz down there in the depths of gloom, so it wuz spozed, that he won her affection.

Tom laughed when he ortn't to when she would be a-relatin' her dolorous experiences—he would ketch Kitty's glowin' eye and some spark would fly out of each one on 'em that would sort of explode and go off in light laughter. Kitty, Mis' Miles could forgive for love's sake, but no outsiders could lightly view her gloomy fancies or smile at her poetry, no, indeed. Tom wuzn't irreverent or disrespectful—no, he would respect her for Kitty's sake if for no other. But the same sperit of mischief that led him on to ride our old turkey gobbler at ten years of age, and climb telegraph poles, still held up that blazin' torch to show Tom the comical side of everything, and he had to see it, and sometimes the laughter that wuz in his soul and dark blue eyes had to break out and bubble over his lips.

And Mis' Miles wuzn't reasonable about her poetry and about other things. If she is a sister in the meetin'-house I must say it, she no need to worry ten years after her pardner's death because folks called him spleeny and didn't think he wuz sick. Why, that tombstone down in the meetin'-house yard shows that he wuz sick, and it proves that he wuz, and she no need to worry because folks thought mebbly she'd marry agin. I knew there wuzn't no need of it if she held firm, and more'n half of the sisters in the meetin'-house would jine

her for a year, she'd worry for fear Kitty would marry Tom. But Kitty would laugh and toss her gold brown curly head and not tell what wuz or wuzn't in her mind about them two fellers. I spoze she kinder enjoyed havin' 'em both at her beck and call—I spoze she did.

I declare, though I kep' a smooth face on the outside, I kinder worried about it myself, and wondered which she would take. I felt like death at the idea of her marryin' Jabez—of havin' her bright young life set to that dull, cold nater—like a light liltin' morning anthem set to a dead march. And all my sympathies and all my hopes, every single one on 'em, wuz on Tom's side. For I had seen, in onguarded moments, such a shadder come over his deep, honest eyes as can only be caused by life's deepest joy and its keenest agony. It would be when Kitty would be smilin' her sweetest on Jabe. But Tom would remember himself in a minute, and order them skeletons of hisen down into the dungeon he kep' 'em in—we all have to let 'em out for a minute or two at a time, or I guess they would bust the walls we rare up round 'em.

Well, so it run along, Jabe a-sufferin', too, I honestly spoze, for he didn't know no more'n I did (so I spoze) which one she favored most, till all of a sudden the news bust on to us like a cyclone out of a clear sky, or a thunder-storm right out of my dishpan.

Tom Petigrew had stole five hundred dollars out of his uncle's store. He wuz clerk there while Jabe wuz on the road with a team a-peddlin' the contents of the store and a-gatherin' up eggs, rags, etc., etc. Tom Petigrew steal! I sez to myself when I hearn of it, and I sez it out loud to Jabe. "I don't believe it no more'n I believe the Methodist steeple has clumb down the ruff and jumped off and is payin' attention to Mis' Miles."

I wuz most sorry that I'd mentioned Mis' Miles's name, for such a queer look come over Jabe's face as I sez it, and he sez:

"Oh, what a blow this will be to Kitty and to Sister Miles!"

And I sez, "Sister Miles is so melancholy no knowin' what she will believe or won't, but Kitty won't believe it no more than I do."

He looked queer at that, and sez he, "It wuz a fearful sight to me to see the handcuffs put on to him, and he led away to jail."

"Oh, dear suz!" sez I, a-settin' down and droppin' my hands in my lap, "I'm clean used up. I see the moon over my left shoulder last night, and I expected trouble, but not such a blow as this," sez I.

"I see the moon right in front of me," sez he. He wuz dretful superstitious, always seein' signs and a-quakin' at 'em—



"His face looked queer, but he covered it up with his white handkerchief and pretended to cry a little"

me in sayin' she wuzn't in any danger from matrimony, she wuz dretful homely. But she would set and worry for hours and bring up what her state would likely to be if she did gin in and marry.

She said, with tears in her eyes, she'd "rather die than marry," but she didn't know what would happen, this is such a world of changes. And so it would go on about big and little things. She'd worry because the hens didn't lay, and think it wuz a judgment on her, and if they did sprunt up and lay profuse, she'd worry for fear it wuz too much for 'em. And then if she happened to have uncommon good luck with cookin' she'd worry for fear she wuz goin' to have some bad luck to offset it. And then she'd worry about the unpardonable sin, and sizm, she worried a sight about sizm. And along after Kitty had had these two fellers a-trailin' after

all broke up if he see anything that he called a bad sign.

I am not superstitious, not a mite—I scorn such ignorance, yet at the same time I'd ruther see the new moon over my right shoulder a good deal.

"Yes," sez he, a-lookin' troubled, "I see the new moon jest as I riz the Loontown hill last night, and it shone full in my face."

"Well," sez I, in glad axents, "that is a sure sign you are goin' to have a fall, a great fall."

He looked as if he'd cry, and my carnal nater wuz glad on't. I never liked him and I never shall, and I remembered as I sot and looked at him what his mother had told me—how from a boy Jabe had been as 'fraid of signs and omens as any old grandma. How he cried and took on when the comet blazed, and folks prophe-

sied the last day. And how that yeller day of 1881 skait him most to death. So as I say, I took solid comfort in sayin' out loud and clear:

"Yes, no doubt you will git a severe fall durin' this moon."

Well, pretty soon Josiah come in and tackled him to tell the petickulars, which he seemed uncommon willin' to do.

It seemed that little sums of money had been missin' from time to time, but his pa hadn't said nothin' about it, thinkin' mebbe some mistake had been made. But last night the safe had been found open, and five hundred dollars which wuz in it wuz gone. "And what wuz worse," sez he, "a-droppin' his eyes for a minute as I looked him full in the face, 'what wuz worse, the hull of the money, except five dollars of it, wuz found in Tom's trunk.'" His face looked queer, but he covered it up with his white handkerchief and pretended to cry a little. I presume that wuz the way it wuz down in that pattern of hisen concernin' conduct when relatives wuz took up. But it made me out of patience, and I spoke right up and sez agin:

"Well, I don't believe Tom ever stole anything no more than I believe I did."

But Josiah sez, "We have got to gin up, Samantha, before such proof as that, but," sez Josiah (that noble-minded but small-sized man), sez he, "I'd rather had the sheriff pick out the best Jersey in my herd and driv it off than to have had him take Tom Petigrew." And Jabez waved that handkerchief of his agin, and sez he:

"It is a dretful thing, and it will reflect on the meetin'-house so, and the quire—I don't see," sez he, "how we in the quire are a-goin' to look up and face anybody agin."

"Why," sez I, "do it as you always have!" I couldn't seem to bear a word from him.

"It hain't a-goin' to hurt you and the rest of the quire; every one has got to answer for his own conscience," sez I.

Sez Jabez, "Tom was goin' to sing alone next Sunday, or that is, he and Kitty wuz a-goin' to sing a piece alone."

Sez Josiah, "I never cared much for silo singin'."

Sez I, a-nudgin' him, "You mean solo, Josiah."

"Well, I said silo, didn't I?" He wuz real snappish and I gin up convincin' him.

"I hearn 'em a practicin' last night when I come by Mis' Miles's, and I noticed how sweet their voices sounded," sez I; "they wuz just a-singin' these lines:

"There's a wideness in God's mercy  
Like the wideness of the sea,"

and I believe," sez I, "that that mercy, wider and deeper than we can fathom, will surround poor Tom Petigrew and make his innocence known."

"Innocence!" sez Jabez, a-takin that handkerchief down kinder sudden, and I see his eyes wuz as dry as a mullen stalk in a drouth. "Why," sez he, "it has been proved that he wuz guilty!"

"Not to me!" sez I, a-holdin' my head up and mebbly tostin' it a very little, for I felt jest as curious as a dog, and curiuser; but I felt jest as sure that Tom wuzn't guilty as I ever wuz that I couldn't like Jabez, though everything wuz agin me in both on 'em."

"Yes," sez Josiah, and there wuz a mournful droop in that good creeter's voice as he said it, "we shall have to give it up, Samantha, and I loved that boy," sez he, "I loved him next to my own son!"

Jabe didn't seem to relish our talk, and that pattern of hisen kinder slipped off a minute, I guess, for I see a dretful mean and triumphant look come over his face like the shadder of a thunder-cloud over a dry paster. And sez he:

"It will be a dretful shock to Kitty Miles."

"Not if she feels like me," sez I, a-tostin my head a little higher. I wuzn't goin' to crumple down before that critter anyway. "If she is any like me she will think as much agin of him now he is unjustly accused—I do," sez I nobly.

Josiah shook his head at me in a dejected shake, and Jabez got up and said that he must be goin', and mekkanically Josiah took down his plantin' bag and follored him outdoors.

Well, I sot there alone and didn't seem to sense a thing that wuz a-goin' on round me. My dish-water got cold as cold could be, and the cat jumped up on to the buttery shelf after the brook trout that lay there in a pan of water a-waitin' for dinner. And though I did remove the red speckled beauty out of the cat's ruthless ambition up to a higher shelf, I did it mekkanically and with no sense of it. And then, instead of goin' to washin' my dishes agin, or heatin' over the water or doin' anythin' sensible, I jest dropped down into my rockin'-chair agin and groaned and sithed and sithed and groaned. Well, I guess I might have been on my seventh or eighth groan, you can't keep a clost account in such a time as that, when sunthin' like a white cloud come a-sweepin' through the door, across the room, and wuz throwed at my feet. It wuz Kitty Miles in her white mornin' wrapper, and her gold brown hair all loose and curly round the nape of her white neck, as she buried her face in the

folde of my green gingham apron and cried out:

"Don't tell me you think he is guilty! Don't tell me so!"

"Why, Kitty Miles!" sez I, "don't you cry so; you hush right up and tell Aunt Samantha all about it." And my hand rested on her head tenderer and loviner than any hand, I'll bet, had ever rested there sence her dyin' ma blessed her and gin her into the hands of her Lord. "Tell me all about it," sez I, a-smoothin' back the curly hair with a dretful soothin' movement. Why, I never begun to love her as I did at that minute, and I had loved her stiddy every day for eighteen years. And then she sez agin:

"Tell me you don't think Tom is guilty! Tom Petigrew steal!" sez she, a-liftin' her bright face where the indignant blood in her pretty cheek had almost dried up the streamin' tears. "Tom steal, why I would pledge my life on his honesty and honor!"

"So would I!" sez I stoutly, "and Josiah's life and the children's," and I wuz jest a-goin' to put in the grandchildren's lives, but I couldn't, for Kitty jest hugged me and kissed the words right offen my lips. I wuz almost choked.

Well, after a minute or two we sot down and tried to talk the matter over calmly, or as calm as we could with our hearts jest a-achin' with love and sympathy for poor Tom. Yes, Kitty didn't make no secret to me of the truth—she loved Tom with the first fresh love of her life, the love that can never be forgotten, no matter how many changes may come—a love that a man remembers with another woman who is his wife asleep in his arms in a lonesome, rainy midnight; and a love that a woman remembers when the children of another man is held clost to her heart. And they may love these different pardners—I hain't a doubt on't, but it is different—different. The diamond has to be cut and hacked at before the brightness is revealed, the rough gold melted in a furnace to show its fineness. I guess Kitty had mistrusted for some time—I guess she had, but to-day she knew it for a truth—that she loved Tom. Well, I had kep' on a-lovin' him for over twenty years, a different love from hern, but a good, sound, well-seasoned one. And there we sot and talked, and talked, and talked, and laid on plans and then got offen 'em, and then laid on others, and so we kep' it up for hours and hours. Why, my dinner wuz most half an hour late, and Josiah wuz wildly fraxious, but across that seen I will draw a thick veil of total silence. But whatever course our thoughts took, and they took every p'int of the compas that wuz ever hearn on, and more than I ever thought there wuz, but every time they would come back from them p'int to this startin' place: The money had been stole, it wuz found in Tom's trunk, and Tom wuz in jail.

(To be concluded in May JOURNAL)

## TO THE MANNER BRED

BY MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

IF not "to the manner born" all may be to the manner bred.

Although in America we have no hereditary aristocracy to dictate rules of conduct or what constitutes elegance of manners, there are persons of native refinement and good taste who have had experience of other lands and peoples, who may be trusted as examples. These have their "shibboleths," their criterions of breeding, that are well defined. A man that takes mashed potato with his terrapin and orders a large cup of coffee with milk at the conclusion of his dinner, may be a more worthy member of society, a finer specimen of mankind than the "gilded youth" of fashionable circles, but he would not be regarded as a man of refinement, hardly as a gentleman, by the privileged classes either here or in Europe. But such things make not distinctions of merit, but of manners.

But the highest standard of behavior at table requires one to begin the reform with one's self, and cultivate a discreet and charitable blindness to the lapses and peccadillos of one's neighbors.

Nothing gives either a woman or a girl a better position than the reputation for being well-bred. It includes so much. Such a one has a pleasant, gracious manner, is cordial at all times, and speaks and tries to think kindly of every one. She never sees what another would hide, and is slow to believe evil. The effort to rival or eclipse her companions is not apparent, and her behavior is always that of a gentlewoman.

It was once prettily said of a charming girl that "if she were on a throne she would make every subject feel that she had abdicated in his favor for the day." Such a woman is the product of our highest civilization. Here is her portrait:

"This to my lady's praise;  
Shame before her is shamed;  
Hate cannot hate repeat,  
She is so pure of ways.  
There no sin is named  
But falls before her feet,  
Because she is so frankly free,  
So tender and so good to see,  
Because she is so sweet."

## MY GRANDMOTHER OF PIONEER DAYS

BY HAMLIN GARLAND



MY Grandmother McClintock—my grandmother on my mother's side—I have always called my "pioneer grandmother." Her name was Edith Smith and she was born in Maryland. She

moved from Coshocton, Ohio, to La Crosse, Wisconsin, in a prairie schooner, and I have no doubt she came to Ohio from Maryland in the same way. She never lived in a village, and so far as I knew never spent a day in complete rest, so I think her title to pioneer will stand.

As I remember her she was strong and large, and tireless apparently, with unfrowning face. She had no teeth when I came to know her, for times were too hard for such luxuries as store teeth. She must have been about sixty. She wore her hair combed very smoothly down over her temples, and always dressed in the poorest and cheapest clothing, in order that her girls and boys might have a better setting-out. She lived near West Salem, Wisconsin, in a small house in sight of the La Crosse River. A little trout brook ran before the door, as I well know, because we used to visit her occasionally and go fishing in the brook, and also there was a thick grove of slender "papple" trees there, for we used to climb to their tips and swing to and fro in the roaring wind, delirious, shouting with the joy of it.

THE brook and the trees are closely associated in my mind with Gran'ma McClintock. My father lived about seven miles away in a "cooly" which had a "sloo," but did not have a brook. And the trees were far off on the sides of the bluffs.

In those old days we did not call on people—we went visiting and stayed all day and sometimes all night; therefore, each trip was long to be remembered by the children. We always went in the same way, in a huge lumber wagon, with father and mother sitting on the spring seat ahead and the children jouncing up and down on the straw behind.

Grandmother came into my life only a few times after I was old enough to observe her. The last time I saw her was on a Sunday when I was a very small boy. We were on one of our visits up to gran'pap's. It is worth while to say that we never called Grandfather Garland (who was a small man with a State of Maine accent) anything but the full and proper word "grandfather," but we called Hugh McClintock, who was a gigantic and impressive figure, "gran'pap" and "gran'-dad."

I do not remember much about Grandmother McClintock on that last day. She was so busy cooking, and I was so busy climbing trees, that we did not visit much until we all came in to dinner like hungry shoals squealing for porridge. We ate in the kitchen with gran'ma to wait on us, because the "other room" swarmed with the family. There were about thirteen in the family, and I have since wondered where they all ate and slept in that poor little cabin, but it did not trouble me much at that time.

IT was a memorable date. Not only was it the last time I remember to have seen grandmother, but it was the day I received the news of Jowler's mysterious fate. He had gone off into the acid-sweet, coal deeps of the bottomland forest and had never come back. We all moved down the path he had taken, I remember, until the gloom of the mid-forest and the awfulness of that going forth put panic in our hearts and turned us about and sent us flying for the open air.

Also I heard for the first time the story of a second cousin who fled for days from the Indians, carrying her child, and living on roots and berries.

The cheer of our dinner was the bright side of the day. We had honey to eat on our bread, and I remember that I found a small bee in the honey, and learned for the first time (from grandmother, of course,) that it was a baby bee, and that the honey was put there for it to eat; that it had not "got into" the honey, but that it was born there. It was wonderful!

Grandmother waited on us—dear, patient, tireless old soul!—she always served others. Her life was toil for others, never for herself. I do not remember that she talked much to us. She just beamed on us while we chattered. I do not remember that she was a talker. I think she seldom laughed—just went about smiling silently in the midst of the turmoil of good cheer which her children always raised when they were together.

She was the mother of seven sons, every one without a physical blemish—all but one standing six feet in height—the best runners, jumpers and marksmen in the valley, yet with all their power good-natured and easy-going, and all of them ready to be taken care of and spoiled by her.

SHE gave birth, also, to six daughters, almost equally gifted in physical attributes. They were all natural musicians of a high order, but I think that was grandfather's gift to his children. I do not hesitate to say that had this family received any sort of a musical education they would have left a deep mark on the musical literature of our day, but the terrible waste of human genius involved in pioneering decreed otherwise.

My grandmother had no education. She could read and write, of course, and I seem to remember her pathetic attempts to find time at odd moments to pore over her Bible.

My grandfather was a mystic, notwithstanding his great frame and his humble life. He was a dreamer of Apocalyptic dreams like John. He loved prophecy and was, therefore, an Adventist. The poetry and splendor of diction of the Old Testament was his outlet, his world of art. And I think grandmother shared his belief in his Advent faith; she certainly shared the work involved in the hospitalities he gladly offered to the "traveling brother." I think she loved my grandfather with a love that never wavered nor grew less. I do not remember ever to have seen him caress her, but he never spoke cross to her, and so far as he thought of it he was kind to her. But he was absent-minded. With eyes turned upon the visions of Daniel and John, he really saw but little of my grandmother's toil, and this thoughtlessness communicated itself to the children.

BUT she was cheerful in the midst of it all, for who had such a crowd of boys and girls? And she knew they loved her. So she sacrificed herself for them. Occasionally David or Luke or Rachel would remonstrate with her, but she would put them aside with a smiling gesture and send them back to their callers, and when the girls were at home the horses tied before the gate would have mounted a company of cavalry.

It was well she was rich in children, for she had little else. I do not suppose she knew what it was to have a comfortable, well-aired bedroom, even in childbirth, which came to her thirteen or fourteen times. Her home was always small, poorly furnished, without pictures and without art, save music—her children gave her music. She must have been practical and a good manager, for her husband was not. A hundred times I have seen him sit with introspective eyes, his grizzled lips chanting in a whisper the wild words of John or Daniel. He was known to pause in the harvest field to argue that the day had certainly been set for the general conflagration of the world.

He was not a good farmer, and only the splendid abundance of those early days and the work of his boys and the management of his wife kept them all fed upon crude but abundant food.

Grandmother's death came, as I remember it, one Monday morning in July. The scene was humble. One of the younger daughters was washing out in the woodshed, while grandmother was getting dinner. My Uncle David came up from the field, and my aunt left her washing and went into the sitting-room to rest a few moments and chat with her brother.

David looked toward the kitchen and said, "Ain't there some way to keep mother from working so hard? She don't look well to-day."

"Well, you know how she is. She's worked so long I don't suppose she knows how to stop."

Uncle David looked troubled. Something he had seen on his mother's face had frightened him.

"Well, she'll have to stop some time," he said, and then they spoke of other things. They could hear the meat frying out there and the busy tread of the ever-moving feet.

Suddenly she appeared at the door with a strange look on her face.

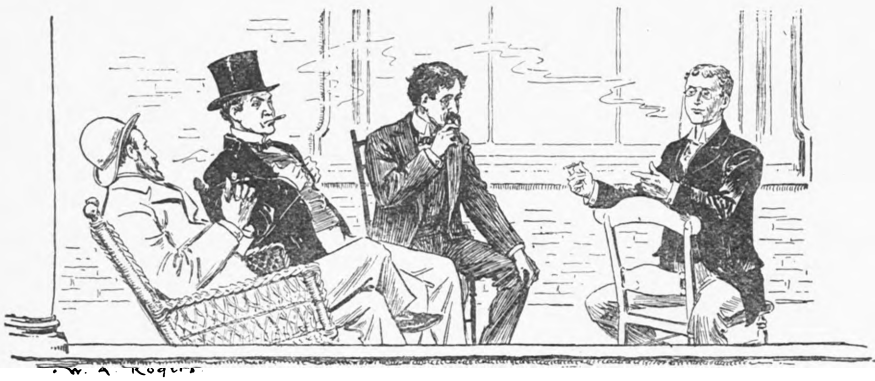
"Why, mother, what is it?" cried Manly, the daughter.

Grandmother pointed to her mouth without speaking.

She could not speak. My aunt ran for water and David leaped toward his mother, but she dropped before he reached her. There was one terrible moment as they bent over her, trying to minister to her, but she died in a few moments without speaking.

She fell in the shafts. She died amidst her daily duties. She had served uncomplainingly in a treadmill up to the noonday resting time and there she stopped. There was something fitting and splendid in such a death, for to have lived on into helplessness would have been for her intolerable torture.

As things are generally reckoned, my grandmother did little in this world. She trod a narrow round between the cradle, the washtub and the stove. She was unlettered, untrained in anything polite or beautiful, and yet she shows favorably in comparison with any conditions being taken into account. To have given birth to those sons and daughters is a heroism greater than Leonidas', and more worthy of high honor in my eyes than the killing of any number of our fellow-men.



THE PARADISE CLUB SMOKING ON THE VERANDA

# THE PARADISE CLUB

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

[With Illustrations by W. A. Rogers]

V—A SPRING-TIME CHAT

"Ah!" cried the Irresponsible Person ecstatically, as the Paradise Club sat smoking on the veranda of the Decade building, "isn't this fine? Spring! beautiful spring! There's nothing like it."

"I wish there weren't," growled the Married Man. "If there weren't anything like spring we'd be rid of one of the greatest nuisances in life. Spring makes me tired."

"You need a tonic," said the Irresponsible Person. "Stop coffee and cigars, drink iced quinine, and if you must smoke, smoke a pipe loaded with calisaya. You fellows who blame spring for your tired feelings ought to be glad you have spring to blame. It's a universal scapegoat and covers the responsibility for as many maladies as charity covers sins. Take your society girl, for instance. She keeps on the go all winter long; operas, dances, teas, breakfasts, dinners and horse-shows, flower-shows—everything conceivable in the way of a function that can sap her strength and undermine her constitution she pursues, catches and makes herself a part of. Then spring comes and she is tired. It isn't a long list of late suppers that makes the thought of eating intolerable to her. It isn't an over-indulgence in opera that makes even music unendurable—it's spring. That's all. The natural enervation of the spring-time is the thing that makes a quinine pill or a tonic a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

"Your argument sounds well," said the Married Man calmly. "But it has no value, for the simple reason that before the spring-time comes the society girl has had

instead, where, by a strange coincidence, there happen to be a dozen or more other young people who have dropped in, and what is even more strange a pianist and a violinist appear, and then they all take a rest by dancing informally until one or two o'clock in the morning, and she gets to bed early—three o'clock in the morning."

"I don't call that early," said the Married Man.

"I do," said the Irresponsible Person. "It's very early—in the morning. Nor does she waste her strength by over-indulgence in opera in Lent. She goes only once a week instead of twice or thrice, which, with the little siestas she gets in the afternoon at little informal musicales, braces her up wonderfully. And in order that she may do some good work for the benefit of her fellow-men, on such evenings as she is not informally dropping in on the Witherby-Wotherspoons, she is going about the squalid sections of the city under the leadership of the assistant at St. Somebody's Church, escorted by Bobbie van Hickenlooper, who wants to do great philanthropic work and doesn't know how, but thinks that the way to find out how is to go into the camp of misery and take notes. This also is restful work, so cheerful and withal so useful, for it generally results in her taking Bobbie van Hickenlooper out again to the home of misery, where she plays her banjo for a hungry family, and on departing leaves with the poor mother of that family a valuable work on cookery, by means of which the suffering woman can learn how to make oyster patties and other delicacies which are generally beyond the reach of hungry families."

"He is right," said the Philosopher to the Married Man, "in so far as the society girl is concerned. When she condemns spring she is unfair. The thing she ought to condemn is her own butterfly existence."

"Well, I'm not a society girl," said the Cynic, "and I'm always tired when spring comes. What has our irresponsible sage got to say about me?"

"You were born tired," said the Irresponsible Person with a chuckle. "Give us an easier one. It isn't spring that knocks you out; it's your own disposition. You are like the man in the old rhyme,

"As a rule a man's a fool:  
When it's hot he wants it cool;  
When it's cool he wants it hot—  
Always wanting what is not."

I don't mean to imply that you are a fool, Mr. Cynic, because we all know that you are not, but it is your nature, and you say your pride, to be 'agin what is,' and as a result you are in a state of perpetual unhappiness."

"That's where you make a mistake," said the Cynic. "I'm always happy in the thought of how lovely things would be if they were different, and, inasmuch as it is given to all men to hope, present weariness is always dissipated by anticipation of pleasures to come. Since you have been weak enough to drop into poetry perhaps I may be pardoned for doing likewise. A modern versifier has sized me up in this way:

"In winter days I long for spring,  
In summer for the fall;  
In April I'd be summing  
If I'd my way at all.

"And in the gorgeous autumn-time  
I deem that season best  
When 'neath the snow and frosty rime  
Fair Nature lies at rest.

"Tis thus I'm always happy, for  
My spirit's upward led  
By thoughts of those good things in store  
For me in days ahead."

"I'm glad to hear you speak as you do," said the Irresponsible Person. "It's a sign

that you are on the verge of reformation. In admitting that there is happiness in anything you go back on the creed of cynicism."

"Not at all," retorted the Cynic. "I simply prove the truth of that creed. In showing myself untrue to cynicism I prove conclusively that everything is untrue. If I can't trust myself whom can I trust? When a man gets cynical about himself he is the highest type of the cynic, and cynicism is glorified."

"Don't you trust me?" asked the Irresponsible Person reproachfully.

"Yes, I do," replied the Cynic with a smile, "and that also shows me what a poor, weak customer I am."

Even the Irresponsible Person joined in the laugh at this sally, and it was considered a good time to order a new round of cigars.

"You fellows dropping into poetry reminds me of another nuisance of the season—the spring poet," said the Married Man. "If nothing else spoiled life in these days spring poets would do it."

"There you err," said the Philosopher. "I have made a study of spring poets for my book entitled 'Some Pleasing Aspects of Suicide.' The spring poet has forced himself into fruition earlier and earlier every year until now he is one of the

burdens of the Christmas-tide. He has become what you might call a Hothouse Nuisance."

"I don't catch your point," said the Cynic, "but I presume you know what you mean."

"You always were presumptuous," said the Irresponsible Person sharply, for he was a little resentful of the turn the conversation was taking in view of his own occasional indulgence in the writing of spring poetry.

"I mean to say that poetry has become a business like everything else, and that the early poet catches the check," the Philosopher explained. "The spring poet, who used to wait until May to fly into ecstasy over caroling birds, and blossoms and all that, in order to be first in the market, now starts in at Christmas-time to pen his spring effusions. It isn't easy to do it, of course. When the scrape of the snow-shovel is heard in the land and the furnace behaves like a refrigerator it's rather hard for a spring poet to write:

"Birds are singing,  
Hare-bells ringing  
Floats across the mead."

But he knows that if he is to pay his board promptly his little lyric must be ready in time for the market, and as a consequence his bees have to begin humming in icicle days; his birds burst forth into song simultaneously with Santa Claus' appearance on the roof."

"There you've hit a vital point in modern literature," said the Cynic. "It's the commercial sense that has ruined the literature of to-day. John Milton said, 'I will write a sonnet,' and he did. Herrick said, 'I will write a lyric,' and he did. But the modern poet says, 'I will make ten dollars!'"

"And he does!" put in the Irresponsible Person.

"Bah!" cried the Cynic. "Cynics don't sell their cynicism; philosophers don't sell their philosophy; why should poets put Pegasus in harness and hire him out as a hack horse?"

"It isn't that," said the Philosopher. "Man has a right to the rewards of his labors, but it is all wrong to force his moods; and the spring poem written at Christmas-time can't be full of the atmosphere of the spring as it should, and to just that extent enterprise is the ruin of letters."

"And I presume," said the Irresponsible Person dryly, "that we'll get back to the old basis and decide that in some way woman is responsible for it all, eh?"

"You think you are sarcastic," said the Cynic, "but as a matter of fact you are not. Woman is largely responsible for it. Every

profession that women go into in competition with men sooner or later develops some queerness which causes it to fall short of what it ought to be. I believe that statistics will show that spring poets are either women or men who ought to have been women; and it certainly cannot be denied that it is the women who encourage the writers of exclamatory verse. No man is going to waste his time reading poems beginning:

"Oh, would I were a hare-bell  
That I might chime with thee."

I'd rather read a good, well-written soap advertisement any day than ten lines of that sort of stuff, and yet it gets into print, and why? Because the women like it. Macaulay and Scott couldn't make a living to-day, but Jane Witherington Perkins supports seven nieces in affluence with her exclamatory boudoir ballads and summer-house sonnets—which is a shame."

"It's rather nice for the nieces, though," said the Irresponsible Person, "and whether you like the stuff or not, it is pleasant reading to a million women, and affords a means of livelihood to the seven nieces, I contend that Jane Witherington Perkins is doing a great work. If I could write one spring poem that would please one woman, and bring me cash enough to buy a hairpin for my sister I'd be gratified,

and that, with all due respect to your views, is the way to look at it. Women, my dear Cynic, are as much entitled to their likes and dislikes as you or I, and the man or woman who can contribute to the former and avoid arousing the latter is fortunate. It may not be great work that they do, but it is good work, and you who despise it will have your satisfaction in the end, provided, of course, that you are right, when seated



"On departing leaves with the poor mother of that family a valuable work on cookery"

on that little private cloud outside of Heaven which I doubt not Providence has reserved for you, since it is probably known in celestial regions that there is nothing in the great Golden City that you could conscientiously stamp with your approval; you will, I say, have the satisfaction of seeing all this work which contributes to the immediate happiness of the untutored mind, if it is as bad as you say it is, die, cast into oblivion. As for me, I'd rather succeed while I live than become illustrious as a shade, and if woman gives me present success, here's thanks to her. She has made life happy, which is her mission."

The Philosopher stirred his coffee and nodded approval. The Cynic, however, replied:

"I'm glad to hear what you say. If any one can be so lost to shame as to defend spring poetry, then are things in a parlous state, which is all we cynics wish to have admitted."

As for the Married Man he was silent, for they were going through a siege of house-cleaning at home, and he opened his mouth only to growl.



"Then spring comes and she is tired"

a chance to rest and recuperate through the advent of the Lenten season, when functions cease."

"Delicious!" cried the Irresponsible Person. "Delicious—absolutely so. If I'd desired to have my point proved beyond all question I could not have asked for a more pregnant remark than that you have just made!"

Here the Irresponsible Person paused long enough to slap his knee with delight.

"The Lenten rest!" he cried. "Of all fitting climaxes to a period of hard, unremitting social toil commend me to the Lenten rest of the society girl. Excuse me, sir, but—did you ever know a society girl?"

"I have known several," said the Married Man, "and I know precisely what I am talking about when I say that she does observe the Lenten season by giving up functions."

"Ah! No doubt," the Irresponsible Person replied. "No doubt she gives up functions, but what does she take on in place of them? She doesn't go to balls and assemblies, but she drops in at her dear friend Mrs. Witherby-Wotherspoon's



"Escorted by Bobbie van Hickenlooper"

## THE MAN WHO MOST INFLUENCED ME

A SERIES OF SIX PAPERS

### \*II—MY TEACHER: By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney



**P**ERHAPS, really, the man who did most to settle what my trend of life should be, was the first of the family into which I was afterward born, who crossed the Atlantic some time in the middle of the eighteenth century, I believe, and pitched his tent among the Colonists in Massachusetts. How otherwise should I ever have come across the person or persons who most controlled my thought, won my sympathies, shaped my wishes, directed my aims? I am thoroughly grateful to that great, or great-great grandfather, that he came—with his two inevitable brothers—and that all three settled in Watertown, eight miles from Boston. I am very glad that his descendants naturally gravitated—or slid over the spokes—to that pivot of the New England wheel, which has since centralized to itself so much of the universal system of things that it has been breveted "Hub," with emphatic prefix of the definite article. Yet all this is too remote, I am well aware, for the present purpose.

**W**E are to go back, I take it to be intended, only so far as consciousness and memory reach; but I think that even so, many of us must go farther than the recent salient points, where these at first glance most readily arrest themselves, saying, "Here was one who in act, in written or spoken thought, in personal knowledge, in chosen companionship, counsel, help, example, has been of highest, deepest, greatest, dearest esteem and value to you." I think behind all that seems to have been most critical, as separate influence, in our experience, or most vital in our association, has been something or somebody because of which or whom the later influence had force; somebody who put into our hands a key to things, a test of values, who opened or trained understanding, directed choice, fixed standards, became an authority to us. Because of whom, whether we knew it all the while or not, we have revered, desired, loved, accepted or discarded in ourselves or in the world, as we have done, and become what we have become, instead of a different thing, better or worse, that we might have been. This being understood I retrace the years for more than half a century to pause before a noble and beloved memory and declare "This was the man."

**I**T was upon a beautiful morning in the early spring of my thirteenth year that I walked with quick steps and an eager, if slightly trepid heart, across Boston Common from the Spruce Street entrance through the old wooden fence, to the Tremont Street mall opposite Temple Place, and over into the quiet, distinguished little "no-thoroughfare" that the place then was (I think I have since bought bonnets on the very spot where my brain-furnishing seriously began), along its left side to a passage midway down, opening between the dwelling houses and giving rear access to two of them; up the uncarpeted stairways leading from story to story of the nearer, and landing me at the doors of a suite of upper rooms in which some fifty or sixty young girls were assembling for morning school. I think it was significant that home and school were always, as I knew them, under one roof, with the man who taught there. At this very time he was already building his new, beautiful house on Pemberton Hill, where the pleasant Square was just laid out and a few fine residences were growing up in a chosen retirement now entirely reversed by the bustle of business and law offices; and the twin doorways with their separate flights of steps led into the new home in which he almost ended his days, and up to the spacious classrooms over all, where so many school days were finished.

Entering, however, on that long-ago morning, the Temple Place rooms, I was shown to a desk in the larger, opposite the door in a row against the wall, extending from the right of the teacher's dais to the open entrance of a recitation room. The body of the school was in lengthwise ranks facing the dais. Somehow, I felt especially under the wing and oversight of him who presently took his chair upon the platform and sent a keen, searching, kindly glance around upon the bright young faces turned to his, and pleasantly lingering for a brief instant, I thought, upon our little right-hand line of new recruits.

\* This series of six papers, the first of which, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, appeared in the JOURNAL of December, 1894, will alternate with a companion series under the title, "The Woman Who Most Influenced Me," the initial article of which, by Mr. Eugene Field, appeared in the issue of January, 1895, of the JOURNAL. In the issue of February Mr. Robert J. Burdette wrote of "Her Little Serene Highness."

**T**HE seats were not the best in the school-room; on the contrary they were in the darkest corner, and fronted, as I have said, the wall; the older scholars had their chosen places, but mine never seemed dark nor uncomfortable while I held it. That bright, keen, intellectual, spiritual countenance, that dignity of presence, were close by; they began their instant work with me from the first; every word, every look and act, afterward confirmed, continued it. I was under the eye and within the speech of the man who gave the strongest, farthest-reaching single influence into my life. I was one of the happy scholars of Mr. George B. Emerson. Long years afterward, when I was a busy wife and mother, I said to him one day, "Oh, how I should like to be at school again. When the babies are all grown up, won't you take us back again, Mr. Emerson?" To which, with his inimitable smile, he answered, "If you will come and bring all the other old ladies, yes!" Somehow I think if it is true that "the life to come will be greatly made up from all that has been best to us in the past," we shall have him once more to teach us—when we are young again!

**T**HE very first work we were set to, and the exclusive thoroughness of it, were instance and indication of Mr. Emerson's whole method and purpose with us. It was the laying of foundation. No scholar took up any other study until she had mastered the principles of the Latin grammar—had committed to memory declensions, conjugations, rules. A marked copy was put into the beginner's hands, and she was to learn, with whatever expedition she might, all that was so laid out for her; having the privilege of a special recitation whenever a recitation room door stood open between classes. The first zeal and ambition of a pupil were thus enlisted to make most entirely her own that which lay at the source of language for her; and would render her own tongue, in which she was to study other things, clear in its relations, rich in its significance. I have thanked my teacher all my life for this singleness and stringency of treatment. It reached farther than the supply of weapons for an educational campaign from the great arsenal of words. It gave me the key-principle of success in any work. It began the habit, later developed, of making complete, exact beginnings. It stood me in stead, I see now, even to the ordering of a house-cleaning, the fitting of a garment, the preparatory process of cookery, or for one of those removals, three of which, without the principle, are equal to the disaster of a fire.

**M**R. EMERSON was a great deal more desirous to give us principles and impulses toward the best than to perfect us in any technical acquirement. He always said, "Your education will not be completed here. It will go on all your lives. If I can give it good direction it is the best that I can do for you—the best that any human being can do." He dealt from principles as well as with them. It was always the truth—the right itself by which he governed us. He made us see that, and let it judge and control us, as far as we would consent. I do not remember a single instance in which he manifested a personal displeasure or vexation; it was always the right thing or the wrong thing, apart from gratification or annoyance to himself, which was of consequence. Yet to see in his face the sympathy, the bright, affectionate approval, or the noble sorrow of a higher soul for the error of a lower one, was reward enough for the doing of the one; was punishment, indeed, for any lapse into the other.

No unworthiness, no foolishness, could stand before him. And yet he had the quickest, most genial readiness to enter into our first intelligences with us, to be impressed with our small, young impressions. Serious as he was, he had a fine subtle sense of the humorous, the playful. It would be a poor joke indeed that would not call a kindly merriment into his eyes; at which he would not laugh that silent, inward laugh which only illumined his face and sent a gentle vibration through his shoulders; even a reproof, if not for weighty cause, was often turned away by a bright little audacity that touched the chord of his amused perception. "Young ladies," he would say, for instance, "I must ask you to be more punctual in returning after recess. I wish you to go out for the half hour's air and exercise; but I want you back at the end of the half hour."

"But, Mr. Emerson," demurred one young girl, "you see we haven't all watches, and we miscalculate."

"There is always the town clock," was the bland answer.

"Oh, do you want us to walk round and round the town clock all the time?"

The broad shoulders went up and down, the face beamed, the fun and the justice were recognized for what they were worth, the class in Horace was called up, and our lecture for that time ended. Yet I think every girl was, nevertheless, in her place at twelve o'clock each day for some time thereafter.

In those days we had, I think, the very best of preaching in Boston. The broad movement of thought that had been inaugurated by Channing, interpreting largely and sweetly, but not overthrowing, the truth of all Christian time, was sweeping men's minds onward, and as they felt, Godward. Emerson—our master's kinsman—was writing; Parker was speaking; they were going farther than the general sympathy followed; but these seers themselves never forgot that they were but in the line of a divine revelation that had never left itself without a witness; it was their successors who out-Emersoned and out-Parkered, and began to war against everything dear and holy in tradition, wounding the heart-life of mankind with their "higher criticism," who carried breadth to latitude, and made reaction inevitable. The earnest thinkers of the day were opening great, beautiful questions that had been kept sealed as mere theological mysteries; there was a leaven of the Spirit freshly working in the churches, and in individual minds, reaching to new social sympathies, new organization for be-living as well as believing. It was a beautiful day of life in our lovely, dear old Boston, and we, through our pupilage under as fine a mind as opened itself among them all, to receive or to impart, were put in touch with it.

**F**OR composition exercise, during our first year at school, and for the most part afterward, we were required to give in weekly an abstract of a sermon heard on the Sunday. We were not to make written notes; we were to take mind and heart notes, and then reproduce in such form and diction as we might either remember or construct. This set us to work along high lines; brought us into close apprehension of matters that sway the spiritual world, and into the habit of searching the deep meanings and essential relations of the ideal and actual. And with all this we had some daily morning word of fresh, intimate comprehension and earnest application interpreted to us from the acts and sayings of the New Testament Record, by our master himself.

So with general literature; so with character, and estimates of persons; so with our judgments of ourselves, our abashed perceptions of our failures and transgressions, our aspirations and endeavors for a clearer, cleaner, more ascending progression from past to future in our personal life. Even what in this sort came to us only gradually, point by point, far on in later years was no less sure, no less directly traceable.

"Read the books that do you good, that make you hate evil and love the better things, that put you in the highest companionship—whether they are sermons or novels, history or poetry—and be not deterred nor attracted by the mere name of anything." This, almost in these words, I recollect his saying to us.

**H**E did not give us up when our school days were ended, when the successive classes of young women came to the tender close, the weeping farewell; when he gathered the graduates of the year—though we were not then called graduates—on the summer afternoon of the last school day, and spoke to us such words of affectionate counsel, of collective and separate interest, of thought for all that might lie beyond for us, and earnest hope for the work we might do in a faithful womanhood, and dismissed us with a blessing warm in our hearts, and with our faces warm and wet with tears. On the first day of every new year, for long after I was an "old scholar," he received in his home those who were within reach and could come to him; and it was as a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, a visit for healing and help to a hallowed shrine. He would advise us, lend and give us books; he followed us with a true fatherly and watchful tenderness, as far as he might, along the varied lines of experience in our maturer years; he had been young, in turn, with every one of us, and he grew old side by side with us as we grew old.

Looking back, then, upon all that has been given me of best and strongest influence in my life, I say unhesitatingly that the initial, representative, controlling one is that for which I am grateful to the memory of George B. Emerson. There are not many of us left, now, who can render up this immediate tribute of acknowledgment; but there are daughters and granddaughters upon whom the benediction of his work has descended, and to whom from maternal lips such tradition has doubtless come, that they will be ready to say, as we say after long lifetimes have realized it to us more and more, "It was truly by that work and example that our own education was begun."

### AT AN EASTER LUNCHEON

BY MRS. W. F. PECK



**A**Y with daffodils and sweet with violets was the table at this Easter luncheon. The light of many candles shone softly through violet shades, drawing glitter and sparkle from the dainty silver dishes below. The service was irreproachable and each course more delicious than the last. The women were in harmony with their surroundings, being all in spring attire.

But the minds of women of the present day soon rise above foibles, and the latest modes fail to interest when the merits of rival pianists, the last novel with a purpose, the far-reaching effects of the newest social ism, are being discussed. On this occasion, however, the mental flight was not so high. Whether it was the influence of spring in the air leading one toward frivolity and lack of mental equipoise, for once in a way we deserted the higher regions of fact and fancy and fell to talking of the men.

**T**OO many women, I fear, draw their opinions solely from personal experience. "Why do you enjoy talking with her so much?" said a young wife to her husband, concerning an older woman whom they both admired.

"My dear," answered the cruel man, "she can generalize, you cannot."

In this case, then, as so often happens, the subject appealed to us personally, and talk of men in the abstract soon brought us to our own particular brothers and husbands in the concrete.

"My father," said a young, strikingly handsome woman, "used to insist that there were plenty of women good enough for his sons, but no men good enough for his daughters. Let them set you on a pedestal, my dear," he has often said, "and then be sure you hold your place. Don't capitulate—don't step down."

"Well, have you succeeded in following his admonitions?" asked her neighbor, a woman somewhat older.

"I have tried," was the calm reply. "My husband would never think it possible for me to carry or even lift anything while he was near, neither does he ever neglect to rise and offer me a chair when I enter the room, nor to get for me anything which I may happen to need. To be sure that is his nature; he is equally attentive to his sisters, but I hold it my duty never to let him fall below his own standard."

"Yes," chimed in a graceful, ethereal woman opposite, "I often say to my husband, 'Dear, I should enjoy so much doing this or that for you, but you know I must not sacrifice principles to affection.'"

"It fairly makes me suffer to see one of my friends in her own house," continued the first speaker. "When her husband comes home she runs to meet him and I really think she helps him take off his coat in the hall. Then, if they spend the evening at home, she waits on him at every turn. He stretches out his feet; she runs for the footstool. One of the children cries; she runs to the third story while he sits complacently still and never thinks of moving."

"Possibly the coming of the father might not have a consoling effect," suggested a pretty listener.

"But they are his children as well as hers," persisted the fair objector. "Why shouldn't he be able to console them?"

The mothers present smiled slightly and let the subject pass.

"I tell my friend it really distresses me to see her such a slave in her own house, and she replies that it would worry her into an illness to have a man waiting on her as my husband waits on me."

"How long have you been married, may I ask?" inquired an older woman.

"Two years," was the reply.

With a gentle smile, which removed all thought of reproof from her words, the older woman continued, "If I have the pleasure of knowing you ten years from this time, as I most sincerely hope will be the case, when the bridal days have passed and the companionship of years has had its effect upon you both, I believe I shall find in you, not so much a change of opinion as an additional interest in your life, in the direction of forgetfulness. By that I mean that as years go by, as children come, or other cares engross you, these outer observances will fall into their own place as small matters of course. And as your husband's business or professional cares increase, and he comes home to you fatigued, needing encouragement or heartening, as the old English word is, you will hasten to bestow on him the little attentions which your heart will prompt. For, after all, the home being the wife's domain, the husband is, in a manner, her guest. And so, the easy-chair near the fire, the putting aside of small troubles and annoyances, become courtesies due from the mistress of the house. This is no homily, my dear," added the speaker, "but a great truth, wrung from a happy existence."

The conversation then passed to other topics.

KATE GREENAWAY'S APRIL CHILDREN

Pictures by  
Miss Greenaway

Verses by  
Laura E. Richards

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I

Bring your basket, Molly Miller,  
Tie your kerchief, Susan Gray!  
Come, while still the dew-drops  
twinkle,  
O'er the hill with us away.  
Every field is sunning, sunning,  
Broad its breast 'neath morning's  
blue;  
Every brook is running, running,  
Shall not we be running too?



V

Leave your book now, Peter Ponder,  
Leave your lambkin, Betty Brown!  
Jack and Willy, Maud and Milly,  
Tie the cap and kilt the gown!  
When the sunbeams gay and glancing  
Throw their golden smiles to you,  
When the leaves are dancing, dancing,  
Shall not we be dancing too?



II

April calls from hill and valley,  
Clad in fairy gold and green;  
Bring your posies, Kate and Sally!  
Gather round our maiden Queen!  
Hark! the woods are ringing, ringing,  
Thrushes trill and wood-doves coo;  
All the birds are singing, singing,  
Shall not we be singing too?



VI

Ring-around-a-rosy-posy!  
Hands across and back again!  
Drop your courtesy, Jess and Josie;  
Swing your partner, Mary Jane!  
Trip and skip, and down the middle,  
Till the Echo cries, "Halloo!  
Since 'tis April plays the fiddle,  
I will come and dance with you!"

III

Columbine, the airy lady,  
Nods a greeting light and free;  
Where the leaves are cool and shady,  
Violets spring for you and me;  
Clover-top his red is showing,  
Daisies peep in white and gold,  
Tulips in the garden glowing  
Flaunt their scarlet brave and bold.

IV

Look! the orchard's all in flower,  
And the white and rosy bloom  
Turns it to a royal bower,  
Fairy April's tiring-room.  
Peach and apple, plum and cherry,  
All the air with fragrance woo;  
Since the world is making merry,  
Shall not we be merry too?





## AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

### MAKING MARRIAGE A PROBLEM

**T**HE time was in the good old primitive days that when a lad found himself in love with a lass, he asked her to be "of him and with him," and then, as the story-books put it, they were married and lived happily ever after. Marriage was a very simple matter and love was the conceiving, the nurturing, the propelling, the deciding power.

It is not for me to say, nor do I believe, that the contrary is now true, but it cannot be denied that marriage has lost much of its old-time simplicity in the minds of people. It is seldom that we pick up a paper or a magazine nowadays, but we find therein an article on some phase of the marriage question. One article will tell you that marriage is honey; the other emphatically declares that it is worm-wood. Woman is inconstant, says a male writer, to which the next day some woman replies that man is selfish. Divorces are more numerous than ever they were, says one writer. Not so, says the other, never were there so many happy marriages as there are to-day. Women are growing less domestic, observes a third, and their tastes are getting more and more expensive. Equality in marriage is the secret of happy marital life, declares one. It is impossible, replies another. Woman is a mystery—absolutely unfathomable, is the statement I read in an article yesterday. Then I picked up another paper and read an article showing the simplicity of woman's mind over man's, and how much more transparent was her nature. And so it goes; this everlasting war of the pen on the subject of marriage. Now, what is the result of all this? Are we learning any more of what marriage really is or what it means to a woman and to a man? Is the popular mind being enlightened? I think not. On the contrary we are making marriage more and more of a knotty problem.

The fact of the matter is that we write and talk altogether too much about marriage, and I am satisfied that all that I hear and all that I read about the subject is not calculated to give the young a clearer understanding of the marriage relation. If all this clatter succeeded in doing this the end might justify the means. But it does not. On the contrary it is confusing the young. The mystery of sex is deepening for the young men and young women of to-day. Marriage, that one thing of all others in all our lives which should be regulated by the affections, the emotions and the heart, is becoming a mental study. This is all right in a sense, but all wrong in the main. For after one has read everything he or she can of the subject, has listened to all that can be said of it, what more, after all, do they know of marriage? Surely, if marriage is anything it is a condition, not a theory. As things are now, all this discussion is simply widening the gulf between the masculine and the feminine poles of creation. The minds of young people are absolutely full of misgivings as to marriage. Where they are not confused they are actually frightened. And this has a more serious aspect than might appear at first thought.

Take, for example, a few of the letters which lie before me as I write. Here is one which asks, "Why is it that so many marriages are unhappy?" Right underneath this is the question of a young girl, "Why do married people always hold up a warning finger against marriage?" Here a young man asks, "What really is love—self-assertion or self-surrender?" A young woman wonders whether marriage will mean to her a surrender of her present independence. "I want to live my own life, you know," adds this writer. "Isn't love stronger than theory?" is the question propounded in another letter. And the same spirit of unrest is evidenced in scores of other letters from which I might quote. Now, it is all well enough to look upon these questions as indications that young people are thinking more for themselves and that this is a healthful tendency. But the question is: Are these questions in the right direction? Will this thinking do any good? What has all this confusion done so far? Are marriages any happier to-day than they were in the days of our grandparents when all this discussion was practically unknown? So far as I can see we are simply robbing marriage of its

beautiful side, its tender side—yes, its only side—and what are we substituting? A mass of theories. If they remained simple theories the harm would not be so great. But these theories are becoming conditions and views, false conditions and wrong views, which the young are accepting and taking into their lives. And mental confusion and the upsetting of right ideas is the result. Marriage is a very popular subject to write upon. A writer can always get a hearing on it. That is why, perhaps, so many who can get a hearing on no other subject dilate upon matrimony.

I will not say that these upsetting theories are responsible for the decrease of marriage in America during the past year. It is easy to see other causes: the hard times through which we have passed, the changing conditions of our life—these have, doubtless, been primary causes. But, on the other hand, I know from actual knowledge how the false notions advanced in this senseless and ceaseless discussion of marriage have kept young people from finding their hearts' desires. We may say that true love laughs at advice of all kinds and that theories cut no figure in the affairs of lovers. Perhaps so, but history, to say nothing of individual cases with which we are all familiar, does not bear out such a statement. It is more plausible on its surface than it is in fact. The truest sentiment, if it is not actually killed or turned, is sometimes swayed by a plausible argument, and if these theories have done nothing worse than this, the harm is enough. I think those who have stories hidden away in their hearts will understand me when I say that the keenest pangs do not come from the actual killing of an emotion.

It is not alone those who publicly write or talk about marriage that I am taking to account in these words. Hundreds of married people are doing equally as much damage to this whole marriage question in the minds of the young with those uncalled-for jests which are becoming more and more common. It is well enough to pass these things off for jests, but it must be remembered that the young are not always capable of discerning just how much fun and how much wisdom there is in a jest, and they have heard it said somewhere, too, that many a truth is spoken in jest. Now what do I mean by these jests?

The other evening a young man and his *fiancée* called at a house at which I happened to be. As the girl entered the room she dropped her handkerchief, which, naturally, the young man at once picked up and handed to her.

"Isn't it beautiful to see that?" said the hostess. "Well, my dear, he won't do that when you're married, depend upon that. You will pick it up yourself."

It was said in jest, but I noticed that a flush passed over the face of the girl, while a look of resentment was hastily controlled by the young man.

"Expenses?" said a married man to a younger one who was engaged. "What do you know of expenses? Wait till you're married; then you'll know what expenses are, won't he, dear?"

"He will, for a fact," replied the wife.

All in jest! But the fact was not lost upon me that the first thing which that young fellow said as we walked home was:

"I suppose it does make a sight of difference in a fellow's expenses when he is married."

"Sweet?" repeated a man of family to whom a rapturous lover was describing his *fiancée*, "why, of course she is. They're all sweet—until after marriage."

Mystery, mystery, adding to the mystery! "Just wait until you're married, my dear fellow," was another "jest" I heard only a few days ago. "You won't smoke such delicious cigars then."

"Flowers and a carriage to the theatre!" said a mother laughingly to her daughter. "Well, enjoy your attentions, my dear, while they last."

All in jest, of course, but it set the girl thinking just the same. Brushing the dew from the rose!

"Having lots of fun, eh?" said a father to his engaged son as he was dressing to go out with his *fiancée*. "That's right, my boy. Have it while you can."

"Why, is there no pleasure after a fellow's married, father?" asked the son.

"Oh, you'll see soon enough. Wait, just wait!" was the reply.

Next morning the son said to his mother: "What's the matter, mother, isn't father happy?"

Only a jest!

Mature people may laugh at these things, and perhaps say that the young people have induced me to take this subject more seriously than there is any need. And it is just here that I would like to say that if there is a gulf which separates the sexes I think there is another gulf almost as great, and it is that which separates youth and maturity, and maturity often helps to widen that gulf as much as it ever does to bridge it. It does not seem to occur to older people that the young do not understand, and therefore do not relish having jests made of their closer affections. They are sensitive, and in that very sensitiveness lies their protection. But with a ruthless hand we try to destroy the illusions of youth. Because our anticipatory period is behind us we seem to be anxious that it should be so with everybody else. Why, I ask in the name of common sense, this willful shattering of other people's ideas because we happen to have outlived our own?

It seems to me that we might think of this whole question a little more than we have or do—look at it from two standpoints, the prospective as well as the retrospective. Then it may occur to us a little more clearly that there are always two views of a statement or a jest—the view which experience helps us to take, but also the view which inexperience makes others incapable of seeing. Those who write have gone far enough in putting forth false notions about the marital relation; the married might drop their jests. It would, at least, be in better taste, to say nothing more. The young have been sufficiently confused. They have had their beliefs sufficiently upset—and they have been given nothing in place of what has been taken. Marriage has been made too much of a problem. If it were made less a one it would be better. Let us keep complex questions out of it. Let us get it back to the simplicity of the days of our forefathers. Our conditions of life have changed, it is true, but the basis of true marriage cannot. Let it be what God intended it should be: the union of two confiding, loving hearts, each trustful in the other, confident in the present, hopeful for the future. That does not make a problem of marriage. And if it has the purple light, as well as the rosy pink hue, let us still leave to the young their ideals.

### TAKING THINGS FOR GRANTED

**T**HERE are few things in this world which wound us so deeply as the feeling that we are ignored by our fellow-beings, that we are passed by or looked over. Deny it as much as we may, every human creature craves notice. We all like attentions, and yet it is astonishing how few properly recognize an attention when it is shown them. For the most part we take altogether too many things in this world for granted, as if they were our due, as if it were only right that they should come to us. Often some fancied superiority, either mentally or socially, makes us feel that certain attentions are due us and that they are ours by right. More often, I think, however, the feeling is born of thoughtlessness.

Nothing in the world is so discouraging in extending a courtesy as to feel that the thought which inspired it, or the trouble which it cost, is taken for granted, as if it were something which it was only right that one should do. One sees this in so many things—particularly in the small things of life. Some people seem to possess the idea that gratitude is only called for where some special attention is shown, where the courtesy is one of magnitude. Whether it is that we are growing too much accustomed in this country to doing everything on a large scale, or whatever it is, the fact remains that we are altogether too prone to disregard the little courtesies of life as courtesies. The most subtle thought is often shown in the smallest attention. We all know that the greatest pleasures in this life come from the smaller things—not from the larger. Again and again have I seen this remissness on the part of people. A man shows some little attention to a woman, and it goes unnoticed. A young man shows a courtesy to a girl, and it is received as her right. Hospitality is extended, and remains unacknowledged. Letters of congratulation are written, and go unanswered. It is in these smaller things that we are lacking in the true spirit of gratitude. We take them for granted, absolutely forgetting that nothing is ours by right in this world; that whatever comes to us in the way of an attention, be it ever so small, is an attention and comes by favor. I wish that girls particularly might think a little more of this. One hears a great deal of complaint among young men nowadays that girls accept courtesies altogether too much as their due. Our girls should get over this habit of taking things for granted. Nothing will more thoroughly or so quickly stultify the spirit of gallantry in our young men as an indifferent reception of their courtesies or attentions at the hands of young women.

But, on the other hand, young men are not free from this fault. Twice, of late, have I seen hospitality enjoyed at houses by young men without the slightest acknowledgment of thanks being made, the young man, in each case, being well-bred and of good family. It is not meeting the exigencies of the case for those who consider themselves above others to lay this remissness at the door of the uneducated or ill-bred. I have observed in this, as in many other instances, that those who are fondest of priding themselves on their manners are very often most deficient in them. The evil is not confined to a class; it is general. The vast majority of us take too much for granted. That is where the trouble lies. We receive favor for right, and we forget that a courtesy extended, no matter how insignificant, should always be a courtesy acknowledged.

### FRITTERING AWAY OUR TIME

**T**HAT women fritter away a deal of time is unquestionable. Born with the gift of patience far greater than that possessed by men, so many seem to lack a sense of system by which many things can be well done, or the sense of application to any one particular thing. Mrs. Lyman Abbott spoke of this in the February issue of the *JOURNAL*. What she said she said well. I was sorry, however, she did not extend her remarks to girls, who are really notorious offenders in frittering away time. I speak now, of course, of girls who have time to fritter away.

Take the amount of time, for example, which girls really fritter away, yes, really waste, on music. Every girl has a desire to play the piano, and every girl who can makes the attempt to learn the art. But how many succeed in becoming good players? Take any gathering of girls, either in a winter company or at a summer resort, and the case is rare where a girl is found who really plays well. It is more frequently the case where not a girl is found who can play even fairly. They can all drum on the piano and play a few popular melodies. In fact, one is forced to believe that this latter is the sole end of most of the girls who study piano-playing. The real reason is, however, I think, that girls, for the most part, take up piano-playing simply because they consider that they must know something about it, be it ever so little. And, for the most part, it is ever so little. They consider it necessary to be able, at least, to sit down and play a waltz perhaps—and play it badly and out of time as a rule—or one or two of the melodies of the day. But beyond this they do not go. They fritter away their time on acquiring a part of an art, instead of investing their time in acquiring the art itself.

French lessons are taken the same way—the French spoken by some girls being enough to give a Frenchman a creeping chill. China-painting, needlework and all the other accepted "accomplishments" of a girl are treated much in the same way. Either two or three are taken at the same time, or one is dropped in order to take up the other. But not one is learned thoroughly. The result is that the average girl can paint, play and sew—one about as badly as the other, but not one of them can she do well.

Too many girls nowadays have a wrong notion of what it means to be "accomplished." They seem to have the idea that it means to distribute themselves over all the different attainments and graces of society, forgetting that an "accomplishment" is only what the word implies and means: an acquirement, an attainment, something which is perfected. The trouble is that we are too apt to speak of a girl having "accomplishments"; if we used the word more in the singular sense we would come closer to our true meaning.

I presume that the many girls who read me will think I am severe in saying all this. And perhaps I am. I wish the actual conditions were such that I could be less severe with any respect for the truth. But if one wishes to be candid, and really criticize the American girl, not for a score of fancied faults which are not hers, but for a fault which is peculiarly hers, it is that she fritters away a deal of time on many things, and does not give enough time to any one thing. One advantage which this fault has is that she can overcome it. And she should. She should learn the art of application. Whatever she starts out to do let her do it well. If she wants to play let her learn to play, not indifferently, but well. If her taste is for china-painting let her concentrate her mind to that, and learn to paint well. If she is fond of needlework let her train herself to be an expert of the needle. If her tendencies lead her to languages let her take up that tongue the study of which attracts her most. But if she takes up French let her content herself with French, and not study French one day and German the other. Nor should she forget that to know the English language well is her first duty. Whatever she attempts to do let her do it thoroughly, not content with learning it half, but all.



## THE TRUE MISSION OF WOMAN

By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.

**M**Y last paper accentuated the home as the fountain of all that is best in church and state. My object in this article is to accentuate the mother as the maker of the home. The father may be its support, but it is the mother that creates its atmosphere. The child's life is her own life prolonged. She gives its primary direction, and even after it begins to live a separate physical existence of its own, it is the mother that still contributes to its bodily unfolding and that lays down the original lines upon which its intellectual and moral life shall be run. There is a class of women, unfortunately, that seem to think that all this matter of motherhood and domesticity is so worn and untinged with originality that its truthfulness has somehow evaporated, and its cogency become invalidated by its inability to make fresh pleas for itself.

But whatever certain adventurous women may think about it, it is sufficiently clear that Nature has certain pretty decided opinions of its own on the matter, and that Nature has so wrought its opinions into the tissue of woman's physical constitution and function that any feminine attempt to mutiny against wifehood, motherhood and domestic "limitations" is a hopeless and rather imbecile attempt to escape the inevitable. All the female congresses in the world might combine in colossal mass meeting and vote with passionate show of hands that woman's sphere is coincident with the sphericity of the globe or even of all the heavens; but the very idiosyncrasy of her physical build and the limitations essentially bound up in it will sponge out her mass meeting resolutions as fast as she can pass them. It is well enough for her to say that she wishes she were a man; but she is not, and till she is, she might as well succumb to the fact that God and Nature had very different intentions for her from what He had for her brothers, and that He recorded His intentions in a way that He has taken some pains to prevent her being able to forget. I am really sorry for those women that wish they were men; I wish they were, it would be such a relief to the rest of us, as well as to them, but it is a little late to move for a repeal, and without it any masculine experiments which they may venture will never either quite succeed or satisfy.

**T**HE greatest thing a woman can do is to do the thing that she was specifically endowed and ordained to do, and that is to bear children and train them for the uses and service of the world they are born into, and only such women as are morally or intellectually incompetent to appreciate the full denotement of this, or who have greater ambition for aggressiveness or conspicuity than they have for fulfilling their mission, will be inclined to resent this statement of the case as an indignity. I have yet to be convinced that any very considerable number of the sex are disposed to resist Nature's intentions for them, but the actuating impulse of those who do is doubtless a passion for some sort of celebrity, and an impatience at the seclusion and the restraints which femininity, so construed, imposes upon them. They are not content to be known only in their children, and that is one great reason why their children are so little known. If Jochebed had had her head full of theories about an enlarged sphere for women, and had gone about Egypt stumping for female enfranchisement, the little hero of the bulrushes would probably have shared the fate of the other male children of the period, and the law-giver of Israel never have been heard of. So if Hannah, instead of devoting herself to the little incipient prophet, had been plotting to make a great world for Hannah, Samuel, it is natural to suppose, would never have heard the voice of the Lord, nor have initiated the prophetic period of Israel. What the world admires in the princess of women, the Virgin Mary, is simply that she made possible the infant of Bethlehem and the man of Galilee. Any woman who calls it intrusive limitation to be held to the paths of these three mothers in Israel, lacks the true genius of her sex and is a feminine mistake.

The substance of Christian living is to convert one's self into effects, and Nature has indicated to woman that the particular effect into which she is to convert herself is her own nurtured boys and girls. It is a much greater thing to try to be a power than it is to try to achieve the reputation of being a power.

**W**OMAN'S mission, as thus defined, gives opportunity for everything in the shape of personal discipline and genius that she is in condition to bring to it. There is no occasion for her seeking a "wider sphere" on any such ground as that the sphere of maternity does not afford scope for all the equipment she has at her command. What her sons and daughters will become need be limited only by her own personal being and development. It is her character and discipline of mind and heart that will set the key in which, almost certainly, the music of their lives will be played. It is noteworthy with what closeness the Scripture narrative binds back to maternal ground the life issues of such men as Moses, Samuel and Jesus. In each of these three instances the father counts for nothing, the mother for everything. Dr. Timothy Dwight is quoted as having said: "My answer to the question, 'How I was educated,' ends where it began, 'I had the right mother.'"

**T**HE mother is the continuous measure of her child's possibilities. So far as she realizes this she will understand that her educating agency in the premises is not a matter of supervising the affairs of the household. Personality is the only thing, after all, that counts much in education, and it is the baptismal energy of his own mother's personal pressure that will alone render to the child the requisite service. One of the things for which I shall be profoundly grateful clear into the next world, is that I attended public school but two terms before I was twelve years old, and I should not have been sent then had it not been that one of those terms the school was taught by my mother and the other by my father. My father was a farmer and my mother, with four children on her hands and no hired help, attended to all the work naturally pertaining to a farmer's wife. Her days were long—that was before eight-hour laws were agitated—and one reason why they were so long was that she devoted herself to her children and to their initiation in the rudiments of character and education, declining to farm us out to the questionable moral supervision of nurses, or to the equally questionable mental discipline of tutors or the public schools. My mother had the exceedingly old-fashioned notion that children were born of mothers in order that they might have mothers to take care of them and bring them up. There is a good deal of the flavor of the Bible and of New England about that way of estimating the matter, but it does not appear that any more modern inventions afford much in the way of improvement. Substitutions for divine arrangements always fall a little short of being a success. There are some mothers that, even under the peculiar social conditions of our own decade, still take the same sort of care of their offspring that mothers used to do, and it is ordinarily not difficult to see that the validity of the method is attested by the quality of its issue. There are certain families, that it would be easy to designate by street and number, where the entire personality of the mother exhausts itself, and has for a great many years exhausted itself, in the production and maintenance of a home atmosphere and in building up the physical, intellectual, moral and religious structure of her offspring. In such cases there may not be many monuments erected after the mother's death, nor any lengthy array of published obituary; but a true mother lives for her children, and knows no other ambition but to live in her children. She aims at nothing more than unrecognized survival in their manhood or womanhood, and asks to be monumented only by the activities and fidelities of those to whom she has given life and who are her own life prolonged and perpetuated.

It is with all this in view that I have ventured to say that the crying need is for better mothers. It is sometimes claimed that any ameliorating effort in order to be thorough and radical must expend itself upon the children. I should rather say that there is no so direct way of bettering church and state as to raise the tone of motherhood. If society depends for its character upon the home, and the home depends for its quality and power upon the mother, then what so deep and fundamental work can be done as to seek to create sentiment in this direction, and to encourage among the older and younger members of her sex, the conviction that a girl's discipline, physically, mentally and morally, be conducted with close reference to her presumed destiny as wife and mother?

**I** UNDERSTAND very well how old fogies of both sexes, and particularly new fogies of the female sex, will resent the matrimonial and maternal interpretation that I am here putting upon feminine destiny. However, I am confident of my ground and proceed upon it. It needs then to be said in a general way that nothing should be omitted in the girl's training that will in due course of time qualify her to become material in the bodily, intellectual and ethical structure of her offspring. She is the substance out of which, in anything like a natural and normal course of events, the lives, derivative from her, will, in every department of their being, be quarried. She must be actually everything that she wants her children to be potentially. She will, therefore, have to have an horizon wide enough to include the prospect both of the growing girl and the growing boy. She will need to be competent to sow the seeds which shall eventuate on the one hand in the matured powers of manhood, and on the other in the ripened competencies of womanhood.

It is in keeping with this to say that it is one of the pleasant features of our generation that increased attention is being given to the discipline of the female mind. In another paper I may criticise some of the methods by which that is accomplished, but at any rate it makes for progress that woman is coming to regard herself less in the light of artistic bric-à-brac and more in the character of an intelligent staple. And the reason why I refer to this tendency as a progressive one is that it is so much done toward making woman a more commanding factor, and so qualifying her to be more controlling and influential as a mother. There is nothing a woman can know, and no tension of mental fibre she can possess, which, if inwrought with the feminine impulse, will not enhance by so much the disciplinary ministry she can render her children. There is no "strong-mindedness," and no completeness of college training that will unsex her, provided only such possessions and acquisitions are dominated by the feminine instinct and mortgaged to maternal ends and purposes.

**I**T is rather pertinent to these times to say—rather as illustration than otherwise—that if a mother is going to scatter in her boy's nature the seeds of civic virtue and achievement, she must be herself alive to the necessities of her time and familiar with the civic conditions under which she is living. Boys are taught a great many things, but they are rarely taught to be citizens. It is an excellent thing for them to be made acquainted with Roman and Greek history and the history of their own country, but wise citizenship means acquaintance with American conditions, and with American conditions of even date. It is a good thing to know yesterday and to-day both, but of the two it is more practical and necessary to know to-day. The boy, if he is going to be a safe and faithful citizen, needs to grow up with a deepening appreciation of his immediate environment, and with a widening comprehension of the relations into which he is soon to enter with others, as members with them of one nation, state and municipality. No man can ever be quite a safe and competent citizen who has not had planted and strengthened in him civic impulses before ever he moved out into the open arena of civic competition and effort; and the one who can best implant those impulses and knit them into the fibre of the boy's growing manhood, is the boy's mother. I am not saying that it is not a good thing for a mother to go to the polls. I am only saying that it is a greater thing, and one requiring infinitely more tact and genius on her part, to secure in her boy that understanding of the world he is a part of, and that knowledge of the civic relations in which he will stand when the time comes, that will guarantee his own fidelity at the polls and his own wise discharge of the obligations that citizenship will impose. Some of my loquacious sisters are giving us to understand that men are very wicked and very much disposed to neglect their civic obligations. I do not want to be ungallant, but venture to remind them that each one of these wicked and unfaithful men was born of a woman, and that if his mother had been a better and more faithful mother, the probability is that he would have been a better man and more faithful citizen. I do not want to be understood as desiring to contract the sphere of woman's operations: my only feeling is that her originary sphere is the home, that domestic laxity and miscellaneousness lie at the root of a good deal of the world's current mischief, and that however becoming it may be for the sex to organize for the promotion of public interest, and for the reconstruction of the world at large, there would be a singular felicity in their forming maternal associations, looking to the more successful administration of their own affairs as wives and mothers, and to the more diligent cultivation of their own specific diocese; and when they have the intelligence and the heart to take care of their own boys and girls, it is presumable that the great outside world will be in a condition to take care of itself.

## THE Autoharp



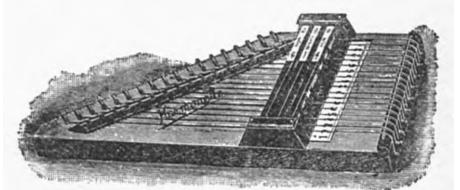
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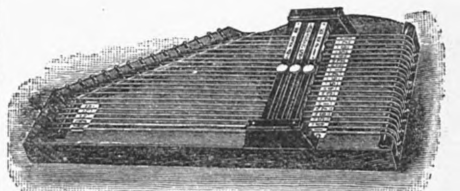
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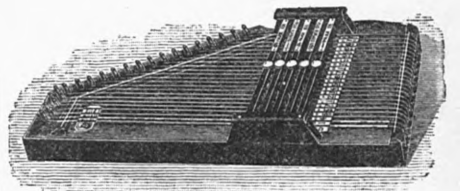
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## HOUSEKEEPING IN FRANCE

By Maria Parloa



ALTHOUGH the French house or apartment is not furnished with the numerous conveniences which are to be found in American houses housekeeping in France is much easier than in America, and the

secret of this is that the people live more simply than Americans do, and also because there are so many outside aids of which the French housekeeper may avail herself. If housekeeping were made as burdensome as with us it would be impossible for the French woman to take the part she does in supporting the family—for among the middle classes and lower classes the women, as a rule, have an occupation by which they are enabled to render assistance in the maintenance of their families.

Small apartments of two or three rooms with a tiny kitchen are to be found in all quarters of Paris. These apartments rent for from fifty dollars a year upward, the ground and top floors being the cheapest. The work of caring for these tiny houses is not burdensome.

## HOUSEKEEPING IN HIGH LIFE

THE methods of housekeeping vary. Some women of wealth delegate nearly all their cares and responsibilities to a *chef*, *maitre d'hôtel* or housekeeper, while others in equally affluent circumstances hold the reins in their own hands. French women, as a rule, have rare executive ability and they exercise it freely. Almost all the rich families have both town and country houses. The country houses are generally occupied from May or June until October or November. The family lives in the town house the remainder of the year.

For many reasons housekeeping and entertaining in the city are much easier than in the country. One has a better choice of servants, and it is possible to have the most difficult dishes prepared outside and delivered at the exact moment required.

French people keep very late hours. All amusements and entertainments begin late and end near midnight, and the hour for retiring is late, and the hour for rising correspondingly so. The first breakfast is usually eaten in one's own room, although in some families the members all breakfast in the dining-room. This meal is very simple and requires but little labor; it generally consists of rolls and butter and coffee, and sometimes tea or chocolate instead of coffee. The hour for this meal varies from eight to ten o'clock. By some of the most luxurious people it is often taken in bed. If madame is a society woman she takes the morning hours for planning her household affairs, writing letters, looking over accounts, etc. Frequently all this work is done in bed; the housekeeper, seamstress and governess coming to her for consultation, orders, etc. She thus preserves her strength for her social and other duties later in the day, and yet she performs a good morning's work. All women do not follow this course; many would think it the height of indolence. Certainly many French women fulfill the most arduous social duties, have an oversight of their household affairs and yet keep in good physical and mental condition by following this plan.

## ROUTINE WORK IN THE MORNING

IN all large establishments there are certain routine duties which are performed in the early morning under the supervision of the *maitre d'hôtel* and the housekeeper. Rugs are taken up and shaken, rooms and halls are swept and dusted, floors polished, lamps put in order, silver, brass and other metals are cleaned. The cook purchases his supplies for the day and sets in motion the preparation for the midday meal and the dinner. Although madame is in her chamber the work of the household goes on regularly, because she has mapped it out, and later in the day will know if her orders have been obeyed.

The cook or steward does nearly all the purchasing for the table, as this must be attended to early in the morning—they usually receiving their orders the day before. Some housekeepers who have many demands upon their time, simplify matters for themselves by arranging with the *chef* to supply the table, paying him so much for each member of the family and each servant. If guests are invited they are paid for as though they were members of the family. While this arrangement relieves the housekeeper of much care it also restricts the family to the position of boarders; for this reason it is not popular except with very busy women.

## STORE CLOSETS, SUPPLIES, KEYS

ECONOMY and patriotism are two strong traits in the French character. The children are taught at an early age to love and appreciate their country, and to practice economy. As a rule, the French housekeeper, be she rich or poor, looks well to the ways of her household. Her store closets are always locked and the keys in her possession, unless it be that the housekeeper or *maitre d'hôtel* has charge of them. Since it is the custom of the country the servants do not think it strange that everything is kept under lock and key, and that the mistress always knows what she has in store. The good housekeeper plans the meals and the work of each day on the day preceding, so that when the different tradespeople present themselves in the morning the orders are ready for them. Nearly all French women have some knowledge of cookery, and even when they have not the experimental knowledge they do know the composition of a dish, and therefore when the supplies for the day are given out the housekeeper knows just how much of everything will be required. In ordering her meats, fish, vegetables, etc., she allows for no waste, knowing just how much she will devote to each person. So common and natural is this strict economy it never provokes comment. On the other hand, anything like careless expenditure or lavishness does excite surprise and condemnation. After the housekeeper has given out supplies and arranged matters in the kitchen, she sees that the work in the chambers is properly done, giving out the fresh linen, if it be the day for it. She must also, one day in the week, look over the soiled linen, making two lists, one for herself and one for the laundress. On the day when the clean linen is returned she examines it, and if necessary mends and airs it before putting it away in the *armoire* (a large wardrobe with shelves).

## HOMES OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

THE housekeeping of people of moderate or limited means naturally differs from that of the wealthy. Among this class of people the first breakfast is generally taken in the dining-room. One can hardly imagine anything more primitive than the arrangement of the table for this first meal of the day. On a table covered with a white enameled cloth are arranged at each person's place a cup and saucer, a spoon, a knife, if butter is served, a roll and perhaps a plate. The plate is often omitted. The hot milk, coffee and sugar complete the breakfast service. At *déjeuner* the same cloth is often used, but the meal is much more substantial and there is a certain order and ceremony in serving, which the French woman rarely omits. Even very humble people follow this rule. There will nearly always be found three courses for this meal. The first course may be some kind of cold meat and bread, an egg in some form (few people would be guilty of eating two eggs), or it may be a radish or sardine with bread and butter. Very little suffices for a course in a French *déjeuner*. After this first course comes something warm and a vegetable. The meal is finished with bread and cheese, with which is often served some kind of preserved fruit. In some families black coffee or chocolate is served as a last course. A salad is often served at *déjeuner*.

## THE LATER MEALS

IT will be seen from the foregoing that the first two meals of the day do not require much time or thought on the part of mistress or maid. I fancy that it would not be possible to find a French dinner served, even in the humblest workingman's family, without soup. Indeed, with the poor this is a very important part of the meal. The *pot-au-feu* will be found among all classes, at least once a week, and among the poor it is served many times during the week, being a most economical and satisfactory dish. It is to the French what hominy is to the South and baked beans to the North. In my articles on food I will give minute directions for preparing this dish. Outside of the soup, which is a part of the *pot-au-feu*, more than half of the French housekeepers never prepare a soup stock in their kitchens. They can buy any quantity of savory soup they please from a gill upward. Salad is always served for the dinner, but the preparation of this dish is the work of only a few minutes, being either tender green vegetables, or cooked vegetables seasoned with salt, pepper, vinegar and oil. The French prepare but few desserts in the house, fruit, cheese and confection being the general dessert. If one wants more it is possible to purchase it at the *pâtisserie*.

## CARE OF FLOORS AND FURNISHINGS

AS I explained in a former article nearly all the floors in a French house are either of hardwood highly polished, softwood painted, or brick tiles painted. These kinds of floors entail a certain amount of care, but they are more sanitary than the floors covered with carpets, which are taken up once a year and often not in two years. The French maidservant is rarely willing to polish floors, so that when one does not keep a maidservant it is customary to have a man come in at a specified time to do the polishing. The daily care of the polished floor consists in sweeping and then rubbing it with a piece of old flannel or with brushes. The polishing is weekly or monthly, depending upon how much the floors are used. After the room is swept the boards are rubbed with a large piece of wax attached to a long stick, so that there is no necessity for stooping. After this, broad flat brushes are strapped on the feet and the polisher slides up and down the length of the boards until the floor has taken a high polish. To a looker-on it might seem as if the man were amusing himself, but it is genuine hard work. After a time the floors become too dark (in fact they are very dirty with the dust which has been rubbed in with the wax), and the boards are then scraped. Iron shavings are used for this purpose. They are rubbed on the boards until all the old wax and stains are removed, then the floor is polished with wax which has been softened in turpentine. This thorough cleaning is done about once a year. Many housekeepers, however, have their fine floors cleaned frequently with turpentine and then polished with turpentine and wax. Some housekeepers have the floors wiped once or twice a week with a flannel made damp with petroleum. It will be seen that many of the methods employed here are the same as those which the American housekeeper employs in the care of her floors. The French maidservant does a great deal of polishing. Furniture is rubbed until it assumes a soft lustre; brasses, plate, copper, indeed everything that can be polished or brightened by hard rubbing receives attention.

## HANGINGS, BEDDING, REPAIRS

IN all French houses heavy draperies are numerous. They are employed for windows, doors and beds. Closets in a room are the exception, not the rule. Corners in which one can hang one's clothing are often curtained off. All these hangings become soiled, but the housekeeper does not attempt to clean them. She sends them to the cleaner's and they come home looking as fresh as new goods. The fine blankets and all fine wool or silk goods go to the same place. The expense is not great and comes within the means of the most modest housekeeper. The mattresses are not made as with us. Curled hair and wool are mixed lightly, and when the tick is filled with this mixture it is tacked through at long intervals. It makes a soft bed, but soon gets out of shape and must be made over. A woman will come to the house, take the mattress into the court, tear apart the matted mass and make it clean and fluffy by shaking it in the air. She puts the renovated mixture into clean ticking, then sews and tacks the mattress and returns it to the room as good as new. Or the housekeeper can send her mattresses to a regular establishment to have this work done; she can also send her feather pillows to be renovated. There is hardly any kind of wear or breakage which she cannot have repaired at her door. If she breaks a dish the pieces will be riveted together for her by one of these floating repairers; broken chairs, leaking utensils, broken faucets or water pipes all have their special menders. If the housekeeper keeps no servant she may arrange with a woman to come to her for a few hours every day, or once or twice a week.

## SUMMER LIFE IN THE CHATEAU

WHEN the spring months come the housekeeper must begin her preparations for the change to her country home. On large places there are always some people in charge of the house and grounds, still it is generally necessary to make one or two visits early in the spring to see that the fields are planted, the poultry yards well stocked, that the horses and carriages are in good condition and that the house is being properly repaired and cleaned. Then comes the planning for the change of homes: what is to be taken from the town house and what purchased for the country home. All this is not a light task for any woman no matter how many aids she may have. Once settled in the country the life is ideal. The grounds are so large and beautifully kept that one almost lives outdoors. These grounds are also so walled in that there is as much privacy in them as in the house. The house, much more spacious than the city house, is nearly always full of guests. The housekeeper depends upon her farm for her milk, butter, poultry, eggs, mutton, lamb and pork. Her garden supplies her with fruit and vegetables, and always with an abundance of flowers. The cares of her table are greater than in the city, for all the made desserts must be prepared at home.

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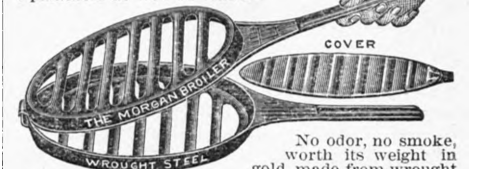
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SUITABLE TRAVELING GOWNS

By Isabel A. Mallon

THE materials most fancied for traveling gowns are the light-weight suitings, the "sunburnt" duck, and occasionally there is noted a costume of thin but dark silk. For ocean traveling a serge costume is most advisable, and just here, by-the-by, I would like to give a few sug-



A DARK BLUE MOHAIR GOWN (Illus. No. 3)

gestions in answer to the many women who have questioned me in regard to what they should take on shipboard.

COSTUME ON SHIPBOARD

If you have a good, thick, loose ulster, a fur or fur-lined wrap and an old-fashioned shawl, take them all with you. The old-fashioned double wrapper made of flannel is most desirable to sleep in, while a pair of knitted slippers, and if you are inclined to neuralgic headaches, a strip of flannel to tie over your head, will be useful.

As you wish to make a pretty picture standing on deck with a bunch of flowers in your hand, waving good-by to your friends, look your prettiest in a cloth walking get-up, and then without in a very short time, exchange this for the dark blue or black serge that has seen wear before, is rather loose-fitting and very easy to assume. Have a soft felt hat, or, better still, a cloth hood trimmed with fur to wear when you are quite a ways on your journey, have gotten over your seasickness and want to breathe the fresh air on the deck of the steamer.



A SMART TRAVELING GOWN (Illus. No. 1)

ON THE ROAD

IN times gone by, when a journey was to be gone by road, it was considered quite proper to wear an old gown, and the truth must be told, look decidedly dowdy. In this day of quick journeys and fast trains the average woman aims at looking particularly smart and trig, and so she elects to wear the gown that is simple in its lines, but well-fitting and becoming. At Illustration No. 1 is shown a typical traveling dress to be worn during the spring and summer. The material used is a light-weight cloth in the fine black and white check known as "shepherd's plaid." The skirt is the usual plain, flaring one, cut very well, because, as is most desirable, the material is double-width. While it flares sufficiently it is not, at the same time, stiffened quite as much as are the skirts intended to be worn in the street or when visiting. At each side at the top a V-shaped section is cut out; the straight line is piped, as illustrated, with fine black cord, and real buttonholes fit over three large black gutta-percha buttons. The basque is decidedly short, V-shaped at the back and front, and arching well over the hips, while the front is closed from the neck down with small gutta-percha buttons. The sleeves are very full at the top, shape in to the arm from the elbow down, the fullness being laid in fine tucks that are flatly stitched. A rolling collar is the neck finish, and above this is seen a high white linen collar and a black satin dress tie.

The hat is an English turban of black straw, with a smooth band of white moiré ribbon around it and black and white wings lapping over each other just at one side. The gloves are a light shade of tan, with four large buttons to close them. A small, well-strapped black silk umbrella is carried, and the wrap that may be required is a double cape that reaches well below the waist, of black serge lined with white surah silk. A monk's hood, lined also with the white silk, gives a decidedly picturesque air to the pretty and comfortable wrap, and, best of all, looks decidedly smart.

A GOWN OF DUCK

DUCK of the "sunburnt" shade is especially liked for summer traveling wear. It is, of course, made with great simplicity, its style depending entirely on its good fit.

The one pictured at Illustration No. 2 is developed after a model that is given great vogue. The skirt is a very wide one, with the usual full back, and has as its only decoration two rows of small, flat pearl buttons arranged on each side of the seams nearest the front, reaching up almost to the knee, and having between them a space of an inch and a half. These buttons are sewed through their eyes, and are not the pearl ones mounted on shanks.

The bodice is a coat basque reaching almost to the knees, having a rather full skirt, but fitting closely above the waist. It closes with pearl buttons like those on the skirt, and has, above the bust-line, lapels that flare and display a plain white dicky and a jaunty collar.

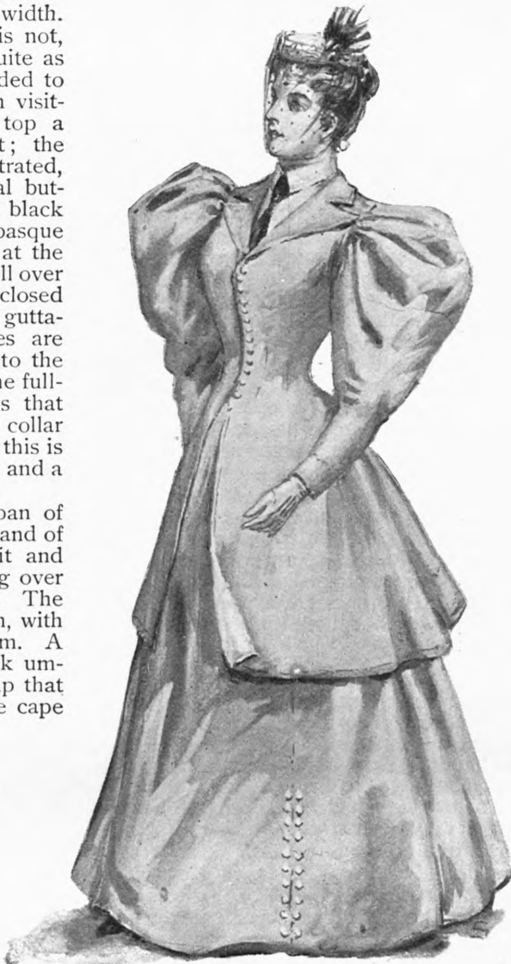
THE COMFORTS OF TRAVELING

WOMEN who travel much have long ago learned the wisdom of burdening themselves with as little as possible, and yet taking all they may require. For wear on the sleeper, a flannel bed-gown and soft, loose slippers are necessary, while for day wear the wise woman chooses a pair of low shoes that have been made comfortable by use. Gloves should be easy-fitting, and a hat should be selected with a view of its coming well on the forehead so that the front hair can be worn plainly. Curling bangs on the train is usually a great deal of trouble, and by this arrangement a ragged, limp-looking bang is never seen. Soft felt hats are liked for traveling wear when one is to be many days on the train.

Arranging one's hair smoothly and having it look neat at all times makes it quite possible for one to remove one's hat and be entirely at ease.

A MOHAIR GOWN

MOHAIR in dark blue, being light of weight and good of color, is having a special vogue given it. A suit to be worn during a long journey is made of this material, and is pictured at Illustration



GOWN IN "SUNBURNT" DUCK (Illus. No. 2)

No. 3. The skirt is the usual flaring one and has absolutely no trimming upon it. The bodice is an Eton jacket with three large black gutta-percha buttons on each side of the front, its edge finish being a single row of machine stitching. The sleeves are full and shape in to the arm in the usual way, the tucks being stitched to correspond with the edge. The shirt worn under this is of pale cream silk without sleeves. The belt is of black sealskin leather, and depending from it, at one side, is a small leather bag with a strong, safe clasp, a something that no traveler should be without unless she wishes to mislay or lose, not only her tickets, but her money. The hat worn with this is a blue sailor trimmed with a band of black ribbon, and having at one side near the back tall wired loops of black ribbon about two inches wide. The wrap that accompanies this gown, to be put on when needed, is a reefer jacket of blue serge lined with black silk, and having large black gutta-percha buttons with which to close the loose double-breasted front.

A FEW LAST WORDS

THE best advice to give the woman who is traveling is that she must not be in a hurry. Hurrying will tire her out before she starts, will make her face red and upset her nerves. Let her arrange as to time, know exactly how much she has, and study the art of reaching her train punctually, which does not mean an hour too soon or three minutes too late, but just ahead of the hour set. It is her duty to look well, but not to be overdressed. It is her duty to have with her the belongings she may require, but she should not have so many unnecessary things in the way of bundles and bags that the public feel that she is an unpleasant care upon them. It is her duty to preserve her temper, to look for all agreeable things, to ignore the disagreeable ones, and then, indeed, will she find pleasure as she goes abroad "strange countries for to see."

Sweet Japonette

the queenly cotton, now holds imperial sway. Thousands of pieces tastefully arranged in the show-windows of the leading dry goods stores, with their fresh beauty and dainty colors, are charming harbingers of the approaching spring.

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## THE COMPLETE BRIDAL OUTFIT

By Emma M. Hooper

**E**VEN if blessed with abundant means it is not a wise plan to provide too many dresses and undergarments for a wedding outfit, for the reason that they will become old-fashioned before they are worn out. Spend less than the allowance rather than more. The rest will keep until a new gown or something for the home is wanted. The future circumstances of the bride, as well as the condition of her present supply, should govern her choice of apparel. As two hundred dollars seems to be the amount capable of being allowed for an outfit among people of moderate means I have taken that sum to calculate upon for the spring or summer trousseau.

### THE NECESSARY UNDERWEAR

**U**NLESS one can sew neatly by hand and on the sewing machine I should not advise making muslin or cambric garments at home. If able to sew nicely better materials can be had for the same price as the ready-made. Otherwise, buy from a reliable firm. The smooth muslin called long-cloth is excellent to wear and easy to sew upon. Its usual price is twelve and a half cents a yard, though it does go down to nine cents at sales. I mention prices for the ready-made of a nice quality, but, of course, not the very elaborately trimmed. Four night-gowns, six dollars; four short skirts, or chemises if they are worn, two dollars; two long skirts, three dollars and fifty cents; four corset-covers, two dollars and fifty cents; four pairs of drawers, two dollars and fifty cents; two flannel skirts of light weight, three dollars. Now add two pairs of corsets, three dollars and fifty cents; a dressing sacque of outing-cloth, one dollar and fifty cents; alpaca petticoat, three dollars; six pairs of hose, two dollars and fifty cents; one pair of spun silk hose for the wedding, one dollar; handkerchiefs, three dollars; one pair of shoes, four dollars; ties, two dollars and fifty cents; white slippers, one dollar and fifty cents. For the wedding, white suède gloves, one dollar and fifty cents; for church, pale tan or gray dressed kid gloves, one dollar and fifty cents, and brown for the traveling gown, one dollar and fifty cents. This is all to be included under the present heading, and forty-six dollars and fifty cents of the original two hundred dollars has disappeared. In selecting underwear take embroidery trimmings or torchon lace of small close patterns. To this list add four gauze undervests, one dollar and fifty cents, making forty-eight dollars. A very pretty trimming for underclothes is ruffling of fine Victoria lawn made with a hemstitched hem.

### THE IMPORTANT GOWN

**E**VERY bride under thirty years of age wishes to wear white upon the occasion of the wedding, and no one can be surprised at this choice. The cheapest silk gown is a small-figured taffeta at one dollar. Silk-warp woolen goods are double the width and one dollar and twenty-five cents, and nainsook forty inches wide is seventy-five cents for a nice quality. The taffeta is not expensive, as it can be worn as an evening dress and the skirt also be worn with odd waists. Of this sixteen yards are needed for a godet skirt, large leg-of-mutton sleeves and a round waist fitted with a slight point in front. Yoke of guipure lace, held on either side of the box-pleat on the centre front by rows of No. 12 white satin ribbon having long ends to the waist-line. Crush collar, having short bows at the back and sides, and ribbon twisted around the edge of the waist, fastening under a long bow on the left side. Flowers on either side of the collar and two sprays fastening on the tulle veil, which is three yards by two yards and a half in size. The dress is to be lined up the back with haircloth and on the sides and front with grasscloth. Eleven yards of ribbon will be two dollars and twenty cents; linings, five dollars and fifty cents; lace, three dollars; veil, three dollars; flowers, two dollars and fifty cents. This toilette will thus cost thirty-two dollars and twenty cents, not including the making, which cannot be allowed, as every city and town has its own scale of dressmakers' prices. Line the skirt with percaline and the waist with the same. Add a plaited Swiss ruffle protector on the inside on the dress skirt and bind the latter with velveteen. The skirt should be four and a half to five yards in width and train about an inch at the back. Have the sleeves very full, but not high, and cover the lining from the shoulders to the elbows with ruffles of crinoline to make the upper part set out.

### VISITING AND OTHER DRESSES

**F**OR a church and visiting costume a bright blue—mistral or royal—crépon at one dollar a yard will be stylish as a godet skirt, large leg-of-mutton sleeves and round waist having three box-pleats in front. Between each pleat have a band of No. 9 black satin ribbon, and spangle it with jet and steel spangles as a border down the edges and at random through the centre. Use the same for a belt and collar, adding bows on each side of both. Have the collar removable so as to wear one of cerise, pink, bluet, etc., when a change is wished. This dress, including linings, will cost fifteen dollars. To wear with it have a large black open straw hat trimmed with black lace spangled with jet and steel, black satin ribbon or rosettes of blue velvet and flowers to cost six dollars. The traveling gown should be made so as to afterward answer for an outing suit—a plain or mixed cheviot or serge in shades of brown or blue to be the choice. As the visiting gown has been advised of blue I will call this one brown or make it *vice-versa*. Make as a bell skirt four yards wide without godet pleats, and interline with grasscloth only half the depth. Have a short jaunty jacket, or coat as it is now styled, and line it with sateen. Wear a changeable silk waist of brown and green taffeta at seventy-five cents, lined with percaline at fifteen cents, and made with shirrings at the neck and waist-line, crush collar and belt and large sleeves. In the summer wear cotton shirt-waists with the suit. Serge at seventy-five cents and linings will be eight dollars; silk waist, six yards, five dollars. Now add a sailor hat or one of the similar shapes with a simple band and bow, for one dollar and fifty cents. A veil for each hat will add seventy cents to the outlay.

### SUMMER TOILETTES

**O**F course, a bride of April or May must supply gowns for midsummer. Nothing will be more stylish than a white, tan or blue duck skirt and jacket to wear with cotton waists. A French Eton jacket is pretty for this, which is fitted to the bottom of the waist-line at the back and a trifle longer and pointed in front. Sailor collar, large leg-of-mutton sleeves and three large pearl buttons up each side of the front. A four-yard bell skirt, which, like the jacket, is unlined. At forty cents this suit will amount to four dollars. A dotted and printed Swiss at fifty cents for summer evenings should be made up unlined and with bag seams. Trim with a pointed lace yoke and figured Dresden ribbons on a white ground, the color of the design matching the figure in the Swiss. Of the ribbons have a belt, with bretelles back and front up to the shoulders, where they tie in a short bow, long bows then where they join the belt, using ten yards of ribbon. This dress costs eleven dollars. Two gingham dresses for the morning can be made with yoke backs, shirred fronts, large sleeves, high turn-over collar and bell skirt slightly full in front and gathered at the back. These cost five dollars with the fabric at twenty cents. A white-ground challie having green and violet buds can be worn on the street and in the house. At fifty cents this will require eleven yards for a four-yard skirt, large sleeves and round waist. Crush belt and collar of green satin, epaulettes of white guipure lace and green satin jabot revers. Only eleven dollars need be allowed for this very useful dress, making a total of one hundred and forty-seven dollars and forty cents.

### THE LAST ITEMS

**A** PARASOL can be counted in at five dollars. A spring cape, short and wide, of black cloth at ten dollars. Some fancy neckwear in the shape of collars at three dollars, and a black silk belt with silver buckle for shirt-waists at one dollar. Two shirt-waists of neat design may be bought ready-made at one dollar. A pretty silk waist to wear with the wedding dress skirt or the crépon may be of a white, light blue or pink ground taffeta having chiné designs. Use six yards for full sleeves, narrow folded belt and round waist made to drop like a blouse over the belt in front. Shirr all around the neck in five rows half an inch a part to form a round yoke. Across the front and over the shoulders have a berth ruffle of chiffon the color of the ground of the silk, which tint also answers for a velvet or satin crush collar. This waist will use up ten dollars, as the silk will be from one dollar and fifteen cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents.

### A FEW NECESSARIES

**H**ENRIETTA or crépon in gray for a princess tea-gown can be had at one dollar. A Japanese silk front and crush collar will be in cardinal, blue or bright old rose. Half belt of the silk, using in all two yards and a half at sixty cents. A cravenette cloak for rain, dust, etc., will be nine dollars, finishing a total of one hundred and ninety-six dollars and forty cents. This allows nine dollars for the tea-gown materials. The three dollars remaining will afford an umbrella, which every one should number among her personal belongings. I should also advise getting a pair of chamois gloves for outing wear at a dollar. These can be washed on the hands when soiled and partly dried before removing them. Then pull into shape, as they finish drying, to keep the leather soft.

### FASHIONABLE DRESS FABRICS

**E**NGLISH silk and wool tweeds are beautiful in small checks and stripes divided by lines of silk, in blue, Magenta, yellow or green, but they can never be called cheap gowns, though intended for general wear, as they are from a dollar and a half to two dollars and a half a yard. The Scotch cheviots and mixtures that are imported retail as high as two dollars and a half, but domestic goods upon the same order sell at one dollar. These are in striped and checked mixtures showing bluet, yellow, réséda, navy, tan, brown, stem green, cardinal and touches of black as well. Domestic shepherd checked tweeds retail at ninety cents, and many of them are fifty inches wide. Covert cloths in light weight, domestic manufacture, retail at seventy-nine cents up. These had an immense run a year ago, but their day is not over yet. White effects in the ground work are very pretty in cheviots, with knotted yarns in two or more colors. Bouclé or hairy effects are among the imported novelties, but cannot remind one of spring.

### SILKEN MATERIALS

**P**RINTED satins will figure as waists. Wash silks at fifty cents show various widths of stripes alternating with white. The taffeta weave is the silk of the time, that is very evident. Changeable effects still prevail, small designs and many chiné or blurred patterns.

As a trimming black satin duchesse, one dollar to one dollar and a half, is very stylish; also for skirts to wear odd waists with. Then comes the dotted or small-figured moiré or taffeta. The latter can be had for seventy-five cents up, but the former, of a wearable quality, commences at one dollar and a quarter. A poor, cheap moiré does not pay for making it up. Gros-grains and repped black silks will be worn for entire costumes. My personal advice is never to get a black silk under one dollar and a quarter, except a surah, which is now out of style. Lately black brocaded satins in large and medium sized patterns have sold well for odd skirts. These are from one dollar to two dollars per yard, and nine yards are necessary for a godet skirt forty inches long and four yards and a half wide. This means economical cutting, for a dressmaker allows ten yards for such a skirt.

Velvet will be worn all summer as odd collars, and velvet ribbons are now worn in Paris as shoulder knots, collars, etc. The chiné or Dresden ribbons will be worn on light house dresses, as Swisses, batistes, challies, dimities, etc. Waterproofed velveteen will also figure as capes and combinations, the finish rather improving its lustre. Good qualities are from one dollar and a quarter to one dollar and a half, twenty-four inches wide. Other velveteens are from seventy-five cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents a yard.

### NEW COTTON GOODS

**C**ORDED ducks for tailor gowns run up to one dollar, but twenty-five to fifty cents is the popular price in white, china blue, tan, yellow, etc. A teviot suiting resembling duck or basket weaves has also the appearance of woolen goods. It comes in stripes, checks, seeded stripes, Jacquard figures, plain grounds and tweed effects, and is suitable for house, street and outing wear. Crépon gingham are neat for gowns to be worn in the afternoons, and simply trimmed with open embroidery or left untrimmed and worn with a black silk belt and silver buckle. These are of three shades alternating with a similar stripe of lighter shades. Plain stripes alternate with chiné effects, and white, yellow, bluet, pink, light green, tan and sky blue are prominent. Cord stripes also appear in these crépons.

Some of the new chambrays show an open-work border of embroidery which requires a self-colored lining. The work is in white, on pink, blue, tan, green or yellow. The skirts cannot be gored owing to the border. The favorite batistes and organdies are, this far, in striped and chiné or blurred patterns, and are made up with net-top guipure or Valenciennes lace and Dresden ribbons in colored chiné designs on white or very light-colored taffeta, gros-grain or satin grounds.

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

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THE TYPICAL WEDDING GOWN (Illus. No. 1)

ALL FOR THE EASTER BRIDE

By Isabel A. Mallon

**T**HE bride of to-day is, properly enough, a little woman who looks into the future and realizes the utter silliness of filling her trunks with innumerable gowns that, long before they can have the proper amount of wear, are out of fashion.

With her wedding gown comes a dainty dinner gown, a pretty visiting gown, two or three house gowns and a frock for stormy days, and these, with those already in her possession, are deemed quite sufficient. Naturally, every woman wants to be married in white. Following the French fashion, simplicity stamps the white satin wedding gown of this season. It is made high in the neck, and the very large sleeves reach quite to the wrists, and often extend over them. If one is fortunate enough to possess some fine old lace it may be used as trimming, but tulle and orange blossoms are most bride-like and most girlish, and therefore most suitable.



THE BRIDE'S GOING-AWAY GOWN (Illus. No. 2)

**I**N Illustration No. 1 is shown the typical wedding gown, the one that never goes out of fashion, and in which even the ugly duckling of the family will look attractive. The material used is white satin, heavy and lustrous, and the skirt, which flares well, has a medium train, full and fan-like in effect, but not as long as those worn last season. The bodice is a draped one coming to a short point in the front and at the back and arching over the hips. This portion of it is outlined by small pearl beads. The skirt trimming consists of wide folds of tulle draped in curves as high up as the knees, each curve being caught by a bunch of orange blossoms. The very full sleeves shape in to the arms, and come well over the wrists in sharp points defined by small beads like those on the edge of the bodice. Tulle is draped across the corsage and caught by very small bunches of the bridal flower, while a knot of tulle and a bunch of the blossoms hold up the fullness of each sleeve near the shoulder. The hair, which is arranged high on the head, is dressed with a wreath of orange blossoms and the usual double veil, which in front reaches quite to the edge of the skirt and at the back falls far down on the train. As the bride enters the church the veil is worn over the face, but after the ceremony the bridesmaid carefully throws it back and the pretty bride goes out on her husband's arm with her face uncovered. The stockings are white silk and the slippers white satin with high rosettes of white chiffon. The gloves are of undressed kid. The bouquet carried is the bridal one of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley tied with long loops and ends of white chiffon.

THE TYPICAL WEDDING GOWN

THE bride of to-day is, properly enough, a little woman who looks into the future and realizes the utter silliness of filling her trunks with innumerable gowns that, long before they can have the proper amount of wear, are out of fashion.

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BONNET FOR A SPRING-TIME BRIDE (Illus. No. 3)

THE GOING-AWAY GOWN

**T**HE pretty going-away gown, which is assumed so soon after the wedding itself, must be stamped with an air of good form rather than elaboration. Lightweight cloths are specially liked for such frocks, and very many good effects are achieved by combining satin or velvet with the more simple material. A very smart frock, rich enough to be worn by a bride who wished to be married in her traveling gown, is shown in Illustration No. 2. The material used for it is a very light shade of tan cloth combined with dark green satin. The skirt, which is quite plain, has the usual flare achieved by a careful lining and boning, as well as by the extreme fullness, which causes it to measure seven yards around the skirt edge.

The bodice is cut in basque fashion, the skirt portion, which is about five inches deep, having the fashionable fullness and flare. The belt worn with this is of green satin laid in folds fastened just in front by a clasp of gilt filigree set with imitation emeralds. The revers, very broad and flaring ones, are of the green satin, and so are the full sleeves, which shape in below the elbows in tucks overlaid by narrow pipings of green beads. The hat is a black straw one with a rolling brim outlined by small green beads and having a bunch of green feathers heavily spangled with jet at the left side near the back. The collar is a high stock of the satin with a full rosette at each side of the front. The gloves worn are the usual heavy walking ones that close with four large pearl buttons, and are of a light tan shade.

A FEW SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS

**T**O the woman who is going to be married in a traveling gown I would like to suggest that there is about a bonnet a more dressy air than ever comes to a hat. So it is conceded to be most desirable to wear a bonnet during the wedding, even if it should be changed for a hat immediately after, or during an early part of the journey. The bonnets of to-day are so extremely pretty and so generally becoming that even very young women find pleasure in wearing them. The one shown in Illustration No. 3 will be worn by a spring-time bride whose gown is a light shade of gray cloth trimmed with very yellow coarse lace. The hair must be arranged in a special way to permit the wearing of this chapeau,

which is commonly known as the Dutch bonnet. The knot or braid must be pinned midway on the back of the head, and the bonnet worn far back from the front and just above it.

In front the shape is round and cap-like, fitting the head, while at the back it is cut up into a point. This one is made of yellow Tuscan braid, and there is placed, so it outlines the front, a band of Rhinestones, with two tiny wings just in the centre formed of the Rhinestones themselves. At each of the side points a tassel-like arrangement of yellow lace is placed, and at the left side, quite near the back and standing up very high, is a bunch of white roses with their foliage. This bonnet is decidedly smart-looking, and may be cited as one that will be generally becoming and especially suited to the wedding toilette.

Here is a word of wisdom: If the home people are not very well off in regard to this world's goods, then be married quietly, and, for the sake of being like other girls, do not put upon those who love you, debts that will take months to pay. Even if you do yearn for the bridal beauty of white satin, stop and think as to whether any one will suffer for your desire. Start in your new life with a record for unselfishness.

Fibre Chamois

The New Interlining for Dresses Skirts and Puffed Sleeves

insures every condition for elegance and style in a garment, and is most suitable for **summer and seashore dresses**, as dampness does not affect it in the least. The fear of packing and consequent crushing, which always attends the packing of garments lined with crinoline or haircloth, is entirely removed if **Fibre Chamois** is used.

As it contains **no starch it will not lose its shape** from crushing or dampness.



It is Inexpensive Durable Light in Weight.

Your Dry Goods Dealer has it.

Your Dress-maker will procure it for you, and REMEMBER it will not cut through at the bottom of your skirts and ruin your boots.

A Puffed Sleeve

after packing, if lined with Fibre Chamois

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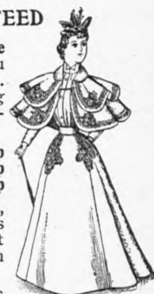
Bicycle Suits, Duck Suits, etc., etc., with a collection of cloth samples to select from, a measurement diagram and a tape measure, on receipt of four cents postage.

**SPECIAL**—We make this season a full line of Silk and Crépon Skirts.

We also sell cloth by the yard. We pay express charges. Please mention *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

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recently discovered, has been applied to the

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This material is perfectly white, absolutely odorless and impervious to perspiration. It contains neither rubber nor gutta-percha. It is lighter by one-half than any other material used for shields. It does not deteriorate with age.

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102 Greene Street, New York. Sole Agents for the United States. Ladies can earn easily several dollars per week introducing these needles to families. Write for particulars.

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The oddest daily changeable and perpetual day indicator imaginable. Tells its story through its eyes and mouth. Makes everybody laugh and wonder. It's a laugh and a wonder in itself. 15 cents.

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MUSIC SALE To close out our stock we send by mail 65 pieces, full sheet music size, vocal and instrumental, all parts complete, all for 12c., or 4 lots, 35c. Money back if not suited. "After the Ball" and 100 Songs with music, 5c. L. Hathaway, 339 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.

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Send stamp for Primer to MARJORIE MARCH, Lock Box 76, Philadelphia, Pa. Many years' experience.



## THE AVERAGE GIRL

By Ruth Ashmore



THE girl who is sitting near you or me, working with an immense amount of industry on a dainty tea-cloth, and putting a great deal of energy in the pushing in of her needle by the little gold thimble, which, she will tell you with a smile, the favored man gave her at Christmas, is the "average girl." In years she is between eighteen and twenty-four; she is whole-hearted, happy, generous, pretty and pleasant to look upon, and very anxious to do what is right. She lives in a pretty country town, or maybe on a farm, and last summer you enjoyed the long golden days spent in the country with her. Now she is returning your visit, and you, being a polite woman, are making her have as good a time as possible. Today she is staying with me, and she knows me well enough and likes me well enough to tell me of her ignorance about certain things. She troubles herself about these much more than is necessary, for good manners are the same all the world over. And while the average girl may not be fully acquainted with the minor details of social life she is gently bred and kind of heart, and it is impossible for her to make any very great mistake. On a piece of paper she has written about the little things that trouble her, and I am going, as far as I can, to explain them to her so that she may feel less ill-at-ease than she does.

### ABOUT THE LUNCHEON

THE other day she was invited to a luncheon by a friend of her hostess, and when the time came she had to go alone because her hostess had a severe cold. She had never seen a table as elaborately spread as the one at that luncheon, and she soon realized that she had made a mistake in the very beginning. When she went up-stairs to remove her wrap she took off her bonnet also, and when she came down found that she was the only woman, except the hostess and the friends who were visiting in the house, whose head was bare. Not a great error, but then the average girl likes to be correct, and with a handsome silk visiting dress proper for this two o'clock luncheon, she should have retained her bonnet and her gloves, removing the latter as soon as she was seated at the table.

Glancing at her place she saw that the two-pronged fork was for her oysters, and if she took up each fork in the order in which it was placed she would get the right one for each course.

The average girl once made a great mistake. Having been invited for half-past one o'clock she arrived at one, to find that the hostess was not dressed, and the drawing-room not lighted. One is asked at a certain time and expected to arrive not earlier than five minutes before it, or, better still, exactly on the minute. She felt embarrassed because she was introduced to nobody. Now, my dear, that you will find customary in most houses, the English idea of a "roof" introduction being deemed sufficient. Where one is an entire stranger, a thoughtful hostess will mention the names of the women between whom one sits, but generally one hears the names mentioned by acquaintances, and conversation is easy. Remember this: Never ask a servant for anything except bread; usually the French roll laid on one's napkin suffices, but if you should wish more bread it may be asked for, or a glass of water. But a second helping is an unknown quantity at a formal affair.

At home the average girl is well acquainted with what is called "high tea" in the city, that is, the serving, about eight o'clock, of hot meats, with dishes of salads and sweets, and where all sit down—a pleasant way to entertain when the late dinner is not a custom. However, the card you have gotten for the afternoon tea is not of that sort. The tea card invites you to come between four and seven, and you wonder what you should do. You need write no acknowledgment of this invitation, but if you are wise you will appear about half-past five, gowned in your handsomest visiting dress, the pretty black silk with its trimmings of blue velvet and jet, and the little bonnet in harmony with it. If, for any reason, you are unable to go, then in the morning you send by post as many of your visiting-cards as there are hostesses, that is, hostesses whose names are on the invitation. These cards are inclosed in the usual card envelope addressed to the lady of the house, and it will be best form to omit sealing-wax.

### WHILE AT THE TEA

WHEN you enter you shake hands with your hostess and with any of the ladies receiving with her with whom you are acquainted, or to whom she introduces you. You are asked by one of the receiving party if you will not go into the tea-room, and there you enjoy a cup of tea, of bouillon, a bit of delicate cake or an ice, which is the most that is ever served even at a formal tea. Unless you should meet many friends ten or fifteen minutes is quite long enough for you to stay. It is not necessary for you to remove your gloves, and, if you are fortunate enough to have come in a carriage, you will find it more convenient to leave your wraps there, and so be able to make your entrance at once, than if you went to the room dedicated to the caring for one's outer garments. We are all getting to be such good walkers, however, that it is the exceptional woman who is going from house to house, who can make her entrance right from her carriage to the drawing-room. Cultivate for afternoon use especially a quantity of small talk, about the charm of the hostess, the beauty of the flowers, that blessing to all humanity—the weather, and the last entertainment counted of worth. Never mind if you do say the same thing to everybody you meet, as long as it makes you avoid personalities; there is always wisdom in saying that which makes conversation and wounds nobody's feelings.

### A FASHIONABLE DINNER PARTY

YOU have never been to one before, and so your cousin, with whom you are staying, suggests the proper frock. It is a light-colored silk made simply, cut out just enough at the neck to show your throat, and having for sleeves enormous puffs finished by frills of chiffon that come just below the elbow. Your gloves go up under these ruffles, and are, of course, immaculate. Your hair is prettily dressed, and following the picture fashion, you have put a white rose just at one side of it. A little heart-shaped brooch fastens your bodice at the neck, and a string of small gold beads is about your throat. You know that, even if you possess them, it would be in bad taste for an unmarried woman to wear diamonds or expensive jewels of any kind. In the dressing-room, after the maid has taken off your wrap and straightened out your skirt, you start to go down-stairs, walking just behind your chaperon. The gentleman who is to take you in to dinner has been informed of this in the dressing-room by receiving a card with your name upon it, and so your thoughtful hostess presents him to you, and you have a chat of a minute or two before taking his arm and joining the formal procession to the dining-room. Your name card is at your place, and after the little flutter of getting seated you pick up and look at the bunch of violets that is before you, and, unless you wish to stain your skirt with them or crush them, you put them on the table just in front of your plate, while your escort fastens in his buttonhole the single orchid intended for him.

At the best houses what used to be known as "dinner millinery," and which included strips of ribbon and jars of sweets—jars frequently of expensive china, and that were intended to be taken home—are no longer seen, for it is counted as vulgar to appear to have to bribe people to come to one's house. Chat with your neighbors on either side, giving the most attention, however, to your escort; but err on the side of shyness rather than of self-satisfaction. Many a nervous girl, bright and witty, is over-eager to be entertaining, and unconsciously raises her voice until it is heard above everybody's else, and her high, shrill, excited laugh is a horror to the women, who blame her while they pity her. A dinner party is a formal function, and specially demands dignity of manner. If the Continental fashion is followed, and ladies and gentlemen leave the dining-room at the same time, you go out as you came in. If the English fashion obtains, and the gentlemen remain to smoke and talk, rise when your hostess gives the signal, stand quite still until you see your chaperon, and then fall in line behind her, passing, not too quickly, the gentlemen, who are all standing up and allowing you to walk out before them. Learn to walk well and not to "trot." A dinner invitation should be acknowledged within three hours, and the changing of one's mind about it is never permitted. A witty Frenchman said, "Only death is an excuse for not keeping a dinner engagement, and even then a polite man would send the undertaker to apologize for him."

### ABOUT YOUR CALLS

I KNOW it to be true that when you came to town you had for a visiting-card a faintly-tinted stiff one, on which was written your name, "Elinor Smith," in a fine Italian hand heavily shaded. Fortunately for you, your hostess saw this and kept you from making a *faux pas*. In the place of these rose-tinted ones, happily consigned to their proper resting place, the wastebasket, you now have rather thin white cards, almost square, with, as you are the oldest daughter, and as your middle name is your mother's maiden name, "Miss Cholmondeley Smith," engraved upon them. Your visiting-card represents you, and consequently it must be in good taste. This form is desirable because, seeing it, old friends who knew your mother as "pretty Elinor Cholmondeley," will recognize you as her daughter, and make an effort to show you some special courtesies. When you make your visits you leave your card for the lady of the house and for each daughter who is in society. When you cannot go to a reception or a tea your cards represent you. When you do go you leave your card either with a servant who holds out a silver salver for it, or you put it on the table prepared for cards. This is done because, seeing many people, your friend may not remember all who were there, and the little bits of thin pasteboard tell of her visitors and warn her of those to whom she owes either a personal visit or a return card. You called one day on a friend who lives very quietly, and who opened the door for you. For her a card must be left also, and as you are a bright girl you can either do it before her, reminding her that you do not intend to let her forget you came to see her, or you can leave it in the hall when you are alone, for your hostess does not accompany you further than the drawing-room door.

### ABOUT YOUR SWEETHEART

YOU sat and wondered about your sweetheart. As yet your engagement is a secret. When you came to town you let him know where you were, and you expected that he would call that very night, ask specially for you, and that a *tête-à-tête* would be the result. But he is a well-bred young man who understands the rules of society, and so he did what was correct. He called about five o'clock in the afternoon, asked for your hostess, her daughter and you, and one of them went down with you to see him. When he wished to take you to see a great actor he invited your hostess and you, and he never went any place with you alone. There were only a few stolen moments when you could say to him just what you wished, but he was acting as society in the city demanded, and showing by his formal behavior his respect for you. When he sent you a bunch of flowers there was one for your cousin, and you were a bit foolish not to value yours as much as you would if he had not sent another. What he did was right, and he would have been counted singularly *gauche* and awkward if he had done as you wished, and so called forth criticisms in which the words "bad-mannered" would have been most conspicuous.

Do not make the very great mistake of counting elderly women as of no use socially. Of course you are respectful to them, but you have thought that at social functions they were out of place. My dear girl, the matron is the power behind the throne. She decides whether you are desirable, whether you shall receive an invitation to the most exclusive affair and whether her daughter shall count you among her intimates. It is she to whom the young men go for introductions, and your doom is sealed if she says: "I don't think you would care for Miss Smith, she is not a girl of good manners." With the passing of youth power comes as a recompense.

### THE VALUE OF ETIQUETTE

IT seems to you that there is a great deal of formality necessary even about the pleasant times. There is, and it is right that it should be so. If society permitted free and easy manners, lack of punctuality and general thoughtlessness the whole social structure would tumble over, and, worst of all, woman would not receive the respect and consideration due her. Our little talk about ways and manners will, I hope, be some help to that dear average girl all over the country, who, being an American, has the quickness and brightness making her able to do everything just right, provided the method of doing is suggested to her. She will be, socially, a great success, if being genteel (I like that old-fashioned word) in her manners and her dress, she should be equally genteel in her speech, in her voice and in her choice of acquaintances. If she is wise she will imitate nobody, and especially will she refrain from imitating the very loud girl who may attract attention, but toward whom no gentleman ever has any real intention. I like to think I have helped her a little bit, this dear average girl, toward making her social pathway a bit smoother, so that she may walk over it easily and gladly.

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

## Nestlé's Food



MORNING

NESTLÉ'S FOOD is a complete and entire diet for babies. When for any reason a mother cannot nurse her child, Nestlé's Food will furnish a reliable and nourishing food. Every physician knows Nestlé's Food and recommends it as the safest of all foods for infants and children.



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NESTLÉ'S FOOD is safe. It requires only the addition of water to prepare it for use. The great danger always attendant on the use of cow's milk is thus avoided. The prevalence of tuberculosis in cows, and the liability of cow's milk to convey the germs of disease, makes its use as a food for infants dangerous in the extreme.



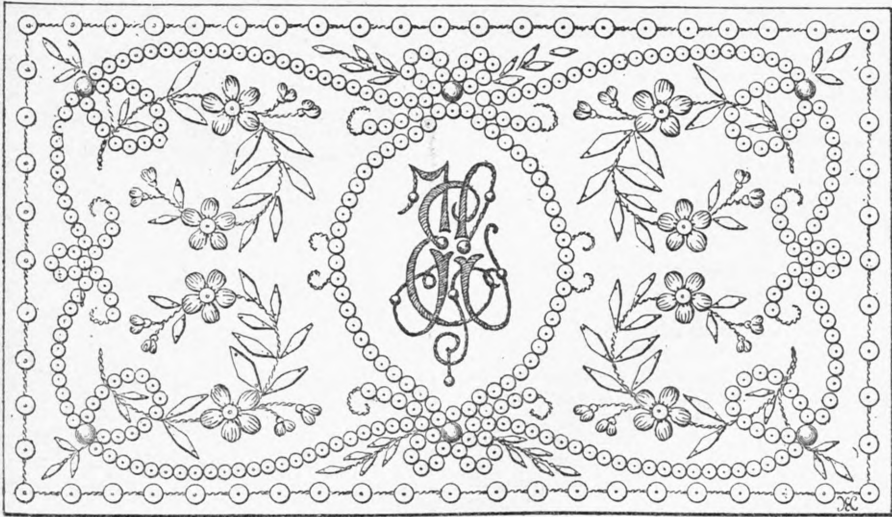
NIGHT

NESTLÉ'S FOOD is nourishing. It makes firm flesh, strong bone and rosy cheeks. For good health, sweet temper and sound sleep, give your baby Nestlé's Food—morning, noon and night—all the year round.

Consult your doctor about Nestlé's Food, and send to us for a large sample can and our book "The Baby," both of which will be sent free on application.

THOS. LEEMING & CO.

73 Warren Street, New York



JEWEL-CASE WITH MONOGRAM (Illus. No. 1)

A REVIVAL OF SPANGLE WORK

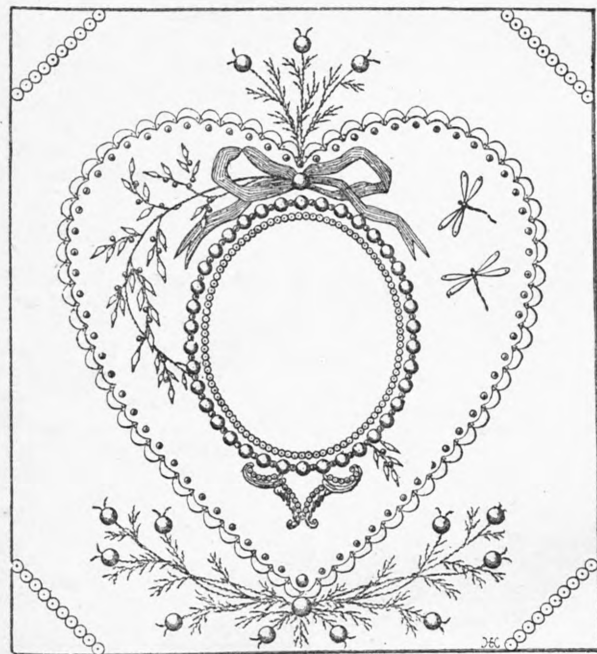
By Emma Haywood

If we would not be behind the times in the pursuit of art needlework we must, perforce, turn our attention to the newest craze, which is nothing but a revival of the old-fashioned spangle work, executed heretofore either in gold or steel with a few limited forms, while now the forms

IT will be seen, therefore, that materials for this fascinating and by no means laborious work are at command, so we will proceed to discuss the designs selected for illustration, with practical suggestions for carrying them out. In the first place the material used as a foundation is generally of silk or satin, sometimes of gauze. It must be stretched on an embroidery frame as tight as a drum. Several shades of sewing silk to match the spangles will be needed, also a piece of beeswax. This will aid materially in making the work easy, especially as for the miniature spangles the sewing silk must be split. Holes are pierced in the spangles for sewing them down, and the sharp, sometimes rough edges are hard on the silk.

MATERIALS FOR THE WORK

A Dainty Jewel-Case  
ILLUSTRATIONS Nos. 1 and 2 are designs for a jewel-box. The dimensions correspond to those of an ordinary cigar-box when enlarged to the original size, but the pattern can be adapted to larger or smaller measurements, according to the relative size of the spangles. The space occupied by the monogram can be filled with a dainty little painting if preferred. Coloring can be left to individual taste; it may be rich or delicate to suit its immediate surroundings. The specimen before me is on blue satin of the palest tint, and partaking of the slight greenish tint seen in a clear sunset sky. The spangles set close together, and forming the basis of the design are in gold; the spaced row that frames the design is in pale terracotta; the line of stem stitch embroidery connecting the spangles matches them in color. The flowers are worked solidly in pale salmon pink filo floss. The Asiatic dyes are the best and most lustrous make of embroidery silk, being also perfectly fast. The gold spangles for the flower centres are serrated at the edges, adding greatly to the effect. A small gold bead should fix the spangle in place; this is a much neater way of affixing the circular spangles than by following the usual method of sewing them down with fine silk. This does not apply to leaf or long-shaped forms where the holes are usually pierced close to the edge.



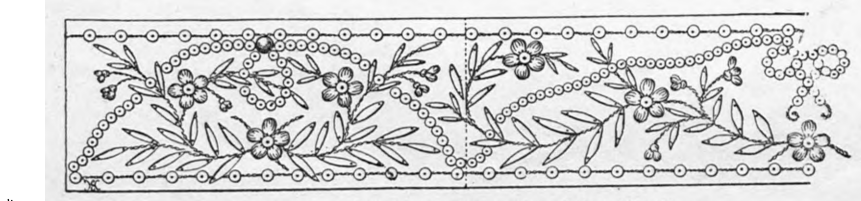
NOVEL PHOTOGRAPH FRAME (Illus. No. 3)

are many. Our European sisters have dubbed this novelty Paillette work. The invention, and, therefore, the name, hails from Paris. We will be content to call it spangle work.

Our grandmothers evidently never dreamed of the possibilities that lay within the scope of this work, but modern art has evolved from it most exquisite and costly designs fitted for the divers colors and multifarious shapes now at command. The spangles are made of various materials of tinsel, metal or gelatine. The colors are artistic, covering a wide range, from palest rainbow tints to glowing reds, olive greens and richest gold, deepening to golden brown. They come in all sizes for work, large or small, and are cut into every conceivable form: leaf or pear shape, diamond, star, crescent, oval, square, oblong, with serrated edges, in the similitude of simple flowers like the forget-me-not; more than that, if a sufficient quantity be ordered of the manufacturer he is open to supply any shape to order in any given colors. The cost of this work is inconsiderable, for we are not obliged to import our spangles. Through the enterprise of a home manufacturer all the spangles we can want, quite as good as those sent over from the other side, are at our command. Our illustrations being necessarily limited in number give but a faint idea of the uses to which spangle work can be put. Among knickknacks it is suitable for jewel-boxes, photograph frames, lamp shades, candle shades, mats, fans, hand screens, card-trays, work-baskets and the like.

against the light a bead is filled in at the back between the two beads on the outer circle in front, making an unbroken circle of beads when illuminated.

In illustration No. 5 is given a very dainty design for working on gauze or net for dress trimming. The design comes out well on either white, black or a color, the coloring of the spangles being selected to harmonize with the ground. Gold or red on black is very rich. Steel looks well on white or pale blue. For evening wear especially the effect of spangle trimming is charming because of its brilliancy and richness. The spangles are in many cases combined with silk embroidery with great advantage; raised jewels are also from time to time introduced, giving point to the design, as well as color, brilliancy and originality.



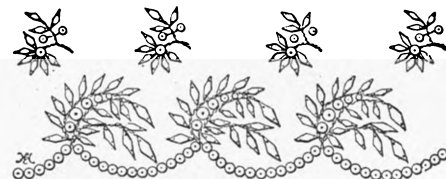
FRONT AND ENDS OF JEWEL-CASE (Illus. No. 2)

SPANGLES TO REPRESENT FOLIAGE

THE spangles employed to represent foliage should be in two shades of light olive green, the lighter shade for the small ones. The embroidered stems match the leaves in tone. The monogram is worked in gold thread; the jewels that embellish it, and also those that hold together the loops of spangles, represent opals. The box is padded inside throughout, including the lid, and is lined with very pale old gold satin; pink to match the flowers may be substituted if preferred. Illustration No. 2 represents the ends of the box and half of the front and back. Clever workers will easily adapt this design to other shapes and uses.

PRETTY PHOTOGRAPH FRAME

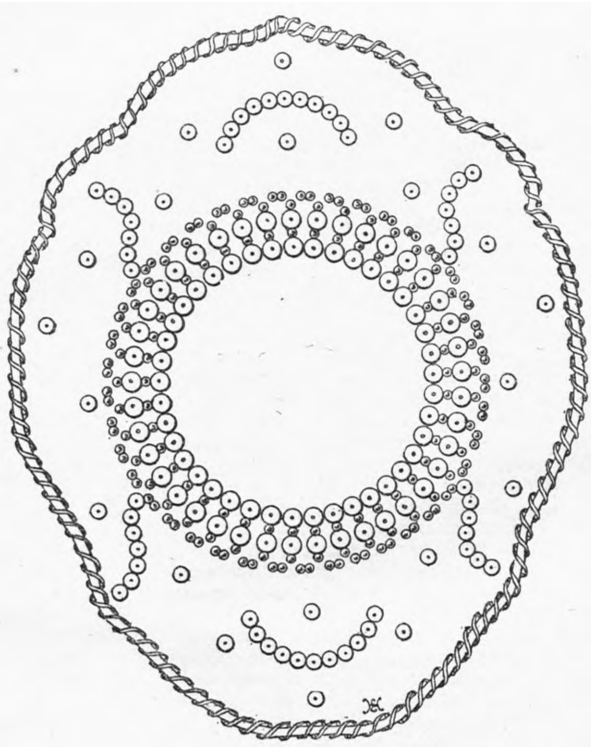
ILLUSTRATION No. 3 gives us a beautiful and novel photograph frame. This can be made up as it is, but is often protected by being, in its turn, regularly framed under glass with a gilt moulding. This design is worked on a dull buff color, almost a fawn shade. The crescent spangles, the corners and the central oval are of gold, also those within the scrolls beneath the oval; the bow-knot is of fine Japanese gold thread, laid in solidly; the stem of the trailing spray is also in gold thread; the leaf spangles are brick red, the berries small pearl beads. The dragon flies' wings are spangles of peacock green. The beads within the crescent forms represent turquoise, also those between the jewels on the outer oval. These jewels are milky, like an opal, but of a rich amber in color. The jewels sur-



DESIGN FOR DRESS TRIMMING (Illus. No. 5)

mounting the feathery sprays outside the heart are also partially opaque, but of a turquoise blue. The sprays are worked in green, shading in parts to brown and red.

No. 4 represents a candle shade on silk thin enough to be transparent against the light. A little painted Watteau group or landscape fills the centre. The setting to the picture is worked in spangles, with small gold beads between them. The silk is of cream white, with forget-me-not blue spangles. The design, though simple, is very effective. These spangles should be affixed with a small gold bead in the centre. The edge of the shade is gilt, laced over with arrasene or mediæval silk to match, or else blue to match the spangles. In order to avoid showing any threads when



DAINTY CANDLE SHADE (Illus. No. 4)

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA



AND THE SECRET OF HIS Wonderful Success

The question is often and naturally asked: What are the causes of the unprecedented success of Sousa and his peerless Concert Band? They are easily discerned and consist of many contributing aids. Among these are, the great leader's thorough musicianship—his uncommon executive ability—his complete mastery over an organization of musicians consisting of the flower of their calling—his striking elegance and grace as a conductor—his tact and felicity in ministering to the tastes of all classes of people, thus sending every listener homeward convinced that he has heard just what he liked best incomparably played—his genius as a composer, and the dissemination among the people of millions of copies of his marches, which are played by bands and orchestras, on pianos, guitars, mandolins, banjos and hand-organs, whistled by street gamins, danced and pranced, hummed and sung by high and low throughout the world—each of these myriads of copies of music being white-winged and music-attuned advance couriers of the coming of their gifted author, whose inimitable interpretation of his own inspiring music by his peerless Band, naturally everybody desires to hear and see—this desire creating a demand for his Band which compels it to play (including matinees) over 500 concerts per year throughout the country—the Band during the past year having included in its tours every great city between California and Maine—this continuous daily and yearly concert-giving compelling constant rehearsal and drill, resulting in a perfection only thus attainable. These are among the obvious causes why this one and only purely Concert Band is meeting with such unprecedented success, and why its houses are packed whenever and wherever it appears by delighted and applauding crowds, which compel the obliging leader to double his programmes through their enthusiasm, and cause his hearers to leave his concerts regretting only that their pleasure could not have been still further prolonged. Mr. Sousa will, upon the three months' Festival Concert Tour he is at present making, include the cities of the sunny South, entering that section at Louisville, April 16, and including Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Missouri, etc., and reaching his favorite summer concert ground—the ever-popular Manhattan Beach—June 15, thence hastening to the prosperous St. Louis Exposition September 2, to the Texas State Exposition in Dallas October 20, and finally to New York, via Atlanta and its great Exposition, about January 1, 1896—the whole forming the unprecedented record of ten months of continuous daily concerts.

A Perfect Voice

is possessed by very few persons in the world, but every lover of music may become possessed of a perfect instrument by purchasing



It has all new and desirable improvements, and, in addition, is the only piano made that has the wonderful

Plectra-phone

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#### HEART TO HEART TALKS

**S**PRING will not fail us; it never has; it never will. Every bird knows that it is coming; we know that it is coming; nothing can prevent it. Oh, dear, dear Daughters, if you would only be as sure that an inside spring is coming. You say not one green thing is left in your heart—every blossom is dead. I wish I could give you hope; it is the one lesson that spring teaches us, the one lesson the beautiful Easter-time teaches, and yet I know just how you feel. I remember a time in my life when a few verses came to me (I know not from whence, I have never seen them since), but they were much to me:

"Fret not that thou art seamed and scarred and torn,  
That clods are piled where tinted vetches were;  
That long worms crawl to light, and brown rifts bare  
Of green and tender grasses widely yawn.

"God's hand is on the plough, so be thou still,  
Thou canst not see Him for thine eyes are dim.  
But wait in patience, put thy trust in Him;  
Give thanks for love and leave thee to His will.

"I know that Thou wilt make my grief to cease—  
Will send the cool, soft drops of healing rain,  
And make my scarred heart green with springing  
grain;  
That after patient waiting cometh peace."

I have lived long enough to have proved the truth of this poem, and yet when it came to me in the long ago I could see nothing but that my flowers were all dead. I wish you could dissociate some words from the usual surroundings where they simply mean nothing at all to you—religious words that sometimes you shrink from hearing—how I wish they could come to you fresh, as if you had never heard them, as you look at the desolations of your life and worse desolations of your heart. If you could only hear the words spoken by the living one at your side: "I am the resurrection and the life!"



#### "WHERE HAVE YE LAID HIM?"

**H**OW many times have I thought of that woman who, undoubtedly, had not closed her eyes the night before, and who, early in the morning, while it was yet dark, hastened to the tomb with her spices (as we go with our flowers), her one question, "Where have ye laid Him?" Why, He was not lying there at all, any more than our loved ones are lying in the graveyard. He was standing at her side, but she was looking down and did not really see Him. She supposed she was talking to the gardener. Then He called her by name, Mary! and there was a tone, a tenderness in that voice she had heard before, and she was startled and said Rabboni! Master! and she knew him. Oh, that was Easter! That is always Easter, when two souls stand revealed to each other, and call each other by name; that is Easter, and the highest love—the "love divine, all love excelling," is the recognition of the loving Christ—when to us for the first time He is the risen Christ, and our resurrection has come by His calling us by name. I so well remember after Bishop Brooks left earth I thought so much of what he said once, and it comes back to me now. He said that "Jesus was the inspiration and illumination of existence, that without Jesus moral life was a barren expediency, social life a hollow shell, emotional life a meaningless excitement, intellectual life a mere play or stupid drudgery; without Jesus the world is a puzzle, death a horror and eternity a blank." Ponder these words at this Easter-time—for Easter means His resurrection and our resurrection.

"Love has an Easter all her own,  
And on the margin of the tomb,  
Where Death his fatal work has done,  
Puts on her brow perpetual bloom.

"Love conquers most when all seems loss,  
Compelling victory from defeat;  
The shame, the agony, the cross,  
Are throne steps for the victor's feet

"Love has an Easter all her own;  
And o'er the grave where darkness lay,  
Triumphant lifts her august throne  
Resplendent in eternal day!"

So wrote one who has himself gone into that fuller life. Love has an Easter all her own!

#### ROSES THAT WILL LAST

"I WANT some roses," said a lady, as she stepped into the florist's. As the man moved toward the door to get them she added, "I want roses that will last." A curious smile came over the face of the florist as he said, "Perhaps you would like to choose them." Roses that will last! Where are they? Alas! there are no roses that will last many hours—how I have tried to make them last—they are so beautiful we want them to stay, but their time is very short, and that is the reason why we should give them all the opportunity possible to do all the good they can. I have known wonderful work done by flowers. I know a woman who went to see a friend and was told that she was dangerously ill, and the doctor said no one could see her. My friend who made the call had but little money, but she bought the most beautiful fragrant rose she could get the following day, and went again to see how the sick one was, and was told that the doctor said she could not live. My friend said, "Will you ask the nurse to lay this rose on her bosom?" and as there could be no harm done in so doing, it was laid there, and then she went homeward, praying that the life that was so needed might be spared. And God used that rose for the restoration of that woman. In an interval of reason her attention was arrested, and the doctor said that it had a strange effect on the patient, and from that moment a change for the better took place. When she recovered she told of the emotions produced by the sight of the rose and the fragrance she inhaled, and she resolved on her recovery that she would cultivate roses to give to the sick and poor. My friend who gave her the rose told me she often sent her roses from her conservatory in the winter-time after that. That rose lasted, and if we could get the history of flowers we should find out that when we permit the roses to go on missions of love and healing they will last in memory for a lifetime maybe.



#### IMPERISHABLE FLOWERS

I CAN remember flowers that will last with me as long as my mind endures. I have a friend who often presents me with flowers when I am speaking in public. Sometimes I do not see her, but I well know who has brought me the lovely violets or other flowers, for they are always tied with the purple ribbon, the badge of our Order. One day last January she brought to me, at the place at which I was to speak to young girls, lovely violets and a grand rose, and a spray of cherry blossoms. There had been a warm spell and the buds had come on the cherry tree. She took off a branch and put it in water and the buds burst and there were the lovely blossoms. I cannot tell how much those flowers did for me that day! "Give me roses that will last." Ah, it depends on how we use the roses—whom we give them to—whether they will last or not. Just before me, as I am writing, stands a beautiful rose, an American beauty, that a dear friend gave me this morning, one of her birthday roses from her husband. She is not a young wife, for I saw her little grandchild, and saw the husband play with the little creature, but he did not forget to give the wife of all the years beautiful flowers on her birthday. Many could not afford to give such a profusion of costly roses as that husband gave, but it is not the cost of the flowers but the thought that makes the roses or other flowers last. I can remember in the long ago when a little boy of mine (a man now) used to bring in from the grassplot the little yellow dandelions to ornament the breakfast-table. Ah, me, no flowers have ever lasted with some mothers like the simple wild flowers their little children brought them, especially if the little hands were folded one day, which would never again gather the flowers here. Would it not be a good thing if we should ask ourselves once in a while when we have a profusion of flowers, Can I not make these flowers—these roses—last? Can I not send some to cheer a friend, a neighbor, a sick one? Let us try to make our flowers last.

#### ROOMS TO LET

I HAVE been thinking of how many people have rooms to let in their nature, and sometimes they are the very best rooms. I believe there are people who have turned the key on rooms into which they never enter—rooms from which they once saw such lovely views; but the one who was in that room with them has gone and they cannot enter that room: it is closed. They occupy other rooms, and they do their work, but the time comes when the heart gets hungry and they think of their empty rooms. Perhaps, as I said, they would be glad if some one wanted them, but, in other cases, they would not have them occupied. I wish I could speak to such. I know of One who would like the empty rooms, and would like to have you sit with Him and look out of the broad windows over to the everlasting hills! And He would whisper to you that all you think is lost is not lost but only gone before, and that all will be yours again. But you must invite the Lord Jesus to come and occupy that vacant room; you must say:

"There is room in my heart, Lord Jesus,  
There is room in my heart for Thee."

Oh, the vacant lives! Oh, the vacant hearts! The lonely people! And yet there are such beautiful words spoken. Did you ever read "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, and the thirsty land shall become springs of water"? Oh, when and how? When the One I speak of comes to dwell. Life never looked sadder to me, in some respects, than it does to-day as I look out upon it. God made us, we all say this, no matter what our creed may be. If He made us what did He make us for? Ah! you say, that is just the question I often ask. Well, I answer, He made us for Himself to dwell in, to inhabit us, every room to be filled with His glorious presence. This is His will, His wish—is it ours? Is it not true that "other lords have had dominion over us," and we have driven Him from the home, His own home that He made for Himself? He cares no more for golden streets and pearly gates than we care. He wants human hearts; so do we. We want love; so does He. We cannot be satisfied without it; nor can He. He wants companionship, communion, fellowship; so do we. And every broken dream in your life, every room that has been left empty, all, all means that something brighter, more lovely beyond all you can conceive, is coming in its place.



#### LIFE'S BROKEN DREAMS

**D**ON'T think when one dream is broken that you will have no other dreams. You will go on dreaming dreams and seeing them all broken until the dream comes, the dream of what it will be to be the bride of Christ when He shall walk the golden streets in us. He wants to make Heaven within us; for if there is a permanent Heaven in you and me it will be because of everlasting love. When I think of all the joy of young hearts of womankind in preparing for their bridal; of all the dreams of a perfect life that they have—and then of the dreary waking that so many have had: their dreams all gone; when I think of the multitudes of noble women who have never said "husband," "child," I do not wonder that all, and far beyond all they ever dreamed, is still to be theirs. I sometimes think we have left out of our religion all that is most beautiful, all that reaches the deepest needs of our being, and we have only on our hands a dreary round of duty. I do not see why we should not take the comfort of one part of our Bible as well as another part. There is in Jesus Christ the supply of every need in our nature, or the New Testament is misleading. We want close union of heart with heart, with the human that is stronger and grander than we are. Could any union be closer than that between the branch and the vine? Christ does not stand apart from us up in Heaven somewhere. Faber says truly:

"But God is never so far off  
As even to be near!  
He is within; our spirit is  
The home He holds most dear."

I think of Christ handing the bread as a symbol and saying, "Feed on Me."

In some way we have missed our joy. Ah, yes! we too may say:

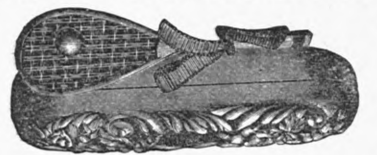
"So all the way I thought myself  
Homeless, forlorn and weary;  
Missing my joy, I walked the earth,  
Myself God's sanctuary."

Oh, for eyes to be open and ears to be un-stopped! that we may see and hear what will make Heaven to us.

"For oh! if the exiles of earth could but win  
One sight of the beauty of Jesus above—  
From that hour they would cease to be able to sin,  
And earth would be Heaven, for Heaven is Love."

Truly says St. Paul, "The sufferings of this present time are not to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us!"

Margaret Bottomo



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## THE WORK IN THE HOME LAUNDRY

By Frances E. Lanigan



THE idea contained in the rhyme which begins,

"On Monday I wash my dolly's clothes,  
On Tuesday neatly iron them,"

is not quite as popular in the home laundry as it is in the nursery.

And the reason is not far to seek. In houses where servants are kept they will not rise betimes on wash day; the hour for the preparation of the family breakfast arrives while the clothes are still lying in the tubs, and at no time during the day do the girls see their work anywhere but before them. To remedy this difficulty I would suggest that the mistress should insist upon it that the maid or maids who are responsible for the washing should rise very early on the morning of the day devoted to that work, so that they may have a good start before the other housework crowds upon them.

THE first thing to be done after the soiled clothes are gathered together should be the careful sorting of them. The soiled table linen, which should always be kept by itself in either bag or basket, should be the first to receive attention. The table-cloths, napkins, carving-cloths, doilies, etc., should be examined before being placed in water. If they are stained with either fruit or coffee, briskly-boiling water poured over the stained portions will remove the stains. The linen may then be immersed in hot water and washed carefully with any one of the good laundry soaps; if the water be at all hard a little ammonia may be added. As each piece is washed it should be wrung out tightly and placed in a clean tub. When all have been washed boiling water should be poured over them. When cool enough to handle they should be wrung out of the scald into clear water, and from the clear water into another to which a little bluing has been added. Personally I do not approve of starching table linen, but any housekeeper who desires to have her linen starched should impress upon her maids that they shall use very thin boiled starch for the purpose. If the table linen is hung evenly upon the clothes-line, after being shaken free from creases, brought in and folded down while quite damp, and ironed quite dry on the right side with very hot irons and a very vigorous hand, it will shine and look like new. Both cloths and napkins should be folded with the selvages together. If they are marked they should be ironed and folded so that the monogram, initial or name may be on the outside. Carving-cloths and doilies that are fringed should have the fringe well shaken and combed out. Celluloid combs may be bought for this purpose. When laundering very finely-embroidered linen a strong suds of some good soap and luke-warm water should be made and the pieces washed carefully. The washboard must not be used. Rinse immediately in luke-warm water and then in water slightly blued, and hang out to dry. When half dry they should be laid out smoothly on a clean cloth over a piece of double-faced white Canton flannel, and pressed on the wrong side with a hot iron until they are quite dry.

AFTER the table linen has received attention the bed linen may be treated in the same fashion, and then the rest of the clothes in due order. Each piece of flannel should be thoroughly shaken and then washed in strong suds made from any good soap and a little ammonia. They should then be rinsed in warm clear water. The flannels should be gotten partly dry as quickly as possible, and ironed while still damp. The colored clothes should also be washed in strong suds, rinsed in water to which a little salt has been added, and hung out to dry with as little delay as possible. Should the clothes be very much soiled the washing of them may be expedited by the use of a fluid made after the following receipt: To one pound of sal-soda add one-half pound of stone lime and five quarts of water. Boil a short time, stirring occasionally; then let it settle and pour off the clear fluid into a stone jug and cork for use. Soak your white clothes over night, wring out, and soap the wristbands, collars and cuffs of the shirts, and any very soiled pieces; have your boiler half filled with water, and when at scalding heat put in one teacupful of this fluid; stir, and put in your clothes and boil for half an hour; then rub lightly through one suds only, rinsing as usual. Any one of the standard washing powders may be substituted for this fluid.

WHEN possible, blankets should be sent to a cleaning establishment, where they will be subjected to a dry-cleaning process which will make them look almost as attractive and white, and quite as soft as when new. When this is not possible, and it is necessary to do the work at home, a dry, clear day should be selected for the purpose. The blankets should first be thoroughly shaken, and then washed in a lather made from soap made in the following manner: Shave about two pounds of good laundry soap into two quarts of water, and put into a kettle with two ounces of borax; heat slowly until thoroughly dissolved, then pour into an earthen bowl and set aside to cool; when cool it will be ready for use. If the blankets are much soiled it may be necessary to put them through more than one suds. When washed clean they should be rinsed out of clear hot water, wrung lightly, and after being shaken free from creases hung evenly upon a clean clothes-line.

Heavy counterpanes may be washed in the same manner. Both quilts and blankets should be turned occasionally upon the line so that they may dry evenly. When dry the blankets should be taken from the line and hung before the fire until thoroughly aired, and then folded carefully and put away. Counterpanes may be ironed on the wrong side, or pressed under a heavy weight.

When it is necessary to wash lace curtains they should be taken down, well shaken, examined very closely for breaks and tears, and if there be any they should be carefully mended. After mending they should be placed in a large tub of luke-warm water to which half a pound of finely-shaved soap and a small half cupful of ammonia have been added, and allowed to remain in soak over night. In the morning wash carefully with the hands in the hot suds, then rinse and blue. After pressing as much as possible of the water out of them spread them over clean sheets that have been pinned to the carpet of an unoccupied room. When almost dry take them up and dip them in hot starch and fasten them again to the sheets, this time pinning them down tightly, being careful to bring out all the pattern of the border. Open the windows and leave the curtains upon the floor until they are perfectly dry. If you want to have them an écu shade rinse them in weak coffee instead of bluing.

WHEN washing summer silks, remove all grease or other spots with chloroform, then make a solution of a teaspoonful of ammonia and a little soap in a pail of water, and in this dip the silk again and again until the silk looks clean. Do not wring out, but press between the hands. Rinse in water from which the chill is gone, and hang in a shady place until partly dry, when lay between two cloths, and press with a hot iron until it is quite dry.

Stockings should be thoroughly shaken and turned on the wrong side before being put in the water, and they should always be washed by themselves.

When it is feared that the colors in any fabric will run, soak the garment for about an hour before washing in a pailful of water in which a teaspoonful of sugar of lead has been dissolved.

Lace curtains or lace-trimmed garments or any very fine pieces must not be rubbed upon the board.

Spots of iron rust may be removed with salts of lemon, and mildew by pouring diluted chloride of lime over the spots.

The garments which are to be starched may, after being washed, rinsed and blued, be dipped in starch made in the following manner: Mix the quantity of starch needed with cold water until of the consistency of rich cream, then pour briskly-boiling water over it until it becomes a thick transparent liquid; add a small piece of white wax and stir the starch until the wax is dissolved; while the starch is hot dip the garments into it, or the portions of them which you desire to have stiff.

Very thin garments and all embroideries should be ironed on the wrong side, calicoes and gingham on the right side if a glossy surface is desired. Shirt bosoms, collars and cuffs should be dipped into boiling starch before being hung on the line. They should afterward be dipped into cold starch. This should be thoroughly rubbed into the articles, which should then be tightly rolled in a clean cloth for a few hours before ironing. Very hot irons will be required for ironing shirts and collars. A dull finish is considered in better taste than a polish. If, however, a polish is desired, an iron comes especially for the purpose.

TO facilitate the laundry work the mistress should provide all the helps possible, and should see to it that all the helps which she provides are properly cared for. When there are no stationary tubs in the house two stout wooden benches should be provided and about four tubs. The tubs should not be too large nor too heavy. Those made of cedar with galvanized hoops are best. Good washboards, a good boiler, a wringer, a proper pot in which to make starch, and an earthen bowl in which to mix it; a clothes-stick and three clothes-baskets will be necessary, and some large cotton cloths to cover the clothes-baskets and protect the clothes while the ironing is in progress; a bag for the clothes-pins made of pillow-case ticking, and many dozen pins, several clothes-poles, two good clothes-horses and several good strong clothes-lines; a good ironing-table, two ironing-boards and a bosom-board, large and small skirt-boards, all properly covered; irons of all sizes, two or three polishing irons, iron-holders, stands and beeswax. A good washing machine is also a great help where the family washing is large. Some thick woolen rugs, too, for the girls to stand on, while the washing and ironing are in progress, will be found of great use.

WHEN the clothes are all washed all the articles that have been in use should be carefully put away; the boiler should be thoroughly dried, the tubs emptied, turned upside down in a cool place and a little water poured over them, the wringer dried, the screws unloosed, and the room in which the washing has been done cleaned and gotten ready for the clean clothes. Then the maids should clean themselves and bring in the clothes, then take down the clothes-lines, roll them up carefully and put them away with the clothes-pins, after which they may fold the clothes down for the next day's ironing. If the pieces are folded smoothly and evenly they will be much easier to iron and will also look better after being ironed.

The preparations for the ironing should consist in having the clothes neatly folded, the boards covered with clean covers, the irons immaculately clean and the fire not too hot. Care should be taken that the surface of the iron should not be allowed to touch the fire. Each piece should receive careful attention; none should be slighted. The table and bed linen, towels, handkerchiefs, etc., should be folded in a uniform fashion, ironed with a firm and vigorous hand, and hung on the clothes-horse until thoroughly aired, when they may be taken down, folded carefully into the clothes-basket, carried up-stairs and placed wherever they belong.

When the ironing is finished the boards and baskets should be placed in some clean place, the irons carefully wiped off with a piece of cheesecloth, slightly moistened with kerosene, and placed in a dry closet. It is absolutely necessary that all the articles pertaining to the washing and ironing, except the tubs, shall be kept in a perfectly clean and dry place.

TRY to induce the maids to dress so that they may not suffer from becoming either damp or overheated. While the washing is in progress they should wear large woolen aprons, made like a child's apron with a bib, and they should be particularly urged to wear rubbers while hanging out the clothes if the ground is at all damp. For head covering a large old-fashioned sun-bonnet is best in summer, and in winter a woolen hood that may be tied under the chin. When possible, it is well to arrange some way by which the clothes may be dried in the house during stormy and very frosty weather. If such an arrangement is not possible, it will be well not to have any arbitrary rule about the days on which the washing and ironing shall be finished.

Insist always that the room in which the ironing is done shall be immaculately clean and that it be kept so. If, as is too often the case, the kitchen is the place, try to arrange that there shall be very little cooked on ironing day that will create either steam or odor. With a little forethought this may easily be managed. When once your maids taste the pleasure of having a well-regulated washing and ironing day they will not be satisfied with any other. Wash day can hardly be said to have many charms, but ironing in a clean room when one is tidily gowned, seeing the garments grow into beauty under one's touch must have its pleasures. I am quite sure that the girls who are responsible for any sort of housework are glad when their mistresses undertake to plan for them easy and systematic methods of doing their daily work and earning their daily bread, and it is because of my belief in the average house servant that I have tried to give some practical suggestions that shall make wash day less a bugbear to the average family. Until we have schools for the training of women for domestic service we housekeepers must, with patience and gentle foresight, devise some method of bringing comfort and knowledge to those who "stand and serve," and whose shortcomings are more often the result of ignorance than of malice aforethought.

## Instead of Wasting

your time over a steamy, sloppy wash-tub, rubbing away with soap, why don't you use

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#### TO WASH IN BOILING WATER

Fill wash-boiler half-full of water; for each pailful therein, add a tablespoonful of PEARLINE. Put in finest pieces first (not too many at a time); stir well until they come to a boil; drain and put them into clean warm water, in which rub out streaks and stains. Rinse thoroughly in two or three waters; the same suds will do for several boilings. Table and bed linen, towels and white clothing, are thus beautifully washed without being rubbed to pieces on the washboard, but clothing much soiled should be soaked and rubbed out before boiling.

Wash Flannels by hand in luke-warm PEARLINE suds; rinse thoroughly in warm water; wring dry; pull and skake well, and they will keep soft without shrinking. Dry in warm temperature.

#### TO WASH WITHOUT BOILING

Pour as many pails of water into a tub as will cover the wash, add a tablespoonful of PEARLINE for each pailful therein; stir until dissolved. Soak the clothing in this solution two hours, or over night; stir well, and rub out the parts most soiled in this suds. Wring out; rinse well in two or three waters, and they will be clean.

This method is excellent in hot weather. In cold weather use warm water.

For Washing Dishes, PEARLINE is magical—put a teaspoonful in the dishpan; and, for cleaning paint, marble, milk-cans, windows, silver, jewelry, etc., use PEARLINE suds.

For Bathing, PEARLINE is a luxury. Pour about a teaspoonful on a wet sponge or washrag; rub between hands until all lather, then rub over the body; rinse off, and the result will be delightful.

To Make Soft-Soap.—Dissolve this package (one pound) in a gallon of boiling water, add three gallons of cold water; stir together, and when cold, you will have four gallons of soft-soap.



HERE never was a country in which a more general ownership of small rural homes prevails than in the United States, which makes it all the more a matter of surprise that there is so general an ignorance—among women more especially—of the means by which such homes are made beautiful. Considering the fact that at least two-thirds of all the women who reach maturity marry, it is certainly strange that women's education does not include some knowledge of architecture and landscape gardening, since upon the taste and wisdom displayed in the building of the houses they are to inhabit, and the laying out of the grounds surrounding those houses, half the pleasure and comfort of their lives depends. The architects have a proverb, which they carefully instill into the public, to the effect that the man who builds his own house has a fool for an architect, and as far as the technical features of a house plan are concerned this may be true, yet the great number of ugly, badly-made houses all through the country shows that there are foolish architects besides those who plan their own houses.

IT is necessary to speak about the house first, for upon its form should depend, in great measure, the scheme upon which the grounds are arranged, as, for example, if the house be Colonial in style—as just now in nine cases out of ten it is likely to be—it would be well to conform to the general appearance of the lawns and gardens to the same period—to plant the stately avenues of trees that our Colonial ancestors so loved, to indulge one's self in the quaint rustic arbors hung with flowering vines, and to preserve in the general aspect of the place that artificial and studied wildness that the Colonial builders so much admired. Perhaps the best example of this accord of house and grounds of that period is the home of Sir Henry Speke in Devonshire, England, brother of the famous African explorer. The house is a fine example of what we call Colonial, and the grounds are disposed in open stretches of lawn with clumps of oak. A superb avenue of elms leads to the house, and there are any number of the queerest, most picturesque little pools, with grottoes overhanging them, winding paths through thickets of laurel, rustic benches disposed under huge willows bending over brooks—in short, all the sentimental natural furniture of the old-fashioned novel.

SUPPOSE one should be bent upon combining beauty with economy and one's space should be small, then nothing could be better and cheaper than an unpainted "hipped-roofed" house, with its low wide balconies all around, or else with a porch, under which a carriage may drive, with the dear little "porch-room" above it, and the balcony only on the southern side, turned to the best summer breeze. Around such a house as this should be the "door-yard" of that period, that is to say, trees grouped about the house, a gravel path leading to the gate, bordered with old-fashioned rose-bushes. These will be for June blooming, and at their feet will be the bulbs of white, purple and orange crocus, daffodils, stars of Bethlehem, and here and there a plant of bleeding-heart, and the gay columbine, which will furnish a succession of blossom till the roses appear. Around such a place as this should be a hedge of white and purple lilac trees, and the gate should have an arch above it hung with honeysuckle and climbing roses. Set about in clumps all the blossoming shrubs, which require no care, and fill the summer with a procession of flowers—the Southern-wood, whose spicy brown buds used to go to meeting Sundays in little girls' clean handkerchiefs; the big snowy balls of the Guilder rose, pink and white spirea, smoke plants, laburnum, the tree hawthorn, the red and the white flowering almonds, and for autumn blooming add a few altheas; where the land slopes plant half a dozen apple trees; put pears and peaches in sheltered spots, and drape the house corners with clematis and Virginia creeper. Such a place as this will cost no more to make or to keep than one of the hideous, flimsy "villas" with cardboard turrets, set amid barren lawns, dotted with clumps of bedding-plants, and either open to the public highway or else grinning through painted metal railings.

MOST beautiful of all forms of domestic architecture is the Elizabethan house, not cheap variations upon the style such as are common enough, but the long, low two-storied house with its deep roof and pointed attic windows, its ground plan in the shape of the letter E, its stately entrance hall running lengthwise of the house, and its pleasant air of domesticity and true homelikeness. Around such a house as this there should be in the back the broad terrace with its balustrade, wide, shallow steps, and formal beds of flowers. To one side the tennis and racquet courts, shut in with hedges ten feet high, and to the other the formal garden, while the front should slope away in broad stretches of parklike lawn dotted with clumps of oak and elm.

There is a general feeling in this country that a formal garden is too expensive, both in the making and the keeping, to be indulged in by any one less than a millionaire, than which nothing could be a greater error. Hedges are not costly, nor are gravel walks laid in a straight line more expensive than those that wind, and where these two things are provided for the rest is simple. The secret of making a formal garden inexpensive is to plant one's flower beds with perennials, to cover one's trellises with vines that need no renewing from year to year. Then when autumn comes the beds need simply to be covered with a heavy mulch of straw and manure, which is raked off in the spring, the earth forked over, a few seeds of such annuals as may be desired sown, and a little occasional weeding, about once every four weeks say, will keep the garden a blaze of color and loveliness during all the flower months. Of course, the money one can spend in a formal garden is limitless, in the shape of fountains, balustrades, statues and walls, but this is clearly a question of the size of one's purse.

IN laying out a country place the first step to take is to give a good deal of careful patient study to the particular place that is to be dealt with before ever a spade is put into the ground. Walk over every foot of it, study it from every point of view, measure it off and make a rough map of its outlines for your own use, then study the map. Never destroy any tree or growing thing you can possibly spare; a little ingenuity will generally show that it can be spared, and later you will be glad you exercised your wits in that way. Don't be in haste to fill up every depression and swampy spot. One wise woman bought two years ago a little country place where the previous owner had spent a great deal of money in trying to choke up a spring that persistently continued to break through. She promptly cleared out all the stuff that had been fruitlessly heaped into the wet spot on the lawn, and shaped it into a shallow bowl about three feet deep in the centre and twelve feet in diameter. The bottom was lined with coarse clean gravel; the edge was made tidy with three courses of cheap brick covered with a coat of cement. In this basin were planted seeds of the great pink Indian lotus and those of the white lotus which grows wild in Louisiana; there were blue Nile lilies, several yellow varieties, and both pink and white nymphæas or common water-lilies. Several goldfish were put in the basin, and in June tall palms, hydrangeas, yuccas and several varieties of large-leaved plants were sunk in their pots into the earth behind the pool. In August the lotus were all in bloom, and a more beautiful bit of tropical loveliness was not to be seen outside the equatorial gardens. The expense was nothing, and the difference between the spot of damp, naked lawn, which was all her predecessor could make of this, and her own mass of glorious bloom against the background of feathery palms could not be reckoned in money. It was just the difference between commonplace and imaginative gardening.

Another gardener who found a bit of marsh in a thicket of low shrubby trees within his grounds turned it into a swamp garden. He sought from the neighboring marshes plants of the wild pink mallow, tiger-lilies, Jacks-in-the-pulpit and the odorous swamp honeysuckle. Of exotics he added lilies-of-the-valley, forget-me-nots, meadow-lilies, and some fifty plants of the splendid Japan iris which are as beautiful as orchids. No season passed that he did not find near by and import some wild beauty to his marsh, which has now grown a very wilderness of sweetness and color.

IF, on the contrary, one is troubled by dry, stony spaces hard to cover with grass the best remedy is the planting of masses of ground phlox (*Phlox subulata*), pink, purple and white. Another difficulty encountered in lawns is the refusal of the grass to grow under dense-foliaged trees, such as the horse-chestnut and many evergreens, and here the white and purple periwinkle is needed.

If the place is sown with stones it is wise to avoid turning them into vulgar and meaningless "rockeries." They can always be turned to good account as gate-posts and walls. Plant *ampelopsis veitchii* and Virginia creeper around them and in a year or two you will have such a border to your domain as all the world will envy.

Do not be quick to rid yourself of old or even dead trees; they make capital props for trumpet vines or ever-blooming honeysuckles.

SO much for the natural features. As to the artificial ones, the first is the question of boundaries. Stone walls are always the most beautiful, but are not always to be had. Next in desirability is the hedge. There is a great prejudice in America against the hedge, and the lack of it makes just the difference between the trim beauty of English landscapes and the too frequent ugliness of ours. The hedge is so often a failure here that it is distrusted by most persons, who will not see that the fault is all in their own ignorance and carelessness. To succeed with one's hedge it is necessary to take a little pains at first, but once grown it is a permanent beauty for a lifetime. The usual method is to stick a few plants into the soil, persistently neglect them, then declare that hedges are a failure. That is how not to have a hedge. How to have one: Dig a trench two feet deep and two feet wide. If the soil is a stiff clay it should be carted away and light, rich soil substituted, but if it is good only a little manure need be added to what has been taken from the trench. The nature of the hedge will depend largely upon the locality in which it is to be planted. If the climate is dry and hot and the soil sandy, privet is the only plant which will stand the droughts liable to try it. If, on the contrary, a cold, moist climate is to be considered, Norway spruce is preferable, and damp and warm weather suits arbor vitae and osage orange. White hawthorn stands heat well, and if the hedge is to pass underneath large trees with heavy surface roots the best plant to use will be the "burning bush," either red or white, which is very hardy and makes a mass of splendid flowers before the leaves come in the spring. In any case the plants should have their roots soaked in water an hour or two before planting. Spread the roots well out, fill in the trench lightly with earth, pressing firmly around the plants. After the first rain give the hedge a thick mulch. Seaweed is good for this if obtainable, but good barnyard mulch will serve. This serves to protect the roots from cold in winter and from heat in summer, and should be renewed regularly every spring.

IN laying out roads and walks the first care should be to consider the fall of the ground. The drives must be easy in grade, and so placed that the draining away of heavy rains will not wash them. If it can be afforded, far the best method of making a permanent road is to clear out the bed eight inches deep; fill this in with fine broken stone; add a thick layer of clay; roll it over and over until perfectly compact, then an inch depth of gravel; roll again, and you have a perfect and lasting road.

It is quickest and cheapest in the end to have all that part which is to be laid out in lawn ploughed, harrowed, well manured and sowed with lawn grass seed. It should be mowed and rolled once a week until about two weeks before frost, when it should be left to grow long to help keep the roots warm during the winter. It will be better next year for it. If beds upon the lawn are desired, far better than the stiff and vulgar "bedding-plants" will be to sow some of them with the seeds of sweet alyssum. Peonies make handsome clumps of bloom, as do rhododendrons, and for shady beds near the house hydrangeas and castor-oil bean are very satisfactory.

The best plan is, in planting trees, to use whatever trees are native to the locality. These grow most quickly and are hardiest in the long run. The locust and acacia are both hardy and beautiful; the tulip tree and sycamore reach a great age and a vast growth, and the buttonwood tree is most ornamental and hardy. Poplars are always excellent in effect. The larch is a hardy, handsome tree, and the ailanthus, though under a ban because of its odor, is quick-growing as a weed and makes a fine, dense mass of green, excellent for "planting out" quickly any unpleasant view. It is strange that so few people with a small place yield up part to the claims of an apple orchard. Beside the consideration of the fruit, the beauty of the trees themselves and the excellent lawn one may have beneath them make them most desirable.

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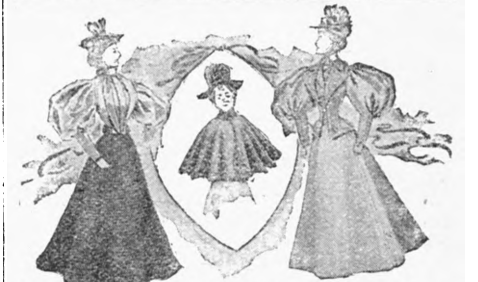


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VINES, SHRUBS AND BORDER PLANTS

By Eben E. Rexford



THE first thing to do in making a spring planting of vines, shrubs or border plants is to put the soil in the proper condition. By the term "proper condition" several things are meant. The soil must be dug up well to a depth of at least a foot and a half to begin with. To this fresh soil must be added a liberal

amount of manure or any one of the fertilizers which are sold at all the agricultural stores, and which quite satisfactorily take the place of barnyard manures. This must be thoroughly incorporated with the soil. If the soil is naturally heavy it is well to add to it some sand, or something of a nature that will lighten it. But few shrubs do well in a heavy, hard soil. Barnyard manures are as good, if not better, than any of the prepared fertilizers on sale, but they cannot always be procured, and the latter answer very well as a substitute. It is quite important that something of the kind should be given, as the natural soil is seldom nutritious enough in itself to suit the needs of a young and growing plant. Some persons seem to think that it matters but little what kind of soil a shrub is planted in at first. Later on they propose to feed it well. This is all wrong. You can no more expect a plant to be satisfactory in its development if planted in a poor soil than you can expect a child who is poorly fed to develop into a strong, vigorous man. The time to feed the child is while development is taking place if you want him to become a fine specimen. It is exactly the same with a plant.

SETTING OUT PLANTS

SOME persons seem to think that there is no "knack" to setting out a plant. In the sense that there is a peculiarity about the work which only the natural-born floriculturist is possessor of, there is no "knack," I admit, but there is a "know-how" which one must acquire before he can set out or transplant shrub, vine or plant of any kind. The first thing to do after putting the soil in good condition is to dig a hole for the roots of the plant to be set in. This must be made large enough to accommodate them without crowding or forcing them into unnatural positions. They should be allowed to spread as nearly as possible as they grew in the bed from which the plant was taken. Be careful to keep the roots of all plants from exposure to sun and wind while they are waiting to be planted. Cover with a wet blanket or moss. After digging the hole put some mellow earth in the bottom of it, and set the plant on this, straightening out every root carefully. Over the roots scatter a quantity of fine soil, working it well down among them. This is very important. If a lumpy, coarse soil were used some portions of the roots would fail to come in contact with it, and the plant would not be firm and secure in its new quarters. The feeding roots of the plant are generally fine, and it is quite important that every one of them comes in contact with a soil in which it can readily find a hold. This they could not do in a coarse soil. After working the soil in among the roots firm it down well, and then fill the hole and settle the earth thoroughly by a liberal application of water.

SOME OF THE BEST VINES

ONE of the best vines of recent introduction is Clematis *paniculata*. There is only one variety of Clematis that I prefer to it for general decorative purposes, and that is *Jackmannii*. The latter has very showy flowers, while those of the former, being white, are not as noticeable, though they are really more beautiful. So are those of our native Clematis *flammula*, but these, like those of the recently-introduced variety, lack that brightness of color which many deem important in a flowering vine. *C. paniculata* is a strong grower, and will be found beautiful for covering verandas, where green and white are satisfactory colors. For wire netting and screens train *C. Jackmannii* and *Henryii* up together, and let the flowers of blue and white form a contrast which will heighten the beauty of both.

For the central section of the United States we have no vine superior to the Wistaria, but while young it is not hardy enough to stand the severe Northern winters. In a climate suited to it it is a very rampant grower, reaching to the cornice of three-story houses, and dropping its beautiful clusters of soft blue about every window and bracket. There is a white variety, but it is not extensively grown.

AN OLD-TIME FAVORITE

THE native Ampelopsis, or Virginia Creeper, is a favorite everywhere, because of its characteristic habit of clinging to brick, stone or wooden walls without artificial fastenings. In fall its rich crimson and maroon tints make it as beautiful as if it were covered with flowers.

Through the central and southern section of the country *Bignonia radicans* is a charming vine, having fine foliage and very showy scarlet flowers. It is a strong and rapid grower. The Honeysuckles are good for places where vines of moderate growth are required. *Akebia quinata* and *Aristolochia* are hardy, and will give complete satisfaction where shade is a desideratum. Their flowers are not very showy.

SOME GOOD NEW SHRUBS

VIBURNUM *plicatum* is a new variety of Snowball lately introduced from Japan. Its foliage is quite unlike that of the old variety, and its flowers are purer white and larger. It is hardy at the North.

*Robinia hispida*. This is a member of the Locust family. It is very hardy. Flowers pea-shaped, in long clusters. Color rosy carmine.

Double Lilacs are recent introductions. Whether they will prove as popular as the old single sorts I cannot predict. They are beautiful, I admit, but I do not consider them improvements on the single varieties, except as they give us some new shades of color. Le Gaulois is crimson, a new color in Lilacs. Michel Buchner is a pale lilac, very double, and with great panicles. Madame Lemoine is pure white.

A Hibiscus has been recently introduced under the name of Crimson Eye, which is said to be perfectly hardy, but I have no personal knowledge of it. If it is what is claimed for it it will prove a great acquisition, as it grows to a height of seven and eight feet. The flowers, which are said to be eight inches across, are pure white, with a velvety crimson centre.

The purple-leaved Berberry I consider one of our most attractive shrubs, because of the peculiar color of its foliage. When planted next the golden-leaved Elder the contrast is very fine. In May the bushes are loaded with drooping racemes of yellow flowers.

*Weigelia Lavalee*, introduced two or three years ago, I have tested, and found it to be all that was claimed for it. It is a dark red, the only variety of *Weigelia* of this color with which I am familiar. It is a fitting companion for the white and rose-colored sorts.

NEW BORDER PLANTS

FUNKIA *lancoolata variegata* is a variety of the Day Lily, having a strikingly beautiful variegation of creamy white in the centre of the leaf. As a border to beds of herbaceous plants, or for grouping in the shrubbery, especially among Evergreens, whose dark colors are very effective as a background for it, this is one of the best plants we have. Its foliage is very freely produced, and is quite as showy as flowers are. Unlike many plants which are not attractive when not in bloom, it is pleasing throughout the season, as it does not depend on flowers for effectiveness.

*Coreopsis lanceolata* is a very hardy plant which cannot be too highly recommended. It has stood two winters in Wisconsin, and our climate is very trying. If it proves hardy here it ought to be so anywhere at the North. It is the best yellow flower we have for the border. It should be allowed to form a strong mass of roots, so that many stalks may be sent up from the clump, with a corresponding quantity of flowers. Until the roots become strong the effect is rather "thin."

The new variety of *Achillea Pearl* is excellent for the border when planted in front rows. Because of its low, spreading habit it is not effective unless given a place in the immediate foreground. Unlike the older varieties of this plant, this is a clean white. It will be found a most useful plant for cemetery use, because it grows with the least care of any plant I know, and blooms from July to the coming of frost, and is perfectly hardy.

*Album grandiflorum* is a variety of the perennial Larkspur, with pure white flowers. It is very effective when planted with *Formosum*, which is a very rich, intense blue. Being of the same tall habit of growth which characterizes the blue variety this new sort will prove very valuable. These strong-growing Larkspurs—*Delphiniums* of the catalogues—are most effective when grown in large clumps. For back rows in the border they are among our very best plants. They must be given a rich soil, and kept free from grass and weeds.

SOME HARDY VARIETIES

CHRYSANTHEMUM *uliginosum* is a hardy variety of the herbaceous branch of the family for the central section of the States, and can be wintered well farther north if covered in fall. It is a wonderfully profuse bloomer of very vigorous habit. Its flowers are pure white, large and similar to those of the field Daisy. For cutting they are remarkably useful, as they have the merit of lasting a long time after being taken from the plant.

The new Hibiscus, *Crimson Eye*, is said to be entirely hardy, and it is much to be hoped that this may prove to be the case, as a hardy variety of this flower is greatly needed at the North. This variety has flowers of enormous size, pure white in color, with a blotch of velvety crimson at the base of each petal, giving the flower a richly-colored centre, from which it gets its name.

For the central and southern sections the Eulalias are very fine decorative plants. There they are perfectly hardy, but at the North they cannot be depended on every season. *Zebrina* is a most beautiful variety. Its long, grass-like foliage is striped crosswise with broad bands of yellow, giving it a remarkable and most peculiar effect. It is most satisfactory when grown in large clumps on the lawn.

*Erianthus ravennae* is a variety of the Pampas Grass. It blooms very freely in fall, each stalk being crowned with a great plume. This succeeds where the Eulalias do, but cannot be called entirely hardy at the North. Like the other plant named it is most effective when grouped. A great mass of it, standing in a conspicuous place on the lawn, is sure to be admired by every one who sees it, because of its graceful appearance when covered with its long plumes.

*Hyacinthus candicans* is, like the above, hardy at the central and southern sections of the United States, but at the North it must be well protected in order to come through the winter safely. It sends up tall stalks bearing drooping white flowers in great abundance, bell-shaped and very graceful. It is fine for the centre of beds or for grouping here and there in the border.

SOME OLD FAVORITES

EVERY collection of hardy perennial plants ought to include the following:

Spireas (herbaceous), *alba*, white, and *rosea*, pink. With large, loose spikes of feathery flowers of great beauty.

Phlox.—Our showiest border plant, producing great clusters of flowers in such quantities as to entirely cover the plant, making it a solid mass of color of rich and delicate shades of red, rose, carmine, crimson and violet to purest white.

Peonies.—Old stand-bys, blooming early in the season, and giving a brilliant effect to border, shrubbery or wherever they are planted. Flowers of great size, and produced in enormous quantities on old and well-established plants. Colors red, crimson, pink, salmon and white. Give them a somewhat heavy soil, plant deeply, and disturb the roots as little as possible. Work in large quantities of old manure about them each spring. Old plants often have a spread of four or five feet or more, and bear hundreds of flowers. This shows what grandly-decorative plants they are. They are most effective when planted among shrubbery, or where they can have Evergreens as a background for the display of their rich and striking colors.

By all means plant a dozen Irises of the newer sorts. Such delicate shades of violet, purple, bronze, yellow, blue and mauve are to be found in no other flower of which I have any knowledge. These colors, while delicate, are extremely rich in tone. No flower lover can afford to be without them.

The old Sweet William (catalogued as *Dianthus barbatus*) has been crowded into the background by newer plants for some years past, but some of the florists who are loyal to old friends, no matter how the craze for novelties may rage, have been at work with it, and such beautiful varieties have been secured that it is quite certain that it will soon become more popular than ever. Those who see the great trusses of large flowers which characterize the new varieties in wonderfully varied and rich colorings will be sure to want it. For front rows of the border, where a low grower is wanted, it is a plant that cannot be excelled. It is perfectly hardy.

The Anemones, *Honorine Jubert*, pure white, and *rubus*, a peculiar shade of red, ought to be in all gardens, not only because of their great beauty, but because they have the merit of late flowering. Coming, as they do, after nearly all border plants are long past their prime, their blossoms are sure of greater appreciation than they would receive if they were produced in summer. At the extreme North these plants must be given a good covering of leaves or litter in the autumn. If this is not done they are more than likely to be winter-killed, as they are not at all hardy.

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



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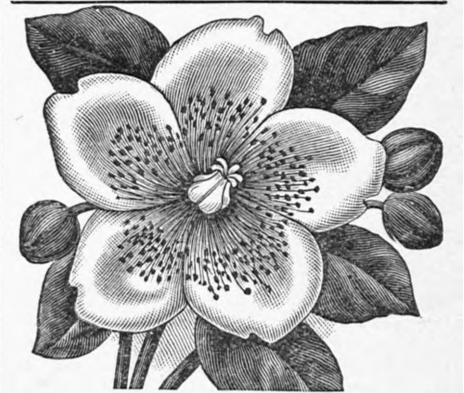
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**GEO. W. PARK, 25, Libonia, Pa.**

# JUST AMONG OURSELVES

EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

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



It is pleasant to see the expression of a very wholesome spirit of patriotism gaining favor. American pictures are exhibited and sold at good prices. We have acquired courage to applaud some American music and to have a future admiration for Mr. McDowell as an American composer, and now we even have the promise of an American opera founded on an American novel. We have been ready enough to spread our eagle's wings on the Fourth of July, although that kind of patriotic demonstration is fortunately going a little out of fashion, and we have had more than enough of a nobody-like-me air when we have been abroad, while at the same time we have most abjectly divided our adoration between English manners, German and Italian music, Russian pictures, French fashions and Hindoo philosophy. There is a great difference between conceit and patriotism. We have been conceited enough but too little patriotic.

If too much devotion to foreign ways is inconsistent with patriotism, a sweeping antagonism to every one not native to this soil is as truly un-American. We most honor our country when we both recognize merit in her children and treat with discreet kindness those who come with honest intentions from other lands. Enemies of America and American institutions, whether native or foreign born, should be dealt with as their case demands, but without prejudice and passion, and we should assume friendliness until enmity is proved.

\* \* \*

THERE is a great difference in women—perhaps, also, in men—as to their power to live happily without much so-called society. Some are so dependent upon companions that there seems "nothing to do" without them. A woman of this sort will leave her own house with its work half done, to "run in" to her neighbor's, and is not always a welcome visitor there. The country, with its scattered homes, has no attractions for those who have no inner resources, but how charming the quiet and simplicity of rural life to those whose springs are within themselves. Books bring to these the companionship of kindred souls of all ages and all countries, and Nature is an always present familiar friend to those who seek her acquaintance.

The woman who "can always find enough to do," whose little kingdom offers endless opportunities for her varied gifts, so that none of them need perish for lack of use, is in danger of becoming not merely contented within her own four walls, but satisfied and forgetful that, while she may not need her neighbors, they may need her. Good things in excess become bad, and so the woman whose inner resources are so abundant that she never feels lonely, though she is much alone, may become self-absorbed and careless of her duties to those who are lacking in the ability to provide their own occupations.

\* \* \*

WHILE away from home on a short visit I was very kindly treated by a young man to whom my friends introduced me, and I accepted his attentions very thankfully. When I reached home the same young man sent me a newspaper and I wrote him a note to thank him for it. Now the young man to whom I am engaged has heard of it and he does not like it. Did I do anything wrong?

Whether you did anything improper or not depends upon the kind of attentions you received. If they were given with the knowledge that you were engaged, and were a simple, kindly effort to give you pleasure in a strange place, there would be no harm in them. It would not have seemed to me necessary to send a note in response to the newspaper sent you, but if it was only a polite acknowledgment of a very ordinary courtesy, and you did not intend to pursue the correspondence, I should not think it worth while giving any disturbing thoughts to it. The question is whether your love is sincere and deep for the one you have promised to marry, whether your association with others is leading you unconsciously away from him, and whether he has a just cause to fear that he has not your whole heart.

There can be no happiness between husband and wife if there is not frankness, and the knowledge of even such a simple act as you describe, coming to your lover through others, might reasonably make him feel that your interest had been diverted from him, and might also have aroused unpleasant questionings in his mind.

SLEEPLESSNESS, or insomnia, as it is fashionable to call it, is so common in this restless age, that, on the theory that demand creates supply, there are innumerable remedies offered, some given in kindness and others offered for the sake of large returns of money. Since the days of Job what hosts there have been who have cried out for help for their "wearisome nights," who, burdened with real or imagined troubles, have been "full of tossings to and fro into the dawning of the day." It is not strange that one who has suffered the tortures of continued sleeplessness should catch at any promised relief from it without counting the cost. And so the sufferer from wakefulness easily falls into the greater misery of the opium, or the chloral, or the cocaine habit. Rest from harassing work is more easily counseled than obtained, yet if one would but take warning when the brain first rebels against sleep, it might take only a short rest to restore the over-wrought nerves and the tired brain to a normal condition. Strange, is it not, that the wearied man or woman should have to work so hard for rest? A friend sends me this simple remedy; it would not cure a bad case, but it might prevent one:

I have come the nearest to finding relief from sleeplessness in this way: As the cause is almost always "getting to thinking about things," the cure is to resolutely vacate the mind from all thoughts except a trivial one; and I generally fix my closed eyes upon some imaginary distant spot—one of those meaningless "spots" that we can always make out before our closed eyes—and if I can just keep outside thought away about two to four minutes, often in one minute, I generally fall asleep. Sometimes I facilitate matters by letting my closed eyes revolve very slowly around this imaginary "spot." It is delightful, after "dropping off" into unconsciousness in this way, to wake up and find that it is quite morning, and you have been nourished for the coming day by refreshing repose.

\* \* \*

IT did me real good to read your words in favor of boys—genuine boys. As the mother of four sons whom I believe to be really happy as the subjects of an effort in training identical with that you suggested, I feel a sympathy large enough to embrace all the child victims of unintentional domestic oppression, and a great desire to save them, if that were possible, from the sad effects of their misfortune. May the Shepherd of lambs Himself give you many messages in their behalf and many readers who shall heed.

On a recent journey—where does one see more human nature than on the railroad?—my attention was called to a group of three, father, mother and small boy. No one could be more attentive to the physical wants of the child than was that mother. She arranged the pillows for his nap, she watched to adjust his clothing to the changing atmosphere of the car, and gave him his food at proper times, but—his hungry little mind was abused.

"What is the matter—why don't the cars go?" asks the child.

"Keep still; don't talk so much," replies the mother, and then turns to her husband with, "What in the world do you suppose is keeping us?"

Later, as we came to the sight of a wonderful bridge, and the passengers generally—including this father and mother—were stretching their necks or moving across the aisle to look at it, and were eagerly asking and patronizingly answering questions about it, as is the manner of travelers, this poor small lad was told to "sit down" and not "be bothering," father and mother meantime seeing and hearing to their fill. I longed to take the child and satisfy his hungering mind, and I should have longed, if I had not learned how useless it would be, to tell that mother that she was careless and neglectful of her child; that she was turning him from her and opening a rift between his heart and hers which might widen into an impassable chasm by-and-by. She would have been indignant if I had charged her with cruelty, but she was cruel. She satisfied her curiosity and despotically repressed her child's. From her husband she sought relief from her disturbance at the delay of the train, but roughly forbade her child to ask from her an assurance that there was nothing to cause alarm. I need not say that children are not to be allowed to ask questions at all times; but their eager desire to know is not to be quenched, it is to be guided and trained. And this training should be largely done by the mother. Blessed is she who is to her child an ever-sympathizing teacher, a reservoir of wisdom and affection. Self-control and the power to use his own faculties in solving the problems which fill his head, should be developed in him. She is an unwise mother who turns her questioning boy away from her. Evil guides stand ready to entrap the child whose father and mother cannot be bothered with questions.

WHY cannot men be lovers to the end of the chapter?  
J. R.

Sometimes they can. I know many men who have been "lovers" till now, and the end of their pilgrimage here cannot be very far off. And I have known men, more than a few, who were "lovers" till death. My acquaintance, I think, has not been peculiar in that regard. My mind flies now across the sea, and I look in upon an aged couple upon whom many sorrows have come, but their crown of mutual love has grown brighter and brighter as misfortune tried them. I can see the perfect gentleman, splendid in figure, bending to catch the faint words of his suffering wife. I can see him bringing to her every pleasant thought and every cheery bit of news he can gather, and contenting himself with this life of devotion to his loyal and noble wife, although one would expect him to long for his place in the business world and in social life.

And I see that beautiful white-haired lover in a far-away Eastern land. Through years of sacrifice love has deepened, and the "lover" has not lost his charm of manner. What an object lesson has his life been to that Oriental people.

And coming back across the ocean I know not which of the many to speak of. The courtly, soldierly man whose love is abounding so that one cannot be in his presence without a feeling of joy, what a "lover" he is—home is his sanctuary, and his wife, above all others, the one incomparable companion. And then the "lover" whose golden wedding has just been celebrated, and the "lover" who grieves because his hand cannot send away the pain and the weakness which imprisons his dear one. Oh, I could go on indefinitely recounting the faithful lovers. And these all have faithful, loving wives. I could name the "lover" who has been a martyr to his love. Long years he has seen his wife dragged down by a destructive habit, but he has never failed to "cherish" in "sickness and in health," "for better, for worse," and his love has endured and suffered but has not failed. Now, perhaps, we might ask, "Why cannot women be lovable to the end of the chapter?" And we should probably have as many noble examples of devoted wives as we have of devoted husbands. The truth is there is a great deal more of goodness and love in this world than we think. When we look for it we find it.

\* \* \*

I WAS brought up on a farm until I was sixteen years old, and then went to a county school, and afterward to a county college. Now I have graduated. I have what would be called a good education, and it seems probable that my life will be spent in a city where I shall be a good deal in society, and where my success in life will depend upon my knowing how to behave in society. But it is pretty late in life for me to begin to learn new habits, and I know nothing about what people call society. I am awkward and ill-at-ease in company. I do not feel at home, and am all the time afraid of making a blunder or afraid that I have made a blunder. And the worst of it is I have very good reason for feeling so. If I could do as I liked I never would go into society, but my success in my profession depends upon my going into it, and getting along well in it. And yet I know nothing of what are called the rules of etiquette, and it does not seem to me that I could learn them out of a book, or practice them in my own room. Can I ever get the ease of manner of the young men that are city-born and city-bred? And if so, what can I do to get it? Or must I be all my life long stiff and awkward and feeling out of place?

In the first place get rid of that fatal fault, self-consciousness. You cannot behave well anywhere if you are the centre of your thoughts. Better be "awkward" than silly. Then, as a general rule of etiquette, let your aim be, what do others like and want, and not what do I like and want. That will determine the subjects of your conversation—your conduct, in a thousand small ways. If you are thinking what sort of a figure you will make holding open a door for a lady to pass through, or stooping to pick up her handkerchief, the chances are you will be clumsy in the extreme, but if you think how can I make it easiest for the lady, how can I restore her handkerchief with the least possible annoyance to her, you may not be elegant but you are pretty sure to be manly. Young people are in danger of exerting themselves too much to appear "nice" rather than to be "nice." A constant desire to add to the happiness of those about you will find expression in uncounted ways, and a habit of consideration will enable you to adapt yourself to unusual circumstances without great effort.

There are some helps to be found in books, but they are to be taken rather as suggestions than as rules, and there are some habits which you can acquire by practice in your own room. Neatness of person and dress is a virtue which is eminently secured by private observance. You will not, if you once settle that principle, dress your hair, your mustache, nor clean your nails in the parlor, nor will you displace the dust on your outside clothing where it will be deposited on bric-à-brac and fine furniture. It is not necessary to go into details. Some quiet meditation on the way to make "society" more charming, and the best way you can contribute to its ease and grace, would, with your past associations, start you on the way to success in getting a truly polite bearing.

A. J. H. Abbott.

## Empress Jaconet Lawns

The Fashionable Fabric for 1895

For Spring and

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The most beautiful Dress Fabric ever introduced, printed in original designs and choice colorings, and 35 inches wide, equaling in every respect the Foreign Productions sold at 25 cents per yard

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CATALOGUE 16 pages, illustrated, and our booklet, "Shoes and How to Care for Them," SENT FREE, showing large variety of styles ranging from \$2.00 to \$5.00 for MEN and WOMEN, and from 50 cents to \$2.00 for CHILDREN.

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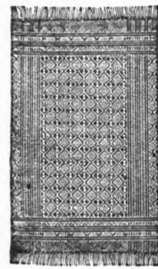
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A Soft, Pliable, Odorless Matting, Warm in Winter; Cool in Summer  
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For all the Year Round  
Sews together and turns under. Does not break or require binding. No odors or germs of disease. Insects do not trouble it. Heavy furniture does not break it. Double-faced—double wear. Artistic colors—stylish designs.  
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Any leading Carpet, Hardware or Furniture dealer will give you a copy of our book entirely free of cost. If you cannot obtain it write to us and we will send one. You ought to know why, out of every hundred carpet sweepers used in the Entire World, over eighty-five are "Bissells." This book will tell you.

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24 Mill Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**CHURNS BUTTER WORKERS**  
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FOR FARM DAIRIES. Address for Catalogue, CORNISH, CURTIS & GREENE MFG. CO., Fort Atkinson, Wis.



## THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

An Illustrated Magazine with the Largest Circulation of any Periodical in the World

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**EDWARD W. BOK**

Published Monthly by

**THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY**

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ALBERT LYNCH

### The Journal's May Cover

WILL be another representation of the exquisite art of Albert Lynch, the famous French artist, whose cover on the March JOURNAL met with such general approval. This time Mr. Lynch will portray a single figure—one of his chastely-pictured girls which won for him the Salon medal of 1892. The figure is ideal.

### THE CLOSING OF THE COLLEGE YEAR

GIVES rise to the inquiry in the minds of many a young man and woman, "Shall I be able to go back next year?" Very often the family purse does not allow of a return to college. The JOURNAL meets exactly this condition, and makes it possible for any young man or young woman to stay at college as long as he or she chooses without costing either them or their parents a single penny. During the summer vacation the time can be most advantageously employed to win a college education next autumn. Write a line to the Educational Bureau of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and the plan will be told in detail. The humblest young man or young woman in the country can take advantage of this opportunity to secure for him or her self a college education by simply following the plan outlined and made easy and possible by the JOURNAL.

### THE NEW WAY TO SHOP

NOT long ago it became apparent to the management of the JOURNAL that many of its readers, especially those whose residences are removed from the great centres, did their shopping through the advertising columns of the JOURNAL. To encourage this new departure upon the part of women, the JOURNAL at once inaugurated a system by which the volume of advertising to be secured for the JOURNAL would not be considered so much as its variety, so that every need might be presented in its advertising columns by the most reliable firms in each line. It is upon this basis that the advertising in the present issue of the JOURNAL was obtained, and it will be equally true of all subsequent advertising.

### "THE MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER"

"In a thousand ways" is what a woman of ripe experience calls Miss Elisabeth R. Scovill's little book, "A Baby's Requirements," which is published by the JOURNAL.

Certainly no book on the subject has ever been so eagerly welcomed and so highly valued as this little book. It has won its way into thousands of homes purely upon its merit of possessing common sense and solving precisely those problems which come to a young mother. "Its value is a thousand times greater than the twenty-five cents it costs," writes one mother. The JOURNAL will send Miss Scovill's book to any address for this price, *i. e.*, twenty-five cents.

### A BABY'S REQUIREMENTS

ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVILL

### A NEW CONCERT MAZURKA

TO which was given the award of the first prize in the JOURNAL's series of prize compositions, will be printed in its entirety in the next issue of the JOURNAL. It is from the hand of Mr. Bruno Oscar Klein, whose prize Christmas anthem was given in the last November JOURNAL.

### THE MUSIC OF THE JOURNAL

THE editors of the JOURNAL are always glad to examine musical compositions of any class which may be submitted to them, and, if accepted, the most desirable rates will be paid for them. It is the wish of the JOURNAL that through its musical compositions it may be the means of developing unknown talent.

### THE JOURNAL'S ADVERTISEMENTS

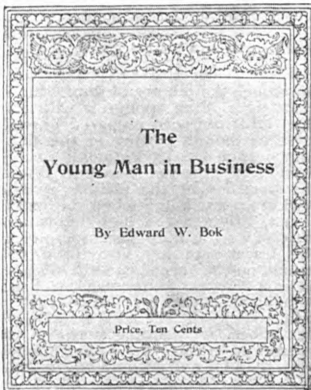
EVERY once in a while a letter reaches the JOURNAL which says: "I often see things advertised in the JOURNAL which I am tempted to order, but I am not familiar with the firms. Can you inform me if the advertisements are reliable?" In answer to these questions we would like to say: Before we insert an advertisement in the JOURNAL we always take special care to ascertain that the advertiser is reliable, and is financially capable of carrying out what is offered in the advertisement. Where a doubtful report is obtained we omit the advertisement. As for the reliability of the goods advertised, or that they are all what is claimed for them, we cannot vouch. This no periodical can honestly do for its readers, for such a claim would mean the personal examination of every article advertised. We believe that our advertisements are reliable, and we base this belief on our efforts to insert only those of honorable firms. Not only do we exclude every advertisement which even looks doubtful, but advertisements of a medical nature are declined, so that our advertising columns may contain no unpleasant flavor.

### "IT TELLS A YOUNG MAN MORE"

THAN twenty years of reading in any other direction of the true way to success." Such is the indorsement of one of the leading business men of America of Mr. Edward Bok's famous article, "The Young Man in Business," which the JOURNAL is glad to send to any address for ten cents. "It is the best ten cents I ever invested," writes a young man after he bought a copy of the book, and immediately ordered twenty-five more to send to his friends.

### "THE SWEETEST LIVES ARE THOSE"

TO duty wed," says the poet. Such a life will be portrayed in a beautifully-illustrated and carefully-written article on Florence Nightingale, "The Angel of the Crimea," who reaches the ripe old age of seventy-five next month. This article will be the only authoritative and complete description of Miss Nightingale, as she is today, which has been printed for a number of years.



## Walter Baker & Co.

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On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS

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Granulated Milk Food.  
MILK the only food that by itself supports life. Here sterilized and concentrated.  
MEAT the most concentrated of foods. Here in the most concentrated form.  
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Essential to the Best Care of Babies and Invalids. Send to-day for free sample.

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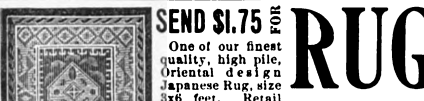
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Under this heading I will be glad to answer, every month, questions relating to Art and Art work. EMMA HAYWOOD.

E. S.—Proper gold burnishers are sold for the purpose.

B. M. P.—I suspect that you use too much oil with your colors in grinding them; add to the oil a little spirits of turpentine.

L. L.—Please state if you wish to paint your violets in oils or water-colors, or on china; the directions in each case would be different.

F. C.—I should certainly not recommend a white frame for a black panel; a gilt frame or a black one with a gilt beading would be suitable.

L. B. L.—I am afraid it is not possible to extract the grease from your drawing, but if intended for reproduction you might clean up the smeared part with Chinese white.

J. H.—First sponge your pictures with cold water until they are free from dust and fly specks; then dry thoroughly with a soft cloth, and afterward varnish them with pale copal or mastic varnish.

W. E. W.—Thoroughly wash and dry the furniture, then paint it with enamel paint, prepared for the purpose in several artistic shades. It is sold by the pound, put up in covered cans expressly for the use of amateurs.

INTERESTED—Designs for book covers are usually prepared on paper in water-colors. I hardly think you will find your ideas salable unless you can yourself materialize them. There is no fixed rate of payment for such work.

SUBSCRIBER—It is impossible to judge of your artistic ability by the sketch you send; it might have been scribbled by a young child. If you have a leaning toward art take some practical lessons; this course will develop any latent talent that you may possess.

C. A.—I should recommend a flat gilt beading within the antique bronze frame. Such a frame is more suitable for an engraving or a picture in color than for a crayon drawing. (2) If the oil paint has dried on the celluloid it cannot be effectually removed; if not, clean it off with turpentine.

W. B. F.—Point work in crayon is that executed with the point only, unaided by stump or chamois; sometimes the point is used to finish work already broadly laid in with the stump. Pastel work is likewise usually sharpened up with a hard point, hence the reason for soft, half hard and hard pastels, the first named for rubbing in with stump or finger, the second for broad work with the point, and the hard pencils for sharp, accentuating touches. The pastel colors are so infinite in variety that it is impossible to describe a fitting selection; your own eye should be the best guide since doubtless you have some artistic experience.

A. W. S.—For peaches in oils set your palette with raw umber, crimson lake, rose madder, ivory black, cobalt blue, raw sienna, light cadmium, pale lemon yellow and white. The coloring of peaches varies considerably; some are nearly all red, some more than half yellow and green, but the above colors will give any of the shades required if used in their proper proportions. (2) A glass dish partakes of the colors of surrounding objects reflected in it; if containing water this is represented by means of a few sharp, luminous touches just where the light strikes; just try to copy exactly what you see, instead of transferring to the canvas a preconceived notion of the appearance of a glass dish; if you do this faithfully a good result is assured.

M. H. J.—To paint a gray or nearly white beard in oils set your palette with white, yellow ochre, raw umber, ivory black and cobalt blue; a little of the latter must be worked into the cool half tones; remember that even in white drapery there is very little pure white needed, and in the case of a gray beard the white must be warmed with yellow ochre even on the high lights; sometimes a suspicion of Indian or Venetian red is also required in the reflected lights. (2) There is no reason why vermilion mixed with rose madder should crack, but it produces only a muddy red; common vermilion should be excluded from your paint box; scarlet and orange vermilion, on the contrary, are useful brilliant colors and make a beautiful pink when mixed with white.

Miss B.—You can make a soft dull green background with indigo blue, yellow ochre and white, gradating it at pleasure; a touch of burnt sienna might be added in the darkest parts. (2) Scarlet lake has the reputation of fading quickly; I should prefer to use scarlet vermilion and crimson lake; raw umber with crimson lake gives a rich shadow in a red flower. (3) Roberson's medium is a favorite meglip with amateurs. I rather prefer the mixture in equal parts of light copal varnish, turpentine and prepared linseed oil. Roberson's medium is sometimes rubbed over a finished picture, as you suggest, with the view of brightening it up where the colors have sunk in, but the brightness is very fleeting. (4) French blue is sometimes substituted for ultramarine, but neither is necessary in mixing greens. (5) Winsor and Newton's paints are always reliable, both in oils and water-colors.

R. E.—If not already varnished it is easy enough to retouch the picture of your little boy painted two years ago. First sponge it with cold water, dry it, then oil it out with prepared linseed oil; now proceed as though putting in the finishing painting; first darken the background, since you find it too light, keeping to the same tone in order to preserve the harmony of the picture; possibly the darker background will lighten up the features sufficiently; if not, brighten the high lights and accentuate a little more the deep shadows; proceed carefully on the features, using very little color. A picture should not be varnished until it has been painted for at least one year, otherwise it will be liable to crack. A painted canvas may be rolled if undeniably dry, otherwise it will stick. A smooth, well-primed canvas is best for painting portraits on; it should be coarser in texture for a man's head or for an old face, than for a child or young woman.

J. F.—For painting purple lilacs in oils all the tints you need can be obtained by mixing Antwerp blue, crimson lake and white in varying proportions. Shade the white lilacs with pale lemon yellow mixed with ivory black; in the reflected lights introduce a touch of Indian or light red. For pink roses take scarlet vermilion with white for the local tint; besides this you will need rose madder, possibly a little pale lemon yellow, raw sienna and ivory black. Yellow roses may be painted with pale lemon yellow, light cadmium, raw sienna, raw umber, ivory black and a little rose madder. I would always remind my readers that no set palette is arbitrary, and that in painting from a particular flower of any given color some tint may be called for not here mentioned, in order to reproduce it correctly; the colors suggested, however, will be found a good basis to work upon. Both for the lilac and rose groups a neutral green background will be found effective; for the lilacs it should be warmer, that is, yellower in tone than for the roses.

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## LITERARY QUERIES

Under this heading the EDITOR will endeavor to answer any possible question of general interest concerning literary matters.

JAY—Ralph Waldo Emerson died in 1882.

DEADWOOD—George Eliot was the author of "Adam Bede."

EARLY BIRD—The author of "The Woodlanders" is Thomas Hardy.

OLIE—Celia Thaxter died at the Isle of Shoals, and was buried there.

A. H. M. B.—Florence Marryatt, the English novelist, has been married twice.

J. J. K.—Whitelaw Reid became editor in chief of the New York "Tribune" in 1872.

EASTHAMPTON—Henry Francis Lyte was the author of the hymn, "Abide With Me."

A. P. A.—"The Yellow Book" is an illustrated quarterly which is published in London.

MARY—Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote "The Music to Shakespeare's Tempest" many years ago.

CURIOS—The library of Bancroft, the historian, is in the possession of the Lenox Library in New York City.

GOSHEN GIRL—Mrs. Burton Harrison resides in New York City, where her husband is a prominent lawyer.

MADISON AVE.—Oscar Wilde's latest play is called "The Ideal Husband." It was produced in London, England, in January of this year.

SUSAN L.—Charles Dudley Warner's story, "A Golden House," may be said to be a sequel to his former story, "A Little Journey Round the World."

SCHOOLGIRL—A sketch of Miss Finley, author of "The Elsie" books, was published in the JOURNAL of April, 1893; a copy will be sent you on receipt of ten cents.

GERMANTOWN—"Owen Meredith" was the *nom de plume* of the late Lord Lytton, the only son of the novelist. His name was Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton. He died in 1892.

PASCHALVILLE—"Vanity Fair" was a Fair described in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." It was held in the town of Vanity. Thackeray took the name for a title to his novel.

E. F.—The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet. (2) "Don Quixote" has been translated into almost every known language.

LITTLE GIRL—Sir William Wallace, the hero of the novel, "The Scottish Chiefs," was not a fictitious character. You can continue in your "firm belief" that he was "a real Scotch hero."

JOURNAL READER—You will find the lines,  
"And then my life with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils,"  
in Wordsworth's poem "Daffodils."

F. H. S.—Robert Louis Stevenson, who died at his home in Samoa in December, 1894, was born in Edinburgh on November 13, 1850. Mr. Stevenson's literary career is said to have begun at the age of sixteen.

CURIOS—In magazine offices the business and the editorial departments are entirely distinct, so your quoted expression, "The editorial department is run from the counting-room," does not apply to the magazine you mention.

F. D.—It has been rumored that Father Huntington, of New York, a young Episcopal divine who has devoted much time and energy to the poor in New York City, is the original of Father Damon in Charles Dudley Warner's story of "The Golden House."

J.—The late E. P. Roe was an ordained clergyman of the Presbyterian church, and was at one time pastor of a church at Highland Falls, New York, but resigned on account of ill health. The last years of his life were devoted to literature and to the cultivation of small fruits. He is buried at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York.

ELLEN M.—The lines,  
"There is an old French air,  
A little song of loneliness and grief—  
Simple as nature, sweet beyond compare—  
And sad—past all belief,"  
you will find in a poem of Du Maurier's called "Reincarnation."

OLD SUBSCRIBER—Archdeacon Cranmer's version of the Bible, which appeared in English in England, in 1539, was called "The Great Bible." (2) It was the late Oliver Wendell Holmes who said that the wives of literary men always reminded him of the unobtrusive little tugs employed in pulling into port some stately ship upon which every eye is fixed in admiration.

ROSA—James Whitcomb Riley's title, "Arma-zindy" is a relic of Indiana idiom, a coinage of the quaint, homely dialect of the common people. In his own words his use of it is as "the name of the girl, a heroine of the Hoosieric, if not Homeric, liad, in which I have traced the thread of gold through her homespun web of common-place life of personal im-molation on the altar of duty."

LAURA—The lines,  
"Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,  
In agony I knelt and said:  
'Oh, God! what have I done  
Or in what wise offended Thee,  
That Thou shouldst take away from me  
My little son?'"  
are the first verse of a poem by Eugene Field called "The Dead Babe."

"PERPLEXED AMY"—I cannot answer the question, over which you seem so unhappy, better than by quoting George Augustus Sala, who certainly ought to be an authority. In writing of Thackeray he says: "From the bottom of my heart I declare that he was not a cynic; I mean that he entertained no morose nor contemptuous views and tenets on human nature. The real cynic has the qualities of the surly dog; he snarls, he is captious, he is surly, curriish, austere. Bishop Berkeley speaks of 'cynical content in dirt and beggary.' Thackeray, on the contrary, loved light and culture and luxury. I have heard him say that he liked to go to his bedchamber at night with a wax taper and a silver candlestick. That was merely a frank way of putting it, that he preferred the elegancies of life to squalor and ugliness. He has been unjustly termed a cynic, because he could not help being a satirist, but although he was a master of irony, and on occasions could use the scalpel with effect as terrible as ever it had been used by Juvenal, by Dryden, or by Pope, I never heard him say one unkindly thing of human weakness, or frailty, or misfortune." With such a quotation you should certainly be able to silence the accusers of "your favorite author."



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## FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

M.—There is a double Lilac, but it has not come into general cultivation. It is not as desirable as the single kinds.

Mrs. E. V. S.—Perhaps your Farfugium has not good drainage. The water may stand about the roots of the plant, thus causing decay which results in injury to the foliage.

SUBSCRIBER—An article entitled "Cultivating the Cactus," appeared in the JOURNAL of January, 1895, a copy of which will be mailed you on receipt of ten cents. Under the title of "The First Flowers," Dutch bulbs are written of on page 3 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

W. F. H. G.—I think *Celastrus scandens*, commonly called Bittersweet, or Waxwork, would suit you, as it is a very hardy vine, grows rapidly when once established and is very beautiful in foliage and fruit. You can get it of any dealer in hardy plants whose advertisement appears in this magazine.

A. R. B.—Your Palm is a *Latania Borbonica*, commonly called Fan Palm. If its leaves are turning yellow and drying at the tips the plant either requires more water, better drainage or fresh soil. Possibly you will find scale at work on it. If you do not keep the soil moist all through, the plant will suffer. If you give a good deal of water and the soil is heavy with moisture, the drainage is defective. If the plant has been growing in the same soil for a long time all nutriment has been taken from it, and starvation is taking place.

Mrs. F. O. R.—This correspondent writes to say that she has four windows in which she wants to grow flowers, and asks what kinds to grow, but neglects to say whether her windows have an eastern, western, southern or northern exposure, consequently I am unable to give any explicit directions. For sunny windows flowering plants should be selected; for shady windows, vines that seldom flower, Ferns and plants of similar habit, should be chosen. Few plants will flourish in a western window, because of the intense heat of the afternoon sun.

M. C.—Geraniums can be wintered in the cellar by hanging the roots along the ceiling. Most of the top should be cut away before taking them in, and the cuts should be given a chance to dry over by exposure to the sun. Do not hang them in a place where they will get too dry. Failure to winter them well generally results from drying out of the roots. Heliotropes seldom winter well in the cellar. Soft-wounded plants do not do well there as a general thing. (2) You will find *Jasmine auranticum* or *Parqui* very good winter bloomers, with a heavy odor that is given off mostly at night.

A. M. J.—Sweet Pea seed should be two or three inches apart in the row. (2) For the bugs on Asters, apply some reliable insecticide. (3) I cannot say what the trouble with your Chrysanthemums is. They do best in a rich soil, and this you say you have given them. They also like a good deal of water, and this you say has been liberally supplied. Are you sure that there was no insect at work on them? (4) I would plant the native Clematis *flammula* under the trees. No other kind would be likely to do well there, and possibly that would fail, unless you took particular pains to see that it had a considerable supply of food in the way of fertilizers.

Miss R. H. D.—I would advise sowing the best grade of lawn grass seed on your cemetery lot. If carefully done you will get a rich, deep velvety sward. In addition to the white Hydrangea of which you speak I would plant a Madame Plantier Rose, milk-white, hardy and wonderfully free-flowering, and the new Anemone, Whirlwind, pure white, and late-flowering. In summer cover the grave with Pansies if it is not swarded over. Do not scatter the shrubs mentioned all over the lot, but group them a little to one side. If you want a vine that will bloom well with very little care you cannot do better than to use Clematis *flammula* or *Virginiana*, pure white.

E. V. W.—There is no double variety of the Heliotrope to my knowledge. (2) The Marguerite Carnation is not a greenhouse variety. It would be a most desirable sort for outdoor cultivation at the North if it came into bloom early in the season, but reports from all sections indicate that it seldom blooms the first season before frost comes, therefore it is unsatisfactory when treated as an annual. (3) I have never grown *Coreopsis lanceolata* from seed, and do not remember that I have ever seen seed of it offered in any catalogue. It is offered for sale by nearly all dealers in plants. A young plant, treated well, will give good returns in flowers the first season after planting. It is entirely hardy.

Mrs. L. H.—This correspondent writes as follows in reply to some inquiry about how to make Canna seed germinate: Gather the seed as it ripens. In February take the seed and put it in a teacup and pour boiling water over it. Let it remain in the water until it is cool. Then pick out all seed that is burst open. This bursting or cracking of the thick, hard shell will be confined to one place at first. Repeat the treatment. Some will require at least three such treatments. Then plant the seed in boxes of rich earth. It may be several weeks before the young plants appear. I do not attempt to take old roots through the winter, finding it more satisfactory to grow my plants from seed. They always bloom by midsummer.

S. Q. K.—I think that those who told you that your iron vase was "no good" were pretty nearly right about it. The fact is, such a vase, if exposed to the sun draws so much heat in summer that the roots of the plants are scorched, unless great pains are taken to see that the soil is always moist. The "reservoir" attachment cannot be depended on to furnish the necessary amount of water for the soil above it. Apply at least a painful daily to the surface of the soil, and see that it all is absorbed. If you are careful to do this you can reasonably expect fair success with your plants in it, but if neglected for a day or two in very hot weather the mischief is done which makes plant-growing in such vases generally a sorry failure. If you can get your plants well started early in the season they will, or at least ought to, cover the sides in such a manner as to afford some protection from the heat of the sun.

Mrs. C. B.—From what you say about your Peony I infer that there is some disease of the roots. The only way to ascertain the fact is by examination. If you find some of them in an unhealthy condition cut away the diseased parts and replant the sound tubers in a moderately rich soil. Of course you need not expect flowers from the plant until it becomes well established again. (2) Your Snowball was infested with aphids. If you had applied kerosene emulsion early in the season, taking care to throw it up well against the under side of the foliage, you could have prevented the trouble. (3) Fleur-de-lis is moved to the best advantage in September or October. If the work is done then the roots will have taken hold of the soil before the coming of cold weather, and the following spring a good crop of flowers can be expected. If moving is done in spring the yearly flowering will be interfered with to such an extent that but few, if any, flowers need be looked for.



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## FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E REXFORD

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

J. B. H.—I am not connected with the paper you mention.

C. A.—The shrub of which you send specimen is Weigelia.

C. H. S.—Agaves do not require a great amount of water. Keep them in the sun.

Miss G. C. LA C.—The plant of which you send specimen is some variety of Matricaria.

F. M.—If there is any peculiar sentiment connected with the pink Chrysanthemum I am not aware of it.

E. M.—The Lantana is not hardy. (2) The Myrtle about which you inquire is *M. communis* in the catalogues.

D. S.—Your Ficus should be watered whenever the soil in the pot looks dry on its surface. Keep it out of the sun. Give it ordinary loam.

W. J. M.—Chrysanthemums are grown from seed precisely as all other plants are. There is no peculiarity as to planting and care required, as you seem to imagine.

G. L. W.—I presume the blighting of Chinese Lily buds, of which you complain, resulted from too dry an atmosphere or too much warmth, possibly a combination of both.

J. L. B.—The old-fashioned Pinks can be grown from seed. These planted out in spring, ought to bloom the first season. Seedlings would not bloom until the following year.

A. S. D.—The yellowing of your Fern fronds may come from imperfect drainage or too dry an air. They like considerable moisture in the atmosphere, but do not take kindly to showering.

ELSIE—I think the trouble with your Mexican Primrose comes from too dry an atmosphere. It would be a good plan to dip it in a tub of water every morning if it cannot be thoroughly syringed.

C. G. M.—I presume by "Bridal Rose" you refer to the plant catalogued as *Rubus grandiflora*, but as you do not give a description of it I cannot be positive. I would advise planting it out during the summer.

L. C. W.—If the aphid is at work on your Calla apply kerosene emulsion. (2) From what you say about your Begonias dropping their leaves I infer that the pots in which they are planted lack proper drainage.

L. L. D.—I do not know where you would be likely to find a purchaser for the pressed Ferns of which you speak. If you could find a college whose herbarium was not supplied with such specimens no doubt you could readily dispose of them.

O. H.—I think you will find that the fronds of your Adiantum are eaten off by slugs, which do their work at night and are therefore seldom seen. I am told that slices of potato, sprinkled with arsenic, attract them and soon exterminate them.

E. S. R.—I cannot tell why your Carnations do not bloom. Are they of the greenhouse class, or are they Marguerites? If the latter, they ought to have bloomed last summer out-of-doors. If of greenhouse varieties, possibly they will bloom the present winter.

WILSON—The Carnation will not do well in a heavy, black soil, such as you mention. It likes loam with a little sand in it. Give plenty of sunshine and a moderate supply of water. Do not keep it in a very warm place. Shower the entire plant at least once a day.

A. H.—Geraniums can be wintered safely in the cellar if kept dry and cool. (2) Your Oleander ought to have blossomed before this. Give it a rich, light, sandy soil, a sunny place and plenty of water while making growth. A large plant will require considerable root room.

W. T. B.—The Otahite Orange requires considerable water while growing actively. When at rest the soil should be kept only moderately moist. Sponge the leaves frequently to remove dust. Be careful to prevent scale from attacking the plant. Give it a sunny window.

Miss G. C. LA C.—The Palm named is frequently propagated from offshoots which come out near the base of the plant. These are put in damp moss, which is kept very warm, until roots start. It frequently blooms under favorable conditions, but would not be likely to under ordinary culture.

Miss P. E. S.—The Christmas Rose (*Helleborus niger*) is not adapted to pot culture. (2) I cannot tell you why the Manetta vine behaves as it does. Others complain as you do of its leaves turning brown at the tips and falling off. It is very seldom that I hear of its successful culture.

Mrs. A.—Scale on Palms and Sword Ferns can be got rid of by using Fir Tree oil soap. The Sword Ferns do best in a light, rich, spongy soil, such as you find about trees in the woods. Transplant to larger pots when the old pots are filled with roots. Palms do not require frequent repotting.

Mrs. C. W. W.—I do not know what plant you refer to under the name of "Banana Shrub." (2) *Olea fragrans* can be propagated from cuttings or by layering. (3) Lift Cannas and Tuberoses after they have completed the season's growth and are at rest. This can be told by the dying off of the foliage.

C. V.—I know very little about what kinds of Evergreens succeed in Arkansas. From what you say about the soil I think I would venture a trial of the Red Cedar as a hedge plant. Are there no dealers in Evergreens in your State who could tell you what chance of success you would have with this plant?

OPAL—The Passion flower requires a liberal amount of root room and considerable water. Care must be taken to keep the red spider from injuring it by frequent showerings with clear water. Give it a sunny window. (2) Abutilons, Lemons, Oranges, Pittosporums, Crane Myrtles and Fuchsias can be safely wintered in the cellar.

Miss H. M.—The shrub of which you send sketch is, as nearly as I can determine, *Ptelea trifoliata*, commonly known as Shubby Trefoil, or Hop Tree, Gray describes it as having tri-foliate leaves, small, greenish-white flowers in compound, terminal cymes and bitter fruit, used as a substitute for hops. Odor of flowers disagreeable.

J. E. C.—You will find *Cocos weddelliana*, also small plants of *Sieforthia elegans*, very useful for table decoration. Among the Ferns, *Adiantum cuneatum* is a general favorite. Some of the Begonias, especially *Welltoniensis*, are very pretty for this purpose when well-grown and in a healthy condition. Small plants of *Pandanus utilis* and *Veitchii*, or *Dracena terminalis* are effective. So are Rex Begonias, but these are difficult to grow outside a greenhouse.



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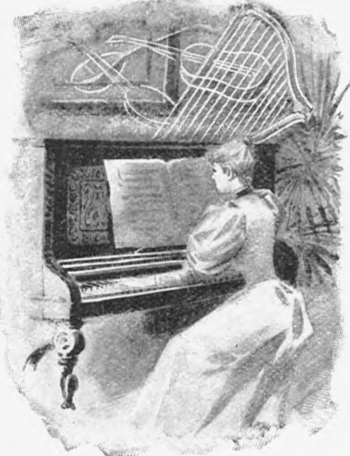
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## MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS

All questions of a musical nature will be cheerfully answered in this column by a special corps of musical experts.

**BLOOMINGTON**—The Handel and Hadyn Society in Boston was organized in 1815.

**G. B. G.**—The term "sul G," which is used in violin music, signifies that the passage so marked is to be played on the so-called G string.

**LETTIE P.**—Germany has produced no great operatic composer since the death of Wagner. (2) Tristan and Isolde are pronounced as though spelled I-ris-tan and E-zolda.

**GLEN'S FALLS**—Madame Drog is a dramatic soprano. She comes from Venice, and has been on the stage between four and five years. (2) Madame Scalchi's voice has or had a range of two octaves and a half, enabling her to sing both contralto and mezzo-soprano rôles.

**GUYON**—The dash you describe when placed either above or below a note means simply "accent." It has this meaning, its only one, in the "Rose-Buds Waltzes," published in the October JOURNAL.

**D. S. G.**—Sybil Sanderson made her American *début* at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City on the evening of January 16th of this year; She sang the title rôle of Massenet's opera, "Manon."

**JOEL**—The libretto for Mr. Walter Damrosch's opera, "The Scarlet Letter," was written by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, who is a son-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author of "The Scarlet Letter."

**H. M. C.**—It is, of course, possible to develop and train the voice in an elocutionary manner, but the study of singing without a knowledge, either present or future, of music is an entire impossibility. Singing is music.

**J. C. B.**—The Moonlight Sonata is the sonata *quasi una fantasia* in G sharp minor, the second of the two compositions which together form Beethoven's opus 27. It is said that it received its title from an expression of Rellstab, the critic, comparing the first movement to a boat wandering by moonlight on the Lake of Lucerne.

**A. L. K.**—It is claimed by critics that Dvorák in his American Symphony has not quoted directly any national airs of this country, but has tried only to assimilate, and reproduce in his own fashion, certain rhythmic and melodic traits of folk-song. He has not used directly any negro or Indian melody, but has made use of certain rhythmic turns and melodic intervals to lend local color to his composition.

**ED.**—No record is kept of the registers of the various human voices, so that it is impossible to answer your question as to what is the highest note ever sung by a tenor. The average tenor compass is from C to A in alt, but it is no uncommon thing to hear tenors sing with pure, not falsetto, tone the C natural in alt. (2) Jean de Reszke is said by critics to be the worthiest successor to Mario which the world has produced.

**ESTELLE**—Lilli Lehman has retired from the operatic stage and accepted an important position in a Berlin conservatory. (2) The subject of Mr. Herman Benberg's opera, "Elaine," is, of course, Tennyson's poem. The librettist has followed closely the incidents of the poem, except in the last act, when he hastens the death of Elaine by having Queen Guinevere send her the "scarlet sleeve" which Launcelot had worn in the tournament.

**BROWNY**—It is, of course, impossible for us to know how well you are able to play the compositions you enumerate, but we should think that if, at the age of fifteen, a girl had completed the course you mention, and could play to her instructor's satisfaction works such as the Beethoven Sonatas and the Liszt Hungarian Rhapsodies, it would seem that she was proficient, even were she not talented. The person to give you the advice you desire as to the wisdom of your devoting your life to the study of music is the person who instructed you, and the one who knows best your abilities and limitations. Probably Boston and New York possess greater musical advantages than Chicago, although the latter city can properly boast itself an important musical centre.

**MUSICAL READER**—In 1864 Theodore Thomas began his first series of symphony concerts at Irving Hall in New York. With varying success they were continued for five seasons and then abandoned. In 1872 they were resumed, and continued until Mr. Thomas left New York in 1878. Steinway Hall was used for the concerts, and the orchestra numbered eighty performers. Returning to New York in 1879, Mr. Thomas was elected conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, a position which he occupied during the season of 1877-78. We cannot answer personal queries about the members of this or any other musical organization. If you will write to the person of whom you desire the information, care of Theodore Thomas, Chicago, you will, doubtless, receive a reply. (2) Johann Strauss and Eduard Strauss are not the same person. They are brothers and the sons of Johann Strauss, who died in 1825, and who was also a famous composer of dance music. (3) Paderewski's name is properly pronounced Pah-ter-off-sky, with the accent on the first and third syllables. He was born at Padolia, Russian Poland, in 1860.

**MANY INQUIRERS**—The following is a list of the musical compositions written exclusively for and published in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:

|  |                |
|--|----------------|
| "MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS" WALTZES                                  | April, 1893    |
| Reginald de Koven  |                |
| "A DREAM OF LOVE"  | June, "        |
| Willard Spenser  |                |
| "MY STAR—Prize Ballad"                                       | August, "      |
| Kate Lewellyn Fitch  |                |
| "DANCING WAVES WALTZES"                                      | October, "     |
| Eduard Strauss   |                |
| "THE MANHATTAN BEACH MARCH"                                  | December, "    |
| John Philip Sousa  |                |
| "THE JOURNAL'S PRIZE HYMNS"                                  | January, 1894  |
| "THE ABERDEEN WALTZES—Prize Waltz"                           | February, "    |
| Frances J. Moore   |                |
| "PHIL ME—Ballad"   | April, "       |
| George D. Woodill  |                |
| "SPANISH SERENADE—Prize Song"                                | June, "        |
| Fred C. Hahr   |                |
| "LOVE THAT IS NEAREST—Song"                                  | August, "      |
| Frederick Solomon  |                |
| "ROSE-BUDS WALTZES"  | October, "     |
| Luigi Arditi   |                |
| "WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT—Prize Anthem" | November, "    |
| Bruno Oscar Kline  |                |
| "BID ME AT LEAST GOOD-BYE—Song"                              | December, "    |
| Sir Arthur Sullivan  |                |
| "LOVE'S ROSES—Song"  | February, 1895 |
| Reginald de Koven  |                |
| "COME UNTÓ ME—Hymn"  | March, "       |
| Jessie Hilton Farrell  |                |

Any one of these issues of the JOURNAL will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States or Canada, on receipt of ten cents. Future numbers of the JOURNAL will contain, in addition to the remaining prize compositions, other original musical contributions.

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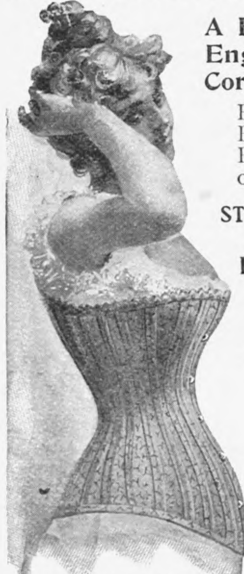
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### SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

BY RUTH ASHMORE

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, to the best of my ability, each month, any question sent me by my girl readers.

X. Y. Z.—I do not think it proper for a girl to wear jewelry belonging to a man friend.

ROSE—It is in best taste to put the place and date at the top of the first page of your letter.

CORA—A few drops of tincture of myrrh in a glass of tepid water, used as a gargle, tends to sweeten the breath.

BERTHA—I can scarcely give intelligent advice in regard to the marriage of a girl of nineteen to a man of forty.

M. G. P.—It is proper to begin to eat when you are served; instead of allowing your food to grow cold by waiting for every one else.

C. C.—I do not think I would send my photograph to a gentleman whom I only knew as the brother of my friend, but had never met.

LAPORTEAN—It is not necessary after a dance for you to thank your partner, but after he has taken you to your seat he should thank you.

MARGERY DAW—Iced cream may be eaten with either a fork or a spoon. (2) A low-necked gown should not be worn by a girl of fifteen.

H. K. A.—Church weddings are preferred to marriages at home. (2) It is not customary for the bride to give the bridegroom a present.

HAMLET—Edwin Booth had but one child, a daughter by his first wife; her name is Edwina and she is the wife of Mr. Grossman, of New York.

MARIE—Even if you have known the gentleman since you were a child it would be wiser in writing to him to begin your letter "My Dear Mr. Brown."

BESS—When a lady meets a man friend she bows to signify that she recognizes him. (2) In coming down or going up stairs a lady precedes a gentleman.

A. B. C.—As you are going to marry so soon after your graduation it would be quite proper to make the beautiful white moiré dress serve for both occasions.

CHICAGO INQUIRER—No answer is required to a wedding card, but to a dance one should send either an acceptance or regret, written by one's self in the third person.

BERTHA—It is quite proper for you to go to any innocent place of amusement with your brother. (2) There is no impropriety in accepting a book from a man friend.

RITA—In a well-made seal garment no seams show. The fur should be made with the pile running up, as is velvet. (2) I can give neither addresses nor prices in this column.

MABEL—No matter how slight your acquaintance is with the gentleman, if he has sent you a box of flowers you should at once write him a note of thanks for them.

JO—In regard to your marriage I would advise you to be governed by the good advice which your mother gives you. Personally, I do not approve of long engagements.

M. C.—If the young man called without having been asked, and simply because he lived in the same apartment house, he should not be received, as the ladies of the family have not called.

ISABELLE W.—If, before your marriage, you and your betrothed differ so positively in regard to the churches to which you belong, I cannot feel that your marriage will be a very happy one.

KATHERINE—When a gentleman has acted as your escort you should, of course, thank him for his kindness, and you should do the same thing when he has taken you to some place of entertainment.

A. B. K.—Your note of thanks for the flowers was all that was necessary. After having shown the gentleman by your note how you appreciated his thought, verbal thanks would be out of place.

W. H.—I do not believe in long engagements, and think it will be best if you wait until you are in a condition, financially, to be married, before you ask the woman you love if she is willing to be your wife.

B. S. M.—If the young man has been courteous to you, and you have no real reason for your dislike of him, it would be very rude to refuse to accept his escort to the supper-room and then to go with some other man.

E. C. C.—If the young woman is rude to you simply because she discovered that, owing to your mourning, you would not be able to take her out to places of amusement, you will be wise to discontinue her acquaintance.

LOUISE—As long as one is wearing crape, one does not go to any entertainments. After the first six months formal visits may be made, but up to that time all visiting is done by cards. (3) After an "at home" no call is necessary.

CLARE—The widow of an oldest son would have "Mrs. Gordon" engraved on her visiting-cards. The widow of a younger son usually unites her maiden name with her married one, and has "Mrs. Smith-Gordon" on her cards.

A. E. E.—If your hostess should open the door do not give her your card; but as you are a stranger to her say, "I am going to introduce myself; I am Miss Gordon." Then as you are leaving place your card on some convenient table.

MARGUERITE—I do not think Sarah Grand's books desirable reading. (2) As you are an invalid there is no impropriety in your accepting books, flowers or even some inexpensive gift from a man friend whom you say you have known since childhood.

EVA—I do not think it wise, except when business makes it necessary, for a young woman to visit a man at his office. If you wish him to decide some social question, then write a note to him asking him to come to your home and discuss it there.

JOYCE—In introducing two brothers to a lady say, "Miss Vernon, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Morton and Mr. Henry Morton, his brother." (2) I think I should let the gentleman ask permission to call, rather than give it to him without the asking.

S. S. A.—Thank you very much for your kind invitation to pay you a visit, but I am too busy a woman to allow myself such a pleasure. I think I am a happy woman, and that I am so is due to the fact that God in His goodness has given to me many kind and loving friends.

A GIRL—At a bride's first "at home" she usually has the bridesmaids, her mother and the bridegroom's mother to receive with her. One of the bridesmaids may serve the tea, and the others, moving around the room, will endeavor to make conversation bright and general.

WE—It is never in good taste for a man to entirely monopolize a girl, especially if he is not engaged to her. (2) I have said a number of times, but I think my girls forget it, that any man who is old enough to pay a visit is supposed to be able to take care of his own coat and hat.

A JUNIOR—As you have a good reason for disliking the young man, and do not wish to dance or be thrown with him in any way, I should advise your letting him know that you do not care for his acquaintance by bowing very coldly and gradually ceasing to bow altogether.

LULU—A daughter usually wears crape for a parent for one year; the next year plain black is considered in good taste. Grays and lavenders are no longer counted as belonging to even the lightest mourning. As long as crape is worn one would remain away from any entertainment.

D. O.—I think, as a general thing, gentlemen find it more convenient to remove their coats when they first enter a church or place of amusement, rather than to wait until they reach their seats. The gloves are retained. (2) Grape seeds or the seeds of any fruit are taken from the mouth with the fingers.

MAYBELLE—My dear girl, I sympathize with you very much, but can only suggest that you continue to make yourself agreeable and show yourself kind and considerate to your step-mother, and time, which makes everything right, will convince her of your liking for her and force her to reciprocate.

B. F. M.—It is not proper to allow a girl of sixteen to go out with young men or to receive visits from them. (2) If one's dearest girl friend is inclined to be quick-tempered the best thing to do is to set her a good example by controlling one's own angry passions, and forgiving her much and often.

INQUIRER—In a large boarding-house one could have a friend to dinner without informing the mistress of the house beforehand, because, of course, the extra dinner would be paid for and it is all a matter of business. But in a private house where there were only a few boarders it would be proper to ask permission of the hostess.

I. N.—In writing a letter in the first person, even if it should be a business letter, it would be signed, "Alice Morton," while in parenthesis, just below it, would be "Mrs. James Brown Morton." (2) The monogram is formed of one's own initials. (3) A young woman would only visit at the house of her intended by invitation of his mother.

C. B.—Indeed, I am glad to do anything to help my boys as well as my girls. The situation you describe is rather peculiar and I should advise you to speak to the young lady's mother and gain her consent to the marriage, as her own father is still living, although her mother is married again. (2) It is the privilege of the lady to select the time and place for the marriage.

AILENE—It would be very impolite to invite the young lady who is visiting your friend to an entertainment without including her hostess. (2) When you call on a married woman you leave one of your own and two of your husband's cards—your card being for your friend, as is one of your husband's cards, while the other is for her husband. Ladies do not leave cards for gentlemen.

DOT—As the invitation to the school promenade had no card with it you could not, of course, respond to it. (2) When the streets are slippery it is quite proper for a gentleman to give a lady his arm if she finds walking difficult, and if you saw a boy of eighteen show this courtesy to an extremely young girl you should take it as an evidence that politeness is being cultivated by the rising generation.

A. E. D.—No call is necessary after an "at home." Cards should not be left at a dinner party, but a formal call is required after it. (2) It is not necessary to inclose one's visiting-card in a letter of condolence. Cards should be left personally on those who have been bereaved by death, but it is not necessary to ask to see your friends. Some ladies write on the cards left upon those in sorrow, "With kindest inquiries."

ELLEN M.—Although your future mother-in-law refused to be introduced to you, or come into the room where you were at the house of a friend, I should advise your thinking about it as little as possible, and, when you are married and do meet her, convince her, by your loving kindness, that she has no need to be jealous of you; that you have not taken her son away from her, but have, instead, given her an affectionate daughter.

ANCIENT—It is customary on an "at home" day to have some light refreshment; tea and wafers are really quite sufficient if one is to have many stated days. (2) If your train starts at one-twenty why not be married at high noon, which is twelve o'clock? If this hour is selected you would have time to show yourself for a few minutes in the dining-room and then to depart. (3) At the table the bride's mother would sit on the right of the bridegroom, and, if none of the bridegroom's family are present, then the clergyman and his wife would sit at the side of the bride.

G. M.—I have always believed that the living whom we love are to be considered more than our dear dead ones, and so if your husband and children wish you to lay aside the depressing mourning garments, I should certainly advise your doing as they wish. As you have worn deep mourning for a year, you can, with all propriety, assume simple black for three months and after that put on colors. What used to be known as "second mourning," and which permitted gray and lavender, is no longer in vogue, but when the plain black is laid aside all colors liked are assumed.

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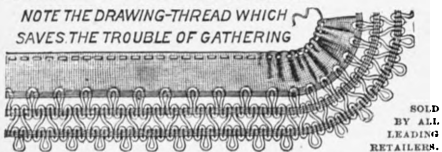
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# HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

EMMA M. HOOPER.

J. B. E.—Only by an expert dyer and cleaner. MISS LAURA G.—Buttons and buttonholes are worn on tailor-made gowns.

M. H.—Use a brighter shade of the same olive. (2) Answers cannot be given in the next issue.

G. T.—Make wash or Kaikai silks up as shirt-waists. Large sleeves, high turn-over collar, yoke back, Shirred or plaited front. Do not line.

BONNIBELL—In asking for a design you should state your age and figure. Add black satin sleeves, crush belt, collar and skirt panels to the red dress.

LESBIA W.—You cannot procure the godet plait effect in the back of your skirt unless it is four yards and a half wide. Then it must be stiffly interlined as well.

MRS. W. C.—Trim a challie with satin or velvet ribbon belt and bow, collar and shoulder knots. Then add a white guipure lace collar resembling a sailor collar in general shape.

A. N. I.—Light pink and blue nainsook corset-covers in round jacket or bolero shape will form a pretty change to the white. Trim them with an edging of Valenciennes lace.

SUBSCRIBER—Have a godet skirt of plain or brocaded black satin and two silk waists for theatre, concert and informal dinner wear. Chiffon, satin, fancy taffeta and lace net are used for these waists.

CRISSE H.—The number of dresses in a wedding outfit depends upon the amount of money to be spent and the bride's future circumstances. It is not wise to have so many made up that they will be old in style before their freshness is worn off.

MISS LELA—You will already have found hints for cotton dresses in the March issue of the JOURNAL. (2) Make belts and collars for summer gowns after the styles described in the February JOURNAL. These will continue in vogue through the spring and summer.

KATHLEEN—A round waist, slightly pointed back and front, and fitted just to the bottom of the waist-line on the sides, is becoming to a plump figure. Finish the edge with a No. 9 satin ribbon softly twisted and ending under a flat rosette to the left of the front.

ISABELLA S.—Make a white duck as a four-yard bell skirt, Eton jacket, fitted to the bottom of the waist-line and slightly longer in front, rolling sailor collar and immense leg-of-mutton sleeves. Trim with four large white pearl buttons on each side of the jacket.

ADDIE—There is a flat pliable steel covered with a kind of webbing that is excellent for using in a petticoat. It should be run in a casing an inch above the bottom edge and keeps the petticoat from flapping against the ankles. (2) A black alpaca petticoat is excellent for traveling.

PANSY—Spring wraps were written of in the March issue. (2) Have a full bell skirt at least four yards wide with a gathered back. Round waist with a slight point back and front, and large sleeves. Crush collar of blue, Magenta, white or yellow satin. Flat yoke of white lace points.

I. L. S.—Make a tight-fitting boned lining, and in the silk have only side and shoulder seams, with a wide box-plait down centre of front, and large leg-of-mutton sleeves. Crush collar of the same silk and a belt of black satin ribbon. Yoke of black or cream guipure lace coming to the box-plait on either side.

HEDA G.—The printed dotted Swisses will be very popular. Make with the bag seams and do not line. Trim with epaulettes of Valenciennes lace and the Dresden or chiné ribbons. (2) In the February JOURNAL fancy belts and collars were fully described. (3) Wear with your navy gown collars of cerise, pink, cardinal, bluet or yellow velvet, satin or ribbon.

Mrs. Lou S.—Put the four yards of silk in your leg-of-mutton sleeves, but let them only stand out, not up. (2) Net-top guipure lace will trim the challie as full epaulettes ruffles. Then have collar and belt of No. 12 satin ribbon, having a small bow, a long loop and two ends on each side of the front of both collar and belt. Let this match the blue flower or green leaves in the challie.

GRISelda—The deepest mourning, that includes crape, is worn a year for a mother, and then black without crape for another year. (2) Jet is worn in light or second mourning. (3) Wear in the summer black silk-warp or light wool veiling, crape cloth, crépon, clairette batiste, tamise; among cotton goods have black batiste or organdy, black and white gingham, black and white lawn, and white nainsook and dimity worn with black ribbons.

MAY—Read of wedding gowns in this issue. White figured taffeta is neat at one dollar to one dollar and a half. Satin duchesse is one dollar and a quarter to two dollars, and plissé or goffered taffeta with satin stripes is one dollar and a half to two dollars. These are what are called medium qualities. For one going out so much in the evening a useful dress for the wedding and parties would be a white brocaded satin skirt, nine yards at one dollar and seventy-five cents, with a chiffon waist, six yards at one dollar, over a lining of plain satin, two yards at seventy-five cents.

LOTTIE—Fancy and plain waists of silk, satin, chiffon, lace net, swivel silk, percale, lawn, linen, Madras, etc., will be very much worn with black, navy or brown skirts of silk, satin, brocade, serge, crépon, Henrietta, etc. Your ideas concerning them are good, as the wash waists are about the same as last summer, only not as many with starched collars and cuffs. (2) Girls' cotton dresses were written of in the March issue. (3) If of the average size, to the bend of the knees. (4) The other matters alluded to are supposed to be known by every one going into any society, but it is true that matters change, and people in small towns cannot know of the changes which are occurring in large cities all of the time.

OHIO GIRL—Your black dress should have large leg-of-mutton sleeves, round waist, slightly pointed back and front, and a godet skirt four yards and a half wide. Twist No. 12 black satin ribbon around edge of waist, and end on left side with two long ends and a loop from a flat rosette. Add bretelles and shoulder bows of the ribbon. In the daytime wear colored velvet collar and for the evening add one of the fancy collars and yokes described in the February JOURNAL. (2) For a matron of forty-five have similar skirt, sleeves and a deeper corsage. Trim with a box-plait of satin down the centre, which should be lined with crinoline and tapered narrower at the bottom. Add narrow jet on wrists and edge of corsage. Have removable collars of becoming colors, as cardinal or deep old rose. For evening wear a lace jabot fastened to a light satin collar.

# WHAT LILLIAN RUSSELL SAYS



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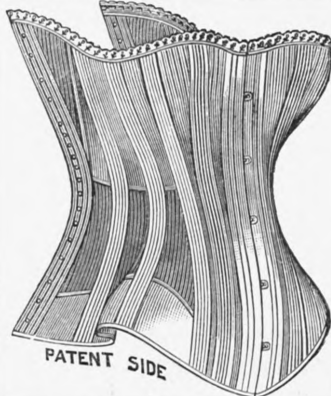
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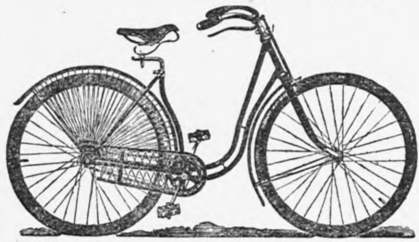
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**SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS**

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

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

**MOTHER OF FIVE**—Carbolized vaseline is a good household remedy for cuts and burns. Spread a little on a piece of soft cotton and bind it on the injury. It keeps indefinitely.

**MRS. M. E. M.**—Books mentioned in any article written by me in this department, may be obtained by writing to the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau, at a lower price than they may be purchased elsewhere.

**SUNDAY AFTERNOON**—"The Children's Bible Story Book," price \$1.08, postpaid, is suitable for reading to children seven or eight years old. There is a full page illustration to each story.

**IDLE MOMENTS**—Making a scrap book is an un-failing amusement for the children. Any large old book answers the purpose very well. Cut out every second leaf to make room for the pictures. Paste made of wheat flour or boiled starch is better than mucilage.

**JENNIE T.**—Do not bathe your delicate baby oftener than every other day, and then only a part of the body at one time. The face and hands can be washed and a damp cloth used as required as often as is necessary. Too much bathing of the whole surface exhausts the vitality.

**ELIZABETH**—Self-threading needles are said to be very satisfactory. They can be obtained from any dealer in small wares. The cost is not much greater than that of the ordinary needle. Needle threaders are sold which make the task of threading a common needle an easy one.

**MRS. L. V. P.**—If the baby has colic try sweetening his food with sugar of milk instead of granulated sugar. It is a white powder, not expensive, and can be procured from any druggist. Dissolve one ounce in a pint of warm water, and add a few spoonfuls, instead of plain water, to the cream food you are using.

**MRS. J. S. T.**—The following is said to be an excellent receipt for making eau de cologne: Oil of bergamot, lavender and jessamine, of each half an ounce; oil of rosemary, sixteen drops; oil of cinnamon, six drops; oil of cloves, six drops; oil of neroli, eight drops (the essential oil of orange flowers); musk, five grains; alcohol, one quart.

**INQUIRER**—Hildegard is a pretty and rather an unusual name for a girl. You can call her Hilda if you wish to shorten it. Irene is from the Greek and means peace. It is proper to pronounce it in three syllables. Bessie is a favorite nickname for Elisabeth. You will notice that the latter name is spelled with an s and not a z in the Bible. Alice means a princess.

**MRS. G. R. R.**—Braces are useless to correct the habit of stooping, which causes round shoulders. The chest must be expanded and the muscles strengthened, to retain a proper position, by well-directed physical exercise. You will find valuable advice on this point in a little book called "How to Get Strong," by William Blaikie, price 85 cents, postpaid.

**MARJORIE M.**—Keep little sachets filled with violet powder among your baby's belongings, especially in the folds of her little dresses when they are laid in the drawer. A delicate aroma of violet will then always diffuse itself about her. Change her bib as often as is necessary to keep her sweet and clean. The most beautiful baby loses half its attractiveness if it is not kept daintily nice.

**YOUNG MOTHER**—You will find practical advice on the emergencies of childhood in "The Care of Children," price 85 cents, postpaid. The nursing necessary in the diseases of children and the most approved remedies for the more common physical deformities, as knock-knees, bow-legs, etc., are also indicated. "The little ailments for which a physician is unnecessary" have a chapter to themselves.

**TACOMA**—The eye is too delicate to be meddled with without professional advice. The utmost that should be ventured on is to bathe it in tepid water, which has been boiled and allowed to cool. If there is a discharge bathe it with sufficient frequency to keep it perfectly clean. Use old cotton or soft linen, and burn each piece after using. Consult a doctor as soon as possible. Be careful of your own eyes, as the discharge is sometimes infectious.

**A PUZZLED MOTHER**—It is very difficult to answer wisely and truthfully the questions that children ask as their curiosity awakens. Children learn by asking questions. Their curiosity is one of the provisions of nature to insure that they shall acquire knowledge. It is the duty of the mother to fit herself to answer the little questioners intelligently, and to take pains to inform herself if she is ignorant of the points on which they require information.

**RUTH R.**—Read the answer to "Mrs. G. K. C." Do not condemn the "Mother Goose nonsensicalities" wholesale. The rhymes have amused many generations of children, some of them are of respectable antiquity and many have a deeper meaning than appears on the surface. Have you ever read Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's "Mother Goose for Grown Folks"? price \$1.08, postpaid. It is one of her choicest books, and sheds a new light on some of the old Dame's utterances.

**NELLA R.**—China sponge basins with a division in the middle can be purchased at various prices from one dollar and a half upward. Set in a wicker stand they cost from eight to nine dollars. The prettiest have a tiny rosebud pattern in imitation of Dresden china. Those with Kate Greenaway figures have a quaint effect. A soapdish and powder-box can be obtained to match the basin. There is a handle in the division crossing the basin to lift it by. One side is to hold hot, the other cold water.

**MRS. G. K. C.**—"Songs and Rhymes for the Little Ones," price \$1.70, postpaid, compiled by Mary J. Morrison, is an admirable collection of verses for children from four to ten years old. It contains many of the old favorites, and each page has a border of charming illustrations in delicate tints. "New and True," by Mary Wiley Staver, price \$1.08, postpaid, is a book of the same character, filled with beautiful pictures. It is a great favorite with at least two little girls of five and six, who have learned many of the verses.

**BUSY MOTHER**—For the first lesson in sewing cut a square about four inches in size of stout brown paper. Draw on this two or three circles, using a butter-plate for the first, a large spoon for the second and a cent for the innermost one. With a large darning needle pierce holes an eighth of an inch apart around each circle. Baste the square on a piece of cloth and let the little worker pass her needle in and out of the holes. After working once around, the intervening spaces can be filled. When the stitches are finished tear off the paper, leaving three circles worked on the cloth.

**A HOME TEACHER**—You will find a box of cardboard letters, such as can be purchased for from fifteen to twenty-five cents, of great assistance in teaching a child of four years old the alphabet. She will think it only play to pick out the different letters, and when she knows them it is easy to take the next step and let her form them into words. Choose the names of familiar objects, as tub, pen, dog, etc., and her interest will not readily flag. I have found the pierced cubes, spheres and cylinders used in the kindergarten of the greatest assistance in teaching numbers. A box costs about forty cents.

**OHIO**—A flannel band worn on the abdomen is a great protection to a delicate child, particularly when there is a predisposition to disturbance of the digestive tract which shows itself in diarrhoea. The band can be shaped to fit the body. Cut it with a deep point and a seam in front, taking up gores at the sides to make it smaller at the top than the bottom. It need be only long enough to lap and fasten firmly with safety pins; more than this renders it unnecessarily clumsy. One should be worn at night as well as in the day, a separate one being provided for the purpose.

**MRS. W. S. E.**—Do not allow your daughter to wear corsets at any age. She is always "too young to put them on." Why should a girl's muscles require support more than a boy's do? If she never wears them she will never feel the need of artificial support. Her figure will have a grace and pliancy that would be impossible if she were incased in an unyielding cage of bones. A corded waist with buttons to sustain the underclothing is all that is necessary. That she can wear from a very early age, as it is not close-fitting and does not constrain the body in any way.

**BABY'S MOTHER**—It is impossible to lay down a fixed rule for the time to put a baby into short clothes. From four to six months is the usual age. Much depends upon the time of year and the weather; if unseasonably cold the change should be deferred; if in winter the method of heating the house must be considered. When there is uniform heating, as by hot air, steam or water, and an equable temperature in the rooms the baby inhabits, there is no danger in making the change. With a delicate baby the weight of even the moderately long skirts of the modern outfit is injurious, and the child should be relieved from it as soon as possible.

**KATHERINE P. C.**—Try giving your baby of nine months old a tablespoonful of fresh beef juice twice a day to relieve the tendency to constipation. Buy half a pound of juicy beefsteak—the top of the round is a good part for this purpose; cut it in strips, hold it on a gridiron over the fire for a minute to draw the juice to the surface, cut the strips in squares and squeeze out the juice with a lemon squeezer. Little meat presses are sold for the purpose, which greatly facilitate the process. If you have no means of squeezing out the juice put the squares of meat in a glass jar or bottle; set it in hot water, not allowing the water to boil, and draw it out by heat.

**ANXIOUS MOTHER**—Personally I do not think there is anything wrong in playing cards. The most innocent amusements can be turned to evil by indulging in them to excess or by perverting them to improper purposes. If children are accustomed to see cards used as an innocent recreation and play them with their parents they are divested of the enticing charm that surrounds forbidden pleasures. As the boys and girls grow older they will see them used, and it is as well for them to learn early in life that they are only bits of painted pasteboard intrinsically neither bad nor good. Dominoes are made a vehicle for gambling almost as frequently as cards, and yet they are seldom prohibited to children. The mother should impress on the young minds that lotteries, games of chance on which money is staked, raffles, betting in every form—in fact, all hazards where he who ventures stands a chance of getting something for nothing, acquiring property without making a just return for it, are on a par with stealing. It is far better to arm children with principles than to forbid a special practice not in itself wrongful.

**ELLA J. M.**—In furnishing your little girl's room be sure to provide a small bookcase or a set of shelves, where she can keep her books. If at seven years old she takes pride in their possession at one and twenty she will have accumulated a library which will be of great value to her personally. Do not insist upon her reading childish books exclusively. It will not do her mind any harm to stand on tiptoe, as it were, to reach the thoughts of some of the masters of English literature. I know a little girl who read Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" at eight years of age, and cared enough for the story to finish it. Much of it, no doubt, was beyond her comprehension, but she felt enough of the charm to sustain her interest to the end. When your little girl is ten give her Mrs. Ewing's exquisite stories; "Jackanapes" and the "Story of a Short Life" are perhaps the most popular, but many of the others are equally charming. Both of these stories are published in one volume with "Daddy Darwin's Dovecote," price 50 cents, postpaid; bound separately they cost 35 cents each, postpaid. Her delicacy of touch makes her work remind one of miniatures painted on ivory. She has written many clever verses ostensibly for children, but the delicate satire of some of them, as "Master Fritz and His Dog," would elude the observation of a child.

**PERPLEXED MOTHER**—Feeding a fastidious child is always a matter of difficulty. While it should be the mother's aim to make her child eat every variety of wholesome food, on the theory that if he perseveres in taking a little frequently he will in time acquire a taste for the viand, there are instances in which the theory cannot be put into practice. Some children seem to have a constitutional aversion to certain dishes, and really cannot eat things that to others are not only palatable but delicious. Perhaps the following receipts may bring you fresh suggestions: Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, put it in a cup in which it can be served, drop the yolk lightly in the middle. Place the cup in a saucepan of boiling water, cover it and let it stand for two minutes. Sprinkle with salt before removing it from the fire. Bananas are less indigestible cooked than raw. Remove the narrowest strip of skin, carefully loosen the banana at the sides without breaking the ends. Fill the space between the fruit and the skin with sugar and bake for twenty minutes. Serve in the skin. The banana will be surrounded by jelly if it does not tip over while baking. If your boy does not care for oatmeal porridge try using the oatmeal in the following way: Take two cups of flour, two cups of oatmeal, or three cups if you use the rolled oatmeal; mix these well together, add half a cup of granulated sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a pinch of salt, a small half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half a teacupful of milk. The dough should be stiff enough to roll about half an inch thick. Cut in round cakes. Bake in a moderate oven.

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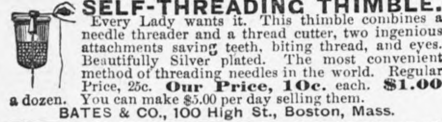
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**THE OPEN CONGRESS**

In which any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered when addressed to the editor of "The Open Congress," care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

**C. I.**—The Isle of Man is in the Irish Sea.  
**ISAAC**—The name Dagmar means "dawn."  
**K.**—Elephants live for a hundred years and upward.  
**BERWYND**—"Poco tiempo" is Mexican for "pretty soon."  
**A. M. D.**—The abduction of Charlie Ross occurred in 1874.  
**WESTERN WOMAN**—The land of Poco Tiempo is New Mexico.  
**LINCOLN**—James Buchanan Eads, the famous engineer, died in 1887.  
**ETTA**—The mare, "Nancy Hanks," was named after the mother of Abraham Lincoln.  
**WALDORF**—The American Girls' Art Club in Paris is located at No. 4 Rue de Chevreuse.  
**P. G. J.**—Women are admitted to the Medical Department of Johns Hopkins University.  
**QUERIST**—The "Mathew Marshall" of the New York "Sun" is a Mr. Thomas Hitchcock.  
**SUBSCRIBER**—The birthday stone for July is the ruby. (2) The name Agnes signifies "chastity."

**WENTWORTH**—The total face value of the issue of Columbian postage stamps in 1893 was \$40,077,950.  
**NELLIE G.**—There is a special course in food economics at Pratt's Institute in Brooklyn, New York.  
**BESS**—Illinois has a State University at Champaign. The percentage of female students there is very large.  
**INQUIRER**—The youngest child and only daughter of the Emperor of Germany has been named Victoria Louise.  
**GIRL GRADUATE**—A knowledge of Latin or Greek, French or German is required for entrance to Vassar College.  
**ARLO**—Read answer to "Gay" in the June, 1894, number of the JOURNAL regarding the weavers of silk portières.  
**LOTTIE**—Type-writer ribbons may be renewed at so little expense that it would hardly be worth while to attempt to re-ink them.  
**L. M.**—"Colonial" architecture is a style exhibiting many local varieties common to the latter period of the American Colonies.

**JANET**—The wife of Ex-President Harrison is buried at Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis. Mrs. Harrison died at the White House.  
**SOUTHERN WOMAN**—The first home extractor was made in Germany; the improvements to it have been almost entirely made in this country.  
**WESTERN GIRL**—It is said that women first appeared as actresses in 1660 and 1661. Prior to that time female parts had always been taken by boys.  
**CORDINGTON**—We cannot give any advice upon religious matters. The choice of a church must depend altogether upon one's own convictions and environment.

**BROTHER**—Major-General Oliver Otis Howard, who retired from active service in the United States Army in November, 1894, was a graduate of West Point of the class of 1854.  
**RUTLAND**—The bronze button and the G. A. R. badge hanging on a blue ribbon from a single bar are the only badges authorized by the National Emancipation of the G. A. R.  
**GOSHEN**—"Potato proud" is a term used in Virginia to describe land that has been fertilized to such an extent, for the cultivation of sweet potatoes, that it will no longer produce them.

**NETTIE**—The seating capacity of the Chicago Auditorium is 4041. (2) The correct reading of the proverb you mention is "Marry your sons when you will, your daughters when you can."  
**BALTIMOREAN**—A mortgage is payable at the term named in the mortgage, and its principal can be demanded by the holder or paid off by the borrower at that time, whether interest has been paid or not.  
**ORANGE VALLEY**—The figures in Watt's painting, "Love and Life," are altogether symbolical. (2) The rule of the road in England has always been "keep to the left"; in the United States it is "keep to the right."

**SHELDON**—The present Governor of New York, Levi Parsons Morton, is English by descent. He has been twice married. A sketch of the present Mrs. Morton was published in the JOURNAL of December, 1892.  
**THEO**—The birthday stone for November is the topaz. (2) The term "copperhead" originated during the Civil War, and was used to designate any one who, while living in the North, was yet an open sympathizer with the South.  
**NEWTOWN**—The building associations of Philadelphia, spoken of in the JOURNAL by Mr. Addison Burk, do not, as a rule, lend money on property outside the county in which they are organized, and never on property outside Pennsylvania.

**PASCHALVILLE**—The motto of Washington's Life Guard was "Conquer or die." (2) The President of the United States can pardon any one convicted by the United States courts, but he cannot pardon any one convicted by the State courts.  
**P. A.**—The annual convention of the Christian Endeavor Society this year will be held at Boston, Massachusetts. (2) The name of the Chinese war ship "Ting Yuen" signifies "Future Security"; the name "Chen Yuen," "Guarding the Future."

**MAZIE**—The sleeping-car companies cannot be made responsible for articles lost by passengers. (2) Queen Victoria has knighted Isaac Pitman, the inventor of the Pitman system of shorthand. (3) General Grant is buried at Riverside Park, New York.  
**W. G.**—The flags of the United States Navy are made of American bunting which has been thoroughly tested for strength and soaked in salt water and dried in the sun for colors. The flag of the Secretary of the Navy is blue with four white stars, an anchor and a cable.

**FLORENCE**—There will be a convention of delegates of the World's Woman's Temperance Union held in London, England, next June. (2) Compound nouns ending with man or woman should be written as one word. (3) Pink and white are the colors of the Christian Endeavor Society.

**MOTHER OF THREE**—If your little ones complain of headache every day upon their return from school, you should consider it your duty to call upon the teacher and ask her to allow you to see the school-room, that you may examine its methods of ventilation, etc. Children cannot feel well if the room in which they spend so much time is not properly aired and heated.  
**WACKESHA**—In both France and Germany one-fourth (¼) reduced to a decimal is written as 0.25; in England it is written 0.25 (always with the period at the top of the line), and in the United States in this way, 0.25. France and Germany always use the comma (,) and the United States the period (.), the only difference being the manner in which it is placed upon the line.

**E. P. G.**—The distinguishing feature of a Current Events Club is that to the different members are appointed the different countries and subjects of contemporary interest, for supervision, and each member is supposed to report at the meetings the principal events which have occurred in each since the previous meeting. Art, Music, Literature, Science, Religion, England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, United States, Japan and China are the usual subjects allotted.

**VINELAND**—The law establishing the Special Delivery System provides for the issue of a special stamp of the face valuation of ten cents, which, when attached to a letter or package (in addition to the lawful postage thereon), will entitle such letter or package to immediate delivery within certain limits between the hours of 7 A. M. and 11 P. M., by messengers, who upon delivery will procure receipts from the parties addressed, or some one authorized to receive them. An ordinary ten-cent postage stamp or its equivalent in postage stamps of other denominations affixed to a letter will not entitle it to special delivery.

**MRS. H. R. J.**—The Presidential Succession Bill was passed in the early part of Mr. Cleveland's first administration, and is, in substance, as follows: "In the event of the death of both the President and Vice-President the functions of the Presidential office shall be performed by the Secretary of State for the remainder of the Presidential term. Should the Secretary of State die or become incapacitated for duty the succession will pass to the Secretary of the Treasury, and after him to the other members of the Cabinet in the following prescribed order: Secretary of War, Attorney General, Postmaster General, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior, the succeeding officers acting to the end of the Presidential term."

**IGNORANCE**—There are so many things to be said in favor of the personally-conducted and other tourists' trips arranged by various agencies that we would hesitate before advising you either to make use of them or not to make use of them in your intended trip abroad. At the same time foreign traveling has become such an easy matter of recent years that it would be perfectly easy for the two persons you mention to make such a trip alone. The gain in so doing is that it is possible to select one's own itinerary, to take one's own time and to be much less exposed to publicity than with the "Tours." However, you will not see as much, nor will you be as fatigued. You need have no fear of the language question, as English is spoken almost everywhere.

**LENNOX**—For engagement rings the solitaire diamond is almost invariably used. Some lovers prefer to use the birth stones of their fiancée, garnets for January, amethysts for February, bloodstones for March, diamonds for April, emeralds for May, agate for June, rubies for July, sardonyx for August, sapphires for September, opals for October, topaz for November, turquoise for December. Where more than one stone is used the stones are arranged in a special design. Another fashion, one borrowed from the Germans, is to use a plain band of gold in which the initials and date of the engagement are engraved, space being left for the date of the marriage, at which time the new date is added and the ring used as the wedding ring. But unless sentiment or individuality demands expression, the solitaire is the accepted and universal engagement ring.

**MISS DAINTY**—Cards should be left at an evening reception, but very often are not, as a card-case is scarcely a part of a lady's evening costume. A little forethought will suggest carrying the requisite cards in a small envelope. At an evening card party, light-colored dresses made either low or high necked are good form. A daytime affair calls for the bonnet or hat with a reception toilette. Leave your card wherever you call as a memorandum for the hostess. If the maid who attends the door does not take your card to the hostess as an announcement, leave it in some conspicuous place in the hall—not on the card-receiver if there be other cards on it, but on the card-tray if there is one. Mail your visiting-card with P. C. written in the lower left-hand corner, when you are leaving a place, to all people on whom you should have called to say good-by. When making your good-by calls leave your card with P. C. written in the same fashion. If you have the usual suburban library hall your idea of placing near the door a small table with a card-receiver on it, in which callers may place their cards, is a good one. Where a reception is given to the faculty of a school you should not leave any cards at all as it is a public affair. When you make your ceremonial or "party" call, leave a card for the teacher through whose kindness you received the invitation.

**JANE**—The JOURNAL will shortly publish an exhaustive article on the necessary preparations for foreign travel. (2) There are various ways of announcing the second marriage of a divorced woman who has a legal right to the use of her maiden name, and who, having a child, has found it more convenient to retain the prefix Mrs. Suppose that she was Mrs. Mary Smith and that she marries Henry Desmond, she may send out cards reading Mr. and Mrs. Henry Desmond, and inclosing her Mrs. Mary Smith card. Or she may send out announcements reading:

Mary Smith  
and  
Henry Desmond  
Married  
June the Fifteenth,  
1894,  
New York City.  
Either of these forms seems preferable to having her parents announce her second marriage. If, however, she prefers to do this the announcements should read:  
Mr. and Mrs. William Smith  
Announce the marriage of their daughter  
Mary  
to  
Mr. Henry Desmond  
on  
June the Fifteenth,  
1894,  
New York City.

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to the Skin means health to the whole body. Perfect health requires a clear, free skin. The pores clogged from any cause are a constant source of danger. Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush by its healthy, urgent action opens the pores and assists them in throwing off the waste which the blood sends to the surface. It quickens the circulation and renewed vigor courses through the body, carrying

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