

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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JUNE
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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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"I can see every figure in the parlor-car to-day, so plainly did my bridegroom impress them on my mind"

A VIVACIOUS GIRL

By Grace Stuart Reid

[With Illustrations by Frank O. Small]

V

I CAN see every figure in the parlor-car to-day, so plainly did my bridegroom impress them on my mind by his attentions to me. Even the ice-water boy took us in at a glance, I was sure, and passed his slighted tumbler an extra time. He may, indeed, have taken me for an

interesting incurable, for no arrangement of blind or window seemed the correct one to refresh me or to suit my eyesight, and no props for my back or feet appeared sufficient to prevent my toppling over. As to the candy boy and the dreadful literature man I think they looked upon the day's fortune as made at our seat. I took courage as I began to disappear under books, magazines and weeklies.

He may, indeed, have taken me for an

new couple like ourselves, another had a window at which he would be able to see me the whole length of the road to and from the station and perhaps from the train, and another he felt he could almost knock up himself in leisure hours.

"Why, Josie!" he exclaimed suddenly, with a quiet chuckle, "you look too mad to see! Don't be afraid. I am not going to shut you up in the country yet awhile."

But I thought I would have been quite willing to be shut up in the Berkshires as we drove from Great Barrington away down the Sheffield road through rows of apple trees in bridal bloom, with little Valentine post-boxes perked up on the gates along the road. There were no summer residents nor boarders on the scene as yet to criticise and make fun of us. We could be as gay and reckless as two city children in green fields for the first time. The good old deacon, with whom we stayed, provided an antidote by including us in his family worship, though Harry set up a family altar for just us two on our wedding-day. The latter asked if I had any special request for him to present, and I answered that we might be brought back safely to mother and Mary, and never be separated from them all our lives, which petition he quite forgot to offer.

We so gratified the deacon's wife by laboring a good part of our first Sunday over a scriptural game called "The Sabbath a Delight," a purchase which her own children had refused to enjoy, that she changed the name of one of her cows from Delightful to Harriet Josephine. Harry was much pleased with the alliteration which he made about our namesake when he said she was a cow of the most childlike confidence he had ever contemplated. She did, indeed, cheerfully consume a varied bill-of-fare from my hand, given her because she reminded me in a fairylike way of the dream I had had in my first Fresh-Air dress. She led me, however, into mischief, or rather showed my heedless eyes a shadow of the sorrow I was preparing for myself.

Just at our staying place the fickle Housatonic presented charming opportunities for boating. I became such an adept at it that I soon could enjoy the excitement of punting about alone, after a strict promise to my lord to keep away from even an eddy round a stone. But

Harriet Josephine saw me through the overhanging trees one sunny morning, and came flopping down the bank, splashing through the leaf and sun shadows on the water, like a lazy brown and white leopard, till her horns caught in a bough above. She tried to free herself, then lowed pitifully, and looked at me with such a trusting human expression in her eyes that I felt there was a time even for breaking a promise to one's husband.

I looked at the water between Harriet Josephine and myself. It was, to be sure, whirling somewhat, and the river just there sloped to some mill falls; but my boat was tight, my hands firm, and the deacon and his wife would give me a fine reputation to Harry if I rescued their valuable animal before she became excited and got her feet in the current. She waited patiently for me and I had steered successfully to her, when a cry of horror reached me from the bank where Harry and the deacon had appeared. Harriet Josephine was startled, and bounding forward struck the boat with one foot, tipping it so the water entered, but Harry was soon at my side.

He caught me and carried me to the shore, where he left me to join the deacon in his run along the bank after the cow, which had freed her horns herself. She coasted the falls and reached the pool below, slightly bruised though greatly frightened. When she was landed Harry flung himself exhausted on the ground in his dripping clothes—a most unromantic spectacle as a bridegroom. Instead of scolding him for such imprudence, I followed to tell him the whole thing was his fault for startling Harriet Josephine when I could have let her loose so easily myself. He did not utter a reproach nor, indeed, any word to me at all for a time, but he showed no anger whatever, even though the boat had wrecked against a mill-wheel and could not be repaired before the end of our visit.

I really wished he would be rude to me before the deacon that I might be rightfully annoyed, but he went on the moonlight ride that evening as if nothing had occurred, and said it was the most beautiful one through hills and vales, wild woods and residential lands, that could surely be taken in this world. It was the deacon's wife, not I, who discovered he was pale the next day, who insisted that he was about to have the break-bone fever, and who made him boneset tea, and ordered him to recline indoors by a sunny window.

He laughed a great deal about it, but he coughed every time he laughed, and his voice had such a croaking sound that I obeyed his slightest wish with the greatest promptness. I sang a Moody-and-

Sankey hymn, and played my best on the skeleton of ivory and wire the deacon called a piano. I even truthfully remarked that I wished he had brought his zither, and was hurt sorely when he said he had given it away.

I had persuaded him to give up smoking and quite rightly. Mother had taught us its evils and rejoiced greatly that it was not among John Thurlow's indulgences. Now, my principles were so weakened by the sight of Harry in forced idleness and by the thought that I had spoiled his holiday that I asked if he had not better borrow a little tobacco from the deacon's hired man—strictly for his cold, of course. He really appeared very much shocked and refused my persuasions with scorn,



"I laugh and settle myself cozily against his arm"

asking me how on earth he was going to keep up an ideal of me as a pattern of wisdom and virtue.

"Now, Harry," I exclaimed, my face in a blaze at once, "you have no business to talk that way. You know I am sorry enough about the boating, even if I have not said so before, and I never will—"

I had taken hold of his shoulders to shake him for his sword-thrust, as I began to say I never would break a promise to him again. But he laid his hand gently on my mouth before I could finish my sentence, as if my word must be proved by deeds before he could rely on it. I burst into tears, and had to be comforted. It took considerable time, and I may have allowed the consoling to continue longer than was absolutely necessary; but he did not take back his reproof at all, though he said he was having the best part of his honeymoon as an invalid, and that he had



"I hold him closely near the overcoat there"

"Harry," I whispered, "aren't we going to save anything at all for housekeeping?"

He thought that was very nice, and putting up his pocketbook, discoursed upon the passing houses in an eager tone. One



"A most unromantic spectacle as a bridegroom"

begun to be a little jealous even of Harriet Josephine.

"Harry," I observed apropos of jealousy, "none of us would have been surprised if you had wanted Fanny instead of me—just your age, you know, though I always seem older and more settled in my ways."

"Do you?"

"And she is so beautifully even-tempered. Don't you think you made a mistake not to make an effort to get her?"

"My Josephine, we would have been sick of each other at the end of a ten-minute engagement."

I took courage.

"Harry, did you ever think I was in love with John Thurlow Spencer?"

"No."

"Not a bit?"

"Not the teeniest mite of a scrap."

"Did you ever suppose he was at all sweet on me?"

"Never."

I was so used now to his honest lack of flattery and so glad to be friends again, I could laugh softly to myself at his blunt answers; but I still felt there was something about John Thurlow and me that made Harry uncomfortable.

I said good-by with as much emotion to the graceful Berkshire horses that had carried us over many miles of smooth road, as I had to the Thurlows. I assured our hosts no boarding-place but theirs could ever tempt me, and I would return at the first opportunity. Harriet Josephine seemed to me simply cowlike, and I did not care for a last look at the river, especially when the deacon said:

"You must not lead that husband of yours into another cold plunge."

The deacon's wife whispered, "You won't mind my telling you to keep an eye on him yet awhile, my dear. An old woman like me has seen such bad circumstances from neglecting a cold, especially a chill like he has had."

Of course, I had written nothing home about the mishap, and I knew Harry never would betray me. Indeed, Mrs. Evans does not know of it to this day, but I saw anxiety in her face as soon as she looked at her son, and also, I fancied, a shade of triumph. He placed me before him to receive the beginning of her greeting, but she leaned over my shoulder and kissed him first. If we had passed mother's house on the way to hers I was sure I could not have been kept from entering the dear familiar door, and I felt as if social laws needed to be completely made over when I could not tell my husband I was going to die of homesickness. It ought to have been comforting to see my old treasures and belongings in my new home, but they made me feel as dismissed from the happy past as if I were a jilted lover in the midst of gifts returned.

Harry laughed when I kissed severally and lovingly the absurd collection of little china dogs I had made for a parlor table, but I had no chance to laugh at his journal. It was gone from his desk, which he proceeded to share with me. The queer bundle was gone also. Harry himself was soon gone, and I was left for the first time in my life to the responsibility of planning my daily life. It would have been delightful to just sleep and eat in my new home and spend the rest of my time with mother and Mary, but what would Harry have thought of such a proceeding? Indeed, mother gave me to understand that Mary was now all in all to her.

"The most unselfish daughter a mother ever had," she said to me, "and so happy and ready for every new duty."

Harry had surprised me by observing that though Mary was the most beautifully reliable character he had ever met, he thought it was only just to some others to say her serenity was a good deal due to her having no imagination. He had no doubt she could climb any Himalaya any minute with much less dizziness than I could a sand-heap. He was also sure her sympathizing nature made her so weak that mother would have no chance against a widower with seven children and the care of an asylum.

Having both persuasion and permission from Harry to use my sister-in-law's piano, I thought to practice for his sake. I awakened no commendation from my mother-in-law, though she told me a great deal of Carrie's musical success, to which I felt I must have been curiously blind. She felt the responsibility of arranging the piano cover after me every time I closed the instrument, and her watching for the opportunity to do so, really interfered with her usual occupations.

I could have been merry exchanging civilities with a host of old friends, but I felt they were too much after my own pattern to have the liberty of my mother-in-law's house, and how could I take what I could not return? I assured myself my loneliness was not all my own fault, because I had often heard mother speak of a highly-esteemed friend who, during her honeymoon, ripped all her stock of bed-linen and sewed it over to keep herself from dying of ennui. I had no chance to be so foolish, for the portion mother had given me she had safely locked up for the distant possibility of my own home.

It is painful, but I think it will do me good to write down that I blamed Harry Evans for taking me from my home at all, and wondered why I had been so weak as to consent, or rather, as not to rebel; for I was sure my consent had not been enough questioned. I would have given worlds to effect some brilliant achievement, but I could think of nothing but taking out a patent for stemless currants, dry-picking having relieved the market of sand only. I took the long walk across town to Park Avenue to satisfy myself what a wicked-looking affair a tunnel could be, since Harry had gone back to the Berkshires to superintend the laying out of one there. Lamps looked up out of the blackness like so many victorious evil spirits, and trains shrieked and puffed up in my face as if they would make me deaf and blind if they could not run over me.

I left them to find Mrs. Evans had lighted her house extra early, and to hear Harry's voice two weeks sooner than I had expected. It was a weak, unnatural voice—it could not speak but a few words to me. I was not long in realizing that its owner had come home a sick man. It did not comfort me in the least to have his mother say he had been similarly ill the year before, and she always classed tunnels with malaria and typhoid fever. What did she know about our wedding-trip? And Harry was soon unable to tell anything. At his first unconscious refusal to take a remedy from my hand, I, conscience-stricken, yielded my place to his mother and became nothing in the room but a meek and faithful watchdog.

A hired nurse helped supplant me. I was blotted out from the patient, for under his mother's touch and care he did not once speak my name. There was one short half hour of comfort when I ventured to lay my cheek on his, and his hand closed on mine as he suddenly slept, but Mrs. Evans roused him for medicine and I subsided. So, after long days of suspense, of which I cannot write, it was I whose strained attention first felt the thrill of his returning consciousness, but not I whom his eyes first met. He recognized his mother with a grateful smile and obeyed her wishes, but after a moment or two he became restless. He scrutinized the nurse sharply, and then startled her by suddenly calling in a loud, peremptory tone:

"Josie!"

"That is not necessary," the nurse answered abruptly, disturbed for his welfare. "She is always at hand."

I could have hugged her on the spot, though I had not looked upon her kindly before. I knelt down by the bed and took Harry's hand shyly in mine.

"Josie," he whispered, but not so low that the others might not hear, "isn't it terrible the trouble I have been to you already with so much illness? The thought and dread of it made me really worse."

When I told him tearfully how he had scorned my care, he would not believe it, and if I had not at once corrected him, would have insinuated to his mother that she had domineered. The latter, indeed, when she saw he wished it, left me for awhile in charge; but little did she, or does she, think of what followed. In the great rebound from terror to hope my nerves relaxed, my eyes closed. I fell asleep with a spoon upright in my hand to remind me of the periodic dose. My reputation was only saved by a silent poke from a convenient umbrella, administered by the patient himself as the clock pointed to ten minutes past medicine time.

"My poor lamb!" he said softly. "How I hated to wake you."

I trembled as I thought of Mrs. Evans' caution that no time was so important for care as when the crisis was passing. But Harry lived to give me a little revenge by also falling asleep unintentionally. His head rested one day on my clasped hands till it seemed as if I had loaded and emptied all the express and luggage vans of the city, but no Romanist ever gloried in penance more than I in that. When Harry awoke my arms were numb, and he lifted them for me, scolding fiercely while I laughed.

"When you promised not to disturb me," he said, "I, of course, thought you had common-sense enough to say when you were tired."

"You don't mean, Harry," I replied, gleefully calling his attention to my improved obedience, "that if you had sent me to save Harriet Josephine you would have wanted me to disobey you if I found I was in danger only of a wetting?"

I regret to say he answered yes, and I was not on the whole sorry, for it proved men are as inconsistent in their way as women, call it common-sense as they may. It made a sort of equality between us, which was very satisfactory to me. I had grown so meek I did not rebel when he scolded me again for stabbing one of my fingers with the scissors in desperate haste to be ahead of his mother in darning his coat. He shook his head at me when I had done my work so well that it took her a moment to find the mended place; but from that time he turned to me for every want, including the writing of business letters, which, I must confess, was sometimes a strain upon me as well as a joy.

My mother-in-law as suddenly and quietly referred all his affairs to me, but when Harry was able to go away and finish his task, the days of absence were drearier than before. I wrote to him every day, but I feared he would think I only entertained myself, I had been so cold before, and I tore up most of my effusions. The very pleasure and comfort I craved, I had arranged not to enjoy.

When Harry returned Carrie was home on a visit with her children. I was be-rib-boned and be-curl'd to look my prettiest, and had been hours watching for him from our window; but mother, sister and nieces were ahead of me on the floor below, and I reached the stairs to find the door opened and the traveler noisily surrounded. My lip quivered and I was turning on my heel when he pushed aside his adorers and bounding up the stairs lifted me into our room before I made a fool of myself.

It was not truly intentional that there was an unsent letter I had forgotten to destroy, nor did he once ask me if I were not satisfied with present arrangements, but he took my face between his hands and looked into my eyes as if he were reading every thought I had had about it. I hoped he did not notice that involuntarily I would have put my arm around him, and indeed did as far as it would go, when he said Carrie might be induced to live at home, and that he had a scheme for our housekeeping, novel but feasible, especially as he hoped soon to be at office work in the city.

I made all the objections I could think of that would not prove fatal; but he patiently combatted them all, as if I were in earnest, and only laughed after we agreed to make the venture, when I poured forth the plans and contrivances I had been privately designing. I generously let him go down to dinner a few minutes before me, but Carrie had apparently resolved to recall every evil thing I had ever done or said against him, and he was provoking enough to enjoy all her silly tales.

"I remember well," her mother added, "the day he came home with a bruise on the palm of his hand which I always accused Josie of giving, because he would not explain it, though I know he went upstairs and wrote about it in his journal."

She laughed as she handed me a cup and saucer, but my hand trembled as I took them. She must have noticed that my face was flushed and troubled, for she, with unusual kindness, turned the tables by saying she could tell some very pretty stories of Harry's conduct when she knew I had been gracious.

The next day in church I asked him to sing from the same book as I did. Once I had pertly offered him a quarter for every hymn he would not sing, because there was a wow-wow sound in his enunciation when he attempted bass, which he always seemed bound to do in public. Now, I was not ashamed to stand close and half look up at him, so he unconsciously sang the air with me. Every note was sweet to me. I was quite unaware that I held his arm tightly down the aisle, and we shook hands together with friends.

"Josie," said one of the latter, "you look as if you always intended to be a bridal couple."

The good old clergyman, who had christened and married me, took my hand in his and said to Harry:

"I trust you may always keep this child as happy as she is to-day."

That pricked if it pleased. By the time I reached home I was so sobered that Harry stopped in the vestibule, asking, "It isn't my fault, is it?"

"Oh, you foolish simpleton!" I answered, biting my lip between my words, for I had determined to weep no more unless absolutely necessary. "If I were only *you* and could punish *me*!"

"I will give you," he said, "an effigy to relieve your mind on," which he did later.

VI

BEHOLD us, Harry and I, with various last ends of packing, transported by the Thurlows to our own home. It is not a house. It is not an apartment. We will not say it is a stable, for a vine covers it with a lacework of branches, and it is enough like the country to be called a barn. Yet we do not invite the Thurlows to enter. We close the door. We welcome each other in an enthusiastic embrace.

How sad for the builder of our mansion that he failed and could not use it! How unfortunate for its present owner that he in vain tried to let it for its original purpose! How charming for us that he is willing to let us have a lease of it at a low figure and to knock up a few partitions and staircases! We adore tinted plaster walls with raftered ceilings and India matting wainscots. We adore light and air and not too much furniture. We might adore our obliging landlord, but there is a drawback. He is a widower with not seven, but eight children. We have not told Mary. We have not introduced him to her, but she has seen him from a window and said: "What a nice-looking man!" We have confided in Fanny, and she is coming to see about it, also to recognize her duty to society. John Thurlow adds a postscript, in which he does not mention

Harry's name. He says concerning me that he would prefer to spend another winter on the Nile making a few bricks to give distinction to his prospective home, but cannot control his curiosity to see the biter so badly bitten. Fanny thinks it necessary to write Josie in a bracket above biter. John Thurlow observes further that he is not at all surprised, for the first time he saw the victim in the conqueror's presence he read her consciousness that she was going to be hit hard, in every bristling of her lofty form and every sharpening of her lingual weapons.

Harry does not see that he ought to resent such joking about his wife's intimate affairs. He speaks more kindly of John Thurlow than he ever has before, and says irrelevantly, as he stoops to unscrew a packing-box:

"Don't you know, Josie, a man can forgive almost anything to another, except that other's imagining he might have been a successful rival?"

It is rather confused, I do not understand, but I make a note of the question for later meditation and return to John Thurlow's remark that I am hit hard, asking Harry to tell me, now he is sure where my affections lie, what his mother meant by her story of his bruised hand. He says nothing, but removes from the box he has unscrewed the curious bundle I have often thought about. He opens it slowly and takes out first a stiff, warped, brown-black, aged, disreputable object. I gasp. I cannot believe my eyes. Before me is mother's long-lost slipper.

"I have known it was not yours for some time," Harry remarks, looking at me comically.

I laugh convulsively. Then I overwhelm him with reproaches, forgetting I am criticizing mother's footgear. He answers by taking from the same box a volume of his journal. He replaces the box lid and I sit on it beside him as he takes his forefinger and points with it along the lines of the page he holds before me. I read beside a date I recall:

"She appeared on the tennis-ground with a pair of old slippers carried for no other purpose than to show how she wanted to shake off the dust of her feet in relation to me. One slipper wounded my hand, and I am going to mend my heart by looking at it occasionally."

It is so absurd, sentimental and untrue, I laugh and settle myself cozily against his arm to read further how idiotic he could be. His finger is made to skip a great deal and is brought slowly to these words:

"I cannot believe that God would let such a love grow year after year, till I could willingly die for her, if it is altogether foolish. I am going to commit it to Him. I will try and forget what I am and all my disadvantages. I will trust that a higher voice than mine will tell her my love if it is right."

I draw his finger away and close the book abruptly. My hands lock about the writer's neck, and I hide my shame-stricken face upon his breast. I feel, upon the small portion of my face that is not hidden, the kisses of my lover that always was and always will be; but I cannot look up for a long time, and I will read no more of his journal till he has seen my supplement.

When I open it again a year later there is a bird perched within my arm that interferes sadly with my confessions to my mate. A downy little head bobs in and out of my light, and its owner looks at me with astonishment when I ask him if he knows that Grandma Evans likes him as well as his father, and that she kisses his mother on both cheeks for his sake. He stares in astonishment, too, when I ask him if he will be so kind as to give Grandma Mitchell back her comfortable slipper and tell her not to say any more about it.

But he batters me with his pink fists in delight when I bring out the slipper's companion, John Thurlow's doll pincushion that Fanny transferred to Harry on her wedding-day. He pretends to understand perfectly well what an effigy means, and thinks this is a very good one of me, and likes me to stick pins in it savagely to show how bad I have been. I ask him if he hears our maid-of-all-work, Savannah, attending to the hall light, and if he knows for whom it is lighted. He is convulsed with mirth at such a question and kicks my writing away.

We go down-stairs to find that Savannah has arranged "a front pew for de mistis and de bressed boy," close by the hat-stand at the door. I hold him closely near the overcoat there and softly tell him a few sweet things about its owner. I ask him if he is sure he can remember what I have been for days teaching him. For answer he buries his head in my neck and is so busy cooing his lesson over he does not hear the door open. He is startled by the strong arms that enfold his mother and himself. He weeps. I comfort him and exclaim:

"Who in the world does baby think could hurt him when mother is by?"

He smiles suddenly through his tears and basely gives his lesson in reply:

"Papa!"

(Conclusion)



THE QUEEN OF DENMARK



THE KING OF DENMARK

A DOMESTIC COURT

By Arthur Warren

[With Illustrations from Original Photographs]

burst of laughter which broke from the other members of the suite who had overheard the conversation. The King came up from his end of the saloon-carriage and asked: "What amuses you, gentlemen?"

"Oh, Your Majesty," replied one, "the station-master has been addressing So-and-So as 'Royal Highness.'"

The King looked grave for a minute, and then, smiling, went up to the gentleman who had been the innocent cause of the fun, and putting his hand on his shoulder said:

"Well, well, you can never tell what may happen. Once I was a poor little Prince, and now—well, now I am a decent old King."

Queen Louise knew what it was to be a Princess without a fortune; she had to learn and to practice economy, and later in life she had to teach this art to her daughters. It was a fortunate thing for Denmark, and for Europe, that Prince Christian and Princess Louise fell in love. Each had claims to the throne. The bride renounced hers in favor of her husband. But the match was a love match, not a political one, and the serene domestic influence of the little Danish Court has been reflected in more than one European palace; has brought about friendly rela-

no fortune to bring to the throne. The Prince brought his bride to a modest yellow "palace" in Copenhagen, and there they "set up housekeeping." Three sons and three daughters were born to them before the Crown came to Prince Christian. One of the sons became a King before his father. King George, of Greece, was on the throne when his father was still Crown Prince of Denmark. In those days the revenues were princely only in name. They had to be shrewdly husbanded. The Crown Princess Louise taught her daughters—the future Princess of Wales, Empress of Russia, and Duchess of Cumberland—to make their own bonnets and gowns, and to clear-starch their linen. The boys were trained, as Royal boys are, for the army or navy. The Crown Princess brought her children up in an atmosphere of family affection, in a Court conspicuously pure. The traits thus engendered have been sown through Europe. The Princess of Wales carried them to England, where she has endeared herself to the people as a devoted wife and mother; another daughter carried them to St. Petersburg, and for the first time, perhaps, in history, Russia had a Czar whose love and loyalty to his family were the most conspicuous of his virtues. King George



PRINCE HARALD

THE King and Queen of Denmark are grandfather and grandmother in many of the Royal Courts of Europe. They and their descendants reign, or will reign, over five hundred millions of people, a population nearly seven times greater than that of the United States.

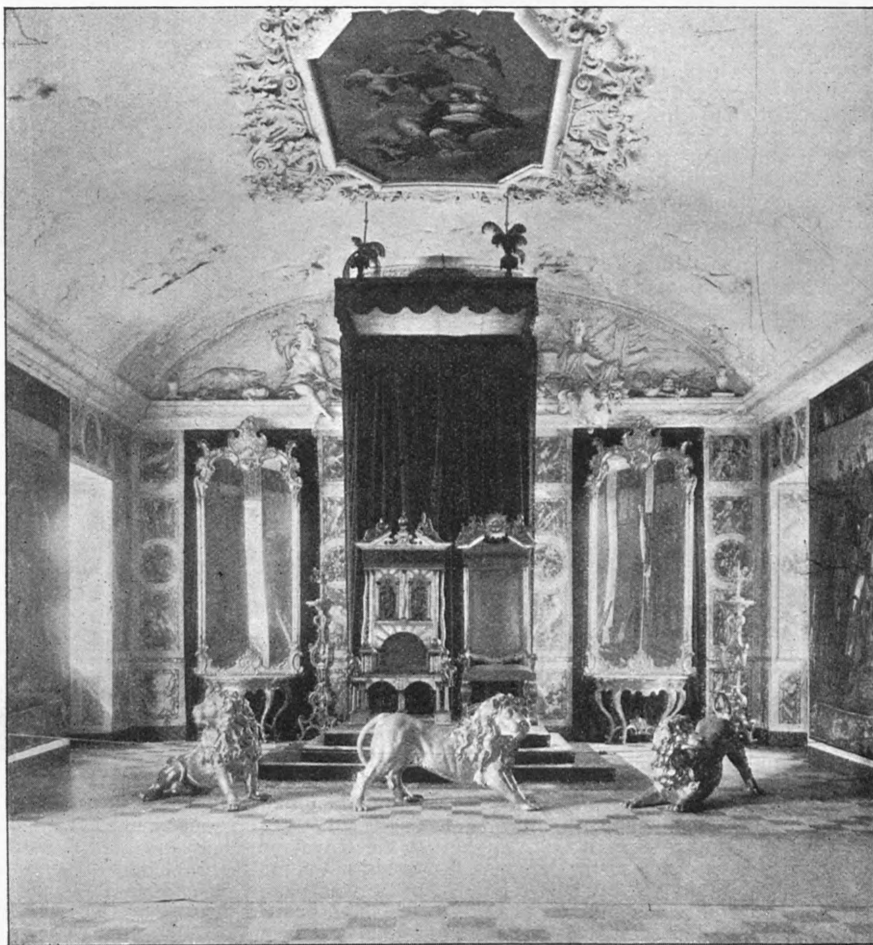
King Christian and Queen Louise are in habits, tastes and circumstances so far unlike the other sovereigns of whom I have written in these pages that their lives and homes afford an interesting contrast to the tales of Royal wealth and pageantry which have hitherto been spun here. Their Majesties are two dear old people who care more for home happiness and the contentment of their subjects than for regal splendor, political power and the vain glory of arms. The King was seventy-seven on the eighth of April last. The Queen is seven months his senior. They have been married fifty-three years, and their devotion to each other is that of two well-matched young lovers.

Yet their own realm is but a tiny kingdom tucked away on a ragged edge of Northwestern Europe, inhabited by fewer persons than there are in the cities of Brooklyn and New York, and comprising an area not larger than that of Vermont and Connecticut, while all the Colonial possessions of the Danes do not exceed in dimensions the States of Colorado and West Virginia. Tiny as Denmark is she has a large place in history, and as her rulers, in time long past, held the seas and overran the lands all about them, so have they in our time supplied kings and princes and princesses for many of the monarchical countries of the civilized world.

I have heard the King called, by one who has been associated with him for many years, "The First Gentleman of Europe." In his case familiarity breeds not merely respect but affection. There never was a man who had greater consideration for others, whatever their station in life may be. He is a dignified, gentlemanly man, with a sixth sense, which is Justice. He is a soldier who has seen service, who has borne himself with credit, and who knows not fear. When he was young he was poor; when he came to the throne he had but a meagre income for a Crown Prince, and he has not forgotten the days when he had to consider carefully how far a kroner would go. A little while ago he went on a journey. His train passed through a foreign territory, and stopped for a few minutes at a station where the line was blocked. The occupants of the Royal carriage amused themselves by looking out of the window. Presently the station-master, cap in hand, approached a gentleman of the King's suite, who bears a close resemblance to a certain German Grand Duke. Taking him for the latter, the station-master said: "Your Royal Highness, all is ready, may we start the train?"

The venerable King Christian and his gracious consort, Queen Louise, have had the unique fortune to see their children, and their children's children, become by the conquests of love and peace, and not by those of war, the possessors of, or the heirs to, mighty thrones, claiming dominion from the Pacific Ocean on the one hand to the Atlantic on the other. Their second son is King of Greece; their eldest daughter married the heir to the throne of England; their second daughter became Empress of Russia, and her son now wears the Russian Crown; their grandchildren have married, or arranged to marry, into most of the reigning families of the old world; and all the children who have been born to their Danish Majesties are still living, and happily placed in life.

"Yes," was the reply. "I thank your Royal Highness," said the railway man, who must have been as astonished as King Christian was by the

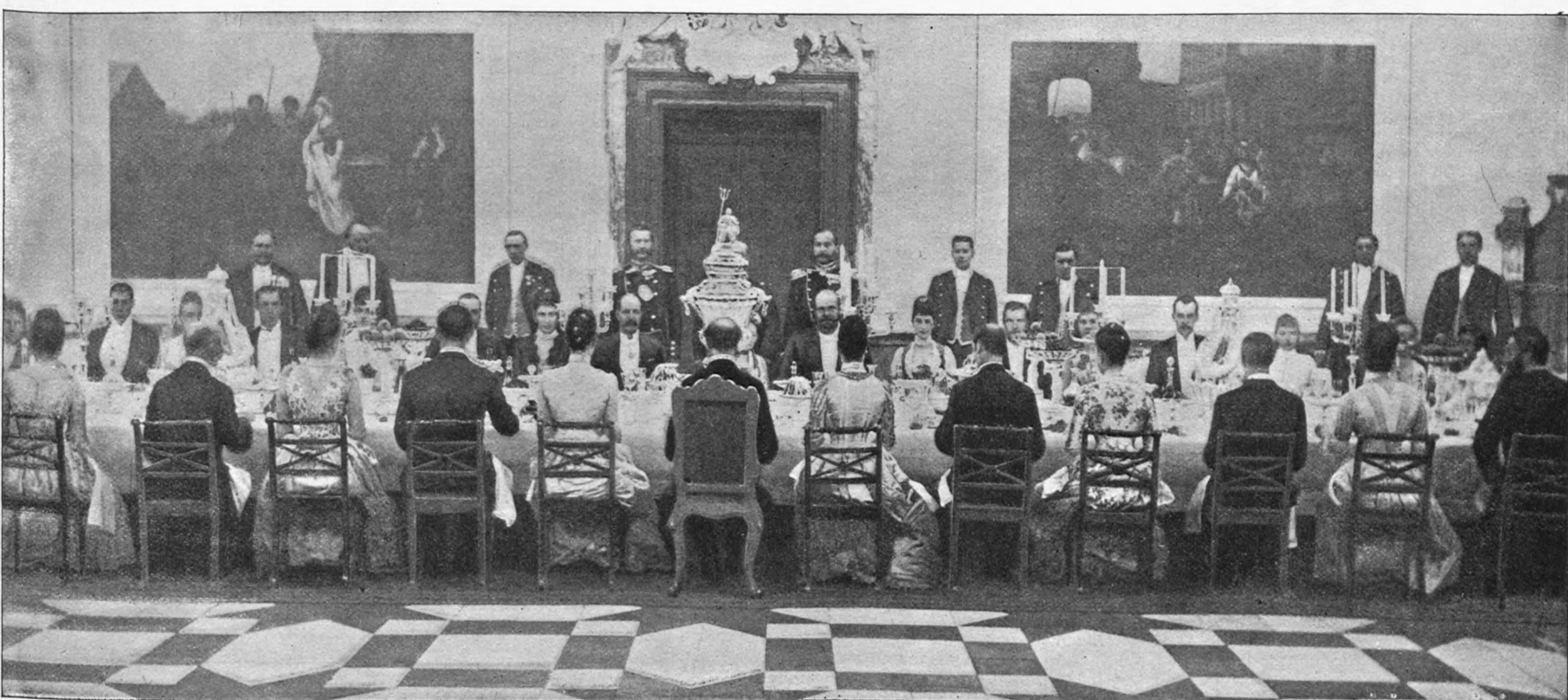


THE THRONE OF DENMARK

tions among rulers, and has helped nations to a good understanding of one another.

Denmark is a thrifty little country, but not a rich one. The yearly national revenue is only fifteen millions of dollars. Prince Christian and Princess Louise had

is a wise and pure sovereign in Greece. When Prince Christian and the Princess Louise became King and Queen of Denmark they did not lose their hold upon simplicity of life. They went to a kingly palace, to be sure, but they remained the



A DINNER-PARTY AT THE FREDENSBORG PALACE

same unassuming pair of gentlefolk they had always been. They had to maintain the higher dignities of sovereign rank, but their lives had always been dignified; they had to live more in the public gaze, to keep up an ampler state, but in all other respects they remained as they were. Eleven years ago, their town palace, the huge old pile called Christiansborg, was destroyed by fire. They removed to the Amalieborg, a collection of four snug palaces, concave-fronted, inclosing a fine public space. Two of these snug palaces, being connected, are set apart for the town residence of their Majesties, the State apartments being in one building, the home part in the other. The third palace



THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK IN HIS MAJESTY'S STUDY

is occupied by the Crown Prince Frederick and his family, and the fourth by the Minister for Foreign Affairs. There are no gardens to speak of, and what strikes one as odd is the sight of sea-going vessels poking their noses almost against the back of the King's palace, and unloading freights there, for a big dock stretches behind the Royal houseplace and within a few yards of it. But the King is quite content with his rather contracted quarters. He says that the country cannot afford to rebuild the old Christiansborg palace just yet, so let it wait till it can. Their Majesties do not travel much about Denmark. The King says if he could go quietly like any other man he would like it; but the people would feel bound to do him honor with display and entertainments; they would doubtless spend more than they could afford in the hope of giving him pleasure, and so he stays at Copenhagen or Fredensborg. One day, journeying between the two places, the train pulled up unexpectedly at a small station where the line was temporarily blocked. A peasant who had been told that the King was in the train, walked up the platform, staring curiously until he saw a fine-looking old gentleman leaning out of an open window of a railway carriage.

"Good-morning," said the old gentleman.

"Good-morning," said the peasant, "be you the King?"

"Yes."

"Well then," rejoined the countryman, "I want to tell you something: You be the best King we ever had in Denmark."

His Majesty lifted his hat and replied, "Thank you; but that's a matter of opinion, and I can't judge it impartially."

The peasant expressed what the people of Denmark feel. There can be no doubt about that. The loyalty of the people was shown clearly enough in 1892, when their Majesties celebrated their golden wedding. Then all Denmark came to Copenhagen. The town was decorated from roof-tree to pavement; not a house that did not show its banners, its lights, its flowers or its portraits of the two old sovereigns. The streets were packed with people; the nation made high holiday at its capital. Everybody vied with everybody else in celebrating the event. Then for the first time King Christian and his Queen were enabled to realize the hold they have upon their subjects. They had always known that they were respected; now they saw that they were loved, for the celebration was nothing less than an outpouring of national affection for the monarch and his consort.

The anniversary came on a bright, warm day in May. All business in Copenhagen was suspended. The people filled the streets and roamed about looking at the gay trimmings of the town. In the principal thoroughfares the throngs were so dense that vehicles were excluded by the police. Nevertheless, early in the day, a dogcart, driven by a gentleman who showed himself an expert whip, and who had at his side a charming lady, managed to get in to the Ostergade, which is the great shopping street of the capital, and to proceed very slowly through the pack, while the gentleman driver and his fair companion amused themselves by looking at the decorated houses and the decorated crowds. The people were so engrossed in inspecting the decorations, reading the patriotic inscriptions, and watching the thousand sights, that they paid no attention to the dogcart until it turned from the Ostergade into the huge square of Kongens Nytorv. Then a man, who stood at the corner by the Hotel d'Angleterre, lifted his hat as he saw the driver of the dogcart within two feet of him, and he said:

"Oh, thank you very much, it is kind of you to come in this way."

Other bystanders paused and looked, and then the cry went up, "The King, the King!" and the crowd, now having its attention drawn, sent up round after round of cheers. But the King had been the round of the town and was now within two minutes' drive of the Amalieborg, so he got back home as fast as he could to escape the crowd. But he leaned over to the Princess of Wales, for it was she who sat with him in the dogcart, and he said, "How wonderful it is that they should do all this for two old people like mother and me!"

An hour or two later the ceremonies of the day began. The King and Queen, their family and the legion of Royal per-

too early, like a schoolgirl, and now she sits about not knowing what to do with herself in all her finery."

Being told of the deputation of eager maidens craving audience, the Queen gave word for their admittance. The Master of Ceremonies withdrew, at the Queen's request, to seek for the King. He found King Christian in full uniform in his study. The King, also, had got ready too early, and was killing time by watching the crowds from his window, and smoking a cigar. He was delighted to join the Queen, whom he found surrounded by the twenty girls who were rapturously listening to Her Majesty's stories of her children and grandchildren as she turned the leaves of a big photograph album which she held in her lap. Delighted with the spectacle the King approached the Queen, and, putting his hand affectionately upon her shoulder, said:

"Well, young ladies, what do you think of this old couple? We look pretty well after fifty years of married life, don't we?"

The girls remained until their Majesties departed for the church, and not in all Denmark are there any subjects of the Crown who retain happier recollections than they of the golden wedding feast.

Gifts poured into the palace from every part of Europe. There were presents enough to equip a museum. Many of them were of great price, but those that most pleased the King and Queen were the handiwork of their humbler subjects, the wooden shoes, the homespun garments, the embroidered caps, the knitted socks, the cakes, the thousand and one things which, though of small value in themselves, expressed the affection of the donors, who gave of their love and their best.

A long procession streamed for two or three hours through the city—soldiers, sailors, trade guilds, all kinds of associations, companies of people from every part of Denmark—testifying to Denmark's share in the wedding anniversary. For though the Danes are keen politicians, and though divisions are sharp between them, and though they are a sturdy, self-reliant race, yet they all love King Christian and Queen Louise. Whatever may be the political sympathies of the Danes—be they Conservatives or Radicals, Reactionists or Social-Democrats—yet they are all King's men and Queen's men, and when the celebrations were on, they dropped their differences and cried, "Long live the King and Queen!" To an alien onlooker this spontaneous and universal enthusiasm was remarkable. A distinguished foreigner told the King how deeply he had been impressed by the manifestations of popular affection for the person of His Majesty and all the Royal family. The King replied in a tone which showed how touched he was: "I am deeply grateful to God for this blessing—my people's love—and grateful, too, that all the members of my family share it."

Not long ago, during the absence of the King from Denmark, his eldest son, the Crown Prince Frederick, became Regent, or temporary King. In this capacity it was necessary for him to receive a friend of mine who had been appointed by a foreign country as Minister to Denmark, and who had just arrived in Copenhagen. After the ceremony of introduction the Crown Prince led the way to a conversation on general topics with the newly-arrived diplo-

mat. The two men happened to "hit it off" so well that the Prince invited the Minister to dine with him on the following Sunday at his chateau of Charlottenlund. The invitation was, of course, accepted, and the affair, which was strictly a "family" one, went off with much delight. After the dinner—they dine very early in Denmark—the Prince took his guest over his establishment. When he had shown everything he turned to the new Minister, and, with beaming face, said: "But you haven't seen my father and mother!" The tone in which he said this was at once so gentle, so affectionate and so proud that my friend needed nothing more to show him the kind of ties existing between the Royal parents and the heir to the throne.

"Let me show you the portraits of my father and mother," said the Prince. "There's my father." He pointed to a recent portrait of the King. "What kind of a face should you take that to be?"

"First, the face of a just man," said the guest.

"Ah, you see that in the face, do you? Justice is my father's chief characteristic." "It is also a soldierly face, and it has an uncommonly affectionate nature behind it. A firm face, too."

"That's my father, sir!" exclaimed the Prince, who, although a man of fifty-two years, was as delighted as a boy of ten. "Come now," he went on, "there's my mother." With all the ardor of a son and lover he pointed to a portrait of the Queen. "My mother, sir, the dearest old lady in the world!"

I mention these things because they suggest, better than any words of mine, the family feeling in this Royal line of Denmark.

"He says that when I am not mother, mother-in-law or grandmother, I am aunt to Europe," remarked the Queen one day to a Royal lady who had come from abroad on a visit to Fredensborg. The "he" in the case was the King. Her Majesty usually alludes to the King as "he," and the King usually speaks of her as "my wife." He rarely says "Her Majesty" or "the Queen," excepting on ceremonial occasions. Neither of them, by-the-way, cares a pin's fee for ceremonial affairs. They heartily prefer to do their Royal work in an atmosphere of serene domesticity. And they are never quite at ease when they are separated even for a day. Sometimes it happens that the King has to go to a function while the Queen is detained by her own engagements. But he returns at the earliest possible moment and tells his consort all that he has seen, and they talk the matter over with the keenest interest.

Every afternoon the King walks in the streets of Copenhagen, or takes a turn along the water-side and watches the progress of the work on the new harbor and docks which are intended to make Copenhagen the great free port of the North. You will see a tall old gentleman of military bearing, in ordinary plain clothes, a "bowler," or, as we call it in America, a "derby," hat, and brown overcoat, striding along with a walking-stick, and followed by a big dog. All the men and boys lift their hats, and all the ladies and girls bow as he passes. He will stop now and then and look into a shop window, but no curious crowd gathers, as the Danes respect their King's desire to go about without ostentation.

sonages assembled from all over Europe for the anniversary, were to go in State church and give thanks for the fifty golden years of wedded life. The Master of Ceremonies passing through an outer corridor of the palace saw a group of twenty white-gowned Danish maidens waiting at the doors. He asked them why they waited. They replied that they had come from different parts of the country with a present for Her Majesty and the congratulations of the young women of Denmark, but that knowing nothing of Court life they had neglected to get any one to introduce them to the Royal presence, and so the guards would not admit them. Their disappointment was plainly visible on their faces. The kind-hearted Master of Ceremonies, who is in every way worthy to be the confidant of "The First Gentleman of Europe," invited the maidens into the palace, and promised to see what could be done for them, though time was short, he said, and their Majesties much engrossed that day.

In passing through one of the inner apartments he saw the shimmer of a white gown behind one of the great doors. Thinking that one of Her Majesty's ladies-in-waiting had sought a few minutes' rest there, he approached her to inquire the whereabouts of the Queen. To his astonishment he saw that it was the Queen herself, completely attired for the ceremony at the church. He apologized for his intrusion and asked:

"What does the golden bride here alone, and at this hour?"

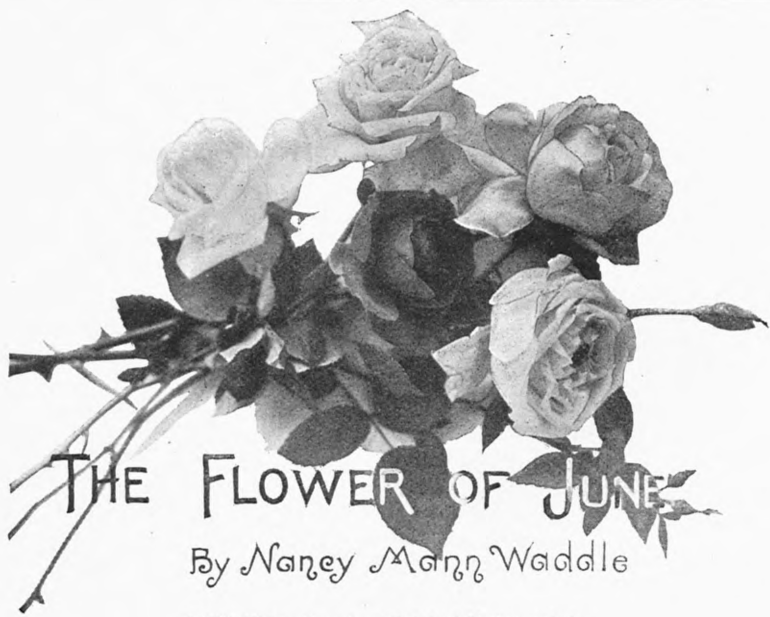
The Queen laughingly replied, "I am afraid that the golden bride got ready



The Queen of Denmark The Czaritz The King of Greece
Daughters of the Prince of Wales The Princess of Wales

A FAMILY PARTY

Hosted by Google



[With Illustrations from Original Photographs]

THE world is older by centuries since the Rose-plant was exalted in Jericho; since Cleopatra's banqueting hall was laid eighteen inches deep in Roses when she fêted Antony; older than when a hundred thousand dollars' worth of Roses decorated but one of Nero's feasts. And the sceptre has departed from Judah; the "grandeur that was Rome's" is forgotten, and no Praxiteles has fixed on marble the sorcery of Cleopatra's smile. But the Roses are inviolably fresh. They are still the challenges that Life hurls at Death.

The men who have, from the time the world was new, thrown dice with Destiny for a heart, a city or an empire, wrote their names on water, but the Rose which lay upon the heart they loved, which jeweled the gardens of the cities they battled for, which crowned the feasts of the empires they overthrew, is yet the supreme symbol of eternal youth.

In an old magazine article there was a description of Shakespeare walking across the fields at evening to Ann Hathaway's cottage, whose garden was sweet with the breath of Cabbage Roses. It was Romeo and Othello, Antony and Henry the Fifth, who made love to her in that little Rose-scented garden; but the lips that told his hopes and ambitions have been dust for two hundred years and the Cabbage Roses still bloom.

For several years the American Beauty has easily won first honors among Roses. The supply has never equaled the demand. This is easily understood on observing the very long stems which are cut with this Rose.

"You have forgotten something," said a charming young woman to a man who presented her with an American Beauty, whose stem resembled a young tree.

"Pardon me, what is it?" he queried.

"The roots."

The American Beauty is the representative of the highest development of which Rose culture is capable. Anything larger would be a monstrosity. One unblemished specimen of the American Beauty is the perfection of a type—the thick, strong-growing stem, the mass of large glossy leaves, the blossom whose deep crimson petals form a great double chalice which holds imprisoned the soul of June. It has fine lasting qualities and with a little care will remain fresh for days.

For several years the Jacqueminot held

There is a deep significance in this little triquet.

American Belle, a sport from the American Beauty, is a great favorite; it

the striped and the pink. When the La France made its appearance it was predicted that it would not long remain in favor. It did not possess that purity of tint which is desirable, but it had a grace and individuality which demanded recognition. The faint fade tints, the manner in which the petals, folded so tightly about the central bud, fell loosely away from it (reflexed, satiny petals that caught the light in a way to charm the artistic soul) all compelled admiration. The Tea Roses are more delicate and fragile than the hybrids, and owe their name to their faint tea-like fragrance. They were introduced into this country about 1810.

Madame Hoste is lovely; creamy white tinted softly with rich amber. Madame Caroline Testout is a magnificent hybrid Tea, in color an exquisite satiny pink, somewhat resembling La France. The Augusta Victoria is the most superb Tea Rose I have ever seen; the large, heavy buds expand into a full double Rose whose whiteness exhibits a faint lemon tinge. Bridesmaid is a sport from Catherine Mermet but is lovelier, being larger and deeper in tint. Marthe du Bourg is said to be one of the prettiest of the new Roses. The petals have a crimped or lacelike appearance, and the buds are creamy pink with yellow centres. Clotilde Soupert is considered very dainty and charming; it is extremely easy to grow and is becoming very popular. J. B. Varonne is su-

the air with their rich, enchanting fragrance. In the garden is a hedge of Cherokee Roses, beautiful, cold, scentless, common things, growing as blithely by a negro's cabin as in the greenhouses of a millionaire.

Every one is familiar with the perfectly hardy climbing Prairie Rose—so often seen covering buildings which have fallen into decay.

"And 'gainst the broken plaster of the wall is blown The shadow of a climbing Rose."

The blush-tinted Baltimore Belle is exquisitely dainty. The Banksian Roses, white and yellow, grow well in greenhouses, but are only hardy on the Pacific coast. The fine, clear, green foliage, the long sprays covered with tiny yellow or white rosettes are very pretty. The Mary Washington has had great vogue in the last few years; it is a very full bloomer, white, and has been grown from slips brought from Mt. Vernon, where General Washington planted it and named it in honor of his mother. The Polyanthas are a very distinct variety; they are Roses in miniature; dainty, fairy-like little blossoms. The flowers cluster very thickly and the foliage is dense. They are constant bloomers. Among them is Mignonette, very double and pink; it has a sweet fragrance. George Pernet is a delicate lemon, and Gloire de Polyantha is a pale yellow flushed with pink.

If you prefer to view Roses from a purely æsthetic standpoint turn a deaf ear to the remarks of successful growers upon their culture. One man has said epigrammatically:

"The whole secret of Rose culture lies in the comprehension of one phrase: 'Roses are gross feeders.'"

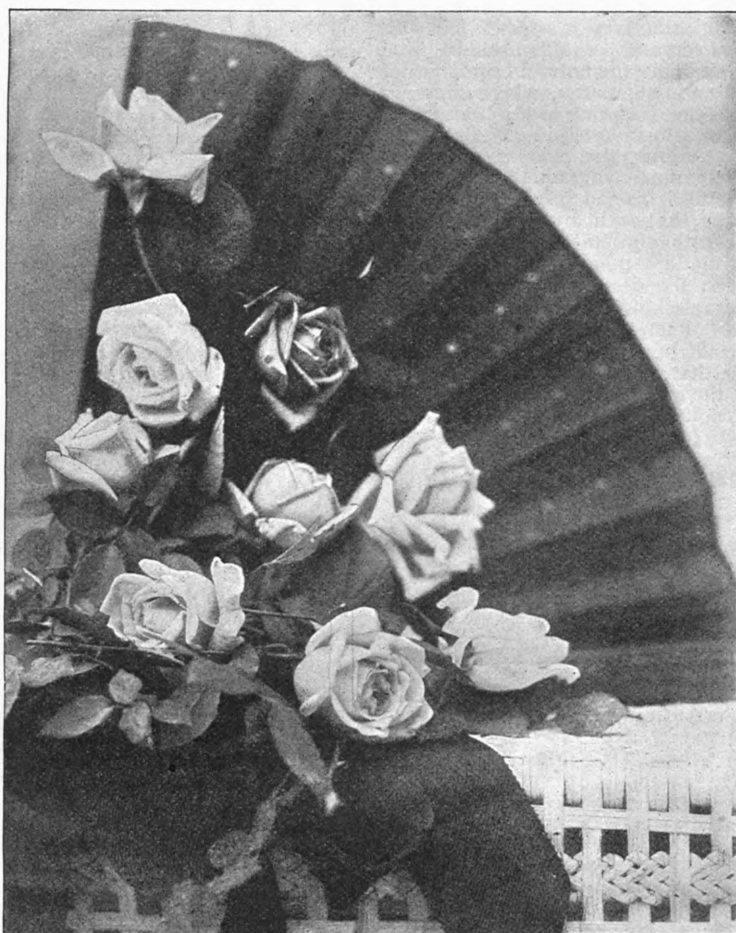
Really they demand an immense amount of nutriment to perfect their beauty. The best growers have decided that a Rose garden should have a basis of good drainage: broken crocks, potsherds, charcoal, etc. The beds should be dug down about two feet and filled with a mixture of thoroughly-enriched soil and well-broken clay. Roses demand broad sunlight and abhor shade.

About the first of June the Rose beds should be mulched. This prevents the sun from drying the earth about the roots. The one demand of Roses is "give, give," and they should frequently be given some stronger nutriment than that which they absorb from the soil. Any good fertilizer will do. Much nourishment, moisture and plenty of sunlight, a constant battle with slugs and the tiny green bugs that infest so many plants—that is the secret of Rose culture.

Roses are both haughty and exclusive, preferring their own society to that of other flowers. Give the Rose much care and she repays you, neglect her and she is proudly independent, refusing to bloom.

These Roses I have mentioned are the latest and the best of this year's importations and production; but there are many others which, although they have been in the market for several years, are equally beautiful and equally deserving of their popularity. I have not even attempted to mention all of the new Roses, but have simply taken the types—those which are noticeable for some distinguishing quality.

The study of the Rose is full of interest, but it is the symbolic flower of beliefs so widely divergent, that in tracing its history one occasionally pauses in bewilderment. Roses are the flowers of Martyrdom and yet they wreath Pan's pipes.



MADAME DE WATTEVILLE, JACQUEMINOT, CATHERINE MERMET

possesses the Beauty's fragrance, but is lighter in tint. Dinsmore is also very fine. It is one of the dwarf ever-blooming Roses and is quite hardy; in color it displays a brilliant crimson, and during the summer will be a mass of large, fragrant blossoms. King Sweden has been very lately introduced, and is said to be the darkest Rose ever grown; the petals are a velvety crimson-black, and the fragrance is delicious. It is a curious fact that the darker Roses always have the advantage of the richest odor. The Empress of India is extremely dark and very handsome. Prince Camille de Rohan has the same intensely dark beauty.

Among the new hardy Roses Gloire de Margottin is one of the most brilliant; it is a clear dazzling red and very free bloomer. The Meteor has held its popularity for several years; it is dark and rich in color, very regular in form, and although not so fragrant as others I have mentioned has a faint agreeable perfume. Mrs. Whitney has the most delicious fragrance; it is a handsome pink Rose with thick, satiny petals. The favorite of several years' standing, Madame de Watteville, the Tulip Rose, tips every dainty petal with a blush, and the new Rose, Madame Pierre Guillot, borders the petals of every large creamy bud with pink. Mrs. John Laing is an extremely fragrant pink Rose and is quite hardy. La France Roses are now sold in sets of four: the white, the red,

perb; its long, graceful buds are a clear, vivid, beautiful scarlet, shaded with buff.

No Roses are lovelier than the climbing Teas, but they are only seen in the full perfection in the South. In a Southern city stands a house once occupied by the poet, Sidney Lanier, before "Death's couriers, Fame and Honor," overtook him. The old inhabitants say that he would lie upon the grass all day long, his arms under his head, gazing upward at the sky and dreaming of the verses he should one day give to the world. Later, his home became General Sherman's headquarters during one of his stoppages on his "March to the Sea." These distinguished occupants have made the house famous. All over the porch clamber Marechal Niel Roses, the growth of years. Great, globular buds and fully-opened Roses fill



LA FRANCE, DINSMORE, PERLE DE JARDIN



MARECHAL NIEL

the place in popular favor that the American Beauty now occupies. On one occasion, when the demand was very great, only four Roses of that variety could be found in New York. They were purchased at eighteen dollars apiece.

"Myrilla to-night wears Jacqueminot Roses, Correspondingly light, my pocket-book closes, Myrilla to-night wears Jacqueminot Roses."



THE PARADISE CLUB SMOKING ON THE VERANDA

THE PARADISE CLUB

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

[With Illustration by W. A. Rogers]

VII—DOMINATION OF THE DUD

IT was a beautiful June day, and the members of the Paradise Club, taking advantage of the genial warmth of midday and its immediately succeeding hours, were having their luncheon served on the large veranda at the rear of the club house. The Irresponsible Person had been unwontedly silent for a long space of time. He appeared to be devoting his entire attention to a group of children at play in the grounds of a neighboring mansion, one of those few fortunate mansions which, erected in a great city, have yet about them a half acre or more of land to furnish breathing space to those who live within their walls. Finally he ventured to speak.

"Don't you wish you were a boy again, Mr. Cynic?" he said with a nod toward the children whose antics had suggested the notion to him.

"Why?" said the Cynic. "Why should I?"

"Well," replied the Irresponsible Person, "most of us have had a pretty good time as boys—haven't we?"

"I had," said the Married Man. "As I look back on my life I am convinced that there's no fun like the boy's fun, no trial like the boy's trial, no love like the boy's love—"

"What?" cried the Cynic. "You? You say that? No love like the boy's love? I should think a married man would at least deny that he loved his first sweetheart better than his present wife. I'm a Cynic, my boy, but I wouldn't stand on your platform in this instance if I needed to do it to keep my cynicism from plunging into an abyss."

"You didn't let me finish," said the Married Man. "My wife was my first sweetheart. We were not betrothed in the cradle exactly, but as a matter of fact when I was five and she was three I proposed to her one day at a party, and she accepted me, and—as the story books say—and so we were married and lived happily ever afterward. I was rather glad, too, it happened the way it did because as I grew up I became very shy, and I don't think that as a man I'd have had the nerve to do what as a boy of five I was quite equal to."

"Boys of five rush in where warriors fear to tread," said the Philosopher. "I've never had a boy of five myself, but my old friend and classmate, General Parsons, has, and I can tell you I've accepted more abuse from that child than his heroic father, the General, would have dared give me. The last time I called there the youngster appeared to mistake my stomach for a foot-ball. For nerve, pure, simple and massive, commend me to the boy of five."

"And would you care to be one yourself really?" asked the Cynic.

"Not I," said the Philosopher. "Nerve is a very good thing when you have it in control, but when it has you in its control it is not so excellent. I have no desire to be a boy again, to be the joy of my parents and the bane of everybody else."

"Nor I," said the Married Man. "Although, as I have said, there is no fun like the boy's fun, I also said that there are no trials like the boy's trials, and the mixture of woe and joy in man's life is no greater in proportion than that in the life of the boy. Besides, man is comparatively a free being, while boys, without feeling it or knowing it perhaps, are after all nothing but slaves. They can have their way as long as they do not run counter to the parental ideas or whims. Take my oldest boy, Tom, for instance. I came downstairs this morning with a wheel in my head, and Tom, without intending to do it, upset a cup of coffee in my lap at breakfast. Result, no flapjacks for Tom at breakfast. My headache, the result of my own injudicious eating last night, puts me in such a frame of mind that a mere accident on Tom's part deprives Tom of one of the greatest pleasures of life, that of eating flapjacks."

"That's all right," laughed the Irresponsible Person. "Tom didn't suffer much, I fancy. I'll wager you that after breakfast he went down into the kitchen and found a plateful of them waiting for him. That's the way it used to be with me. The servants of a household, I've always found, are the natural-born allies of the children in all matters where they run counter to the discipline of the household. I never went without pie at dinner in my life at home, that sooner or later I didn't get from a sympathetic waitress or cook what I'd been deprived of, with an extra piece thrown in by way of interest. In fact, I distinctly remember that as a boy I always made a point of misbehaving at table when the dessert was of a particularly desirable kind from my point of view, because I knew that my misbehavior would result in my being sent away from the table, that this would arouse the sympathy of the maid, and that at her suggestion the cook would see to it that I got an extra large portion of the dessert."

"What a depraved lad!" said the Cynic. "And what insubordination on the part of the servants," said the Philosopher.

"And how general the habit is," said the Married Man with a smile. "I've been there myself. The Irresponsible Person and I must have been made after the same pattern, just as most servants are. I've noticed many a time and oft how Tom has flown to the kitchen for sympathy, and while it is no doubt very weak in me to say it I haven't been altogether sorry for it. It didn't hurt me much to have it when I was a boy. But there's one point only in which a boy gets sympathy only from his father, and none from his mother or the usually sympathetic domestics, wherein the parental tyranny is most patent, and wherein, also, all women are either the despots or sympathizers with the despot rather than with the victim, and that is in the matter of dress. The way boys and girls are fixed out with duds in these days is beyond my comprehension. I suppose mothers know more about how children should be dressed than fathers do, but it seems to me that the time has come for the fathers to organize and strike a blow for the emancipation of their children, their sons particularly, from the 'Domination of the Dud.' Look over there if you want a fine example of the modern tendency," he continued, waving his hand in the direction of the youngsters the Irresponsible Person had been watching at their play.

"Take that big lanky Lord Fauntleroy for a text. He's every bit of eight years old, and very tall for his years. His legs look like weather-strips and he has the manners of a centre rush in a foot-ball game. What earthly sense is there in that get-up of his? He isn't like Fauntleroy, and you could spank him with the book forty times a day without hammering a bit of the Fauntleroy nature into him. He is a boy of the period. He'd scalp Indians if he could. He'd run about after dark and put tick-tacks on the windows of nervous old ladies; he'd fasten strings from lamp-posts to front stoop rails just low enough to knock off every beaver hat that came through this street, if you let him follow his own inclinations. To his mother he is undoubtedly the most perfect specimen of a nobleman extant. She sees in him all of her own perfection, plus the perfection she had expected to find in her husband—and didn't. So she puts velveteen trousers on him; covers his calves with leathern leggings, lets his hair fall in curls over his shoulders, and tops him off with a Tam o'Shanter because that lovely little fellow Fauntleroy was dressed that way. She forgot that Fauntleroy's figure was more like one of 'Life's' cupids than suggestive of a lamp-post; she overlooks the fact that her dear, sweet Bobbie would like nothing better than to hook a quart of peanuts from a poverty-stricken Italian street vendor—she sees only the little nobleman in him. It is true he plagues his

small sister—but then he is a nervous child. It is true he is impudent to his father—but that is only the nobleness of his high-strung nature prompting him to resent tyranny. His impertinence is the same thing as Washington's resentment of English interference—it is the good old Revolutionary stock which comes to him, on his great-uncle's side, asserting itself; he's more Fauntleroy than ever when he asserts his independence, and hence velveteen trousers and coat and curls and Tam o'Shanter and leggings are most appropriate."

The Married Man was becoming indignant.

"I wouldn't get mad at the boy about it," said the Irresponsible Person.

"I'm not—I'm sorry for the boy," said the Married Man. "It isn't his fault. I don't believe he likes to go about rigged up that way. He's rough at his play with those children there because it's the only way he can see to live down those clothes. He knows he's a red Indian by nature, and he'd like to go around with a lot of other red Indians, but his hair is too long for him to do so comfortably. I know what I am talking about. Madame tried the Fauntleroy business with Tom one day, and Tom and I both struck. It was his first day in school, and his hair was curly, and his velveteen trousers were lovely for to see, and his leggings were shapely—when he went. When he came home the topknot on his Tam o'Shanter was missing; one leggin was gone; half the buttons were off the other; all the nap was worn off the seat of his trousers, and the precious curls had been pulled until every noble instinct in his body had been yanked out. The other boys had been playing with him and he was at a disadvantage. That night we clipped off his curls, and the next day he wore a strong corduroy suit to school, and he didn't come home until late. When I made inquiries as to the reason of his coming in so late I discovered that he had been kept in for thrashing three of his classmates, and offering to do up the rest of the school if any of the boys ventured to interfere with him again."

"No doubt it is that way with the lamp-post Fauntleroy over in that yard, only the poor little fellow can't get his parents to give him the right kind of clothes."

"That little girl is rather sweet though, I think," said the Irresponsible Person.

"She's picturesquely dressed, eh?"

"Very," said the Married Man. "She looks like a penwiper going to market with a basket of vegetables on its head."

The Philosopher snickered outright at this, for the description was undoubtedly a good one. The pretty-faced little tot had on a dress and skirts that stood out from her little waist and legs exactly like the layers of a penwiper, and upon her head she wore a huge Leghorn hat laden down with all sorts of leaves and artificial roses that, but for their color, were little less than cabbages in counterfeit.

"As for the little sailor," the Married Man continued, "he's not so bad. Of course, his hat has H. M. S. Pinafore printed on the band, and his sleeve has a golden device of the British Admiralty embroidered on it, but that may be appropriate. It is possible that he's a little Englishman, or if he isn't, somebody related to him may be, or perhaps his father thinks that in these days when America is so much given over to foreigners it is just as well in losing our individuality to lose it to the greatest nation in the world, as well as the one for which, on the score of kinship, a common language, and similarity of tastes, we should have the greatest admiration and affection. Or it may be that the suit was a bargain, a remnant of the days when Pinafore was a popular opera, and before the United States had any ships after which you could name a decent hat. At any rate, it looks comfortable, and if the boy by wearing a sailor's costume can overcome the boy's aversion to cold water, it is to be recommended. Tom wears sailor suits altogether."

"That's it," put in the Cynic. "There's the milk in the cocoanut. Tom wears sailor suits—therefore sailor suits are good. It's always somebody else's child that is badly dressed. For my part I admire that Fauntleroy suit and the boy in it."

"You naturally would," said the Philosopher. "They are both of 'em likely to prove that there is reason for cynicism. I don't approve of any of 'em—Fauntleroy suits, sailor suits, or the penwiper costume. I'd sew 'em all up in a bag and send them to a warm climate until they'd grown up and knew less. There never were but two children who were dressed naturally anyhow."

"Tom and what other?" asked the Irresponsible Person.

"Tom wasn't in the pair," said the Philosopher. "The two I referred to were Cain and Abel. They were dressed without regard to style. Propriety and convenience were the patterns after which they were clothed."

"Exactly," said the Married Man. "That's all I contend for. They did not suffer from the 'Domination of the Dud.' I don't claim that clothes make the man, but I do say that clothes do interfere with the development of the boy. A boy knows whether he's a guy or not, or if he

doesn't some other boy does, and he finds it out pretty quickly. Then, poor little slave that he is, if his parents persist in making a guy of him he's lost. He is badgered or scorned, and the upshot of it all is he doesn't get his chance."

"You're very wise," said the Cynic. "But your talk is all theory. Granting that that tall Fauntleroy over there is all you say he is—no doubt his dress is absurd—but you've merely speculated on chance. He may be very different from what you say."

"Let's try it and see," said the Irresponsible Person. "I say, my boy!" he cried, rising up and leaning over the rail of the veranda. "I say, what are you doing there—playing tag?"

The boy stopped for a moment and said something to the other children, at which they all laughed. Then he replied:

"What?"

"I asked you if you were playing tag?" said the Irresponsible Person.

"Hoh!" cried the boy. "Tag! The idea! Of course not. We're hunting monkeys and you're the only ones we've seen."

The Married Man smiled triumphantly.

"I'd like to dress that boy," said the Cynic, settling back into his chair with a grim smile; "I'd put him in stripes, with a chain and ball on his leg."

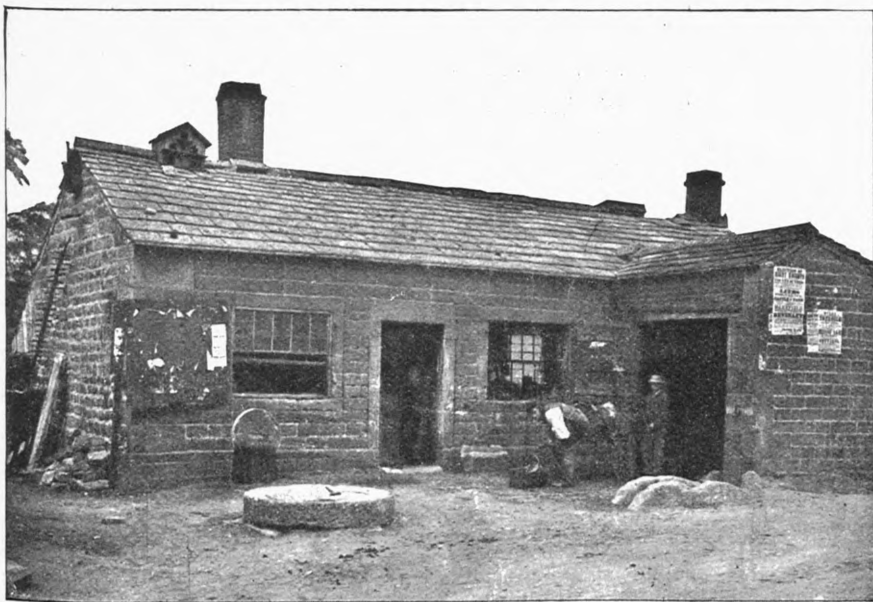
DAINTY PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES

BY JANET MOWBRAY

THE simple, always popular, book-shaped frames, to hold two, four, six or even more photographs, are useful. They may be covered with almost any kind of material, though of course the handsomer the material chosen, the more dainty the results will be. These frames may be closed like a book to lie on a table, thereby taking the place of the obsolete album, or they may be extended screen fashion, partly open so as to exhibit the pictures they contain. It is almost necessary to buy the foundations for these frames, as it is nearly impossible for a novice to cut out the cardboard and have it perfectly exact, and unless they are exact they are not at all pretty. The foundations are sold for a few cents apiece, and consist of two pieces of heavy cardboard for each division or leaf of the book. The back and front are the same in size, eight inches by six, but the front piece has an opening five and a half inches by three and a half for the picture. For a frame capable of holding four pictures, eight pieces of cardboard will be required, four of which must have the opening as already described. There will also be necessary half a yard of material, twenty-seven inches wide, a sheet of batting, a sheet of white watered paper and some good glue. Begin by making the back of the book first.

TO do this divide the silk lengthwise, so that there will be two pieces, each twenty-seven inches long. From the end of each piece cut off two inches and place aside for subsequent use. Extend one of the twenty-five-inch pieces, right side down, on the table. Place a layer of batting over the silk, and on the batting adjust at equal distances the four back pieces, allowing sufficient space between each to permit the frame to be folded in book form. Then turn the edges of the material being used for the cover and the batting over the back pieces and glue firmly in place. The end pieces of the silk are now brought into use. Divide them through the centre, so that there will be four pieces, although only three are to be used. These pieces are to be glued in neatly between the cardboards to hide the exposed batting at the hinges. The tops and bottoms of these strips will be, of course, turned under so as to avoid raw edges. To finish the backs glue over the cards pieces of watered paper, covering the ends of the silk which have been previously glued to the boards. The object of this is to give the frame a finished appearance when completed. This finishes the back of the book frame, and it may be laid away to dry while the front pieces are being covered. To cover the front pieces proceed in the same way, omitting the batting. When all are covered glue them in position to the back pieces, leaving the bottom free to admit the photographs; place under a heavy weight and let remain under pressure for twenty-four hours, so that the glue may become well set. Brocade, China silk, crêpe, duck, denim and embroidered linen are all used in the manufacture of these useful photograph holders.

Pretty frames of this sort may be made as gifts for friends, or brothers, sisters or cousins who are at college, utilizing the college colors when selecting the covering: yellow and white for Bryn Mawr, rose and gray for Vassar, blue and white for Barnard, blue for Wellesley, orange and black for Princeton, crimson for Harvard, dark blue for Yale, carmelian and white for Cornell, blue and white for Columbia, purple and white for Amherst, red and blue for Pennsylvania, brown and white for Brown, and black and blue for Johns Hopkins.



THE "SMITHY SHOP" AT ILKLEY, IN YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND, WHERE DR. COLLYER WORKED FROM 1838 TO 1850

THE WOMAN WHO MOST INFLUENCED ME
A SERIES OF SIX PAPERS

[With Illustrations from Original Photographs]

* III—MY MOTHER: *By Rev. Robert Collyer, D. D.*

THIRTY years ago next summer I went over to my old home in England, after an absence of fifteen years, to find "the woman who most influenced me"—my mother. She was sitting in the old rocking-chair where she had nursed all her

children, but could not rise at once, because the sudden shock of her joy held her there some moments, and the years had wrought such a change in me that she looked up with a touch of wonder, but when I said "mother" she held out her arms and cried, "My lad, I did not know thy face but I know thy voice."

There were only a few threads of silver in her hair when I left home, but now it had grown all white. I noticed the threads coming soon after my father died suddenly while he was working at his anvil on a blazing July day twenty-one years before this time, and she was much changed now, but not at all for the worse with the years, only, I thought, as a sound rosy apple changes toward the perfect ripeness.

It was one of the supreme days in a man's lifetime and this was the supreme moment in mine, meeting with my mother.

IT was not the home of my early life—this lay in a valley about twenty miles to the north—but I had taken that with me when we moved away many years before, and now I wanted to go there again that I might see the place I had taken away in my heart and enshrined for all time—see the old factory where a little fellow I knew of stood at the spinning frames through the long days from the time when he was eight years old, and drink at a well he loved where the beryl brown water came from a spring hidden in the moors; wander over the pastures and through the lanes where he found the birds' nests the home canon would not allow him to molest, or make the mother bird afraid; the nests must be held sacred, and they were.

* In this series of papers the following writers have already appeared:
MR. EUGENE FIELD January, 1895
MR. ROBERT J. BURDETTE February,
In the companion series of "The Man Who Most Influenced Me," the following have appeared:
MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT December, 1894
MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY April, 1895
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS May,
Any of these back numbers can be had at 10 cents each, by writing to the JOURNAL.

SO I went about the valley, as they say, with my heart in my mouth, and seemed to be saying to the boy I saw through the mists of the many years:

"Dear little fellow, you had a hard time then, but it was a good time also, wasn't it now? Have any flowers in the world beside ever seemed so sweet to you as the snowdrop, the primrose and the cowslip

you knew so well where to find and bring home to mother, or have any singing birds ever matched your memory of the skylark and the thristle, or were there ever such Christmas-tides as those she made for us when her children and the world were all young together?"

And there was the old home nest. It stood where the villa stands now, but I would not have exchanged the memory for the mansion. It was a cottage of two rooms and an attic fronting due south, and there was a green dooryard with a clump of roses set about with wallflowers, pinks and sweet williams. There was a plum tree also branching about the windows. Then I went within doors of the home which was, and is no more, to find the bright open fire that went out in 1839, but was still burning for me, and the walls of the living-room were white as the driven snow. There was the famous bureau, also, shining like a dim mirror, and the tall clock which was always too fast at bedtime and too slow at mealtimes—it stands here in our dining-room now. There was still the fine store of willow-ware on the rack against the wall, but that was for Christmas and the summer feast; while all things were glorified by pictures Turner could not have done to save his soul.

THERE were six of us in the earlier years, also, to make good the old rune mother would croon over us now and then:

"Four is good company, five is a charge,
Six is a family, seven's too large,"

but I think she would have refitted the rhyme to the reason if there had been more.

And now how did she raise us so that her son must fain write down this memory?

There was fair white linen and calico first to wear and to sleep in. And until we could see to it ourselves, once a week there was the tub where we had a good sound scrubbing, who were big enough for the sad solemnity, with yellow soap and things that got into your eyes, and a stout "harden" towel to dry off withal, so that now, when I think of our "Cotter's Saturday Night," the words of the wise man are apt to come back to me, "Who hath red eyes, who hath contention, who hath strife?" and I can answer, I know who had all these say sixty-five years ago, when I was turned into that tub, while there was but scant comfort for me in the words she would say as a sort of benediction, "There now, children, cleanliness is next to Godliness."

HOW did we fare, the six hearty children? There was oatmeal, and what we call mush who know no better, and skim milk in plenty, with oatcake, as mother would say, to fill in; also wheaten bread for more careful use, and sometimes a trace of butter. Not much meat, for meat was dear, but soup with dumplings, and what the old Yorkshire folk used to call "sike-like," a word with a wide meaning. And the tradition still remains of an early time of innocency when mother would say those who eat the most dumpling shall have the most meat. So we would peg away until we did not want any meat, and then mother would save it for the next day's dinner. There was fruit, also, when this was cheap, in the lovely guise of a pie, and then more oatmeal and skim milk for supper.

WHO were we, again, and how did we come there? I love to read about the old families in my mother-land which have come down from the Saxon times or the Conquest, but we go no farther back

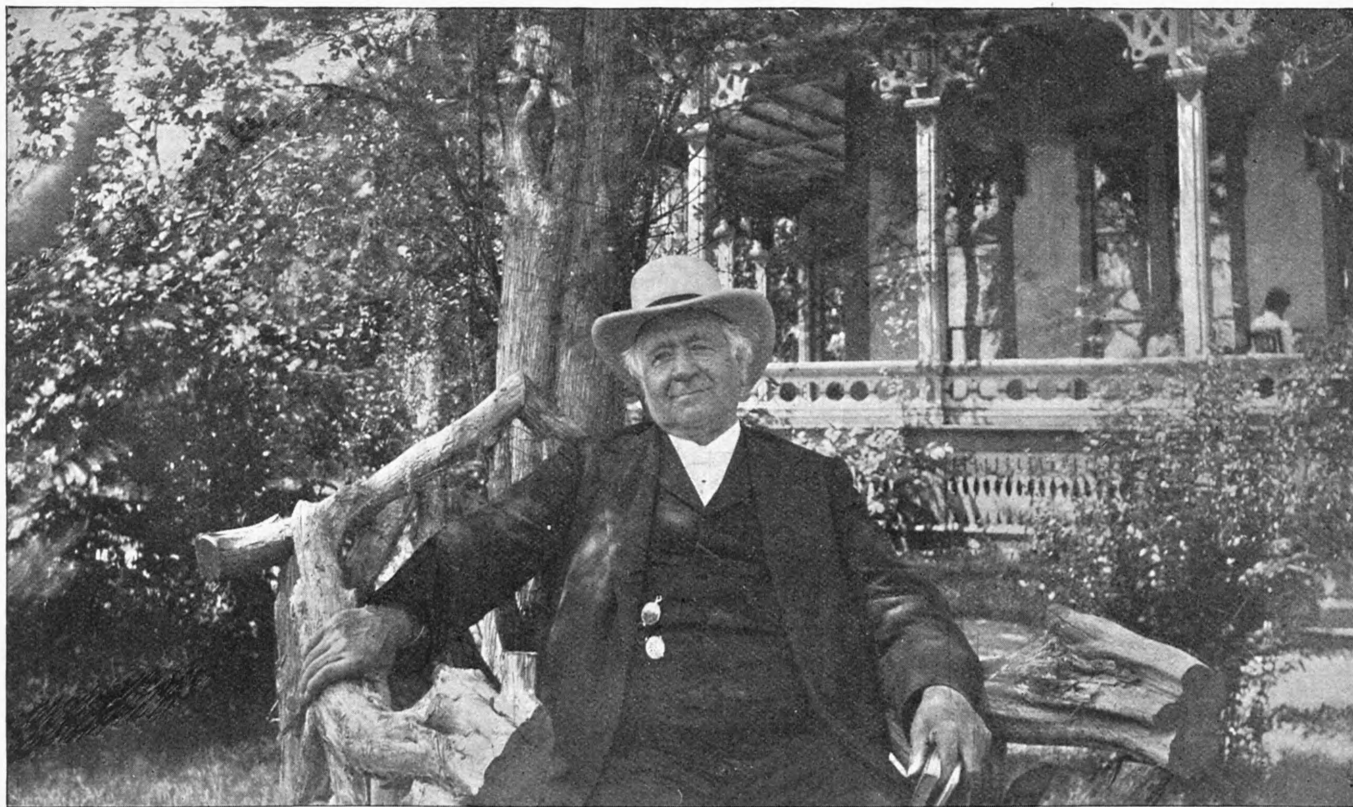
young to say so big a word. A woman then, and for long after, with shining flaxen hair and blue eyes shot through with gray; tall to the child's sight then and full-chested, with a damask rose bloom mantling her bright face; a step like a deer for lightness and strength, so that in her middle age she could walk her twenty miles in a day over the hills to the great town of Leeds; a laugh which is still like music to me with a contagion of laughter in it which would start the whole household—wells of humor blended close with tears, so that we would laugh and cry in the same breath; the glance of a poet into the heart of the house beautiful all about her, and within all a deep abiding tenderness ready to spring forth as her crown and glory. So she stands in the sunlight of the long ago, and she had also such a genius for doing well what she must take in hand that I think still if it had fallen to her lot and her training to govern a kingdom she would have made a noble queen and governed it well, while what she did govern well was the house full of eager and outbreking children with a good deal of the old Berserker blood in them, as I have reason to suspect—keeping us all well in hand and clearing the way for us into the world's great life when our time came to go forth; seeing to it that we were well housed, well fed and well clad for weekday and Sunday, while the school wage was paid for us, so long as we could be spared to go there, out of the eighteen shillings a week my father earned in those days at his anvil, together with the pittance some of us could earn by-and-by in the factory—what time, as the saying ran over there, we went deeper into t' loa' and deeper into t' clōoath.

AND now about my father. I think still he was as good a smith as I have ever known, a man who would forge no lie in iron or steel, with soft, steadfast brown eyes, strong and sinewy arms to labor, and never sick a day I can remember, always at his work until he fell dead that day with the hammer in his hand. Blacksmiths, I think, are usually silent men. The old Beechers were, as I have heard, who were of this craft, silent men who left

the pent-up speech to their sons and grandsons. This was my father, also. He was a silent man, while both father and mother were as free from contagions and infections as the sound oaks are and the stars, so that the microbes, when they came in the dreadful form of fevers, found nothing in them for prey.

AND it is here I find "the woman who has most influenced me"—my mother—as I think of the time when they fell in love with each other, the brown and the blonde, "not like in like but like in difference." It was two miles to the old church at Fewston, where the dust of Edward Fairfax, the poet, was laid away once, and there was a deep snow, so that they had to walk on the stone

walls part way to their wedding, but what did they care, for there was the good parson waiting, who baptized us all in the course of time, and whose successor was the Rev. Amos Barton, made immortal by George Eliot? So they were made one, and reading between the marriage lines I make up my mind that when my father wanted a wife he did not want a blue-eyed wax doll. He wanted a woman who would be as true and steadfast in the tiny home they would make as he was in the forge—a woman who would hold her own end level, and if the need came, as it did twenty-one years after, take the whole burden in her arms and to her heart, while it may be he did not think of this. But in winning my mother he won a woman who was, beyond all question, the better half in those fine powers on which her children must draw for the better chance in life than that which had fallen to their own lot—a wife who would take charge and care of the earnings with the earner and the home, while, like all good Englishmen, he must never suspect he was not the head of that concern. So I feel greatly obliged to him now for choosing my mother out of all the world, yet imagine that in some delicate way women know of, she had about as much to do in the choosing as he had, and



THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT TAKEN OF DR. COLLYER

then making good her choice. And then for this I thank them both, as I sit here now thinking of the home by the bonnie river, that in taking good care of themselves before I was born they are taking good care of me still, and have been through all these years. They did not ruin their eyes so that I had to wear glasses in my youth or my prime. And my father did not drink water in the sight of men and something else in his closet, so that I fell on no such trouble as my dear friend did in the West. He was one of the most temperate men you will find, but was sadly tormented with the gout, and told me once that his grandsire, who was a general in the revolution, drank a great deal of port wine, so he had the wine, but his grandson had the gout and did not think this was quite fair.

My father left me no such legacy, and so when these twain were made one all those years ago their life was clear from what we call now the curse of heredity. So there I was in this world well-born, as we all were, when the question waited for its answer, How should their children be raised, and with what bodies should they come through the perils of the years to their threescore and ten? The answer is coming in. I am the eldest; the youngest has turned the mile-stone of sixty. There has been only one break in the number. "All's well here," comes from the motherland and from France, and "All's well here," is the message we send in return.

NOW where lies the secret of this exemption? I must answer, after what I have said, it lies with our mother, whose children rise up and call her blessed. I still mind how twice in the year she would make those walls in the living-room and the chambers white, as I still see them, with quick-lime, the dire enemy of the fevers which would invade other homes but never ours, while in all things else her feast of purification belted the whole year, but never at the cost of comfort or coziness in the small place, tight and trim as a ship's cabin. This and the good, wholesome fare, the caller, the sunshine and all the rest as it lies now in heart and memory.

This, I take it, is the second reason why we are all here, and if you say I have left out God's providence and grace I answer no, because His providence and grace lay in the mother's constant care, touching these things which lie at the foundation of our human life.

I CAN remember a dispute I held with a small maiden, who lived next door, over the rank and station of our families when she said, "But we are lerigious," and I took a back seat for her good father was a deacon. We were not religious in that way, but no profane word was ever spoken in the house or learned out-of-doors. Mother's training in this—as in much beside—was so perfect that I think it was not until I became a minister that I could freely use the most sacred name, while I still balk at such words as hell, the devil, the infernal. And two things especially mother held sacred among the many. The day comes back to me when her face grew stern and her voice deep with rebuke. It was when one of us had thrown a stray leaf from some old Bible into the fire, and another day when in some petulant moment I threw a hard crust of bread into the fire. The Bible and bread were among her most sacred things, and I think salt was one, also; we must never waste salt.

And we must go to the Sunday-school twice each Sunday, and the services in the chapel afterward, but after these were over we could run free. We had no rewards in those days, and no picnics—they were never thought of.

And the time came in my mother's long widowhood when the dear old heart found rest in the Baptist fold in which she died. But when I went over that first time I was a minister in a denomination far from her own. I must, also, preach at our great church in Leeds where her home was. So she must needs go and hear what I had to say. And after the service, as she walked home leaning on my arm, she said softly, "My lad, I did not quite understand thy sermon, and think I could not believe thy way if I had understood, but then," giving my arm a warm, close pressure, she concluded, "I want thee to feel sure, my lad, that I believe in thee."

Well, this was the secret of mother's influence toward these higher things. She believed in her children, and gave her life for them all radiant with her love—held the small home sacred for us, and filled it with such good cheer as she could compass for the heart as for all the rest; would not have us troubled by grim shadows if she could help it, that blight the budding grain, the tender heart; saw to it, also, that we said the simple prayers, had the old Bible on the bureau, and would let us browse in it to our hearts' content; loved to go over the sweet stories with us, with some word out of her own human heart. That was mother. And now sacred memories remain of other noble women who have blessed me since then more than I could tell. They came after. Mother came first in the early years which do so much to make or mar the man.

HOUSEHOLDING IN OLD NEW ENGLAND

By Alice Morse Earle



AMONG the many duties which overwhelmed a Colonial housekeeper were the ones appertaining to what was known as the "still-room." In large and well-appointed houses such a room was kept for the uses of distilling and expressing, not only perfumes, oils and beauty-waters, but also half the medicines for external and internal use in the domestic pharmacopœia; for preserving and conserving, for the making of diet-drinks, of marmalades and quiddanies. And whether there was a "still-room" or not these duties were all performed in the household. "Kitchen-physicke" was in great repute, and lotions and tonics needed as careful preparation as did the supplies of the larder. As in the old play, the Colonists made their wives their doctors, their gardens their "poticaries shops." Indeed, the craft of the cook and of the doctor were closely allied; many of the old-time cook-books were written by doctors. Queen Anne's physician said plainly that no man could be a good doctor who had not a competent knowledge of cookery. The work of this nature did not begin in the still-room. From early spring till late autumn the wife and daughters gathered in field and in garden stores of roots, leaves, flowers, barks and seeds. From them they made oils, syrups, distilled waters, decoctions, electuaries, ointments, conserves, preserves, pills, plasters, troches, poultices and lozocks. A lohock was somewhat thicker than a syrup, and not so condensed as an electuary, and was said to be intended to be "licked up." In the garret of every thrifty household hung great bunches and bags of these gathered treasures of the fields, and the dry, hot air was heavy with their pungent perfume.

THE Colonists did not find all the herbs to which they were accustomed in the new land, and they sent at once to England for the seeds and roots of the familiar home herbs, that flourished wonderfully in the new land, and spread apace. Our common herbs and medicinal plants, elder, rue, saffron, sage, tansy, wormwood, celandine, mallows, mayweed, yarrow, chamomile, dandelion, elecampane, mint, catnip, fennel, dill, burdock and motherwort, are none of them native plants, but were brought over from England by the early settlers. But there were other domestic duties which did not waft sweet "odors of Araby" as did the still-room; the annual spring manufacture of soft soap for home consumption was one of these, and also one of the most important and most trying of all the household industries. The refuse grease from the family cooking was stowed away in tubs and barrels in unsavory masses, through the cool winter months, and the wood-ashes from the great fireplaces were also thriftily stored until the carefully-chosen time arrived. The day was selected with much deliberation, after careful consultation with that family counselor, the almanac, for the moon must be in the right quarter, and the tide at the flood if the soap were to "come right." Then the leach was set outside the kitchen door. Some families owned a strongly-made leach tub, some used a barrel, others cut a section from the great birch tree and removed the bark to form a tub, which was placed loosely in a circular groove in a base made of wood or, preferably, of stone. This was not set horizontally, but was slightly inclined. The tub was filled with ashes, and water was scantily poured upon them until the lye trickled or leached out of an outlet cut in the groove at the base. The "first run" of lye was not strong enough to be of use, and was poured again upon the ashes; then it began to run much stronger. The wasted ashes were replenished again and again and water poured in small quantities on them, and the lye accumulated in a receptacle placed for it. It was a universal test that when the lye was strong enough to hold up an egg it was also strong enough to use for the soap-boiling.

The good wife had also wool and flax to spin and weave. On almost every farm might be seen a patch of flax, ripening for the hard work of pulling, rotting, breaking, swingling and combing, which all had to be done before it came to the women's hands for spinning. The seed was sown broadcast and allowed to grow till the bolls were ripe. It then was pulled and spread neatly in rows. This could be done by boys. Then men whipped or threshed out all the seed for meal; then it was allowed to lie until the shives were thoroughly rotten. Then came work for strong men, to break it on the ponderous flax brake and to swingle it. Some men could swingle forty pounds a day on the swingling-board. Then it was hatched, or combed, or hackled.

SOME thrifty folk a hundred years ago employed a few hours through the week in "sticking" card-teeth. The strips of pierced leather and the wire teeth bent in proper shape were supplied to them by the card manufacturer. When the teeth were stuck in the holes the cards were ready for use.

By the side of the chimney in New England country houses at the beginning of this century, always hung a broom or besom of peeled birch. These birch brooms were a characteristic New England production. A straight birch tree from three to four inches in diameter was chosen to make one of these brooms. About five feet of the trunk was cut off. Ten inches from the larger end a notch was cut around the stick and the bark carefully peeled off from thence to the end. Then with a sharp knife the bared end was carefully split up to the notch in slender slivers, which were held back by the broom-maker's left hand until they became too many and too bulky to restrain, when they were tied back with a string. As the tendency of the slivers or splints was to grow slightly thinner toward the notch, there was left in the heart of the growing broom a short core which had to be whittled off. When this was done the splints were all turned back to their first and natural position, a second notch was cut an inch above the first one, leaving a strip of bark an inch in diameter; the bark was peeled off from what was destined to be the broom handle, and a series of splints was shaved down toward the second notch. Enough of the stick was left to form the handle; this was carefully whittled until an inch in diameter, was smoothed and furnished with a hole in the end in which to place a string or strip of leather for suspension. The second series of splints from the handle end was then carefully and firmly turned down and tied with hempen twine over the wholly-splintered end and all the splints cut off the same length. The inch of bark which remained of the broom helped to hold the splints firmly in place.

When these brooms were partly worn the restraining string was removed and the flaring splints formed an ideal oven-broom, spreading and cleaning the ashes from every corner and crevice. Corn brooms were unknown in these country neighborhoods until about the middle of the present century.

A century, and even half a century ago, many a farmer's son (and daughter too) throughout New England earned his first spending money by making birch brooms for the country stores, from whence they were sent to the large cities, especially Boston. In Northampton, about 1790, one shopkeeper kept as many as seven hundred and sixty of these brooms on hand at one time.

THESE boys and girls did not grow rich very fast at broom-making. Throughout Vermont fifty years ago the uniform price paid to the broom-maker for these brooms was but six cents apiece, and as the broom-maker had to work at least three evenings in the cheerful light of the great fireplace to make one broom—to say nothing of the time spent in selecting and cutting the birch tree—it was not as profitable an industry as gathering beech-nuts at a dollar a bushel. Major Robert Randolph told in fashionable London circles, that about the year 1750 he carried many a load of these birch brooms on his back, ten miles to Concord, that he might earn a few shillings. These brooms were not sent to Boston in the summer time, but in the winter, when the great painted pung or pod was filled with tubs of butter and vast cheeses, whole pigs and bags of beans, there were strapped to its high back rows of these birch brooms that stood up to the wind like a great sail or hedge, and in their shelter the driver sat during his long and cold, but gay sleighride on the old turnpike; for frequently thirty or forty of these great sleighs went in company together, each driver carrying his own provisions, which sometimes consisted of a vast bean porridge frozen stiff and hanging on the side of the sleigh by a loop of twine which had been conveniently frozen into it. Such brooms were known by different names in different localities: birch brooms, splinter brooms and Indian brooms. The Indians were very proficient in making them, and it is said they were the inventors of them. Squaws wandered over certain portions of the country bearing brooms on their backs, peddling them from house to house for ninepence apiece and a drink of cider. In 1806 one minister of Haverhill, New Hampshire, had two of these brooms given to him as a marriage fee. When a Hadley man planted broomcorn in 1797 and made corn brooms to sell, he was scornfully met with the remark that broom-making was work for Indians and boys. It was long ere his industry crowded out the sturdy birch brooms.

IN these days of cheap and universal illumination we almost forget the humble tallow dips of our grandmothers, and the way they were made. Candle-making was the great household event of the late autumn or early winter, as soap-making was of the spring. Careful and laborious preparations were made for this labor. The small wooden rods that had been laid up above the great beams of the kitchen, or thrust under the garret eaves since the previous year, were brought down-stairs to the scene of the candle-dipping, and cotton wicks that had previously been cut and sometimes soaked in saltpetre were placed three or four inches apart the entire length of each rod. Usually eight or ten wicks were fastened to a rod. Sometimes "cat-tails," or flags, were used instead of wooden rods. Then long poles were placed in a cool room, supported on two straight-backed chairs, and across these poles the be-wicked rods were hung, like the rounds of a ladder. This work was all done on the day previous to that appointed for the candle-dipping, and on the following morning all in the household were astir before dawn. The fire in the kitchen fireplace was piled with logs, the vast brass kettle brought out and hung on the crane and partly filled with water. When this water was hot cakes of tallow were broken up and thrown in to melt and float upon the top of the water. This tallow had been collected for many months from the slaughtered animals by the careful housewife; and beeswax had also been saved from the hives to add to the candle stock to make harder candles; and where bayberries grew, bayberry wax also. These fragrant little berries had been gathered through the late summer in vast stores, boiled with water till the melted bayberry wax had separated and risen to the top, whence it had been skimmed and allowed to harden into cakes, to save for the candle-making. When the wax and tallow were well melted the kettle was taken from the crane and carried to the cooler room, or the cool end of the kitchen, where stood the chairs with the poles, rods and wicks. Each wick was then dipped carefully into the melted tallow, and the rod placed again on the poles, care being taken that each wick hung straight, and well away from the other. Each rod was taken in turn, and by the time the last wick had received its dipping the first wicks were cool and ready to receive a second coating of tallow by a second immersion. This tedious process was repeated again and again till the candles were as large as desired. The candles were left to thoroughly harden over night, and in the morning were taken from the rods and packed away with satisfaction and pride for winter use.

The candles made of bayberry tallow were pale green in color and burned with a delicious spicy fragrance that charmed all the early travelers in New England. Bayberry wax was a staple article of sale in those days. I have seen it advertised in scores of old-time newspapers. I bought, within a year, in Plymouth County, bayberry tallow candles made just as they were dipped in that same neighborhood two hundred years ago; and no sweeter incense to the memory of our honored forefathers and the good old times was ever offered up than the delicate pungent fumes of those bayberry candles.

Candles also were run in tin moulds in which wicks had been placed. In some communities traveling candle-makers made the rounds, stopping in each family to take charge of the candle-making.

IN no way was a thrifty housewife better known than through her abundant winter's stock of symmetrical candles. They showed her frugality and her deftness—for nowhere was a skillful and dexterous hand more positively needed than in dipping a well-shaped candle. I find this sentence in an old letter, "Pray excuse this ill-writing. I write by a vile tallow dip, like all of

'Lazy Tamsin's dippin'
Is always sure to be a drippin'."

And no well-to-do housekeeper would make the winter's start without many score of candles. Poor folk might burn a betty or phebe lamp, filled with ill-smelling grease and with a dirty twist of rag for a wick; and even in the home circle of pretentious folk might these primitive forms of lamps be seen, but there must be also plenty of firm white candles to set in the brass or silver candlesticks for "company." These candles were not very costly if the careless housewife chose to purchase them. In the Boston "Evening Post" of October 5, 1767, I read this advertisement, "Dip'd Tallow Candles Half a Pistareen the Single Pound & Cheaper by Cwt."

In many a country household some few of the old-time frugalities still linger, but domestic candle-making is a thing of the past. The bounteous oil-wells of Pennsylvania, with their cheap illuminating medium, have rendered home-made candles not only obsolete, but too costly for country use, and, through a curious turn of fashion, candles have become comparatively articles of luxury and elegance, that seem to throw an old-time refinement wherever their soft rays shine.



HOW beautiful it is out here," said Anne, as she rested her crutch against a gnarled apple tree, and sat down upon the bench overshadowed by the spreading boughs. The orchard was all abloom, lading the air with vernal fragrance, and Anne sighed in serene content.

Esther, her sister, glanced around with comprehensive vision, but did not immediately reply. There was a conflict of sentiments in her mind: she wished to agree with Anne, and she wished to contradict her; but she could not do either completely.

The sun had gone into the west, and his slant rays shone upon the orchard slope with a shimmer of softened light. The house which was their home stood upon the height of the slope. It was an old house, showing all the dingier by contrast with the spring freshness adorning the fields and gardens around.

Anne did not look at the house; she looked at the apple trees pink with blossoms, and the soft skies, and a flight of pigeons circling through the air, and a smile was shining in her eyes.

But Esther frowned; her eyes, that had taken in all her sister saw, were resting on the house.

"Yes," she said at last, "it is beautiful, picturesquely so—if only it did not belong to us!" And she gave utterance to a harsh little laugh.

"Oh, Esther!" Anne remonstrated with a pained look, "it is our home."

"So much the worse for us!" Esther retorted.

"So much the better, dear," sighed Anne. "It is all we have."

"Anne! Anne!" cried Esther impatiently. "I don't see how you can—put up with things so serenely. This dilapidated old place going to rack and ruin under our very eyes! And it is never going to be any better than I can see."

Anne sighed again, but was silent.

"It is five years since papa died," Esther went on, "and four years since we gave up our home in town to vegetate in this dingy, old tumble-down place. It was bad enough then, but it goes from bad to worse. The roof leaks, the plastering falls, the windows want patching, and the shutters bang for lack of fastenings—"

"There is plenty of fresh air," Anne reminded her.

"Oh, you dear Anne!" Esther exclaimed, between impatience and admiration.

Anne was twenty-three, and she had never known perfect health, but she had gained, through suffering, the strength of unrepining endurance.

"I could be very happy here, Esther," she said gravely, "except for—mamma. She was crying last night."

Anne said this with averted eyes, and almost in a whisper, a faint flush mounting to her forehead. She felt it a sort of sacrilege to speak of her mother's secret tears.

"Crying? What about?" Esther demanded, frowning. It was not her mother's weeping that she resented, but the hard fate that caused it.

"I couldn't ask her," Anne answered sadly, "for she does not suspect that I knew she was crying, and I think she would not wish me to know."

"Oh, it's about money, of course," said Esther. "Every year we are poorer and poorer. I shouldn't mind living out of the world—at least, not so very much—but I am sick unto death of economy. I can't find compensation, as you do, Anne, in the 'rural prospect'—I am only twenty—and we are young but once!" And Esther set her teeth fiercely, determined that the tears should not come.

"I think that was one reason mamma was crying," Anne said softly. "She grieves that she cannot give us what youth delights in."

"Oh, Anne!" Esther gasped, but the pang she felt was for her mother, rather than for herself.

Anne, however, thought at the moment only of her sister's restricted lot. "The future is always rich in possibilities for a girl like you, dear," she ventured, but Esther interrupted fiercely: "Anne, for Heaven's sake, don't go to romancing about what old Mrs. Wallis calls 'my prospects.' The case is too serious for such nonsense. I feel so helpless, so powerless in this straitened life of ours. Oh, Anne, if we were but boys! What can girls do?" she demanded scornfully.

"I know one girl who has done very well, all

things considered," said Anne admiringly, "and her name is Esther Pendennis."

"You mean my work with Miss Trent?" said Esther. "Well, I have made the most of that chance—at least in a way," she amended, hesitating and coloring. "But, after all, Anne, a young man can look forward to building up a business; but a girl has no such outlook. And when it happens that anything like a business chance does come to her maybe she does not know how to use it."

"You've certainly made good use of your chance with Miss Trent," said Anne warmly.

Miss Trent was a wealthy woman of middle age, and without a relative in the world. She lived in one of the largest and handsomest houses in Rodney, but she did not lead a lonely life, for she was fond of company, and she gave many entertainments. Her manners were somewhat brusque, and she was exceedingly impatient of contradiction; but she had a kind heart, and more tact and delicacy than was commonly supposed. She furnished one source of income to the impoverished Pennemings by employing Esther in perhaps the only way that the girl was able to make herself useful, or at least in the only way yet discovered; and the merit of the discovery was Miss Trent's altogether. She was comparatively a stranger in Rodney, having but recently made her home in the town; but from her first acquaintance with the Pennemings family it had been her anxious study how to serve them without seeming to regard them as objects of charity. There was nothing to be made of Anne, Miss Trent had promptly decided. Anne was most estimable, but altogether unavailable, except in the way of artistic embroidery, and it went against Miss Trent's conscience to encourage a delicate girl in any such work, seeing that embroidering, to any remunerative extent, must be bad for the health. But Esther was different. She had beauty and spirit—too much spirit, perhaps—sound health, a graceful bearing, and a good manner; and Miss Trent, quick to appreciate the value of these endowments, devised a plan by which Esther was enabled to render a most acceptable addition to her mother's inadequate income. It was a happy day for Esther Pendennis, a happy day for Esther's home, when Miss Trent called in the beginning of the winter and unfolded her plan. She needed some one, she said, to assist in her entertainments, a person of intelligence and taste, not to do the work of a servant, but to superintend her lunch-parties, her dinner-parties, her teas, her literary mornings, her musical evenings, and she was sure that Esther could do it. Esther, who was not afflicted with shyness or self-distrust, was quite willing to try. "I am sure I could learn," she said. And she did learn with incredible rapidity. Having a sense of harmony, an eye for color, and a perception of fitness, she developed, almost immediately, a decorative talent that made Miss Trent's banquets famous. Miss Trent paid her twenty-five dollars a month, and gave her many presents besides, so that she did not need to spend the money upon herself in order to be well dressed upon those occasions when

her presence was required among Miss Trent's guests.

All through the winter Esther, though she continued to live at home, had devoted four or five days in the week—sometimes, indeed, every day, Sunday often included—to the adornment of Miss Trent's rooms, the care of her bric-à-brac, the superintendence of her table, the arrangement of her programmes. It was a work that, even with her mother and Anne to aid her by suggestions, taxed her ingenuity and invention incessantly, but Esther enjoyed it. "It is not all heavenly," she sometimes said privately to Anne. "Miss Trent is not an angel, exactly, but still she is worth pleasing."

And Esther pleased Miss Trent so well that this exacting lady had come to set her heart upon having complete possession of so very capable a young person, for she had grown fond of the girl whose talents she had so successfully evoked. Unaccustomed to have her wishes crossed, Miss Trent had not looked for opposition in this case, and perhaps there might have been none had she shown herself less sure of carrying her point; but she found, to her surprise, that Esther could be difficult to deal with.

Esther had said nothing as yet to Anne of what had occurred between herself and Miss Trent on Friday, and it was now Sunday afternoon.

"When do you go to her again?" Anne asked, troubled vaguely at her sister's prolonged silence.

"Oh, when she sends for me," Esther answered briefly, flippant bits of bark into the grass with a careless air. Then turning suddenly she exclaimed, "You could never, never guess, Anne, what Miss Trent said to me on Friday."

"Something pleasant, I hope?"

"You shall judge. She kept me after the lunch-party was over for what she called 'a business talk.' That was why I was so late coming home. Well, to put the matter in a few words, she wishes me to live with her, out and out, to travel with her, wherever she may go—"

"To leave us?" Anne gasped dismayed. "Oh, Esther!"

"Don't think hardly of me," Esther entreated. "Anne, my heart jumped at the chance! But I had at least the grace to be ashamed of my readiness to desert my home, and I pretended that I could not give my consent suddenly. I asked her to let me think of it."

"That was best," said Anne. "You couldn't consent without first consulting mamma."

"I wasn't thinking of mamma," Esther confessed. "I was thinking only that I must keep my wits about me and not show an unseemly eagerness."

"Have you told mamma?" Anne asked in a tremulous whisper.

"Not yet."

"She would never oppose any plan that would be for the advantage of any one of us; I am sure of that," Anne said more steadily. "She loves us very much."

"And we love her! We do! We do!" cried Esther with a vehemence that startled her quiet sister. "Of course, you've always known that you love mamma,"



"Mrs. Wallis," Esther interrupted again with crisp emphasis, "the gentleman is never to be named in connection with a Pennemings, if you please"

THE CAREER OF A BALTIMORE GIRL

By Harper I. Langdon



ELIZABETH PATTERSON, afterward Madame Bonaparte, was born in Baltimore on the sixth of February, 1785. Her mother's maiden name was Dorcas Spear; her father, William Patterson, was of Irish birth,

and came to America when fourteen years of age. By unusual talent and great energy he raised himself from a state of poverty to extreme wealth, being considered at one time almost the richest man in Maryland. Elizabeth inherited her father's mental qualities, and to these was added the gift of rare beauty. Upon her entrance into Baltimore society she became at once a recognized belle. Young, witty, rich and beautiful, she was necessarily a striking figure, but even the most imaginative could scarcely have conceived the singularly romantic fate which awaited her.

In 1803 Jerome Bonaparte arrived in New York. He was received with great *éclat*, as his elder brother, Napoleon Bonaparte, was at that time First Consul of France. Commodore Barney, who had served in the French navy with Jerome, invited him to Baltimore. At the autumn races at that city occurred the meeting of Miss Patterson and the future King of Westphalia. It was a case of love at first sight, and the attachment soon matured into an engagement. This was opposed with great firmness by the young lady's father. A man of his sound judgment could not fail to see that such a union would be attended only by unhappy results. It is related that one evening Elizabeth prepared to attend a ball in Baltimore where young Bonaparte was to be the lion of the evening. The Pattersons were at that time sojourning at their summer residence in Carroll County, some distance from the city. Mr. Patterson determined to prevent the trip, and, consequently, the meeting of the young people. He locked Elizabeth in her room, but she, by some means or other, effected her escape, and, securing a mule, rode in triumph to the ball. The house from which she started on this journey is still standing and is at present occupied by Governor Brown. Finally, in spite of opposition as reasonable as it was useless, a marriage license was obtained. In answer to her friends' objections the bride-elect replied that she would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for one hour than that of any other man for life. The wedding took place on Christmas Eve, 1803, the Right Rev. John Carroll, Bishop of Baltimore, officiating. Among the witnesses were the Mayor and other prominent persons. The contract was drawn up with all due respect to civil and religious sanction.

Jerome's two brothers, Lucien and Joseph, expressed themselves as well satisfied with the match. Not so the ambitious Napoleon. Four months later he directed his Minister to issue an order prohibiting the captains of all French vessels from receiving on board "the young person" to whom Jerome had attached himself, adding that should she arrive she should not be allowed to land, but be sent immediately back to America. At the same time Jerome was urged by his brother to come alone to France in order to pursue the glorious career which awaited him there. The young husband—never a strong character—was undecided among conflicting emotions. His affection for his wife, the influence of his brother's unbending will and the attraction of future greatness in Europe, all these claims were pressing upon him. At length he resolved to set sail and to take with him Elizabeth, whose personal charms and eloquent pleadings, he felt assured, would win over Napoleon and set everything right. Her presence, however, rendered it impossible for him to secure passage, owing to the strict orders which the captains had received.

After many fruitless efforts the young couple started in one of Mr. Patterson's private vessels, the *Erin*, and arrived at Lisbon on the second of April. Napoleon's vigilance had anticipated this, and the ship was surrounded in port by a French guard to prevent Madame Bonaparte from landing. Soon after Jerome set out for Paris, hoping to effect much by a personal interview with his brother. At first his demand for an audience was refused, but later on it was granted. After chiding Jerome for abandoning his post Napoleon added: "As for your love-affair with your little girl, I pay no regard to it." Meanwhile, the beautiful young wife finding no prospect of disembarking at Lisbon, sailed for Amsterdam. Even here the same trial awaited her, and the privilege of landing denied. Excluded from all ports of the Continent, Madame Bonaparte left for England and arrived at Dover in May.

On July 7, 1805, her only child was

born at Camberwell, near England. He was named after his father, from whom Madame Bonaparte received frequent loving missives and messages. As time wore on, however, she was forced to the bitter conclusion that, in spite of his professed affection, Jerome was being gradually alienated by Napoleon's influence, and December, 1805, found her established, with the little Jerome, in her father's residence at Baltimore.

Some months before, Napoleon had sent a formal letter to Pope Pius VII, requesting him to annul Jerome's marriage. Accompanying this letter was a magnificent gold tiara, by which gift Napoleon hoped to conciliate the Pontiff. After careful investigation Pius VII refused to annul the marriage, and directed a courteous but firm letter to the Emperor to that effect. In his own council of state Napoleon found things more easily managed. He

Nevertheless, she returned to America in 1816, remaining three years. At the end of that time she again visited Europe, accompanied by her son.

Jerome by no means shared his mother's enthusiasm for European ways and customs. In one of his letters to his grandfather he says: "Since I have been in Europe I have dined with princes and princesses and all the great people of Europe, but I have not found a dish as much to my taste as the roast beef and steak I ate in South Street" (at Mr. Patterson's residence).

While Jerome was still very young a matrimonial scheme was formed for him, which gave his mother unlimited satisfaction. The proposed union was with his first cousin, Charlotte Bonaparte, the youngest daughter of his uncle Joseph. The young man was accordingly sent to America to become acquainted with Charlotte, and remained for some time at his uncle's house. His father, the King of Westphalia, wrote that the match would give him great satisfaction. Jerome's personal appearance and manners were much admired, but, nevertheless, the matrimonial scheme was abandoned, much to the

avail, and on November 30, 1820, he married Miss Susan May Williams. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Whitfield, at the bride's residence on North Charles Street, Baltimore.

Madame Bonaparte continued to reside in Europe. She lost all love for her native country, and declared on one occasion that Baltimore was a very good place for merchants. It has always seemed remarkable that a woman of her culture should have so vehemently expressed her dislike for America, in writing to her friends in her own native land. She is, however, a subject for admiration in having preserved always an untarnished reputation. In money matters she was penurious and this tendency increased with years. Her wit was brilliant. Once at a dinner-party given by Hon. Mr. Dundas, Madame Bonaparte made a witty retort which was reported all over Europe. Her escort to the table was the host himself, who had suffered from the lady's sarcastic tongue. After the soup had been served he asked her if she had read Captain Hall's book on America. Madame Bonaparte replied that she had.

"Well, madame," continued Mr. Dundas, "did you notice that the author denounces all Americans as vulgarians?"

"Yes," she replied; "I am not surprised at that. Were the Americans the descendants of the Indians and the Esquimaux I should be astonished; but, being the direct descendants of the English it is very natural that they should be vulgarians."

Notwithstanding her great dislike for Americans Madame Bonaparte came to her native country in 1834.

In 1835 Mr. Patterson, her father, died and left her a great deal of property, although in mentioning her in his will he states that Betsy had caused him more anxiety than all the rest of the family put together.

Several years later we find Madame Bonaparte at the Virginia Springs, the centre of an admiring group, who were attracted by her romantic anecdotes, her brilliant European reminiscences and her accounts of the distinguished persons whom she had met. Prince Jerome, her husband, died June 24, 1860. In his will he does not even mention his first wife or their son. They, however, very justly appealed to the French court for a share in the estate. Although Madame Bonaparte's cause was very eloquently pleaded by a distinguished lawyer she lost her case, but she had the satisfaction of gaining the sympathy of all Europe. After this she retired to quiet life for good and all. She was very rich, her income being about one hundred thousand dollars a year, of which she expended only two thousand dollars each year. As her life was an unusually long one there was ample time for the fortune to accumulate.

Her last days were spent in a quiet boarding-house. When questioned about her religious belief Madame Bonaparte replied that if she ever joined any religion it would be the Catholic, that being the faith of Kings and Queens; however, she never professed any allegiance to any sect. During the Christmas holidays of 1878 she was obliged to remain in her room, which she never left afterward. When any one inquired about her health Madame Bonaparte would answer: "I have a disease which medicine cannot cure—old age." On another occasion, when it was remarked in her presence that nothing was so sure as death, she answered tartly: "Except taxes."

On April 4, 1879, Madame Bonaparte quietly passed away at the advanced age of ninety-four. The funeral took place from the residence of her daughter-in-law. By her will she divided her fortune between her two grandsons, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte and Charles J. Bonaparte. Her remains were interred in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, where she had a few years before purchased a triangular lot, large enough for only one grave. Her tombstone, beside the date of her death, etc., contains this inscription: "After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well."



THREE POSITIONS OF THE HEAD OF MADAME BONAPARTE

[Reproduced from Gilbert Stuart's portrait, now in possession of Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte]

procured a civil divorce and had the union declared null and void. Jerome, in spite of his great affection for his "dear little wife," was so weak as to consent to this, and the unfortunate wife was forced to submit, as best she could, to the cruel and unjustifiable decree.

Her crowning sorrow came, two years later, in the marriage of her husband to Princess Fredericka Catharina, daughter of the King of Württemberg. To the credit of the nobility be it said that Napoleon made numerous fruitless efforts to secure an alliance for his brother with other princesses. Meanwhile the life of Madame Bonaparte, at her father's house, was uneventful, except for the interest which she excited by her extraordinary attractions and her strangely sad history.

About this time Gilbert Stuart, the artist, executed a celebrated portrait of Madame Bonaparte. It consists of three positions of the head, and is at present exhibited at the rooms of the Maryland Historical Society in Baltimore. Like the majority of the paintings of this gifted artist, the portrait remained unfinished, but Madame Bonaparte considered it the best picture of herself ever taken.

In 1815, after Napoleon's overthrow at Waterloo, Madame Bonaparte went abroad, leaving her son at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland. In Europe she was received with many social honors. Louis XVIII of France desired to see her at court; this she declined, saying that, as she received a pension (\$1200 per annum) from Napoleon, she could not appear in the court of his successor. Her beauty was admired by Madame de Staël, her wit by Talleyrand; in a word no American woman had ever before enjoyed so great a measure of European social success.

chagrin and disappointment of his mother.

During her son's absence in America Madame Bonaparte saw her husband for the first time since he had left her, fifteen years before on shipboard at Lisbon. She was at Florence, at the gallery of the Pitti Palace, and saw Prince Jerome with his second wife, the Princess of Württemberg. The recognition was mutual, although no words were exchanged between them. Jerome turned to his companion and said: "That is my American wife."

When Madame Bonaparte found that there was no hope of effecting a marriage between her son and his cousin Charlotte she advised his staying in America and attending Cambridge University. Here

he remained four years. During this period his mother was constantly harassed by fears of his forming an attachment for some one who might be his inferior in rank. "On the caprice of the moment," as she said, "he might marry an obscure American. This," she continued, "would be the most fatal of all imprudences." When, several years later, Jerome's engagement to a young Baltimore lady was announced, his mother found that her worst fears were realized; but all opposition was without



TOMB OF MADAME BONAPARTE AT BALTIMORE



MIGNONETTE CENTREPIECE (Illus. No. 1)

SOME GRACEFUL CENTREPIECES

By Mrs. Barnes-Bruce

THE popular demand for dainty embroideries for the table is ever on the increase, but the general cultivation of the powers of artistic appreciation has likewise developed to such a degree that none but

METHOD OF SHADING

A GREAT many shades of each tone should be employed so that the gradations will be almost imperceptible. This method of shading gives an exquisite sheen to the work, provided the worker knows how to handle the embroidery silk so as to preserve its brightness. It is really astonishing how much depends on the skillful execution of the merely mechanical action of drawing the silk back and forth through the material. It is far easier to preserve the gloss on the silk when the design is stretched on a frame. For this reason, as well as to avoid the risk of puckering, I invariably recommend stretching the work. A simple frame formed of two hoops, fixing only a small portion of the work at a time, is the handiest and most portable.

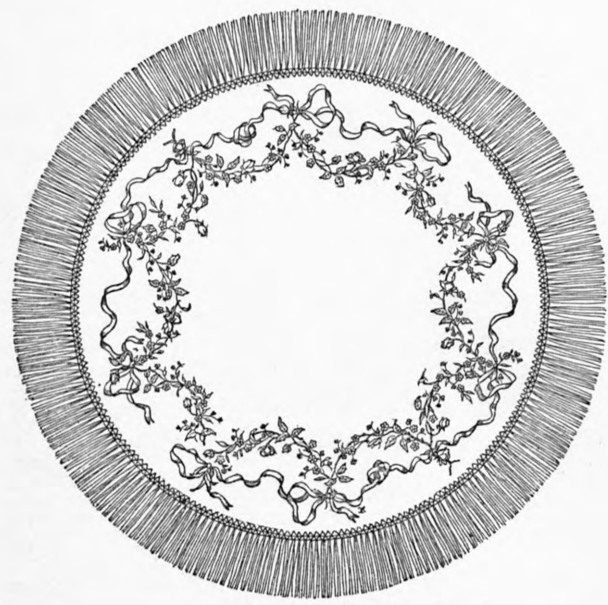
CHOICE OF MATERIALS

THE first rule to be observed in the selection of materials is that they be suited to the particular purpose for which they are destined; then, also, it is imperative that they be of good quality; it is the worst kind

of economy that grudges the necessary outlay for a good foundation, while to work with inferior silks means failure, with loss of time and temper. For any one of the six truly exquisite centrepieces chosen from among my latest novelties, and forming the subject of the illustrations for this article, the most suitable foundation is a fine round thread linen of sufficient weight to lie smoothly in place. If sheer linen is preferred the use of it is quite permissible. The effect will be found a little more dressy for special occasions, but it is desirable to

affix it, when finished, to an underlying mat of colored silk or satin harmonizing with the tones of the design. It may here be noted that it is never well to fold linen centrepieces, for the creases will invariably show and prevent the perfect flatness when laid out, which is essential to show off the beauty of the needlework. Filo-selle is the best kind of silk for this class of work. It is composed of six strands; these should be separated, and for the fine work under consideration only one strand should be used for working the flowers, while for the stems and some of the larger leaves of the foliage two strands may be taken. All the work is to be executed in the simple Kensington stitch popularly known as the long and short stitch. The great art in working is to make the direction of the stitches imperceptibly follow the form that is being filled in. Where the curves are somewhat sudden very short stitches must be taken. Sometimes it is even well to split a single strand of silk in doing this to avoid even a suggestion of clumsiness.

designs that are the work of trained hands serve to satisfy the fastidious refinements of taste that characterize the woman of the present day in every department of life and especially in ornamental needlework. At the moment there is a great demand for elaborate hand embroidery on all articles connected with the embellishment of the table. Solid, close needlework in fine, delicate, well-filled floral designs is the order of the day, while in many instances bowknots, floating ribbons and baskets greatly enhance the beauty of



POMPADOUR CENTREPIECE (Illus. No. 2)

graceful floral groups and festoons. All the centrepieces given on this page can be matched for the plate, dessert and tumbler cloilies, with finger napkins of the same, if desired, and also for the ends of a side-board cloth.

COLORING THE FLOWERS

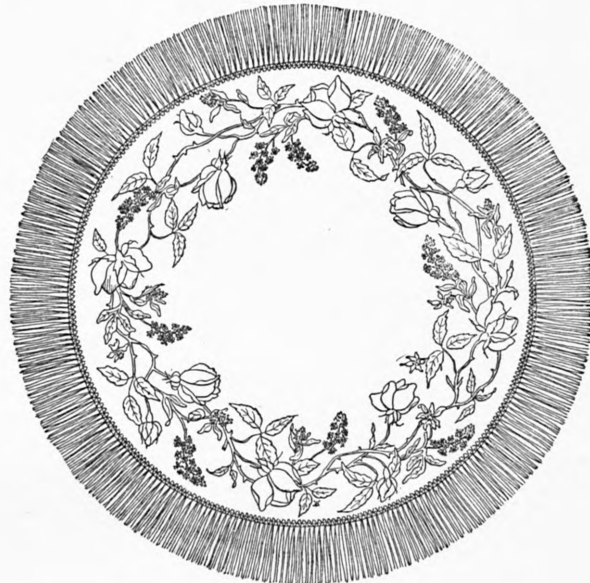
A GREAT opportunity for effective coloring is afforded by the mignonette, a flower that at first sight seems almost beyond the reach of the embroiderer's art, but, nevertheless, singularly successful experiments with this charming little blossom have resulted in such natural effects that the finished work seemed to lack nothing but fragrance, so closely can Nature be copied in color and form with the needle. The best plan to insure success is to obtain, if possible, a real bloom and match its very varied coloring exactly. It is surprising how many different lines of green can be found both in the budding and full-blown mignonette, not to speak of the pale yellows and reds. Nearly all the tones of green are now graded by the best manufacturers in about twelve shades. I would advise a liberal selection from these.

A CIRCULAR DESIGN

IN the circular design, combining so charmingly the rose and mignonette given in Illustration No. 4, the roses may be either pink or yellow. A particularly delicate and harmonious effect may be obtained by making the roses creamy white shaded with pale green. This method has the added advantage of being always available for use with flowers or china of any coloring. The exquisitely dainty circle of floral festoons tied with ribbons shown in Illustration No. 2 lends itself to the favorite French mixture of the tender blue of the forget-me-not with the soft pink of the blush rose. The solidly-embroidered white ribbon should be edged with pale yellowish green to accord with the tints of the foliage and stems. The circular centre-

THE DAINTY BORDERS

THE border of the square of mignonette in Illustration No. 1 is to be buttonholed closely in white, with two strands of the filo-selle, being afterward cut out. The scroll-like forms reaching toward the centre are to be alternately worked in stem stitch, with pale shades of yellow and green, relating by the aid of the simple scattered



MIGNONETTE AND ROSE CENTREPIECE (Illus. No. 4)

diaper pattern brought out in yellow, green and red with the tones of the mignonette. The circular pieces are all fringed with a hemstitched heading. This is simple enough to accomplish; it is easier, indeed, than ordinary drawn-work on a square. Perforate the circle by running it around beneath the unthreaded needle of a sewing machine, then use the perforations in place of drawn thread spaces for the hemstitching. The perforations can be regulated

by the size of the machine needle and the setting of the stitch. For the fringing draw out all the threads possible from four sides. This leaves four corner spaces not fringed. For these take a fine lace pin and pick out the threads one by one, then trim the edges to a perfect circle.

When laundered the fringe should be smoothed out with a whisk-brush before it is quite dry. This makes it even and close, and never breaks the threads as a comb is apt to do. A handsome border may be made of lace with Honiton braids, the inner edge being appliquéd on to the linen.

COLOR OF THE FLOWERS

THE coloring of the mignonette must be positively realistic and true to Nature. The touches of yellow and red found in the real flower are invaluable, while the

shades of green are exceedingly varied in many graded tones. The work is not nearly so difficult of execution as it appears to be when finished, because while the blossoms are richly massed, each segment is separate, so that there is no confusion in carrying out the detail.

China dishes, tinted with pale buff, powdered with gold stars and finished with pale green bands edged with gold, harmonize beautifully with a mignonette set.



DAINTY CENTREPIECE (Illus. No. 5)

piece in Illustration No. 3 gives scope for a great variety of coloring, producing a Dresden china-like effect. By alternating pink, blue, yellow, violet and green skillfully, so as to bring each color into juxtaposition with its complementary tint, charming results are obtainable. Here, again, the ribbon should be white, with or without a green edge, according to taste. The baskets may be simply outlined in two shades of maize brown. This is preferable to filling them in because it gives a more basket-like appearance.

A SQUARE CENTREPIECE

FOR the bolder pattern on the Marie Antoinette square centrepiece shown in Illustration No. 6, the baskets should be treated in the same way. The coloring of the flowers should, likewise, be varied. A very quaint and original effect can be produced as a pleasing novelty by using yellowish pink, greenish blue, brownish yellow and red violet shades, with pale silver green for the foliage.

If these tones are well graded and kept very delicate the combination is most happy and quite unique. The flower represents a straggling Japanese chrysanthemum that blooms in many colors. It may be noted that the base of each petal throughout should be of palest green.

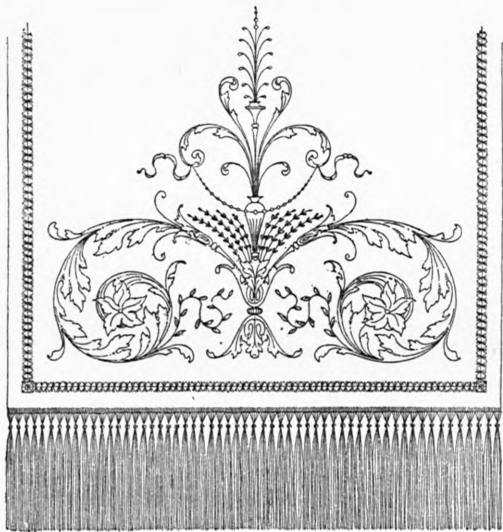


MARIE ANTOINETTE CENTREPIECE (Illus. No. 6)



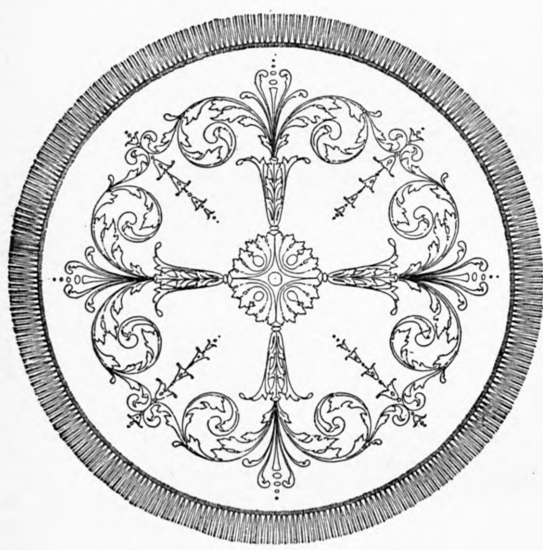
ALTHOUGH the Renaissance style originated in Italy many centuries ago it has never lost its charm and beauty, and of all the styles it is one of the most prominent for the embellishment of architectural furniture and draperies. There are three classes of the Renaissance: the Italian, the French and the German. Of these the Italian is the original. From it the Frenchmen of the early generations created a style of their own; later the Germans adopted many of the Italian features, but lent a more finished feeling to the detail. History does not tell us when the style originated, but states that it was near the close of the Middle Ages when, in connection with architecture, it sprang rapidly into prominence. The accompanying article treats of the Italian Renaissance, and of the many classic styles it affords, as some of the most charming designs for embroidery work that may be admirably adapted to any piece of modern fancy-work. These embroideries chime in delightfully with the

FRINGES FOR THE DESIGNS
A STRONG and handsome fringe for a lambrequin or table-cover can be made by working two lines of buttonhole stitching one above the other a distance of three-eighths of an inch apart, and two or three inches in from the edge of the material; between them draw the threads, and fagot stitch. Fray out the linen outside the outer line of buttonhole stitching to form the fringe. A tasseled effect can be given by hemstitching on a few threads outside the outer line of buttonhole stitching. The result will then appear as shown in Illustration No. 1. If, however, it would necessitate the expenditure of too much time to make a fringe as described, fringes of various designs in both silk and linen may be purchased by the yard and applied.



END OF EMPIRE SCARF (Illus. No. 4)

The design for a round centrepiece given in Illustration No. 2, which may be utilized for a handsome vase or tall slim piece of glass-ware to rest upon, will form a beautiful underlay for any piece of bric-à-brac. The design should be worked in light shades of green, pink and brown, but if for use on the dining-table white only is appropriate. Where a little contrast is desired a very light shade of green, salmon, old rose, blue or orange is effective.



ROUND CENTREPIECE (Illus. No. 2)

FRINGING THE DOILIES

THE manner in which a round doily or centrepiece is fringed has often been explained, but for the benefit of those who are not thoroughly acquainted with the method the following instructions are given: The linen must be cut square and pinned on a smooth board; with a pencil compass describe the desired diameter of the centrepiece including the fringe; inside of this draw another circle to indicate the width of the fringe; this inner circle must be stitched round on the machine, and after the design is embroidered the linen cut on the outer circle and fringed down to the stitching at each of the four points where straight threads are shown. When that is done the remaining threads may be pulled round with a needle, and so the circle of fringe is formed; the machine stitching can then be removed, and the edge of the material buttonholed or hemstitched; the fringe threads should then be trimmed to a uniform length with a sharp pair of scissors or a knife.

A UNIQUE DESIGN
THE design for a unique centrepiece is given in Illustration No. 3. This one is square in form, having a round centre. When arranging the linen for this design it will be necessary to draw a circle with a pencil compass where the line of eggs and darts will appear, and outside of it one corner of the design should be drawn; the other three are the same, so that a drawing of one only will be necessary to transfer to the others.

Satisfactory results are obtained by embroidering these designs with fine rope linen or linen floss. Silk, of course, can be used, but for bold effects rope linen is preferable, and considerably less expensive than heavy embroidery or cable silks.

prevailing fondness for Empire designs in all schemes of household decoration.

RUNNING BORDER FOR LAMBREQUIN

IN Illustration No. 1 is given a design for the end of a lambrequin, the running border design to be worked in outline stitch. It should not be more than three or three and a half inches in width. Heavy butchers' linen or a hand-spun linen sheet form excellent materials on which to embroider these designs, the sheet being desirable on account of the threads being round, and available for fringe.



BORDER AND CORNER IN EMPIRE EMBROIDERY (Illus. No. 6)

TRANSFERRING THE DESIGN

A VERY good way to transfer a design to linen is, after making the original on a piece of smooth paper and with pen and water-proof ink tracing it on transparent cloth, to lay a piece of black transfer paper on the body material, and over it lay the linen tracing in the proper position, then, after pinning the several pieces to a board, go over all the lines with a smooth, sharp point until all of them have been transferred to the linen. By raising one corner you may see that all the lines have been gone over, but if any have been missed replace the paper and tracing and draw in the omitted lines. Tracing cloth is used by architects and draughtsmen for plans, and is a tough transparent sheet with a glossy surface on one side while the other is dull. The dull side is preferable to draw on as the ink used will not creep as it would on the other. Drawings traced on this cloth may be used many times as it will not tear as paper would, and if a smooth point is used when transferring, the cloth will not cut. A sharp lead pencil or the end of a knitting needle will be good things to use as they will not hurt the surface of the material.

The transfer paper referred to may be, with the tracing cloth, purchased at any art store, and comes in oblong sheets; one side of it is prepared with a coating of soft colored wax that can readily be transferred to linen by impression on the back of it. Care should be taken when using it not to press too heavily on it with the fingers, as the result would be smutty spots on the face of the linen which should be kept as free from soiled places as possible. The tracing cloth costs from twenty-five to fifty cents a yard according to the width, and the transfer paper from five to fifteen cents a sheet, the difference depending on the size of the sheets.

DESIGN FOR END OF SCARF

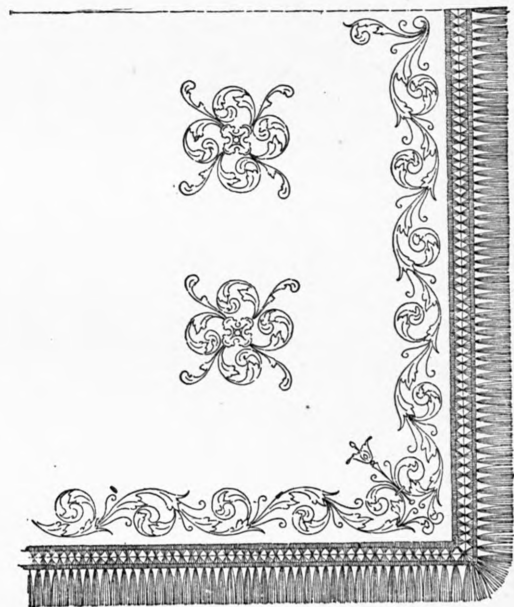
A BEAUTIFUL design for the end of a scarf is shown in Illustration No. 4, and is adapted to a width of fifteen to twenty-four inches. This design will appear to the best advantage if worked in outline stitch, although if found practicable it or parts of it may be worked solid. If parts only are to be worked solid the small ones should be selected, such as the leaves to the vines, the wheat at the centre and the pearls forming the garland. After deciding the size of the scarf draw one-half of the design in proportion to the size of the illustration, and after tracing it on cloth it may be transferred to the linen as described. A good size for a scarf on which to embroider this design will be twenty inches wide, and if for a bureau,

OBTAINING A FINISH

By fringing out the linen at either end and working a line of buttonhole stitching and knotting the fringe, a good finish can be obtained, that if carried out in the proper manner will result as shown in the drawing. Many other and more elaborate ways of forming the ends can, of course, be carried out by those who have ideas of their own, but the point of the illustration is to show a classic Renaissance design well adapted to ornament the ends of a scarf, or one that may be employed quite as well to adorn the lower end of a handsome portière. Many



A TYPICAL FIGURE



END OF LAMBREQUIN (Illus. No. 1)

features of the design are such that they may be adapted to other pieces of embroidery work quite as well as to a scarf end.

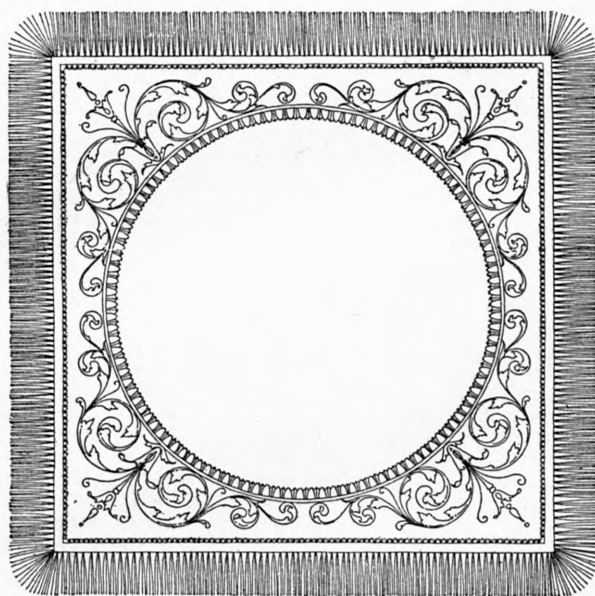
DESIGNS FOR RUNNING BORDERS

DESIGNS for attractive running borders are given in Illustrations Nos. 5 and 6. In each one a corner is shown so the worker may not be puzzled to know how to form them. The designs given in Illustrations Nos. 5 and 6 are well adapted to the borders of large pieces, such as table-covers, bedspreads, lambrequins or large scarfs, and while No. 5 can be worked in a bold manner with rope linen, No. 6 should be carefully embroidered with a fine silk or linen in order to bring out the beauty of the leaf and scroll effect.

The design shown in Illustration No. 5 is one of the oldest of running borders, while that shown in Illustration No. 6 is of more modern origin, and its general treatment is most graceful, as it conforms in line more to a running vine with leaves, flowers and tendrils.

The outline stitch is preferable for this design, as it helps to carry out the light and delicate effect, although if not overloaded parts of it may be worked solid with very good and pleasing results.

It is impossible, of course, in so few drawings to give a very broad idea of the Italian Renaissance style, but those given will probably suggest ideas that may be carried out to form pleasing, effective and most satisfactory results.



SQUARE CENTREPIECE (Illus. No. 3)

long enough to allow the ends to hang down far enough over the ends of the bureau top so the entire design may be shown. Three-quarters of an inch in from the edges draw a few threads and form a line of fagot stitching; let this cross the scarf near either end five and a half inches in from the ends of the material. The same margin of plain material should be left below the fagot stitching at either end, as that shown along the sides of the scarf in the illustration.



RUNNING BORDER AND CORNER (Illus. No. 5)

AT HOME

WITH THE EDITOR

A THIRD SEX

NE of my readers in the East asks this question:

"Do I understand you aright when I infer that you have no sympathy with the 'new woman,' and if I am correct in my inference may I ask why you have no sympathy for her?"

In order to have any feeling, sympathetic or otherwise, for any object, animate or inanimate, the existence of the object must be acknowledged. Now the simple fact of the matter is, there is no "new woman"; hence I can have no feeling for her either one way or the other. It is true that during the past year or more we have been treated to reams of printed matter about what is called, or known as the "New Woman" movement. But it must not be forgotten that the "new woman," as an actuality, does not exist. At present, she has two kinds of existence only: one in the minds of a certain group of women; the other on paper. Beyond those two places she neither does exist, nor will, nor can exist. And my reasons for believing this are very simple.

WHAT is called the "New Woman" movement is based upon nothing definite. It may be said to have begun with the assertion of a certain English woman that "marriage is a failure." This was not a new assertion when advanced by this woman, but it was one which had not been made for some time, and therefore it had a certain amount of freshness about it. It was just fresh enough to attract the attention of scores of people who are always "waiting for something to turn up" that can either attract notoriety to themselves or help them to earn a few dollars by their pens. It was not long, however, before the assertion was exploded and its insulting untruthfulness laid bare. The whole discussion was too silly to last very long and so it died a natural and sudden death. But it served as a means of bringing before the public a certain group of restless women, who, for some reason—generally of a very personal nature—are always unhappy, save when they can make other women as unhappy and restless as some event in their lives has rendered them. It was only natural when the "marriage failure" bubble was exploded that these women should seek for another basis of argument. Nothing was more fitting for their purposes than that they should save a fragment of the marriage discussion and build upon that. That fragment was "man." Immediately a hundred or more pens were set going to prove how devoid of morality was man! The kind of lives which men led was pictured in detail for our girls that they might "have their eyes opened," and not "rush into marriage" with those barbarians and monsters of iniquity! But after awhile two things were demonstrated: first that although men were by no means saints, yet they did not lead the impure lives which these "leaders" pictured to the world; and second, that the men who did live impure lives would be forced to a higher moral standard when women demanded it of them and refused to overlook in a man what they scorned in a woman. And thus was ended the second "crusade" of the "New Woman" movement. A third element was then introduced: "the inequality of woman." She should be raised to equality with man, was the cry! She was just as intellectually capable as man. But even this did not last, because it was very soon demonstrated that history showed plainly that women, in hundreds of cases, were the intellectual equals of men and had always so been regarded. Then, on looking at the present woman, it was seen that her equal intellectuality was acknowledged on every hand. There was nothing more to argue. The point raised by these "leaders" was granted. It was never disputed, for that matter, but these "leaders" were not aware of this. At their wits' end, these creators of the "New Woman" movement stopped quarreling with men and earthly institutions, and so far as one can gather from their present maunderings, their quarrel is with their Creator. It is no longer an inequality of intellect, but an inequality of sex that they complain of. The point at issue now, it seems to me, is one incapable of earthly solution. They are vexed simply at one thing: because they are women! There is one advantage which this new phase of argument has for these "leaders" over the other points which preceded it: it will last longer.

IT is because of this indefinite basis of argument that no sensible man nor woman can take up with this "New Woman" movement. So far as one can see, it leads nowhere. It has no point. These women do not want to be men, for they have plainly told us that men are immoral and are dominant tyrants. They resent being women, because they tell us to be a woman is to be "a subject creature"—whatever that may mean. There is not much left for them, therefore, that I can see—nothing except to create a third sex. It was George Eliot who, in one of her epigrammatic moments, discovered that there were three sexes in England, "men, women and clergymen." Perhaps the leaders of our "New Woman" movement will discover something of this sort for us in America—something which will render them as offensive to decent Americans as George Eliot's remark rendered her offensive for a long time in the eyes of self-respecting English people. Then we shall hear less of the "new woman," and perhaps our attention will be a little more directed to the present woman. And we shall all be the better for it.

GIRLS WHO POSE AS "TRILBY"

IT has been the fashion during the past year to write much of Mr. Du Maurier's story of "Trilby." Every one interested in literary matters has had something to say about it, and, as is natural in books of great popularity, opinions have widely differed as to the merits and demerits of the story. No sooner had the book been fairly launched, however, than its moral aspect was taken up, and for a long time pens and tongues worked vigorously in an attempt to solve the question: is "Trilby" really immoral? Of course, it was not settled. Such discussions never are settled. Their chief advantage comes to the author and to the publisher of the book under discussion. This has been particularly true of "Trilby," for I venture to believe that had the moral aspects of the story never been called into question the sale of the book would never have reached its present proportions.

IT is not the purpose of these remarks to advance any opinion as to the morality of Mr. Du Maurier's story. I am inclined to the belief, in a general way, however, that not all of us have a rightful conception of what constitutes immorality in a story. There are certain problems of life which it is not only permissible but wise to present in literature, and when these problems are introduced or portrayed from an honorable motive to enlighten, the accusation of an attempt to be "immoral" is the very last that we must lay at the door of an author. But whether the novel or the story is just the best or the most fitting place for the introduction of these problems may form the basis of an honest doubt in any healthy mind. Be that as it may, one thing, however, those of us who are more matured in reading and experience should always remember—and it is a point upon which I have dwelt before—is that the most dangerous book to the young is not the book with a palpable immoral tendency. Flaunted vice is repulsive even to the most depraved mind. The book which conveys the most dangerous lessons to the mind is the book that suggests immorality rather than portrays it. That is the immoral book—truly worthy of its adjective. And there are thousands of people who like just such books. They like to play with fire without getting burned, forgetting that the impression which a suggestively indecent book leaves upon the mind is precisely the same as the odor which the smoke of a fire leaves upon one's clothes, with this difference, that it is easier to air clothes than it is to cleanse the mind.

If, however, there be a difference of opinion as to the reading of "Trilby" from a moral standpoint, there can only exist one feeling as to the present growing craze among women to pose as "Trilby" in entertainments or tableaux. The fashion for this sort of entertainment was set in New York during the past winter, since which time the idea has been copied in other cities. The likelihood is that "Trilby" tableaux will be quite popular this summer, and it is for this reason that these words are written here and now. And what I say here relates not to the story but directly to the character of "Trilby" itself, the character as Mr. Du Maurier has given it to us, and as it must be if "Trilby" is represented in tableaux.

IT is only giving "Trilby" her due to say that she was a simple, sincere, truthful, loving child. She was a heroine in that she was self-sacrificing. I fancy, too, that she must have been a beautiful woman. I am quite willing to believe that she was a paragon of loveliness. Now, all these attributes are attractive to young women who desire to pose as "Trilby," and they are creditable traits to appeal to young womanhood. If the young women who pose as this famous artist's model represented only these qualities it would be well enough. But to pose as "Trilby" means to represent her entirely. And what does this mean? Love her as we may, "Trilby" lacked the great and overpowering quality that stamps true womanhood: chastity. Twist the facts as we may, portray "Trilby" as we like, that one fact stares us in the face and remains. We cannot get away from it. Mr. Du Maurier states the fact, and states it plainly. It makes not an iota of difference that she did not sell herself for money or for station but of her own accord; she gave away the greatest possession of woman, without which she becomes nothing. She repented afterward, it is true. But it is not decreed in this life that the innocence of a woman is restored to her by repentance once her virtue is lost. It is not meeting the case to point to man in comparison. Nature has set upon woman her law, and that law is inexorable. It is permissible that we shall read of women who make missteps in life, and we do not necessarily injure ourselves by such reading. Moreover, we can and should sympathize with them, and help them. This is humane; it is Christian; it is Christ-like. We can, in our hearts, condone and forgive. But it is not asked of us to impersonate such women, allowing their mistake even for a moment to become a part of ourselves, even when the cause is charity. It is a poor charity that seeks its aims by asking purity to pose as impurity. Let us be content to read "Trilby," emulating those graces and virtues which she undoubtedly possessed. But let us leave her in the book, where its author intended she should be. To take her out of her printed dress and bring her to life is to take the character beyond the point of burlesque. It merges on to the unsavory. It makes the girl who personates her, for the time being, not the "Trilby" of the Latin Quarter or of Mr. Du Maurier's story, but the American girl "Trilbyized." And that no self-respecting American girl can afford to become, even for a moment.

ONE NON-TOBACCO ROOM

WOMEN have various degrees of liking for the fumes of tobacco smoke. To some it is utterly reprehensible; others have a certain tolerance for it, while the majority will tell a man that they either like it, that they are really fond of the fumes of a good cigar, or that they have been "seasoned" and do not mind smoke. If the majority of women were to be truthful about the matter men would find, I think, that they have only a certain educated tolerance for it, based upon the knowledge that the men of their hearts and homes like to smoke, and so they put up with it as well as they can. In short, women tolerate tobacco smoke, for the most part, because they feel they have to. As a matter of fact the fumes of any cigar, no matter how good the brand, can be nothing else than instinctively distasteful to the sensitive organism of any woman. Women have a charming way of hiding their feelings in this matter, but the feeling is there just the same. All things being equal, that is, if the average wife knew her husband would be just as happy and contented without smoking as with it, I fancy she would prefer him without the smoking.

This being so, and it only admits of a fancied denial, it becomes men to regulate their smoking in the home. A man's idea of a home is a place where one room is the same as another, so far as his comfort is concerned. And women, as a rule, have never interposed any strenuous objection to this mental picture of man. A very charming woman not long ago struck the keynote of the whole situation as it is most conducive to the fullest happiness when she said: "I want my husband to feel that he and his friends can smoke in any room in this house save one, our bed-chamber. That I want to keep free from the cigar." To many, particularly so to well-bred persons, it may seem strange that any word of comment should be necessary on the subject of men smoking in the bed-chambers of their homes. Yet its strangeness does not rob the matter of the necessity of it. I am free to believe that the vast majority of men would not think of smoking in a bed-chamber. At the same time it is well sometimes to write to the minority. "A gentleman, surely, would not do it," said a woman to me recently as we were talking on this subject, and yet when she went over the list of her friends she found that she knew one or two of her friends who had mentioned the fact to her that their husbands did smoke in their sleeping apartments. And she was compelled to confess that she esteemed these men in the light of gentlemen.

It is unfortunate when the fumes of tobacco are so offensive to a woman that she cannot tolerate her husband's smoking at home. For if there is one place and one time above all others when and where a man enjoys his cigar it is in his home after dinner, the hour which is truly the man's hour. But every woman has a right to ask of her husband that the fumes of tobacco shall be excluded from her room. It is not too much to ask; it is no more than any man will concede to his wife. The cause for the request upon the part of the one or the concession upon the part of the other should never arise. But where it does arise, or exists, the right of the wife is as plain and indisputable as the error of the husband is palpable. No man, with the best wishes of his wife at heart, will ever introduce the fumes of tobacco into a bed-chamber occupied by his wife as well as by himself. There should be one room in the house where a woman has the benefit of her own instinctive preferences.

YOUNG MEN AND THE DANCE

THE number of desirable young men who can be induced to come to a social occasion where "the dance is the thing" is constantly lessening. With the better class of young men, dancing is, and has been for several seasons, on the decline. Social hangers-on and so-called young men of leisure there always are who can be counted upon, in every community large and small, to attend a dance whenever an invitation comes to them. But the young men whom the girls are most anxious shall come to their dances will not attend. They fight shy of terpsichorean allurements, and the girls are wondering why it is. They do not seem to be able to explain the fact. And yet the true explanation is not difficult.

An evening of dancing holds out pleasures which appeal very strongly to any young man. But if dancing is pleasant, scores of young men have also found that it is wearing, that it is exhaustive. A young man goes to a dance. He goes there for enjoyment, pure and simple. He cannot enjoy himself and be adjudged fair and agreeable to all his young lady friends if he dances only part of the evening. He must "distribute" himself. He must dance all the time. This means from six to a dozen dances—sometimes more, but rarely less. It means, too, lateness of hour, and eating on a heated stomach. When he reaches home, never before midnight, but invariably after, he is exhausted—"played out," it is called. The six or seven hours—far often less—which he gets for sleep do not refresh him. He is tired when he rises, has little appetite for breakfast, and hurries to his business unfit for a day's work. If his position is a minor one of a clerical order he manages to "pull through the day." But if any sense of responsibility attaches itself to his position he must be alert. He finds he is not. His mind, having been denied its rest, is sluggish. And the more important the position which the young man occupies the more he is convinced that the previous evening's dissipation stands in the way of meeting the demands of his position. After awhile he realizes that a man can only do one thing well in this world, and he comes to the conclusion that he must choose between his life work and the dance. And, of course, the dance suffers.

As he goes along progressing in his business he feels that he might indulge in an occasional evening of dancing and be none the worse for it. And he could. But he finds that while he was absent from dances new "steps" have come into the waltz, new "figures" have been introduced into the square dances, and he holds back. He does not know the new dances, and is naturally loath to either place himself or his partner at a disadvantage on the floor. So he remains out, and the dance has lost another young man. This is simply an illustration of hundreds of cases. The commercial duties of young men will not permit of their being devotees of the dance, and while they are willing and would gladly dance occasionally, they find themselves shut out by this constant introduction of changes in the simplest dances.

It is not easy for girls, who, in the majority of cases, can sleep off the effects of the withdrawal of young men from the ballroom floor. But the reason is found in the increasing necessity for them to pay stricter attention to business matters, and the assumption of commercial responsibilities which preclude evenings of exhaustive pleasures. In the winter they must husband their resources for the work before them; in the summer, when on their vacations, they need the respite from business cares for bodily as well as mental rest. And if dancing is more exhaustive at one time of the year than at any other it is in the heated months. The tendency among young men is undoubtedly toward evenings of more restful enjoyment than that which the dance offers. And as season follows season the number of desirable young men to be had for dances, conducted as they now are with incessant dancing, new steps and late hours, will grow smaller and smaller.

WOMEN WITHOUT THE BALLOT

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

A DESIRE for the ballot, which distinguishes what is probably quite a small minority of our feminine population, is motivated by one or other of three considerations. The ballot is claimed by some because of the mistaken notion that suffrage is a right inherent in personality. Other women are suffragists not because they care anything for the ballot in itself considered, but because possessed of those masculine prepossessions that make them restless at seeing men do anything that they are not themselves allowed to do. Many of this class probably are not so anxious to vote as they are anxious to know that they can vote if they want to. It would be interesting to know how many of such women would be converted from their views if it should seriously be proposed to pass a bill requiring women to vote. Human nature is a peculiar thing, and it certainly will not be ungallant to say that all the peculiarity is not monopolized by the male sex. Probably the particular stripe of suffragists I am commenting on just now would find the virulence of their distemper measurably relieved by having the coveted privilege accorded to them for a time. It would work something as in the case of a jealous child who is cured of its jealousy by being allowed to hold in its own hand a little while the exclusive plaything of the mate it is jealous of. There are, however, in the third place a considerable number of women that are considering with a great deal of honesty and womanly seriousness the question whether the ballot, if put into woman's hands, would not be a means of correcting certain evil conditions in society that could be less easily reached in any other way.

It is very easy to have a pronounced opinion upon the effect which such an extension of the ballot would produce, although the data do not seem as yet to be sufficiently at command to give to such pronounced opinions any particular value. Our uneasy sisters would be making a substantial contribution to the cause they have so closely at heart if they, for instance, would canvass two of the wards in this city, say the Tenth and the Twenty-second, and by the means put themselves in condition to inform the public distinctly and authoritatively just what effect would be produced at our next election by having the privilege of suffrage accorded to the women of those two districts. In order to do this our lady canvassers would have to discover how many of the women there resident would go to the polls if allowed to, and what kind of a ballot those who went would cast. There are suffragists in plenty whose intuitions inform them that such an extension of the prerogative could augur only well for the general interests, and no one would be more prompt than I to recognize and honor feminine intuition, but in matters so complicated as these intuition counts for a good deal more by being moderately mixed with statistics. If such an extension of the franchise will conduce to the common advantage my advocacy of it is assured, only when the step is taken it cannot be recovered, and foresight is not nearly as expensive as hindsight. The proposition is, therefore, a serious one that such moving spirits as are concerned to see woman suffrage become an accomplished fact as a means to the rectification of existing evils should study up the ground in the manner proposed; that they should select certain areas of population that will variously represent different social orders and conditions, and discover with the smallest possible margin of uncertainty just in which way the changes proposed would turn the scale. The process would be found to be an onerous one and eminently disagreeable, but it would be only of a piece with a good deal else that is offensive in political concerns, and it will be well to have our intending stateswomen early inured to it. Masculine suffrage means a great deal beside stepping up to the polls and putting in the box a nice clean ballot; and so will woman suffrage, if it ever comes.

I HAVE not in the foregoing impugned in any way the intelligence or the sincerity of such women as are thinking of the ballot as a means of improving our social and civic condition. I am simply waiting for more light and waiting for them to give more light, only understanding by light something in the shape of ascertained facts and demonstrable figures accurate enough to found a safe opinion upon. In the meantime, while these facts are being

collected and these figures ascertained, I would like to suggest to my lady readers a means by which the object which they have in view can with certainty be effected, and a very substantial start be made in the direction of benefiting the general situation, especially among those who belong to the unfavored and discouraged classes. That which follows is not at all in the nature of theory, and its practicability is certified to by the experience of thirty or forty earnest women who have banded themselves together in an organized sisterhood, and who have been laboring together for several years in the effort to raise the tone and stimulate the life of an equal number of families in one of the easterly districts of New York City. The whole work is under the general supervision of a woman who knows the district and who is also personally acquainted with each lady member of the organization. Her study is to effect as perfect an adjustment between the two as possible; and upon learning the needs, infirmities and general status of any new family, to bring into relation with it, and to establish in the midst of it such member of the organization as seems best fitted to that family's personnel and condition. It differs from ordinary missionary efforts in several essential particulars. In the first place its dealings are not with the individual but with the family. It aims to elevate and invigorate the home. It deals with the household in its unity and with its individual members only through their participation in that unity. In that way any relaxed bonds of domestic life are strengthened and the whole associate life of father, mother and children wins fresh stimulus. It proceeds on the safe and sure principle that the one supreme fact in the home is its communal life, and that the one true method of enriching and enlarging the fractions is to aggrandize the integer which those fractions combine to compose. The lady, therefore, makes it her first study to establish herself in the family confidence, and to win her way to such position within it as shall enable her to put an easy and unobtrusive touch upon any element in the household life that may seem to her to require development, amendment or reinforcement.

ANOTHER feature in the policy of this organization is that it abstains as scrupulously as possible from the use of money. Its members have constantly to be cautioned against the temptation to build personal results out of impersonal material. The families that these ladies minister to are some of them poor, and yet poverty is not really the malady that lies at the basis of their wretchedness or their debility. They are not wretched because they are poor, they are poor because they are wretched, and trying to relieve them by giving them money is only repeating the error so frequently committed by medical practitioners of treating the symptoms instead of the disease. Outward poverty is the advertisement which a man publishes of his own inward penury. Giving money to such people is not a whit less inadequate and cheap than hanging borrowed leaves on a tree that is sapless. Sap will make leaves but leaves will not make sap. That is the policy then upon which our organization is worked. It proceeds distinctly upon the principle that if a family is to be strengthened and quickened in its associate life it must be by that replenishment of its vital supplies which is possible only by the introduction of new personal life from outside. That is the real genius of all amelioration everywhere. Blood is sometimes taken from a healthy subject and introduced into veins that are impoverished. The surgeons call it transfusion. The theologians spell it redemption. I am not preaching but only stating the principle according to which everything in the shape of ameliorated condition always proceeds. It is more expensive than giving money or than distributing tracts, but it yields more also. Indeed, it is the only policy that can be counted upon for essential and permanent effects.

AT one time, a little while prior to the municipal election last autumn, it looked as though a goodly number of the earnest women in this city were going to adopt that policy of action in the move to redeem the city, and as though they were going to work to create little oases in the desert of down-town life by opening up there the springs of their own richer and fuller personality, and becoming heart and ambition, and intelligence and hope to the ignorant and oppressed households that

were just beginning to dream of the dawn of a brighter, sweeter day. There were two or three weeks in the month of October when the heart of poor, struggling womanhood in the lower and easterly portion of the town was strongly moved upon by the overtures of certain women of the more favored class who drew into sisterly relation with them, and suggested to them that they and their homes might be enfranchised into a larger liberty, and they were going to come in among them and teach them a better wisdom, and shield them from the wrongs and the tyranny practiced upon them by political and industrial tyrants. It almost looked as though we were upon the verge of a new era. Those women did more to touch the heart and to open up new fountains of expectation than ten times the number of men could have done. Transfusion told instantly in the quickened pulse of the blood that had been so long sluggish and impoverished. The door of opportunity stood wide open, and it stands there still, but to all appearances the ladies up-town and the desolate homes down-town are as far apart as they were a year ago. The last I heard of the Ladies' Municipal Movement, that could so easily have captured the womanhood of southern New York, was that one of its representatives was making periodic visits through one of the up-town portions of the city studying up the matter of cleanliness in the interest of the Street Cleaning Department! I do not want to do anybody injustice and it is very likely that there has been a great deal done that I have not happened to hear of.

THE thoughts that I am presenting in this article are of a kind that ought to make earnest women thoughtful. Perhaps the ballot will be put in their hands by-and-by, but even if it is, social conditions, good or bad, are not a thing that can be voted in and out. It is very easy to forget, when writing or discoursing in learned phraseology about the corrupt conditions with which society is beset, that society and its conditions are just simply what the individual character of the separate families in society constitute it to be. There is no way, therefore, of working at the root of the matter, and effecting any essential change except by dealing with, and changing the character of, the ultimate elements of society unit by unit. This is a long and tired road, but there is no shorter and no easier one. Sociological discussions may have a certain part which they can render, but proper people can discuss, and at the same time improper people can be going to the devil faster and faster. Civic clubs can prosper up-town at the same time that character, domestic and civic, is becoming increasingly degenerate down-town. Men and women both, who are disposed to take the situation seriously, may as well face the situation and realize that there is no fancy device for saving a city or a ward. If women who think they could help to right things by the exercise of suffrage—and perhaps they could—will deal with the situation candidly, they will understand that however many new and better laws their ballots might be the means of helping us to enact, the laws we have already are more and better than are enforced, and that the fault is not primarily with the laws, but with people, that society is so badly administered, and that no ballot, even though cast by the white hand of an honorable woman, will make people better.

THE distinctive thing about such a movement is that it brings personality in its intelligence, sweetness and plenitude into touch with personality in its debility, degradation and ignorance, and reconstructs and regenerates it. There is no particular difficulty in the case except the indisposition of the more favored class to make any movement toward social amelioration that is going to involve personal cost on their own part. Certain women are talking a good deal about their rights. It seems to me that one of their most precious and conspicuous rights is to go in among the down-trodden women of our cities and towns, who have even fewer rights than they, and by the touch of their own womanly vigor create within them the inspiration of a clearer vision and a larger hope. There will be no need of legislation or of amended constitution in order to the extension to them of this opportunity. There are tens of thousands of women in the city of New York who are as ignorant of the true genius of American institutions and of the spirit of American civilization as though they were living in another century and under the pressure of a Russian or Turkish despotism. And these women are sensitive to the touch of ameliorating influence. That was phenomenally demonstrated here last autumn. I am not antagonizing female suffrage, but the fact remains that women have a great many more rights than they are using, and are standing at the threshold of innumerable doors of opportunity into which they have not yet entered. The improvement of social conditions is a very serious and discouraging business. It is to be effected only by the medium of personal agency, and for that kind of ministry one woman is the equivalent of ten men.

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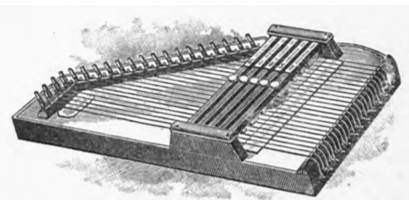
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LOVE, FRIENDSHIP: WHICH?

By Ruth Ashmore



QUESTION that has come to me many times is, "Whether this feeling, so deep and so true, that is in my heart is love or friendship?" The young man, whom I gladly count among my boys, writes to me and says: "I do think she is the prettiest girl I know. I like to be with her, I like to hear her talk, and I find great pleasure always in her society. When I am away from her, the thoughts of her are pleasant, but I do not seem to long for her. If she went out of my life I should be sorry, but I shouldn't grieve wildly. Now, what is my feeling—love or friendship?"

I think, my dear boy, that it is friendship—the conventional friendship—that which it is perfectly right for you to cultivate, which gives to you a proper pleasure without making a girl friend think that it is anything more.

Then my girl writes to me. She says: "I know such a pleasant young man. He drops in about once a week and we talk about pictures, books and great events, and, occasionally, we have a little gossip. I enjoy him, I like the pleasant courtesies he shows me, I feel sure that he is good and honest and considerate, and yet if he asked me to be something more to him, I don't know whether I should, for I wonder if I love him or only care for him in a friendly way."

My dear, when you love a man you will have no doubt about it, for you will feel that unless he shares your life it is not worth anything. You will long for him in your pleasures and in your sorrows, and unconsciously your heart will go out to him just as does the song of the love-bird, which is lacking in melody unless its partner comes in with a tender cooing note like an accompaniment played on some heavenly instrument.

THE JOY OF LIFE

THAT is love. And love means the best of everything. You who are strong and well, mentally and physically, and a man, bow down before this conqueror and know that love has you, bound with ribbons, yet a willing captive. When true love comes it is never questioned. You understand at once that the best part of your life will be lost unless this one woman stands beside you and makes all life sweeter for you. You do not know how it came about. There are, possibly, more beautiful women—but none so lovely in your eyes as this one. You feel that she is the only one who can be your life partner, dearest of all, your wife, and then—and oh, how beautiful it is to think it all out—the maker of your home and the mother of your children. It seems to me, that when a man's heart throbs with joy as he thinks of this he is very close to God, because it is God who created this love and who saw that it was good. No man ever felt this way toward a friend. No man ever felt this way toward a woman who pleased him mentally, and who brought out his best mental gifts and nothing else.

I do not mean to undervalue friendship—I think a good friend is far above rubies, but I do not think friendship is sufficiently strong to be the motive for marriage. A close friendship between a young man and a young woman is a delight, but just a bit dangerous. She who has a sweetheart will find that Prince Charming does not care to have another man, who only asks to be a friend, occupy so much of the life that he counts as his. Then, too, as this world is not always particularly kind in its judgments, there are always unkind tongues to say evil things about young women who have one, two or three men friends.

Friendship is one of the compensations of age, and, when it does exist, it is most satisfactory and brings a deal of pleasure and comfort to many a woman into whose life love has never come. A perfect friendship must, first of all, found itself on affection and sympathy; and by sympathy I mean unison in each other's tastes. Indeed, perhaps the best way to explain it is, that while love has its birth in the heart, friendship is born in the brain.

In time it touches the heart and a wise affection results. I say a "wise affection" for I mean one that does not suggest marriage or that has in it nothing more than a thorough liking in its strongest state. There have been friendships between men and women that meant happiness in a quiet way, but these seldom come to those who are at once young in years and in experience.

MORE THAN FRIENDSHIP

LOVE, however, is worthless which has not all that friendship possesses and much more. A wife must be her husband's best friend, giving to him mentally what he asks for, making life pleasant to him, and adding to this the great gifts born of love. It is curious to look at the women of the three countries with which we are best acquainted, America, England and France. The American chooses his wife because he loves her. He becomes a slave to her desires, and he would keep every ill wind from her. Now, this is not quite right. A good wife, basking in the sun of prosperity, must be ready, if the clouds go before the sun, to make for her husband a living sunshine of her love and sympathy. And a good husband must make his wife his confidante. As she shares his joys, so should she have part of his sorrows, and always she should be the one to fetch him happiness; to double his pleasures and halve his miseries; to make him feel that the love he has given her has made her so strong that she can share the burden with him, and remind him that always, somewhere, there is sunshine, and that in time it will come back again. Now, I want my girl to make her American husband feel that she is not a child nor a toy, but a woman, and a woman whose love for him is so great that she is his rest when he is weary and his joy in the day of sadness. Only in that way is she being a good wife. He loves her and is proud of her; he never speaks an unkind word to her, and truly he deserves to have said about him what a clever French woman did say: "That woman is nearest to Heaven who gets an American husband."

MARRIAGE BASED ON FRIENDSHIP

LOVE is sometimes tyrannical, but it is because it believes in the loved one and feels its power. One girl who wrote to me recently said: "Wouldn't a marriage based on friendship, on good comradeship and on thorough respect, be a happy one?" I don't know. It might be a placid one, it might be a respectable one, but a marriage without love cannot be the one that you or I were intended for. Companionship and respect and a thorough liking might be all that were necessary during the sunshiny days, but what would they amount to when the gloomy days came? And do you think if a man were trying to solve some great question, were trying to drive from his soul the demon of unbelief, that he would turn to the good comrade for help? No, he would go to the woman who loved him, and whom he knew knelt down every night of her life and said a prayer for him. When people are suffering, mentally or physically, they do not turn for help or sympathy to that one whose speech is brilliant and witty and whose brain is strong, but they reach out, like a little child, to that one who loves them best, and whose heart is overflowing with sympathy and pity. Friendship is a great blessing, but it cannot take the place of love. And, if either a man or a woman marry, believing that a friendly feeling will be sufficient in their united lives, they surely in time will realize only too sadly the possibility of love coming to them, and the dread of a tragedy if he should be greeted with joy. Therefore, I say to you, my girl, in building up your life, you need as foundation for its shelter the corner-stone of love, and no other will answer. If, in its place, you put friendship, mental sympathy or good comradeship, the house will topple over when the wind of misery comes, for its foundation stone will drift away, carried along into the sands of indifference, and you will stand alone, weeping for that one who is not, and having around you only friendship and its kindness, while you long for love and its sympathy.

THE WIVES OF OTHER MEN

THE French wife is usually the friend of her husband. She looks well after the household, is a credit to him, and lavishes the love of her heart on her children. This was not what God intended when He said "these two shall be one," and yet the love of father to child and of child to parent is the strongest in the land of the Gaul. An Englishman is a shy creature. He loves his wife, but sees no reason to tell her so. With all his shyness the Englishman manages to let his wife know of his love, and he has at once a something to be laughed at and yet commended; a determined desire to protect her, as well as one to make her think he does not intend to do it. For him she is first in everything, but he demands from her that she make him a home and that she regard him as the master.

HOW TO DECIDE

YOU wonder how you will know when love comes, and you seek for a definition of it in poetry and romance. That wild feeling which sometimes possesses an untrained girl and results in her eloping with a young man, who does not know the meaning of love in its best sense—is that this great emotion? No, a thousand times, no. Is that exaggerated passion described in novels, and which seems to you to entirely ignore the sensible side of life, and to express itself in extravagant words and more extravagant deeds—is that love? No, a million times, no. Love is, first of all, unselfish. Then it is sympathetic. Then it is reverential. No man ever loved a woman who urged her to disobey her parents. No matter what he may have said, the love that suggested this was a poor love—a base imitation of the real metal. It is not love which wishes you to think only of it and to drive away from you every other good feeling.

Why, my dear girl, when love comes to you, it will make you eager to be more thoughtful of every one of those who care for you. It will make you pitiful and anxious to help those who have not had this great blessing, and it will make you long to be close to God Himself, for this feeling surely comes from Him and is of Him. Your lover is a poor one if he is not your friend, and yet you may have a friend who is not a lover. Your lover becomes part of your life. What you do interests him, what you think about is a pleasure to him, and when you are with him each of you unconsciously lays bare the life that has been spent apart, and each gives a sympathy as to all that has been done. True love is forgiving. The man who loves you will be merciful to your faults, but he will also help you and stand well by you, so that leaning on him you do not commit this same error again. And you? Well, when without a word from him, you know there is trouble and worry, you will prove yourself, if you love him, his angel of consolation. Asking no questions, you will be told all, and the instinct of love will guide you to the right, and you can offer, not only sympathy, but wise speech. This is only possible between people who love strongly; between friends there may be confidence, but there is nothing absolutely like this. To a friend one cannot lay bare one's heart's desire or heart's ache, but to that one being who has the best of you there is nothing too sacred to tell and nothing too secret to whisper.

THE GREATEST OF DANGERS

I THINK it lies in the belief and the possibility of a Platonic friendship with a married man. A number of letters have come to me written by unhappy girls, who, having been thrown, either through business or in a social way, with fascinating men have yielded to the attraction, believed in the possibility of such a friendship, only to discover that what was talked of as friendship was in reality love. Nothing excuses you, my dear girl, for loving a man whose heart, mind and body belong to another woman. It is true that too often these undesirable friendships begin in the most innocent way, but the very minute that you find that this man is becoming a necessity to your happiness you must stop and at once. The old story is told by the wicked man, the oft-told story of an unsympathetic wife—a wife that is not companionable, a wife given over to domestic affairs—with, as a natural sequence, the oft-told story that you bring a little light into his life, that you make a little happiness, and that you are the only woman who ever thoroughly understood him. This is such an old story, and yet it is one to which too many women listen. My dear girl, look the matter straight in the face. No matter how bad a man's wife may be, no matter how he may long for companionship, you are doing an absolute wrong by even listening to this story.

A WOMAN'S GREATEST GIFT

IS love. If it comes to you, you are a happy woman. Treat it gently, tenderly and sympathetically, for it suffers from ill treatment, and it is over-quick to feel itself neglected. It may have taken years to grow and yet it can be killed in a minute. Neglect, unkind words, lack of belief are each and all poison to it. Handle it as if it were the finest crystal. Joy and glory in it, and when you kneel down to speak to that good God who is over us all, thank Him for this blessing and ask Him to teach you to care for it as well as to keep it all the days of your life. In His great goodness He has given it to you; He has made you realize what Heaven is like, and you are wicked, yes, more than wicked, when you do not lift up your voice and speak words of gratitude to Him for this gift of love. And if it does not come? If your life is a bit bare? Then make it rich in friendship, and go close to the throne of love and claim as your own familiar friend Him who first made love and who is love itself—love glorified so that the angels in Heaven fall down and adore Him.

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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The purpose of this Department is to bring the members of the Order of the King's Daughters and its President into closer relations by personal and familiar "Talks" and "Chats." All letters from the "Daughters" bearing upon this one and special purpose *only*, should be addressed to MRS. BOTTOME, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and she will be glad to receive them. Please do not, however, send letters to MRS. BOTTOME concerning membership in the Order, or business communications of any nature. All such should be addressed direct to the headquarters of the Order, 158 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, and prompt attention will be given.

HEART TO HEART TALKS



I look at the summer wealth of the June flowers I am thinking of what Charles Kingsley said: "I cannot tell what you say, green leaves, I cannot tell what you say; But I know that there is a spirit in you, And a word in you this day."

I have often felt the truth of what Mrs. Browning says so beautifully:

"Every natural flower which grows on earth
Implies a flower on the spiritual side,
Substantial, archetypal, all aglow
With blossoming causes—not so far away
That we whose spirit sense is somewhat cleared
May catch at something of the bloom and breath
Too vaguely apprehended; though indeed
Still apprehended—"

I have a new joy in this June weather and June flowers. Last winter at Palm Beach on a perfect day a lady said to me, "This is real Lake Worth weather." Now that the summer has come, here at the North we can say, "This is our real June weather." Our June seems to hint at what some time we will be in our soul life of which this is the figure, the symbol. It is the month that hints of the sunny clime beyond; for some of our roses that were with us last June have "climbed the garden wall and bloom on the other side." I wish we might see that even here "every rose is an autograph from the hand of the Almighty God," and that, as one says, "the universe is a great autograph of our Father." But besides hinting of the land of flowers "beyond the frost chain and the fever," one thinks of what Phillips Brooks said: "We are like plants taken up to a Northern climate and planted in a Northern soil. They grow there but they are always failing of their flowers. The poor, exiled shrub dreams, by a native longing, of a splendid blossom which it has not seen, but is dimly conscious that it ought somehow to produce. It feels the flowers which it has not strength to make in the half-chilled but still genuine juice of its Southern nature. That is the way in which the ideal life, the life of full completions, haunts us all—we feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are"—but the June will come!



HELP ONE ANOTHER

It is one of the greatest joys of my life to have you write to me and say, "You have helped me." I cannot take the time to write my thanks because there are so many others that are to be helped in some way. I do hope my Circle is looking forward to the harvest that is before them of thanks from those that in some way they have helped. Believe me, the secret of a happy life is in letting Him be your helper, and then turning to help others; thus your happy immortality will be secured, and I am sure this helping will never cease. I cannot imagine some people in any world without thinking of them as helping somebody. So of the beautiful land beyond, we read "His servants shall serve Him," and that is just what His servants do here. Let me urge you to have all these vital truths very real to you, and in no way can they become real but by your obedience to all you do know. Never shall I forget a time of mental perplexity and of doubt when I said, "It certainly is right to be kind, so I will be kind to those around me." I did not know I had, by just doing what I did, at last struck the road which would lead me out of my troubles. Oh, that little word, doing, is a wonderful word. "If any man will do His will he shall know." It does not say if any man will think, though it is right to think, if any man will argue, if any man will read, but if any man will do—action alone will take you out of great mental trouble; that and being thankful for something or somebody. Now, I cannot but think that if all the Daughters who read what I have written at this time should just say, "I will make somebody the happier for my living," how much happier a part of this world would be made in one short day. Will you do it? Do not lay aside the JOURNAL till you resolve to be one of those who will do it.

THE DEATHLESS LAND

I WENT to a hospital yesterday to see a young man of only twenty-five. The physicians had told him that he could not hope to recover. My friend who was so urgent to have me go said, "He is so afraid to die." I took my seat by his side and held his thin hand in mine while I said, "And are you going to the beautiful country?" A pained look came in his eyes as he replied, "They say I am not well enough to go," and I saw he was thinking of dear old Scotland and his home across the sea. "Oh, no!" I said; "they die in Scotland, and I am thinking of the beautiful country where there is no death." I could see that the word "death" for him had terror in it, so I said smilingly, "Are you not glad that you will never die? For the body is not you," and then in a few words I told him that in knowing and loving God, and Jesus Christ, whom He sent, we have eternal life and shall never die. He repeated the words that are so sweet to me, the words that Jesus said, "He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." "But," I said, "perhaps you are looking back over your past life, and as you see your sins you fear to meet Him; however, as He is a Saviour, and as He came to save, could you not ask Him to save you?" He closed his eyes and said, "Jesus, save me." "Now," I said, "you have asked Him to save you, will you not repeat after me, 'Jesus saves me now?'" He repeated it, and when he opened his eyes I said, "Did you ever hear these words, 'And it shall come to pass that whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved,' and again, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus thou shalt be saved?' You have called on His name, you have confessed with your mouth the Lord Jesus, therefore now you are saved." The light came into his beautiful eyes, and as the nurse came to his bedside he looked up at her and said, "It is all right now." That was all—so simple—but you see it is made so simple in order that even a fool need not err. It is only, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."



"I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR"

I AM so glad these days when I hear the little hymn sung, "I need Thee every hour," that it is also equally true that He needs us every hour—of course He does. The sunshine needs the soil as well as the soil needs the sunshine, and the flowers and fruit come from the soil in which seeds have been planted. Did you ever think of the illustration the Master used, "I am the vine, ye are the branches," and where do the grapes come from, the vine or the branches? The branches, of course, and the grapes mean refreshment and strength. Do you not remember how often you have said, "Well, there is one thing I can take to my sick friend—grapes are always welcome"? Now, you see how this sad world is to get its refreshment from us, and that while it is true without Him we can do nothing, it is equally true that without us He can do nothing. "He needs us every hour"; He has to use our hands, our feet, our brains! But I see something deeper still and more comforting, for it is closer to the heart: He needs our ignorance, our helplessness that He may be our helper, our sinfulness that He may be our medicine, our cure.

What does a physician want? Why, patients, of course, to try his skill on; and there come times when the old words are very comforting, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Now, if you are sick in soul, mind or body will you not take the Lord Jesus Christ for your physician—put the case in His hands for Him to make you whole? Then there is another need—the need of being needed. Few words are sadder than "No one needs me." God needs you!—needs you to pour His love into your being. Have you never noticed how some little pet is needed in a family? And, really, the need is something to love, and God wants human hearts to love. He needs you; will you let Him have your heart? Your life will follow your heart.

HOW WE LOOK

LAST February, when at Lake Worth in Florida, I was congratulated by a royal-looking woman on my enjoyment of everything. She said, "You seem to be the one woman in this hotel that thoroughly enjoys herself, while most have a look of 'Oh, Lord, where am I? What-ever did I come for? What calamity has befallen me that I should be here?'"

I laughed heartily over it all, and then I fell to thinking how much we may really help people by thoroughly enjoying ourselves, and why not? Are we not in a beautiful world? Are there not fountains of pleasure on every side of us if our eyes were only open to see? I think a friend of mine is right in not asking God to bless her, but asking for a heart to see blessings. While in Florida, at the time I speak of, I saw so many plants, so many trees. I had little dwarfs like them in my Northern home, and I said, "How can I ever look at my little palms, my little rubber plants, after seeing these great palms and these great plants?" Ah, I was in a tropical country, and though the frosts had spread such devastation everywhere, it would not be long in such a climate for it all to come back again. I said one day, "How long will it take these to be what they were?" A friend answered, "Two years will restore them, but as the branches come they will be higher up."

In that moment I seemed to see other frosts that come inside the heart and kill the beautiful flowers and graceful trees; but God is good and the greenness comes back; but there is much that is higher up than ever before. Only a few hours after I reached the Ponce de Leon in St. Augustine, a Daughter in our Order came to my room, and looking out of my window at the palms that in one night had lost all of their greenness she said, "What am I to think of all this, Mrs. Bottome? It has been the dream of my life to visit Florida, and at last I am here, and not a flower is here; and not an orange or orange blossom, they tell me, will I see, and the palms even are gone," and then looking into my face, her eyes full of tears, she said, "How do you feel about it all? Are you here for the first time?" I said "Yes, and I too, had dreams of scenery, orange trees and the blossoms that I love so much, but I am thinking how glad I am that I brought my Florida with me!"



THE SOUL'S FLORIDA

YOU know the Master said, "The kingdom is within you." And why should we not have Florida within us? Florida means "the land of flowers," and then I told her of the peculiar feeling I had when I missed the flowers, a kind of "Oh, Florida, I did not expect this of you! I knew I could not have them at the North, but this is the sunny South. Where are the orange trees? Where is all that I associated with Florida?" And the palms and the bare orange trees seemed to say, "It was not our fault, we could not help it," and then I said to myself, "Are we who profess to be Christians giving those around us what they have a right to expect? Do they come to us expecting flowers of faith and hope and love and joy? And do they find us bare? And have they not a right to say, as I said, 'Oh, Florida, I did not expect it of you'?"

I greatly fear we are disappointing those around us by our lack of luxuriant flowers and fruit. We are so small. It has taken years for a few leaves to grow on my palms, and in the tropics a few weeks will accomplish what it takes years to do in a Northern climate. And when you come to soul life there is no need to live in the North, where they say duty, duty! Live in a tropical clime, where it is love, love! There is such a place. There is a sunny land for the soul, and there are natures that must live there. They were not made for the North; they belong to the sunny South, warm, loving natures; and the natures that often surround such are so cold that these are frozen; and the frost that kills can do its work very quickly. As one friend of mine who has a beautiful home in Florida said to me, "One night did it all; ninety thousand pineapples were killed in one night; all the beautiful fruit blasted." And the frosts that kill more beautiful things may do their work quickly—the biting word may freeze to the roots.

As you see the roses and all the "home" flowers coming back again, will you not ask the same Power that makes these flowers grow to work in your hearts? Do not disappoint God! Do not disappoint those who look to you for what they need! Nothing can prevent sweetness and goodness of character, and they are the flowers that are imperishable. We need not say there, but *here*. "Generous fruits, fruits that never fail, on trees immortal grow," and we are the trees, we are the palms, we are the flowers.

Margaret Bottome



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USEFUL THINGS WORTH KNOWING

A Page of Practical Suggestions

THE CLEANING OF LACES

BY EVA MARIE KENNEDY

LACE which has become soiled may be restored to its original state and rendered equal to new if proper care and attention are bestowed upon it. Very many methods have been suggested for this cleansing process, each one claiming to preserve throughout the delicate fineness of texture without any injury to the fabric. However, the mere fact of there being so many different varieties of laces, varying as they do in quality and design, naturally necessitates and gives rise to these various modes of restoration.

Very fine hand-made laces should never be cleansed by washing in the ordinary way. If they are only slightly soiled they could be very easily cleaned by rubbing powdered chalk or calcined magnesia well into them. This method of cleaning is credited to Madame Modjeska. The lace should be neatly spread out upon a soft white cloth or fine white paper, and thoroughly covered with the chalk or magnesia; then this should be covered by another cloth or paper of a similar nature, and the whole should be laid away for a few days under a heavy weight. At the expiration of the allotted time the lace should be taken from its wrappings and should receive a gentle but thorough shaking in order to effectually remove the powder. This is most essential, for if it is not beaten out, but allowed to remain undisturbed for a considerable time, it will surely ruin the lace by eating away the thread.

Some persons employ lead for the cleansing of lace, but its use is most pernicious; while it may apparently restore the lace to its original freshness, at the same time it stiffens it until it becomes brittle to the point of breaking. A very simple and excellent method of cleaning *écru* lace which has become too dusty and soiled for further use would be by giving it a dry bath in cornmeal. About a quart of cornmeal should be put into a bowl or pan, into which the lace should be dipped, then rubbed and squeezed with the hands as if the meal were water. After this treatment and a good shaking it will look fresh and charming as ever.

VERY fine lace which has become quite soiled may be cleaned by washing it carefully in benzine. The lace should be put into a bowl and covered with the best and purest benzine that can be procured, and be allowed to soak for a short time, occasionally receiving a gentle shaking, but it should never be rubbed with the hands. If necessary, when the benzine is poured off it should be replaced by a fresh supply and the lace allowed to soak again for a time. After it has become perfectly clean it should be pinned, while still quite wet, on a flannel-covered board to dry. It is important that this should be done with great care. Plenty of small pins should be used for the purpose; each point must be fastened down securely with due regard to the pattern of the lace, so as to keep it even and correct.

If the lace dries before the task has been quite completed it should be moistened again with a sponge wrung out of benzine, and then be exposed to the sun where the fresh air may play upon it, in order to dispel the disagreeable odor arising from the use of the benzine. Benzine is most inflammable, so must be kept away from fire and light.

Other laces which are not of the very finest quality, and which are not reserved for ceremonious occasions, but rather are generally put into more practical use, may be washed, after having been soaked over night in cold water, in suds composed of pure soap and hot water, in the proportion of a quarter of a cake of soap, pared into fine shavings, to a quart of hot water. A little ammonia might be added advantageously. The lace should be left to soak for some hours, after having received a good shaking. A bottle would be a most excellent receptacle for this purpose, as there would be no temptation to rub or squeeze the lace, a good shaking up in the suds being all that is really necessary, besides being the only safe method to follow in order to prevent the lace from thickening. When it looks quite clean it should be rinsed in several waters. The last rinsing water may contain, if desired, a little bluing and a pinch of white sugar, thoroughly dissolved. The lace should then be pulled into shape and pinned carefully to a flannel-covered board, over which has been put a clean white cloth.

CARING FOR PET CATS

BY FLORENCE PERCY MATHESON

CATS should be fed regularly at least twice a day, and if you wish to encourage them in dainty ways and neat habits you should see to it that their meals are served in a cleanly and orderly manner. Bread and milk, or oatmeal porridge and milk, the milk having a little hot water and a trifle of sugar added to it in chilly weather, should constitute their breakfast, and bread and broth with a little cooked meat are quite sufficient for dinner. A little fresh fish may be given occasionally, and now and then some liver, and any vegetables for which the animal shows a fondness may be given with discretion. As a general thing cats are by no means large eaters naturally, but they are sometimes very whimsical, and exhibit strange likes and dislikes regarding their food. One of my own cats scarcely ever tasted of milk, and another cat of mine ate apricots with much relish, though he could never be persuaded to touch any other kind of fruit. Nearly all cats are fond of boiled asparagus, and many of them eat cauliflower and cabbage, but it is not well to give them too much of this kind of food, though a little will not harm them. One thing should be especially remembered, and that is to see that at all times they have access to fresh water.

Another thing which cats should have access to when possible, is grass, which is a genuine panacea for all their minor troubles.

The diseases of cats are many, sore throats, bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption being especially frequent among them, as they are particularly sensitive to dampness. One of the first symptoms of illness in a cat with proper personal pride, is a rough and untidy coat. When this is noticed, accompanied by unusual restlessness or languor, it is generally a good idea to administer promptly half a teaspoonful of castor oil, and in most cases this treatment will put matters right, provided that kitty has a sheltered place and a comfortable bed to stay in until she is herself again.

WHERE the presence of any kind of poison is suspected prompt and energetic action is necessary. A liberal dose of luke-warm water, slightly salted, will almost always act as an emetic, but when the case is urgent it is better to administer at once a generous quantity of sweet oil or melted lard. After such an experience the cat will usually need a course of cod liver oil and a generous diet, and if there seems to be resultant inflammation of the stomach—the symptoms of which are frequent vomiting and refusal of food—one grain of tris-nitrate of bismuth twice a day will be found beneficial. A little powdered sulphur made into a paste with lard or unsalted butter and smeared upon the front paws now and then is an excellent thing to keep a cat in good condition, but care should be taken that there is no exposure to cold or wet until after the effects of the medicine have passed off. Raw meat should never be given save in cases where other food is refused and it is necessary to build up the system; then it should be given in small quantities, and be perfectly fresh and free from fat.

Fits rarely trouble cats after they have passed kittenhood. They are traceable to various causes—worms, indigestion, overheating the brain, blows on the head, and congenital epilepsy, being the most frequent thereof—and must be treated accordingly.

Veterinarians who occasionally treat cats have nice little chamois leather mittens for the self-assertive paws, but an amateur physician can get along nicely by rolling the patient in a sheet *à la* papoose; then all one has to do is to look out for the teeth, a bite from a cat being a serious matter. A smooth bit of wood—an ordinary meat skewer or a piece about that size—laid across the lower jaw, just behind the eye teeth, will be found an excellent assistant in keeping the mouth open and causing the medicine to flow down the throat. Never scold, frighten nor shake the poor creature, even though he be very trying in his unaccustomed rôle of an invalid. Be gentle, patient and quiet, and try to convince him by your tone and manner that you wish to help, not to hurt, him, and if he be a cat worth saving he will understand and believe you, and after the first alarm caused by your unusual treatment of him subsides, will be decidedly docile and tractable.

ARTISTIC SUMMER DRAPERIES

BY MARY F. HARMAN

DOTTED Swiss never loses its popularity for window draperies, and there is nothing in the whole range of curtain materials which one can so safely select if in doubt, being suited alike to the cottage and the more pretentious dwelling, and if neatly made and properly hung, is always dainty and artistic. The valance is a form of window drapery especially suited to such soft material, and many handsome houses have all the sash curtains made in this way. Its depth depends upon the height of the window, certain proportions needing to be observed in order to get a good effect.

A new method of draping white curtains is odd and well suited to the windows of a summer parlor, as, being well drawn apart, they admit plenty of light and air. Each curtain is hung so that it covers fully two-thirds of the window—that is, the two cross each other at the top instead of meeting in the centre after the customary fashion. They are then drawn back at the very top of the upper sash, and are secured with bands and bows of satin ribbon or with ruffled bands of the goods as preferred. From the point of draping they hang perfectly straight, and for this reason would look well in a high, double window.

Cheesecloth in its finer qualities is a thoroughly artistic material for summer draperies, especially if edged with ruffles of the same, and these are greatly improved in appearance by being twisted in the hands before being sewed on, to give a soft effect. A pair in pale yellow may be hung in the following novel way: The top of each curtain is turned over to a depth of one yard, and the valance thus formed is gathered up in folds at the outside corner to give a pointed effect. Both the valance and the curtains edge with three-inch ruffles of the same material. By inserting a strip of pink or yellow or green cambric between the hems of white cheesecloth curtains a very pleasing effect may be secured. The color is very much toned down, of course, and it should correspond in every case with the other furnishings of the room.

Years ago, when curtain materials were not so beautiful and inexpensive as now, a friend of the writer wished to get something in blue and white for a blue room, and not succeeding, she bought some ordinary white cheesecloth, marked it at wide intervals with a pattern of circles, and worked these with pale blue crewel, using a simple darned stitch which went very rapidly. A deep valance had a border of double circles done in the same way, and the curtains, when hung, were the feature of the room. They bore several washings and are still in existence as sash curtains in an upper bedroom.

The windows of a blue and white room may be charmingly draped with the Japanese crepe known as Chijimi cloth. It is very desirable for the purpose as it launders well and will bear considerable sun without fading appreciably. A simple hem or white ball-and-tassel fringe may trim these at the edges.

Madagascar grasscloth is a very suitable material for outside window draperies or summer portières as the dust does not cling to it, and it is also much used for sofa-pillows and chair cushions, imparting a sense of coolness which is most agreeable in summer. Indeed, wherever it is possible, the heavy rugs and draperies in use in winter should be replaced by stuffs and furnishings as distinctively summer-like as possible, not only comfort but health itself being often dependent upon such a radical change.

A POLISH FOR TAN SHOES

BY FRANCES A. HOADLEY

NOW that tan-colored shoes are so much worn a hint as to how they may be preserved indefinitely may not be amiss. A clever little woman of my acquaintance had a handsome pair of very light yellow low buttoned shoes that were ruined as far as appearances went. Her husband was to bring her some dressing, but he would not return until night and she wanted to wear them after lunch. She put her wits to work; wet a soft muslin rag with water into which a few drops of household ammonia had been poured, rubbed it with a little Castile soap, and applied it first to the back of the shoe. It worked admirably. The entire shoe was thoroughly clean in five minutes. She kept one hand inside the shoe to hold it in shape, and was careful not to wet the rag so much as to soak through the leather to the lining, and also to rinse off well before drying. While damp she smoothed them into fine form, then stood them away for half an hour to dry. Then she took a soft flannel rag and rubbed them well over for a minute or two. This gave them a natural gloss. She has worn these shoes for six weeks, cleaning them in this way three and four times a week, and they are as soft and pliable and presentable as the day she bought them.

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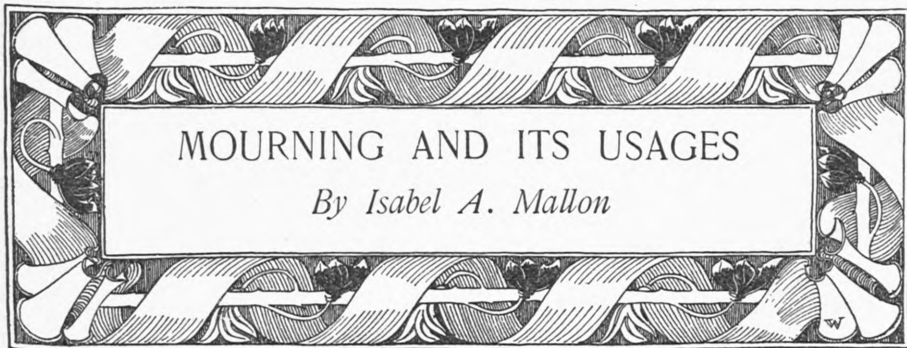
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MOURNING AND ITS USAGES

By Isabel A. Mallon

A far back as the history of gowns goes, each nation has had its own expression of grief in color. The civilized world assumed black, and feels when gowned in the deep, dark gloomy shade that sadness will gain from the happier world its right—respect. Among the Eastern people, where a dark complexion is the rule, white is mourning, while among other nations toilettes of vivid scarlet, pale yellow and imperial purple are selected by those who mourn. It is undoubtedly true that with a great sorrow comes a distaste for a bright color, just as there is for gay music, and every human being has a right to express grief as he may desire.

With the English, mourning is shown by a great quantity of crape and other dead black materials, made with the greatest simplicity. The French woman considers that all black is correct, but she allows it to appear in frivolous feathers, in dangling jets, and never, except for the first month, does she cover her face with the heavy crape veil that does not permit a ray of sunshine to come through it.

Of late years English mourning, which is by the best dressmakers conceded to be in the best taste, is heavier than before, but is worn a shorter time. A widow will wear her crape, Henrietta cloth, bombazine and widow's cap for a year. After that time she will assume all black without crape, and discard even this at the end of another year, putting on whatever colors she may fancy. A daughter wears what is known as "crape mourning" for six months, all black for six more, and then if she wishes, puts on colors. The same rule applies to a sister, while "complimentary mourning," which is simply all black assumed for a distant relative or a dear friend, is in order for three months.

SOME OF THE USAGES

THE friends and acquaintances of those who have suffered a bereavement should, of course, leave cards at the door with their condolence written upon them, but only those who are related by ties of blood or who are very close friends ever ask to see those who are in grief. All cards of inquiry are recognized by a return card, black-bordered, which should be sent within ten days after the reception of the card of inquiry. Letters of condolence, those most difficult epistles to write, have almost entirely given way to the personal card, and those who are afflicted are not expected to answer such letters when they are received, except by the return paste-board. Our English cousins have a special black-bordered card for this purpose, on which is engraved "Mrs. Blank begs to thank you for your kindness in making inquiries for her." Sometimes this formula is changed; the simpler it is, however, the better. One that has lately come to hand has upon it, "With grateful appreciation of Mrs. Blank's kindness." The name may be filled in by any member of the family, and the envelope holding this card should be black-bordered and fit the card.

While crape is worn formal visits are not paid, invitations are not accepted, and there is nothing in worse taste than to see a woman wearing a long crape veil at a public place of amusement. When crape is laid aside black-bordered paper goes with it. The preferred widths of black-bordered paper have regular numbers, and that used by a daughter is the one known by stationers as number one, by a mother that known as number three, and by a widow that known as number four. The closing of the house and bowing of the shutters with broad black ribbons no longer obtains, except in Philadelphia. After the funeral the house is opened and God Almighty's sunshine is allowed to pour in and make life seem worth living. All jewelry is out of taste in mourning. The horrible picture of a woman wearing a crape veil, a widow's cap and huge solitaire diamond earrings is seldom seen nowadays.

Stiffly-crippled net, which at one time was worn at the neck and wrists, is no longer in vogue. A widow wears fine lawn cuffs that are quite deep and have a hem measuring half an inch; these are basted on the sleeves after the usual fashion of "turned-over" cuffs, and a rolling collar to match is worn. This neck dressing is, however, only for widows, and the three-cornered cap is usually made to match.

A WIDOW'S MOURNING

A WIDOW who wishes to be properly gowned chooses the material known as Eudora cloth, which is really the finest brand of Henrietta, and as it can be gotten in different weights, is adapted to all seasons. Of course, the jet black is chosen, for what is known as "blue black" when trimmed with crape looks almost like navy blue. A suitable toilette to be worn during the summer shows a skirt of Eudora cloth made after the received flaring style, and having set in at each side of the front width two side plaits of crape that extend from the waist to the edge of the skirt. The bodice is a round draped one with a high collar of crape and a plait of crape coming just down the centre of the front in loop fashion, its end being concealed under a crape belt. The sleeves are of the cloth and shape in to the arms, and have for a finish three narrow folds of crape, while on the outer edge of each are set six small crape buttons. The bonnet is a modified Marie Stuart, made of crape, with dull black strings rather broad and a white widow's cap showing from under the edge. The veil is of the best English crape, which is really the only kind worth buying, and for the first three months it is worn over the face and reaches almost to the edge of the skirt in front and within two inches of it at the back. At the end of three months the front portion is thrown back and carefully draped so that the two portions fall over in the back in a very artistic manner. Over the face there is then worn a round net veil bordered with crape, and this round veil with the crape veil thrown back are proper for the next nine months. When traveling one is permitted to lay aside one's veil and simply wear the ordinary black silk one, such as is liked by all women. Perfectly plain crêpon is chosen for indoor wear, and makes very beautiful house gowns, as it falls gracefully and is particularly obliging in lending itself to most artistic curves.

A DAUGHTER'S MOURNING

THE mourning assumed by a daughter for a parent is much lighter than that worn by a widow, but for the first six months, and if it is wished, for a year, crape forms part of the costume. The veil, which should be of the heaviest crape, is only worn over the face once, and after that it is quite proper to throw it back. It is unlike a widow's veil, inasmuch as it does not extend over the front and back of the gown, but it should be at least two yards and a half long, as a hem not less than a quarter of a yard deep is required on the lower edge.

Tamise, which is not unlike alpaca, is worn by very young girls upon whom crape is not put, but for a grown-up girl Henrietta or Eudora is usually selected. A costume made by a leading dressmaker for a girl of twenty showed a flaring skirt of Henrietta cloth and a round bodice with a plaited bib front of crape. The puffed sleeves shape into crape cuffs, and the belt is of crape with its fastening hidden under a crape rosette at the back. The small bonnet is made after the Dutch shape, with flaring bows of crape at each side, and the veil is pinned on the crown and is not to be removed nor thrown over the face. With this bonnet were sent two veils: one of crape to be worn three months and one of fine silk net trimmed with a border of crape three inches wide, to be worn the second three months.

Crape hats are at once ugly and in bad taste. The demureness of the bonnet is a necessity to mourning, unless it is to be worn by a young girl, and then either a felt or straw hat, according to the season, is proper, and this should have for its trimming very simple bows of lustreless ribbon. All crape parasols with dull ebony handles are used by widows, but a black silk parasol with a broad border of crape is suitable for all other mourning.

If a fan is found a necessity it should be of dull black silk or moiré with no decoration upon it and plain black wood sticks. There are shown in Japanese stores fans of black paper, almost like parchment it is so heavy, and these fans are to be commended as in good taste for general wear by one in mourning. Silk gloves, except for very young girls, are not counted good form. Russet shoes, even on young children in black, would be in exceedingly bad taste, and yet I regret to say that I saw them worn by a woman who not only was in mourning, but wearing the most costly fabrics.

SOME OF THE MATERIALS

PERSONAL experience has proved that cheap crape is the most expensive thing in the world. The best English crape is economical, as it can be re-dressed and made to look like new. There is now on the market an English crape that is waterproof. Of course, water will go through it, but the ordinary rain drops can be shaken off, and if it is put in a cool room after this there is no sign whatever that water has splashed upon it. This ought to be a welcome piece of intelligence to women who wear crape, as they know once wet a veil gets to look "slinky," seems to have a special attraction for the dust and becomes shabby and pitiful looking.

For complimentary mournings the beautiful crêpons are specially liked, and, indeed, the perfectly plain ones are suited to all grades of mourning. The crêpons are in all wool, in silk and wool and in all silk. Of these grades the silk and wool mixture is the most effective and will certainly prove most desirable for general wear. The embroidered crêpons, specially liked for house gowns, show tiny dots and flashes of silk on the dull ground, and will, without doubt, find wearers, not only among those who are in mourning, but among those women who like beautiful black gowns. Black mohair is fancied for a summer gown in complimentary mourning, and for this there is also shown a sateen which has a dead black ground and a fine satin hair line traversing it. Trimmed with black satin and with huge black satin sleeves, a costume of this is displayed by a well-known modiste for a three-months' mourning for a distant cousin.

Cravenette, which is a bit heavy for summer wear, is liked, however, for long wraps, and as it casts aside both the dust and the damp, its usefulness as a wrap for general wear can be easily understood. Until crape is laid aside the use of ribbon, even the dull black, is not counted good form. Dull silk, heavily corded, combined with very rich black crape, is appropriately worn by an elderly lady who has resolved, as many elderly matrons do, to wear mourning for the rest of her life. Black-bordered handkerchiefs are considered bad form, the ordinary linen lawn with a narrow hemstitched border being counted as proper. Fancy veils, no matter how becoming, are not worn with a crape bonnet, and are only proper when all black, without regard to materials, is chosen. Black undressed kid gloves are to be given the preference. That abomination known as "mourning jewelry" is no longer seen, even a brooch not being required, inasmuch as the collar fastens under a rosette or loop of crape.

MOURNING FOR MEN

A GENTLEMAN wears deep mourning for a wife or mother for not less than one year. During that time his business suit is of rough black cloth, and his frock coat of the same. The proper black band, usually a fine cloth (not crape), is put on his hat by the hatter. His scarf is a dull silk and no pin is in it. His gloves are heavy black glacé kid, but no border save that of a narrow hem is seen on his all-white handkerchiefs. His small visiting-card and his stationery have a narrow black border. Etiquette lightens his loneliness by permitting him to visit his men friends two months after he has assumed mourning. Alone, or with a man friend he may go, quite quietly and not in evening dress, to a public place of amusement, but he cannot go with a lady or be one of a party. His watch chain is laid aside and a black guard assumed, while his gold buttons have as substitutes those that are enameled to look like the linen itself.

A FEW LAST WORDS

AND now I am going to be a bit personal to the general woman. Be brave enough, if when some one you love dearly dies, not to give a thought to mourning habiliments unless you can afford them. I have seen whole families swamped in debt, handicapped for years, because they had to pay enormous bills for belongings gotten when the day of affliction came to them. Our dear dead ones will not misjudge us. The good God who sent this sorrow to us will look upon us with mercy if we try to do what is right. As for the world, it should not be considered when a question of honesty is to be decided. And it certainly is dishonest to get those things which we cannot afford. You loved your child; your neighbor loved her brother and your other neighbor loved her husband, but none of these who are gone, if they could speak, would wish you to do what is wrong simply that you might be like the rest of the world. These words are spoken in all tenderness, and they come from one who does not believe the living should suffer for the dead, but who thinks that the dead would be made unhappy if they could know of the great effort made, of the burden carried, so very, very often, simply that the living may do as her neighbor did. Therefore, be wise, my dear general woman, and unless you can afford it, let your mourning speak only in your heart's memory of that one who is gone, and not in the gloominess of your gowns.

The "FORMOSA" Doubly-Woven Finger Tip SILK GLOVES



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They are not bulky at the finger ends, and the finger tips will last as long as the glove.

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Broken Corsets



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They prevent corsets breaking at the sides, make your broken corset as comfortable as new, and do not enlarge your waist.

Mrs. Frank Leslie says: "I have found them of great use in preventing the breaking of corset bones and also in keeping them in shape."

Sold everywhere. If your corset dealer hasn't them send his name, your corset measure and 25 cents for sample pair to EUGENE PEARL, 22 Union Sq., New York. LADY AGENTS WANTED.

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Ask for it at all first-class drug and dry goods stores
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., Sole Agents CHICAGO, ILL.
Use Wm. Rieger's Transparent Crystal Soap.

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Chinese and Japanese MATTINGS in all grades, from \$5.00 per roll of 40 yards, up to \$25.00. Samples sent by mail. Our new reversible JUTE RUG, the "SAKAI," is the best of its kind. 2 ft. 6 x 5 ft., \$2.50 each. Other sizes in proportion.

McCallum & McCallum, 1012 and 1014 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

A Department devoted to a social interchange of ideas among JOURNAL readers. Address all letters to MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 421-427 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.



HERE is a very natural desire to know what noted men and women think regarding religious doctrines. Especially are we interested to know what conclusions have been reached by one who has had a large experience of life and who, with a trained intellect, has considered its mysteries with a sincere purpose to learn their meaning. Like children standing on tiptoe to look through an opening in the wall, we strive to get, through the minds of the poets and philosophers, a glimpse into the "shadowy unknown." One questioner, therefore, who asks the opinions of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr voices the unexpressed desire of many in sending to the JOURNAL the following:

Will you kindly tell me what is the religious belief of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the author? I ask this question to settle a discussion arising from reading two of her books, "A Sister to Esau" and "The Beads of Tasmar."

It is most inspiring, in these days of doubt and agnosticism, to have, from one who does not speak in haste, so clear and assured a statement as Mrs. Barr has sent to us:

Editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL: I have no objections to acquaint you or the whole wide world with my religious belief. I believe in God my Father and Preserver. I believe in Jesus Christ my Redeemer. I believe in the Holy Ghost my Enlightener and Consoler. I believe in the forgiveness of sins, in the resurrection of the body and in the life everlasting. I believe in the Holy Bible, from its first letter to its last, as the Word of God to me. At my side lies a Bible three hundred years old, filled with the annotations and confirmations of my ancestors, who not only read it, but thought it worth their while to fight for the right to do so. I would do the same to-day, if an occasion demanded it. I want no "revised" Bible. I want no "woman's" Bible. The Bible of the martyrs and confessors of our faith is sufficient. It has never deceived and never failed me. It has been sufficient for life; I doubt not it will be sufficient for the hour and article of death.

If now you ask me about my creed, I answer, I am an Episcopalian; but I worshiped happily with Presbyterians for twenty years, and could have done the same with Methodists, Baptists, Quakers, etc., etc. My convictions sway decidedly to the "Inner Light" of Quakerism—the Light greater even than the Word—the Light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world; but I find good in all denominations, and think creeds a necessity of our variable nature.

I have gone seldom to church lately, because I want only "an old-fashioned clergyman," "antiquated," "slow"—that is, I want a minister who will preach the Gospel, and not politics, prohibition, sanitary science, etc. If I could find a minister with the Gospel lodged in a large heart, love-fraught, self-denying, making Christ Jesus the luminous centre and the very fulgence of his life and teaching, I would go to hear him every day. But I do not respect the "new minister" any more than I respect the "new woman." I am so old-fashioned that I cannot comprehend how a man may dedicate himself to preaching Christ, assume the title of Reverend as a mark of his sacred calling, and then give at least six-sevenths of his time to running a milk farm or an intelligence office or a boarding establishment, or to editing a newspaper or writing a novel. But I recognize the variability of human creatures, and if others find these guides sufficient I do not presume to judge them. For myself, there is the Fatherhood of God, the intercession of Christ and the omnipotence of prayer. What more can a soul need or desire?

AMELIA E. BARR.

For any one who assumes the position of a Christian minister and gives only one-seventh of his time to it, we can have but little respect, and yet we ought not to forget that our Master was "about His Father's business" even in the carpenter's shop, and the greatest of the preachers who followed Christ was a tent-maker. Many of the most faithful Methodist pioneers preached while they wrought with their hands, and that "Inner Light," which Mrs. Barr rightly esteems even above the written Word, is the blessed possession of many a humble preacher who must till his farm, milk his cows and who might even write a good, wholesome novel!

It is true that many sincere Christians, like Mrs. Barr, find the Sabbath services in most churches very far below their ideals of preaching and worship. But would not their presence give to the congregation a real inspiration, and could they not impart something of their own richer spiritual life to the minister who, perhaps, is starving for just what they might give to him? Members of a congregation are generally quite unaware of the power they have over the man in the pulpit. Coldly critical or indifferent they are a weight upon him, while even a few men and women, willing to help him, spiritually holding up his hands, will strengthen and sustain a minister and draw out from him deeper truths. The spiritually rich ought to go into the "great congregation" to share their possessions with the spiritually poor. We are all too much in danger of forgetting that there is a joy of giving as well as a joy of receiving, even in church-going.

SOME kinds of "physical culture" are very fashionable now and "Delsarte posing" is a popular fad in many places. Even hard-working girls in stores and factories will keep on their feet an hour or so in the evening, going through a series of exhausting exercises with enthusiasm, and fashionable girls will submit with good grace to the requirements of a well-trained teacher, although it means some radical changes in their dress. Most girls are not long in deciding which they prefer to have, a small waist or a good complexion, and when they really understand how closely related beauty is to a healthy action of the body, they are glad enough to "turn over a new leaf." A good, erect figure, a graceful carriage are often made to replace stooping shoulders and an awkward walk by strengthening certain muscles which have been allowed to grow flabby. Muscles not used lose their vigor and their elasticity and finally dwindle away. A lady told me a few days ago that since living in an apartment house with an elevator she had almost lost the power of going up and down stairs, and she found others suffering in the same way. So true it is that use is the only justification of possession.

It is not so clearly understood as it ought to be that much of the calisthenic and gymnastic teaching is valueless, if not positively harmful. Disordered conditions of the body may exist which will be seriously increased by ill-advised exercise, and on no account should the ordinary dress, or any garment which binds the body in any place, be worn in the gymnasium or in boating.

I AM especially glad to print on this page a contribution from one whose name, were I at liberty to give it, would add force to her writing. A long life, in close association with physicians, with an ardent interest in everything which promises human advancement, has given her the ability and the right to speak with authority:

There came out some years ago in a well-known paper, a curious fancy. The writer had been in Egypt, studying the wonders of Egypt, and there had discovered (and appropriated) in some cave or recess a mummy in a remarkable state of preservation. Indeed the appearance of life was so remarkable as to attract the attention of the owner (or thief) of the relic. (After all, some one would have taken it, and why not he as well as another?) There was not the blackness, the change of original structure, the rigidity of the usual mummy. The much reasoning ended in an experiment. They were days of mesmerism, when there was a strong and almost universal belief in the reality of the thing. What if this being should be in a trance or mesmeric sleep? And that point once settled, time was as nothing. Years or ages, it was all the same under that invisible power. So the fancy ran on, till it came to pass that the rigidity disappeared, the color gave way, and in process of time the dormant soul waked in its tenement, and life and motion were restored. With eyes of wonder the new old woman gazed around upon objects evidently unfamiliar, but to which she gradually became accustomed, while she could express herself at least by motions and gestures where language failed.

It was proof to what extent what we call arts and civilization had made progress, that very few things struck her by their novelty, and our dress, our means of locomotion, our cooking, our progress in what we are apt to call "Fine Arts" did not seem to strike her as wonderful.

Wishing to civilize her still more, the Egyptian was clothed no more in loose robes, but in what we call modern garments.

But at this point she rebelled; when she saw the modern pictures and their imitators in real life, she manifested her disapproval.

The form was natural and not unlike the Venus, which is supposed to be the standard of perfection. Not having the power to express herself, she could only by gestures mark her disapproval. Shaking her head and holding her sides, she puffed and panted at the compression, to her the torture, of not being able to breathe freely and move about unrestricted.

The story went on to describe the struggles to make this child of Nature conform to the modern standard of beauty and proportion!

Indeed the doctor, who was one of her chief advocates, and who had studied the whole problem with scientific interest as well as professional intelligence, calmly said, "Let her alone, the woman is right. If you want to produce a Chinese woman's foot you must take it in season and not let it grow. This deformity is wrong and the cause of infinite mischief. It is worse than the 'flat heads' system which only compresses the skull; this attacks the citadel of life."

Did you ever see what they call the "corset liver"? For good reasons the whole frame is not like that description in the Book of Truth, "Thou hast fenced me with bones and sinews."

Hence the suffering, the "nervous prostration" now so fashionable and ladylike; the interruption of the natural currents of life. The ribs are pressed into the liver—something must give way—and the liver, which has its own duties to perform, is hindered in its work, crowded out of shape—for the weak must always yield to the stronger—and the healthful action of all the parts mercilessly interfered with.

Yet our standards are so perverted that even sensible women will own that a small and slender waist—not as the Lord made it—is really more pleasing to the eye!

But we are growing better. One may now find good tailors who fit a gown well without bone or corset. This means that there is a demand for such gowns from women who patronize tailors.

WHERE can I get some interesting facts concerning the minerals of England? M. C.

From what standpoint the facts are to be judged makes a difference as to whether they are interesting or not. Encyclopædias should afford you some material, and possibly you would gain a little from the following books, although they may be too technical: "The Study of Books and Mineralogy," by Frank Rutley, and "British Mining," by Robert Hunt.

If you were not limited to Great Britain you might find in Alpheus Hyatt's "About Pebbles," or Mrs. G. Orpen's "Stories About Famous Precious Stones," or D. T. Ansted's "In Search of Minerals," enough to make you want more, which is the principal use of books on any subject.

THE readers of the JOURNAL, especially "the wife of the farmer," may be interested to hear about our "Woman's Benefit Association," a band of Kansas women which has reached its second anniversary.

We meet once a month on Thursday afternoon at the home of some member and adhere strictly to the programme prepared. Our president and secretary are elected for a term of three months. Our meetings are opened by "roll-call," usually answered by selected readings, sometimes by quotations, after which we proceed to discuss the subject for the day, the president calling upon each member to take part. Our subjects have been varied, such as "The Ladies of the White House," "Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe" and "Miss Frances Willard," "The Progress of Kansas," "Proper and Improper Punishments for Children," "How May We Assist the Teacher in the Education of Our Children?" "House Cleaning," "Pickle and Preserve Making," "Bread Making," "Material for Bedding."

Among the benefits derived from the "W. B. A." are the relaxation of the mind from our daily duties, the encouragement it affords to writing, reading and conversation. We have no time for gossip at our meetings, and our members do not seem interested in gossip elsewhere. We who have little "tots," with no one to leave them with at home, take them to the meetings. We would be glad to receive hints, suggestions and questions addressed to "W. B. A.," Box 82, Courtland, Kansas. S. R.

Every town and village ought to have such a "band." It might gradually enlarge its scope and become a leader in the intellectual and moral life of the community.

I HAVE fallen from the top of the favorite apple tree in my grandfather's orchard and been told by the family physician that it was easier to enumerate the bones not broken than to designate those which had not yielded at the moment of contact with Mother Earth; I have invested my all in a "sure thing" in wheat futures with the usual result; I have run for office on a ticket that was to be a winner beyond a peradventure, and no one could tell or even attempted to explain the "frigidty of the weather" on that election day, but I never felt so completely smashed, so entirely wiped out, so absolutely forgotten, as I did when I found a barrier erected by designing persons, insurmountably separating me from the one it had been a long and happy dream to make my life partner. Everything looked bright and cheerful before, and was dark, gloomy and discouraging then. We had grown up together. For years our lives had been moulding one into the other. We were as one being, and all that lacked to launch us into a perfect life was the nuptials. She was all to me and I was all to her. Stern, unrelenting, jealous parents interposed. Without a warning, without opportunity of explanation we were parted. I have never seen her since, though several times I have heard of her as devoting her life to charity. A few years ago I read a brief notice of her demise. I worried myself into a fit of sickness which held to me for a long time and left me but a wreck of my former self. My business was neglected and practically ruined. All that was fifteen years ago. I have never since gone into society or sought acquaintances or attempted to make a home. I live an unhappy, discouraged life. I do business simply because I have to live and do not believe in the Bob Ingersollian idea of "liberties with the Grim Reaper." I have chosen traveling as my following, as it tends more to keep me from thoughts of my past, and I look forward only to the time when I will be called to the Great Beyond where I have a simple hope happiness awaits me.

Such is my story. Two lives made unhappy; what might have been a useful couple made two cyphers, and all because our plans and ideas did not perfectly coincide with the notions of the parents of one of us.

I never can be made to believe but what parents owe more to their children than the children do to them. We are brought into this world without any consideration as to whether we would like it or not, and the most our parents can do for us is to insure our happiness as far as possible, and personal motives of theirs should be a second consideration. Love is the greatest blessing in nature, and nature alone makes loving hearts. The artificial can never be introduced. It is a matter best left to the interested parties. A TRAVELER.

Whether this letter is history or fiction—a tragedy written for amusement—it affords a very fair illustration of the attitude in which many persons stand to life. It seems to them intended only to minister to happiness, generally their own, and everything which interferes with happiness seems to them an enemy. Deprived of something, which they fancied would make them happy, these unphilosophical and unreasonable beings find no further use for life and would gladly have done with it. The starting point of their theory is wrong. In putting happiness as the aim of life they destroy every chance of getting it. Great grief need not ruin a life.

"The cross, if rightly borne, shall be No burden, but support to thee."

There are men and women living to-day whose very faces are a benediction because they have endured sorrows which have sweetened and enriched their souls and not embittered and impoverished them. The world is better and happier for their presence.

Love is indeed the "greatest thing," but even love can be debased, and selfishness delights to masquerade as love.

"Have love! Not love alone for one; But man as man, thy brother call; And scatter, like the circling sun, Thy charities on all."

A. J. H. Abbott.

HIGHEST AWARD
WORLD'S FAIR.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

FOOD BEST SUITED TO ALL WEAK CONDITIONS OF DIGESTIVE ORGANS FOR Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS THE SAFEST FOOD IN THE SICK ROOM FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS. PURE DELICIOUS, NOURISHING FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN THE IMPERIAL GRANUM IS SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.



Don't Paint Shingles—Stain Them

There is a great difference. Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stains

color softly and richly, and prevent decay. Paint does neither.

Creosote Stains are 50% cheaper than paint, and cannot crack, peel or look shabby with age.

Send 6 cents postage for Samples of 24 colors on wood, with Colored Sketches.

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If your Baby is Not Growing as It Should, change to Lactated Food, the Food that Makes Babies the Happiest, Healthiest, and Strongest.

Lactated Food stands to-day pre-eminent above all others. Infants fed upon it suffer less, and fewer die, it is now well known, than those fed upon anything else.

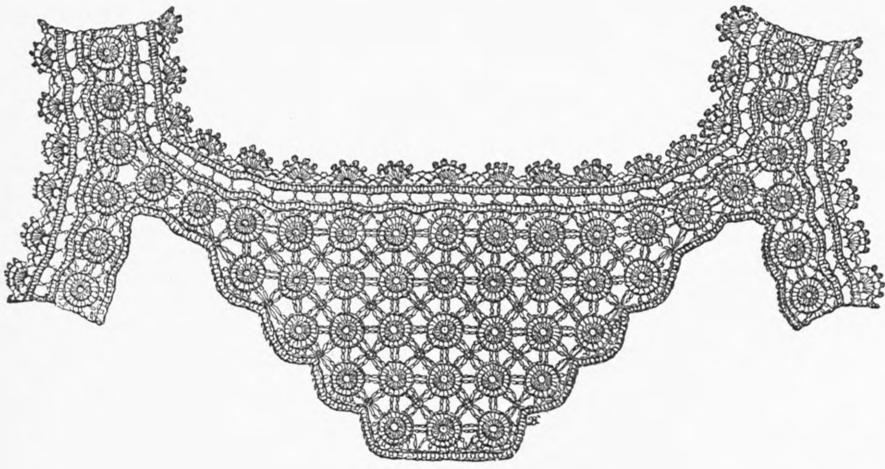
As a trial of Lactated Food is all that is necessary to prove its great superiority, we will furnish sufficient for a thorough test to any mother who will send us eight cents in stamps to pay postage. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

ALL QUALITIES OF STAINED GLASS. GET DESIGNS & PRICES FROM FLANAGAN & BIEDNIEWICZ CHICAGO.

SEND FOR SAMPLES

We take remnants of Fine Woolens from our Tailoring Department and make them into Boys' Knee Pants, ages from 4 to 15 years, and sell them for 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1.00.

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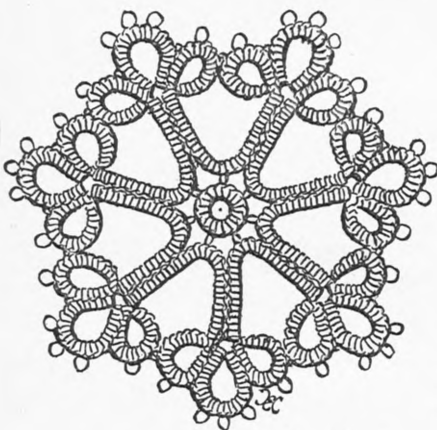


A VERY HANDSOME CHEMISE YOKE (Illus. No. 5)

DESIGNS IN CROCHET AND TATTING

By Margaret Sims

SOME useful and pretty designs in tating and crochet are given in the accompanying illustrations. The wheel shown in Illustration No. 4 is a particularly novel and attractive one. It can be applied to many purposes both useful and ornamental. It makes beautiful mats, round or square,



AN ATTRACTIVE WHEEL (Illus. No. 4)

worked in the soft, bright Hamburg knitting silk, which knots better than the crochet twist; it also forms beautiful tidy ends when arranged in Vandykes, scallops or any preferred design. The square design in Illustration No. 3 is likewise pretty worked in silk, and makes a good border with the corners placed together diamond-shape. Either of the insertions can be easily converted into a border by working one-half only lengthwise.

A USEFUL INSERTION

FOR working the insertion shown in Illustration No. 1 two threads are needed. With one thread make 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s; draw up with both threads; make 4 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s. With one thread make 4 d s, fasten in last p of first loop, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s; draw up with both threads; make 4 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s; repeat from the beginning for the length required. This makes half the width of the insertion; in making the second half join the circles in each centre. Both this pattern and No. 2 make very handsome dress trimmings in black or colored silk.

A PRETTY TRIMMING

TWO threads are likewise required for design given in Illustration No. 2. With one thread make 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s; draw up*; with two threads make 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s; with one thread make 6 d s; fasten in last p of first loop 6 d s; draw up close as possible; make 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s; draw up close; make 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s; draw up; with two threads make 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s; with one thread make 4 d s; fasten in last p of preceding loop 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s; draw up and repeat from * for the required length.

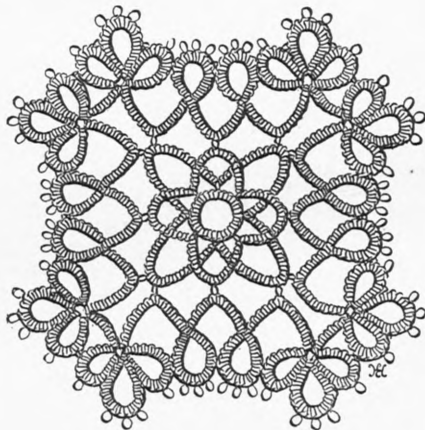
In making the second half of the pattern be careful to join along the centre as shown in the drawing. In like manner the width of the insertion can be increased to any extent.



A DAINTY EDGING (Illus. No. 2)

DAINTY TATTED SQUARE

FOR pattern shown in Illustration No. 3 two threads are required. With one thread make a circle of 8 p, with 3 d s between; draw up, slip the thread through the nearest p, then with both threads make 9 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 9 d s; skip 1 p, joining into third p of the circle, then make 9 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 9 d s; catch into fifth p; repeat twice more, then slip the thread through second p on the circle; make 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s; catch in fourth p on circle; repeat until all the p's on the circle are filled, then tie off the thread. For working the outside of the square slip the thread through the right-hand p of the first half loop made on the circle, then with both threads make 7 d s; with one thread make 7 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 5 d s; draw up close, make 5 d s; join in last p of first loop, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 5 d s; draw up close, proceed as in first clover leaf, then with both threads make 7 d s; join in next p on the square, 7 d s, then with one thread make 5 d s; join in last p of second clover leaf, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 5 d s; draw up; with both threads make 7 d s, fasten into next p on the square 7 d s; with one thread make 5 d s; join in last p of preceding loop, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 5 d s; draw up; with both threads make 7 d s; catch into next p on the square and repeat



A PRETTY SQUARE (Illus. No. 3)

from the beginning for the remaining three sides of the square. When forming a solid square for a mat fill in the corner spaces with lace spider wheels.

A NOVEL WHEEL

IN working the charming wheel shown in Illustration No. 4 two threads are called for. With one thread begin in the centre, make 7 p with 2 d s between, draw up, slip the thread through the nearest p, and with both threads make 9 d s; with one thread make 6 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s; draw up close as possible; make 4 d s; join in last p of first loop, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s; draw up close; make 4 d s; join in last p of second loop, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 6 d s; draw up; with both threads make 9 d s; catch into next p of centre circle 9 d s; then with one thread make 6 d s; join in last p of preceding clover leaf, and continue as before until there are seven sections to complete the wheel. For edging tides the upper part of the wheel should be buttonholed on to the goods, the material being afterward cut away from the back of the work. If a few of the wheels are likewise inserted above the border in the same way at distances it adds greatly to the beauty of the finished scarf.

CROCHET CHEMISE YOKE

THE crocheted yoke for chemise is very handsome and does not take long to work. The pattern may also be applied to any purpose for which wheels are suitable. A ribbon should be run through the open insertion which encircles the neck and sleeves; it may be white or colored, to suit the taste of the wearer, and should be finished off with butterfly bows.

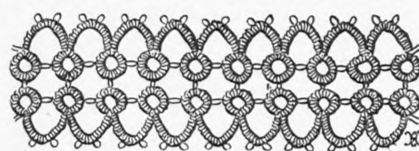
The wheels are connected in working the picots forming the last row of the wheels. In the yoke before me there are thirty-eight wheels around the neck, one inch in diameter, and twelve for each sleeve; six of these, however, on each side form also a part of the thirty-eight wheels of the neck. For the wheels begin with a ring of 8 chain; into this ring work 24 treble. Please observe that to work a treble you throw the thread once only over the needle before taking up the stitch. For a double crochet, sometimes called a half stitch, the thread is not thrown over the needle at all before taking up the stitch; a single and a slip stitch are the same, the thread being drawn through the stitch taken up and the loop on the needle at the same time. For the second row on the wheel work 1 tre into every tre in previous row with 1 ch between each tre. For the last row work a double crochet under a space of 1 ch, make a picot with 5 ch, 1 d c into the d c just made, then work another d c into the same space, 2 d c into the next space, then repeat all around from the beginning of the row; there should then be 16 picots. The drawing shows clearly where the wheels are to be caught together in working. To fill in the spaces between the wheels in front make a ring of 5 ch, work 1 d c into the ring 4 ch, catch into picot of wheel 4 ch, 1 d c into ring; connect all the picots to the ring in the same way; there should be 8 picots in each space.

FOR THE DAINTY BORDER

FOR the border around the yoke and sleeves begin with 1 d c in the second of the 6 picots at the top of a wheel, 3 ch, 1 d c into next p, 3 ch, 1 d c into next p, 3 ch, 1 d c into next p, 5 ch, 2 tre into next p; retain the last loops of the 2 tre on the needle; 2 tre into first p on next wheel, work the 4 tre off together, 5 ch, and repeat from the beginning of the row. Next row, 1 tre, 2 ch, miss 1 all around. The next row consists of crossed treble with 5 ch between them and missing 5 st. To make a crossed tre begin by throwing the thread twice over the needle, draw the thread through the loop taken up, then through 2 loops; this leaves 3 on the needle, then 1 over; take up the third from the last stitch, draw the thread through it and through 2 loops four times to clear the needle, 2 ch, 1 over, take up 2 loops in the centre of the cross and 2 loops twice to clear the needle, then 5 ch, miss 5 and repeat, always starting the crossed tre with 2 overs. The next row is the same as that preceding the crossed trebles. Next row, 1 d c into every third space with 7 ch between. Next round 1 d c under the 7 ch, 1 ch, 9 tre under next 7 ch; 1 ch, 1 d c into next space; 7 ch, 1 d c into next space; 7 ch, 1 d c into next space; 1 ch; repeat from the beginning. Next row, 1 d c under 7 ch, 3 ch, *, 1 tre in first tre of last row, 1 picot of 5 ch, miss 1, and continue until there are 4 picots and 5 tre on the 9 tre of last row; 3 ch, 1 d c in next space; 7 ch, 1 d c in next space; 3 ch; repeat from *. The lower edge of the yoke is finished off exactly as in the first two rows of the border. The depth of the stomacher in front can be varied to the taste of the worker; even if omitted altogether the trimming is still handsome and effective.

KNITTED EGG COZY

THESE dainty little cozies are worked with white and two shades of a color in double zephyr wool and four pins No. 11. On three pins cast on 11 stitches with the darker shade of wool, then knit 2 together, knit 1, put the wool twice around the pin, purl 1, with the wool around the pin again purl 5 more, put the wool back and knit 2 together; repeat from the beginning on each pin. For the next round knit 2, purl 11, knit 2; repeat. Next round, knit 2 together, knit 11, knit 2 together; repeat. Next round, knit 2 together, knit 9, knit 2 together; repeat. Repeat these four rows



A USEFUL INSERTION (Illus. No. 1)

until there are three complete patterns, then go on with three complete patterns of the lighter shade. Join on the white wool for the inside lining. Knit 22 plain rounds, then knit 2 together at the beginning and end of each pin. Knit 1 round plain. Knit 2 together at the beginning and end of the three pins in every row until there are 3 stitches left; draw these up with a wool needle. Draw the lining up, allowing a little white to show, and fasten off neatly.

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COTTON AND WOOLEN GOWNS

By Emma M. Hooper



NOWADAYS clothes are very much trimmed, which makes more work for the women who must each season remodel their old gowns, but this also enables people to make over and combine what would otherwise be of no use to them. In the way of trimming this season use heavy or net top guipure or Valenciennes lace, satin and Dresden ribbon, piece satin or changeable taffeta, nainsook and Hamburg embroidery, chiffon, velvet and spangled bands in black or colors.

THIN COTTON GOWNS

A PRETTY dotted Swiss muslin has the round waist lined with lawn and fastened in the back; the front is tucked in clusters, gathered at the neck and drops like a blouse over the belt; the back is shirred at the neck and waist, and a fancy collar of white or colored satin ribbon is worn to match the belt. The elbow sleeves are very full and end in a tucked ruffle below a twisted bracelet and bow of the ribbon. The skirt is worn over a petticoat of lawn and is five yards wide with the front and sides slightly gored and a narrow tape sewed in these seams to keep them from sagging. Organdy and nainsook are made up in the same manner, and for a slender figure a pretty effect is given by sewing inch-wide Valenciennes lace on the edge of the outside tucks of each cluster. The embroidered chambrey, batistes, nainsooks, etc., are fashionably combined with plain goods as follows: Skirt of plain goods, with from one to three rows of embroidery. Full sleeve puffs of the all-over work, with plain goods from elbow to wrist and three lengthwise rows of insertions from the wrist up. Blouse front of embroidery and gathered back of plain. For a full figure unable to wear a round waist a short basque has a pointed front and full godet back. This is lined with cambric and boned and has tapering revers to the point. Jacket fronts of embroidery are worn over a soft vest of chiffon of a color.

EMBROIDERED DRESS PATTERNS

THE embroidered dress patterns sold that have borders cannot have the skirts gored, but all other cotton gowns have the front and side widths gored—not very sharply—and the straight back is always gathered. The hem is from four to six inches deep. A plain white waist can be freshened by adding three bands of embroidered insertion, two to three inches wide, down the front like box-plaits dropping below the top of the belt. Another plan shows ribbon bands covered with insertion and dropped in the same manner over the belt; the centre band commences at the neck and the side ones at the shoulder seams under butterfly bows of the ribbon. The belt then has a butterfly bow at the back, using No. 12 ribbon for all the trimming and lace insertion an inch and a half wide.

HEAVY LINENS AND COTTONS

LINENS, piqués and duck in white, écru, light and dark blue, pink and yellow are very fashionable for street, seashore and house wear in the plain and striped goods. The skirts are from four to five yards wide, backs gathered or laid in two box-plaits at the belt, all seams gored and the skirts unlined. Leg-of-mutton sleeves; Eton jacket having three box-plaits at the back, which are stitched on the edges; a belt is stitched across the back and sides, passes inside the darts of the pointed fronts, and fastens with one pearl button in front over a round vest of the same or a full plastron of tucked nainsook having the tucks edged with Valenciennes lace. The back is fitted to the bottom of the waist-line, while the fronts are pointed and two inches below the waist-line. This same Eton, waiter or garçon jacket is made up in woollen goods. The box-plaited Norfolk waists have appeared again and are worn with the skirt part outside and a belt of the material or of black belting. These are of the linen and heavy cotton goods and are worn by young and middle-aged ladies. Another model has a round box-plaited blouse of linen duck, écru, dropped over the crush belt of black satin; the stock collar corresponds. Short blazers have a moderate fullness at the back, long revers and rounded fronts over a shirt-waist, pointed or double-breasted vest of striped or plaid cotton goods and a linen chemisette. Care must be taken in making up linen goods to allow for the shrinking which is sure to follow when the dress is washed.

LACE AND GRENADINE GOWNS

WHILE lace dresses cannot be called fashionable there are always some seen whose owners can or will not part with them. They should have a silk lining, but French sateen is also used for the round waist, leg-of-mutton sleeves and skirt four yards wide. The lace is sewed in the same seams with the lining. A godet or round plait effect is not imperative in these skirts—or in any for that matter, though women think they must wear them—but if desired put the hair-cloth inside of the lining to avoid a double one and extra weight. The waist should be round, full and drooping in front. If short of material have sleeves of black satin, also belt. Another garniture is a blouse plastron and crush collar of colored chiffon. Since chiffon may be had for fifty-nine cents a yard, forty inches wide, in New York, it is used more and more. Grenadine is made over black or changeable taffeta in much the same style. Jet is handsome in spangled bands as bretelles, simulated box-plaits or as a corsage ornament draped from one shoulder to the other. Others are simply trimmed with ribbons for a belt, bretelles, collar and shoulder knots.

REMODELING PRINTED SILKS

AS it is almost impossible to match the ground of printed Japanese silks in the plain goods it is better to match the figure or get satin for the second fabric. If the skirt is less than four yards in width it must have panels put next to the front breadth. Large sleeves are substituted for the supposedly small ones, and a crush belt and collar are added. If the waist is soiled a lace yoke will hide it. If a full front is desired make one of ribbon and lace insertion, as described in the previous column. If the waist is worn beyond being seen so plainly cover it with chiffon put on full; the sleeves can be of the skirt material or of new satin to match either the ground or design. Fashion is very complacent this season in allowing combinations of two to four colors and from two to three materials. If the waist and sleeves of such a gown are beyond using then make a round full waist of the skirt to wear with odd skirts. In making up a printed silk new this season have a godet skirt five yards wide. Large leg-of-mutton sleeves and a round waist having a blouse box-plaited front. Belt and collar of satin or of ribbon; lace or narrow spangled bands up the box-plaits, or a yoke of lace coming under the plaits, the latter then being made separate and applied to the waist. Black lace on these gowns is worn by matrons verging toward the elderly age.

FANCY SILK WAISTS

NOT to have a silk waist is to miss one of the dressy conveniences of the age. All ages of women wear them, and, what is more important, all sizes as well, for styles do not favor stout figures nowadays. Slender figures can wear any design of material, be it striped or brocaded, but stout persons should take the narrow stripes. Plain and striped satin, brocaded changeable taffeta, striped wash silk, printed Japanese silks, the goffered effects called taffeta plissé, described in the March issue, chiffon over silk and surah—all are found among silk waists, but of all these, surah is the least seen. The percaline or silesia lining is made close-fitting, boned, and has an inside belt; the outside material has only side and shoulder seams, with the back fullness at the waist-line gathered or plaited; otherwise the back may be plain, gathered at the neck, laid in a large centre box-plait or in two two-inch side plaits. The fronts now are of the drooping bag pouch or Fédoora style falling over the belt like a blouse. Sometimes they are laid in three box-plaits; again in one wide centre one, which may be single or double; then this fullness may be gathered at the neck and plaited below, or a round yoke is simulated with several rows of gathers, with the plaits below; the under-arm part does not drop over the belt. The crush collar is of the silk or velvet to correspond or contrast; the belt matches the collar in hue or is black with a black skirt. Both of these accessories fasten at the back under a lengthwise bow of loops and ends or a round knot and two wing or pointed pieces. Slender figures also wear belts having a bow at either side of the centre front and knots on the sides of the collars. The sleeves are huge leg-of-mutton in shape over an ordinary lining, with an interlining of crinoline or book muslin from shoulder to elbow. For stout figures the waists are frequently made pointed, back and front, and worn outside of the skirt.

OLD AND NEW CHALLIE FROCKS

A CHALLIE frock is never out of style, and the fabric comes in so many colors as to be suitable for every age and complexion. Old-fashioned dresses may be remodeled with panels, sleeves, crush collar and belt of satin, taffeta or Japanese silk. Lace yokes, insertion on box-plaits and epaulette ruffles of lace, if the sleeves are only a trifle too small, are convenient trimmings. When the skirt has been made amply full it can be gored, the back gathered and the entire appearance changed. If the waist is past using, but the skirt in good order, have a new waist of plain Japanese silk to match the ground or flower of the challie. Nothing heavier than ribbon or lace should be applied to challie as a garniture. A black challie having a violet figure is prettily made up for an elderly lady, with a skirt four yards and a half wide, which is slightly gored, the top of the front fitted with a few gathers and the back thickly gathered; it is not interlined, but has a facing fifteen inches deep of canvas. Large leg-of-mutton sleeves; short waist, pointed back and front, with a twist of No. 9 black satin ribbon around the edge and tied in a flat bow on the left side. Blouse plastron and crush collar of violet chiffon and bretelles of black lace two inches wide over violet ribbon. Such a gown will be worn for visiting and church through the mild days and for a home dress during the winter. It should have the waist lined with percaline.

A FEW WAIST MODELS

FOR a slender brunette a pink créped silk at seventy-five cents is made with a one-piece back shirred at the neck and waist over a lining of pink percaline; the front is shirred nearly to the shoulder seams and drops loose from the lining over the belt, the opening being hidden in the fullness. Large sleeves, crush collar and belt, the latter two opening under bows at the back. Bretelles, back and front, of No. 12 satin ribbon tied in bows on the shoulders that form a knot from which falls a loop and end to the waist-line in front; small bows on the sides of the collar and a twist of ribbon ending in a knot on the wrists. From six to seven yards of twenty-inch silk are allowed for a full waist. A stout matron of forty-five has a dotted bright blue taffeta, with hair lines of black or white satin a quarter of an inch apart. The sleeves are amply large, but not immense; the waist is cut in short points, back and front, and the waist-line fullness drawn down in tiny soft plaits, with a three-inch box-plait in the centre that tapers at the waist-line. Bretelles of jet spangled bands an inch and a half wide and collar of the goods in soft folds above a narrower band of jet. A plump young blonde selects a small-figured green taffeta, having black lines half an inch apart. This is worn with a black skirt, so the belt is No. 12 black satin ribbon having ends and long loops on each side, and the crush collar is of green chiffon. Large sleeves and two box-plaits in the back, with the fronts in three box-plaits slightly drooping, and inch-wide black lace insertion run up the centre of each plait. Bows of black ribbon on the shoulders and three lengthwise rows of insertion on each sleeve from elbow to wrist. Old waists can be remodeled with three bands of ribbon simulating box-plaits on the front, and a new ribbon collar and belt, each having bows at the back and the collar at the sides.

PRACTICAL OUTING SUITS

THESE will be of serge as usual, also cheviot, the homespun mixtures and a new weave called finetta, as these goods shake the dust and should endure a wetting. Do not adopt a godet skirt for such a suit, but the one described with two box-plaits at the back of the belt, and have it from four to five yards wide and with as little weight as possible. When enjoying an outing you do not wish to be troubled with the care or weight of your clothes. Wear a silk or cotton shirt-waist and a jacket, which must have large leg-of-mutton sleeves and very ample armholes, and be lined with silk, sateen or percaline. The jacket can be a plain Eton, an Eton having a box-plaited back—described in the first part of this article—or an Eton front, with a blazer back eight inches below the waist-line, with a little flare and interlined with crinoline. Then reefers will be worn that turn back in long revers, and the regular blazer just meeting over the bust and only eight inches below the waist-line. All collars roll, and while some are small others are sailor in shape. Pearl buttons are placed on the fronts and at the waist-line in the back. Navy and bright blue, tan, brown and black are the colors. Let the skirts well escape the ground, and wear chamois gloves that are of an easy fit. As to the hat have a sailor or one of the modified English hats that have an indented crown and moderate brim for shading the eyes. To complete it all have as many outings as you can and enjoy them while you may, which can only be done with a suitable outfit.

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

Dressmaking Made Easy

The fashions of to-day continue to grow more and more *bouffant*, and to attain this full effect many are the devices resorted to. The very latest news from Paris is that skirts must keep their flare in the back, yet fall in a soft easy manner elsewhere and to be from four yards and a half to seven wide. This means a quantity of material, and a costly interlining would then add greatly to the expense and weight.

Both of these difficulties are easily gotten over if

Fibre Chamois

is used as the interlining. This material is 64 inches wide, each square yard weighs only a fraction over two ounces and it costs only 35 cents a yard, thus combining lightness and cheapness. As there are three weights it is well to remember that some of the finest New York dressmakers prefer the medium or No. 20 for interlining the entire skirt. Place the Fibre Chamois next to the outside material, leaving the ordinary lining to come next to the petticoat. From its elastic pliancy it keeps the round appearance of the *godet* plaits, and when crushed in packing all the skirt needs is a slight shake to restore it to its original flare.

Skirts



made to be worn at the seaside will be of crépon, silk, serge, etc., all of which will be interlined with Fibre Chamois, and thus retain their stylish hang or set, as dressmakers term it. The sea air or fog do not affect a skirt so interlined, or a cape, as this material is also used for the fashionable capes that barely reach the waist-line and flare from three yards and a half to more around the lower edge, though fitting smoothly at the neck,

If you do not wish the entire skirt interlined, then omit the peculiarly-shaped *godet* plaits at the back, and use the four or five gore skirt, with a facing, between the outside and lining, of Fibre Chamois fifteen inches deep, and entirely interline the back, which is then laid in two box-plaits at the belt and pressed—not caught into shape.

If the dress material is not of the best this interlining will enrich its appearance, as it seems to give a body to the texture. Silk is especially improved in this manner, and in these days of change it is better to get a cheaper material, interline it, and then have another when it grows shabby. The summer blazer suits have the rolling collar and revers thus interlined and finished with two rows of stitching on the edges. They are of serge, cheviot, finetta, tweed, etc., in blue, brown or black. The lighter weight—No. 10—of Fibre Chamois can be used for these accessories, though it is only fair to say that the medium weight is the general favorite among home and professional dressmakers. It comes in black, gray, white and brown. Like all good things this interlining is being imitated, but the genuine is stamped on every yard with the trade name, and none should be accepted without this stamp, for we can truly say there is none other "just as good."

The Sleeve

of the period must be large and flare out—not up—in a *bouffant* style and keep this appearance at all times—in the dampness of the sea air, when packed, under a wrap, etc.

—or its *chie* is forever lost. The leg-of-mutton sleeve is the universal shape now in style, and to obtain the happy result of a perfect shape, first buy a good pattern and allow four yards of silk for the very large size, or two yards of forty-inch goods. Cut an interlining of Fibre Chamois the same size and shape as the outside material of the sleeve from the elbow to the shoulder; seam it up with the lining, and gather the fullness at the top of the outside and interlining together.

It will not prove bulky, as the interlining is pliant in the hands of the dressmaker, and two rows of gathers are run with twist, an inch apart, at the top to fit into the armhole. This manner of making retains the fullness without the hard, ungraceful appearance that some of the stiffening materials give. The lower part of the sleeve does not need any interlining unless there is a cuff, and then that is so made. The sleeve having a large separate puff at the top has the interlining cut the shape and size of the puff and gathered in with the outside. Always cut your interlining the size and shape of the outside material forming each portion of the garment.

With such aids home-dressmaking becomes a pleasure, as the worker sees that she can attain her object, that of having a stylish gown.

THE FASHIONABLE WHITE GOWN
By Isabel A. Mallon

WHITE is suitable for all ages; even when one's locks are silver there can be found some soft white fabric that will be becoming. An ail-white gown, no matter how simple is the material, is specially pretty and dainty in summer time. And dainty, by-

TRIMMINGS OF VELVET
VELVET in the fashionable colors—golden brown, lettuce green, dark crimson and heliotrope—obtains for folded collars, cuffs and belts. They are put on with long stitches, easily removed, and the gown may have many different sets, making it appear like a different costume by the change of decoration. Heavy gros-grain and satin ribbon in plain colors obtain, as does the taffeta ribbon in the changeable effects. Ribbons showing a very light and rather neutral background have stamped upon them in the most effective way the flowers that we incline to call "old-fashioned"—mignonette, single roses, sweet williams, bluebells and carnations being conspicuous among them.

In illustration No. 1 is shown a particularly dainty white gown. The material is inexpensive Swiss muslin, having upon it tiny stars embroidered in écreu cotton. The skirt has as its finish a flounce of écreu lace about a quarter of a yard deep caught up at regular intervals with stiff bows of écreu gros-grain ribbon. The bodice is a draped one with square jacket fronts made of écreu lace and edged with frills of narrow lace matching the flounce in color and pattern. The folded collar is made of very écreu ribbon with loops flaring out at each side. For the folded belt écreu ribbon is used, and the long ends that flare in the back are in color and quality like the other ribbons, but are at least a quarter of a yard wide, giving the effect of the old-fashioned sash ribbon. The sleeves are made with huge puffs of the muslin that shape in at the elbows to cuffs of lace that fit the arms closely, and are decorated on the outer edge with a row of crocheted écreu cotton buttons, very tiny in size and bullet-shaped. The hat worn with this gown is a large one of white chip, elaborately trimmed



TAILOR-MADE GOWN OF DUCK (Illus. No. 2)

the-by, should be the keynote of the all-white costume. There was a time when the doing up of a white frock meant much consideration and great care, while the question of the quantity of starch to be used became a very important one. Nowadays, the white gown is so made that it may be worn a season without becoming acquainted with water, unless it should be unfortunate enough to be caught in a shower, and if one is careful it will not even then require more than the smoothing quality of a hot iron.

THE FAVORITE MATERIALS

THE favorite materials are Swiss muslin, plain or embroidered, duck, linen, mull and white zephyr, this last being used almost exclusively for simple morning gowns. Linen wrinkles, and for that reason I advise duck in preference to it. In either of these materials are chosen there is wisdom in having the material shrunk before making up, as if it does have to go to the cleaners or the laundry it will surely grow smaller in every way unless it has had this preparatory treatment. The silk and wool mixtures in white are noted, but are not as popular as the cotton fabrics. White broadcloth is occasionally seen, but it is very expensive and seems to have an affiliation for dust. Elaborate yachting suits, really more for show than actual wear on board ship, are of white serge trimmed with gilt braid and gilt buttons.

The old-fashioned very narrow Valenciennes lace and insertion are again used as trimmings on Swiss muslin, and tiny flounces have the insertion set in and the narrow edge as decoration. Coarser laces of coffee color are shaped to form square and round jacket fronts, yokes, collars and cuffs, while what is known as piece lace is liked for panels; these laces come in both the coffee and dead white shades.

with pink roses and having a tiny frill of écreu lace over the edge. The gloves are white glacé kid, and the parasol is made of the muslin and finished with a frill of lace.

ANOTHER WHITE GOWN

THE gown just described is a veritable summer one, making its wearer look as if she had stepped out of a picture frame, but it could not be worn, like the one shown in illustration No. 2, in the streets of a large city. For this, white duck is used, and it is as positively tailor-made as if it were of cloth or serge. The skirt has the usual fashionable flare, and the organ plaits which are in the back are stuffed with cotton over a quarter of a yard below the belt, so that the round shape is preserved. The only decoration on the skirt is formed by two rows of small pearl buttons that describe each of the side seams as far up as a little above the knees. These buttons each have four eyes in them and are sewed down flatly and securely.

Buttons with shanks are not desirable, as they do not "set" flat against the material.



DAINTY COSTUME OF WHITE SWISS MUSLIN (Illus. No. 1)

THE DAINY BASQUE

THE basque has the fancied full skirt, and the belt is a flat folded one of lettuce green velvet, fastening in front under a stiff rosette. The double revers which flare and are very wide, extending far over on the sleeves, give a smart air, each outer one being of the duck and the inner of lettuce velvet. The sleeves are of the duck, very full and shaping to fit closely over the wrists, each having for its decoration two narrow straps of the velvet caught on the inner side by a single large pearl button, and on the outer by a small stiff rosette. The collar is a folded one of the velvet, with, oddly enough, a row of small pearl buttons slightly overlapping each other extending all around the collar just in the centre. The basque closes as far as the waist with flat pearl buttons.

The hat worn with this is a low-crowned rather broad-brimmed sailor of sunburnt straw; a folded band of lettuce green velvet is about the crown, and at each side of the front, springing up from velvet rosettes, are very tall, pure white wings. At the back, under the brim and resting on the hair, is a bunch of white violets framed in their own green leaves. The gloves are heavy white kid, and the parasol is of green silk the color of the velvet and having a Dresden china handle.

THE BEAUTY OF MULL

THE beauty of mull is something that can never be denied, and while it is not a particularly expensive material, it becomes rather costly to make it up, inasmuch as silk or satin is required for its lining. That girl who is at once fond of pretty clothes and economical, has saved the white silk or white satin party dress that has served its time, and utilizes it, after it has been thoroughly cleaned, as a foundation for the mull skirt, under which it looks so well. It might be that instead of white it was a pale pink or blue that did service, for this would also be in good taste and make a very effective background for the thin mull. Instead of being plaited the mull skirt is carefully gathered and falls over its silky lining in fine curves. Its trimming consists of three narrow flounces carefully hemmed by hand, and headed by a *quille*, which is, in reality, a triple box-plait of very narrow pink satin ribbon. Broad pink ribbon, that which is known as the sash width, makes the yoke; and the lower part of the bodice, which is of the mull, is filled to it. This fullness is evenly laid on the yoke edge, but at the waist it is drawn to the centre so that a pointed effect is achieved.

The yoke is overlaid with rather coarse lace, white in color, and the collar, which is of the folded mull, has an edge of lace turned over on it as if it were a specially-made rolling collar. The pointed belt is of folded pink ribbon, and the sleeves are of the mull, very full but drooping.

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20 Third " "	2.50 " "
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OUR POISONOUS PLANTS

By Eben E. Rexford



Very frequently read and hear of persons being poisoned not only by eating roots or fruit of plants found growing along the roadsides and in the pastures, of whose nature they were, of course, ignorant, but also by the handling of them. Generally children are the victims of these deadly plants. These tragic occurrences call our attention to the fact that we have many poisonous plants growing in all sections of the country; also, to the fact that but few people are familiar enough with them to recognize their dangerous character. If more were known of the poisonous nature of these brilliant leaves and berries people would soon learn to shun them and warn others of their nature, and a war against them would soon begin which would rid our thoroughfares of them to a great extent, if not entirely. Many would, of course, remain in woodlands, pastures and out-of-the-way places, but these would, for the most part, be out of the way of children, and the danger from them would be greatly lessened.

A VERY COMMON PLANT

ONE of the most common poisonous plants we have is the Water Hemlock (*Circuta maculata*), which is generally found growing thickly and rankly in low, moist places. I think it is pretty generally distributed throughout all parts of the country, as I do not remember to have been in any locality where I did not find it. It grows to be four or five feet tall, branches freely, and has pinnately-compound leaves and serrate leaflets, closely resembling those of the common Carrot in its second season of growth, with flat clusters of small white flowers. These, like the leaves, bear a close resemblance to the Carrot, and no one will be surprised who has noticed the similarity of the two plants, to learn that they both belong to the same family. There is a plant commonly known as Sweet Cicely (*Osmorrhiza*), which has a root of pleasant taste. This so closely resembles the Water Hemlock in general appearance that children and persons who are not close observers of the distinctive characteristics of the two plants mistake the poisonous for the harmless plant, and the result is death from one of the most powerful vegetable poisons known. If the deadly nature of this plant were generally understood it would seem as if danger from it could be easily done away with to a great extent, for by mowing off its top in June, before it comes into bloom, perpetuation by seeding would be prevented, and the removal of its top not only interferes with further growth for the season, but practically obliterates it. Children would not be likely to meddle with it were it not for this noticeable top, which attracts their attention and deceives them into thinking that they have found the toothsome Sweet Cicely they are in search of.

THE POISON HEMLOCK

ANOTHER member of this family, the Poison Hemlock (*Conium maculatum*), is the famous plant which furnished the Greeks with the terribly deadly poison with which they put an end to the existence of criminals and the enemies of State. This variety is found here in some localities, but is far less frequently met with than the Water Hemlock. These Hemlocks are not only relatives of the Carrot, but also of the Parsnip. The latter plant, as grown in our gardens, is as harmless as any other edible vegetable, but a wild form of it—which is probably the garden variety escaped from cultivation, though it may possibly be the original of the garden variety from which the poisonous quality has been eliminated by cultivation—is found growing in many localities. This is a very dangerous plant. It looks every whit as innocent and palatable as the Parsnip of the garden, and year after year we read of sickness and death resulting from eating its roots. It is claimed by some that the garden Parsnip takes on poisonous qualities with age, but I do not think there is much danger to be anticipated from this source, as the roots are generally destroyed early in the second season. It is the wild variety that must be avoided. By cutting off its top early in the season the plant can be killed. I would suggest that overseers of the roads make it a point to destroy every plant of this dangerous Hemlock found growing along their "beats," the same as in the case of the Canada Thistle, which would soon overrun roads and fields if left undisturbed. By such action this plant could soon be exterminated practically.

THE DEADLY NIGHTSHADE

THE Nightshade (*Hyoscyamus niger*) is frequently found growing in great profusion about old gardens and in plowed fields which are not cultivated to any great extent after the early part of the season. In gardens and fields where much hoeing is done it is not usually seen, and this fact suggests a means of practically exterminating it. It is a low-growing, branching plant of rapid growth. During late summer it bears a profusion of black berries which are likely to attract the attention of children, and very often we hear of death from their having eaten them. The Stramonium is a weed found growing almost everywhere at the North, and I presume at the South as well. It is a plant having coarse, ovate leaves, thick stalks and large, tubular white flowers borne on short peduncles in the forks of the branches. These flowers are produced throughout the season. It is popularly known as "Jimson Weed"—probably a corruption of Jamestown Weed, as there is a story extant, in old chronicles, that several soldiers who had been sent to help quell the Bacon rebellion at Jamestown were poisoned by eating a salad made from young shoots of this plant, which they found growing plentifully in the vicinity of the town. We do not hear of much injury from it, because its foliage has such a disagreeable odor when disturbed that children are repelled by it, but because of the poisonous qualities which it is known to possess it should be promptly destroyed wherever found. It is a near relative of the Tobacco plant, which is not a very favorable recommendation for the latter. Indeed, the narcotic principle of Tobacco is simply a variation or modification of the poisonous principle of the Stramonium.

THE TREACHEROUS POISON IVY

THE vine called Poison Ivy (*Rhus toxicodendron*) is found growing almost everywhere. It is commonly met with in old meadows and along moist places, but it is not by any means confined to these places. It clings to trees and stumps by means of little-fingered tendrils which take hold tenaciously on bark or other rough surfaces. It never grows to any great height. In meadows where it is mowed off year after year, it thickens up from the roots and becomes a mass of low growth. It bears greenish-white berries along its tough stems. Its popular name of Ivy is given because of its climbing, clinging habit, and the fancied resemblance of its foliage to some varieties of the Ivy, but it is in no sense a member of the Ivy family. It is a dangerous plant because it communicates its poison by contact. Many persons cannot go near it without being more or less affected by it. It produces an eruption of the skin of a most irritating, painful character, and frequently very serious results follow. Some persons, however, are not at all susceptible to its influence, and many handle it with perfect impunity. Why this is so I have never heard explained. This plant, in many ways, bears a resemblance to the Ampelopsis, or Virginia Creeper, which is one of our most popular native vines. It has the same clinging habit, its leaves are similar in shape and the two plants are frequently found growing together. Because of these similarities persons very frequently mistake the Ivy for the Ampelopsis, and dig it up to plant about the house, thinking they have the harmless vine, but in a day or two they find out what a serious mistake they have made by the stinging, smarting, burning eruption which covers every portion of the skin touched by the plant. This mistake as to the identity of the two plants need not be made if it is kept in mind that the Ivy has three-parted leaves always, while the Ampelopsis has five-parted ones. There is a wide difference in the fruit of the two plants also, the Ivy having greenish-white berries, while those of the Ampelopsis are a dark blue or purple.

Another form of Rhus (*R. venenata*) is found growing plentifully in swampy places. This is a shrub or bush from five to ten feet high. It has leaves shaped very much like those of *R. typhina*, the well-known and beautiful Staghorn Sumach of our hills and pastures. Because of this resemblance of foliage it is known in many localities as Poison Sumach. In others as Poison Elder, though it is not in any way related to the family of which the Elder is a member. This form of Sumach, fortunately, is not found growing in all portions of the country, as the harmless variety is. It is much more frequently met with at the West and South than at the East. I do not remember of ever having seen it growing on high or dry land.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE PLANTS

THERE is a difference in the general appearance of the plants, both as to stalks and foliage, by which the poisonous and the harmless varieties of the Sumach can be distinguished from each other. The former has light-colored stalks frequently blotched with white or gray, and the foliage is thin and firm in texture with a glossy surface, while the latter has a soft, thick leaf, a brown stalk, hairy in the early stages of the new growth, and is of a much stronger habit, often becoming quite a tree. This variety bears fruit thickly covered with crimson hairs in spiky, terminal bunches, while the poisonous variety has berries of a greenish white—very similar in size and color to those of the Poison Ivy—in loose, pendent clusters, along the upper part of the branches. The harmless Rhus is almost always found on the uplands and in open places, while the poisonous sort prefers moist ground and shade. The former takes on a most beautiful variegation in fall, its pinnate, palmate foliage turning to red, scarlet and maroon of exceedingly rich and brilliant shades, while the latter becomes a pale yellow. This poisonous variety is a most dangerous plant. It is worse than the Poison Ivy by far. Many persons cannot pass near it without being affected by it, strange as it may seem. It seems to be able to communicate its virulent qualities to the atmosphere which surrounds it. All persons, however, are not affected by it. The writer once handled the plant unknowingly without the least harmful result following, while a friend who was with him in the swamp where it grew was so poisoned by it that he was confined to the house for weeks.

THE RED-BERRIED ELDER

THE red-berried Elder is held by some to be poisonous to some extent, while others claim that its berries can be eaten as safely as those of the purple-berried variety, whose fruit is often used in culinary purposes and in the manufacture of the "Elderberry wine" famous among our country grandmothers. The red-berried Elder is a most attractive shrub. It grows luxuriantly in old fields, fence corners and along roadsides. It forms a rounded, compact bush, thickly set with pinnate, compound leaves; its flowers are very beautiful, of the purest white and borne in flat cymes so freely as to almost cover the bush. Its fruit is of a bright, rich red, and is very ornamental and sure to catch the attention of children, whose curiosity would quite likely tempt them to sample it, but its taste, however, is not agreeable enough to induce many of them to partake freely of it. This may possibly account for the fact that we do not often hear of injury from it, provided it is really as poisonous as some claim.

The plant commonly known as Poke or Skoek Weed, Garget or Pigeonberry (*Phytolacca decandra*), has a very poisonous root, and its berries are said to also possess dangerous qualities. This I am somewhat inclined to doubt, however, for while the plant grows plentifully in many localities we seldom hear of harm from it. It is a strong, rank grower, sending up stalks six to eight feet high, and bearing berries of a dark crimson purple in long, drooping racemes. Being very showy it would seem as if it must attract the attention of children, who would very naturally be led to taste the attractive fruit, but we seldom hear of injury from it, therefore I am inclined to think that the poisonous qualities of the plant are confined to its root.

THE POISON HELLEBORE

THE Hellebore (*Veratrum viride*) is a plant of general distribution, usually found growing in low, wet places. It has very strong, coarse roots, from which a stout stem is thrown up, with broad, oval, pointed leaves, the sheaf of which closely clasps the stem. Its flowers are a dull greenish yellow. Its roots are very poisonous. It is from them that the Hellebore powder is made which is used so extensively in fighting insects that attack plants in the early part of summer, especially the Rose and Currant. This plant is sometimes known as Pokeroot and sometimes as Crow-kill, because farmers frequently soak corn in a decoction made from the root and scatter it about the fields to kill off the crows which threaten to destroy or damage their crops.

The well-known and favorite Oleander, a specimen of which can be found in almost every collection of plants in the house or greenhouse all over the land, possesses very poisonous qualities. We sometimes read of children eating the leaves with fatal results, consequently it is not safe to have it where children can get at it, for curiosity often prompts them to taste the foliage of plants, and they would be as likely to experiment on this as on anything else.

The Periwinkle of our gardens—a little creeping vine with shining evergreen foliage and pale blue flowers, much used in cemeteries for covering graves—is the possessor of the same poisonous qualities which characterize the Oleander.

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



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OF A PERSONAL NATURE

BY THE EDITORS

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An Artistic Cover

Made by W. L. Taylor

OF which the above is a miniature reproduction, will ornament the July issue of the JOURNAL. Mr. Taylor has already done some artistic work for the JOURNAL, notably in his illustrations in the article "A Girl of Galilee," in the last Christmas JOURNAL. But in this chaste design he has eclipsed all his former efforts.

TO GO TO COLLEGE FREE

IS now the opportunity offered to any girl or young man. The JOURNAL pays all expenses for any collegiate or university course that may be desired. This is the time to begin the little work that is required, so that next autumn the scholarship may be enjoyed. Remember that there is no competitive element in these free educational offers. Every one has the same chance. A simple inquiry sent to the Educational Bureau of the JOURNAL will reveal the simple plan.

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LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST

IS the unique title of the new novelette by Frank R. Stockton which is about to begin in the JOURNAL, and will prove to be one of the most cheerful love stories ever written by Mr. Stockton. It tells the story of how a man found his heart's desire before breakfast time. A series of beautiful illustrations has been made for the story by Mr. W. T. Smedley, who was so successful in his illustrations for "A Minister of the World," and who has met



MR. STOCKTON

with equal, if not greater, success in portraying the spirit and characters of this story by Mr. Stockton.

THE JOURNAL'S NEW WALTZ

BY Mr. Richard Stahl, will be printed in its entirety in the next issue of the JOURNAL. It promises to be one of the most often-played waltzes of the coming summer, being full of melody and popular in construction. The full piano score will be given.

IF ANY GIRL, THIS SUMMER,

WILL, during her leisure, fill in her time with a little pleasant occupation she can have a musical education for nothing next autumn. The JOURNAL will pay all her expenses, and will be glad to do it. She can learn the piano, the violin, the harp, or have her voice cultivated by the best teachers in America—and all for nothing. Over 180 girls have done it. A simple request of the Educational Bureau of the JOURNAL will bring to any girl the story of how other girls received free musical education and how she can do it.

ANY WOMAN WHO WANTS MONEY

NEXT autumn for her dress or for her home has the best possible chance to earn it herself this summer in connection with the JOURNAL's new prize offers which are now open. Over a hundred women won good-sized amounts last fall, and there is even a better chance in this new series. The Circulation Bureau of the JOURNAL will gladly tell any woman of the plan who will write to it.

THE WOMAN WHO BUYS ONE BOOK

HAS always had to pay more than the woman of means who stocked a whole library. The latter, by reason of her large purchase, received a discount. By the JOURNAL's new plan the woman who buys a single book receives the same discount as the woman who purchases a hundred books, giving the small buyer the same chance as the larger buyer. The new Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL is now ready to supply to any JOURNAL reader any book that may be desired, whether new or old, upon this basis of discount. Simply write to the Literary Bureau and indicate what book you want and the price will be immediately sent to you.

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ARE given in the new book called "5000 Books," which the Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL has just published. This portrait of Marion Crawford, the popular novelist, is just one of the 165. "Never



MARION CRAWFORD

was there such an easy and so complete a literary guide published," says one recipient. "It would be cheap if you charged fifty cents for it." But there is no price for the book. Not many copies remain, but while they last, one can be had, free, by sending inquiry to the JOURNAL's Literary Bureau.

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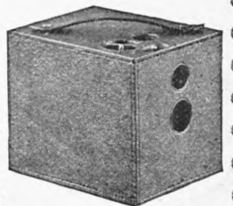
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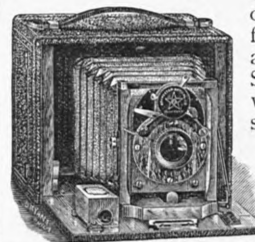
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MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS

All questions of a Musical nature will be cheerfully answered in this column by a special corps of Musical experts. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

WYOMING—Mandolins are made in the United States.

PHILIP—Juanito Manen, the boy violinist, was born in Barcelona in 1884.

G. H. M.—Zelia de Lussan was born in New York City of French parents.

S. S.—Miss Juliette Carden assumed the rôle of Janet in De Koven's opera, "Rob Roy." Her under-study was a Miss Maude Young.

ROSALINE—Bemberg's opera, "Elaine," was produced for the first time at Covent Garden, London, in 1892. Melba, Plancon and the De Reszkes were in the cast.

LAURA—Madame Fursch-Madi left only one child, a daughter. The child, who is quite young, will be educated in a convent if her mother's desires are carried out.

CARL M.—A tenor singer should be able to sing the A above middle C (i. e., the A in the middle of the piano) with ease, and an occasional B flat and B natural above the A.

MERRY—Rosa Sucher, who sang the rôle of Isolde in Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," at the Metropolitan Opera House last February, is the principal prima donna of the Berlin Royal Opera. She is married.

QUAESITOR—The rôle of Othello was sung by Signor Tamagno, M. Maurel being the Iago, and Madame Eames the Desdemona at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on Saturday afternoon, December 15, 1894. Neither of the De Reszkes took part in the performance.

KENTUCKY—The short dash when placed either above or below a note is called an accent, and shows that the note over or under which it is placed is to be accented in playing. (2) The value of a note is not affected by the insertion of a rest either immediately above or below it. That rest must refer to other notes in the harmonies preceding it.

MUSIC—We regret to say that in the space at our command it is quite impossible for us to answer your questions in regard to the "Tonic Sol Fa" system of musical notation. We refer you to J. Curwen's book on "Tonic Sol Fa," published by Novello, Ewer & Co. in their series of "Music Primers," as one of the best and simplest, if not the best work published on the subject, and sold in paper binding for about fifty cents.

SWEET MARIE—"The Dead March in Saul" is the funeral march in Handel's "Oratorio of Saul," and is remarkable as the only great funeral march ever written in a major key, as well as for its great beauty. (2) The placing of a double bar at each side of a whole note gives to the symbol the name breve and has the value of two whole tones. It is a relic of mediæval music and is used principally at this time in church music to show the dominant or reciting note of a chant.

ALIDA—At the age of sixteen the character of the female voice is practically decided, and it is likely that a mezzo-soprano voice at that age, while it will probably under proper guidance gain a few notes in both upper and lower register, will remain a mezzo voice always. While the mezzo voice is not in great demand upon the operatic stage, where the soprano and alto are each used in concerted as well as in solo music, a beautiful mezzo voice may be of great value upon the concert stage and in parlor singing.

CYMOB—We also would advise you to continue the cultivation of your voice, but not for professional purposes. From what you say of it and of your musical abilities we would imagine you to possess considerable more ability and technique than the average amateur, but between medicine and singing we would unhesitatingly advise the physician with a good and growing practice to keep to medicine for his profession and use his singing as a most charming amusement. The life of a concert or operatic singer is a hard one, the pecuniary and social recompense, except in the cases of the great and very successful artists, very small. The fact that you will make of your singing only an amateur's hobby need not prevent you from obtaining the greatest proficiency in the art, and singing often in public, but always as an amateur if you wish to retain your rank as a physician.

B. J. L.—For a finished pianist, one who has completely mastered the technique of piano playing, the choice of classical piano music should be almost unlimited. Bach's Inventions, Suites, Preludes and Fugues; Beethoven's Sonatas, Marches and Variations; Brahms's Sonatas, Variations and Waltzes; Von Bülow's piano arrangement of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" and of Weber's two Concertos, and his own "Carnovale di Milano"; Chopin's Sonatas, Etudes, Mazurkas, etc.; Grieg's Sonatas and Romances; Heller's Etudes; Preludes, Tarantelles, etc.; Heller's "Moderne Suite" and Studies; Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies, and other piano compositions and arrangements; Mozart's Sonatas; Mendelssohn's Sonatas and "Songs Without Words"; Schubert's Sonatas and the accompaniments of many of his songs; Schumann's innumerable compositions, and the works of a great many other musicians are all available and inexhaustible.

K. G. B. AND OTHERS—Lack of space has prevented our earlier insertion of a reply to your comments. We wish to repeat that "the key in which a composition is written may be recognized by its final chord." The signature which you claim is the proper form of key recognition indicates one of two different things: a major key or its relative minor, and nothing more definite. To determine in which of the two keys a composition is written, the major or minor, it will be necessary to apply some further test. This test should be the final chord, because, except in the comparatively few cases (especially in modern music) in which the chord of the parallel major is used to close a composition written in a minor key, it at once and absolutely answers the question; and for the further reason that while it is subject to the exception mentioned, there is no other test capable of application by one who does not sufficiently understand the principles of harmony and composition to distinguish the key by an inspection of the composition as a whole. Moreover there are many persons who could not apply the test which you propose, were it a satisfactory one, as they do not recognize what key is indicated by the signature, but who can see at once the lowest note of the final chord. The tonic chord is the natural final chord, that is, the chord demanded by the ear as the closing chord. It is the aim of this column to give general laws, those which obtain in the vast majority of cases, in the space at our command it is quite impossible for us to enumerate also their exceptions. Beethoven and Chopin will afford excellent examples both of the law under discussion and its exception.



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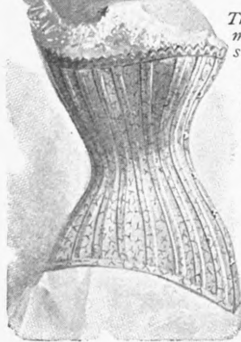
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Advertisement for Harris Wire Buckle Suspenders, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing the product's quality and price.

Advertisement for G=D Chicago Waists, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product's features and price.

Advertisement for I-D Bicycle Waists, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product's features and price.

Advertisement for I-D Bust Supporters, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product's features and price.

Advertisement for Richmond's Fatigue Waist and Hose Supporter, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product's features and price.



SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS BY RUTH ASHMORE

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, to the best of my ability, each month, any question sent me by my girl readers. RUTH ASHMORE.

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, to the best of my ability, each month, any question sent me by my girl readers. RUTH ASHMORE. H. G. L. C.—A girl of fifteen would not have visiting-cards. M. P.—It is not customary for a young girl to give a ring to her betrothed. ONRI—A physician would have upon his visiting-cards "Dr. John Jones." ISMEME—It is not in good taste for a girl of eighteen to go out without a chaperon. S. AND S.—It is in better taste for a man to write personal letters on plain and not business paper. H. F.—It would be quite proper, as you know him but slightly, to call a young boy of fifteen, "Mister." NEW YORK—It is customary to give the engagement ring as soon after the engagement as possible. ELSIE—You should, in the simplest way, thank a gentleman for his kindness in acting as your escort. LIZETTE—The red shoes and red silk stockings would be pretty worn with a red and black costume. E. T.—When two ladies are walking with a gentleman after dark only the one next him should take his arm. A. H. P.—If the rooms are very much crowded at an "at home" you can leave without bidding the hostess good-by. VIOLA—"P. P. C." on a visiting-card simply means "Pour prendre congé," the French sentence signifying "to take leave." W. S. A.—You will be wise if you gradually cease paying such devoted attentions to the young woman, inasmuch as you cannot ask her to be your wife. A. L. S.—As you are the youngest unmarried daughter it would be proper for you to have upon your visiting-cards, "Miss Alice Louise Smith." X. Y. Z.—The family of the bride furnish all the carriages used for the wedding party, excepting the one in which the bridegroom and best man come. R. S. P. V.—I regret to say that I am not a musician, and so cannot give you the information you desire. Write direct to the musical editor of the JOURNAL. J. F. B.—If your hair comes out and seems dead I should advise your having it shaved; in my experience this seems the one method of giving it new life. R. E. W.—In writing to a man friend, even if you are in the habit of calling him by his Christian name, I would advise that you begin your letter, "My Dear Mr. Brown." L. F.—I do not think it in good taste, when a girl is engaged to be married, for her to go to a place of amusement with a young man who is almost a stranger to her. M. E. G.—A man friend could, properly enough, say to a lady he has known for some time, "I have just heard of your engagement; pray allow me to wish you all happiness." ELIZABETH—I should not advise your giving the gentleman who is in the same office with you a present on his birthday, inasmuch as your acquaintance is entirely a business one. AN ADMIRER AND OTHERS—No likeness of Ruth Ashmore has ever appeared in the JOURNAL, and indeed, owing to a peculiar feeling about it, she has never had any photograph taken. THE WIFE—I do not think a man has any right whatever to open his wife's mail, but I do think that a woman should receive no letters that she would not be willing her husband should see. BUTTERFLY—It is not customary for a girl of sixteen to have men visitors. If a man said something unkind about you and your friends it would be wisest for you to drop his acquaintance. A. B.—Each one has the right to dress and wear the hair as best pleases one, although it is in better taste not to err on the side of peculiarity. (2) It is quite proper to take a young man's arm after dark. EVERGREEN—It is customary to work very small initials on the handkerchiefs of a gentleman. All the initials of a name would be used, and they are a little more than three-quarters of an inch in height. J. H.—In eating cheese, one cuts it with a knife, and using the knife as a medium, puts it on a bit of bread and eats it from that. (2) It is not expected that answers should be sent to wedding invitations. MARJORIE—Cocoa butter is rubbed well into the skin and usually allowed to remain on all night, after which it is washed off with tepid water and soap. (2) I cannot give any addresses in this column. FLOSSIE—It would not be in good taste for you to visit at the home of your betrothed unless you were formally invited by his mother; in that case, no one could possibly find any objection to your presence there. I. T.—If you feel, my dear boy, that the young woman no longer cares for you, I should advise your suggesting the breaking of the engagement, but surely you would not wish to have a wife who did not love you. BLANCHE—In writing invitations for a club for which you are acting as secretary I should advise your putting them in the third person, and then there would be no embarrassment about the arrangement of names. CONSTANT READER—At a quiet home wedding it would be perfectly proper for the bride to wear a dark traveling dress. If they are to go direct to the train the bridegroom would also wear the clothes in which he expected to travel. LUCILLE—At formal affairs it is customary to eat ices with a fork. (2) Gowns for brides are usually made high in the neck and with long sleeves. (3) It is not customary to shake hands with people when you are introduced to them. AIMEE—When a girl is young and pretty I think a Platonic friendship is very difficult to keep up. Of course, it is possible, but it is only when one is long past youth and much experience has been gained, often very sadly.

Advertisement for 'The Very Thing' Dress Shields, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product's benefits.

Advertisement for 'The Eureka Patent Corset Cover', featuring text describing the product's features and listing various retailers.

Advertisement for W. B. Corsets, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product's quality and availability.

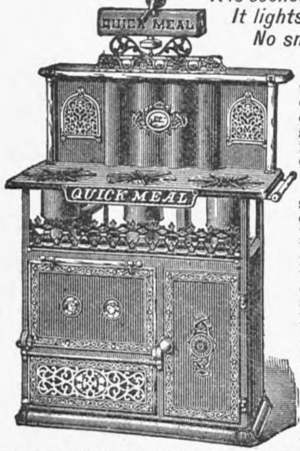
Advertisement for Featherbone Corsets, featuring an illustration of a corset and text describing the product's features and price.

Advertisement for 'The Double Ve Waist' and 'BABY'S CHILDREN'S' clothing, featuring illustrations of the garments and text describing their features.

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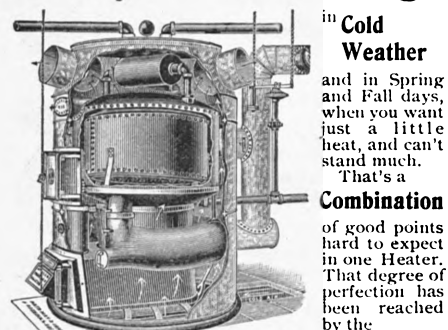
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Every family needs it. Specially adapted to warm climates. Has full capacity of a coal range. Above size will do all the Cooking and Laundry work of a family of ten persons.

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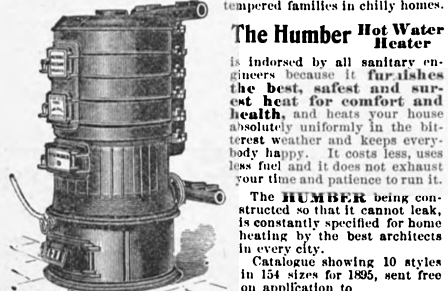
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Questions of interest to mothers will be cheerfully answered on this page whenever possible. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

COUNTRY MOTHER—You would find "A Bunch of Wild Flowers for Children," by Ida Prentice Whitcomb, very useful in answering the questions your children ask about the flowers.

LAURA C.—No payment is required from pupils who enter a training school for nurses. You will find much information on this subject in an article called "How to Become a Trained Nurse," in the JOURNAL for January, 1891, which will be sent you for ten cents.

R. D. S.—Wash the children's brushes, combs and tooth-brushes once a week in cold water, to which a few drops of strong ammonia water have been added.

MARY W.—One of the best children's books on anatomy and physiology recently published is "The Making of the Body," by Mrs. S. A. Barnett. It is arranged on a new plan, different journeys through the body being described, as the journey of the air, the journey of the food, the journey of a sensation etc.

CONSTANT READER—The answer to your first question would be too late to be of service to you. (2) You will find much useful information as to clothing for both little boys and girls in "The Care of Children."

MRS. M. H. A.—I cannot give addresses in this column. (2) Each article in a baby's wardrobe can be purchased singly or the layette bought as a whole. The latter is rather more expensive.

LEONE—Unless there is some special reason to the contrary, a baby should be weaned when he is about ten months old, and never nursed longer than a year.

MRS. C. B. S.—You will find an answer to all your questions in "A Baby's Requirements," which will be sent you from the JOURNAL Literary Bureau on receipt of twenty-five cents.

VIRGINIA—"A solid unusual name for a boy" is rather difficult to find. Perhaps one of the following might come within this category: Norman, Launcelot, Spencer, Felix, Austin, Aubrey, Fenton, Edgar, Jasper, Randolph, Chester.

GRACE M.—It is considered wise to have a baby vaccinated when it is three months old, before the disturbance occasioned by teething begins to affect the child.

ANXIOUS MOTHER—It is very probable that your own nervous and hysterical condition had some share in making the baby nervous and restless.

BOY'S MOTHER—Make your boy's room attractive and perhaps he may be more willing to stay in it and bring his friends there than if it contained only the barest necessities.

MUCH-WORRIED MOTHER—It is difficult for a mother to realize that her daughter has come to an age when such attentions as you mention are acceptable.

TROUBLED MOTHER—Even if you do not approve of the young man it is better your daughter should meet him under your roof than elsewhere.

SUBSCRIBER—A blazer worn with a full vest makes a good dress for the purpose you require. The vest should be soft and fall over the waist-band.

L. R. T.—If your little boy's teeth seem frail especially attention should be paid to them. Let him rinse his mouth with lime-water before going to bed.

ANNE D. M.—Kinder symphonies are arranged for different toy instruments. Those used are a drum, a watchman's rattle, bird calls, a fife, a trombone, a pair of bones, castanets, flute, triangle, whistle, trumpet, whip-snapper, sleigh bells and metallophone, beside the piano and violin.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—"All the Year Around" is a collection of interesting stories and verses for children from four to six years old. I think your little boy would enjoy them.

MINNA L. S.—An eggspoon is a suitable gift for a child two years old. The bowl is gilded because the sulphur in an egg discolors silver, turning it black.

WIDOWED MOTHER—It is difficult for a woman to earn a living for herself and two little children without leaving home. The attempt often has to be made and success is possible.

ANNIE M.—Directions for sterilizing milk have been given in these columns, but I will repeat them as they may be of use to many in the hot weather.

TUXEDO—There is no reason to despair because you fear your boy has inherited a tendency to indulge in drinking to excess.

MRS. B. F. J.—The following hints which have been sent me by Miss L. E. Chittenden, will answer your question very satisfactorily.

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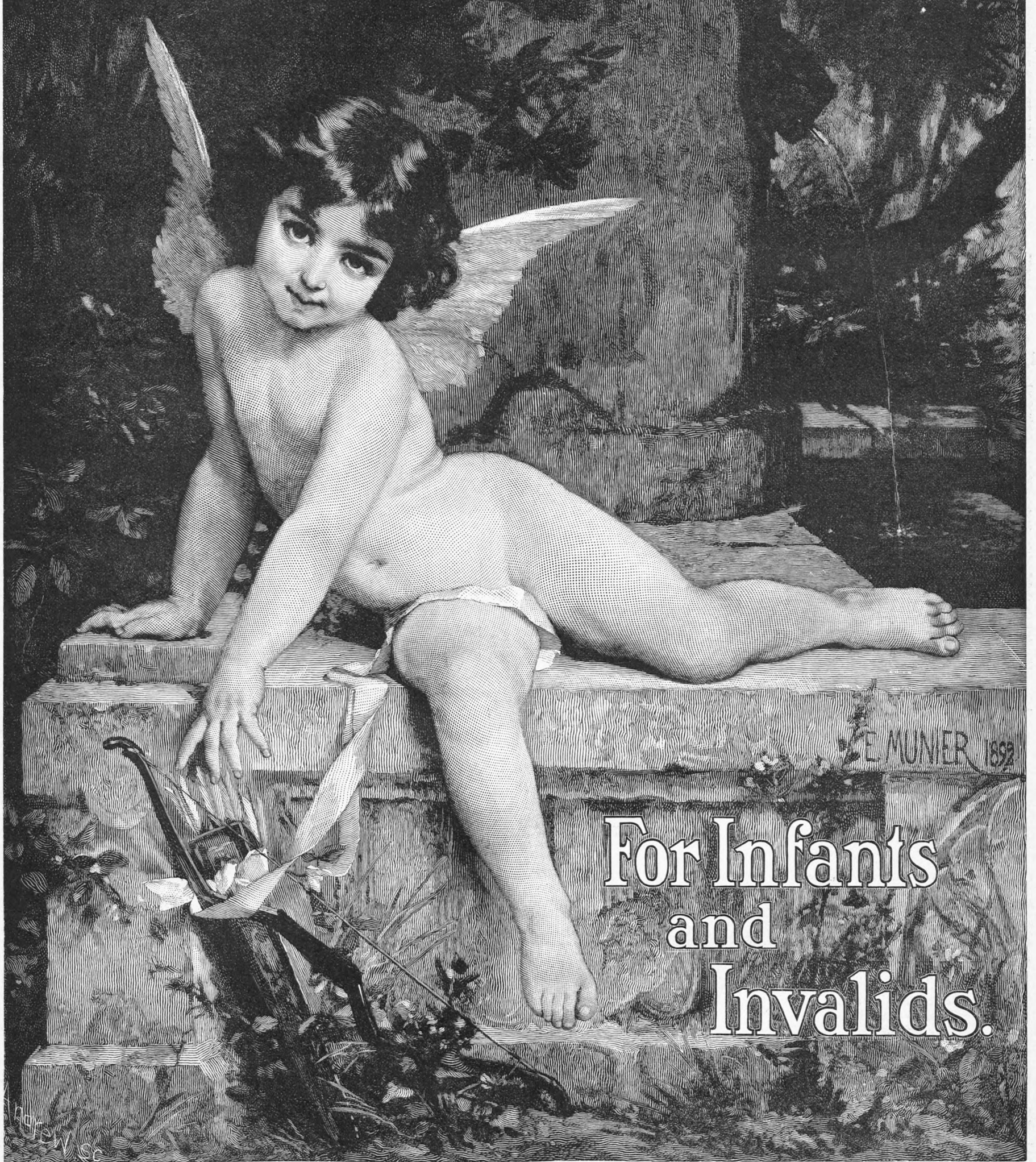
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"IDEAL SPRING BEDS" Our booklet "Wide Awake Facts about Sleep," illustrating and describing them, free for address. Foster Bros. Mfg. Co., 2 Clay Street, Utica, N. Y.

LITERARY QUERIES

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.

In "Literary Queries" for April the title of Charles Dudley Warner's novel should have read "A Little Journey in the World" instead of "A Little Journey Round the World." In the May issue the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" should have been given as Arthur W. Pinero. The substitution of a "w" for a "u" in Laurence Hutton's name was, of course, a typographical error.

FLUSHING—Washington Irving never married. SANDUSKY—"The Vicar of Wakefield" has been dramatized.

W. S. C.—Mr. Eric Mackay is the author of "The Love Letters of a Violinist."

RUTH—The poem, "The Dead Doll," was written by Margaret Thomson Janvier.

MABEL—Probably Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is the most popular poem in the English language.

C. H. D.—The wife of the late J. G. Holland is living. A letter sent to her in our care will be forwarded.

NELL—Mr. William Dean Howells is very fond of taking a line from Shakespeare and using it as a title for his novels.

MAY D.—Alice and Phoebe Cary both died in 1871. (2) There is a marble bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey.

MARENGO—"The Danbury News Man" was James Montgomery Bailey, of the "Danbury News." He died in 1894.

DOLLY—A sketch of Marie Corelli appeared in the JOURNAL of May, 1895, a copy of which will be mailed you for ten cents.

GEORGINE—The author of East Lynne is a widow. Her husband, Mr. Maxwell, an English publisher, died in March of this year.

JOSEPHINE—THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has a larger actual paid circulation than any other periodical in the world, barring none.

E. L. D.—"The Wandering Jew" is altogether an imaginary personage who owes his supposed existence to a legend connected with Christ's crucifixion.

MRS. MCC.—A sketch of Miss Julia Magruder, the author of "A Beautiful Alien," appeared in the JOURNAL of October, 1893, a copy of which will be mailed you for ten cents.

NORCROSS—George Parsons Lathrop was born at Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, in 1851. His poem, "The Flown Soul," was written of his child, Francis Hawthorne Lathrop, who died in 1888.

GRACE K.—The lines, "Laugh and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone," occur in Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem, "Solitude."

W.—Bliss Carman, the poet, is a Canadian; he is at present the editor of "The Chap Book." (2) S. R. Crockett, the author of "The Lilac Sunbonnet," resides at Penicuik, an hour's ride from Edinburgh. He is, of course, a Scotchman.

MAUD—Lyonesse is a mythical region. It was the land from which King Arthur came. It is said to be now more than forty fathoms under water between the Land's End and the Isles of Scilly, the sea having gradually encroached upon the land.

NEW SUBSCRIBER—You can probably obtain more information upon current topics from "The Review of Reviews" than anywhere else. (2) Mr. Palmer Cox explained the origin of "The Brownies" in the JOURNAL of November, 1892, a copy of which will be forwarded you for ten cents.

TRANSPORTED—"The Anglomaniacs" was published anonymously in "The Century Magazine." It was not until after the story was ended in the magazine that the name of its author, Mrs. Burton Harrison, was disclosed. (2) Duty is not charged on manuscripts passing between one country and another.

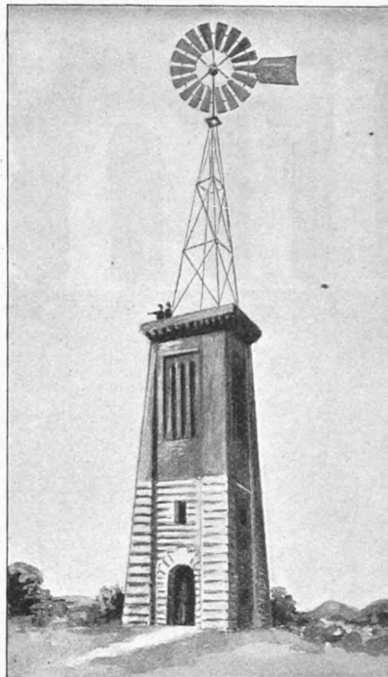
C. A. Z.—The lines, "Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed. Time rules us all, and Life, indeed, is not. The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead, And then we women cannot choose our lot," are from a poem of Owen Meredith's, called "Chances."

LAURA—Mr. Du Maurier's illustrations appear regularly in London "Punch." (2) The quotation you inclose, "Economy is going without something you do want, in case you should, some day, want something which you probably won't want," is one of Mr. Carter's speeches in Anthony Hope's book, "The Dolly Dialogues."

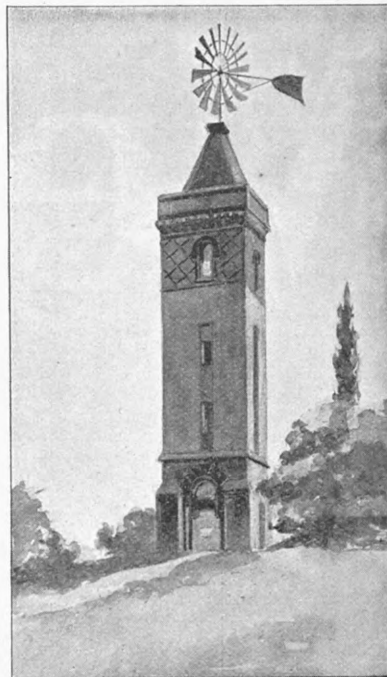
FORT SCOTT—Edward Payson Roe was born in New Windsor, New York, March 7, 1838. He was educated at Williams College, but was not graduated, owing to an affection of the eyes. In 1862 he became a chaplain in the volunteer service, where he remained till October, 1865. He then became pastor of a Presbyterian church at Highland Falls, New York. His health failing in '74, Mr. Roe resigned his pastorate and settled in Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. There he devoted his time to literature and the cultivation of small fruits. Mr. Roe died in 1888.

HARLEY—John Wesley used the expression, "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness" in his ninety-second sermon on "Dress," and the expression is generally credited to him. Bacon, however, used the idea in his "Advancement of Learning": "Cleanliness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God," and Dr. Bettelheim, a rabbi, says that Phinehas ben Yair, one of the Hebrew fathers, writes, "The doctrines of religion are resolved into carefulness; carefulness into vigorousness; vigorousness into guiltlessness; guiltlessness into abstemiousness; abstemiousness into cleanliness; cleanliness into godliness."

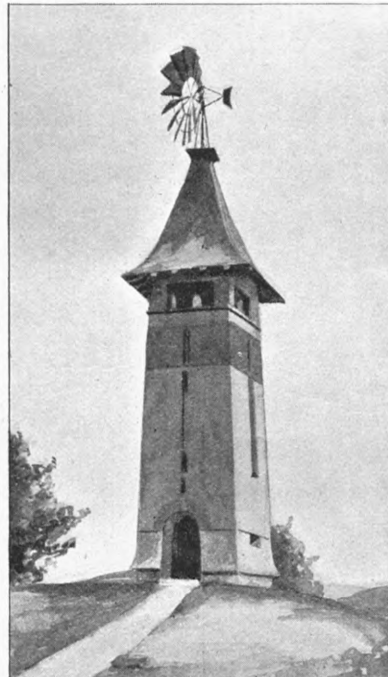
RUSHVILLE—John Ruskin was born in 1819. The following description of him from the Chicago "Tribune" will answer almost all your questions concerning him: "He is feeble both in body and mind, and goes very slowly, little constitutional with a caretaker, but he remains the man best worth seeing in all England in my opinion. His stoop is become more pronounced, and his beard has allowed to grow very long. His brown, soft hat almost touches his blue, smooth overcoat behind, and he carries his hands clasped behind his back. As I reverently raised my hat he responded by raising his, but looked just a little embarrassed rather than sociable, so I did not speak but passed on. His cousin, Joan Severn, with her husband (an artist) and children live with him, and Brantwood is a large and cheerful home."



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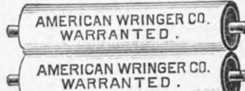
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Advertisement for Perfection Cake Tins, featuring text: 'Agents Make Money Selling the PERFECTION CAKE TINS. Delicate cake easily removed without breaking. Perfection Tins require no greasing. All styles, round, square and oblong. Sample round tin by mail, 20c., prepaid. Circulars FREE. CAUTION.—Our Trade-Mark "Perfection" stamped on all Improved Perfection Tins. Beware of imitations made without the Groove, for they will leak batter. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., D St., BATH, N.Y.'

Advertisement for New Flowers, Roses, Seeds and Bulbs, featuring text: 'NEW FLOWERS, Roses, Seeds and Bulbs by mail at little prices—1 trial packet each Sunshine Pansies, Dbl. Diadem Pinka, Fairy Poppies, Sweet Peas, Sweet Alyssum—5 pkts. and Catalog only 10c. ALFRED F. CONARD, Box 5, West Grove, Pa.'

THE OPEN CONGRESS

In which any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered when addressed to the editor of "The Open Congress," care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

NEMO—The longest street in New York City is Broadway.

WARDEN—The salary of the Governor General of Canada is \$50,000.

NOVICE—Orange and black are the colors of Princeton College.

B. J.—Tufts College is located at College Hill, a few miles from Boston.

ANNA—The trolley car strike in Brooklyn, New York, occurred in January of this year.

MYRTLE—Mrs. Langtry is about forty-five years old. She has been on the stage over twelve years.

JAMES L.—It is said that Mr. Brayton Ives, of New York City, is the owner of the celebrated Peachblow vase.

VIRGINIA GIRL—It is estimated that the new East River bridge will cost, exclusive of the terminals, \$8,000,000.

JAUNIVER—Coxey's army left Massillon, Ohio, for Washington on March 25, 1894, and reached there on May 1st.

IGNORAMUS—The new tariff bill takes its name from the Hon. William L. Wilson, ex-chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

TOM—The first issue of United States Government bonds was under the act of February 25, 1862. (2) The first National bank was organized in 1864.

ANITA—The wife of the late Randolph Churchill was a Miss Jennie Jerome, of New York. Miss Jerome was born in 1853, and married in 1874.

HOGSTOWN—The term "dark horse" in politics is one applied to the successful nominee of a party who was little thought of at the time of the nomination.

PALMER—Rosina Vokes, the actress, died in England in January, 1894. (2) Joint inventors are entitled to a joint patent; neither can claim one separately.

L. O.—The Bank of England is governed by a governor, a deputy governor and a board of directors. (2) The island of Cuba is sometimes called "The Queen of the Antilles."

MALDEN—The Dismal Swamp in Eastern Virginia and North Carolina is, for the most part, covered with a stunted growth of trees and shrubs. It has an area of between thirty and forty miles.

GLADYS—The birthday stone for September is the sapphire, which is supposed to bring success and prevent evil. For November the stone is the topaz, which symbolizes fidelity and friendship.

SILAS—The University of New York was founded in 1831. (2) Niagara Falls is the largest cataract in the world; the American Fall is 164 feet high and the Canadian or Horseshoe Fall is 150 feet high.

OLEA—According to the statistics of the last census the percentage of persons of foreign parentage in the United States is increasing. In 1870 the percentage was about 28 per cent.; in 1880 about 30 and in 1890 about 33.

NELL—The Miss Whitney who was one of the judges at the International Dog Show in New York belongs to Cambridge, Massachusetts, though she has not always lived there. Her kennels are at Lancaster, Massachusetts.

MARY M.—The special work of the "Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary," in New York City, is to care for young immigrant girls upon their arrival, and to see that they are placed in some good home or forwarded safely to their friends.

J. M.—The "Sugar Trust" is a name given to a combination of the large sugar refineries of this country, the combination being formed for the purpose of crowding the small refineries out, and increasing the profits of the large ones.

MRS. LOGAN—The picture you describe illustrates the famous "casket scene" in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and represents the second scene of act third of that play, where Bassanio makes the choice of the three caskets.

ESTHER—The Episcopal Year Book for 1895 states that there are sixty-eight institutions, not including four celibate orders for men, five schools for deaconesses and twenty sisterhoods, in connection with the Episcopal church in the United States.

GARRY W.—The Emma Willard Association is one which has been formed in commemoration of Mrs. Emma Willard, familiarly known as "Madame Willard." She was the pioneer in this country of the movement for the higher education of women.

M. J. C.—It is perfectly good form for you to invite to your little girl's party, children whose parents you do not know, or who have not yet called upon you. The invitations go out in your daughter's name and to her friends, not in your name nor to their parents.

HIBERNIA—Wedding invitations are not as large as they were a year ago. The fashion now is to have the invitation engraved in fine script on small note size paper of a very fine quality; very often a blank space is left to be filled in with the name of the guest.

ELOISE—It is always proper and courteous for a person in church to share either prayer-book or hymnal with any one who may be without either. The question as to its propriety where the parties are young and of different sexes has nothing whatever to do with it.

Q.—The Bunker Hill Monument is at Charlestown, Massachusetts. It is a quadrangular tower of granite 221 feet high, and built in the form of an obelisk. It was dedicated in 1843, the sixty-eighth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. (2) The National Cemetery is at Arlington, Virginia.

MANAYUNK—A "dove german" simply means that a lot of young girls meet during the day and dance the german without any men for partners. A great many of these germans were held last winter at private houses; tickets were sold and the money realized by their sale was devoted to charity.

NEWARK—The temperature of the Turkish bath is much higher than that of the Russian bath. (2) Cotton fabrics cannot be dyed as successfully as woolen ones. (3) Applicants for admission to the New York City Training School for Nurses must be over twenty-one and under thirty-five years of age.

MARTIN—The first College Settlement for Women in this country was opened in New York City in November, 1839; an Information Committee of graduates from Vassar, Wellesley, Ann Arbor and Cornell was appointed as a Board of Control. (2) The University Settlement Society for Men was founded in 1887.

ELMIRA—The correct pronunciation of the word programme is pro-gram, with a slightly stronger accent on the first of the two syllables. But the latter syllable must also be distinctly enunciated. (2) The name of the steamer La Gascogne should be pronounced as though written La Gaskony, with the accent on the first syllable.

LOIS—The fashion that obtains with reference to placing the date on a letter is to place it in the upper right-hand corner; on a note it is usually placed in the lower left. (2) It is quite proper for a woman to retain her husband's name on her visiting-card, as, for instance, "Mrs. John Smith"; it is equally proper for her to use "Mrs. Jane Smith" for the purpose.

C. J. R.—"Living pictures" cannot be called an invention of "these modern days" since it is claimed that they were first employed by Madame de Genlis for the purpose of educating the Duc d'Orleans' children, whose governess she was. With the help of several famous artists she arranged pictures of historic scenes which ladies of the French Court posed for.

SUBSCRIBER—The authorities at the Dead Letter Office in Washington do not retain nor open foreign letters that have failed of delivery through carelessness on the part of the senders. Such letters are returned to the countries in which they originated, and no record is kept of them. Foreign registered letters and parcels of merchandise are recorded, and may be traced.

WALKELY—Ex-Senator Fair's will left the bulk of his property to be divided among his children, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, of New York, Miss Virginia Fair and Mr. Charles Fair; liberal legacies were given to several of his immediate relatives and to many of the charitable organizations in San Francisco. His wife, from whom he had been divorced, died in 1891. His fortune was estimated as being between forty and fifty million dollars.

H. S.—There are two badges either of which may be worn by the members of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew; one is a St. Andrew's cross of gold and red enamel in the form of a pin, the other a black silk button with a red St. Andrew's cross woven on its face. The pins are, of course, the most expensive. There is a Boys' Department in connection with this Brotherhood, the members of which wear a silk button with a blue St. Andrew's cross on its face.

MISS PRIM—"Every person who fraudulently, by any act, way or means, defaces, mutilates, impairs, diminishes, falsifies, scales or lightens the gold and silver coins which have been or which may hereafter be coined at the mints of the United States, or any foreign gold or silver coins which are by law made current or are in actual use and circulation as money within the United States, shall be imprisoned not more than two years and fined not more than two thousand dollars." This quotation from the Revised Statutes of the United States should convince you that it would be illegal to make any ornament out of silver dollars.

SUSAN—The "Bloomer costume," which consists of a short belted gown reaching a little below the knees and long, loose trousers reaching to the ankles, was not originated by Mrs. Bloomer, of woman's rights fame. In a letter to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in January, 1890, Mrs. Bloomer states that the costume was first worn in this country by Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, daughter of the Hon. Gerritt Smith, while visiting her cousin, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, at Seneca Falls, New York. Mrs. Stanton adopted the style, and was soon followed by Mrs. Bloomer, who announced the fact in her paper, "The Lily," in 1851. The New York "Tribune" noticed the announcement, and made it known that Mrs. Bloomer had donned a short skirt and trousers, and soon she found herself caricatured in papers both at home and abroad. It was the newspapers, not Mrs. Bloomer, that were responsible for the name "Bloomer." Mrs. Bloomer died at Council Bluffs, Iowa, on December 30, 1894.

MANY QUESTIONS—Camille Flammarion is authority for the following: With regard to the Star of Bethlehem there are five assumptions: (1) It had no existence, and the entire statement is a beautiful Oriental fairy tale. (2) The fixed star, seen by the Wise Men, was Venus at the time of its greatest splendor. (3) It was a periodical star like that of 1572. (4) The phenomenon was occasioned by a conjunction of planets. (5) It was a comet. Of these assumptions the most probable is the second. That it was a periodical star is scarcely likely, for Ptolemy and Ma-tuan-lin would have spoken of it. The fourth statement was suggested in 1826 by the German astronomer Ideler, and repeated by Encke in 1831. In the year 3 B. C. there were conjunctions of the planets Jupiter, Mars and Saturn on May 29, September 3 and December 5, but on none of these days were the planets nearer together than a degree, so that the Wise Men must have been very near-sighted to take them for one star. The fifth assumption is also not to be considered, for people already knew how to distinguish a comet from other stars, and, besides, we have no knowledge of a comet at that time. For all these reasons we have not the least occasion to expect the return of the Star of Bethlehem at the close of our century.

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CONTENTS

JUNE, 1895

		PAGE
A Vivacious Girl—CONCLUSION	Grace Stuart Reid	1
A Domestic Court	Arthur Warren	3
The Flower of June	Nancy Mann Waddle	5
The Paradise Club—VII	John Kendrick Bangs	6
The Woman Who Most Influenced Me—III	Rev. Robert Collyer, D. D.	7
Householding in Old New England	Alice Morse Earle	8
The Luck of the Pendants—I-II	Elizabeth W. Bellamy	9
The Career of a Baltimore Girl	Harper I. Langdon	11
Some Graceful Centrepieces	Mrs. Barnes-Bruce	12
Italian Renaissance Embroidery	Helen Mar Adams	13

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS

At Home with the Editor	The Editor	14
Women Without the Ballot	Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.	15
Love, Friendship: Which?	Ruth Ashmore	16
The King's Daughters	Margaret Bottome	17
Useful Things Worth Knowing		
The Cleaning of Laces	Eva Marie Kennedy	18
Caring for Pet Cats	Florence Percy Matheson	
Artistic Summer Draperies	Mary F. Harman	
A Polish for Tan Shoes	Frances A. Hoadley	
Mourning and Its Usages	Isabel A. Mallon	19
Just Among Ourselves	Mrs. Lyman Abbott	20
Designs in Crochet and Tatting	Margaret Sims	21
Cotton and Woolen Gowns	Emma M. Hooper	22
The Fashionable White Gown	Isabel A. Mallon	23
Our Poisonous Plants	Eben E. Rexford	24
Musical Helps and Hints		26
Side-Talks with Girls	Ruth Ashmore	27
Suggestions for Mothers	Elisabeth Robinson Scovil	28
Literary Queries	The Literary Editor	30
Floral Helps and Hints	Eben E. Rexford	31
Hints on Home Dressmaking	Emma M. Hooper	31
The Open Congress		32

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