

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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## THE NEW YEAR MINUET By Flavel Scott Mines

I  
It was danced in the hall by the fire's red glow,  
For the palms hid the lamps at the side,  
And each form was outlined in the floor below,  
While the shadows were spread far and wide,  
But the shadows were misty—a softened gray—  
In accord with the slow melody,  
The light of the fire drove the dark lines away,  
While it lent all a sweet mystery.

III  
So stately, so slow, was each step that she made,  
And so graceful the head that she bent;  
The old-fashioned fan that at times cast a shade  
Such an air of true elegance lent.  
The place of the dance gave a place to my thought,  
And I dreamed of the days that are dead;  
The spell of the dance was by sorcery wrought  
And the hurrying modern days fled.



II  
Both dancers were courtly and figures of grace,  
Yet the maid held my fancy alone;  
The glow gave a blush to her beautiful face;  
In her dark eyes a fairer light shone.  
And then as she curtsied, so stately, so slow,  
With the grace of an age that is past,  
It seemed like a dream of the long, long ago—  
Like a dream that I knew could not last.

IV  
It was peace—the sweet rest of the olden day  
When all idols were not overthrown;  
When romance still lived, and, as king, Love held sway,  
Before Mammon to ruler had grown.  
And all those who watched were bewitched by the dance,  
And they dreamed till the measure was o'er—  
To-day was forgot in the short backward glance  
And the charms of the day gone before.



## My Father As I Recall Him

By Mamie Dickens

IN FIVE PAPERS THIRD PAPER

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I shall say may extend the working personality of my father.

### MY FATHER AT HIS WORK

WHEN at work my father was almost always alone, so that, with rare exceptions, save as we could see the effect of the adventures of his characters upon him in his daily moods, we knew but little of his manner of work. Absolute quiet under these circumstances was essential, the slightest sound making an interruption fatal to the success of his labors, although, oddly enough, in his leisure hours the bustle and noise of a great city seemed necessary to him. He writes, after an enforced idleness of two years, spent in a quiet place; "The difficulty of going at what I call a rapid pace is prodigious; indeed, it is almost an impossibility. I suppose this is partly the effect of two years' ease, and partly the absence of streets, and numbers of figures. I cannot express how much I want these. It seems as if they supplied something to my brain which, when busy, it cannot bear to lose. For a week or fortnight I can write prodigiously in a retired place, a day in London setting and starting me up again. But the toil and labor of writing day after day without that magic lantern is immense!"

As I have said, he was usually alone when at work, though there were, of course, some occasional exceptions, and I myself constituted such an exception. During our life at Tavistock House, I had a long and serious illness, with an almost equally long convalescence. During the latter, my father suggested that I should be carried every day into his study to remain with him, and, although I was fearful of disturbing him, he assured me that he desired to have me with him. On one of these mornings, I was lying on the sofa endeavoring to keep perfectly quiet, while my father wrote busily and rapidly at his desk, when he suddenly jumped from his chair and rushed to a mirror which hung near and in which I could see the reflection of some extraordinary facial contortions which he was making. He returned rapidly to his desk, wrote furiously for a few moments, and then went again to the mirror. The facial pantomime was resumed, and then turning toward, but evidently not seeing, me, he began talking rapidly in a low voice. Ceasing this soon, however, he returned once more to his desk, where he remained silently writing until luncheon time. It was a most curious experience for me, and one of which, I did not until later years, fully appreciate the purport. Then I knew that with his natural intensity he had thrown himself completely into the character that he was making, and that for the time being he had not only lost sight of his surroundings, but had actually become in action, as in imagination, the personality of his pen.

### ROOMS IN WHICH HE WROTE

HIS "studies" were always cheery, pleasant rooms, and always, like himself, the personification of neatness and tidiness. On the shelf of his writing table were many dainty and useful ornaments, gifts from his friends or members of his family, and always, a vase of bright and fresh flowers. The first study that I remember is the one in our Devonshire Terrace home, a pretty room, with steps leading directly into the garden from it, and with an extra baize door to keep out all sounds and noise. The study at Tavistock House was more elaborate: a fine large room, opening into the drawing-room by means of sliding doors. When the rooms were thrown together they gave my father a promenade of considerable length for the constant indoor walking which formed a favorite recreation for him after a hard day's writing.

At "Gad's Hill" he first made a study from one of the large spare sleeping rooms of the house, as the windows there overlooked a beautiful and favorite view of his. His writing table was always placed near a window looking out into the open world which he loved so keenly. Afterward he occupied for years a smaller room overlooking the back garden and a pretty meadow, but this he eventually turned into a miniature billiard room, and then established himself, finally, in the room on the right side of the entrance hall facing the front garden. It is this room which Mr. Luke Fields, our country's great artist and our own esteemed friend, made famous in his picture "The Empty Chair," which he sketched for "The Graphic" after my father's death. The writing table, the ornaments, the huge waste paper basket, which "the master" had made for his own use, are all there, and, alas, the empty chair!

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This series, "My Father as I Recall Him," was begun in the JOURNAL of November, 1892, and will be continued during the present year. Back numbers of the JOURNAL, containing these reminiscences of the famous author, may be had by sending ten cents to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

### LOVE FOR HIS CHILD CHARACTERS

THAT he was ever in earnest, that he lived with his creations, that their joys and sorrows were his joys and sorrows, that at times his anguish, both of body and spirit, was poignant and heart-breaking, I know. His interest in and love for his character was intense as his nature, and is shown nowhere more strongly than in his sufferings during his portrayal of the short life of "Little Nell." Did ever father mourn the loss of a beloved daughter with greater anguish, or take greater care of the dear dead child while she yet remained in his possession than he with this child of his brain? He writes: "I am, for the time, nearly dead with work and grief for the loss of my child." Again he writes of her: "You can't imagine (gravely I write and speak) how exhausted I am to-day with yesterday's labors. I went to bed last night utterly dispirited and done up. All night I have been pursued by the child; and this morning I am unrefreshed and miserable. I do not know what to do with myself." His love and care for this little one are shown most pathetically in the suggestions which he gave to Mr. George Cattermold for his illustrations of the "Old Curiosity Shop." "Kit, the single gentleman, and Mr. McGarland go down to the place where the child is and arrive there at night. There has been a fall of snow. Kit, leaving them behind, runs to the old house, and with a lantern in one hand, and the bird in its cage in the other, stops for a moment at a little distance, with a natural hesitation, before he goes up to make his presence known. In a window—supposed to be that of the child's little room—a light is burning, and in that room the child (unknown, of course, to her visitors, who are full of hope), lies dead."

Again: "The child lying dead in the little sleeping room, behind the open screen. It is winter time, so there are no flowers, but upon her breast and pillow there may be strips of holly and berries and such green things. A window, overgrown with ivy. The little boy who had that talk with her about the angels may be by the bedside, if you like it so; but I think it will be quieter and more peaceful if she is quite alone. I want the scene to express the most beautiful repose and tranquillity, and to have something of a happy look, if death can do this."

Another: "The child has been buried within the church, and the old man, who cannot be made to understand that she is dead, repairs to the grave and sits there all day long, waiting for her arrival to begin another journey. His staff and knapsack, her little bonnet and basket, lie beside him. 'She'll come to-morrow,' he says, when it gets dark, and then goes sorrowfully home. I think an hour glass running out would keep the notion; perhaps her little things upon his knee or in his hand. I am breaking my heart over this story, and cannot bear to finish it."

In acknowledging the receipt of a letter concerning this book from Mr. John Tomlin, an American, he wrote: "I thank you cordially and heartily for your letter, and for its kind and courteous terms. To think that I have awakened among the vast solitudes in which you dwell a fellow feeling and sympathy with the creatures of many thoughtful hours, is the source of the purest delight and pride to me; and believe me that your expressions of affectionate remembrance and approval, sounding from the green forests of the Mississippi, sink deeper into my heart and gratify it more than all the honorary distinctions that all the courts of Europe could confer. It is such things as these that make one hope one does not live in vain, and that are the highest rewards of an author's life."

### GENIUS FOR CHARACTER DRAWING

HIS genius for character sketching needs no proof—his characters live to vouch for themselves, for their reality. It is ever amazing to me that the hand which drew the pathetic and beautiful creations, the kindly humored men, the lovely women, the unfortunate little ones, could portray also with such marvelous accuracy the villainy and craftiness of such characters as Bumble, Bill Sykes, Pecksniff, Uriah Heep and Squeers. Undoubtedly from his earliest childhood he had possessed the quick perception, the instinct, which could read in people's characters their tendencies toward good and evil, and throughout his life he valued this ability above literary skill and finish. Mr. Forster makes a point of this in his biography, speaking of the noticeable traits in him: "What I had most, indeed, to notice in him at the very outset of his career, was his indifference to any praise of his performances on their merely literary merit, compared with the higher recognition of them as bits of actual life, with the meaning and purpose on their part, and the responsibility on his, of realities rather than creatures of fancy."

But he was always pleased with praise, and always modest and grateful in returning it. "How can I thank you?" he writes to a friend who was expressing his pleasure at "Oliver Twist." "Can I do better than by saying that the sense of poor Oliver's reality, which I know you have had from the first, has been the highest of all praise to me? None that has been lavished upon me have I felt half so much as that appreciation of my intent and meaning. Your notices make me very grateful, but very proud, so have a care."

### NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

THE impressions which were later converted into motives and plots for his stories he imbibed often in his earliest childhood. The crusade against the Yorkshire schools which is waged in "Nicholas Nickleby," is the working out of some of these childish impressions. He writes himself of them: "I cannot call to mind how I came to hear about Yorkshire schools, when I was not a very robust child, sitting in by-places near Rochester Castle with a head full of Partridge Strap, Tom Pipes and Sancho Panza, but I know my first impressions of the schools were picked up at this time." We can imagine how deeply the wrongs must have sunk into the sensitive heart of the child, rankling there through many years, to bear fruit in the scourging of them and their abuses from the land. While he was at work upon "Nicholas Nickleby," he sent one of his characteristic letters in reply to a little boy—Master Hesting Hughes—who wrote to ask him to make some changes in the story. As some of you may not have read this letter, and as it is so extremely amusing, I shall quote part of it:

"DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON.

"December 12th, 1838.  
"RESPECTED SIR: I have given Squeers one cut on the neck, and two on the head, at which he appeared much surprised, and began to cry, which, being a cowardly thing, is just what I should have expected from him—wouldn't you?"

"I have carefully done what you told me in your letter about the lamb and the two 'sheeps' for the little boys. They have also had some good ale and porter and some wine. I am sorry you did not say what wine you would like them to have. I gave them some sherry, which they liked very much, except one boy who was a little sick and choked a good deal. He was rather greedy, and that's the truth, and I believe it went the wrong way, which I say served him right, and I hope you will say so, too. Nick has had his roast lamb, as you said he was to, but he could not eat it all, and says if you do not mind his doing so he should like to have the rest hashed to-morrow with some greens, which he is very fond of, and so am I. He said he did not like to have his porter hot, for he thought it spoiled the flavor, so I let him have it cold. You should have seen him drink it. I thought he never would have left off. I also gave him three pounds in money, all in sixpences to make it seem more, and he said directly that he should give more than half to his mamma and sister, and divide the rest with poor Smike. And I say he is a good fellow for saying so; and if anybody says he isn't, I am ready to fight him whenever they like—there!"

"Fanny Squeers shall be attended to, depend upon it. Your drawing of her is very like, except that I do not think the hair is quite curly enough. The nose is particularly like hers, and so are the legs. She is a nasty, disagreeable thing, and I know it will make her very cross when she sees it, and what I say is that I hope it may. You will say the same, I know—at least I think you will."

### HIS WRITING HOURS

THE amount of work which he could accomplish varied greatly at certain times, though in its entirety it was so immense. When he became the man of letters, and ceased the irregular, unmethodical life of the reporter, his mornings were invariably spent at his desk. The time between breakfast and luncheon, with an occasional extension of a couple of hours into the afternoon, were given over to his creations. The exceptions were when he was taking a holiday or resting, though even when ostensibly employed in the latter, cessation from story writing meant the answering of letters and the closer attention to his business matters, so that but little of real rest ever came into his later life.

While in Italy he gave a fragmentary diary of his daily life in a letter to a friend, and the routine was there very much what it was at home. "I am in a regular ferocious excitement with the chimes; get up at seven; have a cold bath before breakfast; and blaze away, wrathful and red hot, until three o'clock or so, when I usually knock off (unless it rains) for the day. I am fierce to finish in a spirit bearing some affinity to that of truth and mercy, and to shame the cruel and the wicked, but it is hard work." His entire discomfort under sound interruptions is also shown in the above, in his reference to the chimes, and the effect which they had upon him.

Despite his regularity of working hours, as I have said, the amount of work which my father accomplished varied greatly. His manuscripts were usually written upon white "slips," though sometimes upon blue paper, and there were many mornings when it would be impossible for him to fill one of these. He writes on one occasion: "I am sitting at home, patiently waiting for Oliver Twist, who has not yet arrived." And, indeed, "Oliver" gave him considerable trouble, in the course of his adventures, by his declination to be put upon paper easily. This slowness in writing marked more prominently the earlier period of my father's literary career, though these "blank days," when his brain refused to work, were of some-time occurrence to the end. He was very critical of his own labors, and would bring nothing but the best of his brain to the art which he so dearly loved—his venerated mistress. But, on the other hand, the amount of work which he would accomplish at other times was almost incredible. During a long sojourn at Lausanne he writes: "I have not been idle since I have been here. I had a good deal to write for Lord John about the ragged schools; so I set to work and did that. A good deal to Miss Coutts, in reference to her charitable projects; so I set to work and did that. Half of the children's New Testament to write, or pretty nearly. I set to work and did that. Next, I cleared off the greater part of such correspondence as I had rashly pledged myself to, and then—begin Dombey!"

### HIS ONLY AMANUENSIS

I KNOW of only one occasion on which he employed an amanuensis, and my aunt is authority for the following concerning this time: "The book which your father dictated to me was 'The Child's History of England.' The reason for my being used in this capacity of secretary was that 'Bleak House' was being written at the same time, and your father would dictate to me while walking about the room, as a relief after his long, sedentary imprisonment. The history was being written for 'Household Words,' and 'Bleak House' also as a serial, so he had both weekly and monthly work on hand at the same time." The history was dedicated: "To my own dear children, whom I hope will help, by and by, to read with interest larger and better books upon the same subject."

My father wrote always with a quill pen and blue ink, and never, I think, used a lead pencil. His handwriting was considered extremely difficult to read by many people, but I never found it so. In his manuscripts there were so many erasures, and such frequent interlineations that a special staff of compositors was used for his work, but this, I think, was not because of any illegibility in his handwriting. The manuscripts are, most of them, exhibited at the South Kensington Museum in "the Forster Collection," and will evidence what I claim. His objection to the use of a lead pencil was so great that even his personal memoranda, such as his lists of guests for dinner parties, the arrangement of tables and menus, were always written in ink. For his personal correspondence he used blue note paper, and signed his name in the left-hand corner of the envelope. After a morning's close work he was sometimes quite pre-occupied when he came into luncheon. Often, when we were only our home party at "Gad's Hill," he would come in, take something to eat in a mechanical way—he never ate but a small luncheon—and would return to his study to finish the work he had left, scarcely having spoken a word in all this time. Again, he would come in, having finished his work, but looking very tired and worn. Our talking at these times did not seem to disturb him, though any sudden sound, as the dropping of a spoon, or the clinking of a glass, would send a spasm of pain across his face.

### "PICKWICK" AND "BOZ"

THE sudden, almost instantaneous popularity of "Pickwick" was known to the world long before it was realized by its anxious young author. All the business transactions concerning its publication were modest to a degree, and the preparations for such a success as came to it were none. As to its popularity, Mr. Forster writes: "Judges on the bench, and boys in the streets, gravity and folly, the young and the old, those who were entering life, and those who were quitting it, alike found it irresistible." Carlyle wrote: "An archdeacon repeated to me, with his own venerable lips, the other evening, a strange, profane story of a solemn clergyman who had been summoned to administer consolation to a very ill man. As he left the room he heard the man ejaculate: 'Well, thank God, Pickwick will be out in ten days, anyway!' No young author ever sprang into more sudden and brilliant fame than 'Boz,' and none could have remained more thoroughly unspoiled, or so devoid of egotism, under success. His own opinion of his fame, and his estimate of its value, may be quoted here: "To be numbered among the household gods of one's distant countrymen, and associated with their homes and quiet pleasures; to be told that in each nook and corner of the world's great mass there lives one well-wisher who holds communion with one in the spirit, is a worthy fame, indeed. That I may be happy enough to cheer some of your leisure hours for a long time to come, and to hold a place in your pleasant thoughts, is the earnest wish of 'Boz.'"

### DEATH OF MR. THACKERAY

ON the Christmas Eve of 1863 my father was greatly shocked and distressed to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Thackeray. Our guests, naturally, were full of the sad news, and there was a gloom cast over everything. We all thought of the sorrow of his two daughters, who were so devoted to him, and whom his sudden taking away would leave so desolate. In "The Cornhill Magazine" of the February following my father wrote: "I saw Mr. Thackeray for the first time nearly twenty-eight years ago, when he proposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book. I saw him last shortly before Christmas, at the Athenæum Club, when he told me he had been in bed three days, and that he had it in his mind to try a new remedy, which he laughingly described. He was cheerful, and looked very bright. In the night of that day week he died. \* \* \* No one can be surer than I of the greatness and goodness of his heart. In no place should I take it upon myself at this time to discourse of his books, of his refined knowledge of character, of his subtle acquaintance with the weakness of human nature, of his delightful playfulness as an essayist, of his quaint and touching ballads, of his mastery over the English language. But before me lies all that he had written of his latest story, and the pain I have felt in perusing it has not been deeper than the conviction that he was in the healthiest region of his powers when he worked on this last labor. The last words he corrected in print were 'and my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.' God grant that on that Christmas Eve, when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done, and of Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his own heart so to throb when he passed away to his rest."

[Miss Dickens' fourth article will be printed in the next (February) JOURNAL under the title of "My Father's Love for Birds and Animals."]



"She's got money enough, and more than enough."

## THE COAST OF BOHEMIA

By William Dean Howells

[Commenced in the December JOURNAL]

### VI



LUDLOW went back to New York and took up his work with vigor and with fervor. The picture of the County Fair, which he exhibited at the American Artists', ran a gauntlet of criticism, in which it was belabored at once for its unimaginative vulgarity and its fantastic unreality; then it returned to his studio and remained unsold, while the days, weeks, months and years went by and left each their fine trace on him. His purposes dropped away, mostly unfulfilled, as he grew older and wiser, but his dreams remained, and he was rich still in a vast future. His impressionism was somewhat modified; he offered his palette less frequently to the public; he now and then permitted a black object to appear in his pictures; his purples and greens were less aggressive. His moustache had grown so thick that it could no longer be brushed up at the points with just the effect he desired, and he suffered it to branch straight across his cheeks; his little dot of an imperial had become lost in the beard which he wore so accurately trimmed to a point that it might be described as conscientiously pointed. He was now twenty-seven.

At sixteen Cornelia Saunders had her first love affair. It was with a young man who sold what he called art-goods by sample—satin banners, gilt rolling-pins, brass disks and ceramics. He had permitted himself to speak to her on the train coming over from the Junction, where she took the cars for Pymantoning one afternoon, after a day's shopping with her mother in Lakeland. It did not last very long, and, in fact, it hardly survived the brief stay which the young man made in Pymantoning, where his want of success in art-goods was probably owing to the fact that he gave his whole time to Cornelia, or rather Cornelia's mother, whom he found much more conversable. He played upon the banjo for her, and he danced a little clog dance in her parlor, which was also her shop, to the accompaniment of his own whistling, first setting aside the bonnet trees, with their scanty fruitage of summer hats, and pushing the show table against the wall. "Won't hurt 'em a mite," he reassured her, and he struck her as a careful as well as accomplished young man. His passion for Cornelia lingered a while in letters, which he proposed in parting, and then, about six months later, Mrs. Saunders received a newspaper announcement of his marriage to Miss Tweety Byers, of Lakeland. There were "No Cards," but Mrs. Saunders made out, with Mrs. Burton's help, that Tweety was the infantile for the pet name of Sweetie; and the marriage seemed a fit union for one so warm and true as the young traveler in art-goods.

Mrs. Saunders was somewhat surprised, but she did not suffer keenly from the disappointment which she had innocently done her best to bring upon her daughter. Cornelia, who had been the passive instrument of her romance, did not suffer from it at all, having always objected to the thickness of the young man's hands, and to the early baldness which gave him the Shakespearean brow he had so little use for. She laughed his memory to

scorn, and employed the episode as best she could in quelling her mother's simple trust of passing strangers. They worked along together, in the easy, unambitious village fashion, and kept themselves in the average comfort, while the time went by and Cornelia ripened from a long, lean child to a tall and stately young girl, who carried herself with so much native grace and pride that she had very little attention from the village youth. She had not even a girl friendship, and her chief social resource was in her intimacy at the Burtons. She borrowed books of them and read a good deal; and when she was seventeen she rubbed up her old studies and got a teacher's certificate for six months, and taught a summer term in a district at Burnt Pastures. She came home in the fall, and when she called at the Burtons' to get a book, as usual, Mrs. Burton said: "Nellie, you're not feeling very well, are you? Somehow, you looked fagged."

"Well, I do feel queer," said the girl. "I seem to be in a kind of dream. It scares me. I'm afraid I'm going to be sick."

"Oh, I guess not," Mrs. Burton answered comfortably. "You're just tired out. How did you like your school?"

"I hated it," said the girl, with a trembling chin and wet eyes. "I don't believe I'm fit for teaching. I won't try it any more. I'll stay at home and help mother."

"You ought to keep up your drawing," said Mrs. Burton, in general admonition. "Do you draw any now?"

"Nothing much," said the girl. "I should think you would, to please your mother. Don't you care anything for it yourself?"

"Yes; but I haven't the courage I had when I thought I knew it all. I don't think I should ever amount to anything. It would be a waste of time."

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Burton. "I believe you could be a great artist."

The girl laughed. "Whatever became of that painter who visited you year before last at fair time?"

"Mr. Ludlow? Oh, he's in New York. He thought your sketches were splendid, Nellie."

"He said the girls half killed themselves there studying art."

"Did he?" demanded Mrs. Burton, with a note of wrath in her voice.

"Mm. He told mother so that day."

"He had no business to say such a thing before you. Was that what discouraged you?"

"Oh, I don't know! I got discouraged. Of course, I should like to please mother. How much do you suppose it would cost a person to live in New York? I don't mean take a room and board yourself. I shouldn't like to do that; but everything included."

"I don't know, indeed, Nellie. Jim always kept the accounts when we were there, and we stayed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel."

"Do you suppose it would be twice as much as it is here? Five dollars a week?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it would," Mrs. Burton admitted.

"I've got sixty-five dollars from my school. I suppose it would keep me three months in New York, if I was careful. But I'm not going to throw it away on any such wild scheme as that. I know that much."

They talked away from the question, and then talked back to it several times after they had both seemed to abandon it. At last Mrs. Burton said: "Why don't you let me write to Mr. Ludlow, Nellie, and ask him all about it?"

The girl jumped to her feet in a fright. "If you do, Mrs. Burton, I'll kill myself! No, I didn't mean to say that, but I'll never speak to you again. Now, you won't, will you?"

"No, I won't, Nellie, if you don't want me to; but I don't see why—Why, bless the child!"

Mrs. Burton sprang forward and caught the girl, who was reeling as if she were going to fall. "Katy! Katy! Bring some water here, quick!"

When they had laid Cornelia on a sofa, and restored her from her faint, Mrs. Burton would not let her try to rise. She sent out to Burton, who was reading a novel in the mild September air, under the crimson maples, and made him get the carryall and take Cornelia home in it. They thought they would pretend that they were out for a drive, and were merely dropping her at her mother's door; but no ruse was necessary. Mrs. Saunders tranquilly faced the fact. She said she thought the child hadn't been herself since she got back from her school, and she guessed she had better have the doctor now.

### VII

IT was toward the end of January before Cornelia was well enough to be about in the old way, after her typhoid fever. Once she was so low that the rumor of her death went out. But when this proved false it was known for a good sign, and no woman, at least, was surprised when she began to get well. She was delicious part of the time, and then she raved constantly about Ludlow, and going to New York to study art. It was a mere superficial effect from her talk with Mrs. Burton just before she was taken down with the fever; but it was pathetic, all the same, to hear her pleading with him, quarreling, protesting that she was strong enough, and that she was not afraid, but that she should get through all right if he would only tell her how to begin. "Now, you just tell me that, tell me that, tell me that! It's the place that I can't find. If I can get to the right door! But it won't open! It won't open! Oh, dear! What shall I do!"

Mrs. Burton, who heard this go on through the solemn hours of night, thought that if Ludlow could only hear it he would be careful how he ever discouraged any human being again. It was as much as her husband could do to keep her from writing to him, and making the girl's fever a matter of personal reproach to him; but she refrained, and when Cornelia got up from it she was so changed that Mrs. Burton was glad she had never tried to involve anyone else in her anxieties about her.

Not only the fever had burned itself out,

but Cornelia's temperament seemed for awhile to have been consumed in the fire. She came out of it more like her mother. She was gentler than she used to be, and especially gentle and good to her mother; and she had not only grown to resemble her in a greater tranquillity and easy-goingness, but to have come into her ambitions and desires. With the return of perfect health and her former strength she got back her old energetic self, but of another quality and in another form. Probably she would have grown into the character she now took on in any case; but following her convalescence, as it did, it had a more dramatic effect. She began to review her studies and her examination papers before the doctor knew it, and when the county examiners met in June she was ready for them, and got a certificate authorizing her to teach for a year. With this she need not meet the poor occasions of any such forlorn end of the earth as Burnt Pastures. She had an offer of the school at Hartley's Mills, and she taught three terms there, and brought home a hundred and fifty dollars at the end. All through the last winter she drew, more or less, and she could see better than any one else that she had not fallen behind in her art, but after having let it drop for a time had taken it up with fresh power and greater skill. She had come to see things better than she used, and she had learned to be faithful to what she saw, which is the great matter in all the arts.

She had never formulated this fact, even if she knew it, and Mrs. Burton was still further from guessing what it was that made Cornelia's sketches so much more attractive than they were, when the girl let her look at them, in one of her proud, shy confidences. She said: "I do wish Mr. Ludlow could see these, Nellie."

"Do you think he would be very much excited?" asked the girl, with the sarcastic humor which had risen up in her to be one of the reliefs of her earlier intensity.

"He ought to be," said Mrs. Burton. "You know he did admire your drawings, Nellie; even those you had at the fair that time."

"Did he?" returned the girl, carelessly. "What did he say?"

"Well, he said that if you were a boy there couldn't be any doubt about you."

Cornelia laughed. "That was a pretty safe kind of praise. I'm not likely ever to be a boy." She rose up from where they were sitting together, and went to put her drawings away in her room. When she came back she said: "It would be fun to show him, some day, that even so low down a creature as a girl could be something."

"I wish you would, Nic," said Mrs. Burton. "I just wish you would!" Why don't you go to New York this winter, and study! Why don't you make her, Mrs. Saunders?"

"Who? Me?" said Mrs. Saunders, who sat by, in an indolent abeyance. "Oh! I ain't allowed to open my mouth any more."

"Well," said Cornelia, "don't be so ungrammatical, then, when you do it without being allowed, mother."

Mrs. Saunders laughed in lazy enjoyment.



"I've made up my mind to go to New York."

"One thing I know, if I had my way she'd have been in New York studying long ago, instead of fooling away her time out here school teaching."

"And where would you have been, mother?"

"Me?" said Mrs. Saunders again, incorrigibly. "Oh, I guess I should have been somewhere!"

"Well, I'll tell you what," Mrs. Burton broke in, "Nic must go, and that's all about it. I know from what Mr. Ludlow said that he believes she could be an artist. She would have to work hard, but I don't call teaching school play, exactly."

"Indeed it isn't!" said Mrs. Saunders. "I'd sooner set all day at the machine myself, and dear knows that's trying enough!"

"I'm not afraid of the hard work," said Cornelia.

"What are you afraid of, then?" demanded her mother. "Afraid of failing?"

"No; of succeeding," answered Cornelia, perversely.

"I can't make the child out," said Mrs. Saunders, with apparent pleasure in the mystery.

Cornelia went on, at least partially, to explain. "I mean succeeding in the way women seem to succeed. They make me sick!"

"Oh!" said her mother, with sarcasm that could not sustain itself even by a smile letting Mrs. Burton into the joke. "Going to be a Rosa Bonheur?"

Cornelia scorned this poor attempt of her mother. "If I can't succeed as men succeed, and be a great painter, and not just a great woman painter, I'd rather be excused altogether. Even Rosa Bonheur: I don't believe her horses would have been considered so wonderful if a man had done them. I guess that's what Mr. Ludlow meant, and I guess he was right. I guess if a girl wants to turn out an artist she'd better start by being a boy."

"I guess," said Mrs. Burton, with admiring eyes full of her beauty, "that if Mr. Ludlow could see you now he'd be very sorry to have you a boy!"

Cornelia blushed the splendid red of a brunette. "There it is, Mrs. Burton! That's what's always in everybody's mind about a girl when she wants to do something. It's what a magnificent match she'll make by her painting or singing or acting! And if the poor fool only knew, she needn't draw or sing or act, to do that."

"A person would think you'd been through the wars, Cornelia," said her mother.

"I don't care! It's a shame!"

"It is a shame, Nelie," said Mrs. Burton, soothingly; and she added unguardedly: "and I told Mr. Ludlow so, when he spoke about a girl's being happily married, as if there was no other happiness for a girl."

"Oh! He thinks that, does he?"

"No, of course he doesn't. He has a very high ideal of women; but he was just running on in the usual way. He told afterward how hard the girl art students work in New York, and go ahead of the young men, some of them—where they have the strength. The only thing is that so few of them have the strength. That's what he meant."

"What do you think, mother?" asked the girl, with an abrupt turn toward her. "Do you think I'd break down?"

"I guess if you didn't break down teaching school, that you hated, you won't break down studying art, when you love it so."

"Well," Cornelia said, with an air of putting an end to the audience: "I guess there's no great hurry about it."

She let her mother follow Mrs. Burton out, recognizing with a smile of scornful intelligence the ladies' wish to have the last word about her to themselves.

## VIII

"I DON'T know as I ever saw her let herself go so far before," said Mrs. Saunders, leaning on the top of the closed gate, and speaking across it to Mrs. Burton on the outside of the fence. "I guess she's thinking about it pretty seriously. She's got money enough, and more than enough."

"Well," said Mrs. Burton, "I'm going to write to Mr. Ludlow about it as soon as I get home, and I know I can get him to say something that'll decide her."

"So do!" cried Mrs. Saunders, delighted.

She lingered talking of other things, so as to enable herself to meet Cornelia with due unconsciousness when she returned to her.

"Have you been talking me over all this time, mother?" the girl asked.

"We didn't hardly say a word about you," said her mother, and now she saw what a good thing it was that she had staid and talked impersonalities with Mrs. Burton.

"Well, one thing I know," said the girl, "if she gets that Mr. Ludlow to encourage me, I'll never go near New York in the world."

Mrs. Saunders escaped into the next room, and answered back from that safe distance: "I guess you'd better get her to tell you what she's going to do."

When she returned, the girl stood looking dreamily out of the little crooked panes of the low window. She asked, with her back to her mother: "What would you do, if I went?"

"Oh, I should get along," said Mrs. Saunders, with the lazy piety which had never yet found Providence to fail it. "I should get Miss Snively to go in with me here. She ain't making out very well alone, and she could be company to me in more ways than one."

"Yes," said the girl, in a deep sigh. "I thought of her." She faced about.

"Why, land, child!" cried her mother, "what's the matter?"

Cornelia's eyes were streaming with tears, and the passion in her heart was twisting her face with its anguish. She flung her arms round her mother's neck, and sobbed on her breast. "Oh, I'm going, I'm going, and you don't seem to care whether I go or stay, and it'll kill me to leave you."

Mrs. Saunders smiled across the tempest of grief in her embrace, at her own tranquil image in the glass, and took it into the joke. "Well, you ain't going to leave this minute,"

she said, smoothing the girl's black hair. "And I don't really care if you never go, Nic. You mustn't go on my account."

"Don't you want me to?"

"Not unless you do."

"And you don't care whether I'm ever an artist or not?"

"What good is your being an artist going to do me?" asked her mother, still with a joking eye on herself in the mirror.

"And I'm perfectly free to go or to stay, as far as your wish is concerned?"

"Well!" said Mrs. Saunders, with insincere scorn of the question.

The girl gave her a fierce hug; she straightened herself up, and dashed the water from her eyes. "Well, then," she said, "I'll see. But promise me one thing, mother."

"What is it?"

"That you won't ask me a single thing about it, from this out, if I never decide!"

"Well, I won't, Nic. I promise you that. I don't want to drive you to anything. And I guess you know ten times as well what you want to do as I do, anyway. I ain't going to worry you."

Three weeks later, just before fair time, Cornelia went to see Mrs. Burton. It was warm, and Mrs. Burton brought out a fan for her on the piazza.

"Oh, I'm not hot," said Cornelia. "Mrs. Burton, I've made up my mind to go to New York this winter, and study art."

"I knew you would, Nic!" Mrs. Burton exclaimed.

"Yes. I've thought it all out. I've got the money now. I keep wanting to paint, and I don't know whether I can or not, and the only way is to go and find out. It'll be easy enough to come home. I'll keep money enough to pay my way back."

"Yes," said Mrs. Burton, "it's the only way. But I guess you'll find out you can paint fast enough. It's a pretty good sign you can, if you want to."

"Oh, I don't know. Some girls want to write poetry awfully, and can't. Mrs. Burton," she broke off, with a nervous laugh, "I don't suppose you expect that Mr. Ludlow out to the fair this year?"

"No, Nelie, I don't," said Mrs. Burton.

"Because," said the girl, with another laugh, "he might save me a trip to New York, if he could see my drawings." Something, she did not know what, in Mrs. Burton's manner, made her ask: "Have you heard from him lately? Perhaps he's given it up, too!"

"Oh, no!" sighed Mrs. Burton, with a break from her cheerfulness with Cornelia, which set its voluntary character in evidence to the girl's keen, young perception. "But he seemed to be rather discouraged about the prospects of artists when he wrote." She was afraid Cornelia might ask her when he had written. "He seemed to think the ranks were very full. He's a very changeable person. He's always talked, before now, about there being plenty of room at the top."

"Well, that's where I expect to be," said the girl, smiling but trembling. She turned the talk, and soon rose to go, ignoring to the last Mrs. Burton's forced efforts to recur to her plan of studying art in New York. Now she said: "Mrs. Burton, there's one thing I'd like to ask you," and she lifted her eyes upon her with a suddenness that almost made Mrs. Burton jump.

"What is it, Nelie?"

"You've always been so good to me—and and taken such an interest, that I'm afraid—I thought you might try—I want you to promise you won't write to Mr. Ludlow about me, or ask him to do the least thing for me!"

"I won't, I won't, indeed, Nelie!" Mrs. Burton promised, with grateful fervor.

"Because," said the girl, taking her skirt in her left hand, preparatory to lifting it for her descent of the piazza steps, "now that I've made up my mind, I don't want to be discouraged, and I don't want to be helped. If I can't do for myself, I won't be done for."

After she got down through the maples, and well out of the gate, Burton came and stood in the hall doorway, with his pipe in his mouth. "Saved your distance, Polly, as usual; saved your distance."

"What would you have done?" retorted his wife.

"I should have told her that I'd just got a letter from Ludlow this morning, and that he begged and entreated me by everything I held dear to keep the poor girl from coming to New York, and throwing away her time and health and money."

"You wouldn't!" cried Mrs. Burton. "You wouldn't have done anything of the kind. It would have made her perfectly hate him!"

Burton found his pipe out. He lit a match and hallowed his hands over it above the pipe to keep it from the draught. "Well," he said, avoiding the point in controversy, "why shouldn't she perfectly hate him?"

## IX

SEPTEMBER was theoretically always a very busy month with Mrs. Saunders. She believed that she devoted it to activities which she called her fall work, and that she pressed forward in the fulfilment of these duties with a vigor inspired by the cool, clear weather. But in reality there was not much less folding of the hands with her in September than there was in July. She was apt, on the coolest and clearest September day, to drop into a chair, with a deep-drawn "Oh, hum!" after the fatigue of bringing in an apronful of apples, or driving the hens away from her chrysanthemums, and she spent a good deal of time wondering how, with all she had to do, she was ever going to get those flowers in before the frost caught them. At one of these times, sitting up slim, graceful and picturesque, in the feather-cushioned rocker-lounge, and fanning her comely face with her shade-hat, it occurred to her to say to Cornelia, sewing hard beside the window: "I guess you won't see them in blossom this Christmas, Nic."

"Not unless you cut them at the roots and send them to me by mail to see," said the girl.

Her mother laughed easily. "Well, I must really take hold and help you, or you'll never get away. I've put off everybody else's work till it's scandalous, and I'm afraid they'll bring the roof about my ears, and yet I seem to be letting you do all your sewing. Well, one thing, I presume I hate to have you go so!"

"Mother!" cried the girl, drawing out her needle to the full length of her thread before she let her hand drop nervelessly at her side, and she fell back to look fixedly at Mrs. Saunders. "If that's the way you feel!"

"I don't! I want you to go just as much as ever I did. But looking at you there, just against the window, that way, I got to thinking you wouldn't be there a great while; and"—Mrs. Saunders caught her breath, and was mute a moment before she gave way and began to whimper. From the force of habit she tried to whimper with one side of her mouth, as she smiled, to keep her missing teeth from showing; and at the sight of this characteristic effort, so familiar and so full of long association, Cornelia's heart melted within her, and she ran to her mother, and pulled her head down on her breast and covered the unwhimpering cheek with kisses.

"Don't you suppose I think of that, too, mother? And when you go round the room, or out in the yard, I just keep following you as if I was magnetized, and I can see you with my eyes shut as well as I can with them open; and I know how I shall feel when that's all I've got of you! But I'll soon be back! Why, I'll be here in June again! And it's no use, now. I've got to go."

"Oh, yes," said her mother, pushing herself free, and entering upon so prolonged a search for her handkerchief that her tears had almost time to dry without it before she found it. "But that don't make it any easier, child."

They had agreed from the time Cornelia made up her mind to go, and they had vowed the Burtons to secrecy, that they were not to tell anyone till just before she started; but it was not in Mrs. Saunders' nature, or the nature of things, that she should keep her part of the agreement. She was so proud of Cornelia's going to study art in New York, and going on her own money, that she would have told all her customers that she was going, even if it had not proved such a good excuse for postponing and delaying the work they brought her.

It was all over town before the first week was out, and the fact had been canvassed in and out of the presence of the principals with much the same frankness. What Cornelia had in excess of a putting-down pride her mother correspondingly lacked; what the girl forbade, Mrs. Saunders invited by her manner, and there were not many people, or at least many ladies, in Pymantoning, who could not put their hands on their hearts and truly declare that they had spoken their minds as freely to Mrs. Saunders as they had to anybody.

As the time drew near Mrs. Burton begged to be allowed to ask Mr. Ludlow about a boarding place for Cornelia; and to this Cornelia consented on condition that he should be prohibited from taking any more trouble than simply writing the address on a piece of paper. When Mrs. Burton brought it she confessed that Mr. Ludlow seemed to have so far exceeded his instructions as to have inquired the price of board in a single room.

"I'm afraid, Nelie, it's more than you expected. But everything is very dear in New York, and Mr. Ludlow thought it was cheap. There's no fire in the room, even at that, but if you leave the door open when you're out, it heats from the hall. It's over the door, four flights up; it's what they call a side room."

"How much is it, Mrs. Burton?" Cornelia asked, steadily, but she held her breath till the answer came.

"It's seven dollars a week."

"Well, the land!" said Mrs. Saunders, for all comment on the extortionate figure.

For a moment Cornelia did not say anything. Then she quietly remarked: "I can be home all the sooner," and she took the paper which Ludlow had written the address on; she noticed that it smelt of tobacco smoke.

"He said you could easily find your way from the Grand Central Depot by the street cars; it's almost straight. He's written down on the back which cars you take. You give your check to the baggage expressman that comes aboard the train before you get in, and then you don't have the least trouble. He says there are several girl art students in the same house, and you'll soon feel at home. He says if you feel the least timid about getting in alone, he'll come with a lady friend of his to meet you, and she'll take you to your boarding house."

Mrs. Burton escaped with rather more than her life from the transmission of this offer. Cornelia even said: "I'm very much obliged to him, I'm sure. But I shouldn't wish to trouble him, thank you. I won't feel the least timid."

But her mother followed Mrs. Burton out to the gate, as usual. "I guess," Mrs. Saunders explained, "she hated to have him make so much to-do about it. What makes him want to bring a lady friend to meet her? Somebody he's engaged to?"

"Well, that's what I wondered, at first," said Mrs. Burton. "But then when I came to think how very different the customs are in New York, I came to the conclusion that he did it on Cornelia's account. If he was to take her to the boarding house himself, they might think he was engaged to her."

"Well!" said Mrs. Saunders.

"You may be sure it's because he's good and thoughtful about it, and wants her not to have any embarrassment."

"Oh, I guess he's all right," said Mrs. Saunders. "But who'd ever thought of having to take such precautions? I shouldn't think life was worth having on such terms, if I was a girl."

She told Cornelia about this strange social ceremony of chaperonage, which now for the first time practically concerned her.

(Continuation in February JOURNAL.)

## IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY

BY MAY LENNOX

GRANDFATHER looks from the paneled wall At grandmother hanging across the hall, In the ripened glow of her stately grace; And a frown comes over his shadowed face As he says: "The world has grown askew, My dear, since we were young—we two."

"Nothing that was is the same to-day; Old-time fancies are cast away; All our scruples are laughed to scorn; All our customs are quite out-worn; Each is seeking for something new— We were content with the old—we two."

Into the shade of the grim old room, Steal two forms through the twilight's gloom. Grandfather's eyes are sharp to see, And a deep voice utters tenderly: "For aye will I love, and love but you, And we'll follow love to the end—we two."

Grandfather's face has lost its frown, And his eyes grown softer gaze gently down On the pair who naught of his watching know, And grandmother smiles and whispers low: "One thing goes on as it used to do In the days when we were young—we two."

## TO SAY AS WELL AS THINK

BY FRANK CHAFFEE



WITH our onward march toward a higher civilization, and the curbing, pruning and suppressing of emotions incidental thereto, we have swung the pendulum to the other extreme, and well-nigh eradicated by

long suppression many emotions that should, with proper regulation, be the motors of life's progress, and presently, with the absence of all demonstration, we shall be like unto a dull prose book without any illustration, dignified truly, but lifeless and uninteresting.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred like to have a little fuss made over them; they declare that they do not, that it is a bore, but in their inmost souls they do like it, and they go away to business in the morning with the cockles of their masculine hearts well warmed by that same feminine fussiness which is so impatiently deplored during its action.

"Jack, you'll need your overshoes!" or, "Jack, dear, you should take an umbrella, it looks very much like rain!" and "Oh, Jack, I laid out your mackintosh!" and the ninety and nine Jacks wear the overshoes, and carry the umbrella and mackintosh, and have a comfortable day, and bless the fussiness (if the storm be very severe, they call it thoughtfulness) that provided such comforts. The hundredth man gets wet, and he certainly deserves to.

A little demonstrative interest now and then is very acceptable. I do not mean sentimental gush nor maudlin baby talk, but I do mean a good, genuine, hearty sympathy, a camaraderie that shows itself in cordial tone, in pleasant glance, and in a firm handshake, in short, a little healthful demonstration of sentiment that has about it no touch of sentimentality.

I know a fellow, a great warm-hearted, grown-up boy, whose home is a very morgue as far as any joyous, cordial demonstration goes. His mother, the best of women in intention, outwardly would make a glacier shiver; his father, just and honest and honorable, yet so schooled in self-repression that it has become his law. Not long ago I saw this boy compelled to leave home for a time on account of ill health, bid his family "good-bye."

His mother said: "You'll write us, I suppose," and dropped a frosty little kiss upon his cheek. His father, good man and true, with the management of a dozen charities on his shoulders, said "Good-bye" without even a handshake, and walked upstairs to his study, and with that sort of a godspeed my friend started out in search of health. Don't you think that he would have started more happily if his mother had let the love that must surely be in her heart melt through the ice a little if she had said: "Good-bye, old fellow, take care of yourself and write me often!" and if his father had for a moment dropped his self-repression, and said: "Farewell, my son, are you sure you have everything you need? God bless you!" don't you think he would have found health more quickly with the memory of cordial home words to quicken his heart action? And yet, if you say to these good people that they do not, with all their cultivation, know the first letter of the alphabet of home duty, and that they little deserve the son they have, they would look at you with wide-eyed surprise, and regard you as a very ill-regulated person indeed.

Do not be so afraid of letting yourself out a little; do not fear that your heart will run away with your head. Ninety out of the hundred times the balance will be largely to the credit of the head.

Kindly words and pleasant "fussiness" are low-priced offerings to make to those we most do love, and many a time you will be glad, so very glad, that you made the offering while yet in time. Do not confound sentiment with sentimentalism.

I have a good friend who says: "You know my friendship is warm and strong, why bother to put it in words or demonstrate it by deeds?" Very true, my dear fellow; I know also that the sky up yonder is clear and blue, but if leaden, silent clouds hang between it and me, base materialist that I am, I long to tear away the clouds and feast my eyes upon the blue, and let the warm sunshine clothe me roundabout; and that is what I mean when I say: "To think, may be the silent silver, but to say, is the glowing gold."

# HOW DUMAS WROTE "CAMILLE"

By Lucy Hamilton Hooper



**F**ORTY years have now elapsed since, at the age of twenty-eight, Alexandre Dumas gave to the world the drama destined to become the most celebrated and successful play of our generation. And the influences through which "Camille" came to be written cannot but be interesting to the thousands who have either read the story, or seen it enacted on the boards of the theatre.

It was at the age of seventeen that the younger Dumas left the boarding school at which he had been educated, and came to reside with his illustrious father. The author of "Monte Cristo" was, probably, the worst guide that a gifted youth, just starting out in life, could possibly have met with. Genial, cordial and extravagant, a great genius, and entirely lacking in business qualifications or notions of economy, he threw, figuratively, the money out of the window that came so copiously in by the door. He was accustomed to keep one of the drawers in his writing table constantly filled with bank-notes and gold, during his periods of good fortune, to which, unhappily, always succeeded a season of straitened circumstances. Whenever his son came to

**A** YEAR after the death of Marie Duplessis Alexandre Dumas published his novel of "The Camellia Lady." It had a great success, and it is generally understood that "Camille" was simply a dramatization of that story. In point of fact, the play was written before the novel. In the first hours of his grief for the dead girl, Dumas withdrew to the country, a habit that he still retains whenever the fever of composition seizes upon him. Very desolate and solitary was the lonely villa where the young man came to shut himself up with his sorrow and his inspiration. He had so little dreamed of devoting his hours to authorship that he had even neglected to provide himself with a supply of paper. "Camille" was written on the backs of letters, on the fly-leaves of the books he had brought with him, on wrapping paper, on anything that came to his hand. He never stirred from his desk except to take necessary food and repose, and then only when exhausted by work and fasting. In a week the drama was finished, and Alexandre Dumas returned to the haunts of men, haggard and half dead, and with fame and fortune wrapped up in the roll of manuscript that he brought with him.

But the trials of the writer and the vicissitudes of his work were only just begun. At that time the elder Dumas was the director of the Theatre Historique. There was not a particle of jealousy or petty-mindedness in his sunny, kindly nature. He read the piece, was enchanted with it, and declared that it should be brought out at once at his theatre. He assigned the role of the heroine to a young debutante, Mademoiselle Isabelle Beraud, whose chief qualification for her undertaking appears to have been the fact that she was the daughter of one of his intimate friends. But before "The Camellia Lady" was even put into rehearsal the Theatre Historique was closed for want of funds. Next, the play was offered to the celebrated comic actress, Dejazet. But the celebrated comedienne, declared that the public had been so accustomed to laugh at the headlong and communicative gayety of her acting that she very much doubted if she would be found sympathetic in the touching scenes of remorse and renunciation and suffering and death of the new drama. Then young Dumas carried his play to the Vaudeville. The manager accepted it at once, but the censure stepped in and forbade its performance.

**M**EANTIME the pecuniary affairs of the author had been going from bad to worse. He had written some two or three novels that had enjoyed a fair success, and two or three more that were total failures. His debts amounted to ten thousand dollars, and he had no prospect of ever being able to pay them. His father was in the depths of one of his recurrent crises of poverty. In these direful straits the sorely tried young writer made up his mind to commit suicide. He wrote some letters, set his papers in order, and then opened the drawer in his writing table where his case of pistols was kept. As he drew out the box his eyes fell on a packet of manuscript which was just underneath it. It was his drama of "The Camellia Lady." The sight of this almost-forgotten work caused him to pause and to meditate upon the desperate deed he was about to commit. He took out the play, put the case of pistols back, and closed the drawer. "I will try once more to have my piece performed," he said to himself. "One more chance, and if that fails"—But it did not fail. The powerful intervention of the Duke (then Count) de Morny procured the withdrawal of the prohibition of the censure. Once the authorization was obtained, the rehearsals of the new work were energetically pressed forward. But there were not lacking predictions of its ultimate failure. Fechter, for instance, who was the original "Armand Duval," remarked to Dumas, who objected to his



ALEXANDRE DUMAS

him with a request for money he would gaily toss him the key of the drawer with the remark: "Help yourself, my boy; help yourself!" This was all very well in the days of plenty, but the days of famine were sure to arise, and the influence of such a state of affairs on the character of a boy not yet twenty can easily be imagined as having been most pernicious. That the younger Dumas was not spoiled for life by his father's reckless indulgence, and by that father's example, all the more dangerous because he was one of the kindest of parents and most lovable of men, proves the exceptional strength of character of which the son has since given proof.

**T**HE younger Dumas was just twenty years old when he first met the woman whose name has since been linked with his own in an undying celebrity. She was a few months his junior, and was famed as being one of the most beautiful women of Paris. She was known by the cognomen of Marie Duplessis, her real name being Alphonsine Plessis. She was the daughter of a small farmer in Normandy, but she was as remarkable for her grace, the elegance of her manners and her taste in dress, as for her beauty. Dumas himself thus describes her: "She was tall, very slender, her hair black, her complexion pink and white. She had a small head, long, almond-shaped eyes, like those of a Japanese, but expressive and sparkling, lips like cherries, and the most beautiful teeth in the world. She was exactly like a statuette in Dresden china. When I first saw her, in 1844, she was in the full bloom of her beauty. She died in 1847 of consumption, at the age of twenty-three." A portrait taken of her just before she died, and the only likeness of her which is known to exist, is now in the possession of Alexandre Dumas, and hangs in his bedchamber side by side with a crayon drawing which represents his mother.

A French gentleman whom I met many years ago, and who was acquainted with Marie Duplessis during the later years of her life, described her to me as one of the most poetic looking, as well as one of the loveliest women he had ever beheld. She wore her hair in long ringlets, a style even then out of fashion, but which suited admirably her slender, drooping throat and the attenuated character of the features that the long curls shaded. Her countenance was oval, her eyelashes long and silken, her eyebrows delicately arched, her hands and feet of exquisite beauty, her nose finely and artistically shaped. She never used either paint or powder, relying wholly on the pearly transparency and the wild rose tints of her natural complexion. Her title of "The Camellia Lady," was bestowed upon her because of her dislike to the perfume of scented blossoms, so that she only wore camellias, and never carried a bouquet of any other flowers. She always cherished a dream of departing from Paris and of taking up her abode in some Southern land, where the climate would suit her delicate lungs, and where she might lead a peaceful and secluded existence. But she died before she carried this project into execution.

Such was the first love of Alexandre Dumas and the heroine of his play of "Camille."



"MARIE DUPLESSIS"

(From the only portrait known to exist.)

manner of rendering the closing scene of the fourth act: "You need not trouble yourself about the fourth act, sir; the piece will have been hissed from the stage long before we reach that point." But, on the other hand, the actress entrusted with the rôle of the heroine—the gifted, graceful, high-bred looking and beautiful Madame Doche (who still survives) was enthusiastic about her part, and studied and rehearsed it with untiring energy.

**A**T last all was ready, and the new work beheld the lustre of the footlights at the Theatre du Vaudeville, on the second of February, 1852. There are old play-goers in Paris that still speak with enthusiasm of that extraordinary first night. The applause was unbounded. The performers were called out rapturously at the end of each act. And at the close of the drama the young author received such an ovation from the delighted spectators as neither his own father nor Victor Hugo had ever won with their masterpieces in the dramatic line. The era of debts and struggling and projected suicide was ended forever for the younger Dumas. The Comedie Francaise laid authoritative hands on his next dramatic work, his comedy of "The Demi-Monde."

Over two score years have passed since the woman who was the original of "Camille" died. She sleeps in the cemetery of Perè la Chaise. As is well-known, it is the custom in France for all persons who have lost a relative or friend to go on the anniversary called "The Day of the Dead" to decorate the graves of the departed with flowers. Every year, on that day, an unknown hand deposits on the tomb of Marie Duplessis a superb wreath of white camellias. It is generally conjectured that the author of this touching act of homage is Alexandre Dumas.



## \* XXVII—MRS. H. RIDER HAGGARD

By ADA CHESTER BOND



**W**HEN, at the close of the year 1879, Mr. H. Rider Haggard returned from four years of hard service for his Queen and country in the Transvaal, the people of his native city, Norfolk, gave him almost a hero's welcome, of which no part was more grateful to the young soldier than that accorded him by his one-time childhood companion, Marianna Louisa, the only child of his father's near neighbor and friend, Major Margitson. To her he stood doubtless in the light of a hero, this stripling of twenty-three, and the tale of his adventures was the keynote of the courtship which commenced between them, and which resulted, after the usual brief English engagement, in their marriage.

Soon after the wedding Mr. Haggard, accompanied by his bride, returned to South Africa, and remained there until the English government ended the Boer War, by its compulsory restoration of the independence of the Transvaal, an act which Mr. and Mrs. Haggard naturally considered to be one of political cowardice and expediency, rather than of wisdom or bravery. During their residence there, however, the dangers and perils of life at the Cape in such times was very clearly demonstrated to the young couple by many and daily reports of the cruelties and barbarities always practiced upon the contending forces of a battle born of fierce feeling. Mrs. Haggard's courage never for an instant failed her, and when the independence was restored, as we have said, no one was more sincerely regretful of the Government's action than the young bride who had so bravely undergone privations and anxieties. The bravery and courage with which she met and overcame these dark hours were hers by inheritance as by nature. Her mother's family were the Hamiltons, of Norfolk, during many years the staunchest of cavaliers. One of the Hamilton family anecdotes is of the long and hasty ride from London to Norfolk of an ancestor with the news of Cromwell's death.

The life of the typical literary man would be but of the mildest interest to the woman of strong nerve, iron physique and love of excitement who shares Mr. Haggard's name and fame, and it is well for her happiness that her husband combines so much of the explorer and soldier with his literary talents, and is so little representative in his personality of the usual examples of the successful novelist. On the return of the Haggards from South Africa, they began house-keeping in London, and their home speedily became one of the many centres of literary and artistic affairs in that city. But the cramped, confined life of the metropolis proved irksome after a few months, and the establishment on Earl Court Square was abandoned for Ditchingham House, Mrs. Haggard's family residence in Norfolk, which had become her property through the death

of her father. The free, open, out-door life of the country, to which both husband and wife were born and bred, has proven much more congenial to them both, and but few are the pilgrimages made away from the household gods there. Short visits to the Continental health resorts make the most usual interruption to the generous and hospitable life of the country family. It has been said of Mr. Haggard that he is a country gentleman among literary men, and a literary man among country gentlemen, and probably no more apt description could have been framed.

Ditchingham House, which has been in the possession of the Margitson family for nearly two centuries, is one of the delightfully roomy country residences so characteristic of England and English life. The residence is handsomely, comfortably and artistically furnished, not the least of its valuable possessions being the collection of Margitson and Hamilton family portraits with which the walls are lined. Attached to the house is a farm of one hundred and fifty acres, in which Mr. Haggard displays the liveliest interest. His wife, however, reserves her out-door experimenting for sports, to which she is devoted, and at which she has more than feminine cleverness. Tennis and golf are her favorite games, and occupy much of her leisure. She is also an expert horsewoman, and with her two little daughters—who resemble their mother in their ability to ride, as in other things—may be seen, almost any morning, cantering about the lanes and roads which surround Ditchingham House. These two daughters (the only son, Jack, died a year or so ago, while his parents were traveling in this country), with Mr. and Mrs. Haggard, comprise the family.

An interesting story is told of Mr. and Mrs. Haggard while they were traveling in this country in the spring of 1891. It is said that while in Mexico, at Vera Cruz, they arranged to sail North along the Atlantic coast to New York. While waiting for the steamer, Mr. Haggard took a small coasting boat and made several voyages up and down the Mexican seaboard in search of curiosities and traditions, and became so interested that he forgot the flight of time and the sailing day of his vessel. Mrs. Haggard thought her husband had been captured for a ransom, but with the courage so characteristic of her, felt certain that he would turn up all right somewhere; so when the steamer was ready to sail for New York



MRS. HAGGARD

she went aboard and proceeded on her way. When Mr. Haggard reached Vera Cruz, and found neither steamer nor wife, he took to the railroad, and as fast as steam could take him returned to New York. There in the corridor of a hotel husband and wife were reunited.

In appearance Mrs. Haggard is charming; she has clear-cut features, a strong, self-reliant mouth, large, expressive brown eyes, and an abundance of dark brown hair. She is above the medium height, with the strong graceful figure that belongs to healthy, vigorous womanhood. Her personality is quite as interesting as is that of her well-known husband, whose strong, square forehead, firm lips and clear, deep eyes impress you with their owner's strength and originality. In stature Mr. Haggard is tall and erect, his voice low and melodious; he has been described as "that blonde and athletic gentleman." While at Ditchingham he is wont to appear in jacket and knickerbockers of tweed, thick knitted stockings and thick, serviceable boots, his whole appearance suggesting the typical English squire.

The home life of this interesting family is like that of so many English families, beautiful in its simplicity and genuineness. The day opens with family prayers, which are read with gentle reverence by the master of the house in the large square entrance hall, to which assemble not only the family and visitors, but all the servants.

Duties and pleasures, with much of healthful outdoor recreation, fill the days and lives of the happy household and its mistress, who in the love of her husband and children, the affection of her neighbors and friends, and the respect of her servants and dependents, as in her intellectual abilities, adorns and dignifies her position as the wife of an English country gentleman and clever story writer.

\* In this series of pen-portraits of "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men," commenced in the January, 1891, JOURNAL, the following, each accompanied with portrait, have been printed:

MRS. THOMAS A. EDISON	January 1891
MRS. P. T. BARNUM	February "
MRS. W. E. GLADSTONE	March "
MRS. T. DE WITT TALMAGE	April "
MRS. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW	May "
LADY MACKENZIE	June "
MRS. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS	July "
LADY TENNYSON	August "
MRS. WILL CARLETON	September "
MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY	October "
MRS. MAX O'REIL	November "
THE PRINCESS BISMARCK	December "
MRS. JOHN W. SWANWICK	January 1892
MRS. IRELAND STANFORD	February "
MRS. CHARLES H. SPURGEON	March "
MRS. EUGENE FIELD	April "
MRS. JOHN J. INGALLS	May "
MADAME VICTORIE SARDOU	June "
MRS. EDWARD BELLAMY	July "
MRS. WILLIAM M. EVARTS	August "
MADAME ALEXANDER DUMAS	September "
MRS. OSCAR WILDE	October "
MADAME JULES VERNE	November "
MRS. GEORGE M. PULLMAN	December "
MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE	January 1893
MRS. LEVI P. MORTON	February "

Any of these back numbers can be had at 10 cents each by writing to the JOURNAL.

## THE WELL-BRED GIRL IN SOCIETY

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

IN FOUR PAPERS: THIRD PAPER—A GIRL'S ATTITUDE TOWARD YOUNG MEN



JUST what attitude a girl assumes in society toward young men is the crucial test. However careless our debutante may permit herself to be in her demeanor toward other girls, uninteresting matrons, strangers who suggest no promise of return for civilities extended, elders who have the misfortune to obstruct her path of pleasure seeking, it is essential that the young woman of well-bred society shall hold herself under certain restraints of conventional manufacture, in her behavior toward the other sex. It is often at the moment of introduction to a man's acquaintance that a heedless girl strikes the false note which is to prove the key to her social status. If she is nervous, and strives to conceal it by forced vivacity, giggling unduly with meagre cause, or affecting some mystery of prior information concerning him, which is meant to enhance her value and whet his curiosity concerning her, ten to one the man goes off laughing in his sleeve at her transparency. On the occasion of first meeting, a trifle of ceremony, a hint of refined reserve, are not thrown away.

## IT IS THE FIRST STEP THAT COSTS

WHAT man does not own the charm of an undiscovered country upon his imagination? Which among them would confess that by his future wife he would care to be met half way? And yet, the *chasse aux hommes* goes on in polite society, not always, perhaps, with the dire intent with which Milady Kew ran down her noble prey, Lord Farintosh, from Scotch moor, through English country house to Paris ball-room, but after a fashion sufficiently vigorous to make the eligible youngster of American society take himself too seriously as a factor of indispensable importance to woman's contentment with her daily lot. Truly, the poor young men are not all to blame in this when their appearance upon the scene of a social gathering is hailed by women as shipwrecked mariners upon the desert cliffs are popularly supposed to welcome the vision of arriving sails, when assemblages of fair ones, bored and unsmiling ere their approach, break up at seeing them in gaiety, as the spring in Broceliande broke suddenly in flowers! One can sympathize with—almost pity—the male supporter of modern good society, whose waking hours are haunted by little notes of invitation from the Maids and Beatrices and Gladys of his acquaintance, urging upon him, in "mamma's" name, to dine and sup and drive, to make one of a party to an endless variety of entertainments, which he well knows without him would fall flat. Many of these kind hostesses, he also knows, are too intent upon the business of pleasure to take "No" for an answer graciously. His refusal of proffered courtesies will not secure him from a second note of readjustment of plans to meet any emergency his excuse may have set forth. Yes, there are martyrs in their ranks as well as in ours. Their whitely gleaming shirt fronts, under the broadcloth coverings and silk reverse, under the boutonnières of welded white carnations or gardenias, often enshrine spirits made valiant (or goaded) by necessity, to participation in the social fray.

## SUBJECTS OF CONVERSATION

MARK of immaturity in dealing with the other sex is the tendency of some young girls, when in general company, toward conversation of a persistently theoretical and pessimistic cast. Not for the world would such young persons allow it to be supposed that they survey the scene about them with any of the emotions of mere joy and excitement that animate the bosoms of the mass of budding womankind. They wish all men to take note that they, if not born tired, have a preternatural understanding of the folly, the inanity, the certain disappointment to result from earthly pleasures. They seek motives, pursue occult theories, reason, argue, air shreds of book learning, condemn all human weakness unsparingly, keep their interlocutors upon mettle to respond appropriately, and send them home weary and yawning inwardly. This type of beginner is quite common nowadays. She professes to despise balls, and comes out in her own opinion best at dinners. She has rarely a sense of humor, and with darkling countenance may be viewed on the outskirts of gay gatherings, where she fondly supposes that "clever men, if there are any to be seen at these ghastly functions," will, by instinct, find out and pay homage to her superiority. What young men really respect in a girl of their own condition in society is first the possession of that fine moral fibre, purely womanly, and yet stout as tempered steel, that makes them realize in her presence the gulf that divides her from the unworthy of her sex. However much they may applaud or chaff over the passing license of a woman's witty tongue, they will surely leave her to look back upon the frisky girl with an instinct of contempt. However they may ridicule and urge her to disregard observance of conventional proprieties, it is certain that the girl who is the victor in her sense of right, has established over them a stronger and a more lasting empire than the girl who incontinently yields.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This series was commenced in the JOURNAL of November, 1892. The first paper treated of "The Young Girl and Dancing," the second, "A Young Girl's Dress in Society," appeared in the December JOURNAL. Either of these back numbers can be had at ten cents each by writing to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

## THREE WIDELY DIFFERING TYPES

IN all men who are worth thinking of a second time, a good woman is blended with their natural instincts toward religion. It is a sad moment in their experience when a young, innocent girl, fresh from her Maker's hand, and nurtured with all the sheltering tenderness that keeps evil from women's lives, leads the way for them to follow by some speech or action that is to rank her henceforth in their estimation far lower than the angels men dream of domesticating in their homes.

One hesitates to bring up for animadversion that widely differing type, the girl who is so rigid in her observance of proprieties as to incur the derided epithet of "prude." Of two extremes of manner, this is much the safer one to aim for. The impulse toward it may be dictated by so much that is right and laudable; and it is, perhaps, in the carrying out, that failure has come to warp its high intent. But, I take it, the distaste inspired in the average man's mind by the "excessively proper" girl, is because of association with the unforgiving saint of popular imagination. He pictures her grown older, more staid, more settled, sitting opposite some man at table, and measuring his words, judging his motives three hundred and sixty-five days in the year during an ordinary lifetime. He sees hilarity repressed, offenses well punished by cold severity before they are condoned, confidences good and bad frozen in their passage to the lips in such a presence. He ponders upon this vision of his mind, and—man is but mortal—shuns the excellent young person who inspires it! The censorious girl so often and openly overshoots her mark one might think her a warning sufficient unto herself. But, in every community, she springs up with every successive generation of debutantes. She is, in embryo, the future frequenter of society, whose friends, like Sir Peter Teazle, will dread going out of the room before she does, leaving their reputations at her mercy. The most trustful and ingenuous young man into whose ears a girl may pour petty fault-finding with the looks and gowns and manners of her dearest friends, will chafe in his vexed soul while listening, and carry away a new sense of feline possibilities among the gentler sex.

## THE ART OF CONSIDERATION

THE women who have longest kept place as social favorites seem to have been those who held sway through the magic power of sympathy with their followers. Men tire of crowding around a mere beauty to receive subdivided portions of her attention, and join with each other in ringing the changes upon her charms. It is almost invariable, after the first season of the career of a much discussed belle, to see her pass into the keeping of a few "regulars" of society, while the general public is content to stare at her and let her go. The incessant demand for homage, the air of ownership with which she surveys every gathering of people, isolate her from the personal relation that is the foundation of genuine popularity with men. Fascination, with or without accompanying good looks, is a motor of the world's progress as actual as it is elusive and indefinable. The famous French women, who kept their admirers longer than any other fair ones outside of the nebulae of the classics, were certainly not all good to look at. Admirable listeners, fountains of sentiment and tact, marvels of intelligence in divining men's idiosyncrasies, they were also monuments of endurance and self-control. To them it was a small matter to sit for hours and listen to some five-act tragedy, read aloud by its author, applauding him at appropriate places, or melting to tears, as might be expected. When Gibbon, who in his globular old age (Gibbon, of whom M. de Bievre said: "When I need exercise, I make three times the tour of him") fell upon his knees to declare his passion to a beautiful French woman, and on being refused found himself physically unable to get up, with great gravity and "tenderness of consideration" the lady called on her valet de chambre, and aided him to replace the huge suitor upon his legs. It is the same tender consideration for the feelings of the suitor that under, let us hope, less mirth-inspiring circumstances, should be the guiding influence of a girl's dealing with the man who has given her the best homage of his heart. Truth to tell, our pretty little republican princess, who of late years has had her share and more of discussion in the press, is wont to take her sovereignty over mankind rather too much for granted to give time to cultivating her sympathies in their direction.

An American girl who was last year visiting during the shooting season, at an English country house, came away loudly protesting to her compatriots that she had never had such a stupid time in all her life. "Why, we girls were absolutely nowhere!" she declared. "Every woman in the party spent her time making toilets and the men were too pre-occupied with sport, or too sleepy in the evenings to observe. I had no patience with them. Just fancy us hanging around our men, waiting on their fancies, fetching and carrying for them, playing on the piano while they doze in their arm-chairs, or sitting by to watch their interminable games of billiards. And if a couple chanced to be engaged, it was even worse. The girl was too meek for words; she dared not say her soul was her own when he was by; and, would you believe it, it was she who did all the waiting upon him! Well, there is one thing to be said for American society, our men know their places!" ended this frank expositor of the independence of her order.

## CALLS AND GIFTS FROM YOUNG MEN

TO lay down any law of restriction or limitation for the American girl with regard to receiving calls without the presence of a chaperone in her own home, from a young man with whom she associates by her parents' sanction, would be to revolutionize a state of things firmly established long before the political liberties of our republic had been secured. Her parents or guardian, her own good sense, her circumstances of residence and opportunity, the custom of locality, must decide for her how and when to be at home to such a visitor. In the crowded social life of a great city, calls from men are more infrequent, more ceremonious than in the leisurely atmosphere of less formal communities, and are made more often upon the ladies of a family collectively, than upon the young girl of the household alone. A point to be touched upon is the confusion that exists in the minds of some young girls about the limit of receiving gifts from young men. Conventionalities have established, without inscribing it formally upon her rolls, that no well-bred young woman shall accept at the hands of a man not her relative presents other than books, music, flowers, or bon-bons. To bestow personal ornament is the privilege of the accepted lover alone, to receive it from any other the index, on a girl's part, of lack of knowledge of the first principles of social ethics.

## OFFENSES AGAINST GOOD FORM

IN like fashion, a young woman condemns herself in the eyes of good society who is observed to enter alone with a young man a place for public refreshment, be the restaurant or tea room ever so select. Bred under other conditions of a society so necessarily varying as that in our broad America, a stranger visiting New York, for instance, might readily and innocently make a mistake of this nature, and blush at finding herself condemned for it. In the same category of offenses is ranked that of maidens visiting places of public amusement under the escort of young men alone. Many parts of the South and West allow this to be done with the smiling consent of good society; but in Eastern cities it is considered a violation of the code of good form, and for the comfort, if not the convenience, of the girl considering it, had better be ranked among the lost privileges upon which social evolution may look back with fond regret.

[Mrs. Harrison's fourth paper in the series of "The Well-Bred Girl in Society," will appear in the next (February) JOURNAL, and will discuss the "Social Code of Theater, Opera and Ball," as well as the rules to which young girls must conform in order to win popularity in society. This series is published with the earnest hope that it may aid girls in the smaller as well as in the larger cities of the country to be in all things representative of what is best and loveliest in American womanhood.]

## DANGERS OF A SOCIAL CAREER

BY MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

A woman's most valuable possessions are the trust and affection of her husband and children, without which no woman, worthy the name, can be really happy, whatever the envy, admiration or social triumphs and influence she may enjoy, it behooves her seriously to consider the question whether she may not make shipwreck of that happiness by entering upon a career of fashionable life.

If man be a gregarious animal, woman is no less so, and requires a certain amount of intercourse with her kind for her best development, but the great mistake often made is that pleasure becomes the business of life instead of what it was meant to be—the recreation. It is impossible that character should not deteriorate when such is the case.

Social intercourse, kept in its proper position relative to other and higher things, certainly has a distinct influence for good. It broadens the mind, it brightens the intellect, it develops the power of pleasing, and makes one the more agreeable companion; it even educates the love of one's kind by increasing our interest in one another. But when it becomes a "life"—"social life"—and occupies the greater part of woman's thoughts, time and money, it is not only a sin, it is a crime against her own happiness and that of those nearest and dearest to her.

It has been said by a wise Frenchman that "happy people need few pleasures;" and when the world sees a woman to whom social success is the aim and object of life it guesses pretty shrewdly that all is not well at home, and no woman wishes to make a present of such a secret to a captious and critical world. In our large cities the customs of Continental Europe are becoming more and more prevalent every year, and they have also obtained among the fashionable world of England, and especially is it noticeable in the position of married people in society. American women are celebrated for their adaptability, and with this quality it is difficult not to be imitative.

Time was, not so very long ago either, when the bridal veil was no less a symbol of a withdrawal from society than the one assumed in the cloister. Dancing, flirtation, attention from other men were all eschewed, as a matter of course, and the young woman gave herself all in all to the man of her heart and choice. She was not necessarily sacrificed; there was a bliss in the self-surrender, and divorce was then as rare as it is now disgracefully common. The simple and comprehensive phrase used in the old Russian marriage ceremony: "Here wolf, take thy lamb," may be suggested to some minds in recalling such old-fashioned customs and ideas, but such wives are the kind still dreamed of by lovers of all times and countries, and they become such mothers as Coleridge speaks of as "the holiest thing alive." A man has a right to feel that his

wife is "all his own," but one of the first temptations of social life is to make a pretty or charming woman dissatisfied, "by little and little," with the admiration of one man, and perhaps, unconsciously, to reach out after evidences of approval and interest in others, and there is then but one step to flirtation. If a woman did but know how she cheapens both herself and her husband in the world's eyes by such conduct, I think there are few so lost to the sense of their own self-respect, as not to be dismayed. Women are the custodians of the morality of a nation, and cannot hold themselves too high.

There is but one way in which a married woman may safely lay herself out to be charming or fascinating to any man, and that is with the one purpose in mind, dominating all else, that she may arouse in him the conviction that her husband ought to be a happy man. A woman may sometimes increase her value in her husband's eyes by the admiration of others when it is solely for his honor that she is seeking to please.

Vanity is not the only moral danger of a life spent in fashionable society, though it leads to its most disastrous consequences in often alienating a wife's affection from her husband, and vice versa. They handle edged tools who "play at love," and the divorce courts seem to be the only places resorted to for the cure of such wounds. If "the little rift within the lute" has already begun in a wife's relations with her husband, let her repair it at once, and realize that her life-long happiness depends only upon him. It helps wonderfully in arousing one's own waning affection to try to gain that of another and excite and deserve his highest admiration. There is another side to the subject—the husband may be in fault—but we are considering the matter from the woman's standpoint. Let us

"Act well our part,  
For there all honor lies."

If children be neglected, they unconsciously exact a terrible revenge, and that a mother not only robs herself of one of the sweetest pleasures of life, and lays up for herself untold sorrow in the future, is too evident a commonplace to require statement. In the early years, when character is forming, nothing can take the place of the mother's constant companionship. Her unconscious influence does more than all the efforts she puts forth intentionally; and when old age comes, and she turns to them for comfort and cherishing, the love that should have "grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength," will be conspicuous by its absence.

I do not mean to assert that women conspicuous for social success always neglect their children, but it requires an exceptional woman to make a day of twelve hours cover the duties of both home and society. One social leader, whose wealth and position almost force her into prominence, told me that she made it a principle always to spend an hour with her children every day, and allowed nothing to infringe upon that sacred time. It was all she could manage to do with the best intentions, and she was naturally a fond and tender mother. This is undoubtedly an exceptional and extreme case, but the pressure on such a life is much greater in big cities. I should think that in small towns a woman of large social influence might set a noble example, and be a very pattern of womanhood.

Extravagance is another of the reefs where matrimonial peace is wrecked in social life. It is a great temptation to a woman to dress as well as her neighbors, but she need not try to be "the equal of her superiors and the superior of her equals." She does not realize that to provoke envy is to make an enemy.

In entertaining, also, extravagance and display give little pleasure, and generally provoke invidious comment. When the bills come in, and the husband scolds, and the wife feels herself ill-used, there is a distinct loss of domestic happiness—the "bloom" is rubbed off a little.

Social life may be made so pleasant a thing, if taken in small quantities, with the innocent wish to be happy and make others so. A pretty and artistic entertainment may be most inexpensively gotten up in these days, and a little thought and ingenuity often produce more agreeable results than a long purse. Where a woman seeks to outshine others at her festive occasions she generally succeeds in making them uncomfortable, and effectually spoiling their enjoyment by laying them under an obligation. But where the object is to give pleasure, it rarely fails of the mark.

In these days one is nothing if not artistic, and "Buttercup Luncheons" and "Daisy Teas" have overspread the land like an epidemic. It is certainly an evidence of growing refinement, if somewhat crudely expressed at times; but it is to be hoped that simplicity and the frugal virtues may not be sacrificed. Some say that it is not possible to go into social life in moderation, that unconsciously one is drawn into the vortex, that one cannot accept some invitations and refuse others without giving offense. It is not impossible, for, what woman has done, woman can do.

One lady said to me: "I solve my own social problems by giving 'Luncheons,' at which I aim at giving pleasure to the minds, eyes and palates of my lady friends. Upon these occasions my children are very glad to lunch with their grandmammas, and on their return home enjoy with great zest the bonbons or other like dainty 'remains of the feast.' I give dinners only at the desire, and for the pleasure, of my husband. My gentlemen friends are mine only because they are his. My evenings I keep sacred to my husband."

It is not necessary to give up society. It is in the "seeking first" that the question lies. In these hurried, nervous, over-crowded lives of ours, our only hope lies in wise choosing.

If a woman make husband, home and children her first consideration, all other affairs will fall naturally into their subordinate places, and she may accept, in perfect innocence, and with a "conscience void of offence," all the opportunities for social pleasure that are offered for her enjoyment.



"I can't marry both of 'em, you know," Salethea explained.

A NIGHT WATCH

A Story: By Elizabeth W. Bellamy



It was high noon of a July day some forty years ago; the mid-summer sun shone hot upon the fields, and hot upon the straggling road that climbed the hills stretching away to the northward far as the eye could reach; but a breeze came up from the south, a lazy, half-hearted little breeze, idling about the honeysuckle that clung in a tangle around the broad piazza of a great white house upon one of the lesser hills of western Georgia.

The doors of the house stood hospitably open, letting the air down through the wide hall, where the mistress of Wynhope plantation sat knitting. She was an elderly woman of unwieldy size, but her face was the face of a saint. Her silver hair was combed away from her low, smooth forehead, and fastened at the back in a tight little knot. A ruffled cape of sheer white lawn was crossed over her ample bust, and the skirt of her purple gingham dress came down upon the floor, hiding her crippled feet. A stout, ivory-headed staff rested against an iron hook affixed to the arm of her chair; but the use of the staff was not for walking, seeing that Mrs. Wynhope had not stood upon her feet in fifteen years, and could not move without assistance. When her ball of cotton dropped to the floor, as it had a way of doing, the staff was convenient to poke into wakefulness a little negro boy, snoring on the door-mat; and when she was alone she rapped upon the floor with this trusty bit of oak to summon attendance.

The great hall clock, ensconced in the niche of the stairway, was hoarsely clanging out twelve, when Jericho, contending with the kitten for the ball, which had rolled out upon the piazza, espied, far down the road, two wayfarers on horseback.

"Com'ny, ole miss! com'ny!" he announced. Company, he knew, was always welcome in that house; moreover, it was safe to guess the destination of the travelers, for few people journeyed that long, lonely road without intent to stop at the Wynhope place.

"Ole miss" lifted her mild eyes, and at a glance recognized the prospective guests. "Run, Jericho," she commanded, "and tell Sheba to make a pudding for dinner, and tell Tiffy to set two extra places at table, and tell Cassy to draw some fresh water, and tell Constantinople to come for the horses. Run!"

But Jericho did not run. "Who you mek out dee is, ole miss?" he asked, staring open-mouthed.

"Miss Salethea, of course," answered "ole miss," "and her brother Joe. Don't you hear me tell you to run?"

Jericho obeyed now with alacrity, for Miss Salethea's brother Joe was the one white boy of his acquaintance, and he made a cartwheel of himself all the way to the kitchen door for sheer delight. Having delivered his messages to the cook and the housemaids, he darted away in search of Constantinople, and by the time Miss Salethea and her brother rode up he was atop of the big carriage gate, ready to swing it wide for their entrance.

Miss Salethea's pretty face was hidden in the obscurity of a green gingham sunbonnet, stiffened with pasteboard and finished with a cape that hung down over her shoulders almost to her waist. A voluminous skirt of brown cambric protected her dress; it was tied in front and lapped securely over her knees. Without removing the big leather mittens which she wore over a pair of knitted gloves, the girl gave a dextrous twitch to the strings of this convenient riding gear, threw it open, and left it in the saddle as she lightly dismounted, unassisted. For Joe, a shock-headed, freckled lad of twelve, in a faded summer suit, ill-fitting and much outgrown, was too deeply interested in information Jericho was glibly imparting, to remember anything so insignificant as a girl.

"Rabbit hok down in de holler, ter' side de branch, sho'!" said Jericho.

"Reckon we c'n git him?" inquired Joe, eagerly.

"Brer Quash, he got a mighty peart rabbit dog," Jericho made known; and while the preliminaries of a hunt were being settled between these two, Miss Salethea ran into the house.

"Why, how d'ye, Aunt Savannah?" she cried, half-way up the steps. There was no relationship, but the greater part of the county honored Mrs. Wynhope with this title.

"Glad to see you, Salethea," Mrs. Wynhope responded, with a welcoming smile. "Come right in."

Salethea, pushing back her huge sunbonnet as she stooped to kiss the old lady, revealed a pretty dimpling face of that milky fairness which betokens freckles; and of freckles Miss Salethea Partridge had such a horror that she would never sit in an open hall without the protection of her sunbonnet; so when she had bestowed her kiss, she pulled the shield of her beauty over her sleek, red-brown hair again, and dragged forward a rocking chair, into which she dropped, with a sigh of hearty satisfaction.

"Gracious! Ain't I tired, though! Eleven miles on horseback! Now, guess what I've come for, Aunt Savannah?"

"To make me a good, long visit, I hope?" But Salethea did not reply to this, for at the moment a tall, comely yellow woman entered, bearing a waiter, on which stood a blue china pitcher and two glasses.

"Why, how d'ye, Cassy?" the girl exclaimed. "Goodness knows I'm glad to see you, for I am just dying of thirst. You well, Cassy?"

"I'm tollable, Miss Salethea, I thanky, ma'am." Cassy responded. "An' how's yo' maw an' yo' paw, an' all ter' yo' house?"

Salethea emptied her glass before she answered:

"All hip-top. Do, for pity's sake, Cassy, get me a fan."

Before Cassy returned with the big turkey-tail that hung handy for company to the knob of the parlor door, Joe clattered in, Jericho at his heels, both of them bent on unearthing the rabbit in the hollow beyond the creek.

"Yes'm, I'm well," Joe answered, in response to Mrs. Wynhope's kindly greeting. "C'n me 'er Jerry get Quash's dog 'n' go down to the branch-hollow? Jerry says how there's a rabbit there—"

"Gracious!" exclaimed his sister. "There isn't a sign of a rabbit anywhere about our plantation, I suppose?"

"Hit's a mighty uncommon big rabbit," Jericho interpolated.

"But, child," objected Mrs. Wynhope, "dinner will be ready now directly."

"Don't want dinner," Joe declared. "I'll go by the kitchen 'n' get a chunk o' bread"—Joe pronounced it "brade"—"n' meat. C'n Jerry go, Aunt Savannah?"

"Oh, for pity's sake, yes! And a good riddance to you!" cried Salethea, fanning herself. "I want to talk to Aunt Savannah. And be sure you are back here an hour by sun, Joe," she called after her vanishing brother; "you know I'm bound to ride on to Colonel Wyatt's."

"Why not stay all night with me?" Mrs. Wynhope asked. "I'm all alone, for Malcolm has gone to Woodridge."

"Couldn't! Couldn't! I'd like to, best in the world, but I have to see Lucy Wyatt on business—same business I came to see you about." And Salethea drew her chair nearer.

"Say, Aunt Savannah, I'm going to be married a week from to-day."

"Salethea! Are you joking?" Mrs. Wynhope inquired, rubbing her eyes.

"Cross my heart, solemn, sure," Salethea made answer, with a giggle.

"Isn't it—sudden?"

"Yes, it is kind of sudden," Salethea admitted; "but, you see, Lonny won't wait."

"Lonny?" Mrs. Wynhope gasped. "Why, Salethea—I thought you had broken with Alonzo Husted three months ago? They told me you had engaged yourself to Aleck Brent, that young stranger who bought the Ashby place?" And the old lady bent her searching eyes upon the girl, but was baffled by the sunbonnet.

"Oh, that's at an end," Salethea explained, hurriedly. "You see, Lonny and I made it up about three weeks ago—and I can't marry both of 'em, you know."

"Well, to be sure," sighed Mrs. Wynhope, who, having no daughters herself, had long ago made up her mind that the ways of girls were past finding out. "So it is to be Alonzo Husted? Well, Salethea, I wish you happy."

"There! I just knew you would," replied Salethea. "And one reason why I'm satisfied to have the wedding now is because you can come to it. The roads are good, and the river is down; the water wasn't much above the mare's knees when we forded this morning. I came just on purpose to ask you, for you know I've always said you must come to my wedding. It will be so convenient for you, too, because Elder Jackson is going to preach at Locust Ridge Church on the Sunday after, and as you always go to the summer-time preaching, you can stay with us over Sunday, don't you see?"

"Yes, child, I see," Mrs. Wynhope answered, with a smile, "and I'll come, God willing."

"The wedding will be on Thursday, you know," pursued Salethea, "and Ma wants you and Mr. Malcolm to come over on Wednesday."

"Well, I thank your mother kindly; tell her I'll come."

For Mrs. Wynhope had never allowed her affection to prevent her going among her neighbors, and she was always a welcome guest, notwithstanding her dependence upon the ministrations of others.

When the sun was well in the west, Miss Salethea departed to confer with her chosen bridemaid; her brother followed with the rabbit slung to his saddle-bow, and he counted his day well spent; but Jericho's "Brer Quash," who had marked that rabbit for his own, confiscated the jew's-harp and the two fish hooks which Joe had bestowed on his partner in the hunt; the dog was worth his hire, Quash said, and Jericho howled behind the wood pile.

Mrs. Wynhope superintended the making of three great cakes to grace the bride's table, and somewhat late on the afternoon of the appointed Wednesday she was ready for her trip. On account of her crippled condition and unwieldy size she had long ago discarded her carriage for a wagon, the panels at the back of which could be removed for the convenient lifting in and out of the chair in which, since the accident that had disabled her, her life by day was spent. She had discarded her carriage driver, also, for Malcolm—her one child living—would allow no one but himself to hold the reins when his mother went abroad. He could not lift her in and out of the wagon without assistance, but the certainty of finding, wherever they went, ready help among their friends, made it unnecessary to take a man with them.

Having adjusted the wagon cover so as to screen his mother, and yet leave her an easy outlook upon the mid-summer world, Malcolm drove forth, Jericho on the gate-top waving a farewell.

They met no one along their lonely way until within about two miles of the river, when they encountered old Major Brown, in his buggy, returning from the county town. The major was the most genial of gossips, and Malcolm, though the sun was low in the sky, halted his horses with the very natural desire to hear what news might be stirring in the county. Major Brown, as ready to tell as Malcolm to listen, had checked his horse at the first glimpse of Mrs. Wynhope's well-known wagon ascending the hill.

"On your way to the wedding, eh?" said Major Brown. "Well, you're wise to take time by the forelock."

"That's the only plan for me," replied Mrs. Wynhope. "The Partridges insisted that I must spend to-night with them."

"Well, that's good. I'm expecting to grace the occasion myself, but I'll start about this time to-morrow. That's a prime team you're driving, Malcolm. Same old reliables, eh?"

"Same old reliables. They know they are pulling my mother as well as you or I do."

"Well, that's good. Say"—leaning forward with an air of importance—"we came near having lively times at Rodney Court House to-day."

"How was that?" Malcolm asked eagerly, and Mrs. Wynhope bent her head to listen.

"Know the young fellow from North Carolina that bought the Ashby place?"

"We've never seen him," Mrs. Wynhope answered. "At least I never have."

"Name of Brent; yes, I've seen him," said Malcolm.

"He and Alonzo Husted had some words to-day."

"Dear! dear!" lamented Mrs. Wynhope. "What about?" asked Malcolm.

"Well," said Major Brown, slowly, "outwardly it was the line fence. Looks as if there was bound to be a quarrel, somehow. Young Brent is hot headed. I don't take much stock in him, though it seems kind o' hard to say it of a stranger. But Alonzo is fiery, too. He is in the wrong about the fence, and he must know it."

"Maybe there's something else besides the fence," ventured Malcolm.

"Trust you young fellows for tackling the facts when there's a girl in the case!" cried the Major, with a ringing slap on his broad knee. "They do say that Salethea Partridge is at the bottom of the trouble. She broke off with Alonzo, you know, and engaged herself to Brent; and now she's broken with him all of a sudden to marry Lon."

"Ah, well, don't let us be too hard on the girl," sighed Mrs. Wynhope. "She is young."

"She is old enough to know better," the Major declared. "But Lord! What else can you expect of a woman?" he added, with a wink at Malcolm; for Major Brown was a bachelor.

"I dare say she's not ill-pleased to have two young fellows sparring about her. I wasn't a witness of the dispute to-day, I'm thankful, but it seems Husted began it. There was a deal of unhandsome 'jaw' back and forth, and it might have come to worse, but



"Merciful Heavens!" exclaimed the voice, as its owner peered into the wagon.

From the Wynhope plantation to the Partridge place the way was long and lonely and rough; moreover, there was the river to cross. But the turbulent flood that forbade ferrying in the winter months, and was apt to overflow its steep banks widely in the spring, shrank, in the dry, hot mid-summer, to an insignificant stream, easily forded.

the boys interfered and walked the belligerents off separate ways. It ain't going to be healthy for 'em to meet again in a hurry; but by good luck they'll be traveling different roads from town, for Husted is going to his Uncle Joel's to-night. He was powerful aggraving, by all accounts; and that young Brent ain't none of your forbearing kind, so

they say. But I must be jogging; and so must you if you are to reach Partridge's in good time to-night. You're a bit late. So farewell to you. Head your horses a little up stream, Malcolm!" the Major called back, as he drove down the hill.

"All right!" Malcolm answered at random, hearing the Major's voice but not his words.

The sun had set when he arrived at the ford, and the short southern twilight was fading fast when his horses stepped into the water.

Midway in the stream the wagon stuck fast in a hole that had recently washed there. It was not deep; the water was but little over the hubs of the wheels, but the horses were unequal to the task of extricating their burden. Malcolm dismounted, and arming himself with a pole picked up from the bank, prized at the wheels, but exhausted his strength to no purpose. There was no habitation nearer than six miles, nevertheless he shouted lustily, in the hope that some chance wayfarer might hear; but a faint echo from the hills was the only answer to his repeated call. The dusk was now gathering, and the stars were peeping out.

"Alone in the wilderness!" sighed Malcolm. "No help for us."

"Oh, yes, there is," said his mother. "Take out the horses and ride on to Mr. Partridge's. Better ride them alternately, poor beasts, they are so tired; and in the morning you can bring a fresh team and some of the men."

"But you—?" stammered Malcolm.

"I shall stay here," she replied placidly.

"Alone? Here?"

"Certainly. It is a beautiful night, and God keeps watch. I shall not be afraid."

Her son, knowing her habit of simple trust, ceased to question this decision; he kissed her and obeyed.

When the sound of the horses' feet died in the distance, Mrs. Wynhope was alone in the midst of the water, wrapped around by the shadows of a moonless night, and helpless as a babe. As the darkness gathered and the stars trooped out, those passages of the Bible that tell of "the night season" came, without effort, into her mind, appealing to her heart with a force and sublimity never before realized. So far from feeling afraid, she enjoyed a sense of absolute security; and so, having said her prayers, she calmly composed herself to sleep.

After some hours she awoke. By the stars visible through the opening in the wagon cover, she judged that the night was far spent, though there was, as yet, no hint of day. In her own room at home, when she awoke in the night, she usually heard the hall clock strike two before she dropped asleep again, and so it may have been about that hour when she awoke "alone in the wilderness." Yet not afraid. A sense of exaltation took possession of her, and she began to sing. Often, in the watches of the night at home, had this desire to praise God in song come upon her, but the fear of disturbing others had withheld her; in this isolation there was nothing to forbid. Her voice was tuneful still, and full of power, despite her infirmities, and she sang joyfully:

"Gulde me, O Thou Great Jehovah."

The strain flooded the still air with a heavenly rapture, and died away in the depth of the wood. An owl hooted in the distance, and a fox barked; but the lone singer, undismayed, began again.

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

When next she paused, there was a measured splashing of the water—some creature had entered the stream.

Listening attentively, Mrs. Wynhope discovered that no wheels followed those steps in the water, and as they were approaching from behind the wagon, they could not be the signal of her son's return. "My being here," thought she, with benevolent satisfaction, "will save some poor creature from stumbling in this hole."

Nearer and nearer came the steps, and presently they stopped abruptly beside the wagon. The steps were unmistakably those of a four-footed creature, but a man's voice exclaimed, in a startled whisper:

"What's this?"

Mrs. Wynhope did not know the voice, but she answered unhesitatingly:

"It is Mrs. Savannah Wynhope." Her name was so well known throughout that part of the state, that even a stranger might be acquainted with it.

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated the voice. The owner thereof, riding around to the side of the wagon, peered in, and by the dim starlight Mrs. Wynhope beheld a face she had never seen before, a boyish, beardless face, but haggard with a strange passion and fear.

"Was that you singing?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Were you afraid?"

"No, I was not afraid; I sang, rejoicing in the Lord."

"But how came you here?"

Mrs. Wynhope explained the situation.

"I am afraid—horribly afraid," said the young man, with low, shuddering laughter.

"Then take shelter with me," said Mrs. Wynhope. "There is room in the wagon."

Hastily tying his horse to the wagon, he crawled within, and lay at Mrs. Wynhope's feet, shuddering. "Refuge! Refuge!" he murmured.

Mrs. Wynhope did not ask his name; he was a fellow creature in distress, and that was enough for her to know. Softly she repeated some verses of her favorite psalm: "I will say of the Lord he is my refuge. He shall cover thee with his feathers. Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night."

"Ah, 'the terror by night,'" the stranger gasped. "Has anyone passed this way?"

"I do not know. No one passed before I fell asleep; but I must have slept long."

"It is about two o'clock," he said. "I struck a flint and looked at my watch by the light of the spark in the wood over there, when I heard you singing. I could not be-

lieve it was a human being. I thought it might be my mother, and she is dead." A violent fit of shuddering seized him.

"And you were afraid?" Mrs. Wynhope asked, pityingly.

"Horribly afraid."

"Poor boy!" she sighed.

"A great horror and dread came upon me suddenly," he said. "But it is all over now; and when it is light I will go on my way a different man. Hark! What is that? Some one is crossing!"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wynhope. "Some one is crossing farther up stream."

With a stifled groan the stranger crouched closer to her feet, and lay silent until the splashing of the water ceased to be heard. "I am not afraid any more!" he declared; then, with a long-drawn sigh: "But oh, it was horrible!"

"If you have escaped a danger," said Mrs. Wynhope gravely, "give God thanks."

"I do! I do!" he answered with fervor.

After this they were silent; but with the glimmer of the dawn the stranger roused himself.

"I must go away," he said. "But I bless you for the hymns you sang—the hymns my mother loved. Some day I will come to you and tell you my name and my story; but until then, I pray you, keep this meeting a secret."

"It shall be as you wish," Mrs. Wynhope promised.

Her unknown guest did not cross the river, but went back the way he came. An hour later Malcolm Wynhope arrived with a fresh team and some men from the Partridge plantation.

"I hope you had a good night, mother?" he inquired, anxiously.

"I had a very good night," his mother replied. "I slept and woke, and dozed again. Some one crossed, late in the night, higher up the stream."

"Yes, I know!" said Malcolm, quickly. "It was Alonzo Husted. He stopped at Mr. Partridge's, instead of going on to his uncle's. He told me that he saw the wagon, but he thought it might be an ambush."

"An ambush?" replied Mrs. Wynhope.

"Yes. He admits that he wasn't blameless in that quarrel with young Brent, and Brent, they say, is just the sort to lie in wait for his man, and be sorry for it ever afterward."

But Mrs. Wynhope remembered her promise, and kept silence.

She never saw young Brent again, for she died suddenly about a week later.

Long afterward, Aleck Brent made known to Malcolm Wynhope the story of that night-watch in the river.

"When I heard that singing in the stillness of the lonesome wood," he said, "I thought it was my dead mother's voice raised in warning against my evil intent, and all at once I was horribly afraid, not of the blessed dead, nor of the living, but of the demon in my own heart, the demon of murderous rage. Whose hideousness I did not know until I followed the sound of the singing and found, in the middle of the river, a woman, crippled and helpless and alone, yet serenely unafraid because her righteous soul could trust in God. I do not know what she thought my fear was. I dared not tell her that I had been tempted to lie in wait for the blood of the man who had angered me that morning."

THE SUNDAY SIDE  
BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD

THE world has many a joy to give,  
Many a token of balm and bliss,  
Of refuge and rest for the troubled breast  
We blindly miss.  
And in darkness and dullness we grope along,  
Lamenting ever the light denied,  
That would soon shine in did we once begin  
To walk through life on the Sunday side.

The week-day trouble and week-day toil,  
Like a dark miasma obscure the way,  
And the gods we love, as we daily prove,  
Are gods of clay.

But better things we may hope to reach,  
If we follow the steps of a better guide,  
For the life is vain that does not contain  
A little bit of the Sunday side.

The houses we build may far excel  
The costly palaces of the East,  
And jewels most rare and blossoms fair  
May grace the feast,  
But it is not home in the sweetest sense,  
If the doors and windows so long and wide,  
And the hearts that within their fancies spin,  
Open not out on the Sunday side.

For 'tis all a folly and all a waste  
To spend our lives, as it were, for naught,  
The good to shun, and to have not one  
Uplifting thought.  
And where'er in the world 'tis our lot to dwell,  
In rustic cottage, or halls of pride,  
There's a chance, I'm sure, for us all to secure  
A little bit of the Sunday side.

### THE ART OF KEEPING SERVANTS

BY ELLEN HOWE

URING twenty-two years of housekeeping in both city and village in Massachusetts, I have had such excellent domestic service that in all that time I have only once had occasion to resort to an intelligence office; and as my friends often ask me how it is that my servants remain so long a time with me, I give my rules for dealing with them, hoping thus to assist some troubled housekeeper. Of course, there have been changes in these years. Several servants have married, two have left me to follow friends to other towns, and I have found it necessary to discharge two, but no other changes have been made. I began housekeeping with one maid-servant and now keep two and a gardener, who does the heavy in-door work.

I always pay their wages promptly, never making it necessary for them to ask me for money, and I pay them cheerfully, making them feel that I do not grudge them their earnings. When employing a new servant I fix her wages at a certain price per week, because that establishes the necessary length of time of notice of change that each of us shall require. Should a servant choose to leave suddenly without notice, she would forfeit her pay for the unserved time, and should I discharge her without notice I should pay her unserved week to her. I then inquire how frequently she would like her wages, and have found that usually they prefer monthly payments, but I pay as they desire. Then I keep each one's account in a little book which I show at each payment, so that there is never any confusion as to the amount due or the time of the last payment. When away from home, if I leave my house in their care, I pay full wages, because responsible care deserves payment as well as manual labor. If I close my house but wish to retain their services for future re-opening, I make a definite bargain with them to that effect. It seems very easy to make a promise to do "what is right" by another, but the idea of what is right often varies widely between the standpoint of mistress and maid, and a clear understanding on both sides is the only correct way to plan. The business of payments between housekeeper and servants should be as well understood, and as sharply held to, as between a merchant and his clerks. I am convinced that irregular and long-delayed payments of wages are among the most frequent of the causes of dissatisfaction, and can be most easily prevented by the housekeeper.

Then I commend freely when the work is well done. I like very much to have my friends, and especially my husband and sons, say pleasant things about my pictures and china painting, and I try to remember that there is no one but me to say a pleasant word about the work my servants do, nor to say that word. If my cook makes a particular success of a dish I tell her so; or if the clean clothes look very nice I speak of that, or of the well-made beds, or the clear windows, or any such work as it comes in my way to notice. I find this is always very gratifying, and I think it only a fair recognition of the universal love of approbation.

I will not tolerate untidiness in person or dress, nor unkempt hair at any hour of the day, but find that a few words of praise accomplish more than much of general remark. Thus I may say to my waitress: "How pretty your fresh calico looks!" or, "I'm so glad you never wear old slippers," and I find that such remarks are long remembered. I do not require a servant to wear a cap or any other uniform or livery if it is distasteful to her. Recollecting how much of a trial to myself has been the wearing of some article that I dislike, I will not add a needless discomfort to a servant's life.

Then I never scold. If the work is not well done I show the maid what does not

suit me, or explain to her a better way. Neither do I blame unduly for broken dishes and torn clothing. Such things happen under the best of care. But I do require all accidents to be at once reported, so that I may know just the condition of my pantry or wardrobe. I think that few servants are wilfully careless, and scolding only makes them assume a very trying air of bravado as they feel the injustice of censure.

I will have no quarreling with the other servants about the division of work or any other matter. In employing a new servant I say that whatever I ask her to do will be her work, whether she has ever done it before or not. For instance, I have a neighbor with a large family who keeps five maids—a cook, a laundress, a waitress, a chambermaid and a nursery girl—and at one time this neighbor regularly swept the front flight of stairs because the chambermaid and waitress quarreled as to whose work it was, and neither would do it. Such a state of things would be intolerable in a well-regulated home.

And I never help about the work. If in some way the work is really very much increased—as happens by illness, or by an unusually large number of guests—I may have extra help about the washing and ironing, or I may order my desserts from a caterer, or relieve the work in any such way, but it is understood that as the family work must be irregular in amount, so when it is less the servants have the advantage, and when it is more they equally must take the disadvantage. This rule I have always found to work admirably. Still, if I thought a servant were ill or over-fatigued I would be very careful to relieve her in some way.

As I never help, neither do I plan the order of the work. A maid soon learns to save herself steps by planning her own order of doing, and is much less apt to be confused and forgetful than if she is continually told, "Now black the stove, then scald out the refrigerator, then shake the door mats, etc." If the day's work is done each day, and the meals are served at their proper hours, I think the planning of the work is better done by the doer thereof.

I give each servant a regular amount of time to be away. This amount is usually half a day off each week, and one or two evenings out and parts of alternate Sundays, but if the work is done, and one servant is ready to attend the door or respond to any needed call, I am quite willing the other should be out of the house any evening. As a rule, visitors are welcome to call at suitable hours, and are entertained in the kitchen or the servants' chamber (if women) as they please, but visitors must leave before ten o'clock at night, and all servants must be at home by ten o'clock, unless by permission given beforehand. I am also willing to have them have their friends share a meal with them if they happen to come in at meal time.

I always know about their families and friends that they frequently visit, or that frequently visit them. This is often quite a safeguard for a servant as well as for an employer. Then, if they are aged, or sick, or dependent friends, I try to send them reminders now and then from my table or wardrobe or purse. Such interest makes a servant so grateful and happy that were one only supremely selfish in such a matter she would be amply repaid. But I deeply feel that these humbler members of our family deserve more kind and Christian treatment than they frequently receive, and that in no better way can we promote brotherliness in the world better than by showing that we remember, as the rich and the poor meet together in one family life, that the Lord is the maker of them all.

I respect their religious views whatever they may be, and arrange matters so that they may regularly attend service at some fixed place.

I trust them, not keeping everything under lock and key as if I thought they were watching a chance to steal, and, so far as I know, I have never lost the smallest trifle by the dishonesty of a servant.

When my children wish any special service they are required to ask it courteously and not demand it, though I expect reasonable requests to be attended to.

I try to give each servant a room to herself. When I cannot do this I give each one her own bureau and her part of the closet, and I require that the servant's room shall have its bed as regularly and neatly made as that in any other room, and that the general order shall be equally well maintained. I hang pictures on the walls and put cheap draperies at the windows, and try to have them feel a pride in their own room, which they usually do, in a very marked degree.

As my man-servant lives elsewhere, only taking his meals in the kitchen, there is very little friction on his account. My maid-servants prefer not to eat with him, and I let them plan that as they like best. If they want any special help from him they ask me if they may have it, and I send a message to him, so that he knows the orders come from me, and he attends to them at once.

Lastly, as I never had a servant who liked to be called by that word I never use the word "servant" in their hearing. According to the neighborhood custom, or their own preference, they speak of each other as "help," or "girls," and generally speak of service in families as "living out." If the use of any of these words seems better to satisfy their sense of independence I like to gratify them.

With me housekeeping has been a long pleasure; when illness, or absence from home has removed my hands from the conduct of my household affairs my servants have been equal to the emergency and have faithfully performed their allotted duties, and have done everything possible to make my convalescence, or my home coming, a pleasure and a joy. Whenever there has been any change to make I have had frequent applicants for the place from those with whom my servants have been friendly, which has convinced me that my way of dealing with servants has been generally acceptable.

### THOUGHTS TO CARRY WITH YOU

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE



Doing our own work well and patiently we help God with His eternal plans. So the little brook runs on, and swells the river, and the river gives itself to the sea, and not a drop is lost.

Time, that writes wrinkles on the face, smooths away the wrinkles from life.

Not "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," for the fullness of the heart is often silence.

The more we study human nature the less we know about it. Each new discovery is a contradiction to the last.

Tears are sometimes a better happiness than smiles.

The fetters of propriety should be worn as an ornament, not a chain.

We love the body for the soul's sake, but never the soul for the sake of the body.

The soul has depths that joy can never fathom. Suffering is the lead that sounds the deep waters.

It is always harder to give utterance than it is to comprehend.

We wear the love of those about us like an every-day garment. It is only when we lose it that we know the world is cold.

Time and tide wait for no man; yet there often comes a crisis when man forgets to wait for them.

The poet's mind is a universe by itself, which embraces the farthest star and the nearest field flowers.

Beyond all power of expression rests the eternal silence of thought.

To be in love is to lose one's identity, but it is also to attain new perceptions of delight.

It is strange to reflect that too much freedom becomes a chain, and too much rest a weariness.



# DECORATIONS FOR THE PIANO

By Maude Haywood



**T**HE piano, which is now-a-days justly considered almost an indispensable possession in every home of refinement, lends itself in the most satisfactory manner possible to decorative treatment. However beautiful the instrument as it leaves the hands of the manufacturer, it absolutely needs further embellishment and adornment by artistic hands in order to bring it into harmony with its surroundings, and since many pianos, particularly of the cheaper grades, are undoubtedly far from graceful in structure and design, it lies entirely with their owner, by means of dainty draperies or other elegantly devised decorations with needle or brush, to render them pleasing to the eye.

The opportunities for the exercise of individual taste in this matter are many and varied according to special requirements, but in all cases certain general principles must be borne in mind, while the particular features of the contemplated decoration are carefully thought out and studied.

### ORNAMENTS ON THE PIANO

It must be always remembered that the object of having covering, scarf or mats upon a piano, is primarily to preserve the case from injury. An instrument of which the polished surface is scratched and defaced is not only unsightly, but betrays culpable carelessness on the part of its owner. Ornaments should never be allowed to stand upon the bare wood without protection of some kind, and incidentally let it be mentioned that it is not in good taste to place a quantity of bric-à-brac upon a piano, and that a number of small objects set out on the top of an instrument is considered particularly inartistic, it being preferable to choose two or three handsome objects sufficiently important in size and decorative in character to form, together with the draperies, the sole ornamentation, a further advantage being that these may be easily removed whenever it is necessary to open the top of the piano.

A pretty and simple, but very effective arrangement may be contrived in the follow-

### FOR THE BACK OF AN UPRIGHT

**A**NOTHER, among the many possible arrangements for the back of a piano, is to have a lambrequin, some twelve inches deep, with an arrangement of draperies below. A design for this purpose is given in Illustration No. 1. It may be embroidered, but can be also effectively rendered in tapestry dyes upon silk tapestry canvas. This latter comes in white and ecru. Except for a white and gold room, the ecru is usually to be preferred. It costs five dollars the yard, and is about fifty inches wide. As this is slightly narrower than the average piano, the requisite width can be made out by adding at either side bands of flax velours, plush or other suitable fabric. Of course, if preferred, the piece may be cut lengthwise of the goods, and the exact size thus obtained. The material must be cut wide



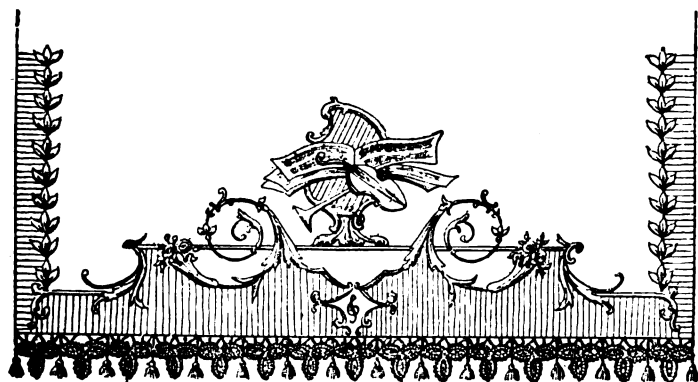
PANELS FOR AN UPRIGHT (Illus. No. 5)

enough to cover the top of the piano, this part being left plain and simply finished in front with a silk fringe or row of tassels to match that which serves as the edging to the lambrequin at the back. This silk tapestry, besides being the most suitable material for treatment with the tapestry dyes, makes the most exquisite ground for embroidered subjects. The following scheme of color for the design given will be found to harmonize with the tone of almost any apartment, the ecru tapestry having been chosen for the ground. Use Grénié dyes with a little of the proper medium sold with them, and soft tapestry brushes. Make the ornamental frame in shades of gold, obtained with Indian yellow for the general wash, shaded with brown (which may be obtained ready mixed). The

leaves are rendered in soft shades of green. The berries in the centre wreath are made reddish, the high lights being pure ponceau. The ribbon may be a pale blue, obtained with a very light wash of indigo, which when first laid in, looks dull enough to discourage a beginner, but which will be found to dry into an extremely pretty shade. The lettering may be done with sanguine, and the lyre made mahogany colored, with the other instruments in gold. Add ponceau to the Indian yellow for the first wash of the lyre. Remember in using these dyes that they are concentrated, and extremely strong, and must therefore be much diluted before being applied.

### COVER FOR A SQUARE GRAND

If it is desired to make a cover for a full sized grand piano, the only possible way is to have it shaped to the instrument with a hanging border. However beautiful the fabric or its



A COVER FOR A SQUARE GRAND (Illus. No. 2)

ing manner: Take a long scarf of soft silk, tie it at one end in a large, loose bow, set this on the piano, and keep it in place by a tall vase of elegant design: festoon the scarf, raising the silk again at a suitable distance, and set a short and rather broad-shaped vase upon it, allowing the end to hang down over the edge of the piano.

The first thing to be considered with regard to a piano is its position in the room. This should be arranged to suit the comfort and convenience of the performer, who should on no account be seated with his or her back to the audience, and for this reason the custom of turning an upright piano with its back toward the room and not toward the wall, is to be commended as wise and sensible. Furthermore, decoratively considered, this offers a better chance to the artist, for the back affords a space of convenient size and shape for the display of skill in embroidery or painting, giving opportunity, if desired, for the representation of an allegorical design with figures introduced, where there is sufficient talent to warrant its being undertaken. A suitable setting for such a panel would be a frame of some rich self-colored fabric, several inches wider at the base than at the sides. Where the subject allows of it, the back may be divided into several panels, instead of being made one large picture.

An extremely effective piano back designed by an English artist had as the subject an allegorical figure playing on a lyre, attended by Cupids, some of whom held before her a scroll with music upon it. The border was of laurel leaves, having broad ribbon twisted about it, upon which were the names of famous composers in quaint lettering.

decoration, this arrangement always looks more or less stiff and conventional, and is on that account not to be recommended, any arrangement of scarfs, mats or drapery being preferable. For the style of instrument called a square grand, a large cover like a great table cloth may be used, but in order to avoid the inconvenience involved in having to turn this

back every time the piano is used, a broad scarf which does not reach far enough to interfere with the opening of the instrument is frequently employed. The design in Illustration No. 2 is suitable for working upon the ends of such a cover. The border of laurel leaves is carried the entire length of the scarf. The irregular border indicated by straight lines in the drawing is rendered in darning, and greatly adds to the effectiveness of the work. In order to facilitate the darning, mail-cloth is suggested for the ground. Of course, any other handsome art fabric may be employed if preferred. If the color selected be a soft gray-green, the darning may be rendered in terra cotta of not too dark a shade. The leaves can be of an olive green, the ornament in gold, and the roses and leaves in their natural coloring. The harp and trumpet should also be gold and the violin with the terra cotta of the border for the lighter shades deepening into mahogany tones. The white pages of the music may be embroidered solidly, and the music afterward rendered upon them in golden browns. The fringe is a handsome one crocheted over moulds in the style which has become so popular, and which was described at length by Margaret Sims in the JOURNAL for last November. All the colors of the design are repeated in the fringe. The tassels are of gold silk tied with metallic gold thread. The moulds are covered with terra cotta, having the edges and centres in the gold thread. The bars are of olive green, except those to which the tassels are attached, which should be of gold thread. In this case silk

### PANELS FOR AN UPRIGHT PIANO

**A**RTISTS who possess sufficient skill can greatly enhance the value of an upright piano by the insertion of painted panels similar to those shown in Illustration No. 5, the designs being after the famous French master Watteau, and particularly suited for this pur-



A PIANO LAMP SHADE (Illus. No. 6)

pose. They may be executed either upon gilded or upon polished wood. If the gilded background be chosen, there are two ways of preparing it. The first and most expensive, but in many ways, of course, the best method, is to employ gold leaf. If this be done, it is wiser for an inexperienced amateur to have it applied by a professional gilder. A second and very good way, that is to say, one which answers well for many practical purposes, is to gild the wood with the best quality of bronze powder. None but the best can safely be used, as inferior kinds are almost sure to become discolored after awhile. First lay upon the wood a coat of brown shellac, and if the wood be at all porous another application will be necessary in order that a perfectly smooth and even surface be obtained. Then, when the shellac is thoroughly dry, the bronze powder is laid on with a fitch hair brush. After the painting is finished, the entire panel must be varnished with white hard varnish in order to preserve it. Great care must be exercised to avoid injuring the light background during the progress of the work. Ordinary oil paints are employed, without any medium, except a very little spirits of turpentine, if absolutely necessary, since the colors must be applied very thinly. The same method is followed when painting on polished wood.

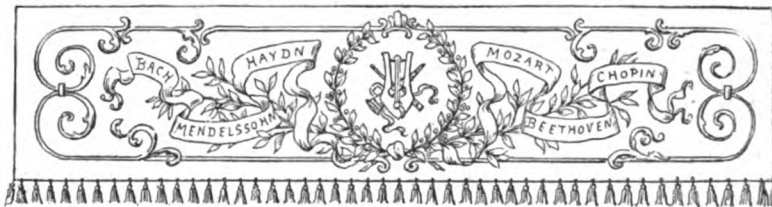
### A PRETTY PIANO LAMP SHADE

**T**HE necessity for the comfort of the performers of having a good and strong light thrown upon the music makes a piano lamp almost indispensable, unless a gas bracket can be arranged at a convenient angle from the

would be more suitable for making the fringe than the lustrous linen thread.

### EMBROIDERED KEYBOARD COVERS

**A**NOVELTY in piano decorations, in the shape of keyboard covers, comes to us from the other side of the water, for which two designs are shown in Illustrations Nos. 3 and 4. They are as yet unknown to the American public, and will doubtless find immediate favor as a new and pretty idea. They are in size made exactly to fit the keyboard they are intended to cover, being laid over the keys when the piano is not in use. The first



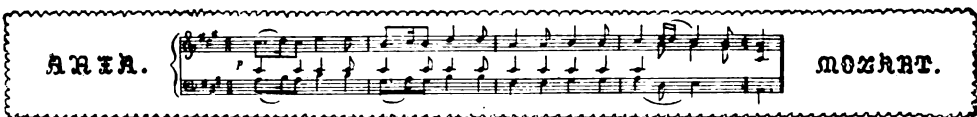
FOR THE BACK OF AN UPRIGHT GRAND (Illus. No. 1)

illustration hardly gives a fully adequate idea of the extreme effectiveness of this design when actually worked out. It represents several bars of music containing the theme of one of Mozart's well-known sonatas. In planning such a piece of work as a gift between friends, an added value will be given to it if an air be chosen as the subject which has mutual association recalling pleasant memories. The actual cover illustrated was made of broadcloth in an ecru color, with the notes, lettering and lines worked entirely in a rich shade of terra-cotta rope silk, sometimes called Roman floss, and lined with silk of the same shade. The lining was lightly sewn to the cloth, the edges of both being pinked, as shown in the drawing. Another and very pretty scheme would be to work this design in golden-brown silk upon a cream ground. This piece involves comparatively little labor, the principal requirement being that the work should be evenly and accurately executed. The second design given in the illustrations is more elaborate, but extremely dainty and handsome, being particularly

piano. The lamp shade in Illustration No. 6 may be considered both pretty and appropriate. It may be either painted or embroidered. If the former method be chosen, use white bolting cloth over white satin. Paint the flowers and leaves in their natural colors, lay in the ribbons a pale blue, outline the scrolls with golden brown, and make the notes gold. Line the shade with rose-colored silk, making a flounce of the silk, with pinked edges behind the lace, which is of a delicate cream color. The full ruffling of lace at the top should also be backed with the rose-colored silk. For a cream-colored shade use a pale salmon-pink lining. Should the design be embroidered, employ a silk or satin ground. The wire foundations may be bought very cheaply; with a little care and ingenuity the lamp shade can be made up entirely at home.

### ADJUNCTS TO A PIANO

**A**FEW words may be added concerning what may be regarded as necessary adjuncts to a piano. The best kind of seat is long and narrow, in form like a bench having a low back, and able to accommodate two performers when playing a duet. This should be upholstered, but not provided with either cushions, tidy, hangings or other decoration, which are apt to become disarranged and serve only as an annoyance to the musician, who is rendered uncomfortable thereby. Where the family are musical, the question of providing ample and convenient accommodation for sheet music and bound volumes becomes a serious one. A useful form of music rack is also very simple in design, while, if provided with shelves in a cabinet form above for the reception of bric-à-brac, may prove an extremely ornamental piece of parlor furniture. The portion intended for the music is made high enough to take a piece of music set in upright, and is provided with upright divisions, between which the music may be slipped and classified. If desired, an embroidered curtain can be hung with rings upon a narrow rod, so that it may easily be pushed backward and forward. On no account should music likely to be required be kept heaped up in high piles, which it is endless trouble to hunt through for any special piece required.



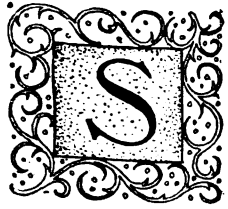
EMBROIDERED COVERS FOR THE KEYBOARD (Illus. Nos. 3 and 4)

suiting for use in a parlor furnished in the French style. It is executed upon a firm cream-colored satin with narrow ribbon in many delicate shades, the stems and some of the smaller leaves being rendered in embroidery silk. The tiny silk tassels fall just over the edge of the keys, and do not interfere with the closing of the instrument.

# SOCIAL LIFE AT SIX CENTRES

## \*III—SOCIAL LIFE IN WASHINGTON

By Madeleine Vinton Dablgren



**S**OCIETY in Washington is essentially kaleidoscopic, and in the peculiar nature of its ever shifting, changing scenes may be found at once the brilliant coloring of its fine points and the contrasting shadows of its defects. It is owing to these special conditions of its social life, which assume such various phases, that the nicest discrimination is needed in order to properly estimate its social status. The standards that regulate society in our other cities can only be partially applied, for even the code of etiquette to which the polite world must conform is here of a two-fold nature.

It must always be borne in mind, in making a study of the prominent characteristics of this society, that Washington is the Capital of the nation, and that here reside all those personages who have been chosen to represent the dignity and the interests of the country; who are to be considered not so much as individual members of a social circle, but who must have, on all occasions, a definite place assigned them wherever they appear, according to the public positions which they may fill. Hence arises an official etiquette in social intercourse not to be found elsewhere.

The gradations of precedence which must be observed at a dinner, for instance, where officials are present, are as precisely adjusted as are the very responsible duties attached to the respective offices each person fills, while it must be borne in mind always, that the places thus assigned are given entirely irrespective of personal worth. Nor is this an injustice, because it is perfectly understood that it is the office that is thus honored, and only incidentally the man who may happen to fill it. This is the fine difference we make in a republic, where the people, who are the fountain-head of all official honor, elect those to whom they wish to give precedence. If I were writing a political thesis, in place of a mere society analysis, it would not be difficult to show why the men whom the offices honor are not invariably the men who honor the offices.

To speak of our best social circles should mean the best men and the best women, who have consented to be bound by certain rules. These rules are the alembic through which grossness infiltrates, and it follows that those who obey them are as refined gold thrice assayed. For, after all, the polite world is the flower of civilization, and although one may affect to sneer at its observances, they are the result of the clearest discernment, and the ripest experience, and must be recognized.

Now, in Washington, this best element may or may not be found in the official circle. It certainly does not exist among the giddy set of ultra-fashionables, nor is it necessarily to be found in the diplomatic corps who reside in Washington, startling as such an assertion may sound to the sycophantic. But it does exist, not only among the old resident class, but, likewise, among the large number of highly educated, traveled, broad-minded, and, in every respect, exceedingly refined people, who are more and more drawn to Washington each year as to a common centre. And to this constantly increasing number Washington offers advantages nowhere else to be found, advantages which must, with each returning year, augment, so that we may well look forward to the time, not far distant, when the Capital will present, through its best society, an admirable model to the country at large. The first consideration in favor of Washington society is, that it is, of its very nature, cosmopolitan, and has, as a result, a broad and liberal tone. Then, among the men sent to the Capital by the people, who fill the halls of Congress and the official stations, there must be a number of natural-born leaders, who, outside of the functions of their public life, are really superior, and who bring into society their own breadth of character and enlarged views. These men are all the more interesting because their home training, underlying, as it were, their individuality, makes them types of what is highest in their respective States. In this blending of national traits we have an admirable picture of representative Americans. Nor can too much importance be given to this great vantage ground we possess, because in a country of such prodigious activity the outcome of the component parts that go toward making up the whole means excellence.

As a cosmopolitan element we must also count in the diplomatic corps. Of course, the presence in society of a body of trained men, whose special function is the cultivation of good manners, and who represent the various nations of the earth, must bring with it more or less of that roundness and smoothness and rubbing off of salient angles which the world's attrition produces.

These diplomats represent, as do our own public men, the will of those who create them and place them where they are, with this radical difference, that these foreigners are the avowed embodiment, the pledged exponents, of a mass of customs, laws and requirements which, as a republic, we have not only repudiated, but which, if regarded, would retard the true progress of the nation. Certainly, it can be no stinted spirit then, to apply to the diplomats as social factors precisely the same rule we use toward our own officials of selection, except, perhaps, an added courtesy as due to strangers. It is surprising what an amount of adulation society seems often disposed to bestow upon the titled, decorated diplomat, so that it is mortifying when otherwise sensible people are thus misled. Let it be hoped that the hospitality for which Washingtonians are famous has much to do with these attentions. However, in America we are not apt to repeat our mistakes indefinitely, and it appears as if the diplomatic corps is, of late years, received with somewhat more of discrimination in Washington society. I mean that the aroused common sense and clear discernment of our best society inclines to make the same distinctions regarding these foreign representatives as is applied to our own officials. After all, a true American who understands the meaning of his noble birth-right of freedom, should, as the outcome of this, be able to mould his manners with a blending of rare courtesy and real dignity beyond compare.

The rapidly increasing number of scientific and literary people who reside in Washington are destined to exert a large and beneficial influence upon our society. As a matter of fact, the elevated tone thus given is already very appreciably felt.

There is a splendid body of men among us, some of them employed by the government and the Smithsonian in scientific research; and although it is true that a scientist is rarely a fluent conversationalist, he is, nevertheless, a man who, when he does speak, has something to say, so that he gives precisely that depth which we lack. Although these may not, perhaps, be met as often in society as is desired, yet they are in our midst, and whenever and wherever they appear undoubtedly exert a moulding power of which, as a nation, we have every reason to be proud. We have, likewise, a number of university professors, also writers, men and women of no inferior merit, and although with us literary talent is not assigned the first place, yet it is accorded a certain distinction.

As exponents of belles-lettres, there are several social organizations, notably "The Literary Society" and "The Fortnightly," whose social status is of the best. Happily the day is past when writers were looked upon in society as eccentric. Of course, the man or woman who rides a hobby, and takes his or her idiosyncrasies into the drawing-room is tiresome; yet the assiduous cultivation of literature should only tend to make the most agreeable conversationalist. We have, also, a very esteemed number of meritorious artists and painters in the graphic and plastic arts, who give a coloring and warmth of tone to society. Mr. Corcoran first gave an impetus to art at the Capital by his generous donation and endowment of an art gallery, and this initiative has been followed by the liberal assistance of several wealthy men who are forming collections.

As a sequence of this movement, society takes a deeper interest than formerly in the labors of our artists, several of whom are becoming widely known.

The question is often asked throughout the country as to the social duties of the presiding lady of the presidential mansion, and as to what extent she goes into society. The inquiry finds its answer in the fact that this lady must necessarily, by her position, be the hostess of the nation. With such an immense responsibility devolving upon her, it is not expected, nor would it for many reasons be desirable, that her social duties should extend beyond the president's house.

It has also been asked, What is the taste of the Washington woman in the matter of dress? The typical Washington woman becomes too cosmopolitan in her tastes to adopt set forms, and she is apt to express by her dress that independence which the freedom and breadth of her surroundings give. Very much has always been said of the refinement of what may distinctively be called, the "old families of Washington." Before the war this element was almost entirely Southern, and if not composed exclusively of Southerners, yet the cherished sentiment of the South prevailed, and those who did not subscribe implicitly to this creed were proscribed. At that time the social line in Washington ran along very near to Mason and Dixon's line. This state of things exerted a very potent and dangerous influence during the progress of the war, when the nation was battling for its very life, and it is astonishing with what vitality it has survived its environment, for there still exists a somewhat romantic tinge of the old Southern feeling.

I can perfectly remember when even to have hinted that John Brown had a mission would have brought upon the offender social ostracism, relegating him to that outer darkness to which Adams, Sumner and other immortal names were at that time socially banished. Later on things changed; but outside of these narrow prejudices this society was both brilliant and fascinating. Its exclusiveness lent it a charm, and there was a sparkle and verve most refreshing in its salons. It is scarcely possible that its cherished traditions should have any special force beyond the present generation, although it is very curious what persistency and vigor similar social conditions have always developed. We see something of the same phases now in France, in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the Ancient Régime holds to its loved traditions with marvelous pertinacity.

WASHINGTON society has remained singularly free from the depressing influences of that plutocracy which dominates to so painful an extent the social life of some other American cities. Before the War of the Rebellion it was the boast of old Washingtonians that no one could enter its select circles merely on account of being rich. That in other words, money was not the "open sesame" to its hospitable but exclusive homes. And this assertion was true, for I can in no one instance remember a successful effort of this kind, although I do recall several attempts, that failed to attain the desired recognition. At that period most of the social leaders, who assembled the élite at their entertainments, lived in a comparatively inexpensive manner, without special pomp or circumstance of surroundings. During the war we were in danger of social shipwreck, and immediately after the war there threatened an invasion of money influence. It would have been strange indeed could we have quite escaped this deadly grip while undergoing such a cataclysm. But as the ship of state gradually righted herself and swung into safe moorings, the old spirit of dislike of the *nouveau riche* re-asserted itself. I am not prepared to say that money has no influence in the Washington society of to-day, because money is a power, even as a social factor, not to be ignored. But I am happy to see that we are at least not engulfed in the maelstrom created by those whose principal claim to social recognition comes from the lavish use of wealth. Fortunately, as yet, we remain singularly exempt from such lowering influences. The best houses of Washington still prefer the old modes of entertaining, where a careful selection of guests is considered to give greater brilliancy than can the glare of any amount of expended riches.

THE Washington women are to be envied. The "lines have fallen in pleasant places" for them. The cosmopolitan influences tend to broaden out their views and give them clear perceptions, and the succession of notable people one meets assists the judgment to value persons for what they really are. Where from childhood one daily sees men who hold the highest places and titles the country chooses to confer, one insensibly learns to place merit where it properly belongs, and to ignore pretentious shams. That of itself is a great gain, where a society is so constituted that essential qualities can be understood and intrinsic worth readily recognized. For then a very high plane is reached. The voter may set up his little tin god on wheels and then look up to him from afar, but Washington society detects the tinsel, when presented for its acceptance, and rejects it as such. This remark may apply to the politician but not to the statesman, for he who understands statescraft possesses a God-given, not a man-bestowed, gift, that makes him a leader of men.

THE present society of the Capital may perhaps be thus characterized: To begin with, there is a general circle of so-called society, formed literally without discrimination upon strictly democratic principles of liberty of action. Washington, like Saratoga, Newport and other places of fashionable resort, has its "season," and it is during that period that this general society flourishes and reaches its climax. The president's New Year's levee opens the ball, which in its way gives a lively picture of the contrasts of official social life in Washington. Beginning with a formal ceremoniousness of the reception of diplomats and the dignitaries of State, who present themselves each in their turn, it closes with opening wide the doors "as high as the sky" to the people, who rush in en masse with an orderly crush, which of itself is a spectacle, nowhere else to be seen, of the inherent dignity that citizens can gain in a free country. Yet it is a wonder, I mean a physical marvel, that no more serious mishaps occur in these crowds than the occasional fainting of some woman, or the swollen arm of the President's wife perhaps, that may have to be manipulated with lotions on some days succeeding the patriotic on-rush of hearty hand shaking. So far as the hand shaking goes, it is a worse than senseless custom, that ought to be abolished, and one that will surely be "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

"The season" opened by this extraordinary levee, rolls onward until Lent stops its ever-increasing gaiety; and general society attains its utmost exhilaration as it fills the houses of supreme justices, senators and cabinet officers, in fact, of all public servants who, according to the custom, hold weekly receptions. This facility of being able to invade unchallenged all these homes, is what has often given rise to the impression that it is easy to enter Washington society, and that anyone so disposed may do so. In the sense we have just described, this is true. I wish the venerable shades of George and Martha Washington could witness the present state of things as regards some of these customs of official social life. How their conservative, aristocratic hearts would be wrung! No, I would spare them the torture.

BUT the "season" ended with Ash Wednesday, the handwriting on the wall appears: "So far and no farther." Stop! Then these homes for the public are closed. General society lapses into penitential retirement, but solaces itself chewing the cud "of sweet reminiscence." Incidents that have enlivened the past season are recalled, and the memory stultified by affectionate recollections of the intimate acquaintances formed with the Supreme Court, Senate and Cabinet! For it is a strange fancy that takes possession of the minds of many, that when by any happening they meet a person of distinction, the passing acquaintance takes on the hue of familiar intercourse to their imagination. I venture to say that there is not a public official of note who cannot readily apply this remark to their own varied experiences of being bored. We have seen how easy it is for anyone who desires that sort of amusement to "go the rounds" from New Year's Day till Ash Wednesday. I do not use this expressive phrase, indicative of this social treadmill, figuratively. Nor am I not of the opinion, that in a republic this quasi school for manners fails of being useful. There is not a mother's son in these jammed receptions who has not an inalienable right to struggle for the first place, nor a woman among the elbowed crowd who may not firmly look forward to becoming mother, wife, sister or sweetheart of a great man, and perhaps, when the new isms come in, of ruling herself. One can see at a glance that where incipient sovereignty is in the air, this general society business, which at first sight looks irksome, really is an admirable training school. Meantime what happens when Lent puts on her ashen robes? Well, there are wheels within wheels in all complicated machinery, and the inner wheels give the motive power. During all the time that the outside pressure is kept up one may, perchance, catch the glint of this inner circle. For it is "good form" for everyone to "pay their respects" once at least during the season to state functionaries at their public receptions. But except, perhaps, in the performance of similar duty, the selected society of the Capital cannot readily be met. There is no place where the small coté, the pleasant breakfast, chatty luncheon, cozy five o'clock tea, charming dinner and merry supper, or the delightful evening salon, hold their carefully selected set with more rigid, inaccessible precision. And these reunions, which are constantly taking place, are rarely noticed in the papers, even by the indefatigable correspondent. Why should they be thus heralded? The ineffable charm of private hospitality loses its choicest flavor by publicity, for cultivated men and women dread the sensational, and never pose for effect.

THERE is one element in Washington society peculiar to its being at the seat of government. I refer to the number of accomplished women who are clerks in the various departments. Many of these clerks are the widows, sisters or daughters of departed statesmen, or of patriots who have done distinguished service for their country, men whose patriotism has spared them no time for money making, and who have died poor. The government very properly places these wards of the nation in positions where they can honorably support themselves. Their office hours of work once over, they are welcomed as an appreciated addition to the very best society. They are well received in drawing-rooms, where Mrs. Malaprop would be coldly met were her purse as long as the Atlantic cable.

IS Washington an agreeable residence? Is it desirable as a home? may be asked. Now, as we at first said, our Capital is a paradox. One leads there a sort of dual social life, as I have explained. There is the social official, and inside of that, and far superior to it, the private social life. So I would answer both yes and no to these queries. Certainly Washington is an agreeable residence. The conditions of physical well-being there are good, the environment delightful, and the opportunities for improvement far-reaching. Yet there is a strain of constant attrition with much that is uncongenial that often wears upon one's nerves. The pulsations of the nation's heart-throbs may be counted there from hour to hour, and we are never in repose. Of course, one may retire and rust wherever they may be, and convert their own house into prison walls, and Washington has an indulgent way of letting one follow out their idiosyncrasies without question. I know of no spot where a real independence of action is more freely conceded. One may entertain their friends, visit, be gay, then retire, make no visits, become a recluse, and when one again emerges from the chrysalis state you are not received with exclamations as one resurrected, but placidly, and as a matter not to be commented on. Yes, there is freedom in the Washington air. For all that, a constant continuance in Washington society finally compels rest. I fancy that energies are unconsciously taxed that after a time must be recuperated. Is Washington to be desired as a home? Again, I would repeat the answer, yes and no. As a permanent residence, its society offers every possible advantage for the training of children, and for the many phases of its society. But its disadvantage for a continuous home consists in the never-ending succession of changes, which create an instability of social ties, and the more agreeable these may have been, all the more painful is their never-ending disruption. So long as one is young, there is perhaps a pleasurable excitement in viewing these panoramic scenes of life, but there comes a time when a circle of old friends outweighs every other social enjoyment. As to the official social life, ambitious ends and aims may make it sought for, but otherwise it can scarcely be regarded except as a penalty attached to public life, where the selection and enjoyment of congenial society must give way to official requirements.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This series of articles, "Social Life at Six Centres," was commenced in the December, 1891, issue by Mrs. Burton N. Harrison on "Social Life in New York," and continued by her in the January, 1892, JOURNAL. Mrs. Reginald De Koven followed in the April, 1892, JOURNAL with "Social Life at Chicago." Succeeding articles will follow on social life at Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore, each city being written by one of its leading society women.

THE BROWNIES 'ROUND THE WORLD

By Palmer Cox

IN TWELVE STAGES: SECOND STAGE

THE BROWNIES

CROSS

THE ATLANTIC



TILL farther north  
the Brownie band  
Pursued their way  
across the strand

To where the sea, with capes and isles,  
Is narrowed to one thousand miles.  
And here they planned some logs to find,  
And build a raft of strongest kind,  
On which they all might safely ride,  
Until they reached the eastern side,  
And then continue on their way  
Through foreign lands without delay.  
Said one: "At this time of the year  
The currents eastward set from here;  
And if our raft but holds together,  
And we are blessed with pleasant weather,  
Within a fortnight, at the most,  
We'll surely reach the Norway coast."

Another said:  
"Somewhat I know  
About that ocean's  
ebb and flow,  
And tell you, ere you  
court such ills  
You'd all do well  
to make your wills.  
However, if we  
fail to reach  
Norwegian soil,  
we'll find some beach  
That to our raft  
may kinder be  
Than Norway's rocks  
or maelstrom sea."

Thus well encouraged at the start,  
They soon prepared, through mystic art,  
A wide affair, where each could rest,  
And sit or stand as pleased him best,  
While trusting with a patient heart  
The ocean to perform its part.  
Said one: "No staterooms we'll provide  
Wherein a favored few can hide,  
Nor make a hold or steerage deep  
Where some in dangerous times might creep;  
But all alike, through storm or wreck,  
Must take their chances on the deck."  
With willing hands, in manner fine,  
To carry out their grand design,  
At work the active Brownies stayed,  
Until the strange concern was made.  
Of leather-wood and various things  
They manufactured ropes and strings,  
Which served them well in need so keen  
With stores and rope-walks far between.  
With prospects fine the trip began,  
The sea with even motion ran,  
And straight for Europe, as a crow  
Could wing its way, the Brownies go;  
And as they added mile to mile,  
Their pleasant chat went on the while.  
At times they sighted far ahead  
A ship with all her canvas spread.



And there as flat  
as flounders lie  
For fear the look-out's  
watchful eye  
Would take them for  
a shipwrecked crew,  
Thus drifting round  
on ocean blue.  
At such a time  
down quickly came  
Their banner with  
the Brownie name,  
Concealed from sight  
to rest a space  
Till they could safely  
give it place.  
For hours without  
a stir they'd stay,  
Until the ship  
would tack away  
Upon her course,  
and pass from sight,  
And leave them free  
to stand upright.  
But few on any  
craft can ride  
Upon the north  
Atlantic tide  
And not some scenes,  
or trials find  
To ever after  
bear in mind.  
And soon the winds  
began to play  
With billows in no  
tender way;  
But pitched them up  
into the air  
To meet the clouds  
that lowered there.  
'Tis bad enough  
to stand on board  
A ship with  
life-preservers stored,  
And count the minutes  
passing by  
Ere you their saving  
strength must try;  
But harder for the  
Brownie band  
Upon that creaking  
raft to stand,  
And know, if in  
the sea they rolled,



But when far out upon the main  
Where wishes and regrets are vain,

No buoyant cork  
would them  
uphold.  
Said one: "The sea,  
since early days,  
Has had its strange,  
uncertain ways;  
With pleasant calms  
that still invite  
You from the shore  
in spirits light;  
It leads you on,  
while scarce appears  
A ripple to  
awaken fears.

But jumps around in manner dread,  
As if to find another bed.  
If at the first the world was planned  
To have a greater stretch of land,  
And less expanse of treacherous sea  
It would have better suited me."

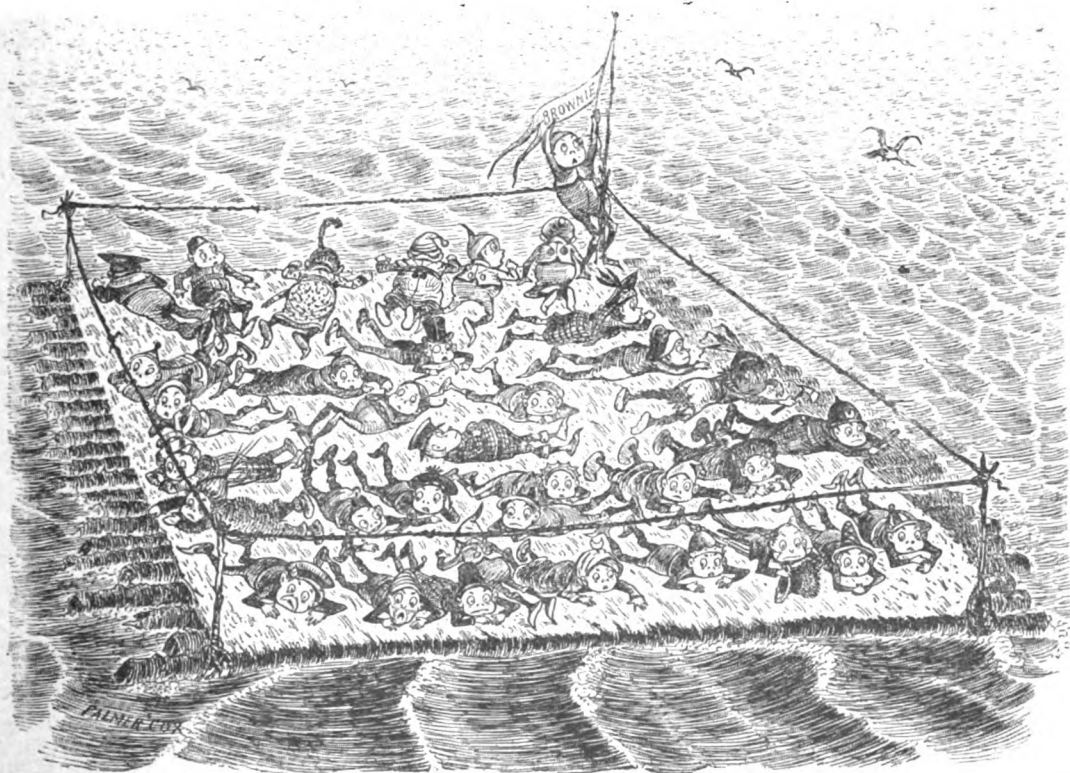
Into his natural element.  
'Twas well the ropes and hawsers stood  
They made of birch or leather-wood,  
For had they parted in that strain,  
When consternation seemed to reign,  
'Tis hard to estimate the loss



Another said: "My friend, I fear  
Such carping won't avail you here;  
Pray keep a surer hold  
you'd best,  
And let the world's  
formation rest.  
Few joys through life  
one may obtain  
That are not balanced  
well with pain;  
It may be suffering  
of the frame  
Or of the mind,  
'tis all  
the same.



That might have followed such a toss;  
But winds go down, if one can last  
To be around when all is passed,  
So waves grew still, the fearful squall  
Had spent its force, and best of all,  
Though out of shape the raft was tossed



"Lie low!" would be the shout, and all  
Upon the raft would promptly sprawl,

Into a boiling rage it goes  
And neither sense nor pity shows,

And harmonizing with the wish  
Of every Brownie, down he went

You can't through foreign  
countries roam  
And have the comforts  
of a home;  
You can't lie under  
leafy trees  
And at the same time  
sail the seas.  
Too late you rave  
of grass and flower;  
Now that you're in  
old Neptune's power:  
You'll more appreciate  
the land  
When you again  
upon it stand."  
Thus talk went on  
with ready tongue,  
As still the Brownies  
stuck and clung.  
Ofttimes in close embrace  
well locked  
Across the raft they  
reeled and rocked  
Beneath the  
overwhelming stroke  
Of crested waves that  
on them broke.  
At times among them  
frightened well  
A shark or grampus  
splashing fell  
Where mighty waves  
did mastery win  
In spite of twisting  
tail or fin;  
Then ploughing round  
from side to side  
The visitor would  
slip and slide,  
Till, to the great  
relief of fish

And logs were broken, others lost,  
When that distressing storm was through  
Not one was missing from the crew.  
But while the waves around them played  
The Brownie band good time had made,  
For now, when calm the ocean grew,  
A tract of land was plain in view.  
One cried: "'Tis Norway's  
rugged strand!"  
More said: "It's not so  
wild a land."  
But as 'twas land  
they needed most  
They made all haste  
to reach the coast,  
And by the greenness  
of the sod  
They thought old Erin's  
soil they trod,  
And when a shamrock  
next they found  
They knew their first  
surmise was sound.  
And with a hip, hip, hurrah!  
They gave three cheers for Erin go bragh.



Upon the land as on the deep  
A sharp lookout the wise will keep

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AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

HERE are in this country to-day thousands of young people, with literary ambitions, eagerly striving to win fame and success by their pens. They live in every city, large and small, every town, village, hamlet and every cross-road of our land. And the great desire in the hearts of a majority of these young writers is to go to New York City and attain the success which the opportunities of the great city, they feel must afford to any writer of talent.

ONE fact must be conceded by every right-minded person, who can bring himself to view a truth apart from local prejudice: New York, considered from the commercial standpoint, is to-day unquestionably the literary centre of America. The largest publishing houses are there; more periodicals are issued from within its borders; a larger number of literary people have their residence in and about it: the money is there, and where the money is, there will always come the brains in any profession.

FOR great advantages must result when a writer, be his acquaintance with the pen recent or of long-standing, is able to come into direct touch with all the elements which such a great output of literary work brings. One's personality counts for something; at times for a great deal. If a man has an idea, for example, and he has any individuality or character whatever, he can undoubtedly present it in conversation far more effectively than he can by letter, no matter how skillful a correspondent he may be.

THE opportunities of literary success in New York, too, are naturally greater than in any other city. Where the supply is large, the demand must be in proportion. And the present keen competition in the literary world, keener than ever it was, widens the opportunities and creates new chances, just as in a growing business new positions are created.

BUT if New York has its advantages, it has, too, its disadvantages, and these are quite as formidable. In the first place, if the opportunities for success are numerous, so, too, are the people anxious to secure them. New York abounds in clever people. Its immensity swallows up people of anything but supreme talent. A man or woman of ordinary ability is lost in the metropolis. The clever man of Topeka, for example, is only the ordinary man in New York.

THEN, life in New York to the literary worker who comes to it, is apt to be cold, cruel and merciless. It is an absolute case of every man for himself there. Favor is withheld more than it is shown, especially at first. I do not envy any young man or young woman a first year's residence in New York. No matter what may be your knowledge, my young friend, of all the rest of this country, there lies before you, when you go to New York to earn a living by your pen, an undiscovered world of hard truths and severe lessons of which you never had a conception before.

A GREAT city is, again, found by many to be a poor working place. Distractions are numerous. The whirl and bustle of a metropolis, while it is stimulating to activity, is also distracting to calm thought. The place of creation is not always the place for production. Author after author has learned this truth of New York. Then, suppose good fortune comes and makes an author popular. Popularity in New York means attention. The successful literary worker is sought after. Ever ready to do homage to success, New York is never happier than when she can entertain a new literary lion; that means a slap at Boston.

THE cost of living in New York, which must naturally enter somewhat into the life of the literary worker, is not exactly higher, in the main, than in other large cities, but it is not cheaper. I have lived in several of the large cities, and I can speak from a comparative experience, I think. In fact, I have found the actual cost of living far greater in Philadelphia than in New York, for example, while I have again and again paid more for articles in Boston and Chicago than for the same articles bought in New York.

THERE are, too, a few leading facts about New York literary successes in general which it may be well for young literary people imbued with a desire to go to New York not to overlook. They are, for example, that the greatest literary successes have been made outside of New York City; that the most successful books of the past ten years, with two or three exceptions, have neither been written in New York nor published within its borders; that the literary men and women of foremost reputation do not all, by any means, live in New York; that, although New York publishes the bulk of the best-known periodicals, the two American periodicals having achieved the largest and most merited circulations are both published in other cities than New York, and that the three poets conceded now to be the truest representatives of American poetry are not one of them residents of New York.

THE actual chances for literary success in New York are in no respect different from those which any greater city presents over those of a smaller community. If a literary man (or woman) can go to New York with a certainty offered in the way of a fairly-paying position, then I say: By all means go. And if he has any talent in him it will come out and win him quick success. But if he has only ordinary gifts, then let him stay where he is, even with a certainty offered him. New York holds out nothing to such a man except a poor livelihood. Or, if a writer has established a fair reputation, is known by editors and publishers through letters, and he feels that there is something in him which only the activity of a great city will bring out, then let him go to busy Gotham. But let him be careful that he does not confuse ambition with talent.

IT is my earnest conviction that a young writer serves his best interests if he is first content to form a good pen-and-ink acquaintance with the literary purveyors of New York. Good work sent by mail will always get a hearing. A young writer, no matter what his place of residence, if he possesses originality, and his work is fresh and unbacked, need never fear that a hearing will be deprived him, and it is not necessary for a writer to go to New York to secure it, either. But, as he progresses, let him visit New York once or twice a year, or as often as time and means will allow. He can then come into direct acquaintance with those whom he is ambitious to serve. He can learn his chances. He can get into the atmosphere of the metropolis. He can see for himself the conditions that exist. A visit or two will teach him much. It will open his eyes better than all the advice he can seek or read. Let him study his capacities well. Let him observe what it means to be successful in New York, and reason out calmly whether he can meet the requirements. Let him not be dazzled with one or two "acceptances;" they may mean the end as well as the beginning. Let him argue out the actual advantages which a New York residence would mean to him over his present residence, and whether those additional advantages are not only enough, but whether they promise to be sufficiently lasting. It is a poor recompense for the first year's success to starve the second. And remember, first and last, my young friend, wherever you are: There is no room in New York City for literary workers of ordinary gifts. Be sure that you are big enough for the occasion before you go. Don't go to New York on chance; the only chance for such people, and that chance is a very fair one, is that they will eke out an existence akin to starvation. New York has already, by far, too many people of square dimensions who are trying to squeeze into round holes. Don't add to the number.



VERY soon after I commenced taking stenographic notes of the discourses of Mr. Beecher, as his authorized reporter, in 1858, I was convinced of the wisdom of preserving, so far as possible, everything he might say, in the pulpit or on the platform, at his early Wednesday night lectures and his later Friday night talks, at his "summer parish" at the White Mountains, and, when proper, remarks made by him in private. Hence, after a period of thirty years' service to Mr. Beecher I found myself with a large quantity of unpublished matter accumulated on my hands; and of this material the present and the succeeding papers to appear in subsequent issues of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL have been made. No portion of this material has ever, to the best of my knowledge, been printed, and I present it now to Mr. Beecher's legion of friends in obedience to my own desire, with the cordial approval of Mrs. Beecher, and the co-operation of the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.  
T. J. ELLINWOOD.

**W** E are on the eve of a new and fresh year. If we look back upon the year that is past, it may seem to us almost as if our life had been void and vain. I have no doubt that a good many women and men have said to themselves, "What is the use of living at all?" How easily is the brittle thread of life broken, even where people labor to obey God's natural laws! If you gather a family together, it is but to disperse it. If you spend years of anxiety to rear your son, before he has touched his majority he is cut off. If you, by slow accumulations of faithful industry through life, have succeeded in obtaining wealth, it is all swept away in a moment, and nothing but poverty is left. If you have husbanded and hoarded affections as the capital of the heart, all at once they are taken away, and the heart is left desolate.

LOOKING BACK OVER THE OLD YEAR

I DOUBT not that there are very many to whom, as they look through the year, it seems like some old cathedral that once was resonant with music and radiant with altar fires, and filled with the glory of God, and with people that chanted His praise, but that now stands with the roof broken in, with the windows out, with the altar desolate, with the priest gone, with all the congregation dispersed, and with the winter wind sighing through from side to side, so that when one looks upon the spectacle he is constrained to say: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Is the year that is just past like an old dilapidated and desolate building to you?

Look again. Turn back, and see if there has been nothing in the year but the transient. I know that the first yellow which I saw on the maples of the avenue that goes to the cottage that I have in the country struck a kind of sadness through me. I cannot keep it out of my mind after the twenty-first of June that the days are beginning to grow shorter; but I am not sorry. A man may be sad without being sorry. I cannot help feeling that I now tread out golden minutes, one or more, from every single day; and the first signal that I see of decay strikes me with a feeling of sadness. For several summers in one of those trees there was a little invalid branch that the tree held out as a bright signal of failure sooner than it was betokened by any other thing; and I watch for that branch. When I see the paler green, and then the unquestionable yellow, and then the touches of scarlet, let the poet, let the sentimentalist say what he pleases, they say to me, always: "A shorter day is coming." This is the first token of the wasting of the leaf; and every single four weeks after its appearance brings other tokens. One tree takes the hint, and another, and another; and the fields and all vegetation throw up their banners in succession, saying: "I am beginning to march." And now upon the hills and mountains, through the valleys of the surrounding country, everywhere, dreary winds sigh. The leaves are gone from the trees. And yet the trunk of the tree is there; the branches are there; the twig is there; the firm ground is there; and the roots are there. The substantial framework of the tree is unchanged, unmoved and unhurt.

So it is with the year. It stands like some powerful oak which is bare, to be sure, but whose frame is uninjured. The roots of the year are not touched; the trunks of the year are not touched; the boughs of the year are not touched. The leaves have fallen, and been trodden down into the ground—that is all.

And the laws of God, the decrees of God, the purposes of God—do they not stand just as certain and sure as they ever did? Has any change taken place in respect to the elements of truth? The great qualities of benevolence and love—have they been shaken, or fortified? Has advancing intelligence changed except to grow? Has not justice been better vindicated? Although individual histories and experiences and feelings have been fluctuating and changing, yet the great framework of God's purpose of mercy and love and justice and humanity has stood sure, and is unchanged and unchangeable.

More than that, I think no person can look into the past without feeling that while much that is good, sweet and noble has been changing, the change has not been one of clear loss. If you burn up your house, it is very true that you may burn some valuable furniture, and some pictures, and some little treasure; but what nests of mice, what walls full of vermin, and what quantities of trash of every sort you burn up, too!

In the waste of the year very much has perished that was transiently valuable, it may be; but this is not the only thing that has perished. A great many corrupt traditions have come to their end; a great many long-cherished prejudices have received their death-blow. Many hereditary tendencies have met their final check. Many perversions of truth, and many monstrous injustices, have ended their course. And while we have, in our proper spheres of experience, lost many things that were most valuable, the loss has been alongside of many things the loss of which has indeed made us richer, purer, stronger and better.

PASSING AND ENDING OF DAYS

THE passage and ending of every day is in itself solemn and joyful, sad or inspiring, according as we chance to look upon it. But then, days complete themselves, and roll by in such continued succession that we scarcely discriminate the one from another. Though here and there meditative minds, especially as they come to bend under the weight of years and cares, and to associate more and more the passage of time with the passage of their own life, reflect day by day upon these things, yet most people do not. Indeed, time is overlaid. We, as it were, make it a highway, and tread it under foot. But when the great circle comes round, and the year completes itself in such a series of marked public days as belong to its close—the holidays, as they are called—all society says to each one of its members: "A year has rounded and gone;" all churches say to each church: "A year is filled up and past;" and it cannot be that every sober-minded Christian will more or less say to himself: "One more of my years, being finished, has passed on." Our years do not complete themselves and fall behind us; they complete themselves and go on to await us when we shall stand at the bar of God.

Now, it is not possible that any man should be able, by any amount of reflection, to gather up in his recollection the multitude of thoughts, feelings, fancies, joys, sorrows, suspicions and anxieties that have filled his years, thicker than the leaves upon the trees, and too numerous to count; and it is a blessed thing that these experiences are not more subject to the reviving of memory. Only now and then one, only perhaps one in a hundred, only such as produce a marked impression upon our minds, of the things that befall us, are we able to recall; and it is better that it should be so.

THE COMPLEXION OF A YEAR

IT is enough to live life once. As a general thing, more important duties demand our attention than that of retrospect, except in matters of a special nature. Yet one who is morally impressed cannot but have a feeling of sobriety—at any rate, of earnest thoughtfulness—as to the complexion of the year as God looks upon it. How different is our character, how different is the record of life which we have made, from that which we should have made! Would we know ourselves if, by any chance, in a vision or in a dream, we should stand before the record of our own life for the year that is passed, and see it with all disguises stripped off, with all motives laid bare, with every throb and play of our inmost soul brought to light? As we read, page by page, all the way down, would we imagine that we were the ones represented? It is very doubtful whether we should know ourselves.

And the discrepancy between our own judgment and God's is a matter of solemnity, not to say apprehension. It throws every person back upon that very petition of the Psalmist: "Search thou me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts," as if man were not competent to the adjudication of his own character.

I think every person, also, in looking back upon the year, cannot but feel how far short he has come of what he ought to have been, of what the mercy of God demanded of him, and of what he himself intended at the beginning. If you make such allowances for yourself as you hope God will make for you under the name of infirmities; if you take away a great deal on the score of ignorance; if you excuse much as the effect of bad habits when the soul is set against the flesh, and you are endeavoring to bring yourself into subjection to the law of the higher life; if you are as lenient with yourself as you dare to be, yet is there not left such an amount of imperfection and of positive transgression and guilt-worthiness before God as gives you a lively sense of your need of forgiveness, and, more than that, a lively sense of God's forbearance, kindness and grace in his dealings with you?

BLESSINGS WHICH HAVE COME TO US

THEN, next in natural spiritual suggestion there comes, in the retrospect of the year, a sense of God's goodness to us. And when I turn back to the goodness of God, it covers, to be sure, the whole ground of family mercies, and of temporal benefactions. I think of health, of prosperity, of deliverance in sickness, of those things that mark the providential year. These come up, and should come up, in remembrance.

Then, there will be special instances, such as the snatching of a babe from the grave, to which our anguished thoughts had well-nigh committed it; or, the restoration of a companion; or, the healing of some great trouble; or, the mitigating of some great sorrow. These things will naturally come into our thoughts, and make a part of the retrospect of the year for which we owe devout gratitude to God. And yet to me these never seem to be our chiefest mercies. The mercy of God does not strike me so much as a series of partings between me and trouble, or as an addition to the ordinary blessings of life. God himself seems the greatest mercy to me. I am overwhelmed with a conception of the patience of God. When I see the term *gentleness* applied to Him I cannot but think that in it is included all that is meant (only in an infinitely higher sense than any in which we understand that word) by *gentlemanliness*. In other words, I cannot but think that the divine character is one that represents, in the highest sphere, and according to the pattern of divinity, all those super-eminent traits in a man that go to constitute him, in distinction from his fellow men, a perfect Christian gentleman, endowed with delicacy, refinement, kindness, and all forms of excellence.

USE OF WINE ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

IT seems to me that in the present state of the world, and in the present state of life, it must be a matter of utter thoughtlessness on the part of persons that would offer, on such a day as New Year's, to the young the means of intoxication, knowing, as they do, that there will be many coming to their houses who are not able to resist temptation; knowing that many who, coming to their houses, and to scores of other places, and being tempted to drink, will turn that day into a disgrace to themselves and to their friends; knowing the unutterable mischiefs that spring from intemperance; knowing what torments and evil experiences are going on about them. I cannot conceive how any should spread upon their table the means of destruction for the young. I would not, for the price of my life, turn out in my parlor a whole box of adders, saying: "If men will keep their eyes open, and be moderately careful where they step, they will not be bitten." And yet I could as easily justify myself for doing that as for putting wine on my table, and offering it to the young.

"At last it biteth like a serpent," is written of strong drink; but that is not the whole of the truth: it does not always wait to the last. It often bites at first, and all the way through to the end.

If you say that the reason is thoughtlessness, I reply that that is not the general reason; nor is it a worthy one. I do not think you put wine on your table for a real hospitality. I fear that most persons put wine on their table from quite different motives. For the most part, we are not a wine-raising nor wine-drinking people. It is a matter of fashion and infinitesimal vanity. Ordinarily men put wine on their table for the sake of show, by way of fashionable compliance. There is but little difference between these reasons. They are a great vulgar mass. None of them will bear examination.

WOMEN AS LEADERS OF MEN

MOTHER, suppose one should take your child, that sweet-faced flower, and with superior eloquence and witching wile fill her ear with things that should not be heard, and her heart at last should burn with flames that are of death, could any excuse be rendered to you for the destruction of that child? Father, should that now pure and noble son of yours, whose impulses are all generous, and whose sympathies are all right and true, be taken by some one that you have trusted—a false friend—and, little by little, tampered with, till he loved to hear salacious stories, till he loved the sparkle of evil wit, till he began to love the evil things of which he heard, and you found at last that the bottom of morality was destroyed in him, could any apology be made to you? Could anything be said that would stand before the indignation of your heart and the ruin of your boy? And should you let your example, even in things allowable, debauch and destroy a child of the Lord Jesus Christ, for whom He died, could you ever make an apology for it? When you have destroyed a man, is there any excuse that you can give? Will it be enough in the judgment day to say: "I did not mean to?" Was that all the care you had? Was that the whole of your duty? And then will you cover their griefs and your responsibility with no broader veil than this: "I did not mean to?" May I not say to young ladies, and to women, that the worst use to which they can put beauty, attractive manners and the fascination of a sweet disposition, is to tempt their young companions to indulgences? Woman, who has been the victim since time began—she cannot afford to tempt men. Every interest of purity and dignity and honor should lead every young woman and every maiden to set her face and whole sweet and strong example against everything that is of the passions, and everything that is of the appetites, that the young may strengthen their good resolutions. Debort them from their indulgence; take them by the hand, and let them feel that they rise in the court of love in proportion as they forswear everything that is unmanly and gross; and it cannot but be that in the end you will reap joy abundantly in your own bosom for the good you thus do.



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## GIRL LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY

By Ruth Ashmore



YOU are one among the many thousands who write to tell me that you want to leave home and make your own living. Apparently you never stop to consider that doing your duty as a daughter is earning your own livelihood,

but being possessed of a vague spirit of unrest, you want to come to the great metropolis and enter the ranks of the workers, receiving in absolute money what is considered the value of your work. Have you ever thought out what girl life in New York is? I mean the life of the girl who has to work for the money with which she pays for her bread and butter, the clothes she wears, and whatever little pleasure she has. You have wonderful dreams of independence, you think how you would rise and rise and rise, and with the hopefulness of eighteen you see a great future before you. Suppose I tell you exactly what the life of the New York working girl is. If this will keep one girl at home I shall feel that all my thought has not been in vain, and if one girl is convinced that by staying at home and helping with head and heart, living out her life as it is planned for her, she is doing right, I shall be so glad that extra thanks will go up to Him who careth for all, and before Whom the rich and the poor are equal.

### THE GIRL IN THE GREAT TOWN

A GIRL, who one year ago came to New York from a country town, and obtained a position in one of the big shops, is well liked by her customers and the people in authority over her, works from eight o'clock in the morning until six at night, with half an hour's intermission for luncheon, and earns exactly six dollars a week. She is considered extremely fortunate, for girls who are near her, and who work for the same length of time, are only earning four or five. This six dollars a week in a small town sounds like a great deal of money. In New York it barely keeps girls from starvation, or worse. I will tell you how the money goes. My friend pays four dollars a week for her board, and occupies a room with another girl; her washing costs her fifty cents a week, her car fare fifty more, and she has one dollar left, out of which to dress herself, to buy the little necessities of life and, God help her, to get her pleasures. She tells me that so far she has had to buy no clothes, for she came here with a good stock, and that the firm at Christmas-time gave the girls their choice of a cashmere dress or money, and that she took the cashmere dress, and hopes in time to save enough money to get it made. Why does she not do it herself? Do you suppose that after standing all day, working with hands, eyes, feet and brain, that she is in a condition to sew at night? Do you not know that her feet are tired, that her back aches, and that when she returns from work she is unable to do anything but rest?

### WHAT HER HOME IS

YOU know she never calls it home; she always speaks of it as "the house where I board." And you do not wonder at this after you have seen it. She and the girl with whom she chums have a hall room on the top floor, four flights up. It is furnished with a high chest of drawers, topped by a small looking-glass; there are three chairs in various stages of decay; a medium-sized wash-stand and, abomination of abominations, a folding-bed. Just why there should be a folding-bed is not explained, for visitors are seldom in this room, and a man visitor, not even one's own father, would be permitted up there. The room is heated, so it is claimed, from a dark register, but through this there comes the odor of everything that is cooking, or has ever been cooked, and the warmth is quite secondary to the various smells.

The girls, bless them, have tried to give the place a home-like air, and there are a few photographs, a book or two, a little Bible, a devotional book and some of their belongings about, but all the womanliness in the world could not make home of a place like this. The food given, oddly enough, is not bad, neither is it good. If a girl was out in the open air and was healthy and well, not knowing what the close air of the store was, she could come in, eat and enjoy her dinner, but these girls are too tired to eat. Everything seems too heavy to them, and as the boarding-house keeper takes them as boarders, and does not propose catering to their special conditions for the price they pay, they are obliged to make the best of what they have. Breakfast, at which too often liver and bacon and overdone steak appear, is not appetizing, for the cloth bears the stains of the dinner of the night before, and a fresh napkin in the morning is unknown. One or two cups of coffee are taken, and, improperly equipped bodily for the day's work, the girl goes out to meet it, and begins by feeling tired. The laws of the State command that there shall be seats for girls when they are not actually employed, but the nearest approach a shopper ever sees to this is a girl leaning in a tired way against one of the shelves. Do you blame these girls for getting so tired that they lose hope? Do you blame them when seeing so little of happiness themselves they think God has forgotten them? You cannot, my friend, you cannot.

### HER SOCIAL LIFE

MY girl is a social little creature. At home the girls used to come in of an evening and talk and laugh, then some sweethearts would appear, there would be more talking and laughing, maybe a little singing, and possibly a lively game or two. What social life has my girl now? The other night some friends came to see her. They were taken into the parlor, which is a stiff, bare-looking room, with chairs and sofas arranged against the wall, and a black marble table, which looks like a funeral bier, in the centre. Other people were there, and everybody whispered when they talked; it was not very cheerful. It failed to make a man think that a girl in that place might know how to arrange for a home, or enjoy the delights of a home nest. But what can my girl do? In time, if she has a sweet-heart, he and she both get to understand that if they want to see each other they must go out to do it, and going out night after night for this purpose does not always tend to keep a girl in the straight line. I am sorry to say this, but my own girl told me it was sadly true.

She knew, and I knew, a pretty girl, such a pretty girl, who came to New York with the country roses blooming on her cheeks and God's own sunshine making her hair lovely. She was young, healthy and happy. She did not know how to be careful, she did not know how to just make the best of things and get along as most of the girls do; but she wanted pleasure, she wanted pretty clothes, and she loved fun. Well, she got into debt, and then the theatre saw her every night, first with one man and then with another, and then—well, she never comes in the store now, she has got plenty of fine clothes, and she told a girl she met that she was as happy as the day was long, but somehow the girl did not believe her. She did not have to get up early in the morning any more, she was not answerable to anybody, so she said, but the girl who spoke to her went back and said to the other ones, and there was a tear in her voice: "I could not blame her; she was young and pretty, and she wanted happiness and pleasure. I do not know whether she has found it or not, but let's every one of us pray for help to try and drag along." That is what they pray for. Think of it, you happy people! For help to try and drag along. You never prayed for that at home. Maybe you did get tired of helping to make beds and wash dishes and fix over clothes, but there were times that were your own, when you could go into the room that was yours and think all by yourself. There is a deal in that, having a place for yourself, and my girl does not get it. She has to share her home with a friend. And no matter how close anybody may be, there are always times when one wants to be alone. Then in your own place no matter how simple your amusements were you did have them.

### AT THE FIRST GLANCE

WHEN my girl first took her position, she wondered how, on the wages earned, some of the girls near her were so well dressed. After a while she discovered. They were girls who lived in New York, who were not obliged to pay their own board because they had homes, and who used their money entirely for their clothes. They took these positions because they wanted finer clothes than their parents could give them, and the proprietors of the stores were only too glad to have well-dressed girls behind their counters. In my own personal acquaintance there is one girl who dresses extremely well, and who shows that she lives well from her healthy appearance. Inquiry proved that her father is employed by the Government, and that she spends more money than she earns for her wearing apparel. Many other girls are helped out by their friends at home, so that the girl who has to live and dress herself out of her own earnings, unless she is very careful, chances the being discharged because she does not look "as well as the other young ladies behind the counter." My girl is good at mending and freshening up, and as yet her eyes permit her to brush and clean in the evenings, but girls who have been at work many years, are, unhappily, forced either to go shabby and untidy looking, or to mend their belongings on Sunday, because they are too tired at night. I am not writing anything that emanates from my fancy. I am stating simple facts, and I know absolutely whereof I speak.

Very often, because she is unused to thinking out money problems, my girl gets into debt. Her landlady may be kindhearted, and trust her for a week's board, or for two weeks. She may have borrowed a little money from a girl who has saved some, and at the drug store or at the dressmaker's she may have a little account. What is she to do? Say that she pays her board promptly, she will still find herself a week or two behind. She does not make enough money to catch up, and, unfortunately, she seldom has the courage to go to her creditors and offer to pay her account in very small sums, say fifty cents at a time. The burden of debt is about her neck. If she is an honest girl she will do as I have suggested; if not, she will leave the boarding-house in disgrace, go to a different neighborhood, possibly do exactly the same thing there, and as the descent is always rapid, she will in time lose all feeling of honor as far as money is concerned. True, poverty has brought her to that condition, but did she not seek that special state?

### SUPPOSE YOU ARE SICK

THAT you are good to each other, you working girls, when trouble comes is undeniable, but, oh, you have so little to be good with! You cannot even give of your time, for it does not belong to you. It is possible that there is a society in your store to which each one contributes twenty-five cents a month; then when you are sick you receive from three to five dollars, but your board goes on just the same, your wages from the store do not come, there is possibly a doctor, certainly medicine, and if you have a long illness the possibility that your place has been filled stares you in the face. There is no time to look after all people in the work-a-day world. Every one of your comrades may be sorry for you, may do her best to help you out, but they can neither reserve your place for you, nor can they convince your employers that you are a necessity.

A little while ago I was in one of the best stores in New York, when the girl who was waiting on me turned deadly white, swayed to and fro, and I thought was going to faint. One of her comrades put her arm around her, while another finished attending to me. Then I said: "I will get a glass of water for that girl, and speak to the floor-walker and ask him to allow her to go home," but her friend said to me: "Please don't, ma'am, Annie has these fainting attacks often, and we all try to help her out, but if it is once known how delicate she is she will be discharged, and she has nobody to take care of her." What could I do? I was perfectly helpless, for I could not guarantee that after I went away she might not be told that she could go, but she need not come back. So you see in considering the question of earning your living in New York, you have to think of yourself as well or sick, and you must remember what enormous chances you take.

### GIRLS WHO PAINT OR TEACH

SOMEBODY says: "You are only taking the class of girls who go into the stores. I do that because they form the greatest number, and because they are the girls who come here from the small towns. The girl who paints, or the girl who teaches painting, has, however, by no means an easy life, that is, if she is entirely dependent on her own exertions. I do not speak of the girls who have friends to care for them, or incomes of their own. Of course, it is claimed that girls who have friends to care for them should not in any way take the bread out of the mouths of those who absolutely need it, but this state of affairs is caused almost entirely by the desire of the many girls to shirk home duties and earn money outside. The right or wrong of this must be decided by the girls themselves. I can best explain how many a girl who paints well is placed, and you must remember how many there are who only paint fairly, if I tell you the story of one.

She came to New York with the prestige of having had a picture in the Paris Salon, a few pictures already done, and about one hundred dollars in money. She was used to economizing, and expected to do it. She took a studio, for which she had to pay thirty dollars a month, and by spreading about her little belongings she made it look pretty. What looked like a lounge was really her bed, and she did her cooking on a little gas stove. She exhibited a picture at the Academy, but it was not sold. She painted away day in and day out, and principally because she had no social connections she got no money for her work. Then she took to doing dinner-cards. They were marvelously artistic, but because of the time devoted to each she had to ask a higher price than people were willing to pay. She worked along with a brave heart, and one day sold a picture for seventy-five dollars, that seventy-five dollars was mortgaged to the extent of fifty, but she paid her debts and started to work again. A woman friend sat for her and the picture was sold, because this special woman was the model. A little cooking was done on the gas stove, but the body was not well fed, and after three years of struggling, after three years of trying to sell pictures, souvenirs, dinner cards or anything that the public seemed to demand, she broke down, and casting paint brushes to the wind married. With what result? Broken in spirit, weak and impoverished in body, she was only able to bring into the world a sad-eyed little baby, to kiss it once, to turn her face to the wall, and to close her eyes to this world forever.

### WHAT DO I MEAN?

THAT is what you are asking, and this is what I have to say. I have no desire to seem to wish to crush a laudable ambition in any girl, but I do most earnestly pray that my girls all over the country will think over this picture of girl life in New York City—the great city of which you read and hear so much—realize its sorrows, its worries, and the small, almost infinitesimal, amount of enjoyment in it, and then think of their lives at home. Helping mother may grow tiresome, but if you are sick you will be cared for, if you are tired you may rest, and nobody like your own home people will find so much delight in seeing you have a happy time. In your home you are earning your own living when you lend a helping hand, are cheerful and bright, and do your best to make others happy. You are earning the best sort of a living, for you are making life seem worth while; you are training yourself for home life, and that is the best that can come to you. Unfortunately, there are thousands of girls who have to work outside their homes; give them your sympathy and your greatest pity, but get down on your knees and thank the good God who made you for the privilege of working at home, and of being out of the great world where there is no time for anything but work, where the sick and the helpless fall by the wayside unnoticed.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's former column, "What You Want to Know," hereafter to be treated under the title of "Side Talks With Girls," will be found on Page 30 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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# THREE PRETTY GIRL PAPERS

Giving Safe and Useful Hints by Three Authorities

## UGLINESS SHOULD NOT EXIST

BY MRS. M. P. HANDY



ALTHOUGH one may not be ready to accept the dictum of the modern æsthetics that ugliness does not exist, and that everything possesses beauty for him who knows how to discern it, no one can deny that beauty of person, like almost everything else, may be developed by careful training.

No one who has a good complexion, and a good figure, including a graceful carriage, can be otherwise than good-looking.

FOR the first, health and cleanliness are requisite. It is a startling assertion, but none the less true, that very few women are really clean. The skin, seen under a powerful microscope, resembles a piece of coarse lace net, and is simply a mass of pores. Through these pores a healthy circulation is constantly discharging effete matter, and if they are allowed to become clogged for want of cleansing, this refuse matter will inevitably find an outlet in the form of pimples, black-heads, etc. A daily sponge bath is one of the greatest beautifiers in the world. To take it, all you need is a basin of warm water, two wash rags, a soft towel for drying, and a rough one for rubbing. Use pure, unscented soap. Wet one rag, and soap it well, and rub every inch of your body, from head to heel, with this. Now, take the other rag and wash the soap off, rubbing briskly all the time. Then dry with your soft towel, and finally polish off with the crash towel, until you are all in a glow. This may be done either night or morning, as you prefer. If the bath is not taken at night, give yourself ten minutes' vigorous dry rubbing just before going to bed.

COSMETICS, the best of them, are of doubtful utility; and where powder is necessary, it should be always carefully washed off at night, as it clogs the pores of the skin. Egyptologists tell us that the Egyptian princesses owed the smoothness of their skins to a preparation much like the glycerine and rose-water of our day. Regular exercise in the open air is another great point. English women of the upper classes think nothing of a five-mile tramp in any weather, and come in fresh as daisies after it. The diet, also, should be regulated. Pastry, cake, rich food of all sorts, tells unfavorably upon the complexion. With regard to the figure, the human frame is like a tree, and grows as it is bent. Stooping, pushing the head forward, weakens the lungs. Always, in walking, lift the feet and put them down firmly but lightly. Put down the front of the foot first, not the heel, and rest your weight on the ball of your foot, so that the center of gravity falls plumb through your hips and the muscles of your lower limbs, instead of at the end of the spine. The muscles of the hips and waist should be trained to bear their full share of the weight of the body, and so preserve the elasticity of the figure. A good exercise for this end is to sit bolt upright for half an hour at a time, reading, sewing or doing whatever you like, only not letting yourself sink down into your hips. An excellent exercise for training young people to hold their heads properly is the carrying a weight of some sort poised on the head. The colored women of the southern States, who from childhood are accustomed to carry burdens in this manner, are models for sculptors in the carriage of head and neck.

ENGLISH children, in well-to-do families, are obliged to undergo a long course of the backboard in order to make them straight, and are never allowed more than the merest apology for a pillow at night. Indeed, letting a child sleep with the head high is chargeable with very many round shoulders. The best way of breaking the habit of "toeing in" is to send the child, at an early age, to a good dancing master. "I have rarely had a case I could not cure," said a leading saltatorial professor to the writer. "It is generally purely a habit, and what do you suppose causes it? Why, the way the nurses have of pulling their charges along faster than they can go. If you doubt it, take your seat on the boardwalk at any of our summer resorts any fine summer afternoon. You will see how the child instinctively turns its foot in to steady itself as it is dragged along, and thus it acquires the practice which it is so difficult to break." An erect walk and a graceful carriage are absolutely essential to a woman's good appearance, and without them she can hardly be attractive. In this respect the slender girl has much the advantage of her stout sister when it comes to either extreme. The advice given one of our famous actresses by a leading physician, for reducing her weight, was that she should eat no bread, that she should abstain from sweets of all kinds; from butter and rich foods; and that she should drink sparingly of any fluid. In addition to this, she was to walk a great deal. No water should be taken at meals. Tea, with very little milk or sugar, coffee with none, are safe drinks. But one cup of either should be taken at a meal.

## WRINKLES, AND THEIR CURE

BY FLORENCE WILSON



HERE is nothing so discouraging to the peace of a pretty woman's soul as the discovery of the first wrinkle in her fair face. Gray hairs may be tolerated, for often their framing softens the tints of the complexion, and adds new depth and brightness to the eyes, and many women are really never beautiful until they are crowned with the sheen of silver tresses. The fading tints of a well-kept and smooth skin may be concealed by artifices, but a wrinkle is an obstinate, aggressive witness that leaves evidence of age, in unpicturesque language most convincing. Someone has called wrinkles "vindictive little demons, whose sole purpose is to destroy the beauty of all womanhood."

WRINKLES are often the result of a poorly cared-for skin, or the habit of excessive worrying or continuous study. The modern American woman has many cares and perplexities, but these are in no way ameliorated by expressing them in puckers and frowns. The vivacity and swift changing play of feature in bright American girls is said to make prematurely wrinkled women. Much of the by-play of elevated brows is forced and unnatural, therefore the more conducive to wrinkles. Another bad habit women have is of contorting their faces into ugly expressions when exposed to the strong sunlight. This can, by a little thought and effort, be controlled to a degree. In the study of wrinkles, the question arises, What is their immediate cause? The cause is found in the defective organic contractility of the skin. While the skin retains a proper degree of tone and elasticity, wrinkles do not appear. These qualities are deficient in the aged, so the skin fails to adapt itself to the emaciated parts beneath. This explanation of the cause ought to suggest a method of removing wrinkles. We must restore a proper amount of tone and elasticity to the skin. To do this demands first, attention to the general health; second, some local stimulation. For this latter purpose, bathing the face with cold water, and then rubbing it briskly with a towel, or palm of the hand, will do good service. It is very noticeable when an attack of any serious disease—say typhoid fever—smooths over and brightens up the most markedly wrinkled and haggard of faces. The philosophy of it is this: After the disease, a period of health and excellent spirits follows, from which there is sure to be not only an increase in the amount of fatty tissue beneath the skin, but also an improvement in the tone of the skin itself.

If one can manage each day, either by brisk exercise or by friction applied to the face, to produce a deep glow, that is, to bring the blood to the surface, it will do more to ward off wrinkles than anything else I can recommend. There are, however, various harmless methods employed by different women to keep these tell-tale hieroglyphics at bay. An English lady, over fifty, asserts that her lack of wrinkles is due to the fact of her having used hot water all her life, which tightens the skin and smooths the lines.

THE "early bird" theory is one of the worst enemies to beauty. Wrinkles around the eyes of young people are often caused by sleeping on the side; the pressure upon the temples and cheeks leaves wrinkles at the corners and underneath the eyes, which at first disappear in a few hours, but finally become so fixed that neither hours nor ablutions will abate them. One should not get into the habit of sleeping the entire night on one side. Premature or emotional wrinkles may be very often removed by manipulating the affected parts with a small quantity of glycerine, or fine olive oil taken upon the fingers. The contracted or depressed muscles should be rubbed five or ten minutes every morning and evening. English women have been using of late wool-fat in place of other oils. I do not know that it can be obtained in this country.

A tepid bath, in which bran has been stirred, followed by long friction or any means which brings the blood to the face, will be of good service in preventing wrinkles. All warm baths for the face are best taken at night, as the face, if bathed in hot water, is more liable to chap when going out in the wind or cold. A most important feature in preserving beauty and deferring wrinkles is an afternoon nap. It has been said that absence of all emotion will keep away crow's-feet. Laughter is supposed to be a promoter of these odious things, and even tears of joy leave their traces behind. Does it pay to sacrifice everything for the sake of deferring wrinkles for a few years? Is the woman who is afraid to smile for fear of a wrinkle more attractive than she who greets her friends with a cheery laugh? Pictures may be bought, but from human beings something more is expected. Nothing so much tends to keep the countenance smooth as a cheerful, loving spirit. Keep the blood warm, and the heart well filled with affection, and there need be no fear of wrinkles. And if they come—well, they are no disgrace. We must all grow old, sooner or later.

## FRECKLES AND OTHER BLEMISHES

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH



ROMINENT among newspaper advertisements are the various cosmetic remedies for every outward ill that human flesh is heir to. There is not a single flaw or blemish that has not at least a score of remedies, any one of which is claimed to be a perfect antidote for any deviation from the true line of beauty. The grain of truth in these very broad assertions—that some trifling but annoying imperfections can be cured by the use of reasonable means—does not apply to the powerful and often injurious remedies thus set forth. I will not say that all advertised remedies are worthless: some are worse than others, just as some are better than others. So far as readers of the JOURNAL are concerned, they can have no safer guide than the magazine's own advertising columns, the careful preparation of which I know something.

RECIPES that have been proved are quite another thing. Those little excrescences known as warts may be sometimes removed. A faithful application of acetic acid, made daily, with the point of a camel's-hair brush, is often effectual. Moistening each day with aromatic vinegar is a simple and efficacious remedy for an ordinary wart. Another highly recommended application consists of dried ivy leaves ground to powder, which is sprinkled on the wart after it has been moistened with strong vinegar. It is then covered (where this is possible) with a securely bound strip of old linen or muslin. An unfailling remedy, according to the testimony of those who have tried it, is to pare off the hard cuticle, if there is one, and apply kerosene with a camel's-hair brush. Rubbing on the juice of the common milkweed—the milky or creamy liquid which oozes through the stem on breaking it—is also considered a speedy cure for warts; but this can be obtained only where the plant grows, and at one season of the year. The best preventives are to dry the hands thoroughly after washing, and to keep them evenly warm.

FRECKLES are apt to be the torment of young people, and especially of very fair blondes with red or reddish hair. Applications of all manner of blistering remedies are constantly recommended and used, such active poisons as corrosive sublimate and acetate of lead figuring largely in them; and the object to be attained is nothing less than the removal of the outer skin, freckles and all. Half an ounce each of Cologne water, brandy, lemon juice and alum, boiled together, produces the same result, more slowly and less painfully; but when the skin forms again, and is exposed to the same influences, the freckles reappear as rampant as ever. Tan is even worse than freckles, as this is a dark layer over the entire surface, whereas the former do leave glimpses of a fair skin. Where it is permanently established, a covering of linen or chamouis, cut to fit the face and neck, wet with cold water, if used nightly will gradually wear away the tan. As the remedy, however, is both troublesome and uncomfortable, it will scarcely find many advocates. Ordinary sunburn will, as is very generally known, succumb to one night's application of fresh cream or milk in which horseradish has been steeped, and the treatment prescribed for tan will fully prevent it. Fresh buttermilk is also an excellent remedy for sunburn.

Some faces are very much disfigured by a constant succession of small brown moles, but a solitary mole of moderate size and globular shape, if in the right place, which is either on the cheek or near the corner of the mouth, is not inaptly called a "beauty spot." It has all the becoming effect of a small patch, and sets off the fairness of a fine complexion. But a mole on the cheek of the size and shape of a bean has quite a different effect. Aromatic vinegar is an innocent application that may often be used to advantage for small moles; and also milkweed juice, as recommended for warts. Any of these remedies are at least worth trying, as they can hardly be harmful even if not productive of good results. That we should be annoyed by any unsightly blemish on the face is no reason why we should make ourselves unhappy about it to the extent of being willing to experiment with powerful and harmful remedies. Therefore, if the simple ones tried fail to remove the blemishes, it would be wise to cease fretting about them.

BUT the worst affliction of all on a woman's face is the slightest approach to a moustache or beard; and the dark shadow over the upper lip seems the dividing line between beauty and ugliness. There is no end to the nostrums that are warranted to eradicate superfluous hair, yet sometimes many fail to accomplish their mission. Among the best and safest remedies will be found a strong solution of sulphuret of barium, made into a paste for immediate use with powdered starch. Also some sulphuret of calcium and quicklime in equal parts, reduced separately to fine powder and then mixed, to be kept in a tightly corked bottle. Instantaneous removal with tweezers is sometimes resorted to. The operation is described as entirely painless. A liquid is first applied to the skin, which deadens all sensation, and at the same time loosens and destroys the roots of the hairs. These are then drawn gently and firmly forth, great care being taken to pull them in the direction in which they grow, so that the cell in which they are implanted may not be lacerated, as that would tend to roughen and scar the skin. It is a tedious and costly operation, but the result is eminently satisfactory; and the hairs once uprooted in this manner never renew their growth. Even those most severely afflicted rarely have the patience for this treatment, but the result desired can scarcely be obtained by any other course.

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# THE CHILDREN'S LUNCH

By *Elisabeth Robinson Scovil*

**W**e have often discussed the importance of a substantial breakfast as a foundation for the day's work of children going to school. The luncheon to be eaten at recess scarcely occupies a secondary place in its influence on the child's physical and mental welfare. An imperfectly nourished body cannot stand the strain which our modern system of education makes upon every faculty. The brain, supplied with impoverished blood, is unequal to the pressure; there is constant headache and feelings of lassitude and weariness. The child is taken away from school because the health is breaking down from over study. It is not over study, but under feeding that is at the bottom of the trouble. Bricks without straw are as difficult of accomplishment now as in the days of Pharaoh. Tissue cannot be built up without suitable food.

**W**hen we see our house plants looking stunted, putting forth few leaves and no flowers, we stir the soil in the pots and enrich the earth. When we see a child looking pale and thin, with flabby muscles, we say, if we know something of physiological chemistry: "Too little nitrogenous food." If we are simple folk, averse to long words, we remark: "That child seems half starved." It is the truth, however we express it, and a wrong is being done to the child that the fact is not recognized and remedied by the parents, or whoever has the daily oversight of its meals. The unconscious victim may seem to eat a sufficient amount of food, while it does not get enough of the proper kind to furnish the nourishment the body requires.

**T**he lunch basket is packed in thousands of homes these frosty winter mornings. It must be filled so as best to satisfy first the needs, and then the desires of the hungry owner when it is opened in the school room after three hours of mental exertion, with two more to come. We are considering now the luncheon that must take the place of the mid-day meal when the children are too far from home to return in the middle of the day. The slighter refectory that many town children carry to be partaken of at the ten o'clock recess does not need as careful preparation, although some thought must be expended upon it, too. The filling of the basket becomes more important when we remember that a child's most substantial repast should be at noon, or within an hour of that time. If fully satisfied then, the appetite will not demand the more substantial forms of food later in the day, when they are not as easily digested.

Bearing this fact in mind, it seems a mockery to remember the contents of too many lunch baskets we have seen or known of. A triangle of pie and a doughnut, the paste solid and apparently impervious to the attack of teeth less sharp than a rabbit's; baker's buns and a cucumber pickle; cheese and crackers; cake, combined with various degrees of sweetness and stickiness, from chocolate to strawberry jam—all these and many other indigestible dainties rise before the mind's eye of everyone who has a personal knowledge of the average school lunch. Occasionally there are sandwiches, but usually the bread is cut too thick, the meat is in large pieces difficult for a child to separate, and the whole is a dry, unappetizing morsel.

**H**owever well chosen the food may be, it will be useless if it is not sufficiently tempting to induce the child to eat it. Individual tastes must be catered to, and likes and dislikes remembered, particularly the latter. Some children have a positive repugnance to rare meat, and really cannot eat it. Others especially dislike butter, or will not touch lightly-boiled eggs. These and similar idiosyncrasies, which may be hereditary, should be deferred to, for the child is not responsible for them, and cannot easily overcome them. The wise mother will substitute for the despised viands something equally nourishing that the child does relish. To do this she must have some knowledge of the relative value of foods, and she can acquire enough to be of practical use to her without going very deeply into the subject from a scientific point of view. She needs to know what classes of food furnish the best material, not only for repairing the waste of the body, but for building the new structure, which must be formed as the child grows. We notice this growth at intervals, without recollecting that it takes place day by day, almost hour by hour; indeed, is going on incessantly. This accounts for the large appetites of healthy, growing children. We often see children who were fat and rosy during their early years, while their diet was principally milk, become pale and thin as they grow taller and escape from the nursery regimen. The milk has been gradually withdrawn, and no proper substitute provided for it.

**I**t is here that mother love must be on the alert, like a wise master builder, watching that the child receives what its frame needs for the proper development of every part. Foods that abound in nitrogen are especially valuable in aiding in the growth of the tissues. Milk, eggs and lean meat belong to this class. Cereals that are rich in albuminoids, as wheat, oatmeal, barley, etc., and some of the vegetables, particularly peas and beans, furnish good building materials. It is interesting to notice in this connection that the cereals derive their name from Ceres, the goddess of plenty. Foods consisting principally of starch, fat and sugar, have their own place in the animal economy. It is rather to keep up the heat of the body, and help to generate the nervous energy which gives the muscles power, than as materials for building, that they are useful. These elements are known as the hydro-carbons, and while they are indispensable for their proper uses, they cannot take the place of the more solid constituents of the nitrogenous group.

**H**ow, then, ask some perplexed mothers, shall we fill the children's lunch baskets? First, there must be meat in them, and as from the exigencies of the case the meat must be cold, we should arrange it as temptingly as possible. It is generally disposed of in sandwiches, and if these are properly made they will be eaten with relish. The bread should be buttered before it is cut from the loaf, the slices cut thin, the meat minced, laid in an even layer on the bread, and sprinkled lightly with salt. After the top slice is in place, the sandwich should be divided into pieces not more than three inches square, so as to be easily eaten. Beef, mutton and poultry are the most digestible meats for children. Veal does not contain as much nutriment as the flesh of the animal in its more mature state, and pork is considered more indigestible than the other meats.

So much, however, depends upon circumstances, that these meats should not be condemned wholesale. Veal should be thoroughly cooked, without a trace of redness when it is done. Fresh pork, well roasted, may be given with a small quantity of the fat, while salt pork, boiled, would be inadmissible. Delicate slices of ham, not too salt and well boiled, may be given to children with good digestions, who are old enough to go to school. It is difficult, if not impossible, to lay down an exact dietary for any given case, when the individual is unknown. All that can be done is to suggest principles which each mother must reduce to practice for herself. Knowing what is needed, she can arrange that the want shall be met. Venison is a desirable meat for children, and in some localities its price brings it within the reach of persons of moderate means. Highly flavored game should, as a rule, be excluded from the diet list. It is worth while to take pains to have the lunch basket arranged as daintily as possible. Small napkins should be provided to wrap the food in; they need be only pieces of an old table cloth, neatly fringed or hemmed, if better are not to be had for the asking. The lunch basket should be kept scrupulously clean; it will be well to have it scalded occasionally and hung in the sun to dry. Children should be taught to love dainty things, and when the lesson is once learned it will not be apt to be forgotten.

**G**ood bread should be used in making the sandwiches. This is an unknown luxury in some households, where sweet, light bread is seldom seen. If the mother of a family cannot make good bread, or does not understand the process sufficiently well to teach some one else to do so, she should acquire the art as speedily as possible, for the sake of her children's health. Very fine white flour does not contain as much nutriment as the darker, coarser varieties, but it is more palatable for continued use. Bread made from it may be alternated with that made from rye, Indian meal, Graham flour, etc., which are usually liked as a change. Very fresh bread and hot biscuit are difficult to digest, and so unsuitable for children. Raised rolls, with a little butter worked into them, are delicious when cold. They can be cut in slices and buttered for the lunch basket. Tea cakes, made light with baking powder, should be avoided.

Some children do not like oatmeal porridge, and cannot be induced to eat it. There are very few who will not eat oatmeal bread and enjoy it. This way of using this valuable cereal is not as well known as it ought to be. The following receipt has been used with great success: Take two and one-half cups of oatmeal porridge that has been well boiled. When this is cool, add to it half a cup of molasses, half a cup of liquid yeast, or half a yeast cake, one tablespoonful of salt, and knead in enough wheat flour to make it the consistency of ordinary bread dough. Mould it in loaves, put them in the baking pans; when the dough is very light bake them for one hour and a half. The lightness of the dough, and the length of the baking, are very necessary factors in the success of the operation. The bread is brown, sweet and delicious, even better a little stale than when it is fresh. Baker's bread should never be used when it is possible to procure home-made.


**I**nstead of always putting the meat in sandwiches it may be sliced thin, cut in mouthfuls, daintily sprinkled with salt and wrapped in white paper, to be eaten with bread and butter. It is difficult to prepare eggs for the lunch basket. They must, of course, be hard-boiled, and should be cooked for about twenty minutes, as this renders them less indigestible than the ordinary process of boiling them five or six minutes. They can be cut in four pieces lengthways, seasoned with salt and wrapped in paper, or cut in slices and put between bread and butter. Salt is a very important ingredient in children's food, and should never be omitted from it. A tiny pinch should be put in the baby's milk, and the child who has learned to like it will resent its absence.

**C**ake is usually considered by good authorities a doubtful luxury for children. If it is light, well baked, and not too rich, there is no reason why it should not be admitted to a place in the lunch basket. Its ingredients, flour, eggs, milk, butter and sugar, are valuable separately, and if properly put together there is no just cause for prohibiting the combination. It is indigestible when it is filled with a mass of dried fruit, as in plum cake; but a few currants, stoned raisins or pieces of citron will do no harm. The craving which children have for sweet things shows that there is a legitimate demand for sugar in the laboratory where nature is evolving the nutriment to be assimilated by the body. A judicious quantity given at the principal meals of the day is far better than an unlimited amount of candy consumed surreptitiously at other times. Children are usually very fond of cookies of all kinds. Oatmeal can be introduced in this form when it is disliked as porridge. A good receipt for making them is one cupful of oatmeal, two cupfuls of sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. Rub the butter and sugar together, add the milk, the eggs, well beaten, the soda and vanilla. Sift the cream of tartar into the oatmeal, and put it into the mixture. Stir in enough wheat flour to make a soft dough, roll it thin, cut into round cakes and bake. Gingerbread, hard or soft, is always liked; ginger-snaps and the different varieties of crackers are unobjectionable when only a few are eaten, and come after the substantial part of the repast, instead of forming the whole of it. Many things are permissible when the foundation is laid, that would be injurious to the building without it!

**T**he children's lunch is incomplete without fruit. Here there is opportunity for the exercise of a wise discretion as to condition. It should be ripe and sound, and not provided in too great quantity. For children of school age the kind matters less if these points are strictly observed. When we remember the green apples that boys have absorbed and lived, we cease to be very anxious as to the ill effects of a moderate amount of wholesome fruit. On the other hand, a small quantity of stale or unripe fruit may produce disastrous consequences if eaten by a delicate child. When fresh fruit cannot be obtained, the dried fruits may be used. Figs, prunes and dates are unobjectionable at any time, and valuable as a laxative, when one is required. A few nuts will do no harm; if they are sprinkled with salt before being eaten it renders them more digestible. Children should be taught not to swallow the seeds of grapes, the pips of oranges, the seeds of apples and pears, or the stones of raisins. There is a possibility of danger connected with them, which it is well to avoid. The vermiform appendix is a little blind pouch, for which, as yet, anatomists have been unable to discover a use. If small particles of foreign matter, like those just mentioned, slide into this convenient receptacle they may excite an inflammation which is dangerous, and may be fatal. There is no special use in running a risk that is absolutely unnecessary and which may be prevented by a little caution. If children are early impressed with the fact that they must not swallow small, hard substances the habit of removing them from the mouth will be formed, and they will do it mechanically.

**T**here is one point of great importance which is usually overlooked in providing the luncheon. There should be something to drink as well as plenty to eat. When it is possible to obtain pure, fresh water in the school room this provision is not so indispensable. Unfortunately, the purity of the water supply is too often open to grave doubt. Even when this is assured, it is better that the cold lunch should be accompanied by some more nourishing fluid when it is possible. In cool weather half a pint of fresh milk will keep perfectly sweet from the morning until recess. For a delicate child, this may have the white of an egg shaken with it. If milk alone is not liked it may be made palatable by adding half a teaspoonful of cocoa and letting it come to the boil, sweetening it to the taste. Half water can be used if the undiluted milk seems too rich. A few drops of extract of vanilla and a little sugar makes what the children call "ice cream milk." Milk is such a valuable food that it should be encouraged in every way possible. In summer, lemonade may be substituted for the milk. A quantity can be made at a time with little trouble and bottled for future use. Take three-quarters of an ounce of tartaric acid, one and a half pounds of sugar and the grated rind of three lemons; place these in a jar, pour over them five quarts of boiling water; when the mixture is cool squeeze in the juice of the lemons and stir thoroughly. Raspberry or strawberry vinegar, properly diluted with water, makes an acceptable beverage. If too sweet it does not quench the thirst. The acid promotes the flow of saliva, thus aiding the digestion. Flat bottles with screw tops that will hold the contents safely, and occupy comparatively small space, can be very easily procured at slight expense.

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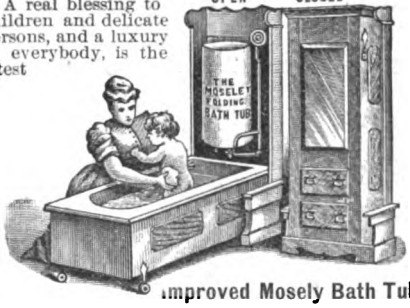
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**EDITOR'S NOTE**—Miss Scovil's former column of "Mothers' Council," hereafter to be treated under the title of "Suggestions for Mothers," will be found on Page 30 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



DRESSING FOR THE THEATRE

By Isabel A. Mallon



**T**HE proper costume for the theatre or concert is one that has always been more or less a question to the woman who wishes to be well dressed. In choosing her gown she must consider not only whether it is to be worn at a morning or evening function, but also whether she is to occupy an ordinary seat, or a box. American women are beginning to dress for the theatre as do their English sisters; that is, by either leaving off the huge hats and permitting their own pretty heads to be seen, or else wearing upon them as a covering small, dainty bonnets that do not obstruct the view of others. Occasionally in a box, or when a large party is given, the wearing of full dress is noted, but it has not as yet become general in our theatres. However, what is known as theatre costumes prevail, and tend to make the house itself look like a garden full of beautiful flowers.

For the matinee the costume required is like that which should be worn on the street, or in a carriage. The bonnet is usually retained and, indeed, so is the hat, unless it be a large one, and then that beautiful grace of consideration comes to the fore, and it is removed. The girl in the close-fitting cloth gown, wearing a small toque, and perfectly gloved, is properly dressed for the morning performance, as is the one who wears a silk, velvet or brocade. Heavy fur cloaks or, indeed, enormous wraps of any sort, are not in good taste for theatre wear, unless there should be attached to the house itself a dressing-room where they may be left in charge of the maid.

FOR WEAR AT THE MATINEE

Illustration No. 1 is pictured a smart costume for a matinee, suitable either for a box or for an ordinary seat. It shows the



A TASTEFUL MATINEE GOWN (Illus. No. 1)

much favored combination of heliotrope and blue. The material used is electric blue cloth; the skirt just escapes the ground, and has, above a bordering of black fur, three small ruffles of heliotrope velvet. The bodice is pointed in front and at the back, and is of the cloth, with a full, pointed yoke of velvet, outlined, as is the edge of the skirt, with fur. The closing is concealed under the arm, as the bodice is a draped one. A girle of heliotrope passementerie comes from the back, is turned loosely over at the point in front, and falls far down on the velvet ruffles. The toque is of the heliotrope velvet, and has standing up in front high bows of electric blue ribbon. By-the-by, though the bows are high they are yet sufficiently narrow not to interfere with any one's vision, and also prevent a feeling of despair to arise in the heart of whoever may sit behind the pretty gown. Gloves of mode undressed kid are worn, and the long jacket is of blue cloth, trimmed with fur and having broad velvet revers of the heliotrope shade; this is removed before the theatre is entered. As the bodice part of this gown is by the contrast of color and material somewhat striking, its choice for theatre wear is easily understood, but it is equally well adapted for any time during the day.

SOME OTHER CONTRASTS

**A**NOTHER pretty gown that is specially reserved for matinee wear is of black satin, the heavy, shiny material that the French dressmakers are making popular again. This has a smooth, almost sheath-like skirt, and its coat basque has for decoration a yellow brocade waistcoat, overlaid with heavy black jet, finely cut and sufficiently open to allow the sunshiny color to show through. The sleeves have deep cuffs to correspond, and the pocket laps are in harmony. The bonnet worn has a crown of gold spangles and a flat bow of black satin ribbon just in front. Another dainty gown is of black serge; it is made in princess shape, and has yoke, cuffs and girle of very bright green bengaline silk, heavily overlaid with coarse white lace caught here and there with jet nail heads.

FOR EVENING WEAR

**A**T any place of amusement in the evening much greater allowance is permissible, as far as dress is concerned, than in the afternoon, and every woman feels that she wishes to do her host the courtesy of looking as well as possible. If he has been kind enough to send her flowers she will be wise if she puts them in a dainty vase at home and preserves them so that they will give her several days' pleasure, for the wearing of flowers at the theatre is quite out of fashion. Small bonnets are in good taste; hats are never so, unless, indeed, they are immediately removed—for this purpose many women keep a felt sailor, or a soft Alpine hat, and take it off immediately on their entrance, so that in going to and from the theatre it is possible for them to use the street cars, and their escorts are not put to the expense of hiring a carriage. The amount of jewelry worn must be decided by each individual; certainly a great quantity of it is not to be commended, but pretty brooches, fanciful pins, an artistic comb in the hair, or one's favorite bracelets, are permissible, though, by-the-by, the bracelets must not be worn outside the gloves, so after all they are only seen when the gloves are removed. Veils should never be worn in the evening. One would scarcely think this "don't" was necessary, and yet women who certainly ought to know better frequently make this very mistake.

A DAINY EVENING COSTUME

**O**NE of the season's contrasts that is especially pretty in the evening, is that of golden brown and very pale blue, and it is that which is shown in Illustration No. 2. The costume itself consists of a golden-brown skirt made rather fuller than those we have seen recently, though the fullness is drawn to the back, where there is a slight train. About the edge of the skirt is a band of brown fur, and above this is a passementerie decoration in beads that look like amber, and outline palm leaves. The skirt material is of velvet. The bodice is a soft full blouse of blue bengaline with a brown velvet peasant's waist laced over it, the waist standing sufficiently far apart in front for the soft blue to show between the lacings. The edge of the girle is outlined with what seems like a piping of amber beads. The collar is piped with brown fur and has a rosette of very narrow ribbon of the brown color on one side. A diamond crescent is also fastened in the collar slightly to one side. The sleeves are full and high on the shoulder and shaped in at the wrist with a narrow finish of fur. No bonnet is worn, and the hair, which is arranged in a low, loose knot, has about it three fillets of blue ribbon with a tiny upstanding bow of the same just in the center of the front band.

There is a fancy for placing pins or brooches in as odd a position as possible, though one may question the taste of the woman who pins a handsome diamond star at the back of her gown.

Similar costumes show combinations of gray cashmere and pink moiré, of gray velvet and white lace, of gray and a very deep shade of lavender, of black and pale blue, black and pink, black and brown, brown and emerald green, deep lavender and pale blue, and that always fashionable contrast, black and white.

COSTUME FOR A BOX PARTY

**I** DO not commend the wearing of elaborate evening gowns in a box. At the same time, I think it quite proper that a somewhat more elaborate dress should be assumed. The pretty evening dresses with round English necks, and long, full, quaint sleeves, are admirable for box costumes, and they are, of course, perfectly proper for wear after the evening's amusement is done, and one goes to partake of some further hospitality offered by one's generous host. In white cloths, in soft gray stuffs, in the rich, artistic bengalines, in the quaint brocades, indeed, in any rich material, these gowns may be very simply developed, for the designs are arranged in such a way that the special styles form the trimming, and are intended to bring out the richness and elegance of the fabric.

Illustration No. 3 shows exactly how this is done. The gown itself is of pale gray brocade, the tiny flowers upon it showing here and there a glimmer of pink; it is cut in princess fashion, as are so many of the gowns of today. This one is fitted to the figure in the front and at the sides, and is arranged in a double Watteau plait in the back, the plait itself spreading out on the short train. The neck is cut in the round English fashion, and finished in a fine frill of pink chiffon. The full sleeves are of chiffon, and are shaped in at the wrists under a band of fluffy gray fur. At each side, from under the arms, comes a very pretty sash of pink crêpe de chine, which is carelessly knotted in front. The gloves are of gray undressed kid. About the throat is a single string of pearls, and here and there on the edge of the bodice are pinned fancy brooches in harmony with the costume. A great quantity of material is not required to make a gown like this, so that if it seems to



AN EVENING THEATRE COSTUME (Illus. No. 2)

cost a good deal, one must remember that no money is needed for trimmings, and the material itself can be utilized afterward, as it is in straight strips, a fashion, by-the-by, that the clever French dressmaker likes, for she often consults the advantage of her client.

A FEW LAST WORDS

**W**OMEN who are not in the habit of dressing especially for places of amusement may be surprised that I advocate it so much, but I am personally an ardent believer in the power of dress. I think that greater respect is shown where greater care is taken in regard to one's appearance is taken, and when women demand from men that they dress in harmony with them they will find their surroundings improved. The manager will have a desire to make his theatre more beautiful and comfortable, the actors, realizing the deference due their audience, will remember that the people before them are ladies, and many things that are objectionable will be obliterated. You think this sounds visionary. It is not, my friend; it is in the hands of women to improve the places of amusement. People always wish to be amused; they need that as much as they need the bread and butter of life. Again I say it is with the women to make everything better, and they can commence by dressing, so that they demand the best for themselves, then most certainly it will be given to them.



FOR A BOX PARTY (Illus. No. 3)

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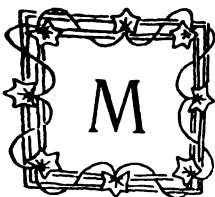
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PUTTING A GOWN TOGETHER

By Emma M. Hooper



**M**AKE up your mind that it is not an endless task, and remember that by setting about it properly your work will be much easier, and the results more satisfactory than if you make a careless start. You may be making your gown from choice or necessity, but in either case the right way is the easier, and why make work any harder than it naturally is? There is something very interesting in watching the development of a gown as the hours fly by, and even though the knowledge may never be put to the test, it is well to know how to put a gown together if left stranded on poverty flat; or if in a town miles from a competent dressmaker, as some of my correspondents have been.

THE NECESSARY PATTERN

**I**T is simply impossible to teach any one how to shape a skirt or basque from description. Either keep a fitted pattern of silesia or a paper pattern on hand, or learn a simple dress system, which will enable you to cut and fit your own dresses, if no more is ever required of the accomplishment. With paper patterns costing from thirty to forty cents it becomes quite an expense to buy new ones for every gown, so if this plan is to be followed, I would advise buying a standard design of a pointed basque and fashionable skirt, and with these as a guide, learn how to alter them to suit the prevailing styles. A still better plan is to have a well-fitting pattern of silesia, which does not readily pull out of shape, and use that until the form changes, as it will do, even if the weight remains the same. Now that the vexed question of a pattern is at rest, we can go a step on and begin to cut in the linings. If a dressmaker is to assist, it will be well to read over the article, "Making a Dress at Home," in the December issue, as she will naturally take command of the task, but this article is more especially addressed to persons doing their own sewing, and who are anxious to know the latest and easiest manner of making a gown.

PROPER LININGS, ETC.

**F**OR a basque, silesia, French cambric or percaline, mixed silk and cotton, or silk, are the usual fabrics. The latter is too expensive for general use, the mixed goods is too thin except for summer gowns, and the percaline is easily stretched if made very snug fitting, which leaves silesia as the stand-by. This may be had for from eight to thirty-five cents a yard, but I cannot recommend a quality under fifteen cents for this purpose, and would prefer it to be twenty. Make the sleeves of the same material, allowing two yards for an ordinary-sized basque or a quarter of a yard less for a short, round waist. For the waist include covered stays, or the real whalebone, getting the stays from seven to nine inches in length, according to the depth of the basque, collar canvas for the collar, ordinary facing canvas for the shoulders, silk for facing the collar and wrists if the dress material is coarse or heavy, a belt of webbing, sewing silk for stitching all of the seams, twist for the buttonholes, hemming down the velveteen facing, sewing on hooks, etc. Do not forget shields for the armholes, and large and small bent hooks. For the skirt made in the present style, and forty-one inches long, four yards and a half of cheap silesia, six yards of undressed cambric, or seven yards of silk, a yard of facing canvas and velveteen for the binding, or narrow facing, will be required. The velveteen will be either a quarter of a yard on the bias, or two rolls, as they are only three yards in length, and the skirts are now worn three and a half yards wide. Personally, I like undressed cambric for a skirt lining on account of its light weight, and I have never yet found a lining to wear out before the outside material. Of course, a silk lining, when it can be afforded, is always the best.

THE DETAIL WORK

**C**UT the lining of the basque fronts first, keeping the grain of the lining exactly even with the pattern, and allowing half an inch for all seams, except those of the shoulders and under-arm seams, where an inch is left. Leave a hem on the front edges an inch and a quarter wide, and cut the basque (or waist is really a more correct name, as all basques are waists, while all waists are not basques), and baste the lining up without cutting out the darts, using No. 40 basting cotton, or silk for a silk or velvet waist, so that the stitches will not show, and select a long needle, taking three running stitches forward and one backward. Hold the back of the shoulder seam toward you while sewing, fulling it in a trifle at the lower end where every person rounds a trifle. Commence basting at the top of the seams, pinning them together in advance of the sewing. In basting the darts, be careful to run them up to a perfect and tapering point. If the form is full-busted and a little flat at the arm-hole, as many are, a tiny V-shaped dart is made on each side of the armhole, above the darts, running diagonally downward toward the top of the darts. These darts are easily taken up on the person when fitting them. Sew these V's down flatly after sewing them up, and press with an iron. When hollow underneath the arm, add a tiny crescent-shaped pad filled with hair.

FITTING THE WAIST

**T**RY the lining on with the seams on the outside; pin it where necessary, using sharp and medium-sized pins, and then turn it with the seams on the inside. Pin up the fronts, commencing at the top to pull the back into the form, and use the pin holes as a guide when turning in the hems, which should slope in at the neck, out over the waist, and again at the waist line, and out over the abdomen. Now, having marked all of the alterations, rip the lining apart and baste each portion of it to the dress material, keeping the grain or warp of the two fabrics even. The lining at the waist line of each piece should be full in half an inch to make the outside set smoother around the waist line when the belt is fastened. To prevent any "breaking" across the chest it is well to stitch a layer of canvas from the top of the bust to the shoulder seam between the lining and dress goods. If very hollow-chested or sunken around the front of the armhole, baste one or two layers of sheet wadding there. If the shoulder blades are very sharp, one more prominent than the other, or if any such inequalities exist, they can be hidden, or at least lessened, by a judicious use of sheet wadding, paring the edges down where more than one layer is used, and basting all such additions to the lining before laying the outside material over it. Now baste up the seams, cut out the darts, and try on for the second time, with the seams inside. Baste carefully, and keep the seams perfectly straight; as the basting is done so will the stitching and final appearance of the seams be. Careless and inefficient basting has ruined many a dress, and at the dressmaker's school basting and measuring are called the most important points that should be observed by a beginner.

STITCHING AND BONING

**S**TITCH the seams just outside of the bastings, to allow for the bones, leaving the shoulder and under-arm seams only basted until after the third trying on. Rip the bastings, press the seams with a warm iron, placing a bit of crinoline between the goods and the iron, to prevent any discoloration. Open all of the seams, except the shoulders, which should be pressed together toward the front. Before pressing the seams, however, the edges must be finished by overcasting them, taking a lining and material edge together, binding or turning them in. The binding is done with thin silk binding tape or ribbon, the overcasting with colored silk; the last method is to turn the edges in toward each other, sewing them with colored silk. If genuine whalebone is used, the double cotton or silk bone casings are feather stitched on every seam to within an inch and a half of the armhole. To the top of the darts, and so on around evenly, reaching to within a quarter of an inch of the lower edge of the waist. The bones are then cut the proper length, the ends rounded, laid in hot water, wiped, and put in the casing, which is sewn firmly at the top; the bone shapes itself to the seam as it cools, and this treatment will also re-stiffen old bones. Add a bone to the left front edge. If the covered bones are used, they are selected of the right length and feather-stitched on. A gray lining, belt and covered bones, cardinal silk for the overcasting and twist for the feather stitching makes a neat finish. The belt is feather-stitched or herring-boned at the center back, side form and side seams, placing the lower edge of it half an inch above the bottom of the waist line. It should be a trifle smaller than the waist, in order to take the strain from it, just meet in front, and fasten with two bent hooks and eyes.

FINISHING THE EDGES

**T**HE left front edge has a tape run down the wrong side under the line marking the pin holes when the waist was fitted on, and the hem is left returned to answer as a "fly" or shield under the buttonholes. The buttons are sewn directly on the center line, and at distances of three-fourths of an inch to an inch and a quarter, depending upon the size. Buttons are much easier to fasten than hooks and eyes, but if the latter are preferred the eyes are sewed with the back edge on the outer line and the hooks a quarter of an inch back of the opposite edge, thus giving the necessary lap. Sew buttons on with twist, and while keeping securely tight do not sew them too closely to move. If buttons do fasten with difficulty, use a button hook in place of the fingers. Just at the waist line, where the form curves in, snip the edge of the fronts, the extreme edge, not the turned one, for the necessary "give," and then "stay" the slashed piece with a triangle of the goods. When the dress fits very snugly, the old-fashioned "stay pieces," sewn in the front darts and hooked from the waist line to about four inches above, shaping the pieces wider at the top, will take the strain from the waist line. For very stout figures, these "stays" are positively necessary to keep the flesh above the top of the darts.

The belt is used with the "stay" pieces as usual, as that is designed to hold the basque down in place and thus prevent all possible slipping or twisting about, making crooked seams, which are the horror of a maker or fitter of any kind of a waist. High darts are very English in appearance, but give a flat look to the bust. Darts, deeply curved at the waist line, give a longer and more tapering look to the figure, and that is the accepted form just now.

BUTTONHOLES AND COLLAR

**T**HE hem on the right front is turned under and the places for the buttonholes marked an eighth of an inch back of the edge. Mark them by pinning the two edges together and sticking a pin through to the button. The only way to learn to make a buttonhole is to practice until "experience makes perfect," though some needlewomen never learn this branch of dressmaking. Turning the ends seems a puzzle, but much of this trouble comes from making the stitches too close together. Cut buttonholes out with the scissors intended for that purpose, and overcast them lightly with silk before commencing to work with the twist. Now cut out the collar, shaping it to bring the front edges slightly on the bias and in one piece. Baste the outside material on the heavy canvas collar, turning the edges over and holding them down with long back and forth stitches. Baste a facing of silk to the inside of the collar, hemming down the top and side edges only. Now try the waist on for the last time, having basted in the sleeves in the meantime and also put the collar on over the outside of the neck. Make any necessary alterations in the shoulder or under arm seams, the collar or sleeves. Then stitch up the remaining seams, bone those under the arms and press them as the others were done. Sew the collar on, holding the dress neck toward you, hem down the facing over the lining, and insert hooks and eyes at the top and bottom of the collar between the facing and canvas. The neck and armholes are cut out at the last moment to keep them from stretching. Collars are from an inch and a half to two inches in depth.

SLEEVES AND LAST STITCHES

**T**HE lower edge of the waist is turned up and a narrow piece of sleazy crinoline basted on to keep the edge smooth; over this baste the bias facing of silk or the dress material and sew it down, not allowing any stitches to show on the right side. The sleeves have been stitched, the edges overcast, the top fullness gathered twice and caught to the smaller lining top, and the edges snipped here and there to prevent any drawing up. The back seam at the wrist is left open for an inch and a half in depth, the edge turned under and a bias facing of silk put on, blind-stitching the hem down. Baste the sleeves in so as to bring the under seam straight down the under part of the arm, and sew them in with a good seam, after arranging the fullness evenly over the top of the arm. When on the wearer the fullness at the upper part of the arm is lightly tacked here and there in a becoming manner, which can only be done on the person. Overcast the arm-hole, put the shields on at the under part, tacking them at the two ends and once below to the lining. If the waist is to be hung up place two small loops of tape at the arm holes just where the side form seam reaches, and hang by these, each on a separate hook or nail. Remove the last bastings, shake the waist and hang it up with the feeling of credit that we always take after accomplishing a somewhat difficult task. Now that this is done the skirt will seem light work in comparison when we reach it, which will not be until another issue of the JOURNAL.

FINISHING THE GOWN

**W**HEN removing the basting threads in silk or velvet goods they must be cut every few inches and pulled very gently, as every mark shows, as it also does in ladies' cloth. Velvet and cloth must be cut the same way of the goods for every piece of the dress or it will shade differently. When fitting these materials use small and sharp pins, for fear of the holes showing. Use silk thread for basting or No. 60 white cotton thread. Neither velvet nor cloth can be pressed without showing it on the right side, so the seams are opened, overcast, and run over the small part of a hot iron placed on the back end, which avoids pressure, yet serves to open the seams. There are so many ways of shaping the bottom of a waist and of trimming it that it would be impossible to add this instruction in an article devoted to plain and standard dressmaking, which features have predominated in these columns. The waist as now finished is ready for any kind of applied trimming, according to the material employed. The ordinary basque includes two fronts, two side gores, two side forms and two backs, but for a stout figure four side forms are recommended, as the extra seams break up the otherwise wide expanse under the arms. A well-fitting basque does not mean a remarkably tight one, and no dressmaker is able to make a perfect fit unless especial attention is paid to the corsets and underclothing of the person to be fitted, which greatly influences the "set" of a dress waist.

THE PROPER CORSET

**A** DRESS waist does not fit as well over a perfectly new corset, especially a stiff-boned one, as when it has been worn two or three days and settled in to the figure. There are now long, medium and short-waisted corsets, so all figures may be fitted. Do not make the mistake of thinking that a long corset will make a short waist seem of greater length. On the contrary, such a misfit will make the wearer uncomfortable, and prevent a handsome or shapely gown. There are also corsets for full and slender hips and busts, in fact, for every known and unknown trait that a figure can possess. A waist should be fitted over the corsets and underwear that will be worn with it, and one should avoid being fitted on a day when one is not feeling particularly well, or patient enough to be turned here and there, to be cut with the scissors and to be pricked with the pins. It is really hard work to be fitted at any time, and like every other task becomes almost unendurable if not feeling that "To be told of winter fashions, shows life is but a dressy dream."

EDITOR'S NOTE—MISS HOOPER'S answers to correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on Page 28 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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## DIVISION OF HOUSEHOLD WORK

By Maria Parloa

**I**t is a perplexing task for young housekeepers to divide properly the weekly work of the household. Even when I start to write on the subject, many difficulties present themselves, as no two houses are conducted

on exactly the same plan. What would be the right thing for one home would be entirely impracticable in another. The woman who does her own work, or keeps but one servant, must, of course, plan her work quite differently from the woman who keeps two or more servants. Then, too, the place and mode of living will influence the arrangement of household work. For example, in the country the style of living is much simpler than in the city; the hours are more regular, there are fewer stairs to go over, less dirt and dust accumulate, and, in short, practically all the work is done on two floors. This makes the duties of mistress and maid lighter than in the city house. The pure air, quiet surroundings and long, uninterrupted hours make it possible for a woman to accomplish a great deal of housework in a day, and yet have leisure for reading, sewing and quiet thinking.

But, on the other hand, the city housekeeper has her advantages, such as the house fitted with all modern conveniences; stores and markets close at hand; and, if extra or heavy work is to be done, easy means of getting men and women to do it. The changing scenes in the city take woman out of herself and the narrowing cares of home life, and keep her interested and in touch with the world, thus making her duties less irksome than they might be in a regular and monotonous life.

Yet no matter where one resides, there are certain daily duties that must be attended to if people would live decently and in order. I will try to map out programmes of these duties, so that the inexperienced housekeeper will be able to outline her daily work by them. It must be understood that these programmes are not arbitrary; they are simply suggestions which each housekeeper may adapt to the exigencies of her own household.

### GENERAL EVERY-DAY WORK

AS there are many routine duties that must be performed every day, I will treat of them here. Special work will have a day assigned to it. It is almost appalling to look at the list of daily duties of the household, when one remembers that it frequently happens that there is but one pair of hands to do all the work; yet there are thousands of women who are well and happy in passing their lives that way, knowing that they contribute to the health and comfort of their families. If there be system in doing the work the burden will be materially lightened. Each member of the family has his or her duties. Habits of order and punctuality should be cultivated. Being late at meals and leaving things out of place will increase the burdens of the housekeeper in a marked degree.

### WHAT TO DO IN THE MORNING

FIRST, make the kitchen fire; take up and sift the ashes. After brushing all the dust from the range, wash off the surface with a cloth and soap and water; then polish it with stove blacking. Rinse out the tea-kettle, and after the water has been running from the cold-water pipes for about five minutes, fill the kettle and place it on the fire. Sweep and dust the kitchen. Put the breakfast dishes on to heat. Air the dining-room and set the table; then prepare and serve the breakfast. Clear the breakfast table, assorting and freeing the dishes from scraps of food. Soak in cold water any dishes that are soiled with mush, milk or eggs; put the silver in a pitcher of warm water.

Go up stairs and open the chamber windows, if they were not opened the first thing in the morning. Take the clothes from the beds, one piece at a time, and spread over chairs or a low screen, so that the air shall pass through them freely. Beat the pillows and bolsters, and place them in a current of air. Turn the mattresses so that they shall be aired on all sides. Leave the rooms to air for an hour, or longer if possible.

Return to the kitchen and wash the dishes; then put them away at once. Wash the dish-towels in plenty of soap and water, and rinse thoroughly; when possible, dry them out of doors. Air, brush and dust the dining-room; then draw the shades. Make the beds, empty the slops, and wash and wipe the bed-room toilet china. Put the rooms in order and dust them. Next wash the basins and the bathtub, if necessary, and dust the bath-room.

Dust the halls and sitting-room and any other rooms that may require it. Collect the lamps and trim them. Prepare the dinner or luncheon. If you live in the city, the vestibule and sidewalk must be swept and, perhaps, washed. The earlier this work is done, the better, as there will be less annoyance from frequent passers early in the morning. If the home be in the country, the front and back steps and the piazzas should be swept at the hour most convenient for the housekeeper. In freezing weather do not, of course, attempt to wash the piazza, steps or sidewalk, as the result would be an icy surface, dangerous to limb and life.

### SPECIAL WORK FOR SPECIAL DAYS

**O**n Monday, as soon as the water is warm, put the clothes to soak in strong suds. After the breakfast dishes have been washed begin to wash the clothes. While one boilerful is being scalded and a second batch of clothes has been prepared for the boiler, put out the line. Now put the scalded clothes in the rinsing water. Take nearly all the hot suds from the boiler, and replace with clean cold water, and put the second batch of clothes to scald in this. Rinse the first lot and put on the lines to dry; continue the work until everything except the flannels and colored articles have been washed. While the coarse towels are being scalded, wash and hang out the flannels; next wash the colored things. When all the clothes have been hung out, empty the boiler and wash and wipe it until perfectly dry; also clean the laundry. Now take a luncheon. Do the chamber work, and then prepare the family luncheon or dinner. The brushing up and dusting must be omitted to-day. After the noon-day meal, wash the dishes and clean up the kitchen. Bathe and change your clothes; and after resting, take the clothes from the lines and sprinkle and fold them. Flannels must be taken in while they are still slightly damp. Iron the flannels, and after that prepare the evening meal. In the short winter days it will be best to wash the flannels and colored clothes before the white articles, as the more rapidly a woolen or colored fabric dries the better it will look.

On Tuesday, directly after the breakfast dishes have been washed and the dining-room put in order, begin ironing, starting with the plain pieces, such as sheets and pillow-cases. As soon as the irons work smoothly, iron the starched clothes. In about two or three hours the fire must be replenished. When this is done, and while it is burning up, do the chamber work. If all the ironing cannot be done in the forenoon, finish it, if you can, in the afternoon. The meals for washing and ironing days should be as simple as possible.

### WHERE ONE SERVANT IS KEPT

**I**f there be one servant in the house, the mistress can make these two days less burdensome, if she herself will wash the breakfast dishes, put the dining-room in order and make the beds. If there be children in the family, they can be taught to do the lighter work. In suggesting that the chamber work be left until the fire is renewed it is supposed that hard coal is used. If wood or soft coal be used the fire will have to be replenished frequently; and since these substances burn much more readily, the time for chamber work will be limited unless the draughts be closed. Wednesday is often taken by housekeepers for a sort of off day; but if, as is the case in many eastern towns, Thursday be the servant's day out, it will be better to sweep on Wednesday, and have the lighter work done on Thursday. Once in two weeks should be often enough for a thorough cleaning of most of the rooms in a well-regulated house. A room properly cleaned will be in a better sanitary condition at the end of two weeks than one that is only half cleaned every week. If the floors be of natural wood, or be stained or painted, the dust and lint must be wiped off with a dry cloth every few days, but if the floors be carpeted the thorough sweeping once in two weeks should be sufficient, except in a sitting-room or dining-room. I will give the method of cleaning a room properly. These directions, slightly modified, apply to all rooms.

### CLEANING A ROOM BY SYSTEM

**R**EMOVE the draperies, and dust and remove all small articles. Dust all the furniture, removing the lighter articles and covering the heavy pieces; dust and cover the pictures. Brush the walls and ceilings, being careful to remove all dust from the tops of the doors and windows. Brush all dust from the window frames, ledges and blinds. If there be rugs on a bare floor, roll them up and put them out of doors to be beaten and aired; then sweep the floor with a soft brush. After all the dusting and washing of windows has been finished, rub the floor with a soft, dry cloth. If it be a stained or painted floor, wipe it a second time with a cloth slightly dampened with kerosene; or, if it be polished, do the polishing at this time. If the room be carpeted, sweep it with a clean broom; if the carpet be very dusty, sprinkle over it, before sweeping, corn meal or sawdust, slightly dampened; or, if it be more convenient, take dry salt. Let the dust settle, then sweep the carpet a second time. Now dust the room, wash the windows and remove the covers from the furniture and pictures. After this has been done, put two gallons of tepid water in a pail with four tablespoonfuls of household ammonia. Wring a cloth out of this and wipe the carpet, rubbing hard to remove any dust. Beat the rugs by spreading them face down on clean grass or a smooth board and beating with a switch or rattan beater. If it be impossible to lay them flat, hang them on a line and beat them. Place them on the floors and put the furniture, ornaments and draperies in place. Clean one or more rooms in this manner on Wednesday morning. Prepare the noon-day meal, and after this has been served, and the dining-room and kitchen put in order, rest until it is time to attend to the evening meal. But do rest, and rest, not by doing something else, but thoroughly.

### A WORD ABOUT REFRIGERATORS

**O**n Thursday, after the regular work is done, the morning should be devoted to various odd tasks. First clean the refrigerator, removing everything from it, even the ice. Wash the ice-rack and the shelves first, and, if possible, dry them in the open air; wash and rinse the refrigerator, being sure that every crease and corner is made perfectly clean, and using a wooden skewer to reach all the corners and ledges. Be sure that the pipe which carries off the waste water from the ice chamber is perfectly clean. Run a wire through it and pour a couple of pailfuls of water into the chamber, that it may run through this pipe. The first pailful should be boiling water and the second cold. Wipe the sides, top and bottom with a dry towel. Keep the doors open for half an hour; then replace the shelves, ice and food. Be sure that the pan and all the space under and back of the refrigerator are perfectly clean. With this weekly cleaning and daily inspection, the refrigerator will be sweet and free from all odor. Now inspect and sweep the cellar; see that there is no decaying vegetation, damp paper, etc., there. Wash the cellar stairs. Next clean the kitchen and prepare something for the evening meal; then prepare and serve the noon-day meal.

### ON FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

**T**HE remainder of the weekly sweeping should be done on Friday morning. Every two weeks the silver should be cleaned in the afternoon. Many housekeepers clean silver every week, but if it be properly washed and wiped each day this will be unnecessary.

As there must be some extra cooking done on Saturday for Sunday, plan for that on Friday, making all the arrangements possible, so that this work may be done early Saturday morning, while the fire is at its best. All the materials for cooking should be in the house Friday afternoon or early Saturday morning. If fruits are to be prepared for the next day's baking, get them ready some time on Friday. Saturday is usually a busy day. Extra cooking and cleaning must be done, that the work on Sunday may be light. Many housekeepers change the beds on Saturday, rather than on Sunday. If this be the practice, when the rooms are put to air, remove the soiled linen and spread out the fresh, that it may be well aired. If possible, rise early enough to clean the steps, piazza and sidewalk before breakfast. As soon as the regular morning work is done, attend to the extra cooking. When this is finished, clean the kitchen and its closets, the china closets and back hall.

### THE DAY OF REST

**P**LAN to have as little work as possible to do on Sunday, but do not fall into the error of wearing yourself out on Saturday and making all the family uncomfortable on Sunday, simply because you would not break the Sabbath. The woman who manages to keep her family comfortable and happy on this day, even if it be necessary to do a little extra work to attain that end, will have a better moral and spiritual influence than she who makes all the members dread the day as being one of the most uncomfortable in the whole week at home. In most families on this day the breakfast is late and the dinner served about two o'clock, the supper being light and informal. While there are many housekeepers who still cling to the old custom of having cold dinners, the majority have a hot one, as it often happens that this is the only meal throughout the week at which the whole family is sure to meet. If a woman keep but one servant, she ought not to be required to perform any duties after the dinner dishes have been washed and put away. The remainder of the day and evening should belong to her. If there be no servant, the housekeeper, surely, is entitled to what little rest she can get after dinner, and the other members of the family should find it a pleasure to prepare whatever light refreshments may be required in the evening. Remember that there are heavy duties for Monday morning, and do not leave a lot of dishes in disorder to add to these burdens.

### TWO OR MORE SERVANTS IN A FAMILY

**T**HE round of duties for the week having been thus outlined, I wish to make a few suggestions to the woman who keeps two or more servants. The duties must be so divided that each shall bear her proper proportion of the work. In the case where there are several servants, there is greater ceremony in the mode of living. Suppose there be two servants, and the family be fairly large. The second girl must do all the upstairs work, take care of the parlors, halls, dining-room, china closet, etc. It will be her duty to care for the silver, glass and fine china. Every evening, after the dining-room work is finished, she will go to the chambers, empty all slops, refill the water pitchers, turn back the bed clothes, and lay the night garments on the bed. She will draw the shades and see that there is a stock of matches, towels, etc. In the morning she will attend to the dining-room, put the breakfast dishes on to heat, dust the lower halls and parlors, and sweep the steps and sidewalk. The cook will care for all the lower part of the house, her own room, the cellar and the back steps and stoop. The washing and ironing must be divided between them. It is usual to have the cook do the plain washing and ironing, while the second girl takes the starched clothes. If, however, the second girl be required to do plain sewing, the cook does the heavier part of the washing. In the matter of the duties of a servant each housekeeper must make her own laws, but the more servants there are the more clearly must each one's responsibility be defined, and the mistress will save herself an immense amount of annoyance if she will take pains to divide the work of the household with good judgment and with justice, not allowing any dictation in the matter. She should not be hasty in reaching a conclusion, but should be firm in her decisions.

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## HELPS FOR GOOD HEALTH

*A Few Suggestions from Experienced Minds*

### THE CARE OF THE TEETH

By G. Q. COLTON, M. D.



WHILE the tooth is the smallest member of the body, yet it is one of the most important. In olden times barbers were entrusted with operations on the teeth; at the same period, the idea was advanced that the cause of toothache was known only to God. The method of extracting teeth was to shake them well and then remove them.

It is important to know that the decay of the teeth always commences externally. It shows itself upon the enamel, which covers the bony structure of the teeth. In most cases, this decay may be said to be the result of chemical action produced by the decomposition of particles of food that collect and lodge between the teeth. These fissures are caused by the imperfect uniting of the edges of the enamel during the formation of the teeth. Everyone will see, therefore, how necessary it is to prevent all particles of food or foreign matter from remaining in the mouth a sufficient time to cause decomposition.

### USE OF BRUSH AND POWDER

KEEP your teeth clean. Use a stiff rather than a soft brush. Your gums may be sore for a time, but you will find that they will soon become hardened, and the blood will circulate through them more freely. A good preparation for cleansing the teeth is of pure soap, prepared chalk and a little orris root. This makes a simple and at the same time effective dentifrice. Do not use powdered charcoal or pumice stone as a dentifrice; they are insoluble, and no matter how fine you may prepare them, their little grains will scratch the enamel and squeeze in between the tooth and the gum. An irritation follows that may induce inflammation. If your teeth are of a dark or yellow hue naturally, do not attempt to make them white. It cannot be done, except at the expense of the teeth themselves. Tooth powder is not used to make teeth white, but to keep them clean.

### THE TEETH OF CHILDREN

CHILDREN have twenty temporary teeth, the germs of which, as well as of the permanent, exist in the jaw prior to birth, and begin to appear about the sixth or seventh month, perhaps later. The period of the eruption of these teeth is the most critical and troublesome of the child's life. About the second or third year the temporary teeth are complete and fully developed; they need just as much care as the permanent teeth. All parents who value the health, comfort and beauty of their children should remember this. Preserve the first set of teeth from neglect and decay. Better that the child's face should be unclean than that the teeth should be neglected. One of the first things you should teach your child is the use of powder and brush. It is essential that the mouth should be cleaned before the morning meal is eaten. And after every meal, see that the mouth is washed clean with a glass of tepid water, and all particles of food removed from the teeth. For this purpose a tooth-pick is best. In selecting a tooth-pick, see that it is composed of some elastic and tenacious substance, so that it may readily be inserted between the teeth.

### THE PERMANENT TEETH

ABOUT the sixth year, or soon after, four permanent molars, or double teeth, make their appearance. Some parents harbor the mistaken impression that these four teeth are temporary. This is not the case; they are permanent teeth, and if lost will be lost forever. No teeth that come after the sixth year are ever shed. The second set is usually completed at the end of the twelfth year, with the exception of the wisdom teeth. These make their appearance anywhere from the eighteenth to the twenty-fifth year. During the eruption of the second set, the formation of the child's countenance is completed. Character is stamped on the face, and beauty or ugliness, according to the condition of the teeth. Everything depends upon proper care and attention at this time; the teeth should come regularly and without crowding. Irregular or crowded teeth alter the whole expression of the face. It is important to remember that the loss of a single tooth affects articulation.

### WHERE DELAY IS DANGEROUS

DON'T wait until you have actually experienced pain from a tooth before consulting a dentist. The tooth cannot then be preserved with as much certainty as if it had given no trouble. Go at the first sign of discoloration or decay. No matter how small the cavity, it should receive immediate attention. The province of the dentist is as much to prevent as to arrest disease. A periodical visit to a dentist once in every four months may save you no end of trouble and pain.

Look out for the tartar. Many people allow this substance to collect around their teeth under the impression that it is a part of their structure. But after a while the teeth become loose and the gums tender and inflamed. Tartar in its soft state can readily be removed by the brush and powder, but when it becomes hard it requires the aid of a dentist. Keep the teeth clean; that is the principal thing. Consult a dentist periodically. That is the next most important matter. Then the teeth will be beautiful, the mouth well-formed, and there will be none of that pain which is of all pains the most unbearable.

### IN CASE OF DIPHTHERIA

By C. G. BUCHANAN KLOPHEL, M. D.



CONCERNING the management of a case of diphtheria, so far as that may fall within the domain of the parents, the following few rules, while not incorporating all, are still the most important for preventing the spread of this dreadful disease, and my earnest advice to every mother is to study them carefully, and preserve them for future reference.

First, strips of linen or cotton fabric, about eight inches wide, folded several times, and long enough to reach from ear to ear, should be wrung out of ice water (if in winter), and if in summer put directly upon ice, and then applied externally to the throat, and as fast as one cloth gets warm another should be ready to take its place. If the child complains of being cold, its feet and hands should be bathed in as hot water as it can stand. When the child is very young, it may be readily ascertained if it be cold or not by feeling its hands and head. Under no circumstances should hot applications be made to the throat. If the child is old enough, it may be given broken ice to suck constantly, even if the water is spit out. The cold applications inhibit the growth of the microbes. The patient's hands should be washed frequently—and here let me say so should those of the attendants—and the vessel used for the purpose should not be used by any one else. The patient's clothing needs protection in front. This may be done by pinning back of the neck a large piece of linen or cotton fabric, which will cover the whole front of the child and reach as far as the knees. A material should be used which can easily be boiled or burned when soiled. The little patient, if old enough, will want to spit, and for a spittoon a small wooden box, with an inch of sawdust on the bottom, is capital. Fresh sawdust should be supplied at least once a day—three times a day would be better—and that which has been used should be emptied upon a good, hot fire, and thus burned at the time the change is made. If there are any flies about, the box should be kept covered, and, as a matter of course, only uncovered when the patient desires to spit; otherwise, the flies alighting upon this spittle would carry the germs of the disease with them, and then alighting upon the family's food and drink, necessarily infect them, and thus indirectly infect the whole family. This is by no means chimerical, but a well-established fact.

### NURSING IN CONGESTION

By ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL



CONGESTION is the accumulation of an undue quantity of blood in any of the organs of the body, as the brain, liver, kidneys, lungs, etc. It may be brought on by cold, over-exertion, anxiety of mind, or any disturbance of the action of the heart.

In congestion of the lungs there is great oppression of the chest, the breathing is hurried and difficult, the pulse quick, and the face flushed. It usually begins with a chill, as if the blood withdrew from the surface, and so caused a sensation of cold, while it crowded into the delicate vessels of the lungs and rendered them unable to perform their duty. The chill is followed by high fever and a short, dry cough. The expectoration is frothy and streaked with blood.

There are few diseases in which the nursing is of more importance than in this. The sufferer should be kept in a warm, well-ventilated room at an even temperature of 70°, regulated by the thermometer. The window must be open from the top; a strip of flannel can be tacked across the opening to prevent draughts. Pure air is indispensable. The lungs cannot take in as much as usual, therefore the quality of that supplied to them must be above suspicion of impurity.

When poultices are ordered they should be made of flaxseed meal stirred into boiling water until it is a smooth, soft paste, rather softer than oat meal porridge. Spread this on a large piece of cotton, turn up the edges like a hem, cover with a single thickness of cheese cloth, and lay it on the chest, covered with oiled muslin or several folds of newspaper, to keep in the heat and protect the night-dress.

Sometimes the chest is rubbed with warm camphorated oil and covered with cotton batting, held in place by a flannel jacket. This covering, called a "pneumonia jacket," is made in two parts, front and back, fastened on the shoulders and under the arms with safety-pins, and has no sleeves.

In changing the poultice lay the fresh hot one over the cool one and draw the latter out from underneath. It should be done once in two hours, and never allowed to get cold.

The strength must be sustained with nourishing liquid food, about a teaspoonful given once in two hours. Beef juice squeezed from raw beef and mixed with an equal quantity of cream. A pint of milk with the whites of three eggs shaken in a self-sealing jar until they are thoroughly mixed together. Cocoa made with milk. A well-beaten egg in half a pint of cold or hot milk. The same with half a pint of boiling water poured over it gradually so as not to curdle it. When stimulant is ordered it can be given in milk.

When the digestion is affected, and there is nausea, give the food in smaller quantities, and more frequently, either ice cold or very hot. Give medicines exactly at the appointed hours. Never relax watchfulness, nor cease to carry out orders until the sufferer ceases to breathe.

### NERVOUS WOMEN AND HEADACHES

By LAURY MACHENRY, M. D.



THE headache to which an anemic, nervous woman is subject, arises from entirely different causes from that of her fleshy, full-blooded sister. It comes from functional disarrangement, to be sure, but where in the one case the machinery is clogged up and retarded by an accumulation of extraneous matter, in the other the functional inactivity is simply because of insufficient force, power or strength to keep up the necessary work.

The remedy is difficult because it depends so much upon the will and determination of the woman herself, but it is easy and sure when we can bring the patient to an understanding of her case.

Briefly: Take things easier. Do not fret. Do what you can, and do not worry about the work left undone.

Control your temper and your tongue. Avoid worrying, and fault-finding. Sleep more than you do. Take your sleep the first part of the night.

Of course you will say: "Where is the use in retiring early when I just lie there awake." Simply another matter of habit, and one easily overcome.

Get your druggist to put up for you seven capsules of eight-grain anti-febrin each, and take one each night as you retire at nine o'clock. In a week you will have a new and good habit formed, and the old one broken up.

What I have previously written about attention to regular habits applies to all women.

But in the matter of eating and nourishment, do not stint yourself in any way. Eat what you like, whatever agrees with you, but eat slowly, masticate your food thoroughly, and depend entirely upon nature to furnish all the fluid that is necessary for mastication.

As for medicine, in all probability you need a tonic. A one-grain quinine capsule three times each day, if you are not in the habit of taking this drug; or tincture of iron, five drops in a wineglassful of water three times each day, for three days; then omit it for three days. It is a bad plan to take any preparation of iron steadily.

Always alternate say three days of medicine with three days of no medicine. Your system may not take kindly to iron; once in a while we meet with a person who cannot take it in any form. You can readily tell, however, by a dull pain which comes just over the eyes. The pain comes when one continues the use of iron too long, or takes it in too large doses, and readily disappears on reducing the dose, or perhaps stopping its use entirely. An infusion tea, of wild cherry bark in water, is an old-fashioned, but valuable and safe, tonic. Make it strong, until it is bitter and "puckery." Take a wineglassful twice a day.

You may consider the treatment I am advising as too radical—too thorough. You may think that there ought to be a quick way to a cure for a simple headache, but do not deceive yourself. There are means of speedy relief, but the cure I want you to make is thorough, complete and lasting, and like all things well done, requires patience.

Do you know what that narrow chest of yours indicates? It means that you are only half living. It means that you are not well-balanced. Your brain and nerve machinery are working away at full speed, probably with abnormal activity, and you are breathing with half your lung power.

Every morning on rising bathe the throat, chest, shoulders and arms. Commence with tepid water and each morning use it a little cooler until in a month you can use cold water on the coldest morning in winter. Put a teaspoonful of alcohol or cologne in the water, and after the bathing rub yourself with a coarse towel until you are nearly out of breath with the exercise.

Now to sum up: The radical, permanent cure for sick headache in weak, nervous women must combine the following:

- A general toning up of the system.
- Regularity of habits.
- Plenty of sleep at the right time.
- A powerful exercise of the will to keep up a cheerful, quiet, easy frame of mind.
- As to immediate relief there is nothing better than menthol.

Get your druggist to make for you a strong solution thus:

Menthol, half ounce.

Alcohol, one fluid ounce. Mix.

For external application, use this tincture full strength. Paint it right over the pain. Then take half a glass of hot water and add from three to ten drops of the tincture, inhale the fumes until it cools off, so that you can drink it, and remember that it should be taken as hot as possible.

There is another headache which comes from unusual exhaustion, and is terribly acute. It is the headache of the brain worker.

It can always be stopped, however, by taking a fair dose, say ten grains, of quinine at bed time and a good night's sleep.

Then, too, we have the traveler's headache; even this may be avoided.

First, do not work yourself up into a nervous frenzy of hurry by trying to do a thousand and one things, and then rush to catch a train.

Do not worry all the way to the station about things you have left undone.

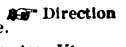
Do not go too long without eating; when your regular lunch time or dinner time or tea time comes, eat something, if it be only a cracker.

An excellent plan is take a few raisins in your pocket and eat them when you feel tired or relaxed. Raisins are peculiar, and while I would not advise you to eat many on ordinary occasions—they are indigestible—still they will give an empty stomach plenty of work, and their stimulant effect upon a tired, exhausted person is quick, effective and pronounced.

WHY can't you make people new, the way you do old clothes? Mamma took our old felt hats and feathers and dyed them such a lovely color, and everybody thought they were new; and she's going to make Susie and me both a new cloak out of her old one that she colored last winter; she's going to dye it over again.



"Do you 'spose dollie will be pretty when she gets dyed? Mamma colored her old silk dress in this, and it's beautiful. Mamma says everybody thinks she's awful extravagant 'cause we have so many new clothes, but then they didn't know she spends only ten cents and makes 'em out of DIAMOND DYES.

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THE GLOVE, UMBRELLA, AND SHOE
Some Hints as to Their Wisest Selection

ABOUT SELECTING GLOVES

BY M. R. TRUEFIT

To be well gloved is essential to being well dressed; the hands, unless a muff be carried, are, however small, very much in evidence, and a shabby, ill-fitting glove will utterly spoil the smartest toilette that either Worth or your own home industry may have produced.

FIRST of all, one should buy good gloves and pay a fair price for them—say one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars for four button glacé kid or suédé mousquetaire.

If a black glove be desired, look well at the inside of it; see to it that the leather is white. The presence of black or purplish black stains denotes weak spots in the skin where the dye has penetrated, consequently they are liable to tear or wear out sooner than those of a firm, elastic skin that is white and free from blemishes inside.

MANY ladies complain that "black gloves become so rusty." Black glacé kid gloves are liable to wear white or purplish at the ends of the fingers from attrition.

UNDRESSED kid gloves are liable, even the best of them, to wear between the fingers; that is, the forchets (as the little stripes of kid are called that are sewn on each side of the fingers or forks of a glove) seem to melt away into holes or thin places.

THERE have been numerous receipts for cleaning light gloves, each rather less odoriferous than its predecessor.

It is the wisdom of economy to save old gloves for mending purposes. Suppose you have a nice pair of almost new suédé gloves for which you have paid two dollars, and they wear out between the fingers.

Never remove gloves by pulling at the ends of the fingers, as it will necessarily stretch them, especially if the glove be moist.

CHOICE OF THE UMBRELLA

BY ANGELA C. BOYCE

HISTORY tells that the first umbrella in England was carried in 1777 by a footman named John McDonald, and that it belonged to somebody else, which seems to have been its fortune ever since.

IN its construction the umbrella of those days, although most ungainly, differed in no very great degree from those now in use. The covering was at that time of oiled silk or oiled paper, supported by sticks of bamboo or wood, and having handles of cane.

THE umbrellas most commonly used by gentlemen now are twenty eight inches; none smaller, although larger ones are often made to order.

ENDLESS in variety also are the handles, both in shape and in the material used; the fancy for silver handles being a thing of the past, a return to natural woods is noticeable.

IF given proper care, umbrellas should last at least three years. We would suggest as a help to this end that the name and address of the owner be plainly lettered on the handle, so that in case of accidental exchange it would be more likely to find its way back.

AN American, after lengthened study of the subject, gives the following definition of the language of the umbrella: "To place one in a rack at a club indicates that it will shortly change owners; if a cotton one be substituted for a silk, it means that 'exchange is no robbery.'

THE FOOT AND ITS COVERING

BY FRANCES E. LANIGAN

It may not please the average woman to be told that the average size of women's shoes is a number four, and that of their stockings eight and a half.

NO matter how fine or soft or well fitting the shoe, comfort cannot be attained unless the feet themselves are properly cared for. They must be kept immaculately clean.

GIVEN a foot free from blemish, and a neatly-fitting stocking, there should be no excuse for the torture of which so many women complain.

THE materials from which shoes are made are of all colors and textures. Those for out-door wear are of kangaroo, calf-skin, heavy French kid and patent leather; fine French kid, suédé and satin for indoor and evening wear;

THE old-fashioned Congress gaiter is being revived; the most fashionable shoemakers are displaying women's and misses' shoes with patent leather vamps, cloth uppers, and elastic sides that permit the shoe to be easily slipped on.

CARRIAGE shoes are a luxury of the wealthy, and almost a necessity to those who do much driving in the cold months of the year.

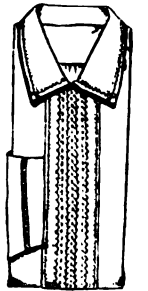
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PEN DRAWING FOR ILLUSTRATION

By Maude Haywood



THE great improvements made during recent years in the various processes of reproduction, particularly in photo-engraving, have caused a great development of the art of pen drawing as an independent profession. The best previous training for students whose ambition is for a successful career in general illustrative work, is that which may be obtained in the regular course at one of the best art schools. A good knowledge of drawing is absolutely necessary, and, of course, anyone who is studying with a view to taking up illustrating as a means of livelihood, will naturally practice as much as possible with a pen, all sketching being done in ink rather than pencil, in order to gain boldness and freedom. But, provided the aspirant has had a sufficiently good ordinary art education, the acquiring of a special facility with the pen will prove a very easy matter.

THE outfit necessary for a pen artist is extremely simple and inexpensive. It consists merely of pens, ink and paper, or cardboard. The requisite qualities for a drawing, in order to secure the most successful reproduction by the photo-engraving process, is that it should be made with densely black ink upon a white surface. The best principle for a beginner to work upon is that corrections or erasures must on no account be made, although in the hands of an expert almost any alteration necessary may be successfully carried out. The best kind of pens to use depends both on the style of work undertaken, and also somewhat on individual taste. For ordinary work, many prefer the Spencerian No. 1, but Gillott's Double Elastic 604 E F is also recommended for similar drawings. When something finer is needed Gillott's Lithographic Pen No. 290 will be found excellent, and Gillott's crow-quill is esteemed by no less an authority than Mr. Joseph Pennell. If a ruling pen is employed, the points ought always to be very sharp but nicely rounded, and both must be of exactly the same length. In using it, this pen should be wiped each time before refilling it with ink. Ruled lines ought never to be gone over twice, but made clearly with one continuous movement of the hand. In sketching the outline, mark lightly with a hard pencil, such as Faber's No. 5, or the octagon H. H. H.

THE proper material upon which to make the drawing is bristol board of the best quality. It should have a perfectly smooth, hard, highly-glazed surface. In purchasing it ask for Reynold's make. It is kept by all dealers, and costs but a few cents a sheet; the "two-ply" is thick enough for ordinary work. The India ink ought also to be the best that can be procured. There is none better than Higgins'. If it is intended that Chinese white be used to break the lines, or if the ink is to be employed in "process" work, waterproof ink must be asked for. Where it is necessary that the ink should be of the finest and densest quality, it must be prepared from the sticks of Chinese India ink. This will produce a far better mixture than any that can be bought, and is the kind always used for patent office drawings and similar work. An ink slab may be procured made of slate with a small well in the center, and provided with a glass cover which should only be removed long enough to dip the pen each time it is necessary, in order to prevent the fluid from rapidly evaporating. To make the ink, pour a little water into the well, and rub the stick round and round until the liquid is thick enough to pour only very slowly. Take great care not to smear drawings made with this ink, for although when dry it is perfectly set, the least moisture of the hand will inevitably prove fatal, if allowed to touch it. It will also be found expedient to protect the work from the attacks of flies, for which it has a great attraction, because wherever they touch the lines they injure them, and a drawing left exposed for some hours has been known to be entirely ruined by these destructive pests.

The "process" work referred to above is a method frequently followed when illustrations have to be made from photographs. A silver print of the picture, which most frequently has to be enlarged from the original, is made on plain paper. The drawing is made upon this with the pen, the photograph serving as an absolutely faithful guide. When all the outlines and necessary details have been secured and the shadows blocked in, the photograph is bleached out by pouring over it a solution of corrosive sublimate in equal parts of alcohol and water. It is because the drawing has to be made wet in this manner that waterproof ink must be used for it. Not until the photograph has been thus effaced can the finishing touches be given, because, especially at first, the half-tones of the print will be found misleading in attempting to produce the proper values. Do not let it be ever imagined that working over a photograph can with any success be undertaken without a good knowledge of drawing. For many purposes of illustration this method is a legitimate means in the hands of an artist, but it must not be regarded as original work.

WHEN the ambitious student conceives the idea that the end to be attained at the summit of all aims and hopes is to become an illustrator, the immediate object in view is usually that of pictorial work, namely, illustrating of books, poems or magazine stories, which may, of course, be regarded as embracing the highest class of work in this branch, demanding, necessarily, powers of imagination and expression not possessed by many a hard-working and well-paid illustrator. It is only necessary to glance through any good home magazine or weekly newspaper, including the advertising columns, to realize that many varied kinds of illustrative drawings are included in its pages, and there is a better chance for an artist who can execute less ambitious work thoroughly well than one who makes an ill-success of figure or landscape drawing, while with an earnest student the tendency is always upward, and with high aims kept steadily in view as an ultimate ambition, each success serves as a stepping stone, and the final attainment may in the end be far beyond what was originally hoped for. Those already engaged in the lesser branches of illustrative work will do well, if possible, to study from the life and from nature under good tuition.

ONE point which it seems necessary to impress on the minds of beginners, is the fact that the art of illustration involves in its very nature certain limitations and modifications, according to the circumstances in each case. In making a drawing with pen-strokes in black and white of any object, it is not possible in one picture to bring out all its qualities equally, and it is for the artist to realize and decide what are the properties or phases to be especially emphasized, and which may be safely ignored, in order to enhance the particular effects it is desirable to gain—where, for instance, detail may be omitted in order to attain delicacy, where the feeling of color or brilliancy must be sacrificed to accuracy. The unceasing aim of the illustrator must always be to express as much as possible of the character of whatever the subject in hand, in every stroke of the pen, not one being meaningless. Shadow lines must not merely be so many scratches of ink, but a faithful attempt at the rendering of the texture or blurred detail of the object. Considering the fact that when once the principle of it is grasped, the illustrating of articles or books on the many branches of needlework and embroidery is comparatively a simple and straightforward matter; it becomes a matter of surprise that editors frequently find a difficulty in getting this branch of work satisfactorily executed. One explanation given is, that because it is, perhaps, as a pursuit, a trifle monotonous, although not without an interest of its own, and because its dignity is not so great as that of pictorial illustration, therefore those who are really competent to undertake it successfully are more apt to aim, and not always with the happiest results, at the "higher" branches. This class of illustration is peculiarly suited to women, who naturally have a better appreciation than men of the niceties of the stitches and other details to be rendered.

THE secret of success—and a successful exponent of any art is always supposed to hold the secret of it—is to make the illustrations directly from the work itself; this is, indeed, the only means to get the drawing both accurate and natural. The illustrations are made usually from two and a half to three times as large as they are to appear when printed, and a little experience soon shows how much allowance should be made for the reduction. In making sketches of doilies, or pieces of work sufficiently small to allow of it, the drawings can be most readily and satisfactorily rendered the size of life. For larger pieces, it is a good plan to draw them in some definite proportion smaller, such as one-third or one-fourth, as the case may be, for a few accurate measurements will serve as useful guides in making the sketch, and it is very important to be correct in every possible detail. In illustrating drawn work, lace, crocheting, or any kind of delicate open-work, the simplest method is first, carefully, with fine strokes to represent the pattern, indicating or suggesting as closely as possible every variety of stitch or device employed, and then to throw up the whole, and to gain the desired effect of light and shade by means of firm, strong lines on the shadow side. As a matter of definite rule, the light in such illustrations must always fall at an angle of forty-five degrees at the left of the spectator, that is to say, from the top left-hand corner of the drawing, so that the shadow lines are placed beneath and at the right hand of the various forms, in order to enhance them properly. The necessary brilliancy is obtained by the contrast of the fine and heavy lines employed respectively for the light and shade, all of which must, however, even the most delicate, be equally black, because if the attempt be made to gain a light effect with grayish lines, the result in the reproduction is either a broken, ragged line, or else a heavier one than the artist intended, for every stroke of the pen will either print equally black with the others, or it will only appear in those parts where it was sufficiently clear to act upon the sensitive film of the photographic plate.

UNLESS clear jet black lines are employed throughout the drawing, and the necessary contrast gained by placing them closer together or making them broader and heavier, a false impression as to the ultimate effect will be given in the original, which can only result in disappointment when the illustration is finally printed. These statements refer to all kinds of pen work for reproduction by the photo-engraving process. Many facts have to be learned in practical work by a student of this art. One important point to master is the capabilities of the various qualities of paper upon which the drawings are to be printed. Only the finest grades of paper, such as those employed by the publishers of the highest class of magazines, can be expected to reproduce satisfactorily the kind of technique employed by such men as Abbey, who, successful as he is, can boast a lamentably large following of would-be imitators, whose work never finds its way into print. And why? Because in admiration for his style, or for his success, they try to copy his methods, his technique and his characteristic mannerisms, without his talent, his knowledge of drawing or his power of expression. In work intended for reproduction upon the paper used in printing the average kind of monthly magazines and the better class of weeklies, the lines must be tolerably open and very clear, firm and distinct. When drawing for the newspapers, they must be as open as possible, all the endeavor of the artist going to obtain his effect with the fewest possible strokes, which must be vigorous and telling to the utmost, much depending upon the expressiveness of the actual outlines, thrown up by slight shading judiciously distributed. The intelligent study of the illustrations in current journals will prove a more effective and practical lesson than could be gained from many pages of written explanation. Probably the most useful method of self-instruction in the technicalities of this art is to take the published work of the best illustrators of the day as guides and masters where actual personal teaching is not available. This need not stifle originality, nor prevent the pupil from making studies direct from nature, but the drawings will serve as standards, models and inspiration to the beginner. On no account should one man's style be copied, and the affectation of any mannerisms is to be avoided.

AS a practical illustration of much of the foregoing advice, and as a good example of clear, vigorous and expressive pen work, the work of Charles S. Reinhardt will form an excellent study for the younger members of his profession. Although the drawings of every artist will be marked by individuality of style, yet the best class of work will possess certain characteristics in common. They will bear the evidence of much careful sketching from nature, and there will be an absence of all hasty and meaningless pen scratches and the evidence of a faithful and unmistakable representation of the subject treated of. No mere novice ever thinks it worth while to give a life-like and vivid portrayal of every object introduced into his pictures, either suggested or fully worked out, yet in the work of an experienced draughtsman each detail is carefully studied and given its due proportion. In comparing the productions of various penmen, a distinction should be drawn in the mind between those whose drawings are simple, faithful and straightforward representations of the subjects treated of, and those whose effects are mainly obtained by certain tricks, if the expression may be used—such as that of forcing the light and shade, or employing solid blacks, which, as a matter of principle, do not exist in a picture. These methods are legitimate enough in their proper sphere, for instance, in a certain class of humorous drawings, but they are not to be rashly imitated by a student. The effort to make effective drawings in outline only, of various objects, will be found of practical value toward gaining accuracy of drawing. The feeling of light and shade can be obtained by the delicacy or thickness of the lines employed, and in able hands, various characteristics, such as those of strength, firmness, fragility, and even the difference of texture in draperies, can be adequately represented without a stroke of shading. To do this well may almost be regarded as an art in itself.

AN imaginary picture seems to exist of the struggling artist vainly seeking for work, sternly withheld or meagrely doled out by the tyrant at the official head of journalistic affairs. One fact which may be both interesting and instructive to outsiders, is that to editors and publishing houses come ideas, articles and designs, frequently so good and original in idea and so poor in execution that the choice lies between rejecting them altogether or accepting them and handing them over to an experienced hand to be put into proper shape for publication, the article to be practically rewritten, and the drawings to be re-made. A well-known English house testifies that some of their best and most novel ideas come to them, through their American agents, from all parts of the United States, but in so unpractical a form that after being bought and paid for they almost invariably have to be re-modeled and modified in order to make them suitable for publication. The fact is significant. It does honor to the creative faculty of the younger artists of the New World, but it reads a severe lesson on their lack of thoroughness, which launches them on a career most inadequately equipped. The moral is this: A proper technical training, however obtained, whether privately or in a school, is absolutely necessary to success, the foundation being, as previously stated, a good general knowledge of art principles, developed with special regard to the line of work chosen as the future profession.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Haywood's answers to correspondents, under the title of "Art Helps for Art Workers," will be found on Page 30 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."

HEART TO HEART TALKS



"Wishing you a Happy New Year," I seem thrown back to a New Year in the long ago, when a New Year book was given me.

Some dear hands are loosened from our earthly clasp. Soul in soul to hold us with a firmer grasp.

"For an eye of inward seeing, A soul to know and love, For those common aspirations, That our high heirship prove;

OTHER FAVORITE QUOTATIONS

THEN, next, I found I had written this: "Our life is hid with Christ in God. Our present life in Him may be compared to that of the seed, a hidden life containing, underground, against cold and darkness and obstructions, yet bearing within its breast the indestructible germ of vitality."

"Then bless thy sacred growth, nor catch At pain; but thrive unseen and dumb; Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life and watch, Till the white-winged reapers come."

Ah! how little did I think when I so much enjoyed Anna Waring's "Hymns and Meditations," and Lucy Larcom's "Breathings of the Better Life," that in years so far ahead I should be trying to win the hearts of the young and old, the happy and the unhappy, to a life that can never know disappointment.

VACANT ROOMS

I HAVE been on the look-out of late for vacant rooms; vacant rooms in the heart, because I know of Some One who wants them, and He will fill them with a love beyond the love that made them vacant.

Love Divine all love excelling, Joy of Heaven to earth come down, Fix in us thy humble dwelling

Now, my dear Sister, your heart life must be satisfactory. Your outward life may not be but your heart can be satisfied with love, and this is the deepest need, and the radiance of this love will lighten all the outer life, no matter how homely it may be.

"The greatness which is infinite, makes room For all things in its lap to lie."

We should be crushed by a magnificence short of infinity. What is infinite must be a home. I cannot bear to think of one of you coming to this New Year without something new in your heart life.

THE DREAM OF A NEW WORLD

I WAS so interested during the celebration in New York of the landing of Columbus, when I found out that the dream of finding a new world came to Columbus during his honeymoon. If you had new love, dreams would come to you, and your dreams would be realized, if not, you would have had your dream, and that would be the best of all, for dreams of usefulness are to be realized here or beyond.

GOD FOR NOTHING

DID you ever hear a mother say to a child: "You good-for-nothing," when the child had done something to anger her? How surprised the mother would have been to have had it told her, that not the child, but she herself, was "good for nothing."

OUR USUAL COURSE

AMONG the many suggestive thoughts that have passed before us during the celebration of the discovery of this country, the entry that Columbus made in his diary day after day, and day after day, impressed me so much.

Remember the words Lowell fancies Columbus speaking on the last day his sailors agree to press on

"Here am I, for what end God knows, not I Westward still points the inexorable soul" "One poor day!" Remember whose, and not how short it is. It is God's day! It is Columbus'! O lavish day! One day with life and heart, Is more than time enough to find a world."

A MONTH OF SACRIFICES

HOW strange it sounded! A Daughter told me her Circle was going to take a whole month to make sacrifices in order to get money for an industrial school for girls, and if all looked as noble and as happy as the one who suggested the sacrifice, there will be a wonderful lot of happiness in one little month.

A new club was formed this past summer at Chautauqua, called the "Out-look." This club is composed of Circles, each Circle named for some woman, and one Circle chose the name I gave to our Circle, and each of these Circles has taken a flower.

"It turneth ever toward its lord, the sun, Would that our hearts as fondly Sought our beloved One."

In contrast with this Circle, another has been formed in a distant state, called by our name, and the members of that Circle will be poor little children who have no fathers or mothers. Oh, this strange, happy, sad world. All is so mixed; the beautiful, the poetical; children of fortune who see all the beautiful ideas of the Order, and the opportunities it gives them, not only of spiritual culture in the meeting of their Circle, but the doing for those less favored than themselves in a practical way.

LOVE BEGETS LOVE

DO let us be thoughtful. A rich Daughter in our Order sent a gift to one who wrote to her of one of our Daughters who was to have no vacation this year. The note that accompanied the gift said: "For flowers for those who cannot afford to buy."

THE CUP OF LIFE

I MET a very favored woman not long ago, who said to me: "I owe the life of my only little daughter to the Order, Mrs. Bottome." I said: "How so?" And then she told me that the dear child had had the typhoid fever, and there seemed no power to bring her back after the fever left her.

B. & B. YOUR TIME

The month of January is our time for selling off all surplus accumulations, broken lines, odd lots, etc., of

Winter Dress Fabrics

many of them suitable for Spring. IT IS YOUR TIME for making profitable purchases of seasonable and stylish stuffs at prices very much less than value.

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with unusual price-advantages for you. New India and Chene Taffeta Silks—advance styles for 1893. Let us send you

SAMPLES

and you'll see at once just how much it's to your profit. Write

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Time's slippery heel

is hard to catch on by.

Better keep ahead of him; decide this instant to give at least the one perfect present, that charms and teaches, all at once; beautiful to look at, genuine, a sure reliance and treasured daily companion.—You can afford it; the new, quick-winding Waterbury. \$4 to \$15.

It is a jeweled watch; an accurate timepiece; a stem winder; in gold, filled, or coin-silver cases. All jewelers keep it in forty different styles to suit every taste. It may save risks on a costlier one for somebody you know.

And don't forget the youngsters. 3N

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Margaret Bottome

# JUST AMONG OURSELVES

EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

A Department devoted to a sociable interchange of ideas among JOURNAL readers. Address all letters to MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 423-427 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**I** HAVE been wondering lately how much we do purposely to make life pleasanter or better for the next generation. We work for our children, of course, but very much of what we flatter ourselves we are doing for them is done really for ourselves. We dress our children well, because they reflect the glory of fine clothes upon us who buy or make them. We educate them because our children must have as large advantages as our neighbors' children, lest we suffer in comparison. Our pride must not be wounded by the failure of our children to be worthy of us. It is true some of us do not live wholly by any such selfish rule, but honestly strive to do what is best for our boys and girls without any consideration of the effect on ourselves. But outside of our own four walls—or in these days of many-sided houses, we should say outside our six or eight or even ten walls—what do we plan and execute for the good of those who are to succeed us. We must exclude from our questioning those few far-sighted, generous souls who are building for the future in hospitals, colleges, manual training schools and other kindred things. I mean what are we doing just in one small community?

**I** REMEMBER that the "Autocrat" tells of a New England farmer who was urged to set out some apple trees. "No," said he, "they are too long growing, and I don't want to plant for other people." That is it—we do not care to plant for other people. I have wished as I have ridden along country roads with never a tree on either side to shelter us from the blazing sun, that some one would plant for me. The vine you put into your city yard may not yield you much pleasure, but you can imagine the sight of it will give great pleasure to the weary family who will move in when you move out. We forget that we are to "move out," or think of it only to excuse ourselves from extra labor. Now is a time to turn over a new leaf and begin to plant for other people.

How thoughtless we are of the sorrows which are covered up in the breasts of those whom we meet daily. How appalled we are sometimes when by some shock a sorrow is revealed which has all the time been going on by our side and we have known nothing about it. Your friend who passed you on the street with a less cordial nod than usual, perhaps scarcely knew what was going on about her. It was not for you the cold look was meant, it was simply because her heart was chilled with some untold trouble, or her mind was dazed because of an anguish which she must keep to herself. For years a friend of mine carried the knowledge and the pain of a fatal disease without giving to one of us, who knew and loved her well, a hint of it. There was rarely anything in her manner which was not perfectly cordial and even affectionate in her association with her friends; and when there was a little irritation I fear we judged her somewhat harshly. Let us be ready to excuse the failure to do what we have expected to be done.

"Like warp and woof all destinies are woven fast,  
Linked in sympathy with the keys of an organ vast;  
Pluck one thread, and the web we mar;  
Break but one  
Of the thousand keys, and the paining jar  
Through all will run."

**I**S it a good thing for parents to pay their children for any little service which they may render about the house? Should not children be encouraged from the very cradle almost to consider it a privilege to be allowed to help, and should not each child have some special home duty assigned to it? Or should the children be paid for their work and encouraged to do it as strangers, and paid as promptly, too, as strangers would pay them? Should the desire to earn money be encouraged or discouraged? **PEPHEXED FATHER.**

These two feelings—the desire to help and the desire to earn money—are not inconsistent. If a child sees that the father is anxious to do all that he can for his fellow-men, that he lives an unselfish life, ready to "lend a hand," and yet has certain duties for which he is paid a fixed sum, he will naturally form his own life on that pattern. Earlier than one thinks, a child copies not only the bodily habits of his parents, but their moral qualities. It need not take away from the generous desire to "help" if certain work be given the child for which he is paid a certain sum, and when that arrangement is made the payment should be as prompt as for any other debt. It needs to be said over and over again that all children cannot be brought up by the same rule. Training which develops the best in one child will spoil another. Where a covetous disposition begins to show itself, money giving should be encouraged rather than money getting; but if one sees in a child a tendency to accept everything carelessly, and to spend lavishly, he may well be taught how money is earned. And the best way to teach this lesson is to exact from the child a certain amount of help about the house. Teach him to be responsible for certain little duties, and see to it that he does not shirk them.

**H**OW shall I make my husband go to church? "How shall I make my daughter read history?" "How shall I make my son treat me with respect?" These questions can have but one answer from me: I cannot tell you how to do either of these things, nor a score of other things which women want to "make" others do. You may find a church which you think would be congenial to your husband, and ask him to go with you there and you may very gently and gradually lead him to take an interest in some good work the church is doing, or you may start some new work which would appeal to him. There is nothing good to be done for the improvement of a community which may not have the active sympathy of the church, and if your husband will do anything—teach a class in some branch of his profession or his trade, entertain by singing, reading or by exercising any other talent—if he will do anything of that sort, find some way to connect it with the church, then he will go to church of his own wish. It is of little use to force food down the throat of one who has no appetite. Create the appetite, and you may see the food disappear quite to your wish. Church going and history reading require a preparatory training.

**I**F we only could begin all over and know as much as we do now! How often we hear that saying from the lips of one who in some way has made a failure of life. Do they ever think of the time when a fond mother or a kind father was striving with them to shape their lives so that no regrets of this kind need occur? Probably those parents, reviewing their own shortcomings, are vainly trying to assist their child to avoid the pitfalls and snares by which they stumbled. Do they think of the shrug of the shoulder, or the impatient answer, they gave that loving friend, which meant to say they considered their generation wiser and better than the one their parents represented? It is a great mistake which young people too often fall into, that of thinking they are too great to brook a rebuke from their elders, or a kindly spoken criticism of some noticeable fault which ought to be rectified. Many times, say, I might say, nearly always, the error is caused by inexperience in life, which, if persisted in against the advice of those who love their young friends, will eventually lead to sins and practices which sap the foundations of lives that if rightly used might become a power for good. How many lives we see so warped and stunted by thoughts and actions, careless and sinful, against the few well-ordered ones of that young man or young woman who has listened attentively to mother's wise counsel, or has not thought father too much of an old fogey to correct them in the all too popular "errors or faults," which seem to be treated more and more lightly by public criticism as the age advances. When we are growing let us try to think of those who would do so differently if they could go back and live as near to mother's line as possible; and let me assure you, dear girl, no true mother will advise you except for your own good. **G. S. N.**

**I** AM entirely deaf, and have been so for three years with no hope of recovery. People who can hear cannot realize how isolated the life of a deaf person may become, even in a small town where the inhabitants are all acquaintances, but only one deaf. That one receives no benefit from church-going, concerts, lectures, literary clubs or society. I wish to know if you know of a club or organization of deaf people in the United States outside of the institutions. I would surely like to become a member, whatever its object may be. **A. P. O.**

Can any one give our friend the information she asks?

**M**Y heart went right out to you, my dear one-year-old wife, because I understand exactly how you feel. I, too, have an ideal, and with prayer and struggle and trying to reach it, like you, too. I sometimes become nearly discouraged. I am also a young wife, young in widowhood and young in years. But I am more blessed than you will admit, when I tell you that I have a tiny boy now, and he is a deep influence toward all that is lovely. Your "wretched inner self" is, I am sure, due largely to nervousness. Grow strong in body, and part of your battle is won. Then try to be patient with your failings; you would be patient with any one else—then allow yourself the same help. But I think the great secret of it all is to "keep in touch" with God. Keep yourself inspired by your vision of goodness, and then, if you stumble, it will be a stumbling upward. I have certainly found help in this way, and I know you will. And, after all, the only real failure lies in giving up trying, and that you must never do. My heartiest love and sympathy are with you. **A. H. W.**

Yes; the only real failure is "in giving up trying," and one does so often feel tempted to do that. Courage is a duty; discouragement is the mother of failure.

**I** TOO, am a "year-old-wife," and I am sure it is I who have the dearest, the dearest husband in the world. I think this one sentence in "A year-old-wife's" letter explains her unhappiness: "Of course, as we are boarding." There should not be an "of course!" You would be perfectly happy, I know, if you had your own home; your very own, to feel that all around you and about you was your own; to welcome your husband to your own home every night. Why, to see the glad look in his eyes well repays one for the labor it really takes to keep a home always pretty and clean, and to prepare dainty yet substantial meals.

We had our home all ready, furnished and waiting, when we married, and went directly to it. I do my own housework. Like "A. C. W.," I left school for house-keeping, and, like her, make out a bill-of-fare or dishes learned from his mother, who is really a most delightful woman. I was delighted with "J. B.'s" helpful letter, and want to say that repeating quotations has been a great peace-of-mind restorer to me when worried, commencing with A, then B, etc. For instance A—"A soft answer turneth away wrath." B—"By doing nothing we learn to do ill," and so on, through the alphabet, and soon you'll forget the worry and annoyance in trying to remember what line commences with K, or some other letter. **RAMO.**

It does seem a pity that young people should begin their married life in a boarding-house. The quiet of one's own home may not ensure perfect happiness, as you say, but it will go a great way toward securing it. I commend your plan of soothing one's own perturbed spirits with quotations. The practice is certainly beneficial, and ought to carry untold help with it.

**M**AY I give my experience with gasoline? I sent to a dealer and got a five-gallon can of gasoline, intending to clean a very handsome moquette carpet, which looked dim after a summer's shutting-up, but before beginning on it I thought I would try a smaller one upstairs. I kept the can in the yard, as I knew gasoline was highly inflammable, and, as our house is a new one, with all modern improvements, and as the advertisements say here with both "gases," we are too much pleased with it to risk its loss by fire. Unfortunately I chose my room for one of the carpets to be cleaned. It was such a pretty room; the papering was the prettiest in the whole house. A plain blue on the walls, of heavy ingrain or felt, with a ceiling of lighter blue and gold, a frieze of white lilies, and mouldings of blue and gold-bronze. Curtains of pale yellow, with old gold stripes hanging at the three large windows; a handsome body-brussels carpet, a fine rug, a corner-cabinet of old oak, and other things contributed to the comfort and beauty of the room. I had the room thoroughly swept, then sent for the gasoline, which for greater safety I was going to use myself. I got down on my knees, and though the gasoline felt colder than we hope stripes hanging at the three large windows; a handsome body-brussels carpet, a fine rug, a corner-cabinet of old oak, and other things contributed to the comfort and beauty of the room. I had the room thoroughly swept, then sent for the gasoline, which for greater safety I was going to use myself. I got down on my knees, and though the gasoline felt colder than we hope stripes hanging at the three large windows; a handsome body-brussels carpet, a fine rug, a corner-cabinet of old oak, and other things contributed to the comfort and beauty of the room. 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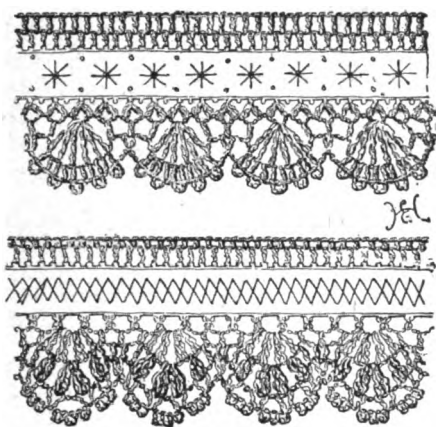
CROCHET FOR DRESS AND DECORATION

By Margaret Sims

CROCHET edgings being just now so very popular for trimmings of all kinds, whether for dresses, underwear, bed linen, bureau sets, window shades or decorative furnishings, I have thought it would be acceptable to offer a choice selection of them, representative of widely different styles. The addition of colored embroidery on linen braids combined with crochet is a novel feature. The Russian laces illustrated are exceedingly tasteful if worked according to directions given. The cluny laces are very handsome yet speedy in execution; they so closely resemble the make of the lace from which they derive their name that it is difficult to distinguish them without a close examination. The furniture trimming exemplifies the novelty of the day, recently introduced into this country by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. This novelty is capable of endless variety, both in design and use.

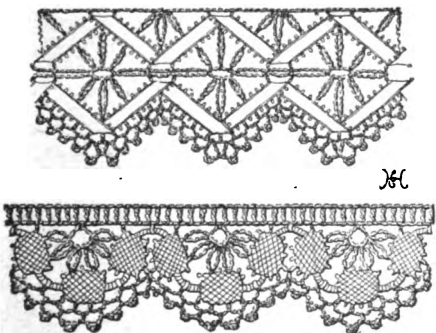
RUSSIAN LACES

FOR the Russian laces, a plain linen lace braid with pearl edge is required, about one-third of an inch in depth. The stars and dots are embroidered with fine red crochet cotton quite fast in color; it is something the color of marking cotton. The outside rows, top and bottom, are worked in the same color; the intermediate rows are white. The lace embroidered in cross stitch is worked in electric blue and white. The top narrow edge is blue, also the middle row in the scallops, as indicated in the drawing. Both are used for dresses, or for dollies or bureau sets. Any desired color may be substituted. A wide range of washable colored cottons is manufactured to meet the present demand for them. Each lace is headed first with a row of tre into each pearl with 1 ch between, in white; the top lace is bordered with a similar row in red. The blue edge is worked with d c instead of tre and 1 ch between. For the scallops in the star lace:



RUSSIAN LACE PATTERNS (Illus. No. 1)

1st row—2 tre 3 ch 2 tre into one pearl, miss 1 pearl and repeat.



CLUNY LACE FOR DRESSES (Illus. No. 2)

2d row—Into first 3 ch \* 1 d c, 3 ch 1 d c into next 3 ch twice, 1 ch 6 d tre into next 3 ch with 1 ch between 1 ch; repeat from \*
3d row in red cotton, 1 d c into first 3 ch of previous row. 1 d c into second 3 ch, miss 1 space, work 5 picots into the next 5 spaces thus: 1 tre 4 ch 1 d c into top of tre just made; work another tre in the same space; repeat after fifth picot 2 ch, miss 1 space, repeat from the beginning of the row.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN LACE PATTERN

1st row—Catch together 2 pearls with 1 d c 3 ch; repeat.
2d row—Into first space 1 d c 2 ch 1 d c into next space, repeat; 1 ch 2d tre 1 ch 2 tre tre, 1 ch 2 tre tre 1 ch 2 tre, all into next space 1 ch; repeat from the beginning.
3d row blue—1 tre into first space; 1 tre into next space, 1 ch 1 tre into next space, 3 ch 3 d tre into next space, 3 ch 6 d tre into next space with 3 ch in the center, 3 ch 3 d tre into next space. 3 ch 1 tre into next space, 1 ch; repeat from \*. The groups of d tre are drawn

together by leaving the last 2 loops of each on the needle till the third st is made.
4th row in white—\* 2 tre, 1 on either side of 2 tre between the scallops, 2 ch 1 tre on either side of first group of 3 d tre; make 3 sets of 3 picots thus: 4 ch, turn 1 d c in first ch; repeat, working 2 tre on either side of a group of 3 d tre, between each set of 3 picots 2 ch; repeat from \*. This row completes the scallops.

WORKING OF CLUNY LACES

THESE do not require a detailed description. Illustration No. 2 shows the working clearly. The least difference in the size of the thread or silk employed, would make a difference in the lengths of chain required to fill in the pattern. The lower lace can be worked in metal. I have seen a beautiful specimen thus worked, the braid in cream, the work in gold thread; it made a choice dress trimming. This pattern of braid is made in several sizes, in white, ecru, cream and string color; it is peculiarly adapted for crocheting because of the rope-like, pliable bar, which can be turned in all directions. For a rander shades this lace looks lovely with a rather coarse ecru or string-colored braid and cotton with gold thread for the picot edge and top plain row. The other lace with a pointed edge is best suited for white or cream color to trim dresses or tea-gowns. It is likewise charming worked in black silk on black braid, for black dresses or for out-door garments.

MODERN LACE FOR DRESSES

ILLUSTRATION No. 4 is a lace fitted for dress trimmings in fine white or colored cotton. In coarser thread it would serve for pillow slips, window shades or white skirts. Make 24 ch, turn \* 2 s st into twelfth and thirteenth ch. Work 20 d c into ring thus formed, 2 s st into fourteenth and fifteenth ch, 10 d c on first 10 of last row; make a picot with 5 ch 1 d c into first of 5 ch, 15 ch; turn; repeat twice from \* working 20 d c on to the third circle; make a picot as before, 1 s st into the last of the 10 d c in next circle, 10 d c join circle with a s st; repeat from \*. Work 2 s st on the sixteenth and seventeenth ch of the original 24 ch.

Repeat from the beginning, starting again with 24 ch, until three sets of circles are made. The rings must be connected in working with a s st in the center of the 10 d c on the half of each circle, 5 d c on the last completed ring; 11 ch; turn; 1 d c in fifth ch; for picot, make a second picot 1 ch 1 s st into fourth st of next circle 6 ch; turn; 1 d c in fifth ch; repeat picot, 1 d c into sixth st of 11 ch, 13 ch; turn; 1 d c into fifth ch, 3 ch, connect by s st with fourth picot in previous group, 2 ch d c in first of 3 ch to complete picot; 1 ch 1 s st into sixth st of same circle as before, 6 ch; turn; 1 d c in fifth ch, repeat picot; 1 d c into sixth st of 13 ch, 5 ch, 1 s st in center of next circle; turn 9 d c into first loop of ch, 11 d c into second loop, 9 d c into third loop, secure with 1 s st into next d c on circle, 3 d c on circle; turn; 11 ch \* turn 1 d c in fifth ch, 3 ch 1 s st into center of 9 d c, 2 ch 1 d c in first of 3 ch, 1 picot 1 d c into sixth st of 11 ch, 12 ch, repeat from \* five times, connecting to previous row with 1 s st between each scallop, working two groups of picots into center of middle scallop; after the last group 4 ch 1 s st into last st of previous row, turn 7 d c into first and last loop of ch; 10 d c into each of the 5 loops between, 1 s st into center of circle. This completes the first scallop. For the large scallop make six more sets of circles, work on to them four groups of picots same as two groups in smaller scallop. The next two rows of picots are same as the outer row in smaller scallop. Connect the rows beneath as shown in illustration, also at the sides. Repeat the pattern from the beginning for the required length. For the upper edge work 3 rows of tre with 1 ch between each.

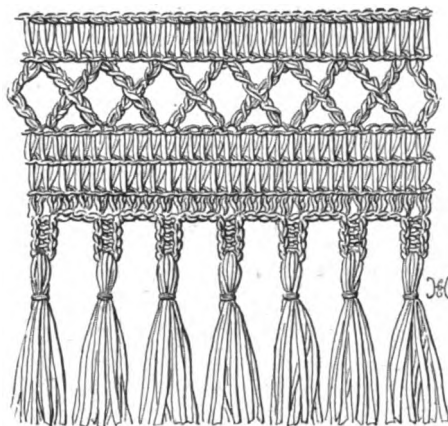
TO READERS:

All inquiries with regard to necessary materials for designs given on this page in the present case or in previous issues will be gladly answered, but a clearly directed stamped envelope must in all cases be enclosed. In compliance with many requests, an article entirely devoted to mould crochet, with further designs, other than those given in the November issue, will be given in the February number of the JOURNAL.

HANDSOME FURNITURE TRIMMING

MOULD crochet is greatly in request in bold patterns for furniture trimmings. Illustration No. 5 is especially suitable for a valance over window curtains. It should be worked in colors with the coarsest glossy crochet twist, made especially for mould crochet in lovely artistic tints; the centers are filled in with gold thread.

When finished, the pattern under consideration measures nine and a half inches in depth. The circles forming the heading are sewn together with a needle when finished. Begin by covering the moulds with a close row of d c, into this row work 10 d c, complete the circle with bullion stitches which are made by twisting the thread seven times around the needle for the small and eleven times for the



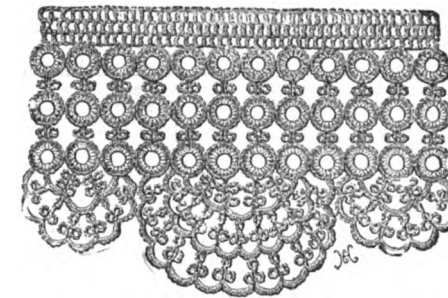
AN EFFECTIVE FRINGE (Illus. No. 3)

large circles; insert the needle in the next ch, then turn the thread over the needle and draw it through all the overs on the needle, 1 ch miss 1 ch and repeat until reaching the 1st d c of the 10. Before making the first bullion st work 3 ch.

The large moulds have a second row of d c worked around with picots added at the top. A plain band of d c on a foundation ch is made on which to attach the connecting ch as shown in the drawing. The small circles need only to be covered with d c. The tassels are made of bullion stitches worked into a ring of 4 ch; the balls are covered with plain d c.

AN EFFECTIVE FRINGE

THE handsome and useful fringe. Illustration No. 3, is quite a novel departure in



MODERN LACE (Illus. No. 4)

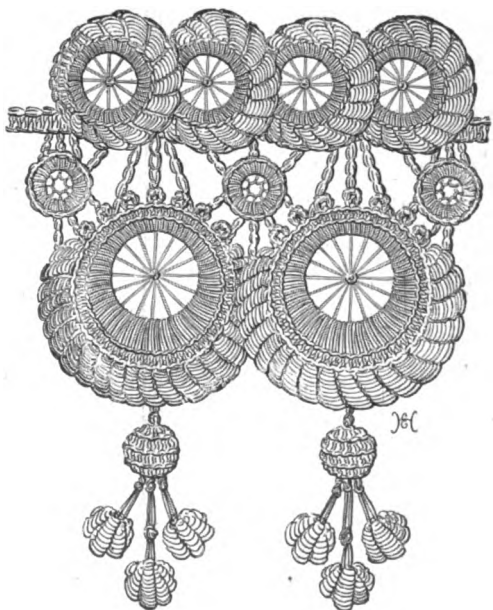
crochet, since it depends for its striking effect on an admixture of China ribbon, or soutache braid and crochet stitches.

If required for dress trimming, then ribbon and crocheted silk will be suitable. If destined to trim fancy articles, such as wall pockets, waste paper baskets or small ornamental tables, coarse crochet colored twist may be used, contrasting with the shade chosen for the braid.

For some purposes fine gold cord can be introduced in place of the braid; it looks extremely rich.

Begin with a foundation ch the length required; turn, insert the needle into the 3 ch, take up the braid, draw it through, turn the thread around the needle, draw it through thread and braid. Pass the braid over a small mesh or bone knitting needle to make the loops sufficiently long, say about half an

inch when finished, draw a loop of braid in this manner through every ch st to the end. Commence again from the beginning of the row and work a second row of braid loops in the same way. Work a row of crossed trebles, and a row of looped braid. Turn the work upside down, having first cut lengths of braid for the tassels. Begin with 1 d c, putting the needle each time into the back loop of the foundation ch \* 3 ch, draw the loop through the head of the tassel, turn 3 d c into the 3 ch just worked, 4 d c in consecutive stitches of the foundation ch, repeat from \* to the end.



FURNITURE TRIMMING (Illus. No. 5)



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Advertisement for Barbour's Linen Thread, stating 'ADAPTED TO ALL KINDS OF HAND AND MACHINE WORK' and 'LACE AND EMBROIDERY, now of so much interest to the Ladies, especially considered.'

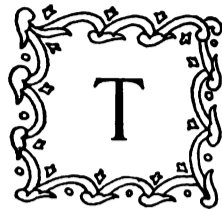
Advertisement for Ingalls' Home and Art Magazine, offering a 'FREE Yard of Poppies' and listing subscription rates.

Advertisement for Mrs. Sarah J. Schack's Dress Reform, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the benefits of her garments.

Advertisement for Pearl Typewriter, highlighting its durability and ease of use, with a price of \$5.00 and an illustration of the machine.

PLANTS FOR HALLS AND PARLORS

By Eben E. Rexford



THE use of growing plants in the decoration of homes of taste and wealth is rapidly increasing.

grow palms and plants of that class with a view to renting them. No elaborate party is considered complete without these plants.

This demand for potted plants in room decoration makes it advisable for those having greenhouses to begin the cultivation of such kinds as are adapted to the purpose spoken of.

PLANTS MOST GENERALLY USED

BELOW I give a list of the kinds most generally used in room decoration. Florists have found them to be "stand-bys," and amateurs can depend on the list as including all the plants with which it is at all worth experimenting.

For a medium-sized palm with spreading habit, I would advise phoenix reclinata; for large, arching foliage, sieforthia elegans; for broad, massive effect, satania borbonica; for graceful habit and not very strong growth, areca lutescens; for beauty of foliage at all stages of growth, making it especially valuable for dinner table decoration, cocos weddelliana.

The ficus elastica, or India-rubber plant, is a favorite among decorative plants. It has very large, thick, shining foliage which always gives a tropical appearance to any group of plants with which it is placed.

BEAUTIFUL FOLIAGE PLANTS

THE best varieties of dracaenas for general use are indivisa and terminalis. They have long, grass-like foliage, which is very permanent in character.

The grevillea robusta is a most beautiful plant. It grows rapidly, becomes a miniature tree with proper training, and is not as particular about culture as many other plants not nearly as desirable.

The araucaria, or Moreton Bay pine, is one of the most beautiful of all plants for room decoration, but for some reason we seldom see it. It bears a close resemblance to our native hemlock, when seen from a little distance, and has a graceful habit of growth that makes a small or large specimen extremely ornamental.

In bringing any of the above into use, they should be put in the most presentable shape possible. It is necessary to go over them, plant by plant, and remove every dead or injured leaf.

HYDRANGEAS AND CALLAS

ANOTHER most excellent plant for similar purposes is the hydrangea, with its broad, light green leaves, and enormous panicles of rosy flowers. Wherever well-grown specimens of this plant are used in halls or parlors they are sure to attract great attention.

THE OLEANDER IN THE HOME

IT must not be supposed that the plants above named are the only ones to be brought into use in the decoration of rooms. They are the stand-bys—the ones most to be depended on—those which, with proper care, are good for a share of one's lifetime.

Large plants of the oleander are very ornamental for hall decoration when in full bloom. The pink varieties are best, because they have larger flowers than the white section, but the latter are valuable for contrast.

ENGLISH IVY AND HYDRANGEA

ONE of the best of all plants for room decoration is the English ivy. It is not only beautiful in foliage, but extremely effective because of its twining habit, which enables us to produce more graceful results with it in many places than can be secured by the use of shrubby plants, but it stands the trying conditions which prevail in parlors and halls wonderfully well.

Another excellent plant for room decoration, because of the strong effect of its great clusters of flowers, is the hydrangea. A good-sized plant in full bloom is very decorative.

PLACING THE PLANTS IN POSITION

MOST persons imagine that it is necessary to have a large number of plants in order to produce much of an effect with them. Such is not the case, however; it is with these as with many other things—good taste and good judgment accomplish wonders with a small amount of material.

MAIDEN HAIR AND OTHER FERNS

FERNS and other delicate plants of that class are excellent for using in the foreground, where plants are "banked." They are among the best of all plants to use about mirrors, where their filmy grace can be reflected.

STAIRWAYS AND MIRRORS

FOR the decoration of a stairway, one or two tall plants are most satisfactory. These should be placed near the posts. If you have good ivies, or other vines, they can be trained along the rail, and allowed to drop here and there in an informal fashion.

Azaleas while in bloom are most useful plants for decorating rooms, because of the brilliancy and beauty of their flowers. Half a dozen specimens of ordinary size will give a "bank" of bright colors that could not be secured by the use of a dozen plants of almost any other kind of flower.

THE CONFIDENCE MAN

is a rogue of the first water, and a damage to all honest people. He takes advantage of the fact that we must trust each other, and by his misdeeds does much to destroy confidence in human nature.

Take, for instance, the Compound Oxygen Treatment of Drs. STARKEY & PALEN. They advertise it. The very fact that they do so, doubtless repels some people who have never reflected that the printing press can multiply the truth.

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## FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

MISS P.—To winter Canterbury bells cover six inches deep with leaves.  
E. H. T.—A formosissima is the best budding sort. Dark crimson-scarlet.  
G. N. S.—Sulpho-tobacco soap is the best thing of its kind I have ever tried.  
R. Y. M.—Azaleas form buds one season, but do not bloom until the following spring.  
IGNORAMUS—Anters and lobellias, after having bloomed in the garden, are not worth potting.  
L. A. B.—Buy young pansy plants for next year from the florists, who start them early in the season.  
L. E. B.—Azalea plants should be kept in a moderately cool room. Give them forenoon sunshine.

F. A. B.—Sow verbena seed in May. You cannot depend on seed to reproduce the colors and forms of parent plants.

W. W. F.—Give the asparagus tennisstus a sandy soil, enriched with bone meal. Propagate by division of the roots.

B.—Some insect must be at work on your begonia, or else you allow drops of water to stand on it, thus causing the foliage to rot.

C. C.—Very few plants do well in gas-lighted rooms. The thick-leaved kinds, like palms, ficus, and the like, are most likely to succeed.

E. B. M.—Judging from my experience, there is no need to plant tiger lily seed. Let it alone, where it falls, and it will be sure to grow.

MRS. P.—Prune your hydrangea just before putting in the cellar. Blue ones are produced by putting iron filings about the roots of the common variety.

B. A.—I have no plants of any sort for sale. I have tried to make this fact clear to my correspondents many times, but I have not seemed to succeed, I am sorry to say.

N. C.—I have never grown the erinum and spider lily. Why not write to the dealer of whom you got them? Margot carnations will bloom in the house if not kept too warm.

A. S.—Grow the heliotrope from cuttings; you are then sure of getting a plant like the one from which you took the cutting. Disturb the roots as little as possible in taking from the ground.

G. H. S.—Different varieties may grow from the same root if grafted, but in no other way. If new varieties appear in a bed, they come from self-sown seed, and seedlings vary greatly from the parent plant.

A. G. F.—For winter plants I would advise trying heliotrope and geraniums, flowering and fragrant-leaved sorts. Streptosolen, begonia rubra and wettensia, abutilons, fire-fly and roseflorim and a calla.

MOLLIE—I cannot say why the salvia and jasmine fail to grow. Your soil is good. Perhaps there are worms at the roots. A six-months-old canna ought to have at least a ten-inch pot if in a healthy, growing condition.

K. W.—Frank J. S. Curtis writes regarding begonias and tuberose: "I want to speak in their favor as bedders. Two large beds in Washington Park, Albany, N. Y., were in full sun. They were perfect in bloom, a solid mass of flowers, and attracted universal attention."

J. E. A.—Young plants received by mail should go into small pots at first. They are greatly injured by being given large ones, as the roots cannot make use of all the nutriment in the soil; consequently, they are over-fed, gorged, suffeted with food, and made dyspeptic.

M. M.—Your smilax probably wants to rest. Dry it off, set the pot away in a warm corner, and let it stay there for a couple of months. Then re-pot, water it, and start into growth again. Your heliotrope may not get enough water. It requires a good deal when it has filled the pot with roots.

C. K.—This correspondent wants to know what price a person should receive from a florist for seeds or plants of new varieties. This is a matter which must be decided between the parties; there is no "rule" in the matter. The florist would pay what he considered the plant or seed worth to him.

J. R. H.—In reply to several correspondents who have asked about keeping geraniums over winter in the cellar, Miss May Conyer writes: "I have been most successful. My method is this: When severe frosts come I remove the plants from the beds, shaking off all loose dirt. If any is disposed to cling to the roots, let it remain. Do not remove any leaves. Tie a string about the plants and hang them to the ceiling with the roots up. The cellar should be dry when there is no danger of a frost."

T. D. N.—On the subject of the blasting of daffodils, Robert Mitchell, of Reading, Massachusetts, writes: "The principal reason is too deep planting. Those who moved their plants, doubtless planted them in the new beds at the same depth as in the old ones; consequently, there was no improvement. I cover about one inch over crown. In light soil re-plant at least every three years. In wet soil they bloom every year without transplanting. Wet ground seems to keep the bulb near the surface."

READER—A good soil, suitable for all foliage plants is composed of one part loam, one part turfy matter or leaf-mold, and the other third made up equally of old, well-rotted manure and sand. Provide the best of drainage for all; do not water them when in use in rooms away from direct light, unless they are left there for several days at a time, as evaporation takes place so slowly that there is danger of souring soil. Shower the foliage frequently to keep the red spider from injuring the plants. If the mealy-bug attacks them, apply the kerosene emulsion so frequently spoken of in this JOURNAL.

H. J. K.—In regard to the propagation of the different kinds of roots, Mrs. O. writes: "It is possible to propagate different varieties from the root. I have a 'Happy Thought' geranium. Two branches have come out near the base of the plant, having leaves of a dark green, while the others are green blotched with yellow. Blossoms same on both kind of branches. There is also one branch bearing almost white leaves." The green branch shows simply a tendency of the plant to revert to original form. The branch bearing the light-colored leaves is merely a variation of the form of variegation. There are no "different varieties propagated from the same root."

SUBSCRIBER—Where vivid color-effects are desired, nothing equals the perennial phlox. Its flowers are produced in immense panicles, or heads of bloom, that give a solid show of color at a little distance. I use the term because it exactly expresses the idea in mind. The flowers are so thickly set in the great clusters that a few rods away they seem one broad mass of color, unbroken, and making a most glorious show. Strong plants send up dozens of stalks, each stalk bearing a head of flowers of such plants in the border produces a wonderfully brilliant effect, as one can readily imagine who has seen the effect of isolated plants. The colors range through all shades of violet and crimson, rose, lilac and purple, to the purest white. Some varieties are "eyed" with contrasting colors. Some are tall growers, some dwarf. In selecting, the catalogues should be studied to avoid the mistake of getting flowering varieties back of tall-growing sorts. The plants should be procured in spring. Set in a soil made rich with old manure. Keep the grass away from them. They are perfectly hardy, and need no protection, though I think they are all the better for it. I think all hardy plants do enough better for being protected by a covering of leaves or litter to make it well worth while to give it.



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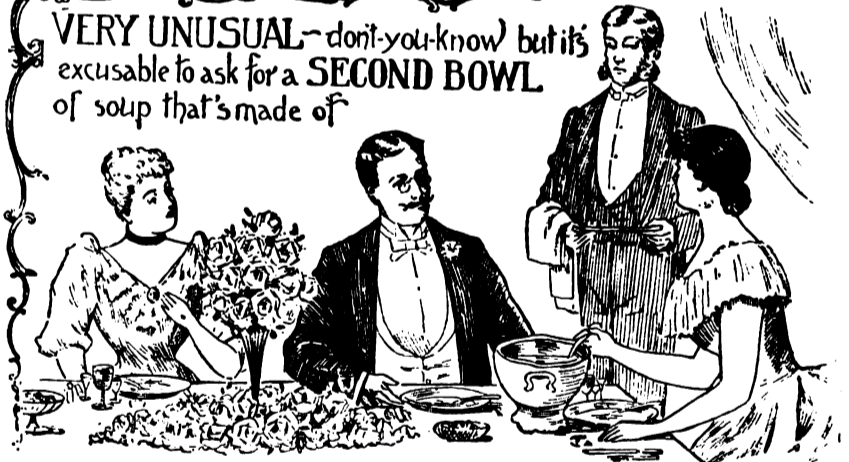
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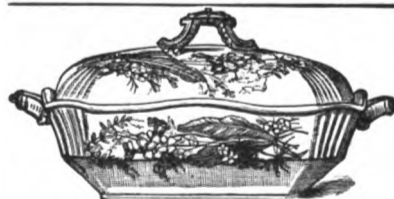
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# HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

**LEONA**—Furs are cheaper after the holidays, but "wonderful bargains" are not to be found in any article as fashionable as furs this winter.

**MRS. T. S.**—Read answer to "Matron of Forty." (2) Nothing is as fashionable as velvet for a trimming or combination. (3) Iridescent gallow with a little gilt, cords or spangles in it.

**ELVIRA**—Bell skirt having three bias overlapping folds, bag sleeve upper, deep cuffs, long, narrow coat-tail back, pointed corselet front, with a neat gimp on all edges, or only a machine stitching.

**W. J. W.**—Your letter was answered privately, directing it to the number only. Answers cannot be promised in any certain issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, as they can only take their turn.

**CARRIE**—Sew together the outside and lining of the bell skirt; face the bottom with canvas and finish with velvet or binding. (2) Sew up the seams of a basque with good sewing silk if you wish to avoid "breaking seams."

**MISS KATE**—You probably forgot to enclose a stamp when asking for a "private reply at once," as many others do. Such letters are always answered within a reasonable time, though not by "return mail," as that would be impossible.

**M. C. E.**—Baby girls wear white, light tan, delicate blue or pearl gray cloaks; the first and last preferred. (2) Henrietta, cashmere, elderdown, Bedford cord, repped silk and several fleecy French cloths that are very warm and trimmed with Angora fur.

**MRS. W. M. H.**—Have your ladies' cloth sponged before making it up. (2) Trim with golden-brown velvet and mink fur. (3) Add violet velvet sleeves, corselet and full vest to the dress of light-brown bengaline. Contrasts can hardly be too striking this winter.

**MRS. W. V.**—(Get an ooze calf Tam o' Shanter cap and leggings to match) the boy of six years, also a Russian overcoat and heavy lined gloves topped with fur. (2) A baby boy of a year can wear coat and Tam of golden brown or tan Bedford cord, with lamb's wool trimming of the same shade.

**NORA N.**—Your corsets are too stiff for you, hence the backache. Ask for a soft bone corset. (2) Ready-made corset covers never have sleeves; you can buy woolen ribbed corset covers that are very warm. (3) Stout ladies usually wear the underwear combinations in Swiss ribbed goods to avoid any extra fullness.

**GEORGIE B.**—A new or modified bell skirt has been described several times in this column. It has the fitting at the top of the front and sides done with a few gathers in place of the usual eight darts, and the back is gathered with or without the bias center seam, and measures all around the bottom three and one-half yards.

**ADDIE E. C.**—Elderdown flannel, a yard wide and about seventy-five cents, makes a warm and pretty wrapper for an invalid. It comes in all shades and can be washed at home or sent to a French dyer to be dry cleaned. (2) A small satine, satin or chiniz covered down quilt makes a good cover while napping, as it is light, yet very warm.

**COUNTRY READER**—Bell skirts are now three-yards and a half wide on the lower edge. (2) Various trimmings for them have been given at different times in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. As you are short trim with the outside hem or overlapping folds so often described. (3) You can wear a pointed girde or corselet, but not a draped Empire belt.

**MISS M. M. L.**—A letter sent you to the address given in your note was returned from the Dead Letter Office on October 27th. (2) Tan should have been combined with your green, using it for deep cuffs, fitted girde, collar, vest and revers on the bell skirt and round waist of green, with jacket fronts. You could have the entire sleeves of tan if the green material should run short.

**MRS. W. D. X.**—Fur-lined circulars are the warmest of garments for driving. (2) A servicable opera or evening wrap is of red, old rose or purplish red ladies' cloth lined with quilted satin of a harmonizing or corresponding shade and edged around the high collar and down the fronts with sable, black marten, white or black Mongolian fur; the latter is long and crinkly, very becoming and pretty for such a trimming.

**BLONDE**—Select a deep shade of red, trim it with black Persian lamb and black velvet sleeves, jacket fronts and draped belt; cape of black velvet, toe of the two materials and jetted quills, black suede gloves and muff of Persian lamb. (2) Trim your brown novelty woolen with plain or shaded bright leaf green velvet, wear brownish tan glacé gloves and a large, brown felt hat, trimmed with green velvet and buckle and brown tips.

**A. W. J.**—Your velvet skirt should be cut over in a bell shape if it is not of that style. Use the silk for a soft Empire belt and full vest, reddish purple, green or red, with full sleeves, round waist having jacket fronts and a collar of soft folds. If you design adding fur, use it for edging the jacket fronts, collar and in three narrow rows on the skirt; mink, sable or Astrakhan are the favorite furs for trimming with beaver, Alaska sable or gray Astrakhan ranking second.

**AN OLD SUBSCRIBER**—Get black whipcord, diagonal serge or silk-figured goods. (2) Have a modified bell skirt with a gathered back trim with three bias, doubled overlapping folds, (each two inches wide,) of the striped silk; basque to have a short, round front, deep, narrow coat-tail back, with collar, full mutton-leg sleeves, short wide revers and a deeply pointed girde of the silk goods. The girde is sewed in the right side seam, hooked over on the left and must be well boned. Cut all of your striped goods straight except the skirt folds.

**BROOKLYN**—Get a fine whipcord or diagonal serge. I presume from your letter that you wish to keep the dress all black. Have the skirt a modified bell in shape, escaping the floor and trimmed with three bias, doubled overlapping folds; the basque may have a round front, deep narrow coat-tail back and full mutton-leg sleeves. Girde from the side seams as described to "An Old Subscriber" in this issue. Edge your girde, top and bottom, wrists and cuffs, with a gimp of cord and jet beads. To make the dress more elaborate have the collar, deep cuffs and girde of silk bengaline.

**H. B. D.**—Your brocade and gros-grain do not harmonize, and I cannot advise using the former. (2) Dark blue is very fashionable and is trimmed with the same shade of velvet and iridescent gimp, or a violent contrast has more style at present if for a house dress. Bright red velvet for full sleeve upper, vest and girde, with a bell skirt, having a gathered back and folds, round waist and jacket fronts, would be very jaunty, but if too striking for you, use blue velvet; also for a skirt border; and edge collar, wrists and jacket fronts with iridescent bead gimp, or to brighten it up more have the jacket fronts of velvet like the sleeves and girde, or soft Empire belt and a loose vest of yellow, pink, cardinal or pale green China crepe.

**MATRON OF FORTY**—The black dinner silk should be of bengaline or a corkscrew rep having a bourette thread here and there. (2) Make with a demi-train bell skirt having a tiny box-plating headed with two or three narrow bias and doubled folds. Round waist worn under the skirt belt having tiny jacket fronts and a "crush" belt, which is a wide Empire belt draped around the figure in soft folds, which may be pulled out in front to outline a point, using one bone there, and fastening in the back under a windmill bow of two upright loops, one downward, one upward and a knot. Collar of soft folds fastening on the side under a rosette; full plastron and wide elbow sleeves of Magenta, purplish red, tomato red or mediumly light green velvet; on the edge of the jacket fronts and as a bracelet on the lower edge of the sleeves have a gimp of jet spangles. If you object to elbow sleeves, have a fall of black lace below or a ruffle of silk muslin in accordion plaits.

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SMALL BELONGINGS OF DRESS

By Isabel A. Mallon

PROBABLY nothing quite so pretty and quite so decorative is there as the bodice trimmings of this season. The full falling bib of coarse lace, while still in fashion, has gone through many changes, and is shown made gorgeous with iridescent beads, having its pattern followed by gold, silver or velvet thread, or dotted here and there with spangles of gold, silver or jet.

Belts after the Empire fashion have for their fastenings the four-bowed rosette, and this, when made of velvet or silk, frequently has each loop overlapped with broad gold braid, and then a lovers' knot of gold braid is in the heart of the rosette. The belts, bibs, epaulettes and cape-like trimmings all go to make a bodice look very much trimmed, and, it may be mentioned, when they are skillfully used upon an old bodice, really make it look better than when it was new.

AMONG the prettiest of the zouave jackets is one of Irish crochet. It looks like lace, but is much more durable. This fascinating work, by-the-by, is becoming very popular, and women with beautiful hands display them well in making the ivory shuttle fly to and fro with marvelous quickness, and causing the looker-on to wonder at the intricacy of the pattern.

VERITABLE Empire bonnet is of heliotrope felt, and inclines to the poke shape; it is worn back on the head, displaying the hair underneath it; its trimming consists of two plumes that wave forward, some knots of green ribbon and the broad green ribbon ties that are arranged in stiff loops and ends under the chin.

SEAL-SKIN Russian blouse, with high, full sleeves, is excessively pretty when worn by a young girl; it is belted in by a suede belt with a band of seal-skin in the centre, while about the throat is a cravatte of mink. With this is worn a cloth toque decorated with mink heads and tails. It must be remembered, by-the-by, that the fullness of this coat makes it becoming only to a very slender figure.

WOMEN who do not possess other coronets for their heads than that which nature gives them, are affecting the coronet brooches made of diamonds and rubies, diamonds and pearls and sometimes all diamonds. It no longer seems a question as to whether one has a title—one selects the prettiest coronet that one's purse will permit, and wears it with joy.

FANCY has arisen for wearing a bangle of jade, it being claimed that the costly green material brings good luck. By way of contrast to this, la mode ordains that there shall also be a bangle of tortoise-shell and one of gold. The contrast is artistic, and tends to make the arm look very white.

THE girl who gives her sweetheart a souvenir of their betrothal now selects not a single ring, but a set of them. This consists of three chain rings, one of gold, one of silver and one of copper. Just the reasons for choosing these metals is not exactly understood, but that when each chain is the same size and flexible they form pretty rings is positive.

THE laced shoe of soft tan leather made quite high and having a semi-low heel will be worn all winter. Careful women say that shoes like this are kept in best order when they are thoroughly oiled.

THE enormous sleeves of shaded velvet are liked in cloth or stuff gowns and tend to give an air of elaboration to what may be really a very simple costume.

ALTHOUGH many odd colors are noticed, navy blue broadcloth is still considered the most desirable material for a handsome tailor-made suit.

DELIGHTFUL present to receive at any time is a bonnet whisk mounted on a silver handle. It is so pretty that one likes to use it to drive out the bits of dust that will get on the daintiest of chapeaux, and which, unless they are quickly removed, will cause it soon to look anything but new.

COPPER, that very curious color, indeed, that which one may call that very unbecoming color, is made possible by its combination with dark green or black. In silk with black velvet it makes a most marvelous small bonnet. The dark color, of course, comes against the face, and then for the crown it is possible to have decorations of copper beads, of copper feathers or copper ribbons.

MOUSQUETAIRE gloves of dark brown dressed kid, with overstitched seams, are sold at reasonable prices, and are much liked for general wear. They are usually gotten rather large, so that they may be put on or removed without any trouble.

THE very wide revers of velvet with an out-lining of fur are liked on coats, capes and cloaks. Indeed, every style that tends to make the wearer look broader about the shoulders is marked as good.

DO not advise the buying of changeable wools by the women who expect to wear their gowns more than one season, for such fabrics are only of to-day and will be tiresome to look at to-morrow. Too many of us are prone to think only of the fashion of the hour, and unless we can change our gowns as often as we do our minds, I should never select for long wear a material which is decidedly pronounced.

THE girl who wears a waistcoat, jacket and dicky, with high collar showing above both, affects a very broad black satin tie, knotted after the fashion of a four-in-hand and having stuck in it a fancy pin.

DAGGERS of tortoise-shell are again noted, and are stuck through the hair when it is arranged in a loose manner so as to be ornamental, or else are poised against the bonnet to keep it from sliding back.

FASHIONABLE capes, deep and full, are of plaid stuff, lined throughout with changeable silk, and having deep cape collars, and standing ones as well, of velvet; the color of the velvet being that most common in the plaid. The length of these capes makes them really warm, and it is certain that many women will wear them all winter.

THE rose-colored veils, so popular with the French women, have not received the same approval from us. How many women realize that a colored veil is often more becoming than a black one, which, if one happens to be pale, exaggerates that and brings out every line in the face?

SURELY this season ought to be called the one of rich fabrics, for never before, within the memory of most of us, have silks, velvets, brocades, furs and laces been so generally seen.

THE combination of lavender and green, as well as that of green and blue, continues to obtain, and will undoubtedly be counted very smart either in evening or daytime dresses.

BLACK or navy blue stockings are best liked for daytime wear, though for full dress the rule never varies, and the stocking must always match the slipper.

WHEN will our American shoemakers learn to line slippers with silk or satin the same color, instead of using white kid for this purpose? The white kid soils in one wearing and after two or three is anything but dainty to look at. A French woman would as soon think of wearing soiled stockings as a soiled lining, and, as it is an easy matter to remove a silk or satin one, she has this done at the least sign of wear. Our dainty American women should insist upon having the same lining in the slippers for which, alas, they usually have to pay such a high price.

THE French mourning veil of heavy black silk net bordered with black crape and draped on the bonnet is considered in good taste for all except the very deepest mourning. It is not so heavy as a crape veil, and does not so easily show wear.

SMALL pearl-headed pins are liked for fastening laces on evening dresses. Some of the dressmakers claim that when lace is quaintly placed it cannot be sewed, and for this purpose the pearl-headed pins are used, that is, to hold the lace in its picturesque position, and so prevent the necessity of the more positive stitches that might give what is not desired—a flat effect.

PIPINGS of fur are in vogue on all materials and costumes to be worn at all times. Mink is particularly liked on evening dresses of yellow cloth.

PEOPLE who braid their back hair are now raising it up higher and braiding it very close to the top of the head; then it is looped down on the head and fastened closely to it. The reason for this is that the small bonnets must have something more than merely a fancy pin to hold them in position, and this arrangement of the hair makes them most comfortable.

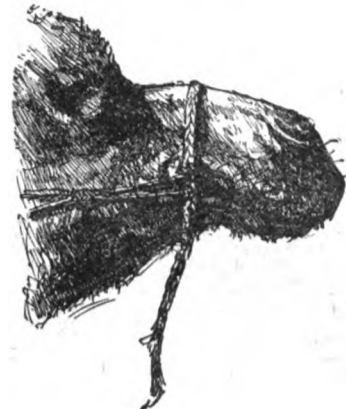
OLD-ROSE and black, developed in an evening bonnet composed of black jet, with three old-rose velvet rosettes upon it, is a specially fashionable combination. The ties, which are rather broad, are of black velvet ribbon, and are tied in a stiff bow under the chin.

THE very bright red-brown walking glove is again noted. I do not recommend it particularly, as it does not clean well, the more delicate mode shades really being more durable, because they can visit the cleaner's again and again, and come back without announcing the process through which they have been.

Do you remember the story of the lazy peasant and his camel. We have published (and will send free) a revised edition about

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Complex advertisement for the Columbian Arm Chair and Sofa Bed, including text like 'An invention of greater importance than the Folding Bed. Orders pouring in. Send for price-list and description' and 'Siegel Cooper & Co., Chicago, Ill.'

THE NATIONAL Dress Improvement Ass'n

Complex advertisement for The National Dress Improvement Ass'n, including text like 'Every Common Sense and Hygienic Garment for Ladies and Children' and 'MARGARET O'CONNOR, Mgr., Venetian Building, Chicago.'

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.

Complex advertisement for an Oxford Sewing Machine, including text like '\$12 Buys a \$65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine...' and 'When in doubt, buy the Ricksecker Perfumery, as everything bearing this name is the finest obtainable.'

SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS BY RUTH ASHMORE

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

CALIFORNIA GIRL—A silk muffler for a man should be at least a yard square.

B. B.—I do think it in very bad taste to receive presents from young men.

FAITHFUL READER—Send the surah sash with the fringed ends to a professional cleaner.

MARY AND OTHERS—I cannot advise the use of any rouge or powder; all are more or less injurious to the skin.

DELIADE—It would be in the best taste for you to wear black shoes with your brown cloth traveling costume.

A. B. C.—Lemon juice is said to remove tan from the hands. (2) I cannot advise the use of any tonic for the eye-lashes.

LARICE—As your visitor is leaving it is courteous to say to him: "I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

X. Y. Z.—Day time calls are made between three and six o'clock, and a formal one lasts for not less than ten, or more than twenty minutes.

LOBLE—There would be no impropriety whatever in your mother asking the gentleman, who does not live in your city, to be her guest for the night.

MRS. W. P. S.—Information in regard to the "Brownies" may be obtained by writing to Mr. Palmer Cox, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

PKNELOPE—A military wedding pre-supposes that the groom is in the army and that his best man and ushers, imitating him, will appear in full uniform.

LINSKY—Brushing the hair with great regularity and using perfectly clean brushes upon it will do more to keep it free from dandruff than anything of which I know.

A. B.—If the mother of your betrothed has invited you there would be no impropriety in your visiting at his home, but it would be improper to go there simply on his invitation.

A SUBSCRIBER—Black may be worn six months for a half brother; if crape is assumed at first it can be laid aside in three, and then all black worn for the remaining three months.

MEMNON—Have a large box made to hold your wedding dress, and pack it carefully in yellow tissue paper. This is advised in place of white, which tends to make the brocade streak.

A. J. S.—In wearing a white and a red skirt the white one should, of course, be worn outside, unless the red one should be silk; but instead of a white skirt, why do you not wear a black alpaca one?

EVY—I do not think it would be quite proper to ask a young man to correspond with you. In beginning a letter to a man do not write, "Dear Friend," instead commence, "My Dear Mr. Jones."

B. B.—I do not know that benzoin will tend to make the cheeks red. The proper kind to use in the water in which the face is washed is, of course, the liquid. (2) Drinking water will tend to make flesh.

PAULINE—The custom of receiving on New Year's Day is not in vogue now, but if you are in the habit of having a reception and sending out cards, you would, of course, send them to your men friends.

M. E. H.—There would be no impropriety in sending your card to the gentleman who lives in the city in which you are to visit, but I would not, if I were you, write asking him to meet me at the station.

HOPFUL—The fact that you flush so easily and grow so warm in the house would suggest that you needed to go through a course of treatment for your blood. I would advise you consulting your family physician.

CYNTHIA—As your friends did not invite you to their weddings and have not asked you to call on them, the conclusion would be that they do not wish to keep up your acquaintance. When you meet them give a polite, but formal bow.

HORTENSE—As it has been some time since the gentleman met you, and you have since failed to recognize him when you met him on the street, it was not rude in you not to bow to him. One is not expected to remember every one one meets.

B. M. J.—I cannot recommend any method of removing moles. (2) In putting vaseline on your hair to increase its growth, it must be remembered that the grease should be well rubbed in the scalp, and if this is done carefully it will not make the hair greasy.

HENRIETTA B.—Unless the young man were visiting at your house, I would not advise you to ask him to go for a drive. If the friend who has been kind enough to be your escort should wish to talk to you after you reach home, it would be wisest to invite him into the house, rather than to linger at the gate.

LITTLE DORRIT—In promenading at a reception it is not necessary, although it is permissible, to take a gentleman's arm. (2) When small plates are served at the tea table they are intended for bread and butter, and then, of course, no butter plates are required. (3) It is never proper to accept a valuable present from a man friend unless he should be your betrothed, or a relative.

DETROIT SUBSCRIBER—I do think that even occasional tight lacing is bad, and I cannot agree with you that even in the evening for a few hours, a corset that is drawn tight, and which does not permit you to move about easily, or eat what you desire, can be good for you. It is possible that you do not feel the effect of this practice just now, but if you persist in it you certainly will.

M. C. G. S.—As you are without father or mother, and living with distant kinsfolk, I think, although you are so young, I should advise you to marry the man whom you love, and who has asked you to be his bride. You say he is good, honest and able to take care of you; this account of him makes me say to you what I do. I trust that you will be happy, and that you will make him a thoroughly good and loving wife.

K. R. G.—Plenty of potatoes, plenty of bread and butter, as much milk as you like, and all the sweets that will agree with you, will tend to make you stout. Avoid everything containing vinegar, and when you eat a salad see that it is rich with oil. Worry, it is said, causes more wrinkles and makes more slender women than anything else, so I should advise you to be happy, think as little about your troubles as possible, and the desired flesh may come to you.

ETHEL—A very good way to cultivate the memory is to study extracts of prose or poetry, never giving up until you can repeat them exactly word for word. Another good method is, after you have been out, to try and jot down everything you have seen that is of interest, the names of the people you have met; in fact, the impression made on your mind by your outing. In walking with a gentleman he should be on the outside, but if many corners are turned it is not necessary for him to walk around each time to be on the outer side of the pavement.

CARRIE—The grape seeds may be removed from the mouth with the fingers. The seeds of water-melon should be taken from the fruit with a fork before it is put in the mouth. If the dessert is served and the plate on which your dinner has been served is still on the table, move it slightly to one side and put the dessert plate in front of you. When a dish is passed to you, and there is no mark in attendance, help yourself and pass it on. If a dish is near you it is quite proper for you to help yourself without making any request. When you wish for bread, or anything of that sort, simply ask for it, either addressing your request to the servant, or if there is none, to whoever the bread may be nearest, if it is on the table.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

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

TEACHING ENGLISH

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL was given to me by a friend a few months ago, and I am an enthusiastic reader since then, growing more and more delighted with its contents, and trying to avail myself of its many useful hints and advices. I am sorry to say we cannot boast of a similar paper in Germany, as far as I know, and I feel very happy to know English well enough as to be able to understand what I read. I beg your pardon for bothering you with a question. Noticing that there is always a great many questions kindly replied to in the various departments of your paper, I dare to set forth my own, with a view to, perhaps, speaking in one or two other people's names who lack time or courage to do so themselves. Thus: I have a boy of six years old whom I greatly wish to learn English. The question is: Can he learn it without suffering by merely being talked to, and talking himself as soon as he has a little vocabulary? Can you give me any advice as to the means I have to take? I, myself, have learned to speak English pretty well with a friend who staid with us for some months. By talking to my boy I should kill two birds with one stone, making him learn what he does not know, yet, and keeping me from forgetting what I know. I never had much opportunity to speak before my friend came, but, of course, I knew some English by studying and reading. My boy doesn't know anything, yet I reckon children's brains are so malleable they so easily retain any impressions, if only I succeed in making the task interesting for him in a way. That's what you help for, don't you? Maybe you think me very bold, but I do hope you don't.

I should feel very glad, indeed, if I could be of any use whatever to you; for instance, giving Berlin notes once in a while. I hope to find some remarks in "Mothers' Corner" regarding my question not so very far from now. ANNA POSSE.

Your plan of teaching your boy by speaking English to him, and encouraging him to talk with you as soon as he has mastered a few words, is an excellent one. M. Bréal, who is well known in France as an educationist, has recently lectured at Sorbonne on the natural method of acquiring a foreign language. He recommends that the pupil should learn a number of phrases, and not attempt to read or write until he had gained a vocabulary. Why not get some interesting illustrated magazine for children in English; there are many such. Your boy's curiosity will be awakened by the pictures, and in satisfying it he will learn many new words. Begin with nouns first, then verbs, exactly as you would in teaching a baby to speak its own tongue. Your letter shows a remarkable proficiency in our language, and that you have improved the opportunities for learning it that have come in your way. We are very glad to welcome you to our columns, and hope that you will be able to tell us some of the German methods of managing children. We all like to learn from one another, and are very glad that we have been able to help you. We feel that it is one of our pleasures as publishers to help our readers.

HELPS THE CHILDREN

I OFTEN think the reason our children grow estranged from us is that we do not let them share our most earnest thoughts; when they creep into our arms we are tired; our "dumb devil," as Emerson expresses it, gets possession of us; we turn them off with a kiss or caress, but do not give them anything substantial for heart and mind to feed upon. Children, of course, love those who simply amuse them for a day; but those who put the hearts go out to those who help us morally or mentally. So when my little four-year-old, tired with play, climbs into my lap, I try to tell her something she will enjoy and remember. We often chat about the days of the week. Monday is the moon's day. This is easily remembered from the similarity of sound. Tuesday is Jupiter's day, and the little one never tires hearing about the great god who lived on Mount Olympus long, long ago. He was the god whom the people once thought sent the thunder and lightning, talked in the rustling of the oak leaves, and made the sunshine and pleasant weather. Wednesday is Woden's day. This god had two ravens and two dogs, the ravens of the night, and the two dogs to draw his two-wheeled chariot. Thursday is Thor's day, and we talk of the great god, the thunderer, who was always seen in his chariot, hammer in hand, drawn through the clouds by two goats. So much did the people reverence Thor that they carved his hammer on their gravestones, and we put the crosses on our crosses. Friday is Freja's day, the good goddess into whose care the dead were given, and she rode in a chariot drawn by two cats. Saturday is Saturn's day. Saturn was the cruel father who ate up all his children when the baby Jupiter came. His mother, Rhea, wanted to save him, so she gave Saturn a stone, dressed up in baby clothes. He swallowed it, and thought he had eaten his baby boy. Sunday, once the Sun's day, is now the Resurrection day. Of that day we must each speak according to her creed. So the child learns the days of the week, and each has some pleasant association for her. E. MESSERVE.

WHAT A MUSICAL MOTHER CAN DO

SHE can teach her boys and girls to stand by her while she plays on the piano, turning her pages (a few words of instruction as to the corresponding signs on page and motions of the hand will astonish you as to results). Tell them the name of the piece and of the composer. Put their fingers on the keys, and show them how the chords are formed of first, third and fifth, beginning with C, and going on until all are familiar. The child will be very proud when able to play the bass to mamma's simple duets. E. E. E.

BABY'S FINGER NAILS

CAN either you or some of the numerous readers of your department tell me how to keep a baby's finger-nails clean? I have a little one about four months old, and his nails are a constant source of annoyance to me, and I am trying every day to keep the cuticle too far down in trying to clean them. I have tried a brush, but do not seem to have much success. M. G. H.

Soak the little finger tips in warm water in which a pinch of borax has been dissolved, and then use a soft brush. Nothing hard or sharp should ever be used to clean a baby's finger-nails. A soft piece of linen upon the end of a wooden toothpick may be used to remove the soil.

DUTIES FOR LITTLE HANDS

A BROOM or brush, with dusterpan, given to a child for her very own, will induce a little girl to take it for her "duty" to sweep mamma's zinc under the stove, and keep it free from dust. Let both always be hung in place after using. Give the eight-year-old daughter for her special duties right after breakfast Saturday morning, the broom and salt cruet to fill and the napkin rings to brighten. A box set apart where she can reach, with brush, cloths, silver powder, etc., will teach the little girl method and system. Her eyes will shine with delight when papa compliments her on the comfort of the full cruet and the brightness of the silver. But be sure to secure the soap yourself, for too much pepper or salt may spoil the loup. Bess.

ART HELPS FOR ART WORKERS BY MAUDE HAYWOOD

Under this heading I will be glad to answer, every month, questions relating to Art and Art work. MAUDE HAYWOOD.

SIRIUS—There is no "average" price paid for a full page illustration for an advertisement.

I. B.—Spirits of turpentine is used with oil paints on washable fabrics, but as I have said again and again, I deprecate the use of oil-colors at all for this purpose.

MRS. C. W. W.—For a piano scarf that shall be both dainty and not too expensive, use agrilles, and decorate it with flat threads in soft shades, or work the design wholly in gold thread.

L. E. P.—Winsor and Newton's series of handbooks on art are helpful to beginners. It includes treatises on oil painting. They are procurable at the principal dealers in artists' materials.

GAIL—You may gain some information as how to obtain an art education free of cost, by writing to The Curtis Publishing Company, to send you a pamphlet entitled "Girls Who Have Push."

S. L. L.—A good medium to use with oil-paints can be made from linseed oil (not boiled), copal varnish and spirits of turpentine, mixed in equal parts. (2) Use Japanese gold size with the colors as a drier.

M.—If your question refers to the decoration of biscuit ware, which has to be glazed and fired again after being painted, the process required is a more difficult one than the ordinary painting over the glaze. Specially prepared underglaze colors are required.

A. H. S.—Your question apparently refers to transparencies, the making of which is a favorite pursuit with amateur photographers. Directions with regard to the process may be found in most photographic handbooks. Information on the subject can be obtained from dealers in photographic supplies for amateurs.

N. T. G.—In painting monochrome pictures in oils do not use sepia, but black in the shadows with raw umber; use yellow ochre, white and blue-black for the half tones, with white and just a touch of yellow ochre in it for the highest lights. (2) For the medium see answer to S. L. L.

SCULPTOR—Clay prepared for modeling can be obtained from the principal dealers in artists' materials. Girls living near a pottery can obtain the clay direct for themselves, and also will usually be able to get their work fired at the same place. An article on modeling will shortly be published in the JOURNAL.

M. D. S.—A good substitute for the proper machine for perforating patterns will be found in the ordinary sewing machine, which in most cases will be found to answer the purpose very well. Drawings of faces or other fine details can be pricked by hand, by means of a needle stuck into a cork, by which it may be held conveniently. A dressmaker's wheel is also found useful in perforating designs.

A. B. C.—There is no "secret" in portrait work, neither is there a royal road to any knowledge. The principal requirements for a good portrait painter, besides dexterity in the handling of the pencil or brush, are quickness of observation and a power of seizing the characteristics of a face in drawing it, which goes far toward giving the power of obtaining a good likeness. The secret of success lies in the patient and persevering overcoming of difficulties.

MRS. J. D. F.—Use turpentine with the oil paints and apply them thinly on the silk in order to prevent the colors from spreading. (2) A picture may be varnished, if desired, a few months after having been painted, in order to preserve it, choosing a good spirit varnish. Many artists now-a-days prefer, however, not to varnish their pictures. If the colors have become deadened, they may be restored to their original brilliancy by means of a little Robertson's medium.

M. W.—The usual way for a beginner to attempt to get illustration work for the magazines is to submit drawings of her drawings to the editors of the papers from which she desires employment, and for which she considers her work suitable. (2) The method generally is for the editor to give the manuscript for illustration to an artist upon whose ability he has reason to believe that he can rely. (3) If sketches are accepted they are, of course, paid for by any reputable magazine.

R. L.—In sending drawings through the mail, roll them inside rather a heavy pastebord tube. Protect them with paper, if necessary, but leave the package open at each end. If they are being offered for publication in any magazine or paper, write a brief note to the editor to the effect that they are submitted for his consideration, giving the full name and address, and enclosing sufficient stamps to cover the postage in case they should not prove suitable to his requirements.

C. M. B.—It seems to me that nearly all your questions were answered in the article "Hints to Designers," which you say you have read. Particulars with regard to the course in any special school will best be obtained by writing direct for the information. I am not personally acquainted with the schools near your home. Choose one high in standing and of undeniable repute. It is impossible to say how long a period of study would be necessary. It entirely depends on the ability of the pupil.

A. P.—Without knowing the position of the two long narrow windows in your room, and having no definite idea as to the furniture or arrangement of it generally, it is almost impossible to advise you. If the windows are on the same wall, it might be a good idea, having the lace curtains placed in the usual manner, to have only a single pair of the winter curtains looped back to face each other, one at the right of the right hand window, the other at the left of the left hand window. To take from the height, valances might possibly be introduced.

Mrs. H.—A much less degree of heat is required by the china painter for firing in the colors compared with that needed by the potter in first firing the ware. A powerful and prolonged heat is necessary for the latter, which cannot be undertaken without a proper kiln. With regard to the other questions, if you seriously care to take up the art, your best method is to have lessons from a practical potter, who will be able to give you all the information needed. Actual pottery making is seldom taken up by amateurs, but it has been successfully done.

K. A. D.—Unframed oil paintings can be packed away in stacks if they are so arranged that the painted surfaces do not come in contact with each other. To keep them apart, prepare a number of ordinary sized corks cut in half with needle points inserted into them. Stick these into the opposite corner of each canvas. By this means a large number of paintings may be safely stored in a comparatively small space. The corks are also used by artists in this way when on sketching excursions, two wet studies being thus easily carried face to face, without danger of being injured.

C. F. K.—Your query came too late for the reply to appear before Christmas. Choose a close, firm canvas of an ochre shade for the slipper case, and ornament it with a simple pattern in Russian cross-stitch. Bind the edges with braid or ribbon. Line it with a color to harmonize with the coloring of the design. Make one or more pockets, according to requirement. If necessary, keep it in position, when hanging, by means of a small rod passed through the top, and suspend the case by ribbon bands brought together with a bow tied into a ring, which is slipped over an ornamental hook fastened on the wall.

PENMAN—An inexperienced artist must not attempt engravings when working for reproduction by the photo-engraving process. Nevertheless, men who are expert in handling the knife, and adept in pen-work, will undertake and successfully accomplish extensive engravings without injuring the surface upon which they are working. In ordinary pen drawings, if a good quality of water-proof ink be employed, Chinese white may be used to correct slight mistakes or slips of the pen, to lighten a shadow or to take the place of the roulette, a similar result being gained by crossing the lines at right angles with the white. It is mixed with water into a sufficiently liquid state to be applied with the pen as if it were ink.

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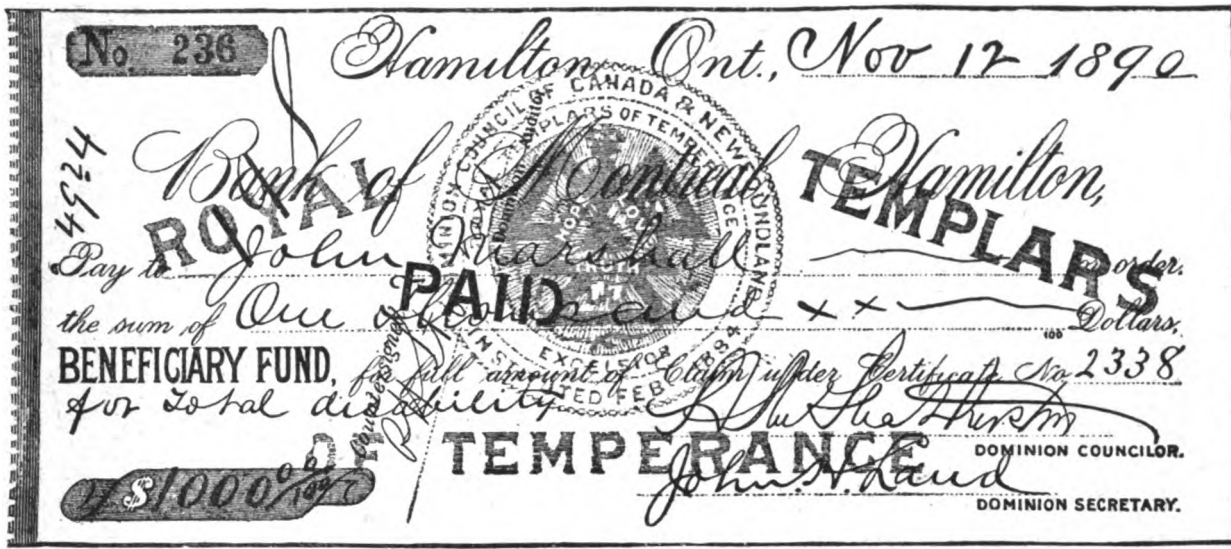
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## THE HAMILTON MIRACLE

THE CASE INVESTIGATED BY A GLOBE REPORTER

THE FACTS FULLY VERIFIED

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record

**A Man Pronounced by Eminent Physicians Permanently Disabled Fully Recovers—Fac-simile of the Check for \$1,000 Paid by Royal Templars of Temperance for Total Disability—Hundreds of Visitors**

*Toronto Daily Globe, July 25.*

This is an age of doubt; especially in regard to cures by patent medicines, and not without reason for too often have the sick and their near and dear loved ones been deceived by highly recommended nostrums that were swallowed to be of less avail than as much water. The old, old fable of the boy and the wolf applies also too frequently to many of the specific concoctions for curing the ills that flesh is heir to: and when a real cure is effected by a genuine remedy those who might be benefited fight shy of it, saying, "it was cure, cure," so often before that I won't try it." When such a state of affairs exists it is advisable that assurance should be made doubly sure.

A few weeks ago a marvelous and almost miraculous cure was made known to Canadians through the medium of the Hamilton newspapers. It was stated that Mr. John Marshall, a well-known resident of Hamilton, by the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, had been snatched from the very jaws of death, placed upon his feet and enabled to mingle with his fellow citizens with more than renewed health and strength and even brighter spirits than he had experienced for years before. This remarkable statement naturally excited the wonder of almost a continent. Some believed, most people doubted, although the facts were placed so clearly as to ward off the slightest suspicion of fraud. To investigate the very extraordinary cure and place before the people of Canada and the United States verification or otherwise of it was the special mission of a GLOBE reporter a few days ago.

A close inquiry into the circumstances first showed that Mr. John Marshall, whose residence is 25 Little William street, in the north-east portion of the city, while employed as foreman for the Canadian Oil Company, five years ago, fell upon the edge of an oil vat and hurt his back. Thinking little of the affair, Mr. Marshall continued to work on, but after a few months he became ill, gradually got worse, and in August, four years ago, became stricken with the dread disease, locomotor ataxy—a disease attacking the nerves and rendering that portion of the system attacked perfectly helpless, proclaimed by the physicians to be incurable—which left him from the waist downwards without feeling and utterly unable to move his lower limbs. All he was able to do was to raise himself by the aid of sticks and crutches and drag himself around the house and occasionally to the corner of the street on fine days. His legs were without feeling, pins and even knives were stuck into them without the sick man experiencing any inconvenience. He could take a walking stick and beat his legs until the blows resounded through the house and yet he felt nothing. During all these years of torture Mr. Marshall consulted every doctor of ability in the city; tried every form of treatment and took almost every kind of patent medicine, but without receiving one tittle of relief. The agony was frequently so intense that he was obliged to take morphine pills in order to receive a reasonable amount of sleep.

As the months and years passed by, although the doctors continued to treat him in various ways, they plainly told the suffering man that

he could not get better, the disease was set down in the works of specialists as incurable. The doomed man was a member of the United Empire Council, No. 190, Royal Templars of Temperance, and under the discouraging circumstances he thought it advisable to apply for the payment of the total disability claim of \$1,000 allowed by the order on its insurance policy. Application was accordingly made, but before the claim was granted the patient had to offer conclusive proof of his total disability to the chief examiner, and Mr. Marshall was sent to Toronto for a special electrical treatment. It proved no more successful than the others that had preceded it, and a number of city doctors and the chief medical examiner of the order signed the medical certificate of total disability and Mr. Marshall received from the Dominion Council of the Royal Templars a check for \$1,000 last November. One day last February came Mr. Marshall's salvation although he did not accept it at first. A small pamphlet telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the diseases they cured, was thrown into the house, but it was placed aside and no notice was taken of it for weeks. One day the sick man read 'he circular and concluded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, although Mrs. Marshall tried hard to dissuade him, saying they would be as ineffectual as all the others; but on April 14—memorable day to him—Mr. Marshall began to take the pills, one after each meal for a start. In a few days a change was noticed and as he continued to take the pills he gradually improved and in a little over a month he was able to take the train for Toronto and visit an astonished brother-in-law. Now he can walk four or five miles with any of his friends.

THE GLOBE representative paid a visit to the house of the man thus rescued from a living death. When the reporter's mission was explained, Mr. Marshall's face lighted up with a smile, which caused a responsive one to rise upon the features of his wife, and he expressed his perfect willingness to tell all that was asked of him.

"Why, I feel a better man now than I did ten years ago," said he cheerfully. "It's four years next August since I did a day's work but I guess I can soon make a start again. About my illness? It was all caused through falling and hurting my back. I kept getting worse until I couldn't get off a chair without a stick or crutches. The lower part of my body and legs were useless. I tried every doctor and every patent medicine, spending hundreds of dollars. Everything that was likely to help me I got, but I might as well have thrown it in the bay. I suppose my wife has shown you the apparatus I used at one time or another. A dozen city doctors gave me up. I got enough electric shocks for half a dozen men, but they did me no good. I lost control of my bowels and water and couldn't sleep without morphine. During the day my legs were cold and I had to sit by the stove wrapped in a blanket, suffering intense agony from nervous pains in the legs, neck and head. Yes, I received from the Royal Templars a \$1,000 check, being declared totally unable to follow my employment. One day in April I took a notion to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, carefully following the directions accompanying each box. I recovered my appetite and regained control of my bowels and water, and I went on getting better and stronger, and now you see me stronger and more healthy than I was for years before I was taken ill. I tell you I am feeling first-class," and Mr. Marshall slapped his legs vigorously and gave the lower part of his back a good thumping, afterwards going up and down the room at a lively gait.

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day," he continued, "and I've gained 30 pounds since I first took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I haven't such a thing as a pain or ache about me, and another thing, I can walk as easily in the dark as in the light."

Mr. Marshall offered to make an affidavit to the truth of the above story, but the reporter considered that wholly unnecessary. He carried

conviction to the inquirer's mind by every word and action, and there was no gainsaying the fact that the cure was one of the most marvelous in the nineteenth century. All the neighbors bore testimony to the genuineness of the cure. None of them ever expected to see Mr. Marshall on his feet again and regarded his restoration to health as nothing short of marvelous.

The headquarters of the Royal Templars of Temperance for Canada are in Hamilton. At the publishing house of the order Mr. W. W. Buchanan, general manager and one of the most prominent temperance advocates of the Dominion, was found. In response to the reporter's question, he said: "Oh, yes, I am well acquainted with Mr. John Marshall. He has been a member of one of the councils of this city for about seven years. He is a well-known citizen and a reliable temperance man. About four years ago he was first taken seriously ill and his case was brought before the order. The provisions under which the total disability claim is paid in our organization are very strict. The weekly sick benefit is payable to any person under the doctor's care, who is unable to follow their usual avocation, but the total disability is a comparatively large sum, only paid a member who is disabled for life, and declared by medical men to be entirely past all hope of recovery. In Mr. Marshall's case there was some difficulty, it is true; he was examined upon a number of occasions, covering a period of upward of two years. The medical men who examined him all agreed that there was little hope of recovery, but they would not give the definite declaration that our law demands—that the claimant was permanently and totally disabled until last November. When this declaration by two regular physicians was made and our Dominion Medical referee, we paid Mr. Marshall the total disability benefit of one thousand dollars. He was paid by a check on the Bank of Montreal. There is no doubt whatever about the remarkable character of Mr. Marshall's cure. A large number of our members in this city were intimately acquainted with Mr. Marshall and called upon him frequently. All were unanimous in the belief that he was past all hope of recovery. His cure is looked upon as next to a miracle. I have conversed with him a number of times about it, and he gives the whole credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the application of cold water which is recommended as a subsidiary treatment by the proprietors of the medicine. He drops into my office every day or two and is apparently enjoying good health now."

John A. Barr, a well-known and popular dispenser of drugs here, told the reporter that he knew of no patent medicine that had such a demand upon it, or one that had done all that was promised for it. He told of several cases of great relief and cure that had come under his notice. Other druggists told the same story.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

## AN OAKVILLE MIRACLE

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF MR. JOHN W. CONDOR

**A Helpless Cripple For Years—Treated by the Staff of the Toronto General Hospital and Discharged as Incurable—The Story of His Miraculous Recovery as Investigated by an Empire Reporter**

*Toronto Empire.*

Recently rumors have been afloat of a remarkable case in Oakville, of a young man recovering after years of helplessness and agony. THE EMPIRE determined to subject the case to the most rigid investigation, and accordingly detailed one of our best reporters to make a thorough and impartial investigation. He went to Oakville, and called upon Mr. John W. Condor (who it was had so miraculously recovered) and who, now a strapping young fellow of good physique, cheerfully volunteered a statement of his case for the benefit of other sufferers. "I am now 29 years of age, and it was when about 14 years old that the first twinges of inflammatory rheumatism came upon me. The joints of my body began to swell, the cords of my legs to tighten, and the muscles of my limbs to contract. I became a helpless cripple. After some months of suffering I became strong enough to leave the bed but my limbs were stiffened and I was unfitted for any active vocation. The next attack was in 1886, and was a great deal more severe than the first. My feet, ankles, knees, legs, arms, shoulders, and in fact all parts of my frame were affected. My joints and muscles became badly swollen, and the disease even reached my head. My face swelled to a great size. I was unable to open my mouth, my jaws being fixed together. I, of course, could eat nothing. My teeth were pried apart and liquid food poured down my throat. I lost my voice, and could speak only in husky whispers. For three long weary months I was confined to bed, after which I was able to get up, but was a complete physical wreck, hobbling around on crutches a helpless cripple. My sufferings were continually intense, and frequently when I would be hobbling along the street I would be seized with a paroxysm of pain and would fall unconscious to the ground. During all this time I had the constant attendance of medical men, but their remedies were unavailing. All they could do was to try build up my system by the use of tonics. In the fall of 1889 and spring of 1890 I again suffered intensely severe attacks, and at last my medical attendant, as a last resort, ordered me to the Toronto General Hospital. I entered the Hospital on June 20th, 1890, and remained there until September 20th of the same year. But, notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed upon me while in this institution, no improvement was noticeable in my condition. After using almost every available remedy the hospital doctors—of whom there was about a dozen—came to the conclusion that my case was incurable, and I was sent away, with the understanding that I might remain an outside patient. In August, 1891, I was again stricken down, and remained in an utterly helpless condition until January, 1892. At this time Mr. James, a local druggist, strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was prejudiced against proprietary medicines, as I had spent nearly all I possessed on numerous highly recommended so-called remedies. I, however, saw strong testimonials as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and nerve tonic, and thinking that if I could only get my blood in better condition my general state of health might be improved, I resolved to give Pink Pills a trial. With the courage born of despair I bought a box, but there was no noticeable improvement, and I thought this was like the other remedies I had used. But urged on by friends I continued taking Pink Pills and after using seven boxes I was rewarded by noticing a decided change for the better. My appetite returned, my spirits began to rise and I had a little freer use of my muscles and limbs, the old troublesome swellings subsiding. I continued the remedy until I had used twenty-five boxes, when I left off. By this time I had taken on considerable flesh, and weighed 160 pounds. This was a gain of 60 pounds in a few weeks. By April I was able to go to work in the basket factory, and now I can work ten hours a day with any man. I play baseball in the evenings and can run bases with any of the boys, and feel like dancing for very joy at relief from the abject misery I suffered so long."

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

# 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, Pa.

**BANGOR**—Harvard College was founded in 1638.

**ELIAB A.**—January 9th, 1875, fell upon a Saturday.

**ANXIOUS**—There is no legal slavery in the Island of Cuba.

**CURIOSITY**—All Queen Victoria's children have married.

**ROBERTK**—The meaning of "Erin go bragh" is "Erin forever."

**ALEX**—The alloy in the silver coins of the United States is copper.

**S. M. C.**—Ole Bull died in August, 1880, at his summer home in Norway.

**MILDBREN**—For a woman of five feet five, 138 pounds is the proper weight.

**SKRIS**—"Madellne S. Bridges" is, in private life, Miss Mary Alinge De Vere.

**CRESTLINE**—Mrs. Cleveland was born at Buffalo, N. Y., on July 21st, 1864.

**D. H.**—"Timothy Titcomb," was the nom de plume of the late J. G. Holland.

**A. J. X.**—Tennyson had been poet laureate of England since November, 1850.

**I. B. D.**—Table napkins are not necessary accompaniments to the afternoon tea table.

**F. A. S.**—The Reformed Episcopal Church in the United States was founded in 1873.

**MARY**—It is illegal to have United States coins engraved with monograms or other devices.

**CONSTANCE**—The "Orange Free State" is an independent Dutch republic in South Africa.

**M. B. R.**—The American Bank Note Company prints all the postage stamps used in the United States.

**SYBIL**—The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott succeeded Mr. Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

**CALEDONIA**—The English are the tallest race among men, their average height being five feet ten inches.

**MARGUERITE**—There is no law in this country forbidding the exercise of any form of religious worship.

**ALICE**—Applicants for admission to West Point must be over seventeen and under twenty-two years of age.

**MILDBREK**—White is the emblem of purity, blue of truth, green of hope, yellow of constancy, red of courage.

**W. R.**—The finest chapter in the Bible to read is usually considered to be the twenty-sixth chapter of Acts.

**FRIENDLY SOCIETY**—An anthem is a piece of sacred music set to words, usually taken from some part of the Bible.

**NELLIE**—The Paris exposition of 1889 was held in commemoration of the centennial of the French revolution.

**W. C. I.**—The Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, was founded by Johns Hopkins, a merchant of that city.

**TARRYTOWN**—All the expenses incident to the wedding should, if possible, be defrayed by the family of the bride.

**SUBSCRIBERS**—The World's Fair at Chicago, will open on May 1st, 1893, and close on October 30th of the same year.

**THERESA**—The late President Arthur was of Scotch-Irish descent. Two children, a son and a daughter, survive him.

**CREWSON**—The present Empress of Russia is a sister of the Princess of Wales and the daughter of the King of Denmark.

**S. W.**—The moon is called "she" in English, as in nearly all other languages, following the practice of the ancient Romans.

**SEVERAL INQUIRERS**—The scenes of Mr. Howells' story, "A Coast of Bohemia," are, for the most part, laid in New York city.

**EVANSTON**—"Fin de siecle" is a French slang phrase signifying end of the century. "The fin de siecle girl" is the girl of our own time.

**H. F. R.**—The name Illinois is derived from the Indian "Illini" men, and the French suffix "ios," together signifying "tribes of men."

**V. O. E.**—The wives of public officials in Washington are expected to return all calls made upon them, provided the caller leaves a card.

**X. S.**—Speaking generally, the sovereign of a single country is a king, the sovereign of two or more united under one crown, an emperor.

**NETTIE**—It is customary to have the date of the engagement, as well as the initials of the engaged couple, engraved upon the engagement ring.

**F. D. G.**—An umbrella that is stained by mud may be cleaned with a vigorous application of ammonia and water applied with a piece of old black silk.

**SAG HARBOR**—An artist's rule as to color is: "Choose carefully only those tints of which a duplicate may be found in the hair, the eyes or the complexion."

**M. R.**—It is said that a drop or two of oil of lavender on the shelves of a bookcase will keep books from becoming mouldy if the house is in a damp location.

**ANXIOUS CLERK**—In some of the departments of the United States Government, the employees are compelled to pay their debts under penalty of dismissal.

**SUBSCRIBER FROM TEXAS**—Women may become very expert in the practice of dentistry, and we should think it might be a very good study for you to pursue.

**TRAVELER**—Inquire at the ocean steamship offices for rates of passage. Rates vary according to size and location of state rooms, and the standing of the companies.

**LURLINE**—The World's Columbian Exposition, to be held in Chicago in 1893, is expected to surpass in size and variety of exhibits all previous international exhibitions.

**PATTY**—The real name of the author of the stories signed "A. L. O. E." is Sarah Tucker. We believe that she is still alive. The initials stand for "A Lady of England."

**ADMIRER**—If you were employed by the month and have broken your side of the contract by leaving before your month is up, your employer is not bound to pay you anything.

**CRESCENT CITY**—The Lenox Library in New York is not open to the public except by ticket, which may be obtained free of charge, by making application by letter to the library.

**GREENPOINT**—Bank of England notes are about five by eight inches in dimension, and are printed in black ink on Irish linen water-lined paper, plain white, with ragged edges.

**BROOKLYN**—It is not at all necessary to give refreshments to gentleman callers. (2) The "Three Pretty Girl Papers" on Page 15 of this issue will doubtless answer your other question.

**C. L.**—The professors at Harvard do not give special lectures to the women belonging to the Annex at Cambridge; they repeat to them the lectures that they have already given to the men.

**LAURETTE**—Postage stamps should always be placed on the upper right-hand corner of the address side of the envelope. The postage stamp language is too silly a subject to be discussed here.

**IGNORANCE**—The gentleman should always be introduced to the lady, and the younger lady to the elder lady in some such form as the following: Mrs.—will you allow me to present my friend Mr.—

**LAURA**—A will must be signed by the testator in the presence of witnesses. No person made a beneficiary under the will may be a witness. If the testator be unable to write, he may make a mark or sign.

**HELEN**—Male nurses are quite as often employed as are female ones. A moment's consideration will serve to show you, that in some forms of disease the presence of the male nurse would be almost a necessity.

**CATILINE**—The "Rubicon" was the ancient name of a stream between Italy and Gaul. It is celebrated from Cæsar having hesitated about crossing it with his army. Hence the expression "to pass the Rubicon."

**KATE**—You cannot afford to misunderstand your mother, nor to be misunderstood by her. Go to her, tell her the sad story you have written to us, and she will advise, comfort and direct you as only a mother can.

**M. B.**—It is the rarity of old coins which gives them their value. Human nature, either in man or woman, is ever desirous of possessing what it is impossible almost to get; there are very few of the silver dollars of 1804 in existence.

**WALLINGFORD**—It is not at all likely that an infidel could secure votes enough to make him President of the United States, but if there should ever arise such a contingency, there is no law that could prevent him from serving out his term.

**CLYDE**—A thorough course of gymnastics would be beneficial. (2) The hair may be becomingly parted in the middle if the forehead is not too high. (3) Invitations to a wedding should be sent out at least two weeks before the event is to occur.

**SIXTEEN**—We should not advise you to quarrel with your lover over so trifling a matter; he evidently did not mean to hurt your feelings. If you feel that you cannot receive his apologies, we are sorry for you; his note of apology seemed very sincere.

**MARY M.**—If you wish to send an exhibit to the World's Fair, address an application to the chief clerk of the Board of Lady Managers of the State in which you reside, and she will furnish you with all the information you need as to requirements, etc.

**A. L. B.**—The friends and relatives of the groom are usually seated at the left side of the center aisle at a church wedding, and the bride's friends at the right; the idea being that the groom shall stand nearest to his new relatives and the bride to her new ones.

**A SUBSCRIBER**—There is much uncertainty regarding the place and also the date of St. Patrick's birth. The latter is assigned by Cæsar to the year 372. Boulogne-sur-mer, France, and Kilpatrick, near Dunbarton, Ireland, are both given by different authorities as his birthplace.

**LILLIAN**—A leading dressmaker gives the following rules for stout women to follow: (1) Do not shorten, and vertical ones give length, therefore add to and emphasize the vertical lines and omit or conceal those that run round. Gowns should fit smoothly, and waists have many seams.

**OLD SUBSCRIBER**—The first Thanksgiving Day we have any record of was in 1622, when, after the harvest was collected, the Massachusetts Bay Colonists solemnized a day of Thanksgiving unto the Lord. The first regular proclamation for a general Thanksgiving Day was issued by President Lincoln in 1864.

**ATILLA**—Dr. Thomas W. Parsons, of Boston, wrote the lines:  
"Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,  
Sad thoughts and sunny weather;  
Ah me! this glory and this grief  
Agree not well together!"

**EVANSTON**—President Tyler's wife died in the White House. President Arthur was a widower; his wife died before he was elected to the Vice-Presidency. His sister kept house for him while he lived in the White House. Mrs. Harrison was very much beloved by all classes in Washington for her kind, courteous and simple manners.

**MR. O.**—A single woman, or a married woman who is legally the head of a family, is entitled to the same privileges as a man under the Homestead Act of the United States. Five years' residence on the tract is usually necessary to secure a claim. Applications must be made to the Register of the Land Office in the State in which you desire to acquire land.

**BERTHA**—Probably the itching of which you complain is caused by the dryness of your hair and scalp, a trouble which sometimes comes from too frequent washing. A little keosene oil rubbed upon the scalp sometimes relieves the trouble; this remedy may seem unpleasant but it is not so, the odor is not at all lasting, and the effect of the oil is very good.

**TILLY**—The bride should stand at the left of the bridegroom during the marriage ceremony. (2) The fashion with regard to placing the date on a note, or a letter, changes so frequently that it is difficult to state whether it is good form to place it in the upper right-hand corner, or the lower left. Either will answer; we prefer the former on a letter, and the latter for a note. But whatever you do, do not neglect to date your communications.

**EAGLE GROVE**—A maiden lady, if the eldest unmarried female in the family, should have her surname preceded by the prefix "Miss" upon her visiting card; otherwise she should have both surname and Christian name preceded by the prefix "Miss." (2) We think that you should consult an oculist about your eyes. (3) The right side of window shades usually face the street; the braids you speak of is almost always placed so that it may be seen from the street.

**CHARLOTTE**—The "Louise Home," on Massachusetts Avenue, in Washington, D. C., was founded by Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the banker, in 1871, in memory of his wife (whose name was Louise) and of their daughter. It was erected at a cost of \$200,000, and has a large endowment. It is, and has always been, a home for women of gentle birth and breeding who have met with reverses. The institution is managed by a board of nine trustees, who are women, and has accommodations for fifty-five patients.

**M. A. H.**—In our opinion, invitations should be acknowledged as soon after their receipt as possible; to allow them to pass unnoticed is extremely discourteous. The visiting card, in this connection, should only be used as acknowledgment of an afternoon tea invitation; it should be sent upon the day upon which the function is to occur, if the guest is unable to appear in person. The JOURNAL will shortly publish an article upon the subject of acceptances and regrets to social entertainments of all kinds.

**LITTLE GIRL**—We think that if you are as unhappy at school as you claim to be, and if you are quite sure that you "never can learn from your teacher," that your parents ought to be willing to let you make a change, but the fault may lie in yourself. Do your best during the present school term to please your teacher, study your lessons carefully, be prompt, and neat, and respectful, and if at its close you still feel as you do now, try and persuade your parents to look into the causes of your unhappiness, and try to be content with the result of their investigation.

**LUCETTE**—The following is the pledge of the Christian Endeavor Society: "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do; that I will make it the rule of my life to pray and to read the Bible every day, and to support my church in every way, especially by attending all her regular Sunday and mid-week services, unless prevented by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Saviour, and that just so far as I know how, throughout my whole life, I will endeavor to lead a Christian life." Certain formulas are observed in carrying out this pledge. The society does not teach doctrine, nor discuss theology.



Desiring to give the admirers of Ivory Soap an opportunity to contribute to its literature, the manufacturers offered prizes for the best twelve verses suitable for use as advertisements. 27,388 contributions were received. To the following was awarded the

## FIRST PRIZE.

OUR grandmothers, dressed in their linsey,  
Would kindle a fire in a hole,  
And over it swing a big kettle  
On two forked sticks and a pole.  
With lye they had strained through the ashes,  
And scraps that were lying around,  
They made for our fathers and mothers,  
A soft saponaceous compound.  
But now in great buildings that cover  
More ground than a fortress of old,  
In caldrons of brass and of copper,  
That glisten like silver and gold;  
With oils from the far-away tropics,  
And alkali made from the dew,  
Are mingled the essence of roses  
And lilies and jassamine too.  
The result of this rare combination,  
Is the IVORY SOAP of to-day,  
To-morrow, next week, and thereafter,  
Forever and ever and aye.

JOHN A. CONWELL, Aurora, Ind

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# SPOONS, FORKS, KNIVES, ETC. OF THE HIGHEST GRADE.

The question "WILL THEY WEAR?" need never be asked if your goods bear the



As this in itself GUARANTEES the quality.

MADE ONLY BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

MERIDEN, CONN. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. SAN FRANCISCO. HAMILTON, CANADA.



SUSIE ARABELLA'S awful sick, she is; she's got a stitch in her back an' rheumzitim in her head just drefful bad, an' her froat's sore an' I gress her little tummik aches too, but I know what I'll do. My muvver always says put the cure on the outside and save the poor tummik whenever you can; so I'll put a Allcock's Porous Plaster on Susie Arabella; that'll cure her all over. Now, I'll play I'm goin' to the drug store. "Please give me a Allcock's Porous Plaster, Mr. Man, an' don't give me any nover kind cause I won't have it; I wouldn't put nuffin but Allcock's on my dear little dollie." Now, dear Susie Arabella will get well just as soon's she gets on this



# ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER





# Doubtful Woman



She can't believe, to begin with, that **Pearline** can do so much. She hears that everybody is using it; finally she tries it. It does all she's heard of; it saves all that she's been told. She takes comfort in using it. But

She can't believe that so much can be done safely. She consults those who have used it for years. She finds that **Pearline** is harmless to hands or fabric; that it's safer than good soap. Now that her eyes are wide open



She can't see how she ever did without **Pearline**. She has less to do, she gets more done—and it's all done better. Her clothes last longer—they're not rubbed to pieces. Her housework is easy; her time is her own. She believes in **Pearline**, and tells her friends about it—(by the way, that's the best and most effective kind of advertising).

**Beware**

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back*.

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JAMES PYLE, New York