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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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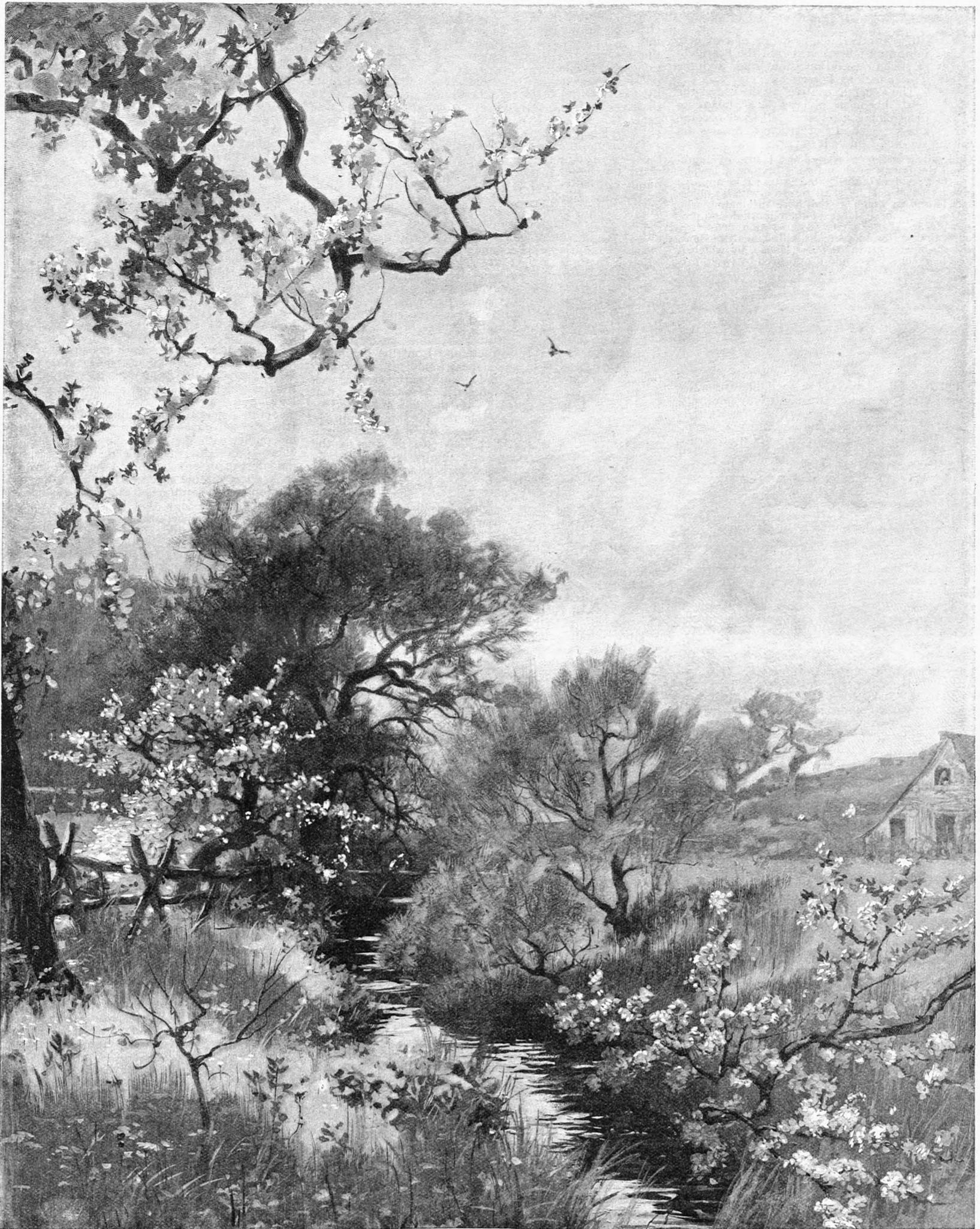
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PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1896

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GOD'S MIRACLE OF MAY

By Frank Dempster Sherman

DRAWING BY W. HAMILTON GIBSON

THERE CAME A MESSAGE TO THE VINE,
A WHISPER TO THE TREE;
THE BLUE-BIRD SAW THE SECRET SIGN
AND MERRILY SANG HE!
AND LIKE A SILVER STRING THE BROOK
TREMBLED WITH MUSIC SWEET—
ENCHANTING NOTES IN EVERY NOOK
FOR ECHO TO REPEAT.

A MAGIC TOUCH TRANSFORMED THE FIELDS,
GREENER EACH HOUR THEY GREW,
UNTIL THEY SHONE LIKE BURNISHED SHIELDS
ALL JWELED O'ER WITH DEW.
SCATTERED UPON THE FOREST FLOOR
A MILLION BITS OF BLOOM
BREATHED FRAGRANCE FORTH THRO' MORNING'S DOOR
INTO THE DAY'S BRIGHT ROOM.

THEN BUD BY BUD THE VINE CONFESSED
THE SECRET IT HAD HEARD,
AND IN THE LEAVES THE AZURE-BREAST
SANG THE DELIGHTFUL WORD:
GLAD FLOWERS UPSPRANG AMID THE GRASS
AND FLUNG THEIR BANNERS GAY,
AND SUDDENLY IT CAME TO PASS—
GOD'S MIRACLE OF MAY!

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THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

BY HON. BENJAMIN HARRISON

* V—TWO IMPORTANT POWERS OF THE PRESIDENT



In this article I shall speak of two very important powers vested in the President by the Constitution: the Veto, and the Treaty-making Powers.

The Chief Executive, by the use of the veto, becomes a very large factor in determining whether a bill shall become a law. Section 7 of Article I contains the

grant of this power, and I quote it in part:

"Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate shall, before it become a law, be presented to the President of the United States; if he approve he shall sign it; but if not, he shall return it with his objections, to that House in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If after such reconsideration, two-thirds of that House shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two-thirds of that House it shall become a law. But in all cases the votes of both Houses shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the journal of each House respectively. If any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress by their adjournment prevent its return, in which case it shall not be a law."

WHEN a bill has passed both Houses of Congress it is enrolled upon parchment and signed by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House. It is then taken, by the clerk of the Committee on Enrolled Bills, to the Executive Mansion, where the date of its delivery is stamped upon it. The practice is then to send the bill to the head of the department to which its subject-matter belongs—to the War Department, if to army matters; to the Interior, if to pensions, or public lands, or Indian affairs, etc.—for the examination of the Secretary, and for a report from him as to any objections that may occur to him. As to the frame of the bill, and as to Constitutional questions involved, the Attorney-General is often consulted, though the bill does not relate to his department. The President then takes up the bill, with the report from the department, and examines it, and if he approves writes thereon "Approved," giving the date, and signs his name. The bill, now become a law, is then sent to the State Department to be filed and published in the Statutes-at-Large.

If the President finds such objections to the bill as to prevent him from giving it his approval two courses are open to him. He may, at any time within ten days (Sundays not counted) from the time it was brought to him, return the bill to the Senate or to the House—according as the bill was first passed by the one or the other—with a message stating his objections to it; or he may suffer the bill to lie upon his table, taking no action whatever upon it. If he takes no action then the fate of the bill turns upon the fact whether Congress remains in session during the ten days—and by this is not meant that both Houses shall be in session every legislative day of the ten. If it does the bill becomes a law; if it does not, the bill fails—does not become a law. You will see in the Statutes-at-Large of the United States many laws which do not have the President's signature. These are usually acts of small moment—relief bills or such like, which, while he could not approve, he did not deem of sufficient moment to be the subject of a veto message.

BUT, now and then, acts of a general nature and of the highest importance appear without the President's signature. It will be remembered that Mr. Cleveland allowed the Tariff Bill of August, 1894 (known as the Wilson Bill), to become a law without his signature. If Congress adjourns before the expiration of the ten days given to the President for the consideration of a bill, and he does not sign it, but retains it without action, it fails as I have said. This has come to be called a "pocket veto." It will be seen, therefore, that as to bills presented to the President during the last ten days of a session of Congress his veto is an absolute, not a qualified, one. He has only to do nothing and the bill fails. The object clearly was to secure to the President proper time for the examination of all bills. If a flood of bills could be thrown upon him in the last ten days of the session, depriving him of a proper time for examining them, and they were to become laws unless he stated his objection in veto messages, it would practically abrogate, as to such bills, the veto power. In fact, just such a flood of bills is usually passed, many in the very last hours of the session, when the attendance in the Houses is small, and the members are wearied by night sessions, and many of the leading members are absent from their seats, serving on conference committees. Every interval in the consideration of the appropriation bills is eagerly watched for and utilized by members who have some personal relief bill or some bill of a local character that they want to get through. This hasty legislation needs especial scrutiny, and it is well that when he is in doubt, and has no time to investigate, the President can use the "pocket veto." It sometimes happens that an important appropriation bill is passed in the very last moments of the session, and, indeed by the true time, after the session is ended—for the hands of the clocks in the chambers are sometimes turned back to gain a few moments to complete the passage of a bill. Generally the President, in recent times, has gone to his reception-room in the Senate wing of the Capitol in the last hours of a session, especially if some of the appropriation bills were not yet disposed of, in order to save the time that would otherwise be necessary to carry the bills to the Executive Mansion.

A Constitutional Amendment forbidding Congress to

* The fifth paper of a series on our Government and its functions, written by ex-President Harrison expressly for the JOURNAL. Preceding ones (including introductory article) appeared in December, January, February, March and April numbers. Others will be published in successive issues during the year.

pass any laws in the last twenty-four hours of a session, save such as might be returned with a veto, was suggested by President Grant. The object of this suggestion was "to give the Executive an opportunity to examine and approve or disapprove bills understandingly." But it would be no remedy for hasty legislation; for the last day would, as an Irishman might say, "be the day before the last," and the same rush and hurry would characterize it.

THERE is another practice in legislation that greatly restrains the freedom of the President in using the veto power. What are called "riders" are often placed in general appropriation bills—that is, legislation of a general character having nothing to do with appropriations is put into an appropriation bill. This is equivalent to saying to the President, "Give your approval to this general legislation or go without the appropriations necessary to carry on the Government." President Hayes resisted attempts by this method to impair the Constitutional powers of the Executive, and vetoed five appropriation bills because general legislation had been incorporated to which he could not give his assent.

There are other practical restraints upon the freedom of the President in the exercise of the veto power. Very many laws contain more than one proposition—some a number of such—and the President must deal with them as thus associated. In each of the great appropriation bills many hundreds of distinct appropriations are made. Some of these the President may think to be wrong, either as a matter of policy, or of Constitutional power; but he cannot single these out; he must take the bill as a whole. In some of the State Constitutions the Governor is given power to veto any item in an appropriation bill.

It has been much contended that the veto was given to enable the President to defend himself against legislative attempts to encroach upon his Constitutional powers, or those of the Judiciary; and that he should exercise it only where he finds Constitutional objections to a bill. But the power is not so limited, and from the beginning has been exercised upon the ground of the inexpediency or unwisdom of the legislation proposed, as well as upon Constitutional grounds. I do not suppose that any President has ever dealt with the bills submitted for his approval upon the principle that he should approve only such as he would have voted for if he had been a member of Congress. Much deference is due to the Congress, and vetoes have customarily been used only when the fault in the proposed legislation was serious in itself, or as a precedent.

WHEN a bill is returned by the President the veto message is read, and the question is put: "Shall the bill pass, the objections of the President to the contrary notwithstanding?" The vote must be taken by yeas and nays, and recorded on the journals. The object of this is that the public may know just how each member has voted, and that the record shall show whether or not two-thirds of the members have voted for the passage of the bill. If two-thirds of each House of Congress are recorded in the affirmative the bill becomes a law. This does not mean two-thirds of all the members of each House, but two-thirds of those present and voting—a quorum, as a matter of course, being present.

Mr. Edward Campbell Mason, in his monograph upon the veto power, says:

"The veto is but an appeal to the sober second thought of the nation, and when that second thought is like the first the appeal can accomplish nothing. This seeming weakness in the veto is not a defect. The theory of our Government is that in the long run the people are right. The veto would be a hindrance if it could permanently check the strong underlying tendencies in the public mind. And in any case, in a Government founded on nearly universal suffrage, a positive check to popular measures is not what is wanted. The most that can safely be done is to hinder the enactment of propositions until the people can determine whether they are really in earnest in their demands; and this delay the veto power is most admirably constructed to accomplish."

THE treaty-making power is given to the President (in connection with the Senate) by the second paragraph of Section 2 of Article 2 of the Constitution, in these words:

"He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur."

It will be noticed that the initiative—the negotiations with foreign Governments leading up to an agreement, and the framing of the articles of the treaty—is with the Executive. The Senate has no part in the matter until the President communicates the treaty to it, and asks its concurrence. It may then, however, either concur or reject, or concur with amendments. The high sanction and dignity of treaties is declared in Article 6 of the Constitution:

"This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

The power to make treaties is explicitly denied to the States by Section 10 of Article 1 of the Constitution: "No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance or confederation." And the power of the States over this subject is further limited by the third clause of the same section, which declares that "no State shall, without the consent of Congress, . . . enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power."

WHEN the Executive has agreed with any foreign power upon a treaty, and it has been duly signed by the Plenipotentiaries for their respective Governments, it is sent to the Senate for its concurrence, and is considered there in secret session. Whatever may be said as to the wisdom or necessity of secret sessions for other purposes it is manifestly necessary that the terms of treaties, and the discussion of them, should in many cases be kept in the confidence of those charged with concluding them, until they are concluded.

There was much debate in the Constitutional convention upon the section relating to the treaty-making power. Mr. Randolph's plan gave to the President, with the advice and approbation of the Senate, the power of making all treaties. Mr. Pinckney's plan gave to the Senate "the sole and exclusive power to declare war, and to make treaties." The Committee of Detail recommended that "the Senate of the United States shall have power to make treaties, and to appoint ambassadors," etc. At a later day Mr. Madison proposed that the Senate should

have power to conclude treaties of peace without the concurrence of the President. This proposition went upon the theory that the President might, by reason of the increased power and influence that a state of war gave him, be inclined to prolong a war unduly.

Nor was the objection that the House of Representatives was excluded from any participation in the concluding of treaties overlooked. Mr. Mason said, while the proposition stood to lodge the treaty-making power in the Senate, that that body "could already sell the whole country by means of treaties"; and again that the power might be used to "dismember the Union." Mr. Morris proposed that no treaty should be binding unless ratified by law, that is, by both Houses. Mr. Wilson said a treaty might be made "requiring all the rice of South Carolina to be sent to one particular port." When the clause was reported by a committee, in about the form finally agreed upon, Mr. Wilson moved to insert after the word "Senate" the words "and House of Representatives," and said that "as treaties are to have the operation of laws, they ought to have the sanction of law also"—meaning that the House should concur with the President and Senate in the making of a treaty, as in the making of a law.

BUT, though all these attempts in the convention to give the House of Representatives a part in the making of treaties failed, it is still true that many important treaty stipulations depend for their execution upon the action of the House. If a treaty stipulates for the payment of money by the United States, the money cannot be taken from the Treasury without an appropriation. It may be said that as a treaty is a part of the "supreme law of the land," it is the duty of Congress to appropriate the money necessary to carry it into effect; and that in the making of the appropriation the House has no right to consider the question of the value or propriety of the treaty. But, all the same, if the appropriation is not made the treaty fails. This question has several times been discussed in conference between the Senate and the House, as also the further question whether commercial treaties which modified our revenue laws did not require legislation to give them effect. In 1816 the Senate passed an act to give effect to a commercial treaty with England. It was in substance a declaration that any existing laws in conflict with the treaty should be held to be of no effect—proceeding upon the theory that the treaty being the latest expression, and the "supreme law of the land," took effect without a repeal of the conflicting laws, and that only a declaration of that fact was necessary. The House took the view that legislation adapting the laws to the treaty was necessary. The conferees on the part of the House reported:

"Your committee understood the committee of the Senate to admit the principle contended for by the House, that whilst some treaties might not require, others may require legislative provision to carry them into effect; that the decision of the question how far such provision was necessary must be founded upon the peculiar character of the treaty itself."

So in the case of the treaty with Russia for the purchase of Alaska the House adopted a resolution that "the stipulations of the treaty cannot be carried into full force and effect, except by legislation to which the consent of both Houses is necessary."

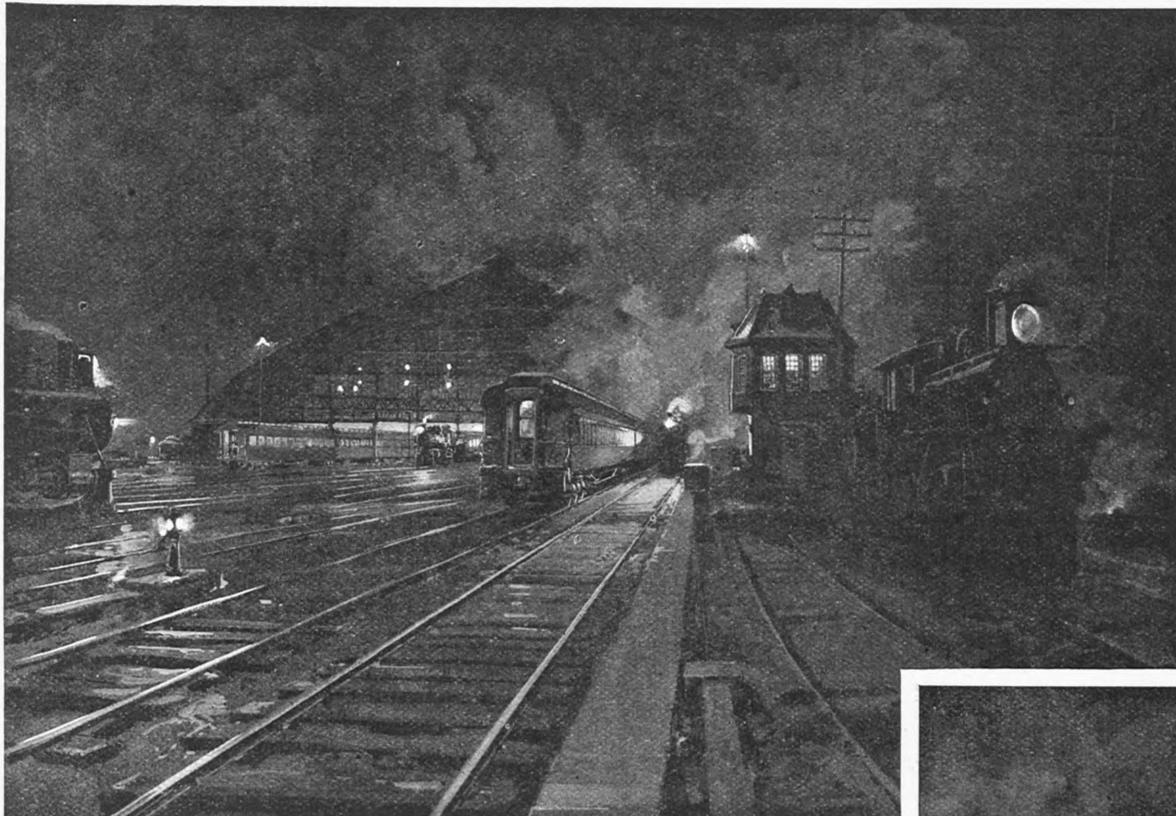
SPITE then of the provisions of the Constitution lodging the treaty-making power in the President and the Senate, and declaring that "all treaties made . . . under the authority of the United States shall be the supreme law of the land," we have come practically to recognize the fact that legislation is often necessary to give this part of the "supreme law of the land" any effect. Indeed, most treaties require appropriations for expenses or indemnities or the like, and all commercial treaties modify our revenue laws; and if they do not of their own force repeal conflicting laws there must be legislation. Usually appropriations to carry out a treaty have been given freely by the House; but there is power to withhold them, and so to defeat the treaty. As to treaties involving our revenue laws, the House—having by the Constitution the sole power to originate revenue bills—has claimed the right to act upon a consideration of the wisdom or unwisdom of the treaty.

Many treaties contain a provision that either of the high contracting parties may, upon specified notice, declare them abrogated. When no such provision is inserted, and the obligations assumed are not limited as to time, the common impression, perhaps, is that there are only two events—the mutual consent of the parties, or a state of war—that can relieve a nation from its solemn treaty covenants. But it is not so, as to the United States at least, for it has been held that an act of Congress, of later date than the treaty, may abrogate it.

THE Supreme Court of the United States says (Justice Gray) in the Chinese Exclusion case (149 U. S. 720):

"In our jurisprudence, it is well settled that the provisions of an act of Congress, passed in the exercise of its Constitutional authority, on this, as on any other subject, if clear and explicit, must be upheld by the Courts, even in contravention of express stipulations in an earlier treaty. As was said by this Court in Chae Chan Ping's case, following previous decisions: 'The treaties were of no greater legal obligation than the act of Congress. By the Constitution, laws made in pursuance thereof and treaties made under the authority of the United States are both declared to be the supreme law of the land, and no paramount authority is given to one over the other. A treaty, it is true, is in its nature a contract between nations, and is often merely promissory in its character, requiring legislation to carry its stipulations into effect. Such legislation will be open to future repeal or amendment. If the treaty operates by its own force, and relates to a subject within the power of Congress, it can be deemed in that particular only the equivalent of a legislative act, to be repealed or modified at the pleasure of Congress. In either case the last expression of the sovereign will must control. So far as a treaty made by the United States with any foreign nation can become the subject of judicial cognizance in the Courts of this country, it is subject to such acts as Congress may pass for its enforcement, modification or repeal.'"

Under this view of the law two-thirds of the House and two-thirds of the Senate may, over the objections of the President, abrogate a treaty. The unlearned might conclude if, as the Supreme Court says, a treaty and a law are of equal force, and that the law overrules the treaty, because it is a later expression, that a treaty later in time than the law would override the latter. But things do not always work both ways, and the probability is that this is one of those that do not. For the Court has held that a law abrogates an earlier treaty, and Congress has apparently settled the principle that a treaty does not annul a law enacted at an earlier date.



OUTSIDE THE PENNSYLVANIA DEPOT AT JERSEY CITY, SHOWING THE SIGNAL LIGHTS SET FOR THE DEPARTURE OF THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS FOR THE WEST

RUNNING A TRAIN AT NIGHT

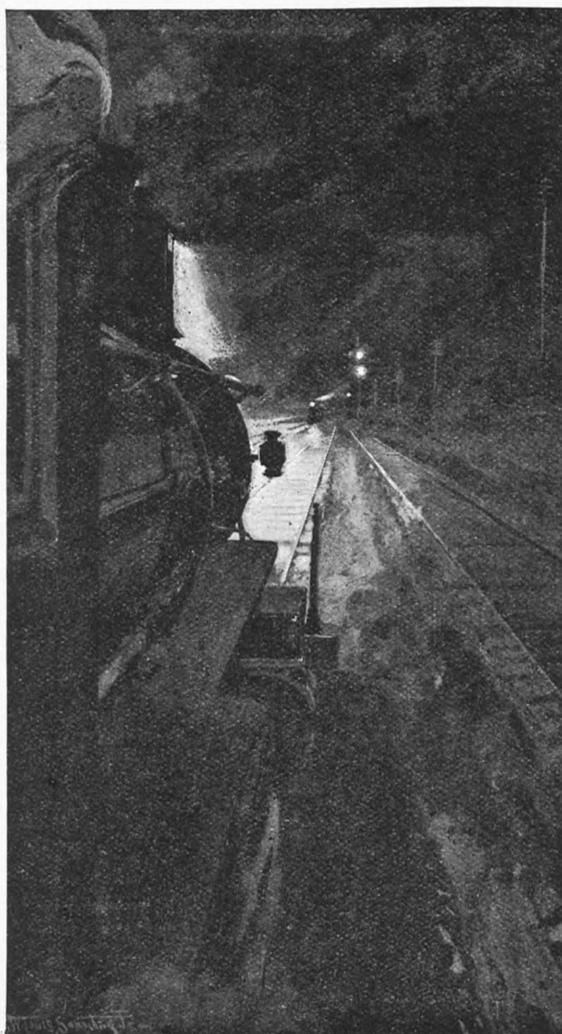
By John Gilmer Speed

DRAWINGS BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.

THE most remarkable achievements of modern civilization, probably, are those which affect traveling, making it at once quick, comfortable and secure. We cross States and Continents at the rate of thirty miles an hour, with greater security against accident than our grandfathers enjoyed in their stage coaches, and we have, even when on the cars, comforts unknown in the palaces of kings when our grandfathers' grandfathers were young. All this has been brought about by the improvements in railroad construction and operation, which is now in its highest development, so well nigh perfect that we go to bed in our sleeping-cars without a thought of danger, and though we are at the moment being propelled through space with marvelous swiftness, we are, when on a first-class road, as free from chance of peril as we would be in our beds at home. That sounds like a hazardous statement, but the facts are such that it is by no means unwarranted. The Inter-State Commerce Commission gathers each year the statistics of all accidents on the railroads in this country, and the figures here used are taken from the report for the year ending July 1, 1894. The report shows that during the year one passenger was killed for every 1,985,153 passengers carried, and that one was injured for every 183,822 carried. This surely is as safe as living ordinary humdrum lives in large cities. The report further shows that a man's chances against injury were such that he would have to travel 4,406,659 miles before getting hurt, and go 47,588,966 miles before being killed. At the rate of thirty miles an hour a man could travel, if nature permitted, on American railways for one hundred and eighty-one years, without leaving the cars, before being killed, or with the same amount of security against accident he could go round the earth nineteen hundred and three times before meeting his death by accident, and one hundred and seventy-six times before getting hurt.* These figures explain at once our sense of security when traveling, and the low rates of accident assurance, which are not increased when the insured starts on a journey however long. Indeed, there may be no hesitation in saying that in a seat in an express train on any of the great American trunk lines a passenger is immeasurably more safe than in a cable car or a trolley car, or as a pedestrian on the busy thoroughfares of our large cities. The statistics from which these deductions have been made embrace all the railroads in the United States—good, bad and indifferent. Those who have traveled a little out of the beaten track, and who are therefore acquainted with the condition of the single-track, second-class railways, will readily believe that passengers who travel

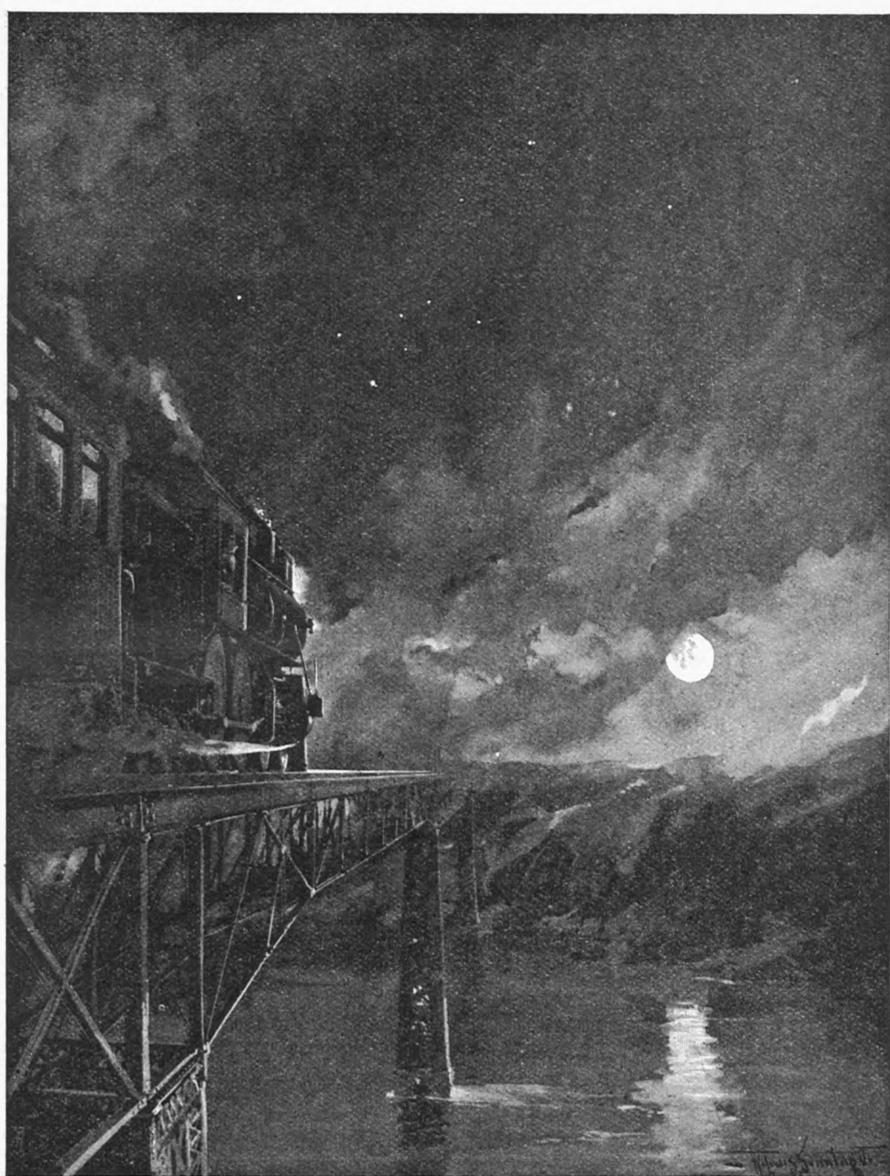
only on the great railroads which have adopted every modern improvement in construction, maintenance and operation, are much more secure against accident than the figures given show them to be.

THIS immunity from danger to the traveling public has been the result of the wisdom and the experience and the ingenuity of three generations of railroad men, who have considered that to attain the present condition no cost was too great and no detail too small. They have, therefore, worked to a good end and to a great end, so that whether we travel by day or by night we can dismiss care from our minds and be reason-



AS THE TRACK AHEAD LOOKS AT NIGHT TO THE ENGINEER FROM THE ENGINE-CAB

lem requires him to keep the line as nearly straight as possible, and prevents him from adopting steep grades, he must always think of the nature of the soil into which he is to cut, and of the habits of the streams he is to cross or to follow. These locating engineers, with their transits and levels, not only examine the straight line which seems likely to the eye to be where the centre of the track will be placed when the roadbed is finished, but they examine instrumentally the ground on either side of this line, and then, after all has been put on paper, determine with mathematical precision where the line shall be located. A generation ago this care was not taken, and more frequently than not the company building did not have the means to adopt in the first instance the best location. In recent years where badly-located roads have had the advantage of prosperous traffic, new locations have been made and better grades and alignment secured. Sharp curves are hazardous in operation, while steep grades are expensive both of fuel and time, and quite dangerous when anything goes wrong. And while merely human agency is employed to prevent things from going wrong there is always present a liability to accident. In railroad construction, therefore, the engineers count on this human fallibility and try to so build that the chance for mishap will be reduced to its very lowest. The line being as straight and level as possible it is necessary to secure the track in a very solid fashion. This is done by bolting the rails together and spiking them to heavy and sound cross ties. But this does not yet make a solid roadbed. The final touches are put on



THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS ON ITS WAY TO THE WEST

ably sure that we will reach our journey's limit on the stroke of the clock as per schedule time. The ordinary traveler understands, in some measure, the security of running trains by daylight, when the engineer can see a clear track stretching out for miles ahead of him, but how it is managed in the darkness of night is something of a mystery. To explain this is the purpose of this article, but to make the matter clear it is necessary, in a general way, to speak of some things that are only a trifle less important in the day than in the night. In the first place, the roadbed must be constructed with great solidity and skill, so that the banks of cuttings will not cave in and cover the track, and so that embankments will not be washed away by freshets. When the road is first projected the locating engineer takes these contingencies into consideration, and while the solution of his prob-

lem requires him to keep the line as nearly straight as possible, and prevents him from adopting steep grades, he must always think of the nature of the soil into which he is to cut, and of the habits of the streams he is to cross or to follow. These locating engineers, with their transits and levels, not only examine the straight line which seems likely to the eye to be where the centre of the track will be placed when the roadbed is finished, but they examine instrumentally the ground on either side of this line, and then, after all has been put on paper, determine with mathematical precision where the line shall be located. A generation ago this care was not taken, and more frequently than not the company building did not have the means to adopt in the first instance the best location. In recent years where badly-located roads have had the advantage of prosperous traffic, new locations have been made and better grades and alignment secured. Sharp curves are hazardous in operation, while steep grades are expensive both of fuel and time, and quite dangerous when anything goes wrong. And while merely human agency is employed to prevent things from going wrong there is always present a liability to accident. In railroad construction, therefore, the engineers count on this human fallibility and try to so build that the chance for mishap will be reduced to its very lowest. The line being as straight and level as possible it is necessary to secure the track in a very solid fashion. This is done by bolting the rails together and spiking them to heavy and sound cross ties. But this does not yet make a solid roadbed. The final touches are put on

THE bridges on a railway need, of course, to be constructed with the greatest possible care, and at the present time, owing to the improvements in making steel, these structures are much more stable than they used to be. In designing them the engineers make them strong enough to withstand a moving load five times as heavy as any train that could be placed upon them. With such precautions bridges should never fall, and if they be kept in perfect condition by constant repairs and never-ending watchfulness, they will not break through. In recent years, in addition to the timber guard-rails, which are placed on either side of the rails on bridges, the rails themselves are fastened to the cross ties more securely than was formerly the practice. This is accomplished by the use of interlocking bolts which replace the ordinary spike and are morticed into each other in the cross tie and beneath the rail. Such bolts cannot pull out, nor will they permit the rails to spread and let a train down with a jolt. Many serious accidents have been averted by the use of these bolts, and upon one occasion which I have in mind they prevented a whole train, containing a hundred or more passengers, from going through a bridge into deep water below. Where it is possible even these strong steel bridges on the best railroads are replaced by stone arches. Improved bridge construction has added very much to the safety of railway travel, and American engineers have been foremost in originating designs where both safety and economy have been attained at once. The next and a very important consideration in the security of travel is that the rolling-stock—the locomotives and cars—shall be strong and suitable for the demands that are made upon it. The improvements in locomotive and car building have been very great since the railroad era began, and are being added to constantly.

* In these statistics passengers only are taken into account. Trainmen and other employees are killed and injured more frequently than passengers.



"We shall need more women than there are here . . . and we shall have to divide the work"

THE WOMAN'S EDITION

By Bessie Chandler

DRAWING BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS



RS. BURTON'S large drawing-room was full. The assembly had even spilled over into the library, where half a dozen women sat in an irregular semi-circle by the open door. The gathering was composed entirely of women, most of whom looked anxious and worried, as if a new weight of responsibility had suddenly been thrust upon them.

It was a meeting without a leader, for there was not a woman among them quite bold enough to speak in public. Mrs. Burton herself did not feel responsible for anything beyond providing a meeting-place. The jets on her thick black silk rattled as she greeted each newcomer, and there was not a shade of anxiety on her smooth, matronly face. Presently a little woman in black said timidly:

"I guess they're all here."

"I think they are," said Mrs. Burton, looking out of a front window, but failing to spy any late-comers hurrying into the yard.

The little woman coughed and looked appealingly at Mrs. Burton.

"You'd better begin," said the hostess rather heartlessly, "you know the most about it."

The little woman, whose name was Mrs. Clyde, played nervously with a loose button on her coat; then, instead of addressing the assembly, said in a confidential tone to a gray-haired, sleepy-looking lady who sat next her:

"You've heard of 'Woman's Editions,' haven't you?"

"My daughter in Kalamazoo has just printed one," said the elderly lady majestically, and she closed her eyes again.

Mrs. Clyde looked amazed, but before she could speak a lady in a very stylish bonnet and with a decided, businesslike air, said rather loudly:

"I move we appoint a chairman of this meeting."

"I second the motion," said a weak voice from the doorway, and then there was a confused murmur.

"Let us appoint Mrs. Peters herself," said Mrs. Burton with a burst of inspiration, and the confused murmuring grew louder in its approbation of this bold remark.

Mrs. Peters shook her stylish bonnet in vain protest. She had brought the honor upon herself and must carry it now as best she could. So, in a brisk way, but with a little quaver, she said:

"I presume we all know what this meeting is for."

There was a rustle of assent. Several ladies in reality did not know, but they disliked to interrupt the parliamentary proceedings by saying so.

"Mr. Terance, the editor of the 'Daily Eagle,'" continued Mrs. Peters, "has offered us his paper for a 'Woman's Edition.' It has been done successfully in other places and I don't see why we can't do it here. We can have the paper on Thanksgiving, which is a good day, and we propose to give what we make to the Johnstown Temperance Association."

There was a pause, and again a soft, indistinct murmur of voices arose.

"It is a great deal of work," said Mrs. Peters. "I know, because my sister has just helped with one in Palmyra."

"Do we do everything?" asked Mrs. Grant, a little woman with very yellow hair, who had not spoken before.

"Not everything," said Mrs. Clyde vaguely. "I don't think we set the type, and put the ink on, and—and those things, you know."

"But we write it," said Mrs. Peters, "and edit it, and get the advertisements, and sell it—and call it *our paper*."

"I know a girl who writes the loveliest poems," said Mrs. Porter, a new speaker who had been listening with

great attention. "She can write on any subject. I never saw anything like it. I'll ask her to do some for us."

"My husband's niece writes beautifully, too," said another lady. "She's just written an article on 'The Voice of Nature' that's perfectly lovely. Perhaps she'll let us have that."

Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Clyde consulted together. "I think," announced Mrs. Peters, "that we ought to have an editor-in-chief."

"I move we appoint Mrs. Peters," said another lady, looking around for encouragement.

"No," said Mrs. Peters decidedly. "I won't be an editor. I'll work for the paper and help all I can, but Lorenzo has the rheumatism, and my sister and her three children are coming to visit me, and I can't be editing with all that on my hands."

Her excuses seemed satisfactory, and again there was a little silence broken by soft ripples of "You be the editor," "No, you," "Oh, I can't be. You," etc.

A plain, middle-aged woman in a black cape wandered so far from the subject in hand as to ask her nearest neighbor for her receipt for sweet cucumber pickles, and an anxious mother who saw a boy fall off a bicycle, ran to the window to see if he were hers.

Just then the attention of the meeting was attracted by a fresh speaker. This time it was a girl—a girl with a sweet, strong face, and a very low, clear voice.

She said: "We shall need more women than there are here, to work."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Peters, "every one must ask every one else."

"And we shall have to divide the work."

"Oh, yes, we must have lots and lots of committees." "And I think from now to Thanksgiving is very little time to do the work in."

"Well, that is a holiday, and it doesn't interfere with the regular edition. That's why we can have it then."

Then Mrs. Burton had her second inspiration. "Why won't Miss Waters be the editor-in-chief?" she said.

The color rushed to the girl's face as she rose from her seat. "Oh, no," she cried quickly, but with deep feeling, "I couldn't undertake it, indeed I couldn't!"

"Why, you're just the one," said Mrs. Peters enthusiastically. "You have lots of time and no husband nor house to look after. And you're fresh from college, too! Why you've got to!"

Grace Waters refused very earnestly as long as possible, and it was evident from her embarrassed manner that she had some grave objection to the office, but they beset her so on every side that finally, with a little sigh, she yielded.

"You must all help me," she said appealingly.

"We will, we will!" cried several voices, and after this affairs seemed to move more smoothly.

Mrs. Peters, Miss Waters, and Mrs. Clyde, who, in spite of her diffidence, seemed full of sensible ideas, got together and arranged a definite plan of action. Editors for all the different departments were appointed, the executive committee and the business managers were selected, and last, but most important, the advertising committee was decided upon.

"We must make the advertising pay all our expenses," said Mrs. Peters, "so that all the rest may be clear profit."

"But we won't have any expenses," said a lady with large blue eyes, to whom the whole business was new. "We are going to give our services, aren't we?"

There was a little silence. The wiser women felt appalled by this ignorance.

"Why, there is all the paper," said Mrs. Peters, "and the pictures—we will have to pay for them."

"And type-setting and press-work," added Miss Waters. The lady's blue eyes opened wide. "Oh," she said, "I thought Mr. Terance furnished all those!"

"Well, he doesn't," said Mrs. Peters decidedly. "I think he is doing quite enough as it is."

"We ought to have an illustrated cover," suggested Mrs. Clyde, "and perhaps a poster."

The meeting, as a meeting, was getting rather restless. It began to break up into little groups, where conversation was more voluble than it had been in the larger circle.

The advertising committee looked gloomy. It began to dawn upon the members that they were a sort of sub-treasury on which everything else depended. They walked off together, talking earnestly as they went.

Grace Waters went home alone. She was the only daughter of one of the richest and most prominent men in the town, and it had been a sore trial to him and her mother to have her absent during her four years of college life. They were so happy in her return that she had not as yet cast any shadow on their joy by speaking of her plans for the future. But when she left college she was looking forward to other years of study and preparation which should finally fit her to labor, worthily, perhaps, in one of the more conspicuous branches of the world's work.

She had not mentioned these dreams yet. Her fear of paining her parents was one reason, and there had lately come into her life another reason. But now, for the immediate present, her personal problems must be set aside for the perplexing one of the "Woman's Edition."

For several days she went on planning for the paper before she saw the editor. Finally, however, it became necessary that she should talk with him; so one evening she sent a note asking him to call.

He came promptly. He was a tall, straight young fellow of twenty-nine or thirty. He had broad shoulders, reddish hair, and a square chin, which looked firm or obstinate, according as he agreed or disagreed with you.

He had taken the Johnstown "Daily Eagle" when it was moribund, and had made it the foremost newspaper in that part of the State.

He rose as Miss Waters entered the drawing-room, and taking her extended hand seemed highly gratified.

"Mr. Terance," she began tremulously, "I want to tell you, in the first place, that it is not of my own will I find myself in this position."

"I believe you," he said smiling, "it must be very disagreeable."

"No, it is not that, but—I tried my best to avoid a position where I should meet you daily."

"Am I so obnoxious?"

She looked hurt. "You know it is not that."

"Yes, I do know that was not the reason. Miss Waters, let us be perfectly frank. I have told you that I love you, and that my dearest wish was to marry you. You—doubtless with good reason—have refused me. I suppose, with your delicate feeling, you imagine I wouldn't care to see you. Is that so?"

She nodded.

"On the contrary, it gives me the greatest pleasure. I am glad—delighted—that your work will require consultation with me, and that I shall see you, and hear you, and be near you every day."

"Oh," she said sadly, "this is all wrong!"

"No," he asserted, "it is most beautifully right!"

"But you wouldn't feel that way if you believed what I told you, and realized how much in earnest I am. I must attempt to live my own life in my own way. If I fail—if I cannot stand alone—why, then—but that is a great way off," she said, with a bright, firm smile.

He returned the smile, but his was a disturbing, provoking sort of smile, that roused all manner of antagonisms in her heart. "Let me tell you one thing," he said, "don't think I am going to take this opportunity to annoy you. I have had my answer. I shall not clamor for another—at least not now. I cannot help being glad that I shall see you, but I will not even show that if it displeases you. Now, will the editor of the 'Woman's Edition' kindly consult with the editor of the 'Daily Eagle'? How are your county letters coming on?"

"My what? I have not even thought of them!"

"You'd better have a letter from every town in the county. It will help sell your paper. You want to have the interest diffused—get as many people to work for you

as possible. And there's nothing people are quite so fond of as their own names. Every friend of every woman who writes a paragraph will buy a copy."

"I see," said the young editor thoughtfully.

They talked for a long time. He was sympathetic, suggestive and helpful. She had never liked him so much as in this matter-of-fact talk.

"If," she said to herself, as she went up-stairs that night, "if only he were not so assertive and domineering!"

She needed all his help, for trouble began to gather around her.

The committees would not work together. There were disappointments and trials of all kinds. No one kept her word. A woman would undertake to fill a department of three columns, and at the last minute she would go to New York for a month. "So sorry," she would say airily, as she skipped off, "but really I cannot do a single thing!"

Then there were the women with sensitive feelings which were always getting hurt. Miss Waters found their grieved silence harder to bear than a blaze of spunky anger. She, with a few other women, spent most of her time at the "Eagle" office. Mr. Terance gave up everything to them, only reserving a corner of the editor's room, where he did his own work as swiftly and unobtrusively as possible. There Miss Waters pagged and paragraphed and rewrote; corrected proof, consulted with committees, and gained such insight into both newspaper work and human nature as she had never had before.

Mrs. Mozley, who had undertaken to conduct the literary department, brought in her manuscript one day, tied with seven ribbons, the colors of the rainbow.

"It is all ready to print, Miss Waters," she said, "and it must be printed in the order of the colors—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. I arranged it in that way to make it simple for the printers."

"Thank you so much," said Grace, her face never changing. "I am sure it will be just what we want."

Mrs. Mozley rustled out, with the satisfied smile of one who has done her duty, and there was silence in the office.

Presently Mr. Terance from a small desk in the corner, said dryly, "How long do you suppose the printers will keep those colors straight, and won't it be an elegant looking rainbow when they get through with it?"

Grace laughed hysterically. "Oh," she said, "it is all so absurd! And yet I wouldn't have known any better myself a month ago."

Just then a delegation of three women came into the outer office. They were part of the advertising committee, and the foremost seemed to be breathing out threatenings as she advanced.

"What are we going to do with these liquor dealer advertisements?" she demanded fiercely, almost before she got in. "I maintain that as we are publishing this paper for the cause of temperance it is rather inconsistent to fill it with saloon and bartenders' advertisements!"

She glared at Grace severely as she spoke, and sank, out of breath, into a chair.

"But, Miss Waters," exclaimed a fat, good-natured little woman, who hurried after the first one, "they will pay us, and pay well, too, and that makes more money in the end for us."

"Besides," said the third woman, who seemed to take a frivolous view of the whole affair, "where are you going to draw the line? There's that Luciani Wine—that's advertised for health; and then there's that Beef, Iron and Wine ad.—does the beef take the curse off from that? And there's that 'Syrup of Grapes' lady! She looks dissipated anyway, with her wine-glass in her hand, even if she isn't."

They all looked at Grace. "What shall we do about it?" asked the first. Grace hesitated.

"I do not think we can decide alone. There is a meeting to-night. Let it come before all the managers."

"I do not see how there can be any question about it," said the strong temperance advocate. "We cannot build with one hand, and tear down with the other."

"Oh, yes, we can, dear Mrs. Parton," cried the stout little lady, "if we build up bigger again!"

"My dear," confided the light-minded one to Grace, as she went out, "they'll take out the 'Dododent' ad. next, and the Plum Soap—they're both wine-colored articles, you know."

There was silence again in the office, and then Grace looked up and met the twinkling blue eyes that she was getting to know so well.

"You shall not laugh at them," she cried indignantly. "They are such good women, and they are trying so hard to do right."

"I am not laughing."

"You are! You simply sit there and make fun of it all! Oh, not openly, perhaps, but in your heart, I know you do!"

He came out from his corner, and stood before her with a look of serious reproof in his honest eyes.

"No, you don't really believe in women," she went on, "in their work, their development, their aspirations. You are laughing at this whole performance. I know we are a little queer, but are we any queerer than you would be if you tried to build a house, or do something you'd never done in all your life before?"

"I do believe in women and their work," he said earnestly, ignoring the latter part of her sentence. "I don't believe that they can ever do men's work—no."

"Where do you draw the line?"

"Where a true woman's heart draws it."

The color flew into her cheeks. "I can't bear your theories," she cried petulantly, "they suffocate me."

"You needn't adopt them," he answered calmly.

He went back to his desk and she began to open a pile of letters. Presently she burst out laughing.

"Oh, what shall I do with this?" she cried, and read him the following:

ONLY ONE EYE

She was a lovely girl,
But, oh, it made me sigh
When first she told me she could see
Out of only one eye.

But soon I thought within myself
I'd better save my tear and sigh
To bestow upon some I know
Who have more than one eye.

She is brave and intelligent,
Too, she is witty and wise;
She'll accomplish more now than many
Who have two eyes.

In the home where we are hastening,
In our eternal Home on high,
See that you be not rivaled
By the girl with only one eye.

"That is written by a friend of Mrs. Lathrop's. She'll feel awfully if we don't publish it."

"Why don't you? I would."

"Just think! that was written in good faith by a plain, practical, middle-aged lady! What shall I tell her?"

She leaned her head on her hand, and gazed despairingly at the verses, unconscious that Mr. Terance was looking as fixedly at her.

Through the wide glass doors into the outer office one could see women coming and going. Sometimes they came in and talked with Grace, sometimes they wrote a little at her desk. A few looked worn and anxious. One of them laid some manuscript before Grace.

"Do what you can with it," she exclaimed tragically, "I wash my hands of the whole affair!"

Grace examined the papers carefully. One was an account of a picnic to Sunset Lake, in which not a sandwich escaped description, and the other consisted of two sonnets called "A Matinée," and "A Vesperee."

"Mr. Terance," said Grace abruptly, "what is a 'vesperee'?"

"I don't know, but I'd like to go on one. It sounds attractive."

"Oh, this is no laughing matter to me! I've got to meet all these authors, and explain, and be hated. I've got to—oh, dear me, here comes one of them now!"

A straight, elderly woman, with gray curls, entered the office.

"How do you do, Mrs. Farrington?" Grace said. "Won't you sit down?" She placed a chair for her, but Mrs. Farrington refused it and her offered hand as well.

"I have called, Miss Waters," she said stiffly, "to ask you about my poem entitled 'Twilight Musings.' Mrs. Peters says you are not going to print it. Why not?"

She closed her thin lips in a determined way and looked at Grace, who answered nervously:

"Why, you see, Mrs. Farrington, our space is so limited, and some of our very best things have been crowded out. We really cannot get them in."

"I don't see why."

"The advertising pays, you know, and so a little advertisement is worth more to us than a delightful article that brings in nothing."

Mrs. Farrington appeared appeased, but not wholly satisfied. "Is that the only reason?" she said, eyeing Grace keenly.

Grace looked over at Mr. Terance's desk. His pen was scratching across the paper at a marvelous rate. There was a little barricade of books in front of him, so that only the top of his head was visible. She could not tell from that whether he were listening or not.

"Yes, Mrs. Farrington," she said heroically, "that is the reason. We should have had to publish a paper of a hundred pages if we had used all the material that has been offered us."

"But you took Miss Whitman's verses."

"That is true, but that was earlier, before we discovered how pressed for space we were."

"Well, I suppose it is all right, but I must say I thought in a woman's paper every woman would be given a fair chance."

"I am so sorry," apologized Grace. "Wouldn't you like me to have some typewritten copies of your verses sent to you? I can have them made as well as not."

"Well, perhaps I would like a few, seeing it isn't going to be printed." And so, mollified, but far from contented, the disappointed authoress walked away.

"How do you feel, Sapphira?" said a mocking voice from the corner. "Have you fallen down in a fit yet?"

"Don't," she cried, "don't! I wish my mother would come and put pepper on my tongue as she used to when I was a little girl! I could not use her verses. Walt Whitman makes 'purple' rhyme with 'smokestack,' and her rhymes were nearly as original. But, oh, the paths of it! When I think of all these little springs of poetry that these good, hard-working, domestic women have been concealing all these years, I could just weep."

I'm going to write something about the 'Submerged Sentiment' of middle-aged women. I think it's infinitely more pathetic than General Booth's 'Submerged Tenth.'"

"I understand," he said gravely, "it is pathetic."

"Still," she added, the current of her thoughts setting rapidly in the opposite direction, "if they send me any more 'vesperees' or 'requiems' I shall go stark, staring mad."

But after this there came pleasanter days, when everything went well, when people kept their word, when well-written articles came in, and when the women worked together with buoyant cooperation. Thus the varied days passed rapidly until Thanksgiving week arrived.

Grace Waters, with two or three other women, was up every night till one or two o'clock. The wear of the unusual work was telling upon her, but she had grown grim. The paper should succeed. She used the imperative mood in her mind about it now.

The first parts, containing most of the contributed articles—for this edition was to be four times the usual size—had come from the press, and looked very well. The cover was artistic, and the poster was displayed in every window in town. Grace had a creepy feeling whenever she saw it. Would its promise be kept?

On Wednesday night, when the last forms of the paper were to go to press, many of the women were up all night. The printers were fed by one committee at twelve o'clock, and the women themselves had a supper later. Several girl reporters were scurrying about the street with interested escorts, gathering up the last items of news.

The telegraphic news was coming in; it had to be carefully edited and headed. Women were folding the extra parts already printed, and piling them together.

Mrs. Parton, who had objected so to the liquor advertisements, came into the office red with rage.

"I call this a burning shame," she said. "Here we are getting out a paper for the benefit of a temperance cause, and every saloon in town has agreed to keep open all night long!"

"Really!" said Grace. "Why? Not for our benefit, surely. This is the eve of a holiday, you know."

"I suppose it's for the benefit of all these gentlemanly escorts," she said, with scathing emphasis, and ignoring the suggestion, "who seem to be running the streets with your reporters so freely."

"Oh, no, no! Mrs. Parton."

"Well, if we weren't editing the paper, and exciting the whole town, they wouldn't be open," said Mrs. Parton sternly, and with this Parthian arrow she walked out.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Grace, as her tired fingers played with her pen. Mr. Terance came in just then.

"How are you getting on?" he asked.

"Nearly through, thank Heaven," she rejoined.

"Gold is one per cent. higher than yesterday. How can I head that in three words?"

"How would 'Gold Goes Up' do?" he suggested.

"You know it will do," she said resentfully, and she added softly, "how I hate you!"

Finally the telegraphing ceased. The mysterious "30," which Grace had learned to know meant "good-night," was clicked out, and that work was done. The last reporter had brought in her item, and the final page went to press. Several of the women waited a little while, and then, as most of them were to be up very early in the morning, they said good-night and went home.

Grace was alone when a boy brought in a paper still damp from the press. Mr. Terance was in the outer office pacing restlessly.

Grace seized the paper eagerly, and hastily ran her eyes over the first page. She gave a little cry and buried her face in her hands, as the paper dropped to the floor.

Mr. Terance hurried in. "What is it?" he asked.

"Oh," she moaned, "it's all wrong! That Hawaiian article is headed 'A Throneless Green,' and that thing on the silver question is all mixed up with Mrs. Barton's trip up the Nile! It's full of mistakes! How did they get there?"

He seized the sheet and looked at it.

"Have the press stopped," he said to the boy. "Have the form sent up to the stone: it must be unlocked and the matter straightened out. Don't worry, Miss Waters, we can fix it."

"But it is three o'clock now," she said despairingly, "and there are so many mistakes, and there are ten thousand copies to print!"

He looked at his watch. "The out-of-town edition leaves at five," he said slowly. "We can do it."

He left the room, strong, resolute and capable. The girl's eyes followed him tearfully and with faith. The master was in command again.

He was gone a long time, and when he came back the outer office was deserted, and Miss Waters was alone. Her elbows were resting on the desk, and her head was in her hands. She had been crying hard and the tears glistened in her eyes. She drew her breath sobbingly.

He came toward her quickly, but when quite near he stopped, irresolute.

"Yes," she said with self-scorn, "pat me on the head, call me a 'poor little girl.' I need comforting."

"You would hate me if I did."

"Not more than I hate myself this minute."

"Why?"

"Oh, because I thought I was capable, and I'm not. Because I thought—"

"You are tired," he said quickly. "You have overworked for days. I don't wonder you feel broken up."

"You don't understand," she said with a fever in her face. "I thought I could stand alone, and it seems I can't. I surrender. I'm not good for anything," she went on hysterically, "except to be loved—like every other woman."

"And I love you," he burst forth with irrepressible tenderness.

"Then take me—if you want me," raising her hands to him with a pathetic gesture of disconsolate weariness.

"I—will—not—touch—you!"

The strange words came slowly through his shut teeth. He walked to the window with his hands in his pockets and looked out. She looked after him, and a tender smile quivered for a second around her mouth.

He suddenly turned and said sternly:

"I'm sure you are not playing with me. You know what my love for you is. But you ought to know how maddening it is to stand here, and see the tears on your cheeks, and to remember that you actually said within sixty seconds those words my ears heard—and not fold you in my arms like a weary child."

"Then why—" she began curiously.

"Because you are a weary child, and I won't take from you now what you may not give me when you're fully your own strong self again. Wait till your paper succeeds, as it will within a few hours. Wait till you are rested and restored, and every one is congratulating you—and then," he added huskily, "you may be of your former opinion."

There was a long silence which seemed thick with thought; but the loud ticking of the clock was the only sound. Presently he said, in quite his natural manner, "Won't you go with me now, and get something to eat? Mrs. Peters is below. She'll come up and stay if you want her."

"Yes," said Grace softly, "I will go."

Mrs. Peters came in with excitement. "I have folded nearly fifteen hundred papers," she said "and my fingers are almost worn to the bone! I'll stay here and tend to anything that comes up. Ask for some of Mrs. Benedict's salad—that's the best, and don't hurry back."

They did not speak as they went up the street. The electric lamps made it as light as day, but the curious interest which had filled the streets earlier in the night had died away, and they met no one.

It was six o'clock when Grace went back to the office, and the girls were crying the paper on the street. The first copy had sold for twenty-five dollars, the second for fifteen dollars.

She bought a copy as she went along, and had it in her hands as she entered the office. Mr. Terance was there. He, too, was reading the paper.

"It is a great success," he said as he greeted her. "A great, big, booming success! I hope I am the first to congratulate you!" He took her hand and shook it cordially. She was calm and collected now.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I think it is a success."

Their eyes met. "And you couldn't repeat your surrender now?" he said with a little tremor.

"No," she answered blushing, "such an unconditional surrender is never repeated."

"And am I of no future use to you?" he asked.

"Why do you ask? Don't you know yet that you are?" And then she looked up at him, and his hand, which still held hers, drew her closer until his arms were around her, and her head was on his shoulder.

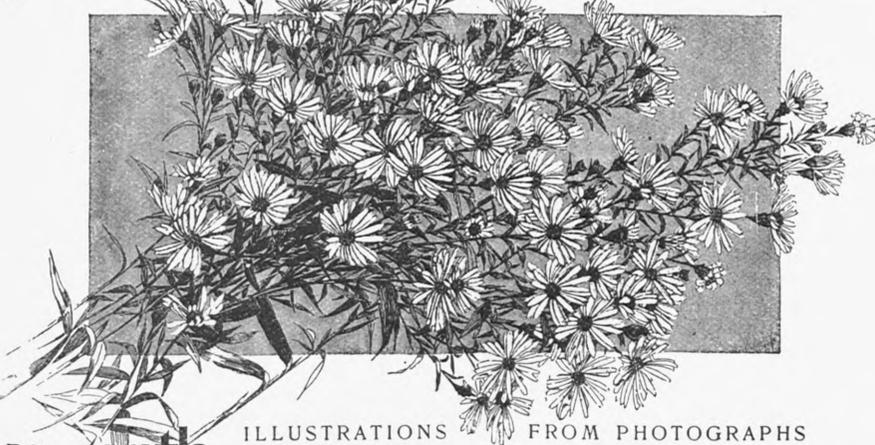
A little later they looked from the window as a wagon-load of pretty girls drove gayly off, selling the paper as they went.

"My darling," he said, "how can I thank you? You have made a new world for me—a new heaven and a new earth."

As her hand again sought his she said shyly, "Is it a 'Woman's Edition,' dear?"

FROM LAUREL TO ASTER

BY NANCY MANN WADDLE



ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

With

A LONG summer of bloom before us it is not fitting for a lover of the fields to put his large enthusiasms into the mint early in the spring and then spend the small coin of ecstatic phrases on each wayside blossom of a day. He should be prudent, should hoard his store of admiration and then waste it like a spendthrift on some consummate flower, having the perfection of a blossom which is a type of form, the sweetness of one whose only grace is fragrance, the splendor of one whose gemlike color is its sole distinction.

One of these consummate flowers is our Mountain Laurel, *Kalmia Latifolia*. We usually bestow upon it that regard which a prophet in his own country is apt to receive, but in England it is considered as deserving of enthusiasm as any gorgeous blossom of the tropics. When the thin leaves throw their flickering shadows on the austere rocks of a bleak hillside the Laurel mocks their asceticism with a frivolity of pink and white, which froths over the rocks and suns itself in the fortress it has invaded. Even without their remarkable beauty these flowers would yet excite interest because of their structural conditions. The stems supporting the shining, glossy leaves and frail blossoms are covered with a sticky exudation, which, it is supposed, serves a purpose in keeping crawling insects away from the flowers, which are very exclusive, desiring only winged visitors. The five petals of the corolla have ten little pouches, and the tips of the long arching stamens fit snugly into these. When Monsieur le Bee visits a flower his wing or his light feet touch the stamens; immediately they fly upward with a jerk, and little stamen springs force out, from chinks in the top of the anthers, the pollen, which covers the bee with a golden shower. Presently he flies off to another flower, with whose projecting stigma he comes in contact, depositing thereon the pollen which clings to him. Thus cross fertilization is accomplished.

There are a number of curious superstitions connected with the Laurel. One reason of its popularity among the ancients was that they held it a charm against lightning or thunder, which were equally feared. In the Bishop of Chichester's verses on Ben Jonson are these lines:

"I see the wreath (Laurel) which doth the wearer arme,
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder."



MOUNTAIN LAUREL

And Leigh, in writing of Tiberius Cæsar, says, "He feared thunder exceedingly, and when the air was anything troubled he ever carried a chaplet or wreath of Laurel about his neck, because that, as Pliny reporteth, is never blasted with lightning." The Laurel referred to, however, is not the same as our Mountain Laurel. Regarding that, there is a belief, still widely extant, that its leaves are extremely poisonous. Darby, in his "Botany of the Southern States," says: "The leaves of the *Kalmia Latifolia* are all poisonous; nevertheless, some animals, it is said, eat them with impunity, and that, too, to such an extent as to make their flesh poisonous to man, it becoming so impregnated with the poison of the leaves." It is even said that the honey the bee extracts from the flower is poisonous, but many botanists, includ-

ing Nuttall, refuse to believe in the injurious qualities of the plant, and merely regard the tough and leathery leaves as extremely indigestible. At the first of June the four-leaved Milkweed, the daintiest member of this large family, opens its delicate white umbels. Its name is most appropriate, as the thin, fine leaves are in whorls of four at intervals up the slender, low stems. This airy blossom may be found nodding on the rocky scraps of dim ravines, or over the bubbling waters of a Fern-hidden pool. It has not heeded that invitation to the road which has led its brothers to marshal their ranks along the highways. Fighting for an inch of ground, these strong-growing weeds raise their great, milky stems, stately, august; and from a lofty summit droop their heavy umbels, not from humility, but from weariness of state. The peculiar flowers are always difficult for a beginner to analyze. The small petals are greatly reflexed, the stamens are on the corolla tube, and adhering to them are five small bodies, each with an incurved horn. These are the nectaries. The stamens arch over the crown these nectaries form, and rest on the pistil, which rises in the centre of the flower. There are always a number of dead flies hanging to the umbels.



MILKWEED

Poor little explorers! In trying to discover a passage to the nectaries their feet become entangled in the pollen, whose masses adhere to a little stem by means of a sticky gum, which pulls out in long threads. I have frequently placed a quantity of Milkweed blossoms in a room opening on a garden, where all insects were free to enter, and after a day's time have examined the plants, to find on every umbel its quota of limp, swinging flies, no other insects; this, however, might have been a mere coincidence.

The Wild Carrot, or Queen Anne's Lace, is the fairest of the *Umbelliferæ*. It achieves a remarkable effect in plant architecture—in presenting a front which is at once a marvel of strength and delicacy. The stalks are stout, and the umbels are formed of numerous little green stems, short, but strong withal. And all this framework to support flowers that resemble the light snow blown from over-arching eaves. The Wild Carrots, like the Milkweeds, are gypsy flowers and take blithely to the road, but they are impartial blossoms. Now they pitch their camps by sinuous waterways, now they toss their powdery blossoms by the main-traveled road that runs onward to great, distant cities, as the river flows to the sea, and now again,

"The flowery breast of lacework stirs faintly, in the full wind that rocks the outstanding firs."

The Leather Flower belongs to the beautiful Clematis family. The bells are of a dull purple, and the vine from which they depend is exquisitely graceful. It is one of those vines whose shoots and leaves are both capable of motion, performing their revolutions in response to that marvelous law, on whose workings Mr. Darwin has thrown so much light.

The Aster and the Goldenrod are friends of such long standing that to mention one without complimenting the other seems a gross neglect. When the Goldenrod spreads the fields with its cloth of gold the Aster then waves its purple banners in the September wind. They both belong to such large families, however, that to enumerate them would require a catalogue. Speaking, then, principally of the Aster, it belongs to the great family of the *Compositæ*, which insist on cross fertiliza-



WILD CARROT

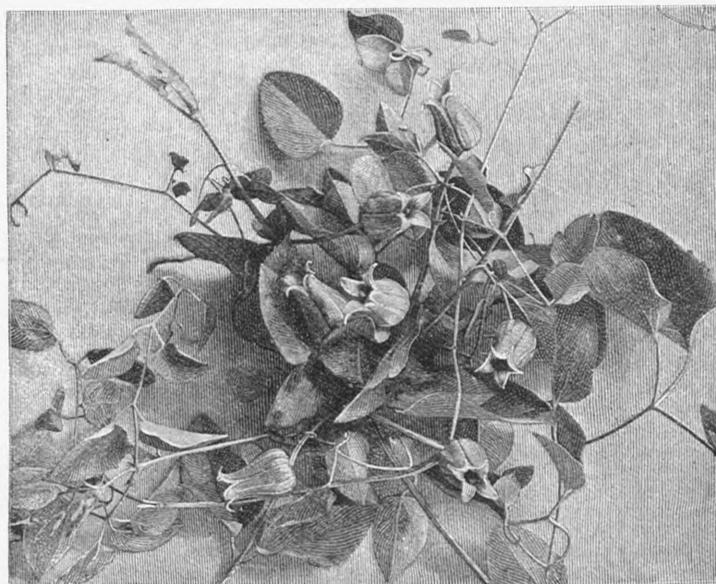
tion, hence their wonderful development; for the composite flowers were once insignificant little blossoms to which no one would give a second glance. In their insignificant stage insects were wont to eat the pollen of the flowers without conferring any benefit in return; but, as Professor Gray has remarked: "Where free lunches are provided, some advantage is usually expected from the treat." It was, of course, impossible for the flowers to prevent this despoliation on the part of the insects, so they gave them something more to their taste than pollen, *i. e.*, honey, and thereafter the pollen was left undisturbed. But the insects were not to have the nectar free; it was so situated that to reach it they must brush against the stamens, thus becoming coated with pollen, which they must carry to another flower.

The insects preferred the bright-colored flowers; consequently, the flowers exhibiting bright hues were more frequently fertilized, and thus the ray-flowers of the *Compositæ* became larger and brighter until they reached their present state of perfection.

The Yarrow gleams white above its lacy green leaves, and the proud purple of the Ironweed enriches the landscape. All during the summer the Mulleins, or Velvet Flowers, as they are called, have flanked the dustiest roadways, always with their cloud of butterflies dancing about them. We never think of bestowing a glance upon them, but in other countries they are grown as rare plants in flower-houses.

Not all the years are long enough to learn the wonders of one wayside weed. To pull a flower to pieces, analyze and classify it is not to know it. Every flower

that grows has some sweet, individual life of its own, and the laws by which flowers live are so marvelous that great scientists have given their lives to the study of them. The tiniest and most insignificant of these blossoms, when magnified, are seen to be exquisitely lovely.





Robin's-Egg Blue



Pink and Gold



Antwerp Blue



Pearl and Silver



Gold and Blue



Gold and White



Silver and Blue



Silver and Pink



Blue Bronze

THE NEW WEDDING STATIONERY

By Edward Clayton Staley

SEVERAL changes in the style and shape of stationery pertaining to weddings are noticeable this season. A rather large, almost square, note with an oblong envelope takes the place of last year's octavo size, for which a square envelope was required.

The principal reason for this reversal of sizes is that the square note accommodates better the frequently long lines of names and date, while, by engraving the lines slightly closer to each other, a handsome marginal effect is produced, one that would be entirely lost upon the narrower note. The new style of engraving is a plain script without flourish, small enough to enable all the names to be spelled out in full.

Then the oblong envelope is not so slender as to be classed commercial, and it admits of a superscription in the fashionably large lettering affected by women of society. The quality of paper remains the same as formerly, and is the white parchment or kid finish, which, under the pressure of the printing rollers, is rendered comparatively smooth. The square or fancy flap of the envelope has been entirely superseded by the plain, modest pointed one.

There is a decided tendency among high-grade printers to discard the use of punctuation marks, or to only partially punctuate their best class of work, and this idea is rapidly gaining recognition in the execution of wedding invitations and announcements. With many of the commas and periods eliminated from the ends of engraved lines a wedding note acquires a decidedly artistic appearance. Their use has for some time been discarded on visiting-cards and note-paper address dies, to the decided improvement of the same.

The Roman or block letter is becoming more popular as the style of engraving for visiting-card plates, while the fashionably thin card of two-sheet quality is eminently proper. While some prefer the very thin one-sheet card (two sheets of paper pasted together) its use is to be discouraged, as it is too thin to be handled conveniently with a gloved hand. It is also difficult to print; the slightest imperfection in the card is ground out, and this eventually ruins the surface of the plate. Hence, the medium-weight two-sheet is the accepted thickness, which enables more cards being carried in a card-case than formerly, when the heavier three-sheet board was popular.

While a first glance at the block letter card may convey an impression of type-printed work a closer inspection of the quality of engraving and finish of card will disabuse the mind of such an idea, and one is soon convinced of its really aristocratic appearance. Cards for both men and women are considerably smaller, and the script engraving is finer in consequence, following more closely the English style than the Parisian, which is large and with flourishes. The block or Roman letter plate is very English, and with those affecting London styles it finds great favor. The price more than doubles that of script engraving.

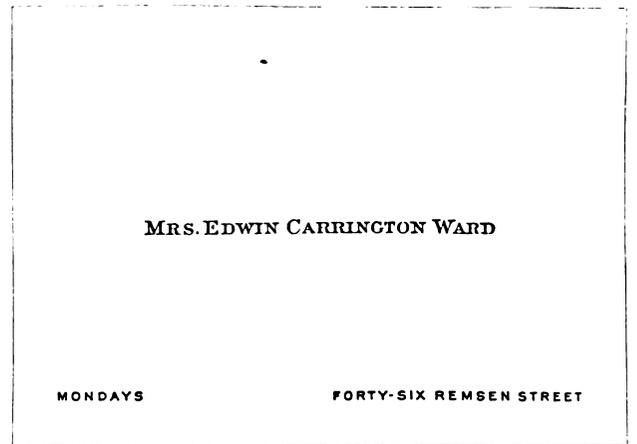
Ladies use the block style now on their cards for teas and receptions, as it admits of the necessary engraving of days within a smaller space than the script, and enables a smaller card being used. The English idea of cards with mourning border on the face side only is being utilized here, the advantage being a cleanliness of card while in the cardcase, instead of the objectionable

double lines—has extended to ovals, diamonds and fanciful frames of various artistic shapes composed of small beads, dots, wavy and anything but circular lines. Wreaths, brackets, garters, fancy shields, ovals and circles surmounted by bow-knots or crests are observed on note sheets in every conceivable color and bronze tint, some of one plain color while others are blended in several shades. White paper of the parchment finish is preferred above all other qualities for the notes of social correspondence now used by those who aspire to be in the fashionable world. It is indicative of good taste, and affords an excellent background for the various colors and bronzes in which address, monogram and arms dies are impressed, and proves to be most effective under the inscription of good black ink, which is the proper ink for ladies' notes. There are a few other decided favorites, however, that do not lose their popularity. Linen papers, slightly rough, in white and cream, have long been used, the fine laid lines lending character, while the surface is pleasant for stub pens.

The perfectly smooth paper with the glacé finish is also much used. There is really nothing more fascinating than a billet of spotless white, glazed surface, the quality about seventy pounds to the flat ream, an address or monogram embossed at the top centre in gold bronze. An eighty-pound paper is occasionally used, but the difficulty with the thicker

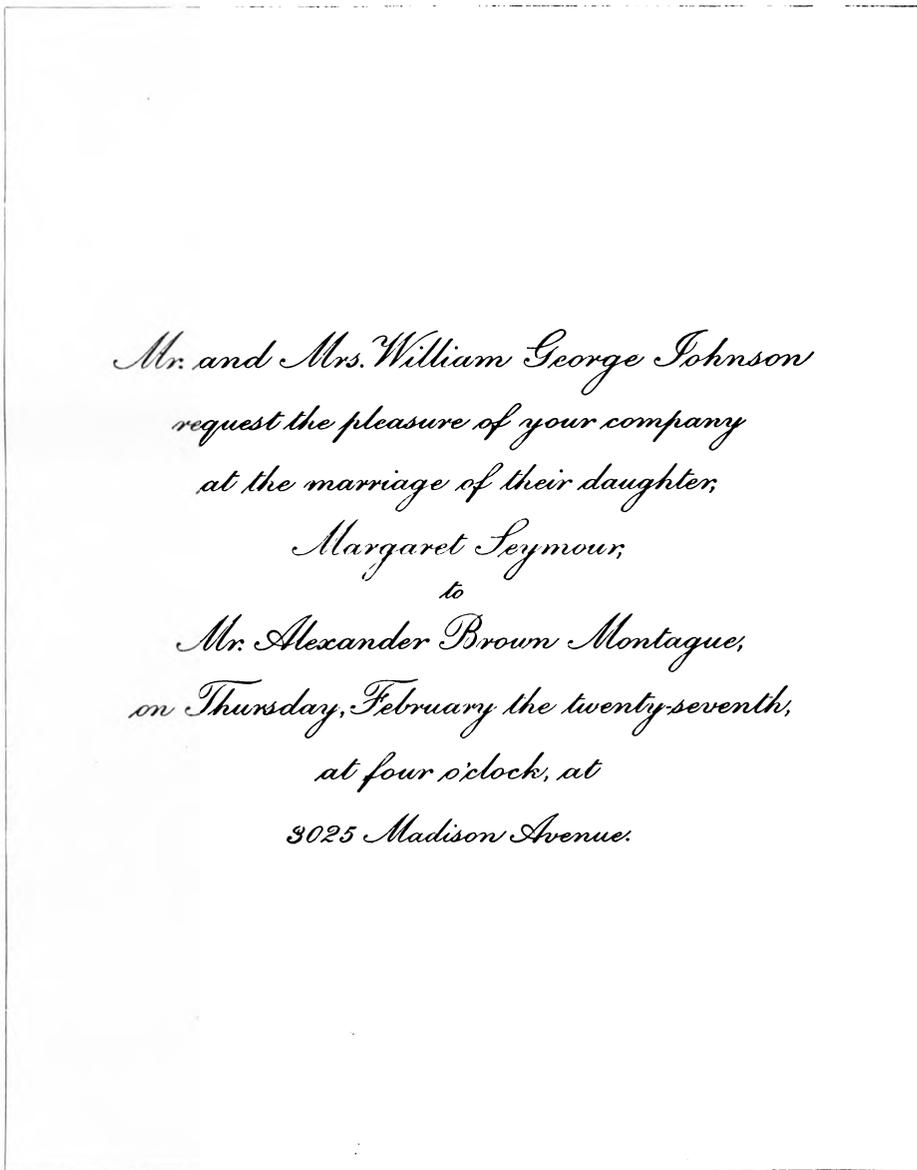
its English popularity, it being extensively used on the "other side." It is a smooth, greenish-gray with minute blue thread fibres sprinkled over the surface.

The "Russian blues," the "Court grays," the "Royal



MRS. EDWIN CARRINGTON WARD
MONDAYS FORTY-SIX REMSEN STREET

LADIES' VISITING-CARD IN ROMAN AND BLOCK LETTER



Mr. and Mrs. William George Johnson
request the pleasure of your company
at the marriage of their daughter,
Margaret Seymour,
to
Mr. Alexander Brown Montague,
on Thursday, February the twenty-seventh,
at four o'clock, at
3025 Madison Avenue.

THE LATEST STYLE, SIZE AND SCRIPT OF THE NEW WEDDING INVITATION

purples" and the "shrimp pinks" are the abomination of good taste with which the market is periodically flooded, placarded "The very latest," with the result that thoughtless purchasers are misled into believing them to be desirable.

There was a time when these dark-colored papers were much in vogue, as a contrast for the white stamping of the die which required to be engraved extra heavy, but this is rarely done now. Gold bronze is almost invariably embossed on white papers, while silver is considered more effective for those of faint blue or gray tints.

There is abundant need for those even within society's charmed circle to be benefited by contact with the expressed ideas of good taste. Those using ruled paper are surely beyond the pale. There is no excuse. A set of ruled lines placed under the page answers the purpose very well. Some women complain that their writing can be seen and read through the paper used, without knowing that the finest qualities of writing papers are more or less transparent. Others, after ordering eight or ten quires of various kinds of papers, select as many different shades of color for the stamping, instead of choosing some distinctive color for their own. It is surprising how many women there are who do not know what constitutes a quire of paper, so let it be known that twenty-four sheets with twenty-five envelopes make up the quire and pack so often quoted at the stationer's.

Summer address dies are being stamped in colors more than bronzes. The latter cost just double, and as so much stationery is used in summer houses for informal notes it does not always pay to go to the extra expense. Then the sea-green, blue-gray, mauve, Antwerp blue and lavender tints seem cooler than the glistening ones of copper, gold, fire and crimson bronzes.

The decoration of note sheets is generally placed at the centre, with an intervening space between the top of sheet and top of die, varying from half an inch on the small billet size to about three-quarters of an inch on the octavo size, with a full inch on the larger commercial size. These are the three

popular sizes, each being used with square envelopes.

Square sheets are little used, owing to the objectionable oblong envelopes necessary for them. An exception is made in the position for stamping when a two or three line die has the succeeding lines extending to the right beneath the first one, thus:

Meadowhome
Cedarhurst
Long Island

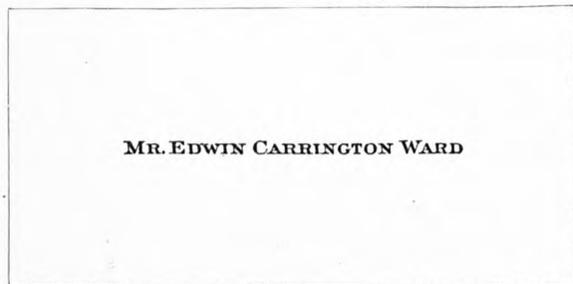
when it is customary to place the address at the right-hand corner of the note.

But if the die is arranged thus:

Meadowhome
Cedarhurst, Long Island

then the centre is the proper position.

It is not customary to have the flaps of envelopes marked with monogram or address, but the crest or arms die frequently finds its proper place there. The flap is more often reserved for the stamping in wax of hand seals. Seals and wax continue in favor.



MR. EDWIN CARRINGTON WARD

LATEST STYLE OF GENTLEMEN'S VISITING-CARD IN ROMAN LETTER

margins, which formerly soiled both case and cards. The craze for circle dies—the Parisian idea of inclosing tiny monograms and ciphers within plain single and

texture is it is apt to crack and break at the edges when folded, producing a ragged, inelegant appearance.

Bond papers—those flexible sheets, roughened as checks and bonds used in the commercial world—find favor with many. Their lightness in weight, particularly the sixteen and twenty-one pound, is adaptive for foreign mails, and owing to the cheapened postage is preferable to those excessively thin papers of onion skin and tissue quality. Young ladies affect the bond paper of a light blue tint, which, with a monogram embossed in silver or a darker blue bronze, is very stylish.

Another paper popular with young ladies is called the "Old Style." It has a shadowy surface of undulations resembling a slightly ruffled sea, which, while in appearance rough, is really quite smooth. The "etching" finish is of indefinable pock-marking, a trifle rougher than the parchment, and once was a very great favorite. A paper resembling linen cloth, and called "Homespun Linen," is handsome, but somewhat difficult to write upon, except with a slightly stub pen.

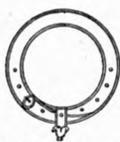
"Scotch Granite" holds its own, owing, no doubt, to



Pink and Silver



Gold and White



Gold and White



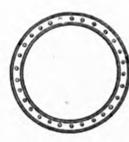
Sea-Green



Mauve and Silver



Gold and White



Blue-Gray



Gold and White



Silver and White

THE VIOLET

By Julia Magruder

Author of "A Beautiful Alien," "The Princess Sonia," etc.

DRAWING BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

XII

FRANK DEXTER continued to absent himself, and Louie to carry out her new and unaccustomed rôle. She was tacitly encouraging her rich and ardent suitor all the time, the more so as she saw that her chaperon and her guardian had combined against her. As a result of this course she became unusually friendly with Mrs. Blair, and was in the habit of quoting the complimentary things which the latter said on the subject of Mr. Blessington Brown. She went out a great deal with Aunt Caroline, also, and Violet was left more to herself than she had been since her residence with Louie had begun. She continued to study her young charge carefully, however, and her conviction as to the real state of her feelings for her two suitors gained strength hourly.

It so happened that on the day before Mrs. King's expected arrival, Louie and her aunt went off to the country, to a house party, to be absent several days. How Frank Dexter learned this fact Violet could not guess; but so it was that he called that evening for a long talk with her, at the end of which Violet had discovered, without his admitting it in words, that he was in love with Louie with all his manly soul, and desperately afraid of losing her. She retailed these conclusions to Mr. Jerome, who came in later, and who was as deeply interested in the matter as herself.

"Aunt Caroline would like her to marry that little brute of a millionaire," he said, "but if I thought there was even a chance of such a thing I think I should abduct Louie bodily, and never bring her back home until I brought her back to reason, too. We must put our heads together and adjust this thing. I've always liked Frank Dexter—he's a good, manly fellow—but I never felt any special desire for Louie to marry him until I saw the possibility of this alternative. Now, however, it has become one of the dearest wishes of my heart. How fortunate I am to have your cooperation, my dear, sweet friend!"

He spoke so quietly, he felt so confident that the brakes were down, and that the fiery steeds in hand were well under control, that he had no thought of disturbing her, and was surprised to see her look a little distressed.

"How sensitive you are!" he said. "I am continually in terror of hurting you. Do feel safe and at your ease with me, for, indeed, you may. Why may I not call you my dear, sweet friend? Surely you are my friend and I am yours, whatever comes. Do you not agree to and acknowledge that?"

"Oh, I do, indeed, I do! You will think me ungrateful, and God knows I am not. You have been goodness itself to me lately, and I have valued your friendship all the more since Louie is a little changed to me."

"It is only for the moment. She is not really changed," he said. "Louie is young and thoughtless, while I am neither. If she has the advantage of me in being young, I have it in having got beyond the thoughtless stage. Believe me, dear, sweet friend," he said, "there can never come a moment in my life when I shall forget you, or the demand which your life makes on mine."

The second time that she heard those words applied to her they seemed to her even sweeter than the first. She was really not a strong and self-reliant woman by nature; it was her instinct to put out feelers for support and help on every side, but circumstances had forced her to stand upright and depend upon herself. It had been a long, long strain, however, and she was as weary of the effort as a vine which had striven to be a tree might be. Tonight she felt the weight of this difficult self-support as she had never done before. A sense of weakness overcame her, and she looked at him with an entreaty to be protected from herself.

He seemed to understand it. He got up and walked over to Louie's little bookcase, where a few favorite volumes were kept. Selecting one, and seating himself so that he could not look at her directly, he said:

"I can see you are tired, and not equal to much talk to-night. I will read to you."

The poem that he chose was "By the Fireside." His face was turned away from Violet, and she sat and looked at him, her pulses throbbing with a conscious joy. She

knew that the poem was a long one, and she sank back in her deeply-cushioned chair with a complete abandonment to ease and enjoyment, and studied his face more deliberately than she had ever done before.

He did not see it, but it was a strange look that rested on him. Often in the past she had avoided looking at him, but now her eyes were free, and conscious of their freedom. Indeed, they seemed to revel in it as in a precious grace of unexpected license of which they would be soon deprived.

How strong he was, with that resolute face, beautified, as it undoubtedly was, by experience and endurance, and by the free choice between right and wrong! That there had been struggles, would still be struggles, she could not doubt. The human animal in the man was strongly indicated by the massive jaw and strong brown throat. There were lines, too, about the lips—from which the dark mustache, showing a few gray hairs, was twisted backward—which the two natures within him had made. The thick, dark hair had threads of silver in it, too, but these were all things that appealed to Violet. She had known life too deeply, suffered it too keenly, to find any affinity with mere innocence and ignorance. Looking scrutinizingly, as she was doing now, she saw in the fine skin of the forehead some delicate vertical lines which touched her also—for they were the signs of thought and care. From the examination of the hair and forehead she passed on to the heavy-lidded, downcast eyes. Something in their look, and in a faint quiver of the fine nostril made her aware that he was deeply moved. She had been so absorbed in looking at him that she had forgot to listen, and now these were the words uttered by the lips that she was watching:

"Oh, the little more, and how much it is;
And the little less, and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
And life be a proof of this!"

Violet felt her heart burn. She was in terror lest he

Violet started visibly and uttered a little cry. Jerome raised his eyes from the book, turned and looked at her. She was conscious of an effort to avoid his glance—a weak effort which failed completely, for he caught that fervid, self-revealing gaze, and held it by the determined resolution of his own.

She knew it was a sheer self-revelation. She knew that what she had felt spring into life, full-grown at that moment, was revealed to him with as strong a revelation as the secret of her soul was at that moment revealed to herself.

For many seconds—it seemed to them both long minutes—they sat and gazed into each other's eyes—a question and an answer in each, denial of which on either side was useless. Then letting his gaze move from her, like the gliding off of a caress, he returned to the book and went on with the poem:

"A moment after, and hands unseen
Were hanging the night around us fast;
But we knew that a bar was broken between
Life and life; we were mixed at last,
In spite of the mortal screen."

There was a little catch in his throat, but he quickly cleared it, and went on reading calmly:

"I am named and known by that hour's feat,
There took my station and degree;
So grew my own small life complete,
As Nature obtained her best of me—
One born to love you, sweet!"

"And to watch you sink by the fireside now
Back again, as you mutely sit,
Musing by fire-light—that great brow,
And the spirit-small hand propping it,
Yonder, my heart knows how!"

"So the earth has gained by one man more,
And the gain of earth must be Heaven's gain, too,
And the whole is well worth thinking o'er,
When the autumn comes, which I mean to do
One day, as I said before."

The last words, and the tone of matter-of-fact simplicity with which they were read, had given Violet courage.

She felt her weakening powers rallied, her self-poise restored.

"That's all," said Jerome, closing the book, and rising. "You are tired, and I must not keep you. *Au revoir!*"

He had left the room almost before there was time for her to answer, and without even looking into her eyes again, or so much as touching her hand!

XIII

WHEN Elinor King arrived at home she found a note from Violet promising to come, according to invitation, and spend the next few days with her, but saying that she preferred to leave her family in undisturbed possession of her for the first twenty-four hours. There was a postscript to the letter which read:

"I have much to talk to you about. For the most part I have been content, but all this contentment would go if the ignorance which exists about me should be done away. Only you can do this and I know you will keep faith."

Violet was not to arrive until toward dinner-time, and as it was too soon for Mrs. King to be dis-

turbed by other visitors she was deep in the business of superintending the unpacking of her trunks when a card was brought up to her.

"I really can't see any one just now," she said to the servant. "I thought you understood that."

"I did, madame, but Mr. Jerome said it was a matter of great importance, and he begged you would see him for a few moments."

Elinor looked at the card in some surprise. She had always known Pembroke Jerome, but she could imagine no ground for so special a visit from him. Suddenly she remembered that he was Louie Wendell's cousin and guardian, and in an instant she said:

"Say I will be down. Ask him into the back drawing-room."

A little later, when she entered this apartment, she found Jerome standing there, his hat and stick in his hand. It was snowing hard outside, and he wore a long, fur-lined coat, with its collar open about the throat, on which there glistened a few flakes of snow. His fine, clear skin was healthily flushed by the exercise in the cold air, and his eyes looked dark and brilliant.

"What a beautiful man!" said Elinor under her breath, and her lips curled into a smile of amusement at her own impetuous words, as she went forward to meet him.

"You are going to forgive me for my insistence and presumption—I see you are!" he said as he shook hands. "I should have been more considerate of you and of your people if it were not that I have a matter of the greatest importance to me to ask your assistance in."

"Then take off your coat and make yourself comfortable. I am at your service."

"Are you sure that you can spare me the time? I will promise to be brief."

"Perfectly sure, and you need not press yourself to



"I am absolutely in the dark, but I want you to speak with perfect freedom, and to understand this"

should look at her, and read her glance. She dared not look away, however, for fear that a motion on her part might cause him to turn.

But he remained motionless, except for the movements of the clear-cut lips, and a slight quiver of the nostril. Then there followed these words:

"Had she willed it, still had stood the screen,
So light, so sure, 'twixt my love and her.
I could fix her face, with a guard between,
And find her soul, as when friends confer,
Friends—lovers that might have been."

Still they kept their places, motionless as two images, but now her attention to the poem was as eager as his own. But mingled with it came momentary impulses, unlike anything she had ever felt before. She wanted to touch caressingly those whitening locks, and to tell him that she loved them for their mingled threads—showing the life of accustomedness, the knowledge of maturity. She wanted to smooth with her fingers, with her lips, the lines in that broad and candid brow—to still the longing of those lowered eyes, by giving them a long draught of the revelation which she knew lay in her own. And mingled with these thoughts, these wild, unquestioned, only half-formed desires, were words. He was continuing to read:

"For a chance to make your little much,
To gain a lover and lose a friend."

It almost seemed as if he must be speaking to her. But no, he was reading, his eyes following the lines across the page. Her heart throbbed so that she lost a part of what followed, but presently she was conscious of this:

"But you spared me this, like the heart you were,
And filled my empty heart at a word.
If you join two lives there is oft a scar,
They are one and one, and a shadowy third."

NEIGHBORHOOD TYPES

* VI—LYDIA WHELOCK: THE GOOD WOMAN

By *Mary E. Wilkins*Author of "A Humble Romance," "A New England Nun,"
"Pembroke," etc., etc.

DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

W E all agree that Lydia Wheelock is very plain-looking, but that she is very good. She was never handsome, even as a girl. She never had any youthful bloom, and her figure was always as clumsy and awkward as it is now. Poor Lydia, with her round shoulders and her high hips, always moved heavily among the light-tripping maids of her own age. Seen from behind, her broad, matronly back made her look old enough to be the mother of them all. Bright and delicate girlish ribbons and muslins, which set off their happy, youthful, flower-like faces, made poor Lydia's dull, thick cheeks look duller, and thicker, and heavier.

Some women as plain-visaged as Lydia, seeing themselves, as it were, like dingy barnyard fowls among flocks of splendid snowy doves and humming-birds, might have deliberately tried to cultivate loving kindness and sweet obligingness of manner as an offset. But Lydia was not brilliant enough for that, neither had she much personal ambition. It is doubtful if she has ever looked in the glass much, except to ascertain if her face was clean and her hair smooth, and if her lack of comeliness ever cost her an anxious hour.

Besides, Lydia's goodness, contrary to the orthodox tenets, really seems to be the result of nature, and nothing which she has acquired at any known period since her advent upon this earth. Nobody can remember when Lydia was not just as good and devout as she is now: just as faithful in her ministrations to the afflicted and needy, just as constant at meeting, just as patient under her own trials.

As a child at school Lydia never whispered, was never tardy, seldom failed in her lessons, and never teased away another little girl's candy. Besides, her mother always vouched for the fact that she was good as a young and tender infant, and consequently seemed to have been actually born good.

"Lyddy never cried except when she was real sick," her mother used to say. (She lived to be a very old woman, and harped upon her good daughter as if she were the favorite string of her whole life.) "Never knowed her cry because she was mad, as the other children did. Lyddy allers took her nap regular an' slept all night without fussin'. An' she never banged her head on the floor 'cause she couldn't have her own way. She allers give in real pleasant and smilin'."

What was true of Lydia as a baby has undoubtedly been true of her ever since—she has "allers give in real pleasant an' smilin'." There may be some people who would urge the plea that Lydia has an easy temperament, and not naturally such a firm clutch upon her desires that it is agony to relinquish them. But if all the ways that Lydia has patiently and smilingly accepted have been her own ways, she must, even if her temperament had been ever so stolid, have had peculiar tastes and likings. Sometimes it would have been almost like a relish for the scalping-knife or the branding-iron. If Lydia has not, metaphorically speaking, many times during her life banged her head upon the floor, it has not been from lack of proper temptation. She has had from any human standpoint a hard life. Her father died when she was a young girl. She had to leave school and go about helping the neighbors with sewing and cleaning and extra household tasks when they had company, to earn a pittance for the support of herself and her mother. Lydia's mother, although she lived to be so old, was always a feeble woman, crippled with rheumatism.

Lydia lived patiently and laboriously, earning just enough to keep her mother comfortably and herself uncomfortably alive, and that was all. She had one good meal a day when she was working at a neighbor's. Often we know that was all she had, although she never said so and never complained.

Lydia's shawl was always too thin for winter wear, and we felt that we ought to avoid looking at her poor bonnets in order not to hurt her feelings. Every cent that Lydia earned, beyond what she spent for the barest necessities, went for her mother's comfort.

Her mother never went without her three meals a day and her warm flannels, when the dread of Lydia's life was that she might faint away some day at a neighbor's from lack of proper nourishment, and the state of her attire in midwinter be discovered. She confessed her great dread to somebody once, after she was married.

When Lydia was about thirty she suddenly got married, to the surprise of the whole village. Nobody had dreamed she would ever marry. She was so plain and so poor, and seemed years older than she was—old enough to be her own grandmother, as Mrs. Harrison White said. She married a man who had paid some attention to Mrs. Harrison White when she was a girl, and she was popularly supposed to favor him, but her parents objected, so she married Harrison White instead.

Elisha Wheelock, the man Lydia married, all the neighbors had called "a poor tool." He was good-looking and good-hearted, but seemed to have little ambition and little taste for industry. Moreover, everybody said he drank. Lurinda Snell said she had seen him when he could scarcely walk, and many others agreed with her. Although the village was surprised the village gave a sort of negative approval of the banns. Everybody agreed that a man like Elisha Wheelock couldn't hope to do any better. No pretty girl with a good home would forsake it for him, and as for Lydia, it was probably her first and only chance, and she could never hope to do any better either. Moreover, Elisha owned a comfortable house—his father had just died and left it to him, with quite a good-sized farm; and it was said positively that Lydia's mother was to live there. "Lydia's got a good home for herself and her mother if 'Lisha don't drink it up," people said. Some thought he would. Everybody watched to see the old homestead and the fertile acres transformed into fiery draughts going down Elisha's throat, but they never did.

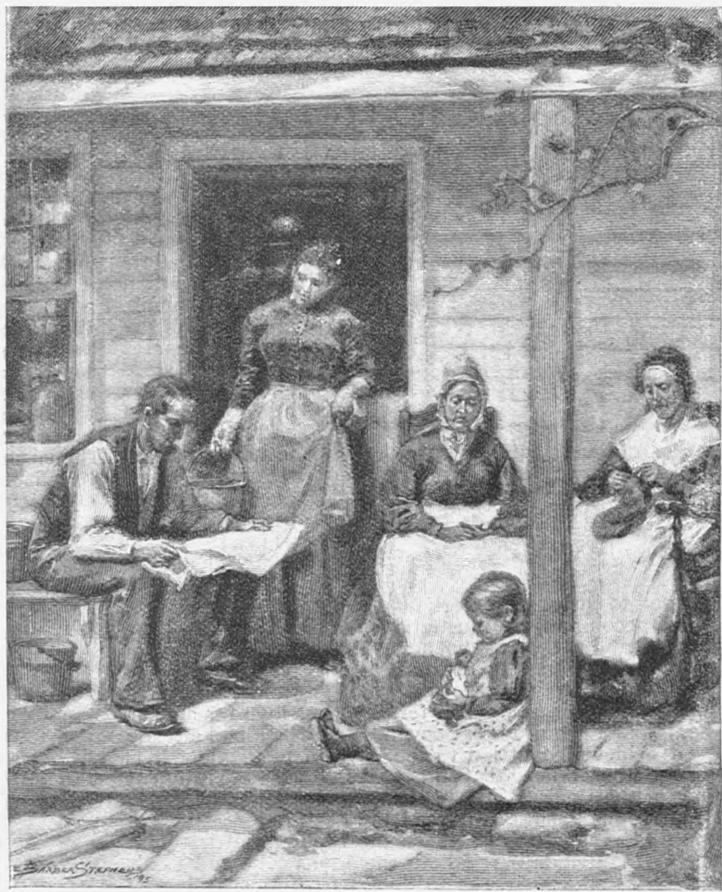
Lydia has had her way in one respect, if not in others, and that one may suffice for much. She has certainly had her way with Elisha Wheelock and made a man of him. Not a drop has he drunk, so far as people know—and all the neighbors have watched—in all the years since he married Lydia. He has worked steadily on his farm, he does not owe a dollar, and he is said to have a nice little sum in the savings bank. Moreover, he is a deacon of the church, and on the school committee.

Some of the neighbors say openly that Elisha would never have been deacon if it had not been for his wife; that Lydia ought to have been deacon, and since she could not, because she was a woman, they made her one by proxy through her husband.

Elisha is a good deacon—a very good deacon, indeed—and he has Lydia to fully and carefully advise him.

Lydia has never had any children, but she has always had a large family. She began with her own mother and her husband's mother, and a little orphan second cousin of her husband's who had lived with the Wheelocks since her parents died. Her own mother, as I said before, was very feeble and a deal of care; her husband's mother had a jealous, irritable disposition and was very difficult to live with; the orphan cousin was delicate, had the rickets, and, people said, none too clear a mind. Lydia kept no servant, and she had to work hard to keep her house in order, sew and mend, build up her husband's character, and reconcile all the opposite dispositions and requirements of her family. She has had to delve in a spiritual as well as temporal field, and employ heart, and soul, and hands at the same time ever since she was married. After her mother died an old aunt of Elisha's, who would otherwise have had to go upon the town, came to live with them. She is stone-deaf and has a curiously inquiring mind, but it is said that Lydia never loses her patience and never wearies of shouting the most useless information into her straining ears.

It was accounted somewhat fortunate that Elisha's mother did not live long after Aunt Inez appeared, for it would have been, not too great a strain upon Lydia's patience—nobody doubts the long-suffering of that—but



"Lydia has never had any children, but she has always had a large family"

dren. But, after all, it would be only a temporary relief. Some other widow, or orphan, or aged and infirm aunt, would descend upon her, for it is well known that it is Lydia who aids and abets her husband in his charity toward his needy relations. And, moreover, it is told how she lets the children and the additional expense be as small a source of worry to him as possible. Some of the neighbors think that if Lydia Wheelock stints herself much more, to provide for widows and orphans, she cannot go to meeting for lack of simply decent covering. Lurinda Snell is positive that she keeps her shawl on in hot weather to cover up her sleeves, which are past mending in any decorous fashion, and simply make a show of their innumerable and not very harmonious patches. And as for her bonnets, it is actually an insult to look attentively at them.

Poor Lydia has not had a new carpet in her sitting-room since she was married. The one Elisha's mother had was old then, and long ago went to the rag-man. Ever since she has lived on the bare boards. It is a dreadful thing in this village not to have a carpet in the sitting-room. The neighbors never get over being shocked at the loud taps of their shoes on the hard boards when they enter Lydia's. She had a rag carpet almost done, they say, when Lottie Green and her children came; since then she has had no time nor opportunity to finish it.

But everybody knew that if Lydia and Elisha did not do so much for other people she could have a tapestry carpet in her sitting-room, and a black silk dress every year. She sees to it, however, that Elisha is not stinted to his discomfort. He has his good Sunday clothes and looks as well as any man in the whole village.

Lydia is a good cook, and is said to simply pamper her husband's appetite, and take more pains to do so the more she has in her family. We are all very sure that Lydia never neglects her husband for his needy relations, nor relaxes for an instant her watchful eye upon his spiritual and temporal needs. Miss Lurinda Snell declares that she has built up a fire in the north parlor every evening this winter that Elisha may sit in there and read his paper, and not be annoyed by Lottie Green's children. They are very noisy, boisterous children.

Lydia Wheelock, busy as she is with her own, and the needs of her own, tried as her strength must be by her own household cares, does not confine her ministrations to them. If a neighbor is ill Lydia is always ready to watch with her, and a most invaluable nurse she is. Not a neighbor but would rather have Lydia than anybody else over her when she is ill.

Absolutely untiring is Lydia when ministering to the sick, tender as if the sufferer were her own child, and yet so firm and wise that one can feel her almost sufficient of herself to pull one back to health.

Lydia is always in the house of mourning; people claim her sympathy as if it were their right, and she seems to recognize her obligation toward all suffering without a question. She is also always ready with her aid on occasions of rejoicings, at wedding feasts, as well as funerals. She comes to the front with her kindly sympathy when the exigencies of human life arise.

We look across the meeting-house on a Sunday and see Lydia sitting listening to the sermon, her plain face uplifted with the expression of a saint, under that bonnet which we avoid glancing at for love of her, and our hearts are full of gratitude for this good woman in our village.



She suddenly got married, to the surprise of the whole village"

for her strength, to reconcile two such characters and keep the peace for any length of time. However, Elisha's mother had not been dead long before a sister of the rickety orphan cousin, who grows more and more of a charge as the years go on, lost her husband and came to live at the Wheelock place with her four children. They said she would be a great help to Lydia, but she is a pretty young thing, in spite of her four children; she is a good singer, and she is constant at all the sociables and singing-schools, and does a deal of fancy-work, and the neighbors think Lydia has to take nearly all the care of the children. They also think that the young widow is setting her cap here and there, and hope she may marry and so relieve poor Lydia of herself and her chil-

* The sixth and concluding sketch of a series of New England types written by Mary E. Wilkins, and illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens, for THE JOURNAL. The preceding sketches were published in the JOURNAL for December, 1895; January, February, March and April, 1896.

MARIE ANTOINETTE EMBROIDERY

By Helen Mar Adams

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR



ILLUSTRATION No. 6

FROM Marie Antoinette Josephe Jeanne, once Queen of France, and of historic fame, a beautiful style of simple and graceful design takes its name, and since about 1775 has been adopted and carried out to adorn the exteriors and interiors of both public buildings and private dwellings. That it is a style admirably

adapted to embroidery work may be discerned at a glance, as the accompanying illustrations afford a fair idea of the many beautiful designs that are available for fancy-work of every description. To the extravagant and lavish ideas of Marie Antoinette we owe a debt of gratitude, for it was solely through her passion for play, her love for amusement, and to gain a point beyond that which had already been achieved, that led to the birth of this style. It is somewhat surprising that so closely following the irregular lines of the Louis XV style one of this order should have been adopted, as the feature of the French decorations at that time seemed to have been the broken and irregular line, as the foundation of both the Louis XIV and Louis XV styles show. It was to depart from this feeling of irregularity that Marie Antoinette chose to have her rooms decorated in an entirely original manner.

Of the many beautiful centrepieces that could be designed two are shown on this page. Illustration No. 1 is a simple and easy arrangement of scrolls, rosettes and pearls, to carry out a light and graceful arrangement for either open or solid embroidery. A desirable and perhaps the most useful size for a centrepiece of this description will be eighteen inches square to outside edges. One inch in from the edge a line of hemstitching may be worked, and inside this, at the proper distance, the half-circular and half-square line may be buttonholed. This should not be more than three-sixteenths of an inch in width, and to insure its good appearance care should be taken to work it very evenly so the straight line will be straight, and the segments a part of a true circle, and not irregular nor with ragged edges. Inside the buttonholed line the scrolls, rosettes and pearls are to be arranged in an easy and graceful manner as the illustration shows. Either the solid or outline mode of embroidery may be employed, and if it is desirable to work the pattern solid, one-half of the illustration is lined in, suggesting the most advantageous way to embroider the several members of the design. This same pattern, if worked on a larger scale, is a very good one for a sofa-pillow or table-cover. For a sofa-pillow the various shades of denim, worked in buff, cream or white linen, result satisfactorily, and for a table-cover cream-white cotton goods, or white linen, worked in any of the light shades of pink, blue, brown or green, will be found attractive.

To those who enlarge these over designs from small illustrations similar to these, perhaps a few words of advice would be acceptable: In the first place, to lay out the full-size pattern, such as the centrepiece just described, obtain a smooth piece of paper at least two feet square, and pin it to a lapboard. Then draw a perfect square of eighteen inches, and draw lines diagonally across, from corner to corner, and other lines at right angles through the square; the last lines will pass through the lines of pearls that point toward the centre, and all the lines will cross or come together at the middle of the square. Draw one side of an ornament, and by tracing this and duplicating it in relative positions all around the square, you will have as a result a full-size pattern of regular design and symmetrical appearance. It will then be found an easy matter to trace the entire pattern and transfer it to the desired material in the customary way.

A centrepiece of more intricate design is shown in Illustration No. 2, and if worked in three or four colors, such as light green, pink, blue and a light straw color, on a white ground, a very attractive piece will be the result. One color on a white ground is a very good treatment, but the most pleasing results are obtained by happily

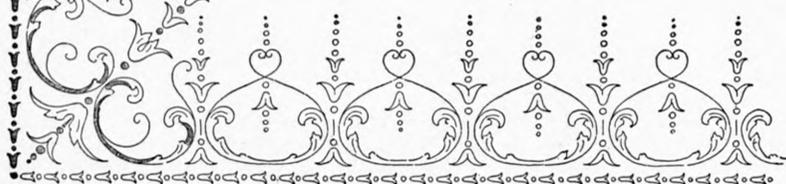


ILLUSTRATION No. 7

blending several light, harmonious shades together. From eighteen to twenty-four inches across is a good size for this octagon piece, and if it is to be fringed the edge may be run on a machine first, then buttonholed all around, after which the fringing is to be done in the same way that a round centrepiece is fringed. A good quality of round thread or antique hand-spun linen makes the best body on which to embroider designs in this style, as its slightly rugose surface lends to the appearance greatly.

The dolly shown in Illustration No. 3 is designed to match either centrepiece and can be made from five to eight inches square. If to match Illustration No. 2, and it is desired to have them eight-sided and fringed, the rosettes at the corners may be left off and the corners cut. It will not make a perfect eight-sided affair, but there will be four sides, each of two lengths alike. By using the same materials for both centrepiece and doilies, and embroidering them in the same shades, a very pretty set will be the result.

For a corner to a table-cover or lambrequin the design shown in Illustration No. 4 is very appropriate, and may be offset at the centres, between corners, by some little ornament taken from the members of this corner pattern.

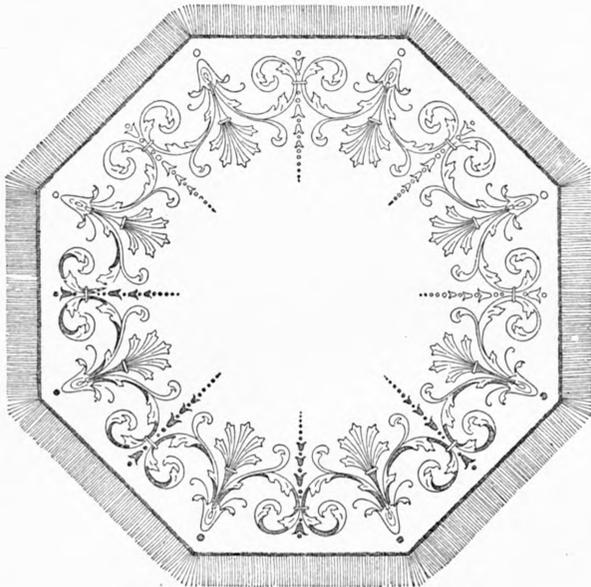


ILLUSTRATION No. 2

Corners of small dimensions may be used also, and will be very attractive for centrepiece corners, for carving-napkins, pillow-shams or portiere ends.

The uses to which a corner design may be put are almost without limit, so in illustrating one it is not drawn to be adapted to any one or two pieces, but may be applied to almost any article of fancy-work desired.

For the end of a table or dresser scarf a design is shown in Illustration No. 5, and can be worked nicely from a width of fifteen to twenty-four inches. A scarf measuring eighteen inches in width from edge to edge is, perhaps, the most useful size, as the tops of dressers in use are from sixteen to twenty inches in width; few are more than twenty-two. Occasionally, however, they may be built with shelves at least twenty-four or twenty-six inches wide, but these are the exception. A hemstitched edge with an inch margin and a wide hem at the ends is desirable, as the illustration suggests, and if made with a hem three inches, or even four, at the ends, the vine design can be worked nicely, as shown in the drawing. A deep fringe at the ends might be an improvement, but this is a matter of choice. It is suggested, however, if a fringe is used, that it be made of the body material and not a purchased and applied edging. An attractive color scheme for this scarf end would be to work the basket in a shade or two of straw color, the flowers and leaves in the light natural colors, making all leaf work on scrolls and other ornaments in two or three shades of light soft green, and the stems in brown of one or two shades. The small pearl garlands may be a very delicate shade of blue, and the ribbons of light pink. If care is taken in the selection of the various colors, and they blend nicely, a very pleasing result will be obtained.

For the centre of pillow-shams to match the scarf end a centre design is shown in Illustration No. 6. It can be of any desired size, but the most useful is seven or eight inches across from outside to outside of the scrolls at the bottom of the design. The color scheme can be carried

out in the same manner as described for the scarf end design, and if well done an equally good result is sure to follow.

It is clearly a matter of choice, however, as regards color schemes, and for those who desire colors on bed linen and toilet sets it may be stated that any of the light pleasing shades of filo and wash silks may be advantageously employed, but for those who do not care for colors plain white is always satisfactory. When embroidering in white it is always best to use pure white and not cream color, as in time the pure white silk becomes slightly yellow from frequent laundering, so that to use a cream white instead of pure white would insure the entire design in a light buff after a little use.

For a border four or five inches wide a good open design is shown in Illustration No. 7, and as both the

solid and outline treatment may be used to equally good advantage, the drawing suggests the mode of embroidering it either way. The most satisfactory results are obtained by working parts solid and leaving others in outline, and this will be found particularly so when two or more colors of silk are employed. This design may be carried out in almost any width, but the most desirable will be from three inches and a half to six inches.

For table-covers, large centrepieces and sofa-pillows a very attractive running border and corner is suggested in Illustration No. 8, and while the beauty of it can hardly be judged from the small illustration, it is one of the most attractive running borders worked in three colors that can be arranged for this style of embroidery. The running vine and harp corners, with the laurel branch and leaves, together with the pearl line around the entire outer edge, form one of the most pleasing of design construction, and should not fail to give entire satisfaction.

With the motives given in these few designs it should not be a difficult matter for any one to combine the features in such a manner as to produce almost any design of the Marie Antoinette style that may be desired to adorn a piece of fancy or useful linen other than those mentioned, and for any use whatever the required members for a new design may be drawn from some one or all of these illustrations, with the full assurance of artistic results.

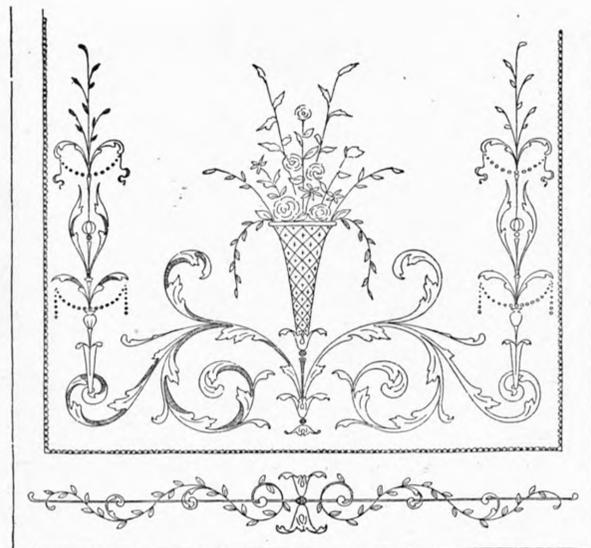


ILLUSTRATION No. 5

They will be worked in, of course, with the boundary line that extends all around the square or oblong, as it may be, the beginning of which is shown on the outside of the corner design. A good size for this corner is six or seven inches long on one of the straight sides, and if seven inches long the angle measurement from the top pearl to the end of the fan ornament will be seven inches and a half.

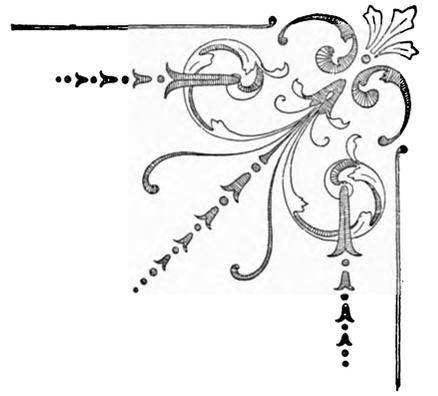


ILLUSTRATION No. 4

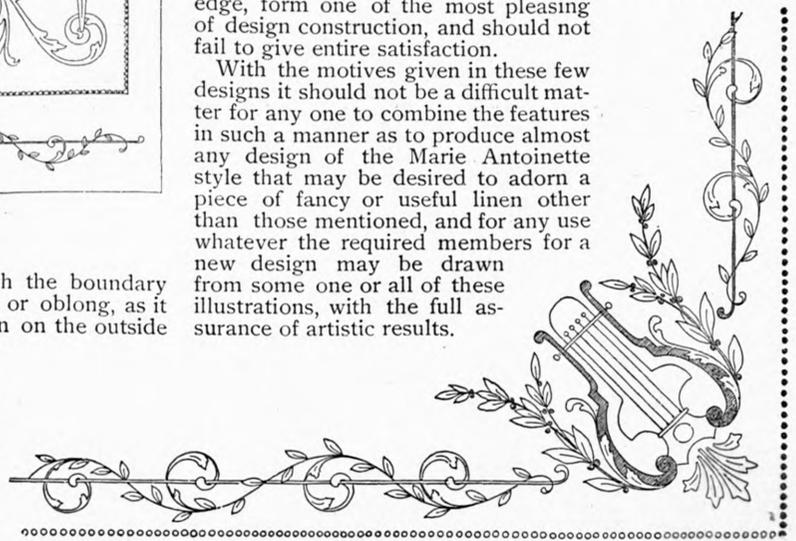


ILLUSTRATION No. 8

Drawings By **IN SPRINGTIME** Verses by
 Kate Greenaway Laura E. Richards



When Spring doth break and buds do blow,
 Then boys and girls a-walking go,
 In woods and meadows to and fro,
 To see the leaves unfold,
 To pull the spicy forest root,
 To spy the violet under foot,
 To watch the willows start and shoot
 In wands of greeny gold.

The first they met was tiny Tim,
 All lost in drowsy dreamings dim,
 And straight the lassies pounced on him,
 And bade him trip along,
 And next they saw, in primly pride,
 Miss Sue, with Carlo by her side,
 "Come, come with us," they gayly cried,
 "To hear the woodbird's song."



Now Moira said to Marjorie,
 "We'll go together, dear, 'dye see,
 For sisters still should loving be,
 And kind in all their ways,
 And if we meet the girls and boys,
 We'll bid them leave their books and toys
 And come and share the springtime joys
 The woodland's morning play."



Now passing down the village street,
 They met two children small and sweet,
 In winter wraps all clad complete,
 With muff and fluff and fur.
 "Oh, fie for shame!" the maidens cry,
 "Come, throw your furs and mufflers by!
 The starry eyebrights smile and sigh,
 The pussy willows pur!"



Soon every child in our town,
 In jacket, cap or kilted gown,
 Had left the street so dull and brown,
 And sought the woodland fair.
 The merry sisters led the way,
 Marjorie sweet and Moira gay,
 And oh, but happy was the play
 When once they gathered there.



"Winter," they sang, "is cold and lean,
 But fair, oh, fair is April green,
 And sweet, so sweet, is May the Queen,
 With morning in her face.
 Then let the children dance and sing,
 With trip and quip and joyous fling,
 To welcome in the golden Spring,
 In every country place."





THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

MAY, 1896

A SOCIAL SIGN OF THE TIME

WHEN a man is courtly and deferential to a woman nowadays we say that "he is a gentleman of the old school." We do not mean to imply by this that the men of our own generation are lacking in politeness to the other sex. But we all feel that the old-time gallantry and chivalry are gradually passing away. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe observed the changing condition of affairs when she recently wrote from a lifetime of experience: "I do not think that the manners of so-called polite society to-day are quite so polite as they were in my youth. Young women of fashion seem to me to have lost in dignity of character and in general tone and culture. Young men of fashion seem to regard the young ladies with less esteem and deference, and a general cheap-and-easy standard of manners is the result." Mrs. Howe, herself a leader in the cause of "enlarged privileges for women," concedes that the changing condition of affairs is due, in a measure, to the different social status of men and women. But she thinks that if the charmed circle of society has been seriously damaged superior external benefits have accrued. These benefits she defines as being that "women are leading nobler and better lives, filling larger places, enjoying the upper air of thought where they used to rest upon the very soil of domestic care and detail." And her deduction is that "the community gains, although one class loses."

BUT the vast majority of sensible people will agree with Mrs. Howe's first observation, while they dissent from her subsequent explanation or deduction. No community gains an iota in a single respect which loses the refinement and delicacy of the old social conditions, is their argument. And they are right. The fact is that women of every mind are on all sides beginning to reckon the cost of this "movement" for the extension of their "privileges." Even those who were strong adherents in the "faith" at the beginning are showing signs of an abatement of enthusiasm. It is not alone in the circles of fashion that the poisonous arrows of woman's "enlarged sphere" have entered, but in every grade and walk of our social life. And, in each instance, absolute damage has been done. A distinct and gradual decadence of politeness in the whole social body has been noticeable of late by people who watch the signs of the times. Men and women no longer exhale that odor of refinement and circumspection that formerly existed. The two sexes have come to meet more on an equal footing. There is more personal liberty exercised by each. The rules of propriety have been stretched and liberalized to suit what our "advanced women" choose to call the "enlarged views of social duties and relations." Young women have assumed an air of independence; young men an air of indifference. And nowadays honest politeness seems to have been relegated to what we call the poorer classes, so that a woman is more apt to be offered a seat in a car by a laboring man than she is to receive a similar courtesy from a man supposed by birth and social conditions to be the workingman's superior. Is it the fault of the man? Hardly. He has heard women speak so much of the equality of the sexes that he is simply placing her on that footing. The taint has not touched the laborer, however—he instinctively rises to give his seat to the woman. The "new woman," the "advanced woman," the "equal rights woman," he knows not. He sticks to the customs of the past—the deference which he, perhaps, saw his father pay to his mother. He has not forgotten the old-time lesson that a woman should not be compelled to stand in a moving vehicle. All this foolishness about a woman being the equal of a man has not touched him. He knows that it is not so. He believes his mother or his wife to be morally his superior, but physically his inferior, and he does not propose to lower God's estimate to earthly conceptions. Homage is the true essence of politeness; and thank God the "advanced woman" has not killed it in some men yet.

WE need not go so far as to say that as men and women we are deteriorating, or that the social structure is in any danger of collapse. It is not so bad as that. But it is bad enough. New ideas have been interjected into our lives, and they have brought forth new conditions. Whereas, only a few years back, one sex occupied a position above the other, the two are now side by side competing fiercely in every occupation, in every branch of our life. Antagonisms have been born which hitherto have been unknown between the sexes. The aggressive spirit of the woman of "advanced" ideas has asserted itself. A new sense of self-reliance has been imbibed by women. And what is the result? Men have tacitly inferred that women scorn the sort of consideration which at one time they felt was their tribute to womanhood. Naturally, politeness has become lax, the grace of homage is often forgotten. The highest standard of manners cannot thrive in an atmosphere charged with rivalry and contention. Women first discovered this when they went into business; now they are experiencing it in their social relations. Happily, however, a quiet revulsion of feeling on this question of the sexes has slowly become noticeable, and the opinion is general that there has come a distinct turn in the tide, and it is well that it should be so, and that we may all look forward to a return of old-time politeness on the part of the men, and a gracious acceptance of it on the part of the women.

TO the sober-minded and clear-thinking people of this country the hollowness of this whole movement of "advanced rights" for women was apparent from the start. But, unfortunately, there is always a class which is ready to listen to new ideas or to try fresh experiments. The idea of a woman being placed in every respect on a basis of equality with a man had its undoubted attractions to the unthinking and the easily-influenced. But the cost was not considered, as it rarely is in such movements. Now the experiment has had its trial, and even the unthinking are coming around to the point of seeing that the results are not what they hoped for or were given to expect. And having swung around the circle, as we all do in some things, they are slowly but surely coming back to the point from whence they started. And, after all, when we come to think of it, that start was of Divine ordination, and was pretty wisely conceived. And although some zealous advocates of the movement have gone so far as to tamper with the Bible it was just as well, perhaps, that they should have gone just as far as they did. Nothing is sacred to reformers when they start out to reform, and it was unwise to expect, perhaps, that the reformers of womanhood would be more careful. But now the end is reached. There is nothing more in view. And the price which woman has been and is being asked to pay for her "increased privileges," she does not, naturally, care to give. And there we are: like the Biblical prodigal ready to go back. Fortunately, we have not outlived the possibility of a speedy and healthy return to that halcyon condition of things when the surpassing charm of civilization was the deference paid by men to women. Then the woman was the superior of the man. For a time now she has descended to be his equal. And so let us hope that she soon will be again upon her old pedestal. In the minds of clear-thinking men she has always been there. We have either amused ourselves, or been amused with the efforts to create a "new woman," or force certain fancied "rights" and "privileges" upon women. Unfortunately, our amusement in this respect has proven costly. And that is why it is time to stop, and stop now. We cannot afford to trifle with the relations of the sexes, and when fanciful ideas affect a deferential attitude in society-at-large, an attitude which means the protection of woman, the elevation of man and the uplifting of the whole social body, we are tampering with something which is dangerous. For without consideration, one for the other, or that sense of politeness which grows out of consideration, this would be a barren world indeed!

GIRLS AND LITERARY CALISTHENICS

EACH June we are treated in this country to a succession of the most beautifully suggestive events which it is possible to have fall under human eyes. These come when our schools, colleges, seminaries and universities close their seasons of study, and hold the commencement exercises of the year. Particularly is the sight one of beautiful significance in schools for girls. Girlhood is always beautiful to a healthy mind. But never does it seem so peculiarly and so significantly gracious as when it steps forth with its school days behind it and the world of womanhood before it. The girl feels the thrill of the moment, and to the auditor the importance of it all comes strangely home. It is like an epoch in the life of the girl and in that of her parents and friends. The time of the year is in full sympathy with these events, and everything about the commencement exercises of a girl's school, college or seminary is thrilling to the pulses. To be present at such exercises is one of the most exhilarating experiences that can come to either man or woman.

AND it is because of the fact that everything about these closing moments of a girl's school life is so fresh, dainty and beautiful, that I want to quarrel with the principals of these institutions for allowing one part of the exercises to be entirely incongruous with the other portions. I mean the literature of these events: the character of the essays read at these commencements. When the parents and friends of the graduates assemble to see the honors of the school year coming to their girls it is only natural that they should wish to get some assurance that the money devoted and the time given to their education shall not have been for naught. But I do not think that these parents take the slightest pleasure in seeing their daughters wrestle with the topics given them for their essays—topics that are nearly always far beyond the ken or conception of girlhood. I took the pains last June to carefully follow the reports of commencements in different parts of our country, and the mistaken topics discussed in graduating essays were something remarkable. For example, at one of these exercises the first essay, delivered by a girl of twenty, treated of "A History of Civilization." The poor girl showed that not only had she completely lost her way before she had read one-third of her paper, but it required exactly fifty minutes for her to reach the end. Naturally, her audience was tired long before the conclusion of the paper, and when she reached the last sentence I venture to say that no one had either followed her through her literary labyrinth or had the faintest idea of what she had been reading. In a second case, a long discussion on the topic of "Republic Versus Monarchy" was held by four girls, which proved quite as tiresome to the audience as it was inappropriate to the occasion. "Trades' Unions and Monopoly of Labor" was the subject of an essay by a girl of nineteen at a New England college. In a fourth instance, "The Negro and His Right to Vote" constituted the subject of a thirty-minute essay which I had caused to be sent me, and which clearly showed that the girl had not the least knowledge of her topic. Another girl, at a Western commencement, undertook to present "Some Factors of the Labor Problem"—unintelligently, of course. The singularly uninteresting subject of "The Rise of English Newspapers" was presented at an Eastern commencement, while at still another the wisdom of instituting "Libel Suits Against Editors" was discussed pro and con. The other extreme was found at still another commencement, where a girl attempted to solve the problem, "Is Love Worth Striving For?"—a question which seems to me wonderfully inappropriate for the occasion. And so I might go on presenting fully a score of other instances of misdirected literary efforts at commencements, reports of which lie beside me. I have not cited isolated cases. Of over thirty programs, more than twenty contain these inexplicable mistakes. In three instances an address by some well-known educator was substituted for the graduating essays—truly a welcome innovation, and one which should spread widely.

NOW it seems to me that there are plenty of topics to be found in the realms of history, art, astronomy, literature or music, which, if commencement essays are deemed necessary—and, to my mind, they are not—can be far more wisely or acceptably discussed than those I have cited above. Surely, questions of politics, labor, government or race have no proper place at girls' commencement exercises, even were there a likelihood of any semblance of correct knowledge on such topics being shown. Instead of girls being presented at their mental best they are shown at their worst when such topics are chosen for them or allowed to be selected. At the very best a girl of nineteen or twenty shows only her immature knowledge of such mighty topics when she attempts to handle them—discuss them intelligently she cannot. Then why take them up at all? Why, for that matter, have commencement essays at all? For the most part they bore the audience rather than interest it—and bore the girls who read them, too, I fancy. In several of the colleges, whose commencement programs for last year lie before me, I notice that the traditional essays are omitted, and simply general exercises were followed; or, as I said in the preceding paragraph, an address by a prominent educator was given. The change is a welcome one, and the principals of colleges throughout the country will be wise if they imitate the examples of these leaders. Parents and friends journey to commencement exercises to see their daughters, or the girls in whom they are interested, look their prettiest and seem their best. They want to see the honors of the school year bestowed. It is not a time for mental calisthenics—certainly not for calisthenics far beyond the powers of the performer. Either let us have no essays at our commencements, or let the choice of topics be within comprehensive lines.

WHERE MEN ARE CARELESS

IT is a singular fact that the American man, who is the best and most thoughtful husband in the world, should yet be peculiarly thoughtless as to the future of his wife or children in the event of his death. How often this fact is brought home to all of us when a man dies and leaves his widow in poverty and his affairs in absolute confusion, whereas a little forethought might easily have prevented either or both. The most loving of husbands is often the one most careless in the making of his will. Either he forgets altogether to make one, or he leaves a document which he had planned to change, but for some reason or other failed to alter. Again, he neglects to take out an insurance policy where his income easily justified his doing so. Or, perhaps, he took out a certain policy for the benefit of his mother, sister, father or brother, and the beneficiary having passed away it was his intention to alter the policy to the name of his wife. He intended to do it, but death found it undone, and trouble ensued for the widow. Particularly, in cases where a man marries for the second time, should the strictest punctuality and care be exercised in altering his will, insurance policy or such other documents as he may leave behind him tending to benefit his heirs or successors.

BUT men are optimistic about death. Friends may drop at their very sides, and for a time the lesson is brought home to them. "I must make my will, and see about my own affairs in case I die," says the man to himself, and he honestly intends to give the matter attention. But within a few days he has plunged into business again and forgotten his good resolution. Suddenly he dies, or becomes so seriously ill as to make suitable arrangements impossible. Then trouble ensues for those he leaves behind. Such cases are not isolated ones. Again and again during the past year have such instances come directly under my attention or I have heard of them. And yet, in each case, I venture to say, there existed an intention on the part of the dead man to "set his house in order." It was simply thoughtlessness; it was "put off" as a matter which could be attended to at any time. Naturally, the wife shrinks from discussing the subject of a provision being made for her and her children in the event of her husband's passing away. Death is never a pleasant topic, even at its best, and it is a topic which we avoid if we can. The wife fears, too, having ulterior motives attributed to her if she mentions the subject. And so the matter of provision for the wife after the husband's death is allowed to go undiscussed. There is some reason why a woman should refrain from speaking of such a topic to her husband—and yet I cannot help thinking that it would often be better if she would. But there is no excuse for the man's neglect of so important a matter. No man should become so engrossed in affairs that he cannot take time to see, so far as he is able, that no trouble that he can provide against shall come to his wife or children after his death. If he has anything to leave to them he should make a will and distinctly provide for the distribution of his effects. Nor can such a document be safely made except in the shape of a will legally drawn by a lawyer. "Memorandums" are worthless things in the eyes of the law, and frequently have exactly the opposite effect to that which was intended. The same care should be exercised in the case of insurance policies. I firmly believe that it is the duty of every man to be insured. With insurance policies to be had at such low rates as is at present the case, there is scarcely a man who cannot afford some sort of a policy, no matter how small the amount it may call for. What seems to the man himself in good health as a small amount for an insurance policy, often turns out to be a modest fortune to the woman or children who survive him. I wish, sometimes, that the taking out of an insurance policy, on the part of the husband, for an amount according to his means, might be made an obligatory part of every marriage ceremony.

I know whereof I speak when I say that there are hundreds of women in the homes of this land who are daily carrying with them the fear that their husbands or fathers are neglecting or forgetting to make suitable provision for them as widows or orphans. They shrink from speaking to the men of their homes about the matter. And it is especially for the benefit of these women that I write these words. Perhaps, where the occasion makes it necessary, they can, with a woman's skill, see that what I have written here may come to the attention of these men. And if my words should prove to be the means of bringing even one man to a realizing sense of his duty I shall not have written in vain. No man can afford to neglect a simple duty which may mean all the difference between happiness and misery to his family. Suitable provision for them he cannot allow himself to "put off," for surely it is true that "in the midst of life we are in death."

SHALL WE SEND OUR BOY TO COLLEGE?
By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.

WHAT depends a great deal on the boy. It might not be best for him to go to college; it might not be best for the community that he should. College can fit a man for life, and, also, it can unfit him. There are styles of education that disqualify the student for doing what he is competent to do, without qualifying him to do that which he might like to do, but for which he lacks, and always will lack, the prerequisites. Agriculturalists tell us that there are soils which, if left mostly to themselves, will bear a very respectable crop of a certain order, but which, if considerably cultivated, will neither bear a crop of that order nor of any other. Soil and brain are not so widely differenced as not to be subject, within certain limits, to the same laws. As a general principle, the more a man knows the better, but so long as the present order of things continues a great amount of very ordinary work will require to be done; and ordinary people will do ordinary work better than extraordinary people will, and be a great deal more comfortable while doing it. Hordes of both sexes are entering college for the reason that they do not enjoy doing commonplace things. The result is that commonplace things are left undone, and uncommonplace things fare still worse.

SHREWDNESS does not imply big-mindedness. I might say with a good deal of assurance that it implies the contrary. And shrewdness has more than anything else to do with the acquisition of gain. I am not defining words here, but trying to use them in the sense usually accepted. Shrewdness among men is a good deal the same thing that sharpness is among knives, razors and scissors, and is less suggestive of largeness than it is of blade thinned down to an edge. This is not disparaging the quality of the material. The sharpest razors can be drawn down only from the best steel, but, nevertheless, the reason they can cut is because there is so little to them at the point where they take hold. Much the same thing can be asserted of other experts as well as of the money expert. There are a great many things that can be best done by the man who does not know too much, or, at least, by the man whose intelligence is concentrated at a single point or along a single line. The mechanic who has come to be known among us as the "Wizard" would, perhaps, have been more of a man if he had gone to Harvard, but it would probably have spoiled him as a "wizard." Genius is presumably always a species of mania, and liable, therefore, to become something very ordinary if successfully subjected to the processes of the asylum. They had better be kept away from college if the design is to make them experts. College will be able to give them a character of "all-roundness," but a knife cannot be round and sharp at the same time; neither can a boy. It is true that there are what are called business colleges, where the monopolizing purpose is to make the students into business experts, money-making experts. It is unfortunate that such schools are called colleges, for to the degree in which they fulfill their advertised purpose they cease to embody the college idea. Such "colleges" do not aim to deepen and expand their students, but to sharpen them for business life, and perform, therefore, only the same part that the grindstone and the hone do in preparing the razor for the cutlery shop.

THIS leads up directly to the second class of results toward which men strive, and for which either of what are called the learned professions would suffice as example. We are now on ground quite distinct from that occupied by the expert. We are quite out of the region of shrewdness, crankiness and mania. In dealing with our physician, our lawyer, or our clergyman we want a man with trained powers and with balanced powers. In that I have combined in a single sentence the two purposes of the college. The object of such an institution is not to fit a man for any specific occupation or calling. College is not a grindstone nor a whetstone. In its true intention it stands in the same relation to mind that the gymnasium does to body. Men do not practice in a gymnasium in order that they may learn how to perform any specific variety of physical labor, but in order that they may be in muscular condition to do anything that may come to them to be done, or, still better, that their body may be at its completest and its best. So if we are going to do large intelligent work the prime condition is the possession of an intellect trained and stocked in the same general and comprehensive way. College training is simply the process of intellectually getting ready, not getting ready for this, that or the other specific mental service, but simply getting ready—planting down a broad foundation of preliminary big enough to support any breadth or height of superstructure that there may be need or opportunity to put upon it. There are two criticisms which ardent and practical young men are likely to pass upon the purpose of college training as thus stated, one of which is that it involves an infeasible expenditure of time. Graduates are themselves the best judges upon this matter. The college course and the requisite preparatory training costs about seven years of the best and most possible period of a man's life. There may be circumstances in the case that forbid such expenditure. Considerations of health, means, dependencies, may necessitate a different mode of life and a pecuniarily remunerative one; but if a young man hopes to do a large, solid work in the world, a work in which intelligence of a broad kind is to play any considerable part, and there is no antecedent obstacle in the way, he makes an irreversible mistake if he considers seven years too much to pay for a liberal education.

IF the practical youngster considers such an expenditure of ten per cent. of his lifetime impracticable it needs to be said that there is nothing more misleading than the "practical" conclusions arrived at by inexperience. The time a man spends in getting ready is never wasted time. The value of a man's work is not determined nearly as much by its quantity as by its quality, and quality is the correlate of preparation. If I may refer to myself, I commenced what may be called my life's work when I was thirty-three. Up to that time I was simply finishing the preliminaries and had no definite purpose for the future. More men scrimp the effects of their life by beginning too early than by beginning too late. If they die young it makes little difference how much time they spend in apprenticeship, and if they live to a ripe age it makes a great deal of difference. It is rather a suggestive fact that nine-tenths of our Lord's life He spent in preparation.

I AM only dealing just now with the general proposition that because it takes seven years to reach the end of a college course is no kind of reason at all why a man should not take a college course. So far from its not being practical it is the most severely practical thing he can do, just as the most practical thing an architect can first do in putting up a building is not to build, but to excavate; and the higher he expects to build up the more time he will use up in digging down. It is safe to say that ninety-five out of a hundred college graduates would take no exception to my statement. Another criticism prompted by the utilitarian spirit, particularly if inexperienced, will be that the college occupies itself so much with what has no direct bearing upon the ordinary questions of life. To any one who has yielded himself vigorously to the discipline of the college curriculum such a criticism appears just about as reasonable as it would for a man to object to certain dishes placed before him at table on the ground that he was unable to follow each crumb and drop to the particular function it discharges in the anatomy and physiology of the body. It is a sad pity that our college authorities are to such a degree succumbing to this shallow skepticism, and that they are so largely allowing the idea that a college is an institution for the comprehensive upbuilding of a man, to be replaced by the idea that it is a sort of whetting shop where dull steel can be ground to an edge, or a kind of cabinet shop where unshaped timber can be worked down and fitted to a particular niche in the business of life. In this way instead of being the fosterer of intelligence pure and simple the college is coming to be utilized to a considerable degree as a contrivance for teaching mind to do specific things and play particular tricks. Still the old idea is deeply rooted, and there is conservatism enough, I hope, to insure its maintenance. The question to be settled is not what particular studies will be the means of securing the graduate quickest admission to the activities of life, but what are the studies that are best fitted to make his mind distinct and vigorous in every direction, so that he will be soundly intelligent and equipped even for uncalculated emergencies.

I can say for myself that those studies which seemed to me when in college least prolific in probable practical result have in the issue shown themselves to be just the ones that have been most practical and prolific in their yield. Those powers of mind which are the most necessary are in many a student the very ones that are least feebly present, and the ones, therefore, to which the most attention needs to be given rather than the least. A student's fondness for a particular branch, and his ability to appreciate in advance the advantages of a particular branch, suggest absolutely nothing as to the desirability of prosecuting that branch. The trouble with hosts of people is that they want to get results without earning them. Young men fix their eyes upon those who have attained a measure of success, and conceive that there is a possibility of their attaining to the same success without squaring and honestly paying for it. We never obtain what we have not except by the laborious exertion of what we have. There are no royal roads; there are no short cuts which do not in the end demonstrate themselves to be the longest and most circuitous routes in existence. College life is long and laborious. It costs money, and other things that are still more expensive than money; but it is the best expedient yet devised for securing in a man that completeness of equipment which will enable him to win his way in the world, where so immense a proportion of the problems have to be solved by intelligence that is trained, balanced and on the alert.

In my next article (in response to a request received from one of my readers) I want to say something as to the means by which one who for any reason is not able to go to college can best make up to himself the loss which he thereby suffers.

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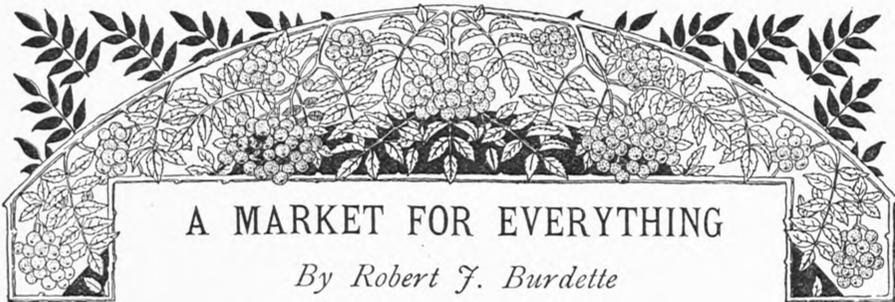
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EDITOR'S NOTE—The fourth of a series of articles by Rev. Parkhurst addressed to young men, which began in the JOURNAL of February, 1896, and will continue throughout the year.

C. H. Parkhurst



A MARKET FOR EVERYTHING

By Robert J. Burdette

SUPPOSE that long ago, long before the war, long even before I was born, when the "oldest Mason" was yet a boy, and the "youngest soldier in the volunteer army" was growing bald, and the "boy preacher" had lost all his teeth and gone blind, so long ago that even the ill-natured people who can remember when your father had to work for a living, have forgotten, this trading old world was buying and selling; one side telling awful fibs about the scanty margin of profit, which was really a dead loss, and the other side trying to beat down the price, and telling equally awful whacks about another place, not very far down the street, where they had been offered the same thing at a much lower price. I don't positively know all this, you understand; I just suppose it was the case. Things were arranged on the shelves, and tumbled on the bargain counter, and the big show windows were resplendent with samples unlike anything in the whole store, when I came ashore. Being a stranger I simply fell into the ways of the people of the country. When I first went into business I was a beggar, because that was the way in which all the other citizens of my age and inexperience began business. I didn't earn a cent for a long time; didn't do a stroke of work; didn't ask for work, and wouldn't have accepted any had it been offered me—no, not at any wages. I woke up and demanded something to eat. When I got it I went to sleep—if I felt like it; if I didn't I compelled some busy, industrious member of the firm to amuse me until I was tired of it. And no matter who went without, I was provided for. Those were the "good old times" you sometimes hear people talk about as having reigned so long ago. There has been nothing but hard times since those days of unproductive idleness. If we want to see such times again in this distracted land we must go back to primitive conditions—quit working altogether, eat, sleep and play. That's my platform for universal happiness.

WHEN I first went into business I was a buyer. Everything was high—away up. Every man with whom I traded told me there had never been such hard times; said his expenses were something terrible; that wages were higher than the stars. When I said that mine were lower than Nadir County groundnuts he said yes, that was so in my line, but in all other trades they were out of sight. There was a tariff higher than the Chinese wall on everything he handled, he said; all the cattle in Texas had been driven by the intense cold away over into Mexico, and that sent leather up so high that most people were wearing their shoes on their heads this year; then the mild, open winter had been so warm, there being no snow, it had killed all the wheat, and flour was, therefore, an article for royal consumption only at the present price; the long drought had destroyed all the root crops, and the continuous rains had blighted the corn. There had been so little snow that all the logs in the Northwest and Maine had been hung up in the woods, and lumber was so high they were using it to build balloons; times were dreadful. So, indeed, they were. Everything was against me when I was a buyer. But after awhile—buy and buy, that is—I prospered, and had something to sell. Straightway these same men told me that free trade had opened the doors of the world into competition with me; wages had gone down so far that their hands had to fish for their money on payday; labor didn't cost the time of a woman even—which is absurd; the market was overstocked for the next two years, and there was no demand for my wares anyhow; however, if I wanted to leave the goods, they would give them shelf room for a little while, and if they could sell them they would, after deducting insurance, storage, rent, general wear and tear, commission and ramage, allow me what they thought was right after taking out a fair profit for themselves. These things also caused me much to wonder. However, I had before this time observed that when I drove to town on a winter day the cold, chilling wind blew in my face all the way, and when I turned around to come home again the wind veered just as suddenly and blew in my back every mile of the return trip. So I thought it was one of the ways of the world, as I had never been here before, and was prepared thereafter for any amount of fickleness and "facing both ways."

BUT this, also, I discovered—it had been discovered a great many thousand times by a great many thousand people before my time, but nobody had discovered it for me—that in a world so big as this, wherein so many millions of people were buying and selling all the time, there was a market for everything a man had, if only he could find the market. At first, when a buyer said he didn't want my goods I took them home and cast them in the fire. This, also, was not profitable. But, watching my brethren, the buyers and sellers, very closely, I soon learned, although I was not a political economist by birth or education, all my people being Baptists, that, free trade or high tariff, the business of the world went on, and somebody wanted everything there was in it, and a few people got it—the most of it. What I mean is—I find that no man and but very few women can discuss questions of political or domestic economy so as to be more than half understood by anybody else, and not quite so much as that by themselves, and not at all by each other—what I mean is, that when one man does not want your goods another one does. After that light glimmered slowly into my consciousness I went home and put out the fire. Fuel is high, I said, and I can keep warm by hustling, and I will have no further use for a mercantile crematory. So I sold the furnace to a man who sells hot pitch to the sons of Anak who review your novels, and set out to look up the man who was dying to buy what I was starving to sell. I found him. And I send this word of encouragement to other small dealers in a retail way like myself. It is easy to find this man. All along the way to his shop are finger-boards standing at all the corners and cross-roads, plainly marked, "Declined with thanks." They lead straight to his door, so that the wayfaring man, though he know more than he can conceal, need not err therein. The first time I paused before one of these chilling finger-boards (on the reverse of it is the despairing legend, "This way out") it nearly broke my heart, though my grief was strangely mingled with a desire to break the editor's head. I ascertained, on looking more closely, that the milk over which I was weeping was not spilled, neither was the pitcher broken. I went on to the next place, and the next, and the next one after that, and a little farther down the street, and around the corner, and lo, the man I was after, waiting for me! And he is there to-day, in the same old stand, waiting for you.

IN my own line I always carefully copied the declined article, because the careless thumb marks and the blue pencilings of the "reader" do most cruelly give away ancient manuscript. But clad in new gear, with bright, smiling face, washed in its own tears, shining like the dawn, timidly knocking, tip-toeing in and saying its "howdy" as sweetly as though never before had it seen the interior of an editor's lair, and had never been nearer a printing-office than it had been to Heaven—why, on one of its patient journeys it comes at last into the presence of a real editor—an editor with some sense, an editor who recognizes genius when he sees it: a big-hearted, great-souled, brainy scholar who ought to be President of this United States if it were not that we need such editors far, far more than we need Presidents—such an editor as the reader even now has in her mind's eye. Into his presence your manuscript comes, and is welcomed with open arms and a generous check. Ah, we have met such an editor, all of us, at one time and in one place or another, and grappled him to our hearts with hooks of steel, and we have worked him for all he is worth.

To be sure, one buyer cannot furnish a universal market. Very few men can afford to keep a junk shop. A man is foolish who, having cavalry boots to sell, rings the visitors' bell at a convent school. Salt is good, but you don't want to ship it by the ton to Syracuse on commission. Ice is a good thing, too, and keeps better in December than in July. But if I had a shipload of it I wouldn't try to sell it to the steward of an Arctic expedition. If I had gunpowder to sell I wouldn't take a barrel of it to a man who is fighting a prairie fire. My great paper on "The Divine Sovereignty of Law" I did not sell to Herr Least, whose journal, "The Red Volcano," is the organ of the Anarchists. You have read, of course, my pamphlet on "Wealth, the Only True Manhood," but not in "The Ditch-Diggers" Monthly." But all these things, and many more of the same kind, I sold just as soon as I found the man who wanted them.

AND I am sure it is the same way in all the other lines of trade. Don't be afraid of overstocking the market; there are always more buyers than sellers. That's one reason why a peddler always becomes rich. He trots around all over the land hunting his buyers at their doors; running them down; dodging a missile at this gate, fending off a dog at the next, fleeing from a housewife's wrathful voice at the next, and unloading his wares at the fourth. The dog, and the hostile stone, and the ire of the busy man or woman who will have none of you—these things are all in the plant. You count on these incidents. If you don't they will counter on you. They may, anyhow.

Why just look at the things that people buy—buy, and pay good money for. Look at the things people buy when they go down to the seashore: souvenirs—think of it, "souvenirs"—Heaven save the mark!—souvenirs of a little seaport, which are manufactured at an inland town in Indiana, and which the same people can buy much more cheaply in the lone store at their native hamlet of Waycross Siding, in Arizona or Missouri, than they can at Pacific Village. Look at the books people buy. And what is marvelous beyond the range of wonder, look at the books they read! And the stories and poetry in the magazines, which the editors—ordinarily sensible men—buy and pay for. You can write better ones; so can I—have done it lots of times. I have been seen coming down the long, dark, lonely stairway of the "Illustrated Monthly Declinedwithanks," swallowing a lump in my short throat that would kill me if it should turn around and get lengthwise, and with a large slab of valuable manuscript folded flat, concealed under my coat so deftly that the most desperate and lynx-eyed literary burglar, lying in wait for just such a gem-laden caravan, would never suspect it was there. And the very next week out would come the "Monthly Declinedwithanks" with a story—well, you and I would die with mortification if such a thing, such hopeless rubbish, should come out over our name—and a poem with only four stanzas and not over three kinds of metre, whereas I had just offered them one five times as long for half the money, with a different metre in each stanza, a step-ladder line at the beginning, a zigzag in the middle and a scare word at the end. But, let me assure you, you can get rid of it, step-ladder, zigzag and all, if you can only find the man who wants it. Go a-gunning for him. He's your lawful prey.

LOOK at the things people bought at the World's Fair—things they had no more use for than they had for a section of field artillery. Men bought canes, out on the Fair grounds, paying fifty cents therefor. When they went home, lo, the same canes in a rack at the corner cigar store—marked, "Your choice for ten cents"—had been there for five years. If the man bought cigars enough, the tobacconist would give him one of them. Go into a store and look at some of the garments, ready-made, waiting for customers. Look at some of the hats, bonnets, neckties—things you are convinced that it wouldn't be possible to hire any human being to wear; things you would even hesitate about putting into a "missionary barrel." Well, nobody gives them away; the man sells them, some time, at some price, to somebody. That should encourage you—I mean, it does greatly cheer and encourage me, who have a good deal of junk on hand that I would be greatly tempted to burn, but for past experience. "Nothing is lost." There are some things we can't find, I know, but they are not lost—merely mislaid; not lost, but gone behind something. Have courage then and patience; whatever may be your work in the world, whatever you make, whatever you have to sell, somebody wants it; there is somewhere a buyer for it who will be disappointed if he doesn't get it. If you can't sell it anywhere else, after you have tried every other place in the world, there is always the omnivorous paper mill. That, at least, is secure.

Oh, of course, one thing I forgot to mention: there is one indispensable requisite for salable goods. Salt is good, "but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men."

But are there any honest, unpurchasable people? Yes, plenty of them—some of them in every Christian community; they have been found even among the heathen. You may sometimes find them in Vanity Fair. But they are not living there—just passing through. And there are yourself and myself. "We." Oh, well, we have no need to worry; let me tell you this—no one will ever buy us, unless it be quietly known on 'Change that we are for sale.

And if we be not for sale men and women will soon find it out. It won't take very long to establish the fact that we are no chattels. But, in our eagerness to make this known, it will be a very grave mistake if we hang out the sign: "Not for sale."

Robert J. Burdette



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POEMS OF FLOWERS AND MEADOWS



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELIZABETH MOORE HALLOWELL

MAY

By S. Decatur Smith, Jr.

A BREEZE blown out of Paradise
Kisses the apple boughs;
The dancing shadow's strange device
With life endows.

And it is faintly musical—
Sing, echoes, soft and long!
Come, little birds, and listen all
Your lesson song!

'Tis subtle-scented with the sigh
Blown from a wild rose spray;
Spring's dearest daughter passes by,
Delicate May.



THE JONQUIL AND THE ROSE

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

JUST now Ben put them in her hand,
They cost a penny, too!
When spring delays to bless the land
The lover pays the due.

But why, as up the stair she goes,
Does Phyllis sober grow?
She thinks of Jack, who brought a rose
A year or two ago.

She has it lying in her drawer,
Flattened and sere and old,
Pulled from a country brier, but more
Than all the jonquils' gold.

For thus it is with maids and men;
A single leaf from Jack
Is worth whole gardenfuls from Ben—
We covet what we lack.



THE WORDLESS POET

By Madeline S. Bridges

ROSE, beside my window climbing,
Help me, sweetheart, if you may—
I have such a love for rhyming,
Could I only learn the way!

I would be a poet, bringing
To the world a new delight,
Happy streamlet, let your singing
Teach my song to sound aright.

Pretty cloud, through Heaven drifting,
Surely you will be my friend;
Aid me with some theme uplifting,
That in rhythm true may blend.

Wandering wind, soft loitering over
Land and sea, with dreamy rune,
Can't you, to my mind discover
Tunes, to set my song in tune?

Ah, no, no! Were I a poet
I had then no need to pray—
I could tell, for I should know it,
What these lovely dumb things say.



THE BUSY MART AND GRASSY WAYS

By Madeline S. Bridges

I AM tired of the city's sounds and sights,
Tired of the glare of the noisy town;
I long for the quiet farmhouse lights
That shine through the trees when the
dusk comes down.
I long for the scent of the berry-vines,
That over the hedges climb and fall—
For the song and the breath of the wind-
blown pines,
And the stars and the darkness over all!

I am tired of the city's sin and strife,
Of the bargain-mart, and the busy maze—
I dream of the dear old country life,
Of the blossomed fields and the grassy
ways,
And I yearn, like a homesick child,
to steal
To my garret room, by the
starlight's gleam,
In the dear old home of my youth
—to kneel
And pray, like a child—and sleep
—and dream!



IN SUMMER DAYS OF LONG AGO

By Ida Worden Wheeler

TO a low-eaved cot by a winding stream
My thoughts drift back in a mazy dream,
Till I seem to stand in the dear home place,
Where the lilacs crowd to kiss my face,
And memory wafts through the quaint old
rooms
A scent of meadow and orchard blooms,
That steals like a prayer through my life's unrest
And sinks like balm to my care-kissed breast.

Again to the mulberry's shading boughs
I follow the meek-faced, tranquil cows,
And their loo and moo, and bells ting-a-ling
Sound sweet and faint as I idly swing,
And hope and plan, and long and sigh
For wings like the swallows flitting by,
And the great white clouds are my ships at sea
That some fair day will sail home to me.

And the lazy bullfrogs are croaking near,
And the startled muskrat's splash I hear,
As I wade in the vine-banked creek to dip
The peeping clams with my willow whip;
While the ripples dance to the same soft tune,
And reflect the same blue skies of June,
And the wild bees hum and the far lambs bleat,
And a pink crab nips my bare, brown feet.

Up the long, green lane, through a sunny knoll
Of tangled strawberry sweets I stroll,
Till I come at last to a dim, cool dell
Where the shy chipmunks and hoptoads dwell;
And as echo wakes to my shrill, young call
The squirrels dart from the old stone wall,
And the tell-tale breeze to my list'ning ears
Babbles the secrets of coming years.

And when twilight falls through the summer
haze,
There comes the form, as in old-time days,
Of a grandmother, bent and old and wise,
Who reads my soul with her clear calm eyes.
From her lullaby arms I watch the moon,
And hark to a tender, drowsy croon,
Till over my eyelids the shadows creep
That bear me down to a sweet sound sleep.

A LEGEND OF THE BLUSH ROSE

By Hugh C. Laughlin

DAN CUPID was roaming a garden one day,
His young heart was merry, his spirits
were gay;
He lay 'neath the trees
And talked with the bees,
His yellow locks kissed by the soft summer
breeze.

The proud lily bent, the fair youngster to
greet,
The jessamine offered her fragrance so sweet;
He pillowed his head
In a violet bed,
By the worshipping flowers his vanity fed.

The modest white rose hung her head in
despair,
And murmured, unconscious that she was so
fair,
"Ah, were I so bright
As others, then might
Some kind ray of love illumine my night."

Sly Cupid, o'erhearing her whispered com-
plaint,
Arose and approached, while the flower grew
faint;
Then he pressed—Oh, the bliss!—
On her petals a kiss;
She blushed, and still blushes there, thinking
of this.



A MAY BLOSSOM

By Mary Ainge de Vere

IN my dim room, above the city street,
I sat at work . . . yet, all
about me grew
Bright reaches of the fields, so cool, so
sweet;
I heard the pretty talk of building
birds,—
Poem, for which no poet hath found
words—
And whirl of wings, that swept the
sunshine through.
I felt soft touches of the wind, at play,
Lift from my tired brow loose slips of
hair,
And kiss my cheek . . . the tear
that trembled there.
Oh, strangest charm! . . . I did not
dream, but still
The magic of a dream entranced the day.
Some one had placed upon my window-
sill
A tiny crystal cup, and in it lay
A single white sweet blossom of the May!



THE CRICKET IN THE MOW

By Clinton Scollard

IN the meadows long ago,
In the hedgerows by the lane,
Smothered by the silent snow
Was the cricket's clear refrain;
But as blithe as under bough,
With the hills a-haze again,
Chirrs the cricket in the mow.

Hidden, while the shadows throng,
In some corner void of cold,
He salutes the day with song,
Creeping from his cozy hold;
While I listen to his lay,
Lo! the sky is glad with gold;
Winter vanisheth away.

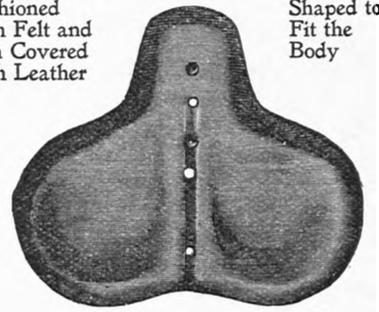
So I play the truant oft,
Heart a-brim with bliss to be
Back once more within the croft,
From these frosty fetters free—
Back beneath the greening bough;
Such the marvel-magicy
Of the cricket in the mow.



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WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY

DR. ARCHIBALD CHURCH, Professor of Neurology,
Chicago Polyclinic, etc.

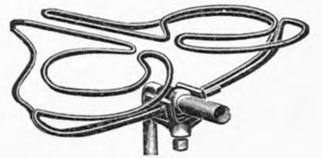
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the railway, or in much driving. Cycling is also furnish-
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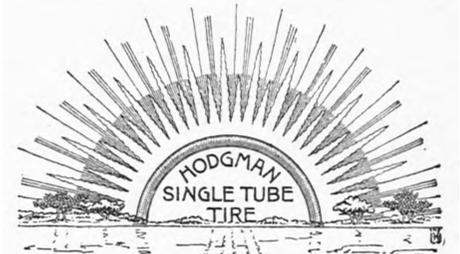
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IS CHARITY WORTH WHILE?

By Ruth Ashmore



A WOMAN recently said to me, "I wonder, after all, is charity worth while?" She was a bright, kind-hearted woman who had given her money, her energy and her time to one particular charity, only to learn one morning of the mistakes made by the workers in the special charitable work in which she was taking much interest. She was surprised and shocked to read in her morning paper that the treasurer, whose husband was a clerk in a small business house, was living on a fashionable street and intended sailing for Europe the next day. "Oh," she said, "does charity pay? I have believed in this work, I have tried to help it, and now my name, as well as that of many other innocent women, has been dragged into a newspaper scandal. The treasurer is probably not a bad woman, but she did not know how to keep her accounts; there was a great deal of money coming in, and there was nobody to overlook her books. Well, I don't want to judge her; still, with this result, I must ask is charity worth while?"

It started me to thinking. I cannot find the answer to my friend's question, but it made me wonder what charity really is. It is said that charity is long-suffering. Then surely charity must be forgiving, and charity must be considerate. The world, or rather the great cities in it, have many hospitals for the sick and for the sick poor; have homes for those who have made mistakes in life; have schools that are intended to take the young boy and young girl and keep them from the paths of wickedness, teach each one of them some honest trade, and put each one on that straight way which leads to happiness. Now, you and I would be horrified if we were told that we were uncharitable. Let us talk it over together. Let us try and conclude which is the right and which is the wrong, where charity begins and where it ends, and, best of all, how we can teach ourselves to be charitable in the best way. Even in virtues there is a right and a wrong way, for a virtue improperly practiced may come very near to being a vice. Let us think out the rights and the wrongs of it, and, first of all, where does charity begin? Charity and duty must go hand in hand. That which is a generous gift from you may be a wrong action on my part—indeed, almost a theft, if I have allowed myself to forget where my duty, inexorable duty, lies.

WHERE IT SHOULD BEGIN

AT home, always. Whether it be the charity that is expressed by words or by gifts. Look among those of your own kin and see who stands in need. Possibly there may be no one about you who is hungry, who needs clothes, or who requires money, but I doubt this. In almost every family there is some one member who cannot take care of him or her self. Perhaps it is an old lady; perhaps it is an old gentleman; perhaps it is a young girl who, eager to earn her living, needs a helping hand from those of her own name, so that she may get the training that will give her an opportunity to be a worker. Have you thought out whether there is one among your own who is in want of something? You are comfortable, well dressed, and well fed; it is possible that you may have to give up a bonnet or a gown to assist that one who needs help, but surely there is no charity in your soul if you refuse it. It always seems to me as if God Himself were pleased when out of the little that we have we deny ourselves, to help those who are old and can no longer help themselves. But then in life there is much beside the charitable act. There is the charitable word and the charitable look. Learn to give, especially to your own, in such a way that the gift may not be a burden to the recipient, nor make the one who receives less happy than the one who gives. It is true all the world over that the men of a household should care for those who need, but I am sorry to say that in almost every instance there is some one to be helped because of age and illness, and it is oftener the woman than the man who gives the help needed.

A charitable work for a mother is to teach her sons the duty they owe to the women of the family. If necessary, shame them into realizing that it is the men to whom the old, the struggling and the poor should turn, and from whom they should not go away empty-handed. Teach your sons the difference between careless giving and spending and the generosity of duty.

ARE MEN TO BLAME?

FOR some unknown reason American men have not been made to fully comprehend the obligations of kindness, and they seem to think that if they care for their wives and their children they have done all that is necessary, forgetting that to let one suffer who bears the same name is a shame unto the man who calls himself honorable. If, in every family, those who need to be helped were cared for by their own, the great hospitals would have fewer patients, and the homes for the aged and the poor would be almost, if not entirely, empty. Charity begins at home, but should it be allowed to end there? That depends—depends on whether, when you have done your duty to those of your own household, you can afford to give of your money and your time to those in the outside world.

THE LUXURY OF CHARITY

IT gives you a great deal of pleasure to see your name with Mrs. Millionaire and Mrs. Blue-Blood on one of the committees supposed to do the work of some great charity. Possibly the charity is a hospital; possibly a home for sick children, or possibly it is one of the less useful and more sentimental efforts to help the poor. To put your name on this list costs you anything from ten to five hundred dollars a year. Yet the other day when word came to you that one of your maids had shown symptoms of pneumonia, you sent for an ambulance and had her taken to what you called one of the "common hospitals," because you didn't think she was the sort of patient you cared to send to that immaculate hospital where jelly and chicken were every-day delicacies. Was that charity? You do not confess it to yourself, but you would like to send with your card somebody who was once well known, and who had gone through all the grades of poverty until nothing was left but the hospital. You would like a flourish of trumpets and the noise of drums to usher in the object of your kindness. And you call that charity. When an old aunt of yours, shabby, poor, who lives out her last days in the hall bedroom of a boarding-house, comes to see you, you send her luncheon up on a tray, and speak very low before the servants, inasmuch, as you explain to your oldest daughter, "It isn't well to let the servants know that we have any poor relations." And yet you might have made that poor relation very happy by giving her a drive and a merry dinner as its finish. You feel very comfortable when, during dinner, you are called out to see a wretched creature who knows the world so well that he does not tell you the truth. He says he has heard you are a very kind lady, and a very beautiful lady, and a very generous lady. And your heart warms toward him, and you put a bank note in his hand on which, the chances are, he will have the doubtful pleasure of becoming intoxicated. Do I advise you to go through a lot of red tape before you help anybody? No. But I do advise you to give the beggar at your door something to eat if he is hungry, a warm corner if he is cold, and to have one of the men of your household arrange for a place for him to sleep if there is no roof to cover him, but I cannot advise you to give money to the strange man asking for money—not work—and who is diplomatic enough to flatter you as if he were socially your equal.

WHAT SHALL YOU DO?

LIVE a life of charity. Neither by look, word nor action cause one human being suffering. There are so many ways of being uncharitable. There is the ignorant girl, and when I say ignorant I mean ignorant of the ways and customs of the world in which you live, to whom a kind word means much, but about whom you jest, in whom you find no end of fun, and toward whom you take a position of contempt. Then you show a lack of charity to those who are close to you. If you are a daughter at home you are uncharitable if you are thoughtless of the comfort of your mother, if you are sullen to your father, and if you find nothing that is good in your brothers. It is possible that you are a busy girl in the workaday world, and that you are too quick in criticising the work of another. You are eager to obtain the position of another, and you are eager to speak in a way that you think clever, which those about you call sarcastic, and which those who know the truth call mean, and which, in truth, is uncharitable. A good quotation for daily use is "Kind words are more than coronets."

FIRST BE JUST

VERY often the working-girl is kind, too kind. One came to me the other day, and with tears in her eyes said, "I have lost a friend, and one I liked very much, but she thought nothing of borrowing money from me and never returning it, and at last I had to tell her that I could lend her no more. Now, she is angry, and though it sounds mean for me to refer to it, she hasn't returned my money and yet she speaks of me in the most unkind way." My busy friend, you made a mistake. Until you can afford it you must not lend your money. The universal borrower is, after all, only an impolite beggar who takes your money as a gift without thanking you for it. And, surely, there is no charity in this. To lend a friend the money with which to buy a spring bonnet when one needs it to send home to make up one's part of that which is required, is merely a luxury, not a charity—not a kindness, simply a folly.

THE WORKER IN THE FIELD

SHE who has much wealth denies herself nothing when she gives of her plenty, but she who has little in money and much time can give such wealth of kindness that if it were placed in the scale with the gold given by the richer woman the coin would go up as light as a feather. To help those who need it is what you want to do. Perhaps it is with your needle, and, during the hour that might otherwise be dedicated to some special pleasure, you can work away to make clothes for those who need, or for those who are in the hospitals and require fresh garments. If you are a busy housekeeper, a careful one, and yet one who can spare something from your cupboard, there is charity in arranging what you have to give, so that it may be palatable; and there is more charity in teaching the recipient how to cook the food given her so that it may taste good and be nourishing. There are no people so extravagant as the poor, but it is the extravagance of ignorance. Somebody's maid spends ten dollars to get a cape because the coat bought in the autumn is out of fashion, while her mistress wears one that has been out of fashion for two years. The wife of a working-man throws away meat and vegetables, out of which a French cook would make a dainty dish. And the very poor seem to know nothing about the art of mending or remaking clothes. The women too often idle the day away; the children are in rags, and the thought of mending a frock never seems to enter the poor mother's head. Now, do you see what you can do? You can teach somebody how to make the most out of the least. You need not go into the slums to do it. The work of charity is nearly always close to your hand. Do I mean that you are never to give to the wonderful homes for the poor? To the great hospitals for the sick? Certainly not. But what you give in absolute money is, after all, but little, while what you may give in absolute example, what you may teach by kindly words is a very great deal. There is no worth to the money unless you have denied yourself something. The lesson taught by the story of the widow's mite is the great lesson of charity, and means, oh, how much it does mean!

THE END OF THE SERMON

BUT, after all, what we want to do, you and I, is to fill our lives with charity so that to whomever there may come need we can give help. The help may express itself in material things; it may be in the sympathy of kindly words, or it may be spoken only by the pressure of the hand. There is no charity in having your name on the list of generous givers while some one near to you stays within doors because her coat is shabby, or because her clothing is not sufficiently warm. There is no charity in the giving of much money if you have been harsh and cruel to some one who deserved your consideration, and have made that one heart feel that there is nothing in the world but bitterness. There is no charity in your being willing to write checks that represent much money when you are quick to speak the unkind word, or to show to those who are around you a heart eaten up by pride, and lips that utter no words save those of scorn. All the gold in the world will count as nothing unless your charity is like that which was taught to the world nearly two thousand years ago. It meant that to feed the hungry, take care of the sick, to forgive the sinner, and to help, always in the best way, whoever asks for help was Christ's charity. That is the charity, my friend, that you and I want to try to imitate. Begin by being charitable with your lips, by being charitable in your thoughts, and, as far as possible, by being charitable in your acts. And if, of your little store there can only be offered a few pence, you may be certain that they will be reckoned by God Himself as greater than the many millions given by those who are so unwise as to think that charity means only the giving of the least of all things—money. And remember always the saying of Saint Paul, "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 27 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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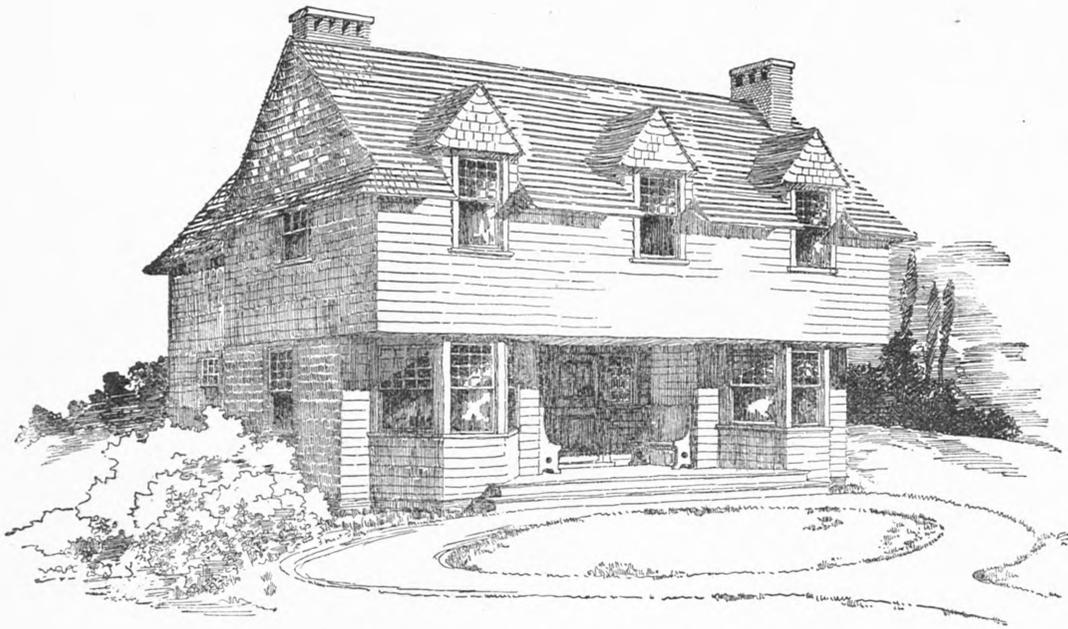
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A LIVABLE HOUSE FOR \$2000

By Arthur D. Pickering

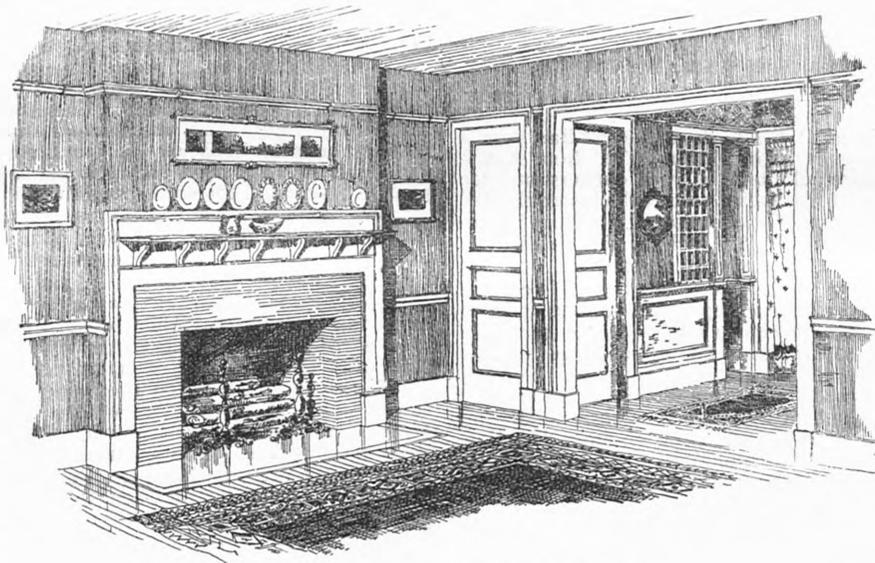
HAVE undertaken the somewhat difficult problem of designing a livable house for persons of refined tastes which may be built for the extremely low price of two thousand dollars. With this limited sum of money the first consideration is to keep the cubical contents down to the lowest possible point and at the same time get all that is possible toward making a homelike, and to a certain simple extent, an artistic house.

In the first place all rooms must be of the least dimensions practicable with their uses. This refers to the ground-floor rooms principally. The dining-room in the house given in accompanying illustration has been made twelve feet wide by about sixteen feet long. A dining-table is about three or four feet wide; this leaves a space of say four feet for serving, which is ample. The parlor has been made the same size and shape, with the exception of placing the fireplace on the side of the room instead of the end, as it is in the dining-room. Connecting these rooms is the entrance hall, which has been made as large as possible, and is really very pretty, with a broad entrance door and a small window on either side opening on the piazza. Opposite this is a door to the pantry, a space for a hat-rack, and a lattice screen partly shutting off the staircase and rear hall. The rear hall opens on a small rear porch through a sash door, making it light and airy in summer.

At the extreme rear of this hall is the coat and hat closet, with a small window in it. The stairs, as before mentioned, begin just back of a screen to ascend to the floor above; they are broken with platforms and have a large window to light them. A door opening from the first platform of the staircase and a couple of steps leading down bring us to the pantry; through this door is also the servant's way up-stairs from the pantry and kitchen. Under the main stairs are the stairs to cellar, which will

work necessary for a family of the size which could occupy this house.

The second, or chamber, floor is well arranged, each chamber opening on the hall, and being well lighted and ventilated with one or more windows. The largest room has an open fireplace. Special care has been taken in planning these rooms to



PERSPECTIVE VIEW FROM DINING-ROOM

make place for such furniture as would be required: A double bed in large room, with washstand, bureau and some chairs. The smaller chambers can accommodate single or three-quarter beds, with same furniture as mentioned for large room.

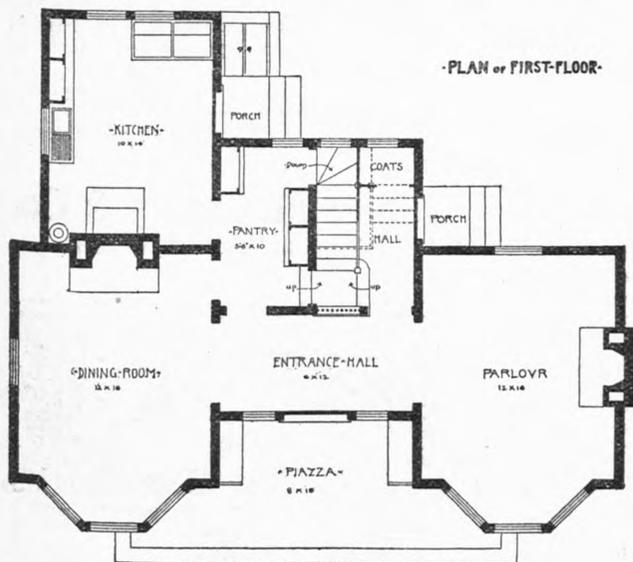
The bathroom is centrally located; it contains a five and one-half foot bathtub, a closet and basin, leaving enough space to get about comfortably. The servant's bedroom is over the kitchen; it is small, but, as has been said before, the house must necessarily be small in every particular. Each chamber has one or two closets, and a linen closet has been provided in the hall.

The finish in rooms must be simple. All the woodwork of trim and mantels can be of whitewood or poplar,

This has been demonstrated in many cases; a well-designed house poorly placed is always a failure, while a rather ordinary one in nicely-laid-out grounds becomes very attractive indeed.

The question of the small, inexpensive home has become an important one, and one which requires more study than a more expensive house in proportion; it likewise necessitates considerable experience in planning and building. The drawings accompanying this article have been very carefully considered, and from comparative figures and dimensions in my possession I can confidently say that the plan is entirely feasible. Although the finish of the interior of such a house must necessarily be inexpensive it need not be in anything but the best of taste.

In conclusion, it may be added that a home, large or small, is only a home when there are congenial surroundings; whether they may be simple or otherwise they are its chief attraction. These surroundings depend largely upon the knowledge and taste of the persons making the home.



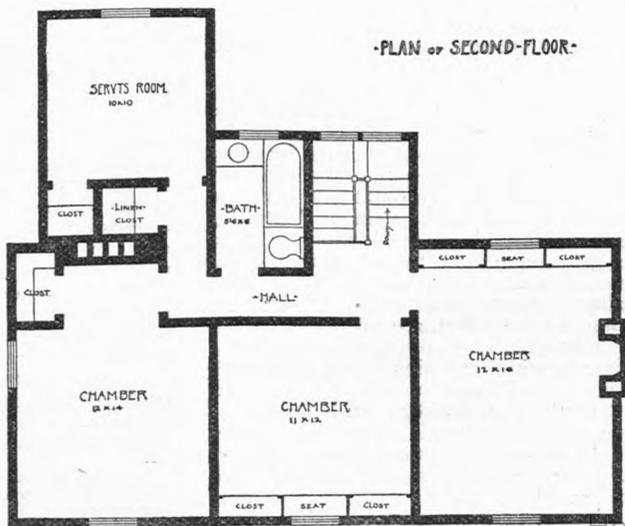
PLAN OF FIRST-FLOOR

extend under part of the house only—say kitchen, pantry and dining-room—this being ample cellar space for a house of this size.

The kitchen is of medium size, but well arranged, with all conveniences, and a good housekeeper would find it an easy matter with the help of one maid to do the

The fifth in a series of plans and ideas for suburban houses of moderate cost which the JOURNAL proposes to publish, the first of which appeared in the JOURNAL of December, 1895. Other plans for houses costing, respectively, \$3000, \$3500, \$4000 and \$5000, will be given in subsequent issues.

either finished in its natural color or painted in pretty tints. If it is painted a cream-white, the walls, which will be of rough plaster, can be tinted yellow with calcimine; this makes a very satisfactory finish, a pretty background for etchings or engravings in white or gold frames, and also for antique



PLAN OF SECOND-FLOOR

furniture of mahogany which is so much used now. The floors could be of North Carolina pine, finished with a stain, or simply oiled, getting dark with age. The yellow and white bedrooms furnish very well with dark blue and white Japanese chintzes, which are also much in vogue. The location and surroundings have a great deal to do with the question of coloring the exterior of a house: If the landscape is wooded, either a white with a natural shingle roof, or all natural shingles with white or dark green trim. These color treatments are the only ones which should be used, as they lend themselves very satisfactorily to the surrounding country, either in summer, when the foliage is on the trees, or to the winter snows. If it is proposed to use clapboards for siding, white or a silver-gray paint will have to be used. The outside blinds can be a dark green in any case.

As the house is thirty-eight feet wide it can be placed on a fifty-foot lot, but a seventy-five-foot lot would be better, as on the fifty feet a space of six feet on either side is rather cramped, and a little too close to the neighbors if they should happen to be unpleasant ones. In any case the broader lot would be preferable, as the great charm of a country or suburban place is plenty of space and air, with lawn, trees, shrubbery and flowers, as the surroundings really make a country house.

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THE EARLY SUMMER STYLES

By Emma M. Hooper

LASTER CAME so early this year that it gave persons interested in home dressmaking an opportunity to see the new ideas in time to apply them to their spring outfits. Cotton materials are now so beautiful that many of them are made up for the early summer months as elaborately as though they were of silk; especially is this the case for waists which are intended to be worn with black taffeta silk skirts, the combination making a dressy costume for summer days.

FANCY COTTON WAISTS

THESE are of cotton and silk crêped goods, silk gingham, organdy, dotted Swiss, dimity, etc. They are unlined, with a reinforcement of the same goods around the armholes, or with a lining of plain lawn of the predominating color. One of the silk and cotton crêpes of an écu ground, with dark pink roses and green leaves, was lined with a deep pink lawn, which gave a rosy tinge to the entire garment. It had only side and shoulder seams and was shirred at the neck and waist-line, back and front. Instead of a drawing-string half-inch white elastic was run around the waist-line in a casing, which kept the waist down and allowed the person wearing it to move the fullness as it should be when the garment was on. The sleeves were the full, straight bishop shape, with a cuff four inches deep. The high collar was two inches deep when finished. The trimming consisted of number nine green satin ribbon laid over number twelve pink for a band collar with bow at back, a row on the cuffs, with bow; belt and bow and bretelles back and front, from waist-line to shoulder, with a bow at the latter part. A ruffle of two-inch lace was sewed thickly around the inside of the collar, and allowed to stand out all around. This waist required eight yards of each ribbon, a yard of lace, five yards of crêpe and four yards of thirty-inch lawn, and was suitable for all-summer visiting, demi-evening toilet wear.

OF ORGANDY AND DIMITY

A BLUE and white dimity has a piece of the same following the outline of the armholes, for the entire lining, and the only fullness is at the waist-line, back and front. The sleeves are of the leg-of-mutton shape, and all of the seams are in the bag or French style, viz., sewed close to the edge on the right side and then turned over and stitched again on the wrong, leaving no raw edges. A deep collar of dimity, forming a point in the back, front, and on each shoulder, has three bias ruffles, one on the edge, following the shape, each edged with narrow yellowish Valenciennes lace. With this is worn a crush collar of five-inch blue and white taffeta ribbon, with a bow at the back, necessitating the use of a yard and a quarter of the ribbon. An écu-colored organdy having shaded pink flowers and a quantity of green foliage is made up over pale yellow lawn, with gathers at the neck and waist-line. This is trimmed with three bands down the front, one on the shoulder seam, one as a collar and two on the wrists of fine nainsook insertion edged with yellow Valenciennes; crush collar and belt of green ribbon, bowed in the back. When washed the yellow lace becomes white unless the bands are ripped off and the lace dipped in saffron. The grass linen or batiste waists are to be found in real and imitation materials, the most expensive being a mass of open-work embroidery. These are lined with colored taffeta or Japanese silk. When plaided or striped with a color they are trimmed with bands similar to the material, having ribbon laid underneath. Others have a collar or yoke of banding and ribbon, and ribbon for a belt and collar. A very pretty trimming consists of bretelles of the banding over ribbon, epaulette ruffles of edging to match collar, belt and shoulder bows of wider ribbon. Green, violet, deep pink, cherry and turquoise are the prettiest colors with the grass linen shade.

The all-white dimity waists are trimmed with embroidered insertions and edgings as well as white or yellow Valenciennes lace. The various bandings consist of insertion and lace or edging gathered to each side; these are sold from twenty-five cents a yard up, and trim all kinds of cotton dresses, being used alone, or, if of an open pattern, they are laid over colored ribbon. The grass linen bandings are entirely of open work, of Persian-colored embroidery or a mixture of lace and insertion. Gold ribbon belts are considered very stylish with grass linen waists. The peculiar greenish-tan tint of grass linen is not becoming, but it can readily be made so by wearing a stock collar of ribbon.

SHIRT-WAIST MODELS

SUCH a comfortable garment as a cotton shirt-waist will not be given up by the majority of women. Four yards of thirty-inch goods are required for one, and the collar and cuffs are the only portions starched. The full shirt sleeve, having a deep, buttoned-over cuff, is now the favorite, and the popular collar is a high turned-over one. The waist may have a yoke back with one point in the centre or one over each shoulderblade; then, again, it will have a few gathers only at the back of the neck. The fronts are made with one, two or three plaits, simply shirred at the neck, or have a pointed yoke and fullness gathered to the lower part of this, forming a very becoming style for a full figure. The cuffs are made for link or stud buttons. In the former case extensions are cut on the upper edge of the cuff for a button and buttonhole, while at the lower part the edges do not meet, giving space for the link of the buttons. Tan-colored waists and those of the grass linen shade are very stylish. White collars and cuffs are newer than those like the waist part. The removable collar and cuff idea has taken immensely. Percalé, cotton cheviot, teviot, French *mousseline*, organdy, Swiss, dimity, grass linen, batiste, gingham, Madras and silk gingham are the chief fabrics selected for this useful garment. No matter how thin the material a linen collar and cuffs are put on the waist. The ready-made waists fit remarkably well if of a reliable brand.

NEW SILK WAISTS

A PRETTY model for a striped yellow and white wash silk waist has the back shirred at the neck and waist-line over a lining of white lawn. The front has a square yoke laid in three clusters on each side of five tucks, with each cluster divided by a row of thickly-plaited yellow Valenciennes lace an inch wide. Below this yoke the fronts are gathered full, top and bottom, to bag over the belt. The large sleeves have an epaulette shaped in three points, the centre one over the centre of the sleeve, and the upper edge slightly gathered into the arm size. This is trimmed with three rows of the plaited lace set an inch apart. Crush collar and belt of five-inch Dresden-figured yellow ribbon; the same ribbon is sewed on each side in the arm size where the yoke ends, and tied in a large bow over the centre of the bust. The silk handkerchief waists formed of six large squares having a palm border, are in bright red with regular shawl borders. These are made over a boned lining, and the border forms cuffs, collar, yoke and belt, with bows of red satin ribbon on the shoulders, collar and belt.

WAISTS OF TWO FABRICS

THE convenient fashion of using two materials in a silk waist was probably started by some bright woman having an eye for economy. A remnant of four yards of pink and yellow taffeta silk was to be had at a bargain, but this only made puffed elbow sleeves, a plain back and widely-opened fronts shirred at the shoulder seams and waist-line. A yard of pink satin made a flat vest and crush collar, and three yards of lace sewed to the edge of the figured goods formed a jabot down each side of the centre front. Belt of two-inch black velvet ribbon, forming a loop pointing out on either side of the centre front, each being held by a tiny steel buckle; bracelet cuff of ribbon and buckles, also a similar finish at the back of the collar, and on each side three straps of the ribbon, with a loop and buckle at each end set to extend from the arm size to the jabot of lace at the bust, the top of the shoulder and midway between. Another style has sleeves, collar and narrow belt folds of chameleon shaded blue and beige silk on a slightly-pointed waist of figured blue silk having a full blouse front. A third example shows a pretty yellow crêped Japanese silk, at forty cents a yard, made up with a light weight of apple-green velveteen, at seventy-nine cents, for elbow sleeves, crush collar, belt, and short shoulder straps ending in a point half way down the front and back, with a button on each. Everything is fashionable that tends to give breadth to the shoulders, consequently square sailor collars, the pointed collars described before, square and pointed yoke effect, are all popular. The very latest idea is the epaulette effect or some trimming reaching over the top of the sleeve. Such an arrangement, when made of Hamburg embroidery, grass linen bandings, etc., is ruffled all around to give the full appearance now deemed necessary. A collarette of the same goods has three ruffles, edged with narrow lace in a point, back and front, and over each shoulder.

SOME WAIST ACCESSORIES

A PRETTY front for a silk or woolen gown has a box-plait four inches wide at the neck, two at the waist-line, and large revers of white gros-grain silk. Velvet crush collar having a bow at the back of white lace edging five inches wide, which must be wired to keep it in position. A fan of lace falls over each revers, caught by a Rhinestone button at the collar, and a similar fan finishes the lower part of the white box-plait. The sleeves have a flaring gauntlet-shaped cuff of silk, with a lace fan coming out between the separated edges. A pretty sleeve for thin goods has a large puff to the elbow, with a frill of six-inch lace below. Across the top the lace is gathered into the arm size, and, without cutting it, then continued half way down the sleeve in a jabot, leaving the centre part between the lace.

SUMMER SKIRTS

SEVERAL correspondents have lately asked how to stiffen a skirt and how to put it together. It seems as though all of this has been explained many times in the JOURNAL, but I will again give the process. In the first place the lining must be cut with the grain of the goods, exactly the same as the outside material. One fabric must be carefully basted to the other, and each seam also basted, keeping the bias side toward you, and commencing at the top so as to bring any unevenness to the lower edge. Baste your stiffening to the lining before cutting out the outside material, using it all around the skirt to the depth of fourteen to twenty inches, and cut it crosswise of the goods. Then baste on the dress goods, put the seams together, and when they are stitched bind the seams with a bias strip of the lining. This is easier for the amateur than to make a lining and outside skirt separate, and then to put them together without any raw edges showing. Shape the bottom, but in place of cutting it off turn it up an inch or two after stitching on the velvetten binding. This leaves a rounded edge, below which the binding should project an eighth of an inch all around, so as to protect the dress goods. Baste the binding on before stitching it, and baste the second time before hemming it down on the lining. Put a pocket in the right back seam, and a placket opening at the corresponding seam on the left side. The pocket must be faced with the goods, and the placket have an inch-wide blind on the under side to prevent any gaping. Baste the top to a narrow belt, holding the skirt toward you. Mass the fullness in gathers or plaits at the centre back, according to the style of skirt, and allow a good inch lap on the belt for the large hook and eye, which are sewed near the lower edge of the belt. Hang a skirt up by a loop on each side to keep it in shape. The most flaring of godet skirts are interlined as described here, and not up the full length of the godets or flutes.

FASHIONABLE RIBBON TRIMMINGS

FIGURED Dresden or chiné ribbons are used for belts, crush collars and bows. Bretelles of ribbon, also called suspenders, end on the shoulders in a simple bow-knot or an upright bow of three loops and four notched ends. Bracelet cuffs on elbow sleeves are merely a plain or twisted band of ribbon ending in a bow at the back. A new decoration of two-inch ribbon starts from the shoulder under a bow-knot, follows the arm size to the bust, is caught there with a large fancy button, turned and brought straight across the bust to tie in a bow of four loops and two ends, all short. Another idea is not long from Paris, and is carried out in a six-inch ribbon for bretelles, back and front, crush collar, ditto belt, bow at back of each and on the shoulders. In front one bretelle finishes under a knot of ribbon, from which fall two long ends; the other bretelle is finished with a fan of seven-inch lace held by a Rhinestone button. Epaulette ruffles of lace are fastened under the bretelles just at the top of the shoulders, and a folded band of the ribbon across the upper part of the front has a fall, called a bib, of the lace, with two buttons at each side confining the band. The quantities necessary are three yards of lace, five buttons and ten yards of ribbon. Even ribbon as narrow as three inches may be used if preferred. The plain and printed gold ribbons are used for belts in widths of one and a half and two inches with a gilt or enameled buckle or tied in a tiny bow-knot in front. These last well without tarnishing if not allowed to become damp; they should also be kept wrapped in tissue paper when not in use, as should steel buckles and clasps. A fancy button centreing a bow of ribbon, lace rosette, etc., is much newer than a tie-over of the same goods. Ribbons are never amiss on summer or evening gowns. Shoulder bows are made of four loops and an equal number of forked ends thickly massed without any tie-over, which keeps them erect. Others look like two large bow-knots, and a third style has an end and loop falling over the front from the shoulder bow nearly to the waist-line, using from two to a three inch width.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "The Home Dressmaker," will be found on page 31 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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THE APPROVED COTTON COSTUMES
By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN



CRISP is probably the adjective that best describes the cotton costume approved by Dame Fashion. This does not mean that it stands out as if a hoop-skirt were under it, but it does mean that it asserts itself, makes its width comprehended, and has nothing of the clinging nature belonging to it. Leading in the cottons is the grass linen or batiste. After this comes an enormous family of grass lawns or linens, beginning with those having narrow satin hair-lines in color.

The so-called grass batistes, which are really only wood-colored batistes, are effective with dainty hair-lines of lavender, stem-green, scarlet, pale blue, golden-brown or white upon them. Others show narrow stripes formed of rather coarse white cotton woven to represent a raised and knotted embroidery pattern. By-the-by, whenever there is a line of color on grass linen or batiste, this color must be brought out in some ribbon decoration, even if it should only be in the stock.

A SMART COSTUME

A SMART heliotrope cotton crépon is developed with a flaring skirt that has three godets in the back. The bodice shows the crépon pulled on to a yoke made



A DAINTY LAWN COSTUME

of black lace insertion alternating with black taffeta ribbon exactly the same width. Around the neck is a high stock of the black taffeta with a large bow in the back. The sleeves are of the medium fullness fancied, shape into the wrists, and have on the upper side of each an elaborate rosette formed of narrow black taffeta ribbon and a fan of Chantilly lace. This bodice is lined throughout with lavender crépon like the skirt. The hat to be worn with it is a braided one of black straw with two high stiffened bows of black taffeta ribbon, one on each side, while at the back, where it turns up, there are hundreds of tiny velvet violets framed in their green leaves. This hat is of the shape that permits it being worn well over the forehead, and it is certainly a coquettish finish to a charming toilette. The gloves are of black undressed kid, and the parasol of crépon like the gown, with a Dresden china handle.

STYLISH PIQUÉ GOWNS

PIQUE in dead white, but with its cords so thick that they make it seem like cloth, is shown in white, wood, stem-green, Mazarin and navy blue, as well as in plaid designs somewhat larger than shepherd's plaid, but with hair-lines so crossing each other that an extremely fine plaid is achieved. Scarlet and white, blue and white, black and white, stem-green and white, and purple and white are the contrasts offered in this plaid. The piqué dresses are simplicity itself, and as much care is taken to make them fit well as if they were of cloth. A typical one shows the stem-green and white plaid. The skirt has the usual flare, and to increase it there are two rows of skirt boning around the lower edge. The jacket bodice is somewhat longer than those worn during the winter, and flares away from the front to show a waistcoat of stem-green



COSTUME OF GREEN PIQUÉ

almost invariably faint in hue; sometimes one is white, but not a dead white, sometimes a faint écri, sometimes a dull gray, but always the background is not assertive, while the gay flowers are. These lawns are not intended for street wear in the cities, although they are quite proper at any of the watering-places or in a small town. The figured gauze ribbons are very much used for trimming these dainty lawn gowns.

A CHARMING COSTUME

A CHARMING lawn costume stamped at once with simplicity and smartness, is made of material that has a dark blue background with a hair-line of white running through it. The skirt is quite plain, but on each side of the centre of the front width a dark blue taffeta ribbon starts from the belt and extends to the edge of the skirt, being caught about a quarter of a yard from the edge with a full rosette of white satin ribbon. The bodice is draped to the figure, and has a sailor collar at the back made of the lawn and overlaid with embroidery cut to fit it. In front are two flaring revers of the lawn overlaid with embroidery in the same way. These are cut down sharply at the waist-line, and terminate in a belt of blue taffeta ribbon that is drawn to the back, where it falls in long ends, while it is caught, just at the joining at the centre of the waist-line at the back, with a flaring bow of white satin ribbon. The stock is of white satin ribbon with a turned-over collar of the embroidery, and at the back there is a blue taffeta bow that flares so much it can be seen from the front. The full sleeves shape in at the wrists, and are turned over in cuff fashion. The hat is of dark blue trimmed with white taffeta ribbon and white roses.



A SMART COTTON CRÉPON GOWN

cloth fastened with bullet pearl buttons. The broad revers on the coat are of the piqué, and the high stock is of stem-green taffeta ribbon with a large bow in the back. The full sleeves shape into the arms, and each has three rows of the bullet buttons on the upper side. With this is worn a sailor hat of white straw having about it a band of stem-green ribbon, while five stiff stalks of mignonette stand up on the left side. The gloves are of white glacé kid, closing with four large buttons.

THE SAILOR COLLAR

THE sailor collar, which has always been popular, and which is now cut square and deep in the back, with flaring revers in front, continues in vogue, and when it is overlaid with a contrasting embroidery or lace a very smart effect is obtained. Spangles in the form of small jet or pearl beads, coarse écri lace, which overlays some special trimming which has been cut and fitted to it, and ribbons of every style are the fashionable trimmings.

Lawns are shown with large, old-fashioned figures upon them—clovers, marigolds, poppies, carnations, forget-me-nots and roses from the size of the tiny wild one up to that most cultured of all, the American Beauty, seeming the favorite blossoms.

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THE LAW OF KINDNESS

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil



THE atmosphere in which children habitually live is of more importance in their mental and moral training than any direct instruction that can be imparted to them. Precept, however wise and good, can never impress them like the sight of daily practice by those whom they look up to and love. The most irreproachable sentiments, after all, are only empty words. They fail practically to affect children's lives if they are not carried into action and made to bear fruit in deeds of justice, righteousness and love.

It is useless for a mother to exhort her children to be patient and forbearing with one another, and to refrain from quarreling, if she herself loses her temper on the slightest provocation, speaks impatiently when she is provoked, and follows hasty words with hasty blows or tyrannous prohibitions. The fresh, young minds, ready for instant and almost indelible impressions for good or evil, are biased by the conduct of those about them toward one or the other, and by trifling actions, which often seem entirely inadequate to the effect they too often produce.

If a child is brought up amidst intellectual people, hears books spoken of as beloved friends, and literary topics constantly discussed, he insensibly acquires a love of literature and a taste for intellectual pleasures which give him delight in them. This love may be hereditary and he may turn to books as naturally as a young duck takes to the water. In this case he will seek them in spite of the most prosaic and material environment, and assimilate their contents as the only means of satisfying the craving he feels within him.

Self-educated persons belong to this class, and their acquirements often put to shame those of the feebler souls who have passively received instruction and retained only such a portion as they could not lose.

When there is no natural bias toward literature or art, and under ordinary conditions books would be regarded as taskmasters, and reading as a wearisome waste of time, the fact of living in a literary atmosphere is of immense importance in forming the mind. It creates an interest in these subjects, which, though weak and colorless compared with the passionate devotion of the true lover, yet is strong enough to furnish much and lasting enjoyment in later life.

There is a passing acquaintance at least, if only by hearsay, with great men and the masterpieces of the world. A standard is set up which renders the enjoyment of inferior productions impossible.

CHILDREN who are in the habit of listening to conversation on subjects outside the range of the daily life, who hear, beside serious discussion, the ready jest, the witty repartee, soon begin to stretch their own small wits and try to grasp the meaning of what is passing around them. They are educated without conscious effort on their part, and imbibe not so much actual facts and solid nuggets of information as a taste for the higher planes of thought and a distaste for the mental pabulum that satisfies their less fortunate companions.

If this is true in the region presided over by the intellect it is infinitely more true in that wider world of the heart and the affections. There imitation is instinctive. Children, and sometimes even grown people, can be loved into loving.

If love is the law of the household kindness follows in its train as a matter of course. To educate a child to be kind and considerate to those with whom he comes in contact is to place in his hand the fairy wand whose touch will insure his always being loved. What better gift could a mother desire for her child?

The power to inspire love is a most precious possession. It smooths many rough places in our progress through the world; it brings an amount of happiness that can be gained in no other way; it is a well-spring of comfort that will last while life endures. It does not die with youth and beauty and physical attractiveness, but increases with the using. It has little to do with these outward transient traits, for those possess it who have outgrown them all, or never had some of them.

We cannot define its essence—it is too subtle for analysis—but we do know that kindness, gentleness, tact and ever-ready sympathy are qualities that seldom fail to produce it. Are not these qualities of a sort that are well worth cultivating in all children?

THE derivation of the word kindness shows that it is in the sanctuary of home it must be first learned and practiced. It is from the same root as kin and kindred—the feeling that ought to characterize our relations with our own family.

It is to be feared that the rudeness with which some of us do not scruple to treat our nearest relations, and would not dream of displaying to guests or friends, is a serious hindrance to the spirit of kindness that should prevail in our homes.

We express our opinions—unasked—as to their faults and failings, we criticize their dress, their manner and their affairs generally with a freedom which we bitterly resent when it is applied to ourselves. We take pleasure in impaling their weaknesses on our spears of ridicule and holding them up to observation. We permit ourselves to speak impatiently, scornfully or fretfully to them, according to the mood that possesses us at the moment, while if they were indifferent acquaintances we would take pains to present, at least, a smooth front for their inspection.

We often love them a thousand times better than any one else in the world. We would gladly run into danger to save them from suffering, bear pecuniary loss to insure their comfort, and defend them from outside attack with our last breath. Yet such is the extraordinary contradictoriness of human nature, we cannot persuade ourselves to treat them always with ordinary politeness. If we could we should bind them to us with a warmer affection than we can ever hope to gain while we persist in planting unkind thrusts, which our intimate knowledge of their infirmities permits us to deliver with a cruel directness no enemy could attain to, however skillful he might be.

THE Bible, which most of us accept as the guide of conduct, says of children: "Let them learn first to show piety at home, and to requite their parents; for that is good and acceptable before God." The marginal rendering of the word piety is kindness. The advice is as necessary at the present day as when St. Paul wrote it to Timothy to assist him in his pastoral work of caring for his converts. If children are not taught to show kindness at home, to be respectful to their parents, defer to their wishes and be thoughtful of their comfort, to be kind to their brothers and sisters and considerate toward the members of the household, the lesson of kindness can never be thoroughly learned in after life. Good breeding may enforce courtesy to the outside world but there will be cracks in the veneer. In moments of anger the early impulses of unchecked rudeness and brutal frankness will assert themselves, and the dwellers at the home fireside will be made to feel their full weight. Children are often permitted to tease one another without being reprovved or effectually restrained. Much unhappiness may be caused to a delicate or sensitive child by being thus tormented. The irritation of constant resentment is injurious to the finest nature. The impotent rage that is excited by the tyranny of an elder from whom there is no escape is enough to spoil the sweetest disposition. Most children fiercely resent injustice. To feel themselves in the power of one a little older or stronger, who has no right save that of superior strength to exercise authority over them, is galling in the extreme. Such usurpation should be promptly checked, respect for the rights of the weak enforced, and the absolute duty of the strong to show their strength by forbearance should be dwelt upon.

THE law of kindness is the exact opposite of the fierce *lex talionis*, the law of retaliation and retribution, which is most congenial to our unregenerate nature. It is not for nothing that we find the exhortation runs, "Be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another." True kindness of heart does not harbor the wish to injure others, it forgives almost of necessity.

Practical joking is a breach of the law of kindness which the humor of the situation often hides from the perpetrator. The object of a practical joke is almost always to place the victim in an unpleasant or an uncomfortable situation, and to make him appear ridiculous. If this end is reached the joke is considered a success. To willfully inflict pain or shame upon another person for one's own selfish amusement ought to be revolting to every right-thinking mind. That it is not so proves that early training in the first and most important principles of the law of kindness has been neglected.

EVERY mother should try to impress upon her children a due regard for the rights of the animal world, that vast portion of creation holding its life apparently at our pleasure and subject to our whims. We inflict much suffering from what we are pleased to call necessity. There should, at least, be none from the wantonness of careless youth.

It may not be true as Shakespeare says that the poor beetle "finds a pang as great as when a giant dies." Though poetical license may exaggerate his sufferings, the children should be taught that cruelty is beneath the lords of creation, that the humblest are our wards, not to be deprived of life or liberty without sufficient cause and under proper restrictions.

To sacrifice birds to our vanity, because, like savages, we want their feathers as a personal adornment, seems too childish to be believed of reasonable beings. Yet millions are slaughtered for this very purpose; nor do we all feel that we are infringing the law of kindness when we countenance it and wear the spoils as trophies.

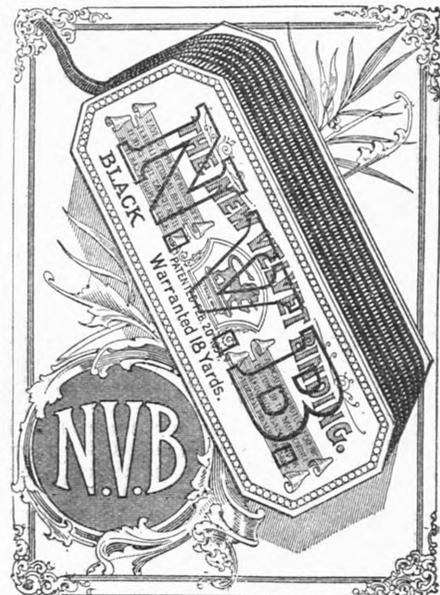
WE do not need a large store of this world's goods to be able to dispense kindness bountifully to our neighbors. We have all felt with Shakespeare, "'Tis a kind of good deed to say well; and yet words are no deeds." The expression of loving sympathy and interest in another's pleasure or sorrow, the word of strengthening counsel or generous praise, even the glance of compassion or comprehension may do more to cheer and help than a substantial gift. There are burdens which can be lightened by those intangible offerings that could not be lifted by the most costly present. Life brings us in contact with many sorrowful hearts. We who are no longer young know that the patience which is born of experience is meant to be shared with others who have not yet learned the lesson that grief brings to their elders.

If the spirit of loving kindness reigns in our hearts we will find many ways of manifesting it. They seem too trifling to enumerate; indeed, they are so small that each one must find them for herself and watch for them or they will escape her. A few stitches taken for the busy mother whose hands are more than full with the care of children and household; fruit, flowers and vegetables gathered from our abundance and sent to those who cannot afford to buy them; the magazine or newspaper, which has ministered to our own enjoyment, forwarded to the lonely country home or mission station, where it will be a treat joyfully welcomed; the new book or treasured volume of poems taken to the invalid who finds the hours of convalescence intolerably long; the hour of reading to the blind, or of music to the cripple who otherwise cannot hear it; the drive for those who long for fresh air and change of scene, yet are not strong enough to seek it; the dainty prepared especially to tempt the capricious appetite rendered fastidious by suffering—these seem such small contributions to the heap of happiness that many of us who hold them in our hands forget to add them to it. Yet they are all of greater value than the cup of cold water whose bestowal was singled out for commendation.

OUR kindly ministrations must be mixed with tact or we shall hurt more often than we help. Favors must be gently offered, not cast at the recipient. The doing of them must be considered as a privilege to ourselves, not as a benefit conferred upon another. We must be willing to help people in their own way, doing as they wish, not as we consider best, viewing the matter from their standpoint, and trying, as far as possible, to put ourselves in their place. Tact is a natural grace, but it can be cultivated to a certain extent. True kindness of heart teaches a delicacy of feeling that enables us to deal with others as we should wish to be dealt with ourselves.

Kindness may run into excess, like any other virtue, and become officiousness. This will not happen if it is kept in check by the invaluable common-sense which has been rightly defined as "sense about common things." Meddlesome persons are as trying as mosquitoes, and as such must be kept at a distance. When our kind offices are rejected we may suspect that we have been too pressing in our attentions, and look well to our doings to see where the fault lies. If we can honestly decide that it is not on our side we must try again with more circumspection and greater care to avoid offense.

We all desire to be loved. The sternest nature cannot altogether repress a longing for the reciprocal affection that makes the sweetness of life. The heart overflowing with kindness that manifests itself in constant helpfulness, courtesy and good will to those around it, wins love. The kind face is an irresistible attraction, the kindly manner brings an answering thrill of warm regard from those who come under its influence, the kind word is always appreciated. "The little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love" leave an impress on the countenance that inspires instant confidence, and charms all hearts, binding them securely and surely with the strong cords of love.



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SHIPS THAT GO TO LULLABY LAND

By James Thomson

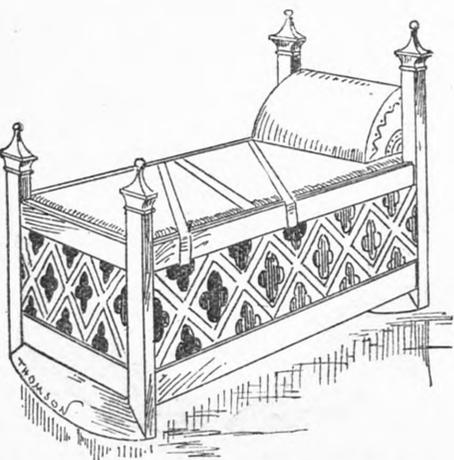


It is very true that since Moses was cradled in his little bed of bulrushes the form of the cradle has undergone many changes. But in this nineteenth century we have gone back to nearly the same form again. The design given in the initial letter represents the modern crib as based on the model of history. These cots of modern make are fashioned like their ancient prototype of willow, and are then adorned with lace and ribbon, and a

a cradle, and that it is better to buy a child's crib in the first place, as it can be made use of for so many years of a child's life. The cribs with adjustable sides to let down are the most desirable, and they may be provided with a canopy rod (which is removable) or not, as one may elect. The canopy is possibly most advisable when the child is very young, as it lends shield from draughts.

These cribs may be improved by adding on either side, on the inside of the railing, a thin cushion of cotton batting or down. This may then be covered with some pretty pattern in China silk or cretonne, and may be fastened in place by ribbon bows. This simple expedient will add very materially to the comfort of the child in winter.

Without discussing the advisability of using draperies for a child's cot it may be said that they undoubtedly add very materially to its beauty, and when not too heavy can offer no serious detriment to health. It is, of course, most fitting that the material of which the curtains are made should be light, both as regards color and texture. There is provided for the use of the mother of to-day a wide range of selection in the many light-hued silks now offered. Although, perhaps, the first choice for the very young child may be found among the dainty muslins and laces, and in a combination of the two, in such a choice the drapery should be lined. When lined let it be with some pink or pale blue material that will show through the muslin. Ribbon trimmings of the color should also be employed. In the bassinet given in illustration the body of the swinging cot should be first covered with silesia of the color selected, and then over this should be stretched the muslin. The mattress and pillow should be of first quality hair, and the pillow and counterpane of cream or white, embroidered in self-tones, or in delicate tints of other colors; the sheets and pillow-cases of one of the soft muslins, as linen is not considered healthy.



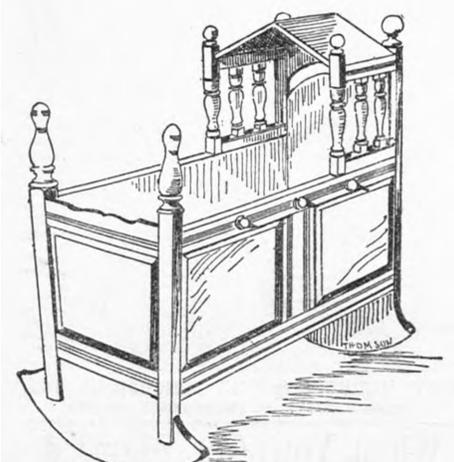
CRADLE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

handle is very often provided, by which they may be carried from place to place.

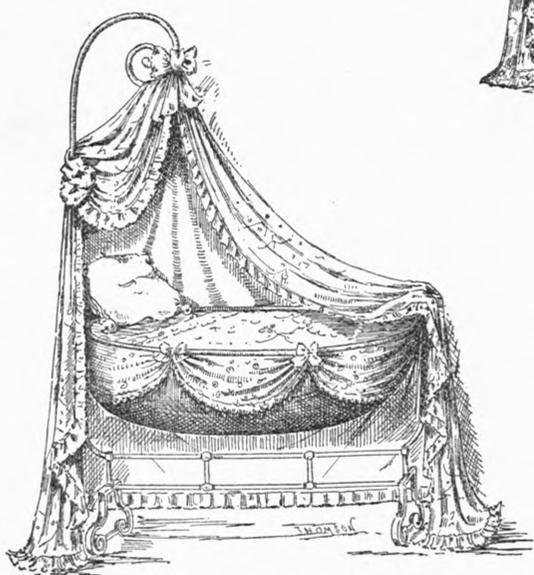
The illustration here given of the fifteenth century cradle exhibits in its severe and angular outlines the ecclesiastical influence which dominated the domestic architecture of that period. Most of the cradles shown in the manuscripts of the Middle Ages have straps to bind the little one in place. The illustration of the cradle of the time of James I can be said to fairly represent the sincere matter-of-fact people of that period in the quaintness of outline and uncompromising stability of build.

The illustration given of one end of a cradle of the time of Louis XV speaks very eloquently of the social condition of the period in question. The Queen of England still owns the carved and gilt cradle in which she was rocked, an illustration of which is here given. It is an example of an odd taste displayed at one time in representing the cradle as a boat. This may have been an extension of the idea suggested by the cradle in which Moses was placed.

The very general introduction of brass and iron cribs and bassinets has, in a great measure, done away with the rocking cradle of former days. Those made of iron may be had in many different shades of enamel, with mouldings and knobs of brass. Wooden cots are also used to a limited extent, but the preference is now for metal ones of some sort. From a sanitary point of view the iron or brass cribs are a great improvement over the wooden ones. It is advisable when purchasing the baby's bed to keep in view the fact that a child will very soon outgrow



A FIFTEENTH CENTURY CRADLE



A MODERN SWINGING CRADLE

The enameled cribs, and the wooden ones, while of less cost than the brass, are not so serviceable, nor can they be said to be as ornamental.

In the crib given in the illustration the canopy rod may be placed at the head, and the curtains allowed to fall on either side. The method of draping shown is the one most in favor in the Empire style, and is especially to be recommended in cases where the crib can be placed against a wall space.

A charming crib recently seen was finished in pale blue enamel, with the knobs and other ornamental features done in silver. It was furnished with a plaited valance from the rails down to the floor, this being of white India silk with designs in pale blue. The blanket was bound with blue, having embroidered in the corners bunches of forget-me-nots tied with lovers' knots of white ribbon. The pillow-case and sheets were of purest white with deep hemstitching as a finish. The curtaining was of white lace with a lining of pale blue. Bow-knots of blue ribbon completed the ensemble.

Another crib was in coral enamel, the drapery being nothing more expensive than cheesecloth in the natural color, finished with an edging of light, fluffy ball fringe, pink and yellow in color. The other trimmings, such as the bow-knots,

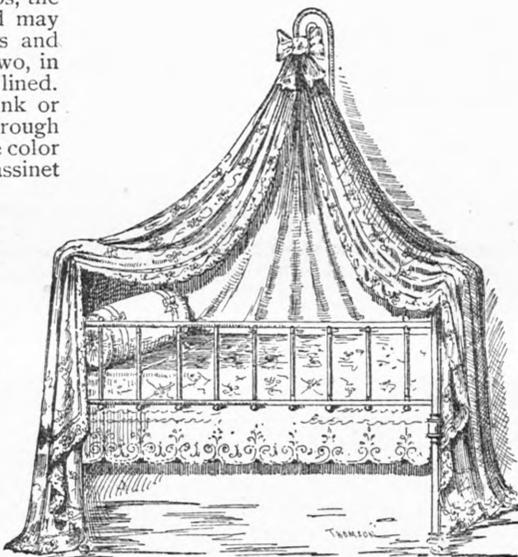
were of pink ribbon, and the spread of white embroidered in pale pink and green.

A valance of shirred cheesecloth hung from the bed rails to the floor. The results with these simple materials were surprisingly good and the cost very trifling.

Of the many gifts for the newly-arrived infant probably none are daintier nor more appreciated by its proud mother than articles for use about the crib. The first three months of a baby's life are practically spent in its crib, and crib belongings are, therefore, as useful as they may be ornamental and beautiful. First comes the little hair mattress, over which for the first few months, if the baby be born in winter, may be laid a tiny feather-bed, the softness, downiness and warmth of feathers making a nest which no mattress of hair can approach. For this should be made a half dozen fitted slips of fine soft muslin. These should be made to fasten with buttons at the side. The pillows, of which there should be two, to be used alternately, of softest feathers or white hair if preferred, should have for use unembroidered softest muslin slips. Great care should be taken to keep these pillows, which are best when about sixteen by twelve inches in size, sweet and fresh by constant airing in the open air. Two blankets of finest wool bound with ribbon should also be used



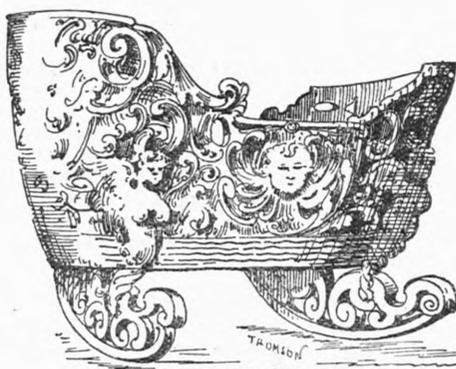
THE END OF A CRADLE TIME OF LOUIS XV



A MODERN CRIB

alternately over the little one without any intervening sheets. A cheesecloth comforter filled with softest cotton and knotted with white worsted gives additional warmth when needed. For show occasions use the embroidered, beruffled pillow-slips, but do not force the soft flesh and downy head to lie for hours on the crumpled rose leaf of an embroidered monogram. Beribboned counterpanes and embroidered quilts are beautiful for exhibition purposes or for use when the bed is dressed, but with a wee baby it is really not safe to use anything but such articles as may readily be laundered.

When children reach the crib age mothers frequently experience much difficulty in keeping the little ones covered. The tendency to kick off the bedclothes seems, like original sin, to appear in each generation, and means must be found to meet it. Some mothers sew straps of tape to the four corners of each bed garment, upper sheet, blankets and quilt, and then tie these to the four posts of the bed.



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HOW TO GROW THE FUCHSIA

By Eben E. Rexford



HERE is no more popular plant for culture in the window-garden than the Fuchsia, and yet we seldom see it grown well there. Generally it is a scraggly, sprawling specimen, with few branches, apparently not vigorous enough to take care of themselves. As usually grown the Fuchsia is far from being a satisfactory plant, but there is no reason why such should be the case if the grower will but be willing to give it the care it requires. The Fuchsia is not a plant which requires coaxing. When its wants are understood it will be found to be one of the most tractable of flowers. As a summer-blooming plant it is in no way inferior to the Geranium, except, perhaps, in point of brilliance. It lacks those glowing scarlets and vivid tints of rose and vermilion that make the Geranium bed so showy, but what it lacks in this respect it makes up for in profusion of bloom and gracefulness of habit. The Geranium, as ordinarily grown, is not a remarkably graceful plant, it must be admitted, but the Fuchsia, if allowed to follow out its own instincts, is grace and beauty and luxuriance itself.

As an out-of-door bloomer it is not a success, unless it can be given a shady and sheltered location. It does not take kindly to hot sunshine, and strong winds play havoc with its brittle branches. It is in the greenhouse that it displays its beauty most effectively. For the summer decoration of the greenhouse, it is, all things considered, the very best flowering plant. An impression prevails that the Fuchsia is a winter bloomer, and because of this it is neglected, to a great extent, during the summer. When winter comes, and flowers are expected from it, it fails to meet the expectation of its grower, and complaints come in by the score. The explanation of failure is this: It is not a winter bloomer with the exception of two or three varieties, and these varieties are not as showy as others; they are not extensively grown, therefore the average amateur is pretty sure to have selected such sorts as will not bloom in winter. *Speciosa* is a good winter-flowering variety, because it is one that will bloom all the year round if kept growing. Mrs. Marshall and Pearl of England bloom at intervals during the winter, if not allowed to exhaust themselves by blooming in summer. But outside of this list I know of no variety that will be likely to give one flower from December to May.

IF you want satisfaction from this plant grow it for summer flowering only. In the fall, when it ceases to produce flowers, put it in the cellar to remain until March of the next year. While in its winter quarters give but little water, just enough to keep the soil from getting dry. Never mind if its leaves drop off, this will not injure the plant any. Have the cellar cool, but frost-proof, and not too light. Warmth, water and light will excite growth, and all tendencies in this direction should be discouraged while the plant is in winter quarters. It should be kept as nearly dormant as possible while it is resting up for its next summer work. In March bring up your plants. Give water gradually until growth begins. Then cut back the branches at least one-half; some authorities advise two-thirds. Bear in mind that flowers are produced on new growth, and remember that cutting back the old plant severely induces the production of a great many new and vigorous branches. These you must have if you want flowers, and these you cannot get unless you prune your plants well.

If the plant with which you start out in spring is a young one it will not require a large pot during the early stages of its growth, but if it grows vigorously it will soon fill the old pot with roots. When it has done this it is of great importance that a shift be made to a pot one or two sizes larger. If you allow a young plant to remain long without a shift after it has filled the soil with roots, it will receive a check, from which it will be a long time recovering—so long, in fact, that but little benefit will be received from the plant during the season. One secret of successful Fuchsia growing is in keeping the young plants moving ahead steadily during their first season. After the first year, when you have them in ten or twelve inch pots, it will be necessary to repot but once each spring, nutriment being supplied by the application of any one of the many good fertilizers that may be had at any florist's, instead of by the addition of fresh soil.

IN my experience young plants have never been as satisfactory when grown on fertilizers as when given rich soil only. The reason, probably, is that the young roots are not in a proper condition to make satisfactory use of very rich food. Later on the plants can digest it, but during their youthful days it seems to give them a sort of dyspepsia. The best soil for the Fuchsia is one made up largely of pure leafmould, with some sharp sand mixed in and just enough loam to give it a "body." It should be light, friable and always porous. Of course, the plant may be grown in other soils, and grown fairly well, but a soil such as I have described suits it best. If leafmould cannot be had use turfy matter from old pastures, obtained by turning over sod and scraping away that portion next the sward, full of tiny, threadlike grass roots. These roots are an admirable substitute for leafmould, and give a rich, spongy soil that will be found but slightly inferior to that which I have spoken of.

The best of drainage must be provided if you expect success. While the Fuchsia is fond of a good deal of water at its roots it is not fond of standing in the mud. See to it, therefore, that every pot has at least an inch or two of broken pottery in it before any soil is put in. Over this spread a layer of Sphagnum moss or something similar, to keep the soil from being washed down and from filling the crevices in the drainage material.

WE have few plants that are fonder of water than the Fuchsia. It will stand as much as the Calla if it has good drainage. And it will not stand neglect to provide a goodly supply. Let a plant get really dry and in a short time it will drop its leaves. Many persons complain of such behavior on the part of their plants, and ask the reason. In nine cases out of ten it is found that it has been caused by neglect. Make it a rule to water your plants thoroughly every day, and do not deviate from this rule. If you then provide them with good drainage there will be no danger to anticipate from over-watering.

The Fuchsia is very fond of water on its foliage. While not as necessary as at its roots it is never grown to perfection unless given frequent showerings. If one has a florist's syringe—something every amateur should have—water can be thrown all over the plant easily. By the use of such an instrument the under side of the leaves can be reached, and this not only assists the plant in making development, but is of great benefit in keeping down the red spider, which is the Fuchsia's worst enemy. If sufficient moisture is not provided for it, frequently this pest injures the plant to such an extent that its buds and leaves drop precisely as when it has been allowed to become dry. Shedding of buds and foliage is almost always due to one or the other of these causes. The importance of giving water to both roots and foliage will, therefore, be readily understood. The Fuchsia is a shade-loving plant. It flourishes best in the early morning sunshine. That of noon and afternoon is too strong for it. If grown in the greenhouse the glass should be shaded after April.

THERE are as many ways of training the Fuchsia as there are individual tastes. It is sometimes fastened to a prim trellis with every branch tied up, making the plant look as awkward and uncomfortable as a boy in Sunday clothes. Others give it a row of sticks about the pot, around which a fence of twine is constructed, and the branches are never allowed to grow outside. The only satisfactory way in which this beautiful plant can be trained is to study the habit of each variety, and allow it to follow out its natural instincts, giving it only such assistance as seems absolutely necessary. Give it a support when one is needed, but do not torture it into unnatural, and therefore ungraceful, forms. Almost all varieties are of somewhat slender growth, and these require a central support. A rod of iron is better than a wooden support, because an old plant will have a heavy top, and a stake soon becomes rotten when inserted in wet soil. Frequently a plant in being moved about tests this strength of the stake too severely, and both are broken off close to the pot. Tie the main stalk to the rod or whatever you use, and after that let the branches take care of themselves. They will droop after having made a foot or two of growth, and that is just what Nature intended them to do. Rather than insult a Fuchsia of drooping habit by training it on a trellis, and tying its branches in a position it would never think of taking on if left to itself, I would forego the cultivation of it altogether.

SOME varieties of the Fuchsia are upright in habit. Rose of Castile and Black Prince are types of this class. They require no support whatever, except as a precaution against damage by wind or accident in moving the plants about. It is well to give each plant a short, stout stake, but the upper part of the plant needs no support of any kind.

Other varieties, such as Convent Garden White and *Speciosa*, are very strong and robust growers, and can be trained up the side of window or door and across the top, and allowed to droop on the other side with fine effect. If given an iron rod for support, in which holes have been made at intervals of a few inches, through which stout wire is wound in such a manner as to form arms reaching out in all directions, a very satisfactory frame is furnished, which will soon be covered with branches that will effectually conceal both rod and wire. A specimen trained in this way produces a most charming effect, and has something of the "weeping" trees—Cut-Leaved Birch and Tea's Mulberry, for instance. The difference between a Fuchsia properly trained and one trained in an artificial and unnatural manner cannot be fully understood until the two are seen side by side.

Fuchsias are easily propagated from cuttings. Take a piece of partially-ripened wood—the tip of a vigorous branch is the best part of the plant to use for this purpose—and cut off the leaves at the lower part of it, leaving two or three at the top. The cutting should be from three to four inches in length. Insert an inch of the base in a dish of coarse sand, which should be kept moist and warm. Do not have the soil of the consistency of mud, or the cutting will be likely to decay before roots are formed. On no account allow the sand to get dry. If you do you might as well throw out the cuttings at once.

SOME persons seem to think that young plants should be started each season. It is not necessary to do this in order to have good plants. While young plants are undoubtedly more vigorous than old ones it is a question if they bloom as freely, and you certainly will not have as many large and beautiful specimens. I prefer two and three year old Fuchsias to younger ones, for the same reason that I prefer old Geraniums to young ones for winter use. There will be a great many more branches, therefore more flowering points. I have seen Fuchsias a dozen years old which each summer seemed to completely renew their youth after each spring cutting-back. Old plants become very large ones, and have a dignity that a small plant never has.

The following varieties are among the best of a very long list:

Speciosa.—Sepals pinkish-white, corolla carmine. A great bloomer.

Prince Napoleon.—Deep plum-colored corolla, full and wide, with red sepals.

Elm City.—Purple corolla and scarlet sepals. One of the old stand-bys. Double.

Mrs. E. G. Hill.—Corolla pure white, sepals bright red. Double. A fine variety in this favorite class.

Phenomenal.—Purple corolla and crimson sepals. Of great size and so double that the corolla forms a ball. One of the very best.

Earl of Beaconsfield.—Orange-red corolla with flesh-colored sepals tipped with pale green. A long and fine flower of great substance.

Constancy.—Corolla rich carmine, sepals white. Flowers of large size, very freely produced. A charming and most satisfactory variety.

Rose of Castile.—Flesh-colored sepals and violet-blue corolla, fading to rosy-violet. A wonderfully free bloomer of tree-like habit.

Black Prince.—Tube and sepals carmine, corolla magenta, spreading in form. A wonderfully profuse bloomer of stout, upright habit.

Last season two new varieties were put on the market. One is the Countess of Aberdeen. In this new variety we have what has long been sought for, a white Fuchsia. The plant is not as strong a grower as some of the older kinds, but it has a compact, bushy habit of growth which makes it very effective as a pot plant that requires no support. It branches freely without much pinching in, and blooms early in the season, and continues to produce flowers until November. Its flowers are not very large, but they are quite showy because of the contrast between them and the green of the foliage. The sepals are of ivory whiteness, and the corolla of a cream-white tint. It is a single variety. Many will admire the richly-colored sorts more, but this will be found valuable by way of contrast.

Trailing Queen is, as its name indicates, a variety with drooping branches. It throws them out horizontally from the base of the plant, and as they fall over the pot they quite conceal it with the pretty foliage which makes an excellent background for the scarlet and rosy-purple flowers which are produced in wonderful profusion. As a plant for a bracket this variety, with its graceful habit, is unsurpassed.

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



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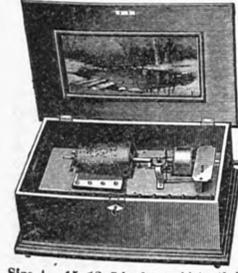
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BY THE EDITORS

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Mr. Woolf's Little Waifs of New York



TO all those who read the New York weekly "Life" the comic and pathetic pictures of the little waifs of the great metropolis as drawn by Mr. M. A. Woolf are familiar. No man has pictured the hopes, the ambitions of these little children of the born-poor as has Mr. Woolf. This clever artist has just been induced by the editor of the JOURNAL to draw some of his inimitable pictures of waif life for this magazine, and in the next issue Mr. Woolf's first contribution will appear. A portrait of the artist, with some facts concerning his life and work, will be given in connection with his pictures.

THE PORTFOLIO OF DRAWINGS

JUST prepared by the JOURNAL, is now ready, and already the demand for it has proven so great that the entire edition will soon be exhausted. Twelve of the best drawings which have appeared in this magazine are in this portfolio. They are, for the most part, of larger size than those shown in the magazine, being 15x12 inches. They are printed on the finest paper and are admirably suited for framing. There are two by C. D. Gibson, two by W. L. Taylor, and three by Alice Barber Stephens; one each by Albert Lynch, Howard Pyle and W. Hamilton Gibson, and two by W. T. Smedley. This is one of the best collections of black and white drawings ever prepared, and sells, including portfolio, for one dollar (\$1.00), for which price, sent to the JOURNAL, it will be mailed, carefully packed, to any address, with postage fully paid.

MR. PADEREWSKI'S COMPOSITION

IT is with considerable regret that the editor of the JOURNAL must again announce his inability to present the musical composition which Mr. Paderewski began some time ago for this magazine. It was hoped to print the composition in this issue. It is now deemed wise not to promise the contribution for any particular number. Mr. Paderewski's concert tour having been extended beyond its original limit has interfered with his sending the JOURNAL the composition at the time specified. So soon, however, as his work upon it is completed and the manuscript is delivered to the JOURNAL the composition will be given.

NO MATTER WHAT BOOK YOU WANT

NOR how cheap or expensive it may be, whether newly published or out for a long time, the JOURNAL's Literary Bureau can get it for you. Not only that, but its facilities make it possible to supply a single book at a price which heretofore has only been given to purchasers of libraries. The Literary Bureau buys so many books that, naturally, it can secure low prices, and the idea is to give, in turn, a part of this advantage to the JOURNAL's readers. Write with perfect freedom about any book you want to know about, or wish to buy, to the JOURNAL's Literary Bureau, and your request will receive prompt attention.

THE OTHER SIDE OF ROBERT BURNS

WE all know the unfortunate side of the great poet, "Bobby" Burns. But there was another side to him—a phase of his nature which is generally overlooked. And the JOURNAL has felt that it cannot better enter into the coming Burns centenary next July than to present this side of the man. It will do this in an article written on Burns' own soil and on his native heath by one who has studied nearly every foot of the poet's country. The article will, we can safely promise, be one of distinct interest, as well as of singular artistic beauty through the pictures which will accompany it.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON'S ARTICLES

HAVE met with such a wonderful welcome on the part of our readers that they will be interested to know that what are, in every respect, the most strikingly interesting papers in the series are yet to come. The success of the articles has stimulated the interest of General Harrison in his work to such an extent that he believes the articles which he is now at work upon will exceed in interest any of the papers thus far published. Be that as it may, our readers are assured of the most interesting series of articles which has been published in any magazine for some time past.

THE YOUNG WOMAN IN A VILLAGE

WHO thinks that life is narrow for her, who feels herself out of the eyes of the world, is the young woman whom the JOURNAL would like to take and educate at its own expense. It stands ready to do this, and send such a girl to any college, university or conservatory that she may desire. Life can be made just as attractive to such a girl as her most advantageously-situated sister in the city. She need only write to the JOURNAL's Educational Bureau and express her wishes. The rest will then be made clear to her.

WHEN THEIR SCHOOLS CLOSE

THIS spring or summer, the JOURNAL would like to hear from teachers all over the country, and present an idea which it has and which is likely to interest them, so that they may not feel that the summer vacation is an idle season. There is always a way open for a woman to make money in a pleasant, dignified manner, and the JOURNAL believes it has such a channel to offer through its Circulation Bureau. If teachers will now write to that bureau they can be fully equipped to associate themselves with the JOURNAL when their schools close.

EVERY GIRL OUGHT TO PLAY

ON the piano. Nowadays it is not an accomplishment only, but something that is expected of every girl. She is the exception when she is not a performer. Heretofore the ways and means were the obstacles in the path of many a girl with musical ambition. It is no longer so. The JOURNAL will gladly educate any girl, free of all charge, whether she wants an instrumental or vocal training. It matters not what her wish is, she can have it fulfilled. The JOURNAL has made a musical education possible for over two hundred girls already, and it is ready to do it for two hundred more. All depends on the girl, as will be demonstrated to her if she writes to the Educational Bureau of the JOURNAL about the matter. Simply ask for the plan of our free musical educations.

TO THOSE WHO ASK QUESTIONS

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

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A HOUSETOP GARDEN FOR SUMMER

By Ella Rodman Church

HOWEVER close the atmosphere may be near the street there is always a refreshing purity and coolness higher up. A certain flat roof in a neighboring city has been turned into a roof garden. The roof itself was first treated to a covering of concrete, and then fitted up with a rattan lounge and easy-chair, a low rocker, two or three foot-cushions, two or three inexpensive but effective rugs, some Chinese lanterns, and a small table or two—the latter intended to hold the lemonade or ice water and the after-dinner coffee service. Of course, all these things had to be taken in every evening in case of rain or storm, but even that trouble seemed trifling when compared with the pleasure this garden gave. The nightly study of the heavens from so high a point of view became a never-ceasing interest, and the sweet odors of old-fashioned flowers, intensified by the night air, added the finishing touch of enjoyment to the whole. Some expense and trouble were involved, as a matter of course, in getting even a simple garden into working order where gardens are not expected to be; but even this was accomplished.

THE wall was the brick of the house next door, which rose some little distance above the roof; to it long, narrow boxes supported on brackets were fastened. There were plenty of spaces between the boxes, as the garden was not intended to be on a large scale. When supplied with proper drainage and well-prepared soil, the plants, which had already been started elsewhere, were carefully deposited in their new and strange quarters. Mignonette, which is an especial favorite with the mistress of this roof garden, shed its sweetness everywhere, while a box, bordered with white Alyssum, and three low scarlet Geraniums in the centre, supplied what the other lacked in color. This was called the beauty box. The boxes and brackets were painted brown.

In one corner there was a perfect bower, called the chair of state, for the honored guest or whoever was deemed most worthy of it at the time. This throne was a rustic seat with a red cushion, and a footstool covered to match—the drapery being composed of the thickly-matted foliage of the most aspiring of Morning-Glories trained in a pointed dome lavishly decorated with pink, blue and white bells. It was a charming retreat, and the sovereign of the moment sat in great state surrounded by laughing courtiers on hassocks, mats or whatever could be utilized as seats. Every one enjoyed the novel idea, and became more intimately acquainted than ever before with the rich beauty of Morning-Glory foliage in its summer perfection.

Among the wall decorations were quaint little birch bark "catch-alls" filled with growing Ferns. Rustic stands with their burdens of beauty stood in each unoccupied corner. There were beautiful Roses running through all the shades of color and perfume of which Roses are capable—making perpetual June, and blooming as though each twenty-four hours were "the one day of summer in all the year." Some were climbing Roses that had come to stay, and some lovely blossoms were set in moss. Their beauty and luxuriance were a constant source of wonder, and the direct rays of the sun, tempered by abundant moisture, certainly seemed to agree with them.

VISITORS exclaimed almost as much, and with equal cause, over the Verbenas. Such masses of bloom and beautiful coloring are seldom seen, and many of them were sweet-scented at night, the time when the garden parlor was most in demand. The white variety is always fragrant, and all the light-colored ones, if raised from seed, become so. The Petunias, too, white, pink and light red, without the ugly purple tinge that so often spoils them, with some rare striped ones, took on new varieties of beauty, and more than repaid the care bestowed upon them. These tropical flowers fairly revel in strong sunshine, and most plants flourish under it if abundantly watered when the sunlight is withdrawn.

It was something of a task to water this aerial garden, and the youth who brought the pails of water from the bathroom in the second story had his own private views as to the desirability of roof gardens; but the vines waved their graceful tendrils, and the flowers put forth their beauty irrespective of adverse opinions. Some one asked if any fertilizer were employed to produce such remarkable bloom and brightness of coloring, and the queen of the domain replied laughingly: "We are all coffee-toppers, you know, and having read or heard somewhere that our favorite beverage agreed wonderfully with flowers we treat them regularly to the leavings of the coffee-pot and the grounds. That is all." "And what do you consider that this very unconventional departure has cost you?" I asked. "Including the furniture," was the reply, "about eighty dollars—a mere fragment toward a summer outing. Next year the expense will, of course, be materially less."

WAYS OF SERVING STRAWBERRIES

By Mary J. Safford

ANY persons believe that it is impossible to improve strawberries by any method of cooking them, but for those who hold to the contrary, there is no lack of excellent receipts. Possibly the most popular way of serving them, when cooked at all, is in the good, old-fashioned

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

ONE quart of flour, one cup of butter, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a saltspoonful of salt, the white of one egg. Rub the butter into the flour, then add the baking powder and salt. Beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth, and add with cold milk sufficient to make a dough stiff enough to roll out. Make the cakes about half an inch thick, and bake on pie-tins in a quick oven. When done, cut around the edges and split them; place a thick layer of well-sugared strawberries between, sift powdered sugar over the top and serve with cream.

STRAWBERRY COTTAGE PUDDING

CREAM together one-half cup of butter and one cup of sugar, add one cup of milk, one beaten egg, one pint of sifted flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a cake-pan, and serve hot with liquid sauce, into which fresh strawberries, mashed with sugar, have been stirred.

STRAWBERRY JELLY

BOIL three-quarters of a pound of sugar in half a pint of water, pour it boiling hot over three pints of strawberries placed in an earthen vessel, add the juice of two lemons, cover closely, and let it stand twelve hours. Then strain through a cloth (flannel is the best thing); mix the juice which has run through with two and a half ounces of gelatine, which has been dissolved in a little warm water, and add sufficient cold water to make the mixture one quart. Pour into a mould and set on the ice to cool.

JELLY WITH STRAWBERRIES

A VERY ornamental dish for desserts, strawberry festivals, etc., is made by placing handsome large strawberries which have been dipped into powdered sugar, in a lemon jelly made as follows: Add a large wine-glass of water to three-quarters of a pound of sugar, let it boil, skim it, pour it into a porcelain dish, let it cool, add two and a half ounces of gelatine (which has been dissolved), the juice of six lemons, a pint of boiling water and the grated peel of a lemon. Let it stand for half an hour, then pour it through a jelly-bag into a mould, perhaps one-fifth of the depth. Set it on ice to stiffen. Arrange a layer of strawberries on it, pour on a little more of the jelly. Set it away to stiffen. Add another layer of the strawberries, and continue in this manner until the mould is filled. A border of whipped cream may be arranged around it after it is turned out of the mould.

STRAWBERRY WHIPPED CREAM

RUB two pounds and a half of strawberries through a sieve, and add half a pound of powdered sugar and one quart of whipped cream. Place a layer of macaroons or any small sweet biscuit in a dish, add a layer of the strawberry whip, then another layer of biscuit, and continue alternately until the cream is used up. Set aside in a very cold place, or on ice, and serve in the dish in which it is prepared.

STRAWBERRY CREAM

ADD to the beaten yolks of six eggs one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour and seven ounces of sugar; mix the whole thoroughly, and stir it over a slow fire to a smooth cream. Having rubbed one pint of strawberries through a sieve, stir the fruit juice into the cream, let it come to a boil, color it with a few drops of tincture of cochineal, and add to it the whites of the six eggs beaten stiff. Pour into a mould and set away to harden.

FROZEN STRAWBERRIES

AFTER carefully stemming, lightly rinse one quart of strawberries. Mash them thoroughly and add the juice of two lemons and one pound of granulated sugar. Set them aside in a cool place for an hour, then add one quart of water, and place in an ice cream freezer and freeze.

STRAWBERRIES FOR BREAKFAST

SELECT some unusually large berries, shake them free from dust, and serve them unhulled in plates with the hulls uppermost. In the centre of each plate place a small coffee-cupful of powdered sugar. The strawberries may be dipped in the powdered sugar and eaten from the hulls.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES

A DELICIOUS preserve may be made by hulling strawberries that are free from blemish and not over-ripe, and placing them in a porcelain kettle with their weight in white sugar. Allow them to stand over night, and in the morning set them over the range and allow them to boil steadily for an hour. Not a drop of water should be used; the juice from the berries will furnish all the liquid necessary.

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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS BY RUTH ASHMORE

HOPE—The use of perfumed stationery is not general, nor is it in good taste.

M. C. P. AND OTHERS—Refer to the answer given to "Edith" in this column.

SCHOOLGIRL—A letter to a married woman should be addressed "Mrs. James Brown."

B. B. B.—Young girls are not supposed to entertain at all until after they have made their *débuts*.

GRACE—When a gentleman asks you to dance with him a bow and smile is a sufficient acceptance.

L. C.—I do not think the regular wave, the "ondule," can be given the hair without the use of an iron.

E. V. E. N.—A girl of sixteen does not have visiting-cards. (2) Lemon juice is said to be good for removing freckles.

LUCY—What is known as "layer cake" is eaten from a fork, and in helping it one would use either a pie-knife or a tablespoon and a fork.

M. L. C.—As you have left off mourning and are simply wearing black, there would be no impropriety in putting on a small gold bracelet if you fancied it.

ST. CHARLES—A girl of fifteen might wear a chiffon or barège veil to protect her skin, but she should not wear the dotted or fancy veiling that is dedicated to older women.

MIRIAM—A menu card at a private dinner tells what is going to be served, and one does not order from it in a private house as one would from a bill of fare in a hotel or restaurant.

FLORENCE—A little delicate perfume may be used with propriety, but a heavy perfume, and one that scents the entire room in which the person who uses it happens to be, is in very bad form.

MITA—If a young girl were very ill there would be no impropriety in her mother bringing her bed-roomed to see her, although she would, of course, remain in the room during his visit.

E. A. G.—No matter how quiet your wedding may be, if you are going to have any form of collation after the ceremony, and are acquainted with the wife of the clergyman, you should invite her.

Z. Y. L.—I think to become a good stenographer it is necessary to take lessons. I doubt if one would achieve great speed or great correctness in writing by studying stenography simply from a book.

PUEBLO GIRL—If you are out walking with a friend, and meet a gentleman with whom you are acquainted, but who is a stranger to the gentleman who is with you, he should raise his hat when you bow.

E. E. E.—The present style of men's visiting-cards is small, rather long than square, and upon them is engraved the full name, prefaced by "Mr." The use of "Mr." on a visiting-card should not be omitted.

G. A. M.—An only daughter has upon her visiting-card "Miss Brown." (2) A good short name for a pet dog is "Tony." I know a little dog of this name, but added to it he has the long one of "Bobblekins."

DUDLEY C.—If a man with whom you wish to have no acquaintance asks you to dance with him, simply say that you do not intend to dance that set, and join some of the elderly ladies who are acting as chaperons.

ALLISON—The bending of a visiting-card, either through the centre or at one corner, means that the card was left in person; this fashion, however, has gone out, and when a card is not left in person it is sent by post.

CONSTANCE S.—If your betrothed acts coolly toward you do not hesitate to ask him the reason for his strange conduct, and if he confesses that his love for you has grown less be wise enough to break the engagement.

G. H.—The idea that a wedding invitation necessitates a present has, sensibly enough, gone out of fashion, and only those who are bound by ties of blood or close friendship have the privilege of sending a gift to the bride.

UNSOPHISTICATED—When a stranger is introduced to you at an evening function talk about the beauty of the room, the many pretty girls who are present and the pleasant time that every one is having. Do not indulge in any personalities.

FRANCES R.—There is no lack of politeness in addressing an invitation to "Mrs. Brown"; indeed, fashionable women consider it the most complimentary form, inasmuch as it seems to insinuate that there is only one "Mrs. Brown."

MARY L.—Children are taught to say, "Yes, mamma," or "No, Mrs. Brown," in preference to "Yes, ma'am," or "No, ma'am." The highest title given to the Queen of England, in conversation, is "Madam," and to the Prince of Wales, "Sir."

C. A. M.—When a gentleman calls upon you there is no impropriety, when he is leaving, in telling him that you will be happy to see him again. (2) In introducing a gentleman to a lady say, "Miss Brown, may I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. Smith?"

EDITH—"My Dear Marion" is generally considered more formal than "Dear Marion." (2) The birth stone for August is the sardonyx, and for September the sapphire. (3) Watermelons are eaten with a fork, and cantaloupes either with a spoon or a fork.

A YANKEE—Thank you very much for your kind words. It pleases me to think that they come from a girl who is healthy in body and mind. (2) I do not know of anything that will make the hair curly, unless it should be the putting it up, with regularity, on soft curl papers.

SANS GÈNE—If one had the time, and the opportunity, and the desire to study Greek it would be quite proper to do so, even if there were no expectation of having to earn one's living by teaching it. (2) A girl of sixteen, properly trained, would not wish to correspond with young men.

GRACE—A young man who is a perfect stranger has no right to send flowers to a young woman, and if he has been impertinent enough to use the names of other people they should be informed of it so that he may be made to understand exactly the wrong done, and the punishment deserved for it.

MABEL W.—The young editor in New York who is a personal frier of yours, and who claims to be a personal friend of mine, and who knows that I am a man, is either blind or else given to—well, not telling the truth. I am a woman, with all of a woman's quickness of temper and dislike of untruths.

T. S. T. AND OTHERS—The little book, "Side-Talks with Girls," may be gotten from the Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL at the reduced price of eighty cents. (2) There would be no impropriety in a young girl taking a walk with a man friend, provided, always, that her mother knew and approved of it.

WILLIE—If a young man takes your arm as you are walking with him in the evening, make a jest of his ignorance, tell him that it is leap year and that you prefer to take his. (2) Your questions about studying the guitar can only be answered through the columns devoted to music. Repeat them to the musical editors.

ETHEL—You ask if it is an indication of good breeding for a young lady to be seen on the street wearing three or four college pins belonging to young men. I do not think a well-bred girl would care to wear jewelry of any sort that did not belong to her, and I should not think her mother would permit her to be so foolish.

M. A. B.—The fashionable visiting-card for a married lady is a little longer than square, pure white, very thin, with the name engraved in ordinary script. For a lady who lives in the country it is in good taste to have the name of her country place put just where, if she were in the city, her town address would be.

W. C. H. AND OTHERS—Cocoa butter can be gotten at almost any drug store. If you live in a small place the druggist can, undoubtedly, order it for you. (2) Regular shampooing and brushing the hair with clean brushes will keep it free from dandruff. (3) It would not be in good taste to wear a low-necked bodice to the theatre.

M. W. L.—When an invitation to an afternoon affair extending from one to four is received it would be in best taste to go between three and half past, although, of course, one is supposed to be welcome at any time between the hours named. (2) An invitation to a luncheon, no matter how informal, requires an immediate answer.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—A red nose is usually caused, not by the use of powder, but by eating too many sweets, living in rooms that are too warm, and not giving proper care to the daily exercise and the daily baths that tend to make a healthy woman; also from tight lacing. I would advise you to consult your physician in regard to this unpleasant condition.

FRANKLIN—It is customary before giving a "tea" or an "at home" to pay all the visits that one owes. (2) No matter how well you may know the gentleman it would be in very bad form to send him an invitation which does not include his wife, unless it should be for some affair at which only gentlemen are to be present, and then the invitation should come from your husband.

M. C. A.—Mark the household linen for your future home with the initials of your maiden name, or if you only care to use one initial then have the initial of your maiden surname. The most fashionable method is to embroider the monogram in white. The letters on sheets, table-cloths, pillow-cases and towels are usually two inches long, and those on the table-napkins one inch.

RIELLA—It would not seem possible that a marriage between a boy of nineteen and a woman of twenty-four could result in happiness. You say that two men have asked you to marry them and that you care as much for one as you do for the other. In that case refuse both, for until there comes a man whom you love better than any one else in the world the real Prince Charming has not appeared.

DOROTHY—Girls of sixteen are usually in the schoolroom, and do not, as a rule, receive visitors. (2) It is always wisest when a party of young people are to have a party to ask two or three married women to be present, not only for propriety's sake, but because there will then be no danger of anything unwished for happening, inasmuch as it is the duty of the chaperons to make all social happenings smooth and pleasant.

ETHEL—The white marks on the finger-nails usually come from bruises; if some simple ointment is rubbed on them at night they will fade away and the nail itself will be in better health. You say you are sure they are not caused by any blow; but an absolute blow is not needed to bruise the nail; the slightest touch, one of which you are not conscious, will often bring these little marks. (2) A widow in calling leaves only her own cards, and those only upon ladies.

YERXA—A man should learn to put his coat on at a public place of entertainment so that he will not require assistance from the lady who is with him. (2) An usher does not attend to the lady's wrap; if she takes it off before entering the hall the gentleman who is with her should carry it. (3) When two ladies receive together a visitor leaves a card for each. (4) The leaving of cards has nothing whatever to do with the question of intimate friendships. They are used to remind the hostess that her friends have called.

L. A.—If you live in a boarding-house and have only one room it would be in very bad taste to receive any men visitors there; even if it is not quite so agreeable, receive and entertain them in the public parlor. (2) It is not necessary for you to bow to people to whom, in your capacity as librarian, you give out books. (3) Library is only commenced with a capital when some special one is spoken of, as, for instance, the "Lenox Library," the "Astor Library" or the "Mercantile Library."

MILDRED T.—Long engagements are usually entered into by people who are quite young, but who, for some reason, usually the lack of money, cannot marry. As the years go on their tastes may change, and yet each may feel that honor binds the one to the other. The woman chosen by a man when he is twenty-one is seldom the woman he would choose when he is forty. When people marry young they grow accustomed to each other, and, oddly enough, they grow to be alike, but during a long engagement their tastes are apt to change, and the result is apt to be anything but a happy one. Of course, there are exceptions, but, generalizing, the long engagement is to be feared.

HEARTSEASE—It is very improper for a young girl to correspond with several men when she is engaged to be married. (2) I do not approve of secret marriages, nor, indeed, of any marriages of which the two families do not approve. (3) If a girl discovers very soon after her marriage that she has made a mistake it is wisest for her to make the best of it; she should look for all that is good in her husband and try and forget that which she dislikes. I do not believe in divorce under any circumstances. There are times when a legal separation is a necessity, but when people marry they marry for better or for worse, and if, unfortunately, it should be worse, even that does not release them from the solemn vows which they have taken.

MRS. W. E.—The young lady was right. The gentlemen whom she met at her friend's house should have been in very bad taste for her to send cards to them. (2) An article entitled "Tea, Luncheon, Party and Dinner," which appeared in the January number of the JOURNAL, will, I think, help you about the luncheon. It is in better form to have a luncheon served at a large table, especially when the guests do not number more than twenty, than to have small tables. Decorate your tables with flowers, and have the rooms darkened and the gas lighted. It is not necessary to darken the whole house, but only the room in which the luncheon is served. Two o'clock is the fashionable hour for a luncheon; after it is over the guests usually disperse.

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ART HELPS FOR ART WORKERS

BY EMMA HAYWOOD

Under this heading questions of general interest relating to Art and Art work will be answered. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

E. B. H.—Varnish your picture with spirit varnish. Pale copal is excellent for the purpose.

MRS. B.—Your best plan would be to get a reputable picture dealer to sell your old engravings on commission; they probably have a market value.

DRAW—You will find a complete, yet brief, simple and understandable description of the process of etching in "A Manual of Elementary Information."

N. L. C.—Address the Art Students' League or the National Academy of Design, New York City, asking them for a prospectus. Inclose a stamp for reply.

MRS. T.—The Venus de Medici is generally considered to be the type of perfect womanhood in form and feature. The height of this statue is about five feet three inches.

M. C. J. S.—I would advise my young friends to develop their taste for drawing by studying it out of school hours with a view to more serious work when school education is finished.

G. M. T.—What you need is an experimental knowledge of the colors at command. I do not know of any book that simply gives detailed instructions for coloring individual objects.

INQUIRER—There are some useful handbooks on water-color painting. Handbooks, however, generally presuppose a certain amount of knowledge to start with. They are mostly intended to help forward a beginner.

M. B.—It takes an expert of long experience in such matters rightly to appraise the merits of a picture. No book that was ever written could help you to a right judgment if you lack practical knowledge and experience.

BLEURE—Your sketch shows some taste for drawing in view of the fact that you have had no instruction. Enter an art school by all means if you have leisure and opportunity; you will learn more there than by taking private lessons.

L. M. L.—It would be useless for me to enter into minute directions as to technique for reproduction, since your sketches show the need of a thorough art training. Before taking up any special branch you must begin by learning to draw properly.

N. C. and OTHERS—It would not serve the purposes of art to answer idle questions prompted by mere curiosity respecting the private life of any artist, nor would it be seemly to lend this column to such matters, more especially when touching artists connected with THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

B. S. G.—There is no standard price for contributions to papers or magazines. It depends partly on the standing or merit of the contributor, and largely upon the individual resources of the publication in question. All drawings are exactly reproduced as to color and technique, but not necessarily as to the dimensions.

J. M. B.—About five dollars would cover the cost of materials sufficient for a beginner in oil painting. It is not easy to start without some practical, personal instruction, especially if you know nothing of the theory of color. There are no arbitrary rules. The same results can be arrived at by means of different combinations.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—To paint the large purple clematis in oils set your palette with crimson lake, Antwerp blue and white. In the very deepest shadows a little raw umber might be worked in sparingly. To get the velvety effect paint the solid colors into each other separately. Almost any tint of violet or purple can be made from the colors mentioned by varying the proportions and adding more or less white.

C. L.—The system of measurements generally followed in artistic anatomy starts on the basis that the height of a man from the summit of the head to the sole of the foot is eight heads; of a woman, seven; of a child of three years, five heads; from eight to nine years, six heads; from twelve to thirteen, six and a half heads. These are the proportions laid down by Jean Cousin, whose system is followed in the French schools.

AMBITIOUS FRIEND—The method of painting or drawing for reproduction depends entirely on the style of work called for. Colored pictures can be painted in water-colors or oils, on paper or canvas. The uncolored pictures may be drawn in pen and ink on white paper or Bristol-board, or they may be made in wash drawings with lampblack and Chinese white. The drawings should be larger than the size to be published, pen and ink work especially.

MRS. B. W.—Look up the addresses of lithographers of repute in the directory. I cannot recommend individual firms. It will be an expensive matter to reproduce the calendars in color; to copyright them will, of course, add to the expense. Why not try to sell your work instead of undertaking the responsibility and expense of reproduction? Remember that when reproduced you have next to find a market for the calendars. This, in face of much competition, is no easy matter.

F. B.—Scrape the hard paint from off the palette with a knife, then smooth it with sand paper, afterward rub in some linseed oil several times. A new palette should always be treated with linseed oil. A little should be rubbed in thoroughly every day for a week or two, until the surface is like glass. This renders it very easy to keep clean. (2) There is a cheap, slightly-primed, thin canvas sold by the yard, made especially for the use of students. It is pleasant to paint on and well adapted for sketches and studies for practice.

DORA—The best way to make good mucilage with the qualifications you wish is to dissolve gum-arabic in water. You can make it as strong as you please, adding more water if it becomes too thick through evaporation. Flour paste will not keep well. It should be mixed fresh as often as required. You can buy a preparation in powder consisting of flour and glue that can be mixed with cold water at a moment's notice. It makes strongly adhesive paste. Starch paste boiled almost to a jelly is best for silk or satin; it dries without leaving any stain.

ARTIST—The only safe way to pack an oil painting is to prevent anything from touching the surface. This is easily managed by fixing with needle points a piece of cork at each corner between the picture and another canvas stretcher or a thin piece of board. Two pictures of the same size can be faced in this way. The method is as good as it is simple. (2) Take a damp sponge and apply to the paper till it becomes pulpy; then it can be easily wiped off from the surface of the painting unless it be stuck on to fresh varnish, when it must be carefully scraped, touched up and revarnished.

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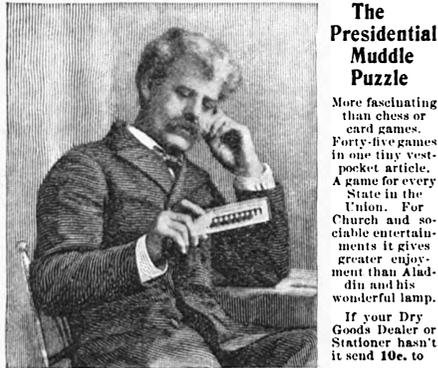
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LITERARY QUERIES

BY THE LITERARY EDITOR

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

CORINNE—"The Ralstons," by Marion Crawford, has no sequel.

RUDOLPH—The incidents of "The Prisoner of Zenda" are wholly fictitious.

CRICKET—"Quiver" is the *nom de plume* of Timothy J. Dyson, a Brooklyn journalist.

GENEVIEVE—The poet Longfellow had two sons: Charles Appleton and Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow.

ADELE S.—Illustrations of Anthony Hope Hawkins' "Zenda Stories" appeared in "McClure's Magazine," September to December, 1895.

Q.—"Tasma" is the pseudonym of Miss Jessie Fraser. Besides "Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill," she has written "In Her Earliest Youth" and "Not Counting the Cost."

S. E. B.—Mrs. Browning's poem, "Mother and Poet," contains the lines:
"Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the East,
And one of them shot in the West by the sea."

F. H. E.—Among the textbooks for the study of the proposed universal language known as Volapuk, are C. E. Sprague's "Handbook of Volapuk," and Schleyer's "Grammar and Vocabularies of Volapuk."

SOUTH BOSTON—The first husband of "Fanny Fern" (Miss Sarah Payson Willis) was Charles H. Eldredge, of Boston, who died in 1846. She was married again, in 1854, to James Parton, the noted author.

READER—Frederic Harrison's "Choice of Books" is among the few really helpful books on the subject. It comprises four brief essays on "How to Read," "Poets of the Old World," "Poets of the Modern World" and "The Misuse of Books."

SUBSCRIBER—Sarah Orne Jewett's home is still at South Berwick, Maine, her birthplace. Her first book was "Deephaven," published in 1877. She has contributed largely to the "Atlantic Monthly" and other periodicals during the past twenty years.

MOTHER—"The Children's Book of Poetry" contains the verses entitled "Lulu's Complaint," beginning:
"I see a poor little sorrowful baby,"
but the author's name is not given.

GRACE—"Faye Huntington" (Mrs. Isabelle H. Foster) has written several stories in collaboration with "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden). "Echoing and Reechoing," though written by "Faye Huntington," we find included by the publishers in their list of the "Pansy" books.

NELLIE—The lady, whose monument in Westminster Abbey is described by Washington Irving, was Elizabeth, daughter of Washington, Earl of Ferrers, wife of Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale. The monument represents Mr. Nightingale trying to ward off the angel of Death from his wife, who died at the early age of twenty-seven.

H. C. A.—"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all,"
is one of a number of poetic aphorisms translated by Longfellow from the *Singgedichte* of Friedrich von Logau.

K. A.—The following books would be suitable for the library of a young minister: Ely's "Social Aspects of Christianity"; Lloyd's "Wealth Against Commonwealth"; Bryce's "The American Commonwealth" (2 vols.); De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America"; McMaster's "History of the People of the United States"; Green's "History of the English People."

R. HORATIO—Rev. Edward Payson Roe, the novelist, was born at Moodna, Orange County, New York, and died in 1888 at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. He was for some years pastor of a Presbyterian church at Highland Falls, New York, and during the Civil War served as chaplain of the Second New York Regiment, and of the hospitals at Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

A. M. P.—The lines:
"Into the woods my Master came,
Forespent with love and shame,
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
As into the woods He came,"
are from the "The Master and the Trees," by the late Sidney Lanier.

H. F. S.—For home instruction in nursing we would advise "A Text-Book of Nursing, for the Use of Training Schools, Families and Private Students," by Clara S. Weeks, and Diana C. Kimber's "Anatomy and Physiology for Nurses." No books, however, can take the place of practical experience in one of the fully-equipped training schools attached to large hospitals.

MOODS AND TENSES—"One who habitually murders the King's English" will probably not find much help in the direct study of grammatical rules, no matter how clearly or simply stated, as, for example, in Whitney's "Essentials of English Grammar." The habit of writing and speaking good English can be gained only by conversing with those who speak correctly, and by reading the best English prose and poetry.

Mrs. M. E. W.—The name of Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen is pronounced Valmar Yorth Boye-sen; in the Norwegian "hj" has the sound of "y" spoken with full breath. (2) Blasé, meaning surfeited, is in form a participle of the French verb *blaser*, to surfeit or tire of. It can be found in Webster's "International Dictionary," the "Century Dictionary," or any complete English dictionary, and the verb *blaser* will be found in any good French dictionary.

Mrs. F. J. F.—In connection with a course of reading in Roman history the following historical fiction would be interesting and helpful: "Bulwer's 'Last Days of Pompeii'"; Becker's "Gallus"; Mrs. Charles' "Victory of the Vanquished," all describing different phases of Roman life in the first century; Melville's "Gladiators," with scenes at Rome and at the fall of Jerusalem; Miss Yonge's "Slaves of Sabinus," in the time of Vespasian; Ebers' "The Emperor," recounting the growth of Christianity in the reign of Hadrian; Church's "To the Lions"; Eckstein's "Nero" and "Claudius," and Farrar's "Darkness and Dawn," describing the Roman persecutions of the early Christians; Church's "Two Thousand Years Ago," the story of a Roman boy's adventures; Ware's "Aurelian, or Rome in the Third Century"; Pater's "Marius, the Epicurean," a philosophical tale of the time of Aurelius; Kouns' "Arius, the Libyan: an Idyl of the Primitive Church," in the time of Constantine, and Wilkie Collins' "Antonio," a romance of the fall of Rome in the fifth century.

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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

Mrs. R.—I do not know of any book on the subject of which you write.

C. D.—The Cactus is in too cool a room. Give it more warmth if you want it to perfect its buds.

Mrs. C. C. R.—If you will send me a self-addressed and stamped envelope I will send you the address you desire.

Mrs. J. R. D.—Dry off the plant in fall, and set it away in a cool, dry place in the cellar until the following spring.

Mrs. W. R. P.—I am unable to give the name of your plant from the description sent. Could you not send a specimen?

C. W. R.—Plant out your Marguerite as soon as the weather is warm. Water only just enough to keep the ground from getting very dry while it is in the cellar.

M. L.—The Marguerite Carnation is not adapted to greenhouse culture. Get the kinds grown by commercial florists. You will find long lists of them in the catalogues of all dealers in plants.

VIOLET ROSE—The Little Gem Calla blossoms about as freely as the older and ordinary variety, but I have not found it as desirable in any way. (2) The Oranges, as a general thing, are worthless, so far as eating is concerned.

Miss C. M. W.—I could not answer by mail, as you requested, because you gave only your initials. Aphides frequently attack the English Ivy. Some of the soap mentioned in replies to other correspondents will rid the plant of the pest.

Mrs. H.—The Palm leaf which you send does not show any sign of injury from the red spider. The red spots you speak of are a sort of rust. The red spider is so minute an insect that it is almost impossible to detect him with the naked eye.

W. K.—I know of nothing better than kerosene emulsion to destroy insects on out-of-door Roses. Apply early in the season. Do not wait for the bushes to become badly infested with them. (2) Lily-of-the-Valley likes a moist, light soil, and a shady location.

A DOZEN CORRESPONDENTS—Nothing can be done to fully counteract the bad influence of furnace heat on plant life. Its effects can be modified somewhat by daily showering of the plants, and using all possible means to impart moisture to the air. Beyond this nothing can be done.

E. S.—Unless you are anxious to acquire knowledge of how seeds germinate, by personal experiment, do not attempt to grow Palms from seed. Florists, who have all kinds of facilities for growing plants, can make a success of it, but those who have only a living-room for plants cannot. Of course, some seeds will germinate quite readily, but few will germinate at all. It is much cheaper, in the long run, to buy a small Palm that the florist has started.

G. W. P.—I have not been able to secure any knowledge as to the Clematis disease or its remedy. I find that the native sorts are not attacked by it, neither is *C. paniculata*. But with me *Jacksonii* and several of the hybrid varieties have died, and others show signs of succumbing to its ravages. No florist of my acquaintance seems to understand about it, and I have been unable to find any thorough correspondence that can even recommend a remedy.

RURAL—For a cemetery lot with sandy soil and sunny location I would advise the use of some of our native plants. Goldenrod and Asters would flourish in such a location better than anything else you could select, and we have few plants that are more beautiful. Phlox *subulata* makes a pretty covering for a grave. It is a low-growing plant with dense foliage and rose-colored flowers. Perhaps you may be familiar with it under the common name of Moss Pink.

S. B.—The Rose is one of the most difficult of all plants for the amateur to succeed with. I would advise you to try something else. In a greenhouse containing a miscellaneous collection of plants it is hardly possible to meet the requirements of so exacting a plant. The best Rose for pot culture of which I have any knowledge is *Agrippina*, which is a dark crimson variety, pretty in bud and quite sweet, but not one that comes up to the present standard of the Rose grower.

Mrs. K. M. W.—Try kerosene emulsion on your Wistaria. (2) Rubra, President Carnot and *Argentata guttata* are good winter-blooming Begonias. (3) Souvenir de Mirande, Hethernath and Mary Hallock Foote are good single Geraniums for winter. (4) Heliotrope is well adapted to culture in an east window if your room is warm. (5) Repot plants in May. (6) Arbor Vitae. (7) Geraniums and German Ivy. (8) Plumbagoes, Streptosolen and Genista will do very well in an east window.

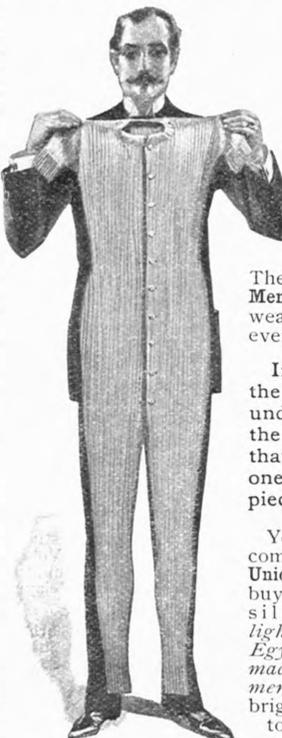
Mrs. W. J. W.—April is quite early enough to start Pansies in boxes. I think you will find it much more satisfactory to purchase young plants of the florist than to attempt to grow them for yourself. A florist has facilities which you have not, and his plants are sure to be stronger and healthier than yours would be because of these facilities, which makes it possible for him to so control conditions that the plants are never forced nor weakened. Most local florists sell fine young Pansy plants at two or three cents apiece; for five cents you can always get a plant showing flowers.

FLOWER LOVER—Give your Banana plant a rich, light soil, a large tub and plenty of water while growing. If you want my opinion as to its merits I would say that it is one of the last plants I would choose to expend much labor upon. There are hundreds of more desirable plants that may be obtained of any florist. (2) If your Pansies dry up at the roots the only remedy is water applied every other day through the dry season. (3) Grow your Water Lily in a tub or tank. I do not know whether the German carp would gnaw the roots or not. I have never known any one to keep it in a tank with plants. I think, however, it would hardly be advisable to keep it there.

E. M. P.—The fact that your Primrose was apparently healthy in February, when brought from the greenhouse, and now, in April, is turning brown and looking as if it were likely to die, would indicate that it is suffering because of changed conditions. In the greenhouse it had a moist atmosphere; in the living-room it has no doubt had a rather dry air. Such a change is sufficient in itself to seriously harm the plant. It is now too late to do anything that would enable the plant to recover and give you good flowers this spring. If it survives until May put it out-of-doors and give it a chance to recover during the summer, in a shady place well sheltered from winds. Do not water very copiously while it stands still.

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OUR MAY OFFER, a \$2.00 Flexibone Moulded Cycling Corset mailed to any lady sending \$1.00 and signatures of 10 Lady Cyclists whose names have not already been sent us, or in response to our April offer (see page 18 of the April Ladies' Home Journal). We do this to introduce our Cycling Corset. Ask prominent dealer in every town, or send for Booklet, "Corset Style and Fitting," and we will refer you to our agent, or have your order filled.

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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

R. E. D.—You cannot renew black satin that has worn shiny.

ANNIE D.—Your skirt must be five yards, and it may be six in width.

BEATRICE—White piqué skirts will again be worn with dressy cotton and silk waists.

A. M. S.—Do not leave the selvedge, but cat-stitch the seams or simply overcast them.

HILDA—Your goods are an imitation of piqué. The March issue contains descriptions of such dresses.

E. C.—Your silk will not look well dyed. (2) Make a petticoat of it and line with thin undressed cambric.

TAMPA—Dyes are advertised in these columns, but I cannot recommend one in preference to the others.

MYRTLE—Black lace dresses are decidedly passé, though black net dresses were worn last winter for evening.

A WOMAN—Add a vest of plain serge, blue, brown, or green, to your tailor suit, and cover it with soutache braiding in black.

KATE W.—Pink and pale blue batiste are sold for summer nightdresses. They may be trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

MARGIE—Colored dimities are already selling well in all-over and striped patterns, at from fifteen to twenty-five cents a yard.

READER—In the April issue of 1895 you will find a description of a bridal outfit that may be purchased for two hundred dollars.

MILLINER—The veil must match the hat rather than the costume. Black, brown, navy and white is the manner in which the list runs on.

ESTHER—Mixed tweed, brown, green or blue predominating, or mohair for a spring dress and warp-printed taffeta for the extra silk waist.

CAPE—For spring certainly select a cape, which, for "rather dressy wear," should be of black satin, jet passementerie and a chiffon neck ruche.

APRIL GIRL—A traveling gown of golden-brown mohair will be in good taste. (2) Of course, jacket effects are good for the spring; they always are.

VIRGINIA—Many thanks for your kind appreciation. I am glad to tell you that black skirts with odd waists will be very much worn this summer.

ADDIE H.—Bind your skirt edge with velveteen so that only the merest edge of the binding shows. (2) Godet skirts are from five to seven yards wide.

A. ST. P.—Use your skirt for a silk waist to wear with white piqué, black wool or silk skirts, and trim with five-inch ribbon collar tied in a bow at the back.

NELLIE M.—A white alpaca petticoat trimmed with ribbon-bound ruffles is pretty for summer wear in the house. Light-weight moreen skirts are very popular.

MRS. J.—Skirts always drop a little after the first freshness of the stiffening of the lining and of the goods disappears. Obviate this by making inter-lined skirts.

ELLA S.—Groom wears white dress tie, white gloves and dress suit. (2) Sucde gloves. (3) A bunch of long-stemmed pink roses having a mass of foliage tied with white ribbon.

MRS. C. F.—Piqués, cotton chevots and such heavy cotton goods will be very much worn for Eton and blazer suits. (2) White will be even more worn than it was last season.

A READER—Cotton dress skirts are described in the March issue. (2) For a petticoat black taffeta silk is the first choice, then black alpaca, then sateen—each to have three narrow bias ruffles.

GLADYS—The loose blouse waists now worn should suit you, as they are loose in fit around the waistline. I certainly cannot recommend an Empire gown for the street. Try a reefer jacket suit.

GRACE—Wear a black, dark blue or white skirt with the tea jacket. (2) Black, dark brown, blue or tan chevot, serge, crêpon, twill or mohair skirts. (3) Shirt-waists will again be universally worn.

ANXIOUS—In the April issue of 1895 you will find a description of an entire bridal outfit. (2) Select crêpon, mohair, tweed, piqué, dimity, organdy, gingham, dotted Swiss, écu batiste and taffeta silk.

PHYLLIS G.—On back of brown collar put a bow of brown satin ribbon five inches wide. (2) Belt and collar of wide black satin ribbon, each tied in a short bow at the back; frill of lace at top of collar turned over.

DEEN—Mauve, deep red, cream, pale pink, delicate yellow, golden-brown, pinkish-gray, light blue in the evening, also reddish-violet. You must consult your skin, which is evidently sallow, when selecting colors.

L. K. D.—A letter addressed you to Danforth Street, as per directions, has been returned marked "not there." (2) I must again impress upon my correspondents the necessity of sending me their correct addresses.

T. E. D.—Old rose is not a fashionable color, though it is still worn. (2) Bedford cord is no longer worn. (3) Take your silk-striped woolen to a reliable dyer, as mixed fabrics require a different process to plain woolen ones.

ZELINA—Why not have a pretty white organdy trimmed with yellowish Valenciennes lace, as described in the March issue, and crush collar and belt of white taffeta ribbon? This will do you good service all of the summer.

M. M.—You can get floral-printed organdies as low as twenty cents that wash well. When trimmed with ribbon and the narrow butter-colored Valenciennes edging that is only three cents a yard, they really make lovely afternoon gowns for warm days.

SUMMER GIRL—White silk is not suitable for a sailor suit. If you are determined upon this material have a five-yard godet skirt, full shirt sleeves gathered into deep cuffs; a sailor blouse and wide collar. Trim with gilt braid, ditto buttons, and wear a gilt or white leather belt.

MINNA—Persian-figured and floral designs in warp-printed effects are the two leading styles in taffeta silk for waists and costumes this spring. They are from a dollar to a dollar and fifty cents a yard for the popular grades, and it requires six yards to make a pretty, stylish waist.

MRS. M. D. S.—Reefer jackets in blue have gilt buttons and braid. (2) Tan shoes and hose are worn as they were last year. (3) For comfort wear silk gloves; for a stylish appearance only kid. (4) Shirt-waists will be worn more than ever. (5) Sleeves were written of in the April issue.

EBEN—Brown is the most fashionable color for a traveling dress. (2) Nile green is not usually becoming to brunettes. (3) All of the reds, cream, yellow, brown, orange, pink, reddish-purple, pinkish-gray and lavender, old rose and navy blue are combined with red, also golden tan.

COUNTRY—You can just now get an excellent grade of black satin duchesse for skirts at a dollar and fifteen cents a yard. (2) Silk petticoats are made of taffeta silk on account of its slight stiffness and stand-out proclivities. (3) Striped wash silk at forty cents makes very pretty summer waists.

SUBSCRIBER—Get a black brocaded cashmere for new leg-of-mutton sleeves and skirt panels. The panels eighteen inches wide at bottom and eight at top, next to the front breadth. Then add a ripple basque piece of the new goods to the short, pointed waist, and crush collar of velvet or ribbon.

KATHARINE—Bright green with gray. (2) No special color of hair. (3) Small earrings are worn. (4) Names of special articles are not given in this column. (5) Suit of golden-brown mohair, that with white in coat-waist style described in this issue; crush collar, revers and cuffs of velvet or silk.

R. M. W.—You could use a *guimpe* of red surah or cashmere for one dress and one of green for the second plaid; each to have leg-of-mutton sleeves, gathered skirts and round full waists laid in a wide box-plait down the centre. Low neck, the *guimpe* above and a revers of the goods turned over the neck.

ANNE—Have a plaited Norfolk basque, and finish all edges with two rows of stitching, but do not use any white ribbon. (2) Have a high turned-over collar, and wear a white lawn or black silk dress tie. (3) Any of the pattern houses can give you the model of a Norfolk jacket or basque for twenty-five cents.

LOTTIE—Read of sleeves and round waists in the April issue. (2) Line your dotted Swiss with plain Swiss if it is to be worn in the street. (3) Reinforce the armholes of unlined wash dresses with a piece of the goods, three inches wide, following the shape of the opening and continuing down the side seam to the belt.

MAY—Your waist evidently needs letting out on the shoulders, and may also be too high at the back, which makes it tight across the neck at the shoulders, making you feel as though your head must be kept bowed, though it ought to be held erect. When you let out the shoulders do it more on the back than in front.

COUNTRY MATRON—Match your goods, and enlarge the skirt with new sides or a new centre back. The basque should be simple, as the material is never used for dressy wear. A round bodice having a ripple basque attachment under a belt of black silk will be stylish for the street. Wear colored velvet or ribbon collars.

MRS. C. C. W.—Silk-warp clairette and line it with moiré percaline. Have a godet skirt, large leg-of-mutton sleeves and a slightly-pointed waist having a ripple basque piece five inches deep set on. Crush collar of black, or black and white taffeta ribbon; full front of black jetted chiffon, revers of the goods, and a very narrow jet edging on waist, wrists and revers.

AGNES—I prefer number two. (2) These would make excellent shirt-waists; white linen collars and cuffs will be correct. (3) These shades and the greenish grass linens will be worn. (4) Use white satin for vest, revers and crush collar, using heavy lace over the former two. Have large, soft sleeves, godet skirt and a pointed waist, with a ripple basque attachment.

NELLIE H.—Wear a veil with your hat. (2) Have a dress of golden-brown mohair made with a godet skirt and coat-waist. (3) Keep on the traveling costume. (4) You cannot purchase the materials for evening, dinner, traveling, visiting and general wear gowns, together with a tea-gown and silk waist, with a hundred dollars. (5) Read the bridal outfit in the April issue of a year ago.

M. C. C.—Have panels of écu satin overlaid with a breadth of kilt-plaited chiffon on each side, and one or two at the centre back of your bengaline, in order to make the skirt at least five yards wide. Elbow sleeves in full puff of satin and chiffon. Round back and pointed front to square-necked waist of bengaline, having plastron of chiffon draped in front and folds of satin on lower edge. Upright frill of chiffon in the neck above a row of gilt-spangled trimming.

R. G.—Contrasting sleeves are worn, but cannot be called a craze. (2) Sleeves of brown or green changeable silk. (3) Wrap of ladies' cloth. (4) A fine black serge can be worn with fancy silk waists, but a neat taffeta silk or mohair is better. (5) Have the traveling dress of tan mohair, and add to your summer outfit a silk skirt and two silk waists, light and dark. Add a blue duck or piqué jacket suit, a few cotton shirt-waists, and one evening dress of black net over a color if you indulge in dancing.

EXPECTANT GRADUATE—Have dress of white crêpon made with a five-yard skirt interlined with stiffening to a depth of fifteen inches. Round waist in back, pointed in front, large leg-of-mutton sleeves, belt and collar of five-inch taffeta ribbon bowed at the back. Box-plait of the goods down the centre front of the waist, upon which have three large fancy pearl buttons. Bretelles of two-inch ribbon from belt to shoulders, back and front, with short bow of four loops and four ends on top of the shoulder. (2) Wear your hair in a loose knot low in the back, banded and slightly fluffy in front.

PEACOCK—The very pale girl needs color, so put on a deep red ribbon collar tied in a large bow at the back, using five-inch ribbon; change with a bright green one as well. Have a round waist made with full front, large sleeves and a five-yard godet skirt. Belt tied at back to match collar. Large collar of the goods cut in a point over each shoulder, back and front. Edge this and the wrists with blue spangled gimp. (2) The sister's gown to have similar sleeves and skirt, and a short, pointed waist having a ripple basque piece. Add crush collar, revers, and full or flat vest of bright changeable silk.

SUMMER GIRL—On a driving party wear a visiting costume. (2) Three dresses a day are ample. (3) Have four dancing gowns of net over silk, chiffon, white Dresden silk and a spangled net. White and pale blue piqué suits, several fancy silk waists, a dotted Swiss, a flowered organdy, blue duck and bright blue outing gown of twill; then a golden-brown chevot for traveling; black satin and white silk separate skirts; shirt-waists, and a tan mohair suit. Add a pretty taffeta silk of medium hues of changeable green, and you have the array in which "expense is not an object." (4) Use the striped silk. (5) Wear your mohair, piqué, duck or silk waist and black skirt.

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CREATE HANDSOME FORMS

and will give the wearer satisfaction every time. Made in white and drab. If not in stock at your retailer's, send \$1.00 for F. P. 41, and we will send you one, postage paid. BIRDSEY, SOMERS & CO.

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Best Sateen. ONLY \$1.00 Fast Black, White and Drab. Buy of your dealer, or on receipt of price will mail sample pair.

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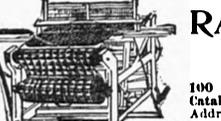


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EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE

The Domestic Editor will be glad to answer, on this page, questions of a general domestic nature. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

LEAH—Dark calicoes should be ironed on the wrong side with irons that are not too hot.

Z. K.—Cooking by electricity is much more expensive at the present time than cooking by gas.

LETTIE—Spaghetti is an Italian paste similar in shape but much smaller in size than macaroni.

IVY—Have curtains of dotted Swiss tied back with pale green ribbon for your summer cottage windows.

RUTH ANN—It is claimed that the first cooking school in this country was established in Boston in March, 1879.

GLASTONBURY—Fireplace cushions are usually stuffed with hair; they are made much larger than sofa-pillows are.

PERPLEXED—Finely-cut potato parings and ammonia, or charcoal and ammonia will clean the inside of carafes.

SOMERSET—Colored inks are used only for business purposes. A good black is the one to be used for all social correspondence.

D. C. D. S.—Sweet oil and powdered rotten-stone, vigorously applied with a piece of soft flannel, will clean brass ornamental work.

ANNIE—A "tomato bisque" is simply a thick rich soup made from tomatoes, milk or cream. It is pronounced as though spelled "bisk."

MAYWOOD—A coffee-cupful of ground coffee should make sufficient coffee for four or five persons. (2) *Café au lait* is strong coffee with which milk is boiled.

L. C. B.—Colored table linen is very little used at the present time and may be said to have gone altogether out of style. (2) If you can spare the time hem all your table linen by hand.

ANITA—When shadocks are served at either lunch or dinner half a one is placed before each guest after the seeds have been removed and the pulp has been separated from the peel with a sharp knife.

GRANDMOTHER B.—A weak solution of oxalic acid will remove mildew from white linen or cotton; it may be necessary to apply it more than once. After the stain is removed rinse the garment in clear warm water.

CHAMPAIGN—Some people use figured chintz for summer furniture covers, but it cannot be said to be as durable nor as serviceable as the linen which is sold for the purpose. Furniture covers are usually finished with a binding of colored braid.

GREENWICH—An old English cook book gives the following formula for baking powder: eight ounces of tartaric acid, nine of bicarbonate of soda and ten of ground rice. These ingredients should be thoroughly mixed and kept in an air-tight receptacle.

GRANDMOTHER KATE—The ingredients for sponge gingerbread are as follows: one cup of sour milk, one cup of molasses, a tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking soda; add sufficient flour to make a rather stiff batter. Bake in a shallow cake-tin in a moderate oven.

TARRYTOWN—"Baked ice cream" is simply ice cream frozen very hard in a mould, then turned out, coated with meringue and browned for an instant only. The whites of four eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar will make sufficient meringue for a quart mould of cream.

GREENVILLE—The following is an excellent receipt for Chili sauce: six large tomatoes peeled and peeled, four green peppers, one carefully-peeled onion, all chopped finely together and mixed with one tablespoonful of salt, one of sugar and one cup and a half of strong vinegar. Boil all together for one hour, and bottle while hot. This sauce will keep indefinitely.

L. J. K.—Anchovies are a small fish of the herring variety which are caught in the Mediterranean and along the Norwegian coast. They are made into a paste, which is packed into small jars and sent over to this country as a delicacy. Anchovy toast is simply plain, nicely-made buttered toast cut into diagonal pieces, spread with anchovy paste, and served very hot.

GLADYS—Make for your afternoon tea-table a white linen cover with a valance; cut the top part of the cover a little larger than the top of the table and its exact shape, and embroider upon it some conventional design; for it make a full valance of the linen about twelve inches deep, and join with a cord to the top, finishing the lower edge with a deep hemstitch. Or the valance may be simply hemmed, and edged with a narrow border of a design used to correspond with the top.

PERSIS—The following form will answer for an informal dinner invitation:

My Dear Mrs. Bliss:
I hope that you and Mr. Bliss will be able to dine with us very informally on Tuesday, April the fourteenth, at half-after six o'clock.
Yours very cordially,
ALICE MERTON LEE.

406 Walnut Lane
Wednesday, April first.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS—The topics for the course in Food Economics at Pratt's Institute in Brooklyn are as follows: (1) The selection of food material as to quality, food value and cost. Marketing and buying by sample. (2) Methods of preparation in the large way and by appropriate apparatus. The care of food, cold storage, etc. (3) Serving, embodying general dining economy, labor-saving appliances, etc. Field work, visits to public kitchens, manufactories of kitchen and hotel furnishings.

MYRTLE—The Ladies' Depository Association, which was organized in Philadelphia many years ago, was the first society to arrange for the disposal of work prepared by women who needed money and had the ability to make artistic and useful articles but no means of disposing of them. At the present time there are Women's Exchanges in almost every city of the Union, all of them having the same object in view. It is claimed that very few of them do more than meet their expenses, but it is quite certain that through them many refined women have been able to add some comforts to their lives.

FANNY D. S.—The following directions for cooking oysters in a chafing-dish will, if followed carefully, be found very satisfactory: Take about twenty-four carefully-selected oysters, drain them carefully through a fine sieve, and set aside while you melt a tablespoonful of butter in your chafing-dish and stir into it slowly a tablespoonful of flour; when both are thoroughly mixed add slowly a cup of milk and allow all to boil briskly for a minute or two, then add the oysters, with three or four tablespoonfuls of the liquor, and allow them to come to a boil; then add half a tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. As soon as the butter melts the oysters will be ready to serve.

TRENTON—The following process for staining wood black is vouched for by the "Scientific American": It consists in painting the wood consecutively with copper sulphate solution (one per cent.) and alcoholic aniline acetate (equal parts of alcohol and acetate). A very durable black, and the nearest approach to real ebony, is readily obtained by moistening the surface of the wood with diluted sulphuric acid (1 to 20), and subsequently applying heat. A temperature of sixty to ninety degrees C. suffices in a few minutes to produce the desired result. An excellent black was obtained in this way on beech, bass and boxwood, while a second treatment with the acid was necessary in the case of cherry, walnut and birch. With oak, ash and apple the results were not so good. The process is especially well adapted to small articles.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS—When preparing New England pork and beans, thoroughly pick, wash and soak over night one quart of beans. In the morning pour off the water, place the beans in a kettle and cover them with hot water. Boil until the skins readily fall off, then place them in a large earthen bean-pot. Scrape and thoroughly clean three-quarters of a pound of fat salt pork, slash the rind in strips and place with the beans, allowing them to cover it level with the rind. Add one tablespoonful of molasses and a pinch of mustard. Fill the pot with boiling water, place it in a moderately hot oven at about half-past eight in the morning, and allow it to remain there all day. As often as the water evaporates renew it until toward the close of the day, when the rind of the pork may be allowed to become brown and crisp. Serve either hot or cold.

GOSHEN—The following is an excellent receipt for milk toast: Put a heaping tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and stand it on the stove. When it begins to bubble stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of sifted flour. Stir till blended to the consistency of rich cream, then gradually pour in a little over a pint of milk; stir constantly till it boils, then stand it aside, after having added a pinch of salt, and begin making the toast. Cut each slice half an inch thick; do not put the slices on an iron and broil them, but toast each one separately by holding it on the end of a fork over bright coals. When it becomes a golden-brown dip it quickly into the thickened milk in the stewpan, take it out at once and lay it in the dish in which it is to be served, which should not be covered; repeat this process with each slice. When all are done pour the milk which is left over the toast and serve at once.

JANET I.—Serve the edibles at your afternoon tea, if possible, in a room apart from the drawing-room where the ladies are receiving. The dining-room is of all places to be preferred. Cover the dining-table with a handsome linen cover, and ornament it with any flowers you may desire. A pretty fashion is to confine all the floral decorations to certain colors, carrying out the colors in the flowers used. Pink, white or red roses, yellow daffodils and jonquils, and the pale green of the mignonette, are beautiful in their effect when used singly. At one end of the table place the bowl of frappe, and at the other that of cherries, with a large tablespoon beside each. Group the small glass cups and the teaspoons conveniently near, and place dishes of cake at each corner of the table. Pile table-napkins and plates at convenient distances, and your centre-table is complete. On the sideboard stand the coffee-urn, which is to be filled with strong black coffee, under which an alcohol flame is burning, and near it the small coffee cups, saucers and spoons. Another pile of table-napkins, two low open bowls of cut sugar, tongs, two small jugs of whipped cream, another dish of cakes, and a pile of plates, and you have rendered coffee accessible to such of your guests as may prefer it. Arrange two low tables, one for tea and the other for chocolate, and select some pretty girl or charming married woman to preside over each. On the first of these tables have your afternoon tea-kettle, teapot and cozy, canister, measuring-spoon, cream-jug, sugar-bowl and tongs, plates of sliced lemon and fancy cakes, cups, saucers and spoons and piles of plates and napkins. On the other let one of the chocolate-pots be placed (the purpose of its duplicate will be shown when replenishment is necessary), cups, saucers, spoons, plates, napkins, cut sugar, tongs, whipped cream and spoon, and cakes, and the arrangement of the tables for your afternoon tea will be complete. (2) Bread sticks are baked in special tins which you may purchase at any good house furnishing store. When you are making bread, reserve some of the dough, and before kneading for the last time add to it the well-beaten white of an egg, and after the final kneading roll into pieces about as long and as thick as a lead pencil and put into your tins; when well risen bake in a moderate oven.

GENEVIEVE—In furnishing your "little home" be careful not to invest in inferior things nor in heavy pieces of furniture, nor in pieces that are too dainty for the daily wear and tear that occurs to everything that is in constant use. Carpets of small patterns and neutral tints are most suitable for small rooms, and a pretty effect, as well as an economical one, is sometimes obtained by carpeting each floor with the same pattern carpet; this plan also makes the rooms seem larger when the doors between them are left open. For your dining-room select table and chairs of oak—oak furniture is more easily taken care of than any other—a corner closet of oak, which may serve both as china-closet and sideboard, and a serving-table if you can afford one. If possible have a moulding put around the dining-room wall, upon which to stand your "pretty plates." For the windows have sash curtains of some very thin material, and side ones of any one of the pretty colored curtain materials which come in such abundance and are of such trifling cost. The long curtains may be attached to oak curtain poles, and the sash curtains to brass rods. If you have any engravings, etchings or pretty prints hang them in your dining-room, but do not hang photographs of your friends or relatives there. For your parlor buy some comfortable chairs and a table or two; these, with your upright piano, some pictures and some pretty muslin curtains, should make your room very cozy and pretty. For your bedrooms buy the white enameled iron bedsteads, and make for them each valances of cretonne; the rest of the bedroom furnishing will have to depend upon the amount of money you have to spend. Bureaus may be said to be a necessity; dressing-tables and washstands may be fashioned at very slight expense if your husband is at all clever at carpentering, and you with your needle. For dressing-table and for curtains white muslin over pink or blue cambric is pretty, and where closet room is scarce a long wooden box upholstered and covered with cretonne will serve as a receptacle for dresses, and make a pretty bedroom seat. The kitchen should be your first care in furnishing; do not buy an array of useless pots, kettles and pans, but do buy some good kitchen utensils, a couple of good substantial tables, some wooden chairs, a good clock, which should stand on a stationary shelf, and a covering of linoleum for the floor. For your hall door have a sash curtain of finely-dotted Swiss made very full, and attached to a rod at the bottom of the glass as well as at the top. If you can add to your house furnishing a few pretty plants your home should be most attractive, cozy and comfortable.



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CONTENTS

MAY, 1896

		PAGE
God's Miracle of May	Frank Dempster Sherman	1
This Country of Ours	Hon. Benjamin Harrison	2
V—Two Important Powers of the President	John Gilmer Speed	3
Running a Train at Night	Bessie Chandler	5
The Woman's Edition	Nancy Mann Waddle	7
From Laurel to Aster	Edward Clayton Staley	8
The New Wedding Stationery	Julia Magruder	9
The Violet—CHAPTERS XII-XIII	Mary E. Wilkins	11
Neighborhood Types		
VI—Lydia Wheelock: the Good Woman	Helen Mar Adams	12
Marie Antoinette Embroideries	Laura E. Richards	13
In Springtime—POEM		

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

Editorial Page	The Editor	14	
Shall We Send Our Boy to College?	Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.	15	
A Market for Everything	Robert J. Burdette	16	
Poems of Flowers and Meadows			
May	S. Decatur Smith, Jr.	17	
The Jonquil and the Rose	Lizette Woodworth Reese		
The Wordless Poet	Madeline S. Bridges		
The Busy Mart and Grassy Ways	Madeline S. Bridges		
In Summer Days of Long Ago	Ida Worden Wheeler		
A Legend of the Blush Rose	Hugh C. Laughlin		
A May Blossom	Mary Ange de Vere		
The Cricket in the Mow	Clinton Scollard		
Is Charity Worth While?	Ruth Ashmore		18
A Livable House for \$2000	Arthur D. Pickering		19
The Early Summer Styles	Emma M. Hooper		20
The Approved Cotton Costumes	Isabel A. Mallon		21
The Law of Kindness	Elisabeth Robinson Scovil		22
Ships That Go to Lullaby Land	James Thomson		23
How to Grow the Fuchsia	Eben E. Rexford		24
A House-top Garden for Summer	Ella Rodman Church		26
Ways of Serving Strawberries	Mary J. Safford		
Side-Talks with Girls	Ruth Ashmore	27	
Art Helps and Hints	Emma Haywood	28	
Literary Queries	The Literary Editor	29	
Floral Helps and Hints	Eben E. Rexford	30	
The Home Dressmaker	Emma M. Hooper	31	
Everything About the House	The Domestic Editor	32	

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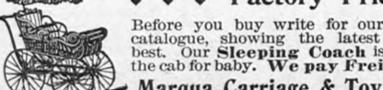
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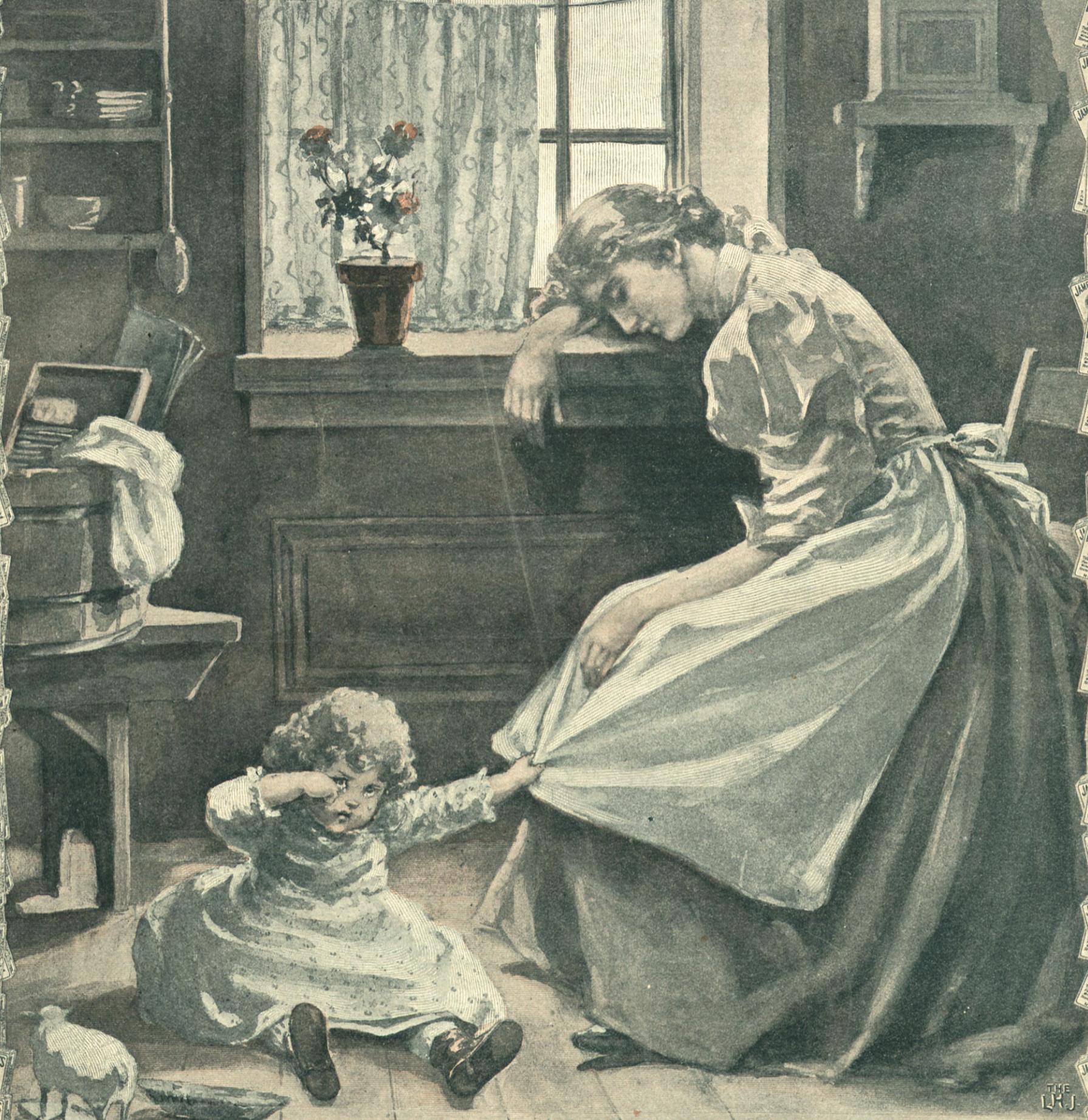


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