

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1892

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EARTH'S SWEET STRAIN

By FLAVEL SCOTT MINES

By shaded path in May,
I wander lost in dreams,
Through leafy bowers play
The sun's warm golden beams.

The wood beyond is lost,
In wondrous mystery,
By countless sunbeams crossed,
By shade of bush and tree.

From velvet beds of moss,
The gold-white daisies spring,
The leaves above me toss,
The robins sweetly sing.

From song of mating birds,
From tree and flowered sod,
Come the adoring words,
"How wonderful is God!"

A spider here has spun,
Its web from fern to fern,
And dewdrops in the sun,
Like kingly jewels burn.

And soul and thought respond
To nature's sweet refrain,
And joining earth's glad bond,
I echo earth's sweet strain.

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A DAY IN PATTI'S CASTLE

By Florence Wilson



F Adeline Patti ever has her Boswell the world will get a glimpse of a very different woman from the petted songstress they have been reading about in the newspapers all these years. It is undoubtedly true that no one is more to blame than Patti herself for much of the absurd gossip printed about her. She has allowed, without troubling to contradict it, masseurs and complexion specialists to describe her as reveling in a life of indolence and inactivity, surrounded with lavish luxury and splendor that is wildly Oriental. She has permitted inventors of physical training apparatus and patent medicine men to publish to the world that the perfection of her voice was solely due to the continuous use of their gymnastic machines or nostrums. Agents for concerts who could not make contracts with her, called her "mercenary." Because she took no notice of begging letters (and she gets on an average a dozen a day) disappointed people called her "stingy." On the other hand, some over-patronized friends delight in paragraging Patti as perfection itself, with none of the inherent frailties of womankind. But of Patti in her home we know little, and she is a woman who thoroughly believes in the wholesome influence of a good home, and in the duty of women to make their homes attractive and cheerful.

The house in which Patti lives is one of the most interesting of homes. "Craig-y-Nos Castle," as the songstress has christened it, is hidden away in the wild hills of the Swansea valley of Wales. It would be one of the most inaccessible spots imaginable were it not for a little railway which runs within four miles of it. In pleasant weather it would be difficult to find a prettier bit of landscape, but in wet and wintry weather, when storms sweep through the valley and transform the tumbling little Tawy River into a foaming torrent, it is a good place to keep away from. Patti's reason for choosing a home there was a good one. The peculiarly moist atmosphere of the place suited her voice better than any other locality she could find on the English side of Dover Straits. Having once determined where she would live, Patti began to build a home consistent with her ample ideas of comfort and luxury. The most remarkable thing about "Craig-y-Nos" is that such an establishment is to be found in such a remote part of the country. It is very much as though Jay Gould had built his Irvington palace in the heart of the Adirondacks, instead of on the slope of the Hudson River. In point of architectural beauty or extent of acreage it would be absurd to compare "Craig-y-Nos" with any of the great ancestral estates of the English aristocracy. Many rich men and women in America possess suburban estates superior to it. But as typifying Patti's peculiar ideas of what a comfortable home should be, and her indomitable energy, regardless of cost, in putting her ideas into execution, "Craig-y-Nos" is really a marvel.

The castle takes its name from a huge, ill-shaped hill called "Craig-of-the-Night." To get around this hill and make her house moderately accessible from the railway station, Patti spent \$20,000 in building a roadway. Then, in adding to the house already built on the estate, clearing woodland, laying out gardens, digging an artificial pond for breeding trout, and putting the interior of her home in comfortable condition she spent nearly half a million dollars more. She put up a glass winter garden big enough for two hundred people to wander about in comfortably, and stocked it with palms and ferns specially imported for her from the tropics. She wanted a private theater, so she spent \$30,000 in building one. In all the mechanical contrivances for the stage required in giving a private performance of an opera this little theatre is as well equipped as is the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The guests lounge in roomy arm-chairs which may be moved about the auditorium at will. Patti had already constructed her private gas-works, when she wished to illuminate her winter garden and theater with electric lights; so she put up an engine and dynamo in a shed ad-

joining the stables, where the noise of the machinery cannot be heard in the castle. Viewed from a distance at night the theater and garden, brilliantly illuminated by electric lamps, look like a scene from fairyland. Patti is a thorough American in her fondness foriced drinks, so she put in machinery for making artificial ice and keeping her meat cellars cool. She has a telephone to the nearest telegraph office, eight miles away. In brief, there is nothing contributive to the creature comforts with which rich people in cities usually surround themselves, that Patti has not provided at her home in "Craig-y-Nos."

It is difficult to enlarge an old house placed on the brow of a hill, and have the arrangement of the interior as convenient as may be desired. The principal rooms in "Craig-y-Nos" open into a long hallway, much after the plan adopted in our big seaside hotels. The "company" rooms are furnished with all the lavish display that a London upholsterer given *carte blanche* could contrive. Her own apartments, in which Patti spends most of her time, are three—her bedroom, boudoir and library. These are filled with mementoes of her personal association with distinguished people, and trophies of popular regard brought home from her triumphal tours in all countries have showered upon the stage from their boxes, have been gathered up and placed in a magnificently carved casket, which was presented by a humble musical society in Venice. The portrait of the grim old German Kaiser, grandfather of the present Emperor, is one of the most striking portraits on the walls of Patti's lovely little boudoir. The late King Kalakaua peers at you from an odd

all over the world. Few women have so many "interesting" things in their house as Patti has. All sorts and conditions of people in many nations have contributed to it. Kings, queens and emperors have given her autograph portraits. Sheets of the original scores of operas which Patti has made famous hang on the wall, presented by their composers. Jewels and ornaments, which society satellites in all countries have showered upon the stage from their boxes, have been gathered up and placed in a magnificently carved casket, which was presented by a humble musical society in Venice. The portrait of the grim old German Kaiser, grandfather of the present Emperor, is one of the most striking portraits on the walls of Patti's lovely little boudoir. The late King Kalakaua peers at you from an odd

little frame made of some rare wood which is to be found only in the Sandwich Islands. Patti especially values a miniature of the Princess of Wales, taken twenty years ago, before the diva's trouble with and divorce from the Marquis de Caux had brought her into disfavor with the royal family of England. This miniature is a splendid likeness of one of the loveliest women in the world, in the prime of her life. It may be no more than a coincidence that Patti has placed next to this picture of the Princess a portrait of

the wife of ex-President Cleveland, Mrs. Cleveland and Patti took a great fancy to each other when they met in Washington.

Patti always likes to show you the portraits of her mother and father, which she has placed in solid gold frames. It is obvious from looking at them that Patti most resembles her father. Nicolini's portraits are, of course, *en evidence* all over the house; but the most interesting to the visitor, perhaps, are those of Patti herself, taken at different stages of her public career. Her curios received from public admirers include a golden model of the great bell in the Kremlin at Moscow—an exact imitation of it even to the tone. This was given to her in St. Petersburg, one night, when her horses were taken from her carriage and

some young military officers dragged it home loaded with flowers and gifts. Then there is a silver and gold crown, which was handed to her over the footlights at the great opera house in Vienna. But there is no space to describe Patti's possessions of this nature. There are, for example, a half-dozen grand pianos made specially for her by the best manufacturers in the world.

Patti has two splendid billiard-rooms in her castle, one with a French table and one with an English. Patti handles a skillful cue with either game, but she prefers the French. One of the billiard-rooms contains a wonderful orchestration, which Patti had built purposely for her at Freiburg, costing twenty-five thousand dollars. It makes as much noise as an average brass band with twenty pieces. It is a really marvelous instrument in its way, capable of rolling out harmoniously the orchestration of a complete opera, or the more

familiar tunes in any opera, as may be desired. A cylinder capable of playing any new tune may be prepared for it at half an hour's notice. Patti's library is ample, but not over-stocked. She reads in French mostly, and keeps thoroughly abreast of all the modern literature of that nation. She does not care much for contemporaneous English novels, and of modern American writers she knows almost nothing.

Patti's own apartments, which few visitors are permitted to enter, are on the first floor of the house, with the windows looking out on the broad terrace which slopes down to the banks of the river Tawy. Her bedroom, dressing-room and bathroom are luxuriously furnished in satin-wood and sky-blue plush. The furniture is massive and beautifully carved. The bedstead is of solid oxidized silver, with blue satin canopies to match the counterpane, which is embroidered with old lace. The toilet set, which consists of sixty pieces, embracing almost every object a woman could find use for, is of solid silver. But the most fascinating thing about the rooms to the eye of the visitor are the beautiful Persian



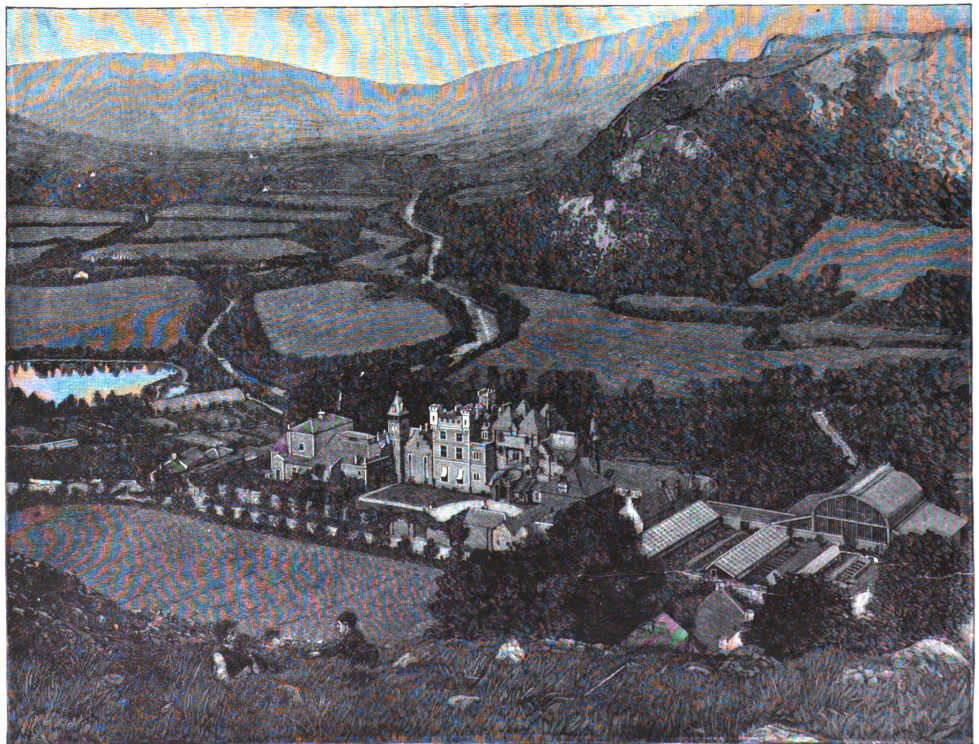
Madame Patti's Ponies

(From a "Kodak" picture personally taken for the Journal by Madame Patti)



Madame Patti and Her Dog "Richi"

(Reproduced by special permission)



"Craig-y-Nos," the home of Madame Patti in the Swansea Valley, Wales

Editor's Note—Owing to the many unauthorized articles on Madame Patti, it is desired the fact be here stated that this article was prepared under her personal supervision. Madame Patti entertained the JOURNAL'S special representative at her castle, personally furnished all the facts given, and selected all the illustrations, the four "Kodak" views being taken by herself.

rugs, which Patti has brought home from her journeys in the East. She is also the owner of some magnificent skins of wild animals, which devoted English and French army officers, who have worshiped at her shrine, have brought home as trophies from their perilous journeys in the jungles of India and Africa. Half buried in the walls of the bedroom is a moderate-sized safe with a combination lock containing the famous Patti jewels, which make her sparkle with the radiance of the sun when she puts them on in "Traviata." No one but Patti and Caroline, her trusted maid, know the combination to this safe. It is probably not an exaggeration to estimate the value of Patti's jewels at half a million dollars. Nicolini, her husband, made her a present of one necklace which alone cost \$60,000.

In every well-regulated English country house you will find rooms which are called "Royal rooms," whether royalty ever visits them or not. In furnishing royal apartments people go on the principle of the old lady who kept a black silk dress in her bureau drawer so that she might be prepared in case of a funeral. In certain seasons of the year British royalty—carrying in its wake any number of aristocratic people, whose names figure well in the society columns of the newspapers—is pleased to accept invitations to various "country houses." There is the fiercest kind of a struggle among the "who's who" for precedence. Patti is hardly an exception to the rule in her weakness for royal favor. But there are certain things which, following the inexorable law of the royal court, British aristocracy fights shy of—and prominent among them is divorced people. The divorced woman, and even the woman who has obtained a divorce from a man who treated her cruelly, is never allowed to forget the fact if she attempts to enter the social domain which is regulated by British royalty. Things may be different when the Prince of Wales comes to the throne; but while the Queen reigns—never! Nevertheless Patti, when she rebuilt and furnished "Craig-y-Nos," followed the usual custom in setting apart "royal apartments." They are very close to her own, and are luxuriantly furnished in olive wood and blue satin damask.

Patti has named these rooms after the Prince and Princess of Wales, although His Royal Highness and his lovely consort have never occupied them. Still, now that Patti is really married to Nicolini, looks after his children as though they were her own, and is living the conventional English country house life, it is possible that she will soon be put on the same plane with Albani in receiving the Queen's personal patronage. It is a common thing to read in the English newspapers of Albani being summoned to Balmoral or to Osborne to sing before the Queen. But not so with Patti; at least not yet. It looks, however, like breaking the ice when the Queen allows Prince Henry of Battenburg (the husband of her favorite daughter, Beatrice) to go to "Craig-y-Nos" for the festivities attending the opening of Patti's new theatre. True, he did not take his wife with him, but he wrote Patti a lovely little letter afterward, enclosing a photograph, in which he said that he hoped one day to give his wife the opportunity of visiting her home. Considering the "dead set" made against Patti in high social circles a few years ago, and the untiring efforts of professional rivals to keep it alive, the visit of Prince Henry of Battenburg to the castle was a distinct triumph.

But, royalty aside, you will always find a great number of distinguished people at Patti's house, many of them with titles which command respect and esteem all over Europe; but they are all foreigners. However, the people Patti best likes to gather about her are the clever, cultivated set of London's upper Bohemia—musicians, painters and writers—from whom she can get the brightest ideas and the most accurate knowledge of what is going on in the world. Patti always appears at her best when she is surrounded by people who are thoroughly in touch with her, and where she is not obliged to be too conventional. Patti is not a dissembler. If she does not like you she does not ask you to her house, and only people whom she really does like are made to feel that it is worth the long journey to "Craig-y-Nos" for a visit there. Once inside the doors of the castle all restraint is thrown aside and you see Patti as she is—a bright, vivacious and lovable little woman, devoid of all affectation or false pride; a charming hostess, and withal a thorough business manager, quite awake to her responsibilities of landlord, since she owns one thousand acres of land and arbitrates the disputes of a colony of tenants.

Patti literally begins the business of the day in her bed. So soon as she is fairly awake her maid Caroline comes into the room with coffee and correspondence. Patti seldom opens a letter or newspaper herself, unless it is from some intimate friend. All correspondence is sent to her secretary, who forwards what he sees fit to Patti, with side-note suggestions about the disposal of it. When any letters are sent up for her to personally dispose of she usually answers them in bed. She even signs her checks in bed. Coffee and correspondence disposed of, Patti rises for her bath. A great deal of romantic nonsense has been written about Patti's natatorial habits. She

has been described as splashing around as blithely as a water nymph in a little palace of rosewood and costly porcelain, in which the heated air is artificially perfumed. This is ridiculous. Patti is obliged to take a massage bath almost every morning for rheumatism. Her bathroom, while in thorough keeping with the rest of her establishment, is certainly not unusually luxurious for an English country house.

Rheumatism is the plague of Patti's life. Whatever abstemious regulations of diet and dress she may choose to exercise are conducted with a view to curing rheumatism, and not for preserving her voice. Just at present the rheumatism seems to have settled squarely in Patti's right knee.

When Patti has been thoroughly rubbed by her Mexican masseur, and the unfortunate knee worked into pliable shape for the day, Patti is transferred to Caroline's hands to be dressed. With certain unimportant exceptions Caroline determines what her mistress shall wear. It is impossible to write anything about Patti's daily life without devoting more than passing mention to Caroline Baumeister. Her position in the house is a peculiar one. Long years of service have induced Patti to give Caroline absolute direction of affairs which are not at all within the scope of the ordinary duties of a lady's maid. Caroline has thoroughly learned the art of making herself indispensable to her employer. She is an amiable, even-tempered and pleasant-mannered Austrian woman, well along in years, whose sole aim and purpose in life is to make Patti feel as comfortable and look as pretty as she can. Caroline entered

Nos," which is usually spread at 12.30 in the big glass dining-room adjoining the winter garden. One must have a very sound excuse for being absent from that meal, or even one minute late. This *déjeuner* is really a substantial dinner. It lasts an hour or two. Patti appears brighter and more vivacious here than she does at dinner. As a rule the conversation is carried on in French. Nicolini speaks only a few words of English. Patti, of course, speaks it without even a trace of an accent, but at the same time the conversation runs more smoothly at the table when it is entirely in French. She eats what she likes, and never diets herself.

"It is only singers who haven't much voice who spend half their time in looking after it," said Patti one day when this subject was brought up at lunch. "All that I do in taking care of my voice—except, of course, on the day of the evening that I am going to sing—is to take the ordinary precautions against catching cold. The same as regards my complexion. It is regulated by my digestion, and the best complexion tonic I know of is to obey the ordinary rules of health."

After *déjeuner* Patti usually strolls about among her pets. Her love for birds and animals is almost abnormal. She has them all over the house. The greatest pet of all is the little Mexican dog "Richi," which was given to her by the wife of President Diaz, of Mexico. "Richi" is a pet of all pets. He lives literally in the lap of luxury. No mother watches her first-born with more tender interest than Patti looks after the comfort of this tiny little dog. It nestles on her lap or on a rug at her feet when she is at table. It

her daily gallop with her Welsh pony pets with a ruddy color in her cheeks and a sparkle in her beautiful dark eyes which gives the laugh at once to the claims of complexion specialists. Patti's ponies were never photographed until the picture of them which accompanies this article was taken. After some persuasion Patti consented to have the little animals marched into the yard for a snap shot at them with a camera. She held the instrument herself, but the ponies were so restless that three negatives out of the four taken were failures; the fourth is here given, and can only be considered as partially successful.

Though Patti's passion for pet animals of all kinds is one of her most womanly qualities, it hardly exceeds her love for flowers. She takes special pride in her greenhouses; and even keeps close supervision over her vegetable garden. Nothing pleases Patti better than to hear her guests praise the melons, peaches and grapes grown on her own farm. In fact, Patti makes a perfect hostess. She is the very embodiment of life and vivacity, taking ample comfort out of all the luxuries with which she is surrounded. She eats heartily, as her appetite dictates. She knows and enjoys a glass of good wine, but she drinks very moderately. When she is with special friends after dinner she smokes and evidently enjoys a cigarette.

At 5 o'clock every guest at "Craig-y-Nos" may have tea served in their room. The dinner hour is at 7.30, and Patti exacts just as much promptness about this meal as she does for the *déjeuner*. Dinner is always a full-dress affair. At 7 o'clock the chimes in the clock tower give ample warning to the

guests. These bells are a duplication of the famous chimes in the tower of the Houses of Parliament. As a rule, Patti does not believe in leaving the gentlemen alone for an hour or so after dinner for their cigars while the ladies roam about the house waiting for them to appear. All leave the room together for the billiard and smoking room, where they take their coffee and nicotine as they please, while the big orchestration rolls out melodious music. After dinner, if no special performance is arranged in the theatre, Patti devises some form of

amusement in the billiard room. It must not be supposed for a moment that in utilizing this theatre, Patti confines herself to performances of opera. She enjoys thoroughly, and has appeared as the heroine in, some rollicking farce, in which guests at the castle are pressed into service to assist her. Patti does not sing very much at the castle. Sometimes she favors her guests with a song or two after dinner, and then she freely gives them their choice of music. If they want "Annie Rooney" she sings it for them, and she can sing it charmingly, too. Like all women who desire to keep well and bright, Patti believes in going to bed tolerably early. It must be a very exceptional circumstance to keep her from her apartments after 11 o'clock.

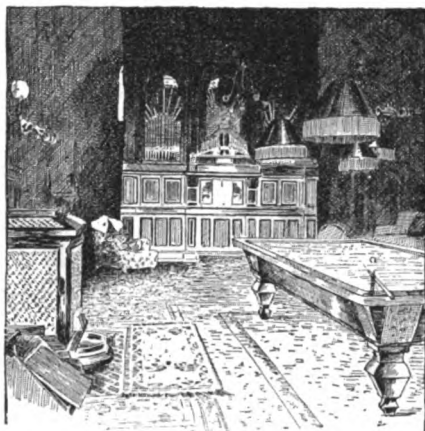
After all, Patti at home is very much the same as Patti on the stage—a bright, impulsive, entertaining little woman, with a warm heart beating with continual goodwill for those who love her; a devoted wife, and a most generous mother to the children of the man she loves.

THE JOURNAL THROUGH THE SUMMER

THE next (June) issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is the first of the summer numbers, for which a number of special timely features have been prepared. Through these numbers there will be sprinkled articles dealing with "Flowers at June Weddings," giving the newest flowers and points of floral etiquette in connection with June nuptials; an entire page given over to new ideas for "Lawn Parties and Out-Door Fetes;" the benefits of "Rowing for Girls," will be presented; Mrs. Potter Palmer, in a specially contributed article, will outline the part which women are to take in the World's Fair. Mrs. Beecher's famous reminiscent papers will continue to their conclusion during the summer, the remaining articles being among the most interesting in the entire series. Mrs. Gladstone will contribute her closing article on "Hints from a Mother's Life;" the famous and funny little "Brownies" will disport themselves on the Brooklyn Bridge, in Independence Hall celebrating the Fourth of July, take a summer trip down the Mississippi River and visit the grounds of the World's Fair. Three new stories will also begin, one by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, depicting the life of a New England girl; the second by Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason, and the third, a beautiful love story of the Southland, by Miss Julia Magruder. Some special articles on needlework suitable for summer work will be presented, while at the end of the season, in preparation for the approaching busy time, a page full of "New Ideas for Church Fairs" will have a special interest. In addition to these, thirty or forty other articles and short stories will be given—all of a fresh, timely character prepared with a special view to summer reading, when we are apt to wish for entertainment perhaps, more than for instruction in our literature. Then will begin the special autumn and winter issues to which particular attention are naturally given each year.



A Corner in the Boudoir



The Billiard Room and Orchestration



A Favorite Walk along the Lake

[From "Kodak" pictures personally taken for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL by Madame Patti]

Patti's service a little more than twenty-five years ago, when the diva was stopping at Wiesbaden. The engagement was only intended to be temporary, but it has lasted all these years without interruption, and probably will not be broken until death terminates it. Caroline goes everywhere with Patti. She accompanies her to the opera houses and concert halls; sees that there are no drafts in the dressing-rooms; heads off would-be callers and interviewers; sees that offerings of flowers left at the stage door are not allowed to reach Madame Patti until after she has done singing for the night. Caroline says that the perfumes of certain flowers—violets particularly—affect Patti's voice almost as much as a cold. She does not, for instance, allow Patti to have any plants or even cut flowers in her bedroom.

The wardrobe which Caroline has to select from in arranging her mistress's morning toilet is not remarkably extensive. Keeping her stock of rich stage dresses and finery as a thing apart, Madame Patti does not spend anything like so much on dress as an average American woman who has not one-quarter of Patti's income. She buys the best of everything, of course, but she is very careful of her clothes, and as she "goes out" very little except on professional duties, her evening dresses last her a long time. Women who visit Patti often and know her very intimately, say that she is, all things considered, very economical in her dress. Her extravagances are more in the direction of expensive undergarments.

When Patti's toilet is made she sends for her "bailiff" in her own apartment, and discusses the management of the farms on her estate. She owns several of them, nearly all small holdings. Patti is a very lenient landlord as landlords go, but she is not at all lax in the management of her property or in the collection of her rents. If, as sometimes happens, a tenant has had a bad harvest, and cannot pay his rent, Patti either extends the time, or hands the tenant a receipt for the amount, as her judgment dictates from the necessities of the case. She is thoroughly alive to what is doing, and if she catches a tenant trying to impose upon her good nature, she directs the bailiff to turn the screws a little. But as a rule all the farms on Patti's estate are prosperous, and bring her in a substantial revenue. The land is fertile and the tenants are thrifty. They appear to be very fond of Patti, but so, for that matter, do all the peasant people in the valley. The women curtsy to her and the men uncover their heads as she drives along the country roads. Patti is undoubtedly generous to the poor. She always gives them a Christmas treat at the castle each year, and once a year sings at the charity concert in Swansea, which nets about \$4,000 for the poor of the neighborhood.

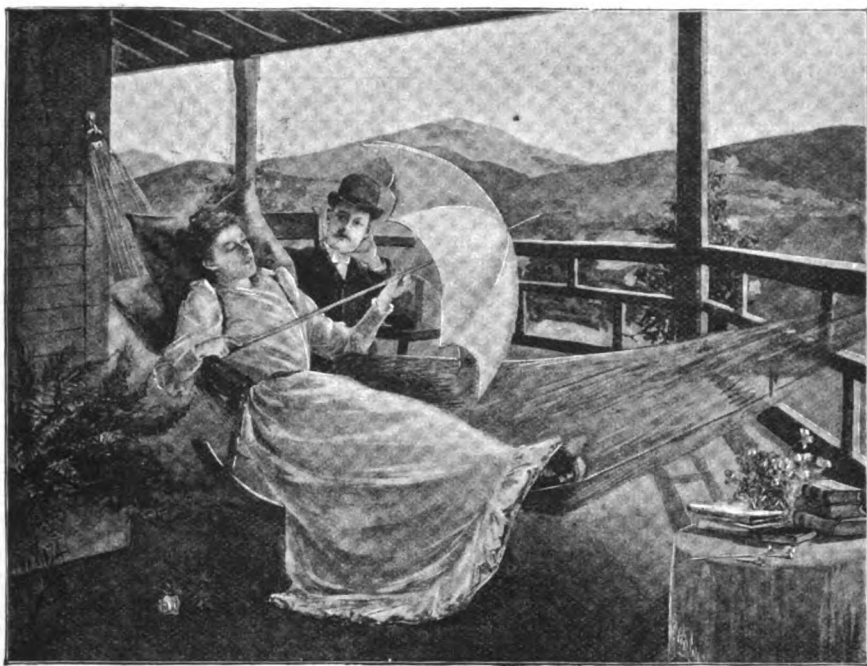
It is close toward midday before Patti puts in an appearance among the guests stopping with her at "Craig-y-Nos." Of course, everybody has had coffee and toast, with eggs if they wish it, some hours before. Patti allows her visitors to ring for their breakfast when they choose and have it served in their rooms. But she always likes them to be punctual at the first formal meal of the day at "Craig-y-

trots along after her when she takes her walk about the grounds, and at night it sleeps in a wee little cot of elderdown close by Patti's bedside. Two or three times Patti has insisted on having Caroline bring "Richi" to her dressing room at the theatre. But the little animal always howls dismally when Patti sings, so it was found wiser to leave him at home. The picture of Patti with "Richi" on her lap accompanying this article, was given to the writer by Patti especially for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Next to "Richi," Patti probably loves her parrots best—and the famous "Jumbo" most among the parrots. She bought this precocious parrot at a store in Sixth Avenue, New York, for \$6,000, being attracted by the richness of his voice and his almost unlimited vocabulary. Just why Patti calls him "Jumbo" it is hard to imagine. He is not at all a large bird, as parrots go. "Jumbo" has the reputation of being an exceedingly vicious creature, and he has drawn enough blood from people who have attempted to take liberties with him to justify the reputation. But with Patti he is gentleness itself. He perches on her shoulder, nestles his soft, brilliant feathers against her cheek, and tenderly holds her jewelled finger in his fierce beak. Until "Jumbo" came to England it was popularly supposed that W. S. Gilbert, of comic opera fame, had the most intelligently talkative parrot in England. But "Jumbo" now takes the lead in that respect. When Patti is away from "Craig-y-Nos," and "Jumbo" misses her usual daily call, he sits in a very dejected manner in the bottom of his cage and constantly pipes out in a doleful tone: "I am so sick! I am so sick! Where is Patti?"

Among Patti's other birds of plumage is another parrot named "Pinkie," who came from New Zealand, and can talk marvelously when she wants to; but she would rather fight with "Jumbo" than talk. Then there is a whistling bullfinch which is sometimes brought down to the dinner table to amuse the guests at dessert. This beautiful bird seems to know that he is on exhibition at these times, and whistles wonderfully. He seems to feel amply rewarded with a piece of sugar bestowed upon him by Patti. Most of Patti's household pets have been purchased by her during her travels. She is a splendid judge of birds.

Of course Patti, like all tender-hearted women, likes horses. Her stables are full of them, but her especial pets are two little Welsh ponies, strong and agile, and as well built as the famous little Norwegian ponies. Patti saw them at a Welsh fair, fell in love with them and bought them. They cost her \$500 each. She drives with them every day when the weather is fine. It is an especial privilege for a guest to be invited to drive with Patti behind these ponies. She handles the reins very skillfully, guiding the lively little animals over the smooth, hard roadways with the swiftness of the wind. A few years ago Patti used to ride a great deal; but the rheumatism has stopped that. She thoroughly enjoys driving, though, and comes back from



"Swinging my hammock gently, he sat near me in his favorite big rocker."

A MODERN MARTYR

A Story. By Madeline S. Bridges



HAD been engaged to Loftus fifteen years, and when I passed my thirty-sixth birthday the serene outlook promised that I would be engaged to him fifteen more. He was three years my senior, stout, rather fair, with an ugly, charming face, the kindest heart in the world, and a strong, energetic will. At least it seemed to be energetic in every direction except the way that led to marriage.

Not that I ever doubted the love of my Loftus, nor his fealty, but I could not understand why he seemed so blissfully content in being my lover, just my lover. No one could fill the rôle more perfectly, and his devotion was so established, and so constantly apparent in even the slightest detail, that everyone in Pinley, where we had grown up together, blamed me for Loftus' probation, and I was openly reproached for dilly-dallying with so honest a man and so true a lover. I could not consistently inform the public at large, and my censors in particular, that however well-disposed a woman may be, she cannot marry the man of her choice until he asks her to name the day, and this preliminary my betrothed had studiously avoided. He never even remotely approached any avenue that might lead to the subject, though he occasionally referred very sweetly and tenderly to our life together in the future.

Time, of course, brought about many other marriages in our immediate circle. All my brothers and sisters went off in regular order until there were only left with father, Tom, my youngest brother, and myself. After a while Tom "went on the road" for a Boston commercial house, and finally was offered a chance in a new branch of the same concern just started in Denver. To my great surprise father not only urged his acceptance of the offer, but expressed a strong desire to go with him and remain a year or two.

"Dell won't want to leave Loftus," he remarked calmly, "and any way they'll be married before long, I suppose." This had been a favorite supposition of father's for a number of years. "We could go by way of Chicago and see Uncle Eb and the folks. It's a 'rip I've always longed to take."

I listened to these words and felt them as if they had been blows of a clenched hand, but the pride by which an angel fell was strong in me, as it is in many of the world's commonplace and everyday women. I bit my lips to keep them from trembling as I said, "Wouldn't it be lovely! such an altogether new life and experience."

"Yes," said father lightly, and I loved, oh how I loved him for that speech! "but it won't be such good fun without my daughter. If she could only come—if there wasn't any question of that other fellow that can't spare her"—

In a moment I had made up my mind. "But I am going with you if you go," I said, smiling. "What did you think? Of course I need not stay. I can come back and be married, or Loftus can come to Denver, if we like it enough to settle there. You see, there's no time set for the marriage, and a year or two won't make much difference."

I am afraid there may have been a touch of sarcasm in my tone, but it passed unnoticed. "Why, that's it," said Tom, briskly. "Time goes on, and people might as well have a change from the old rut. We can shut up house here indefinitely. We can find some one to keep the grounds in order. What's to stop us from having a picnic of three?"

I felt, in my own mind, a vague idea, rather a hope, that Loftus might, or perhaps desire to, make it a picnic of four.

That afternoon when he came I spoke. He usually stopped on the porch every afternoon on his way home except Tuesdays—his bowling club—and Fridays, which were given to poor little Eunice Craig, who had been for years an invalid. I thought it one of the loveliest traits in his character, this

kindness to one so weak and suffering. Of course, we all went to see Eunice occasionally, all of the "old crowd," both married and single, but Loftus was her anchor and stand-by, and the feeling with which he was regarded in the Craig household was little short of worship. I was never jealous of the time he gave to Eunice—it made me love him all the more. Well, so when he came sauntering up the walk about four, and took his seat near me in his favorite big rocker, I broached the Denver project with much promptness and gaiety. He had begun to swing my hammock gently, and continued so to swing it.

"But you're not in earnest, really, are you, Dell?" he asked at last. I was dying to get a sight of his face, but couldn't without sitting up.

"Of course I'm in earnest," I responded readily. "Tom and father are in earnest; why shouldn't I be?"

"But Tom and your father haven't—me—to think of."

"You great baby," I answered, laughing. "I won't stay longer than a year."

"You might see some fellow you would like better," said Loftus, forlornly. "Oh, I think I am too old now to change my mind." I was beginning to be a little amused at his resigned, yet wretched manner.

"I don't know that women ever get too old to change their minds," said Loftus, in the same reproachful tone.

"Do men ever get old enough to make up theirs?" was on the point of my tongue to ask, but I had never been sharp with Loftus, and it seemed a poor time to begin.

"You could come and see me once or twice," I suggested. "It's a delightful trip."

"Awfully expensive, dear," said this exasperating man.

"Well, if I pay your way out you can surely pay it back," I said, laughing, but Loftus did not laugh. "I mightn't want to come back," he said gently.

Then there was a long silence and the hammock went on swinging. Had ever woman such an aggravating lover and one so dearly lovable?

This was the beginning of many such discussions. We kept perfect friendliness while opposing each other on every point, and our talk always ended where it began. He demanded no sacrifice, but, on the other hand, he offered none. I felt that I was only responsible to Loftus in so far as I desired his happiness. I desired it with my whole heart, for in it lay my own enfolded, but I felt too deeply to be anything but firm and proud. And so the day came, the still, beautiful, October day, and Loftus walked to the train with us, and waved us a good-bye from the platform as we rushed away with a shriek and rattle from dear old Pinley.

But first we had a moment to ourselves on

the shady side of the station, with not a soul in sight, but I don't think Loftus would have cared if there had been a regiment. He kept his arm around me and never took his eyes from my face. I was very, very miserable, but I smiled and chatted through it all. Loftus scarcely answered me; he ground his teeth now and then, and once the tears came down his face.

"You know that I belong to you, wherever you are—you believe it—don't you, Dell?" he said once or twice. And then, "It's hard to let you go." But the whistle shrieked and father called, "Come, Della," and then poor Loftus kissed me with a smile and whispered "God love you, Della, my wife, my dear, dear wife." Those were the last words I heard him say, and then father leaned across to close the car window against the cinder-showers, and Tom was putting on his big, loose, linen coat.

We went to Chicago and stopped at other cities along the line, and came safe at last to beautiful Denver, but my heart stayed in Pinley. It was a great, big, glorious world that the train had traversed, vast stretches of prairie, majestic heights of mountain land, busy, thriving towns, and active, splendid people. Pinley was a little quiet village among the New England hills, and in it was the one loved human being who made or unmade the world for me.

He wrote to me often, my dear, strange Loftus, but he never spoke of coming, nor of my return. His letters were full of kindness and sweet, everyday affection, but there was a tinge of bitterness in their tone, a feeling as of one at hopeless variance with fate. I used to cry over them and reproach myself so bitterly—for what? Surely I need not blame myself, when he had not reproached me. If only once he had written to me "Dell, come back," or "Dell, I miss you," or made me in any way conscious of a nearer duty to him, I am sure I could never have borne so patiently, nor at all, my exile. But, as it was, I could only let the days go on—though the sweetness of my life seemed going with them—and wait.

We had a lovely little cottage for our house-keeping, father and Tom and I, on the outskirts of Denver, and a view of valleys and mountain-tops that were a ceaseless wonder and delight. I felt the charm of this grand, solitary nature in the intervals of pining for the picket fences and dwarf orchards of my "native heath," and used to rove about in stout shoes and a big hat, getting within restricted limits some faint idea of "magnificent distances" so lavishly spread before the eye.

sun was near its setting, and the low evening light seemed to spread in a hush over the wide beauty of the world. I crossed to the wheat field and through the gate in search of my wayside patient, and there, a little in from the road, standing quietly against the hedge and looking at me as I came, stood—Loftus!

I didn't know what happened to the milk—but I knew afterward when he showed me how badly his clothes were deluged—for the dear fellow was kneeling on the grass before me, with his face hidden in my arms.

I can't remember what we said at first, it was so mixed with sobs and tears and kisses. He looked pale and worn and thin. Loftus thin! And oh, it was so sweet to laugh together, as we laughed when I stammered out, "Tom sent me here to find a—sheep—that—that was hurt."

"And you've found him, haven't you?" said my dear, dear Loftus. "And whom are you, you little brown milkmaid, with the sunburnt face?"

Oh, those wonderful sweet first moments when I knew he was with me once again! But I think he must have been aware that my face was dirty, though he called it sunburnt.

"And why have you come in this way?" I asked him when I began to collect my thoughts a little.

"Oh, the idea of surprise was Tom's. I found him at his place of business and we came out together, and then he told me to wait for you here, and he would make some excuse to send you, alone."

"Oh, Loftus! but I mean how happened you to come from Pinley, so suddenly, and—without telling me?"

"Dear," said Loftus, with a very grave face, "I came because—because—Eunice is dead."

I could only look at him with wide eyes of amazement.

"Eunice Craig is dead," he repeated, still more softly. "I can tell you now why I could not sooner claim my wife. But you have trusted me as never woman trusted husband, or lover—Dell, Dell, how could you know that I have loved you all these long, long, weary years that we have lived apart?"

But I did not heed his question. "Oh, poor Eunice," I said, with a rush of sorrowful remembrance. We had both known her as beautiful, strong and young, and the ending of the story seemed so pitiful. "Her life was too sad, Loftus! we can only be glad of the release!"

"You never knew how sad her life was, Della," said Loftus, gently, "nor how much I suffered for her. While she lived I could not

ask you to be my wife. She had made me promise this long, long ago, though she knew I loved you with every beat of my heart."

"Eunice made you promise?" I asked, slowly. It seemed I could not understand his words.

"She had no right to ask this sacrifice," he said, quickly, "but—she had loved me all her life. I did not dream of her feeling until once, when I was very ill,—you remember the time I was hurt so badly in Craig's lumber mill? They nursed me at the house, you know, and Eunice was with me day and night. She thought I was dying and did not hide her heart, poor child—but I was engaged to you—and I told her—and after that she never seemed like herself again. And then her great illness came, and the doctors gave her no hope of recovery. That was the time she made me promise not to marry until she died, and above all never to tell you she had asked this promise. No one thought she could live longer than that summer—and yet for twelve years—twelve years, Della, she has kept me from your side. Doesn't it seem inexplicable how such a thing could happen?"

"Oh, you dear, splendid—martyr you?" I said, gasping. "And all the

time I thought you—didn't care!" "Care!" said Loftus, with an emphasis that made me feel myself a wretched ingrate. And then he added in a determined, business-like way, "I want you to marry me to-morrow, Dell,—not one day later. I've been a martyr long enough."

I felt that he had been, indeed, but I answered, laughing, "Then you must begin to be a saint." And he really proved himself worthy of the name by waiting more than a week with most exemplary patience, until I had a pretty white dress made for the wedding.

We are living in Pinley, in the old house, under the maples. Father is with us, and Tom comes on flying visits now and then. Our children play among the lanes and meadows where I and Loftus played. I am a very happy woman, but I often wonder how it would have been if Eunice had not died!



"There, standing quietly against the hedge, and looking at me as I came, stood—Loftus!"

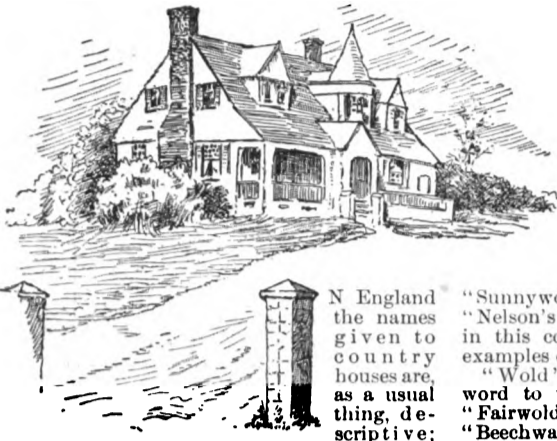
One day I came in before dinner, rather tired, very sunburnt and dusty, and was about to disappear for half an hour's seclusion and a bath, when I heard a man's footstep sound quickly on the wide piazza. I knew it was not time for Tom, but nevertheless Tom it proved to be. He had come in from town a little early, his hands full of packages, books, etc., as usual.

"Della," he called, "can you come back down the road with me now, this minute? There's a poor sheep there that's badly hurt in some way. I don't exactly know what has happened, but bring some milk, will you? and we'll see what we can do. It isn't far, just off the first turn, by the wheat field. I'll run up stairs with these things first."

But I did not wait for Tom's escort. I was off down the road with a little tin pail of milk almost before his last word reached me. The

NAMING A COUNTRY HOUSE

By Frances E. Lanigan



In England the names given to country houses are, as a usual thing, descriptive;

in America they are apt to be imitative. One reason for this lies, perhaps, in the extreme difficulty of finding a name for a home which will suit the taste of its inmates, have a modicum of originality, and bear some slight significance to the location.

APPRECIATING the difficulty of choosing a name, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL offers some suggestions which may be of assistance to some of its readers in their quest. Of recent seasons it has become the fashion to unite the Christian or nicknames of some of the members of the family in the naming of country residences. One of the best of these examples is "Lillennyn Villa," the name of Postmaster General Wanamaker's cottage at Cape May Point, the name being a happy combination of "Lil" and "Min," the abbreviations of Lillie and Minnie, the names of the two daughters of the house. Another successful union of this kind is "Kajim Lodge," Kate and Jim being the nicknames of the two heads of the household. This can be pursued indefinitely—"Marjo"—Mary and John; "Berwal"—Bertha and Walter; "Edwyl"—Edith and William; "Fantom"—Francis and Thomas. "Berthellyn" is a particularly happy combination of Bertha and Ellen, and "Carlanna" of Carl and Anna. But these are more than sufficient to indicate the idea. This custom of using the name of some members of the family may be used in another and equally effective manner by spelling the name, Christian or surname, backward. In Quebec is a large family residence known as "Darnoc." For generations the eldest son of the family, in whose possession the house always remains, has been Conrad, which is the reverse of "Darnoc." Edward will give "Drawde," which used in combination with House, i. e., "Drawde House," has certainly a familiar sound. Robert is "Trebora," and Walter is "Retlaw." Women's names can be used even more successfully. Agnes gives "Sengia," Lydia, "Aidyl," Frances, "Secnarf." Christian names can be used in yet many other ways, as "Mary Lawn," "Villa Matilda," "Gracelands," "Ellerslie," as Vice-President Morton calls his country home at Rhinescliff, and Eliok, are also examples of the different ways in which Christian names can be combined with success. Surnames are also valuable, used alone or in combination. "Griffin's Corners," "Hartley Hall," "Houghton," "Warrington," "Compton," "Vernon," "Carlton," "Elton Lodge," "Pembroke," "Langborne," "Morton," "Shirley," "Brandon"—almost any family name of beauty of sound can be utilized in this way. "Bigelow Bungalow," the name given to his out-of-town residence by one of the New York Bigelows, who has devoted much of his attention to India, deserves certainly to be mentioned as an original and sensible title.

COLORS may be used with effect; the name being, of course, taken from the prevailing tint of the paint or stone of the exterior. "Canary Cottage" is the title of Mrs. Thomas Scott's Bar Harbor villa. "Red Top" was the name of President Cleveland's home near Washington, and "Gray Gables" is the somewhat similar title of his recent summer purchase. "Green Grove" is an alliterative name and "Greynook" a cozy one. It is well in combining a color to form a name, to choose, if possible, an alliterative adjunct. "Blue Bay" is a charming summer home, and "Brown Beaches" another. "Greystone," which was one of the first of American country places, is one of the best examples of this utilization of color in the choice of a name.

Names of trees are plenty. "Beechcroft," "Evergreens," "Glenwood," "Cedar Park," "Lebanon," "Lindenshade," "Oakleigh," "Maplehurst," "The Chestnuts," "The Cedars," "The Pines," "The Beeches," "The Elms," "Four Oaks," "Waldheim," a wooded home; "Aldersea," Tennyson's "Aldworth," "Lindenhurst," "Elmhurst," a combination of any tree which is found in considerable growth near a home, with almost any suffix or prefix, gives a pretty and descriptive title.

The terminal "burn," "burnie," or, as it is equally often spelled, "bourn" or "bourne," is the Scotch word for a small brook or stream of water. It can be combined in dozens of ways, and always with charming results. "Rockburn," a rocky brook; "Millbourne," a mill stream; "Winterburn," "Highbourne," "Oakbourne," are a very few examples of this union.

The English word "brook" may also be charmingly combined. "Maybrook," "Silverbrook," "Brookside," "Brookhurst," "Brookwood," "Hillbrook" are only a very few of these combinations.

MYRIAD are the combinations with wood or woods, as "Roughwoods," "Glenwood," "Ravenswood," "Inglewood," "Blythewood," "Woodlands," "Rockwood," "Driftwood," "Woodycliffe" or "Woodcliffe," "Tyny Coed," house by the wood; "Woodvale," "Edgewood," "Norwood," "Lynnwood," "Elmwood," "Beechwood," "Homewood," "Woodburn," "Kenwood," "Woodstock," "Arden," "Shadywood," "Sunnywood," "Woodbury," "Happywood," "Nelson's Wood"—any surname can be used in this combination with effect—are a few examples of this class.

"Wold" or "Wald" is an extremely pretty word to use in combination. "Woldcote," "Fairwold," "Waldheim," "Waldberg," "Beechwald" are a few examples.

The terminal "hurst," which is low Dutch for house-gate or lodge, makes a pretty ending for a name. "Parkhurst," "Maplehurst," house by the maples; "Oakhurst," "Lindenhurst," "Hurstfeld," are a few suggestions for an almost endless variety of combinations.

A pretty fashion is that of adding the suffix "over" to the direction in which the view from a residence may be. "Westover," in Virginia, is the most famous of this group, but "Landover," "Farmover," and similar combinations may also be used. Quite as good an effect is gained from using the "over" as a prefix. Witness "Overbrook," "Overpark," "Overlook," "Overview," "Oversea," "Overwold."

FLOWERS, if they grow in any sort of profusion about a place, are one of the happiest ways of naming a country home. "Tulip Hill" is the delightful name of an estate in Maryland; "Rosenearth" is prettily suggestive of a rose-covered arbor; "Heartsease" lodge or cottage or house makes a pretty name; "Wild Rose," "Rosebud," "Lilac," "Violet," "Geranium"—indeed, almost any flower can be united with lodge, or cottage or villa, as "Lilac Lodge," "Violet Villa," "Fuchsia Fort" and "Cloverbrook."

For a residence atop of a small hill "The Knoll" is always appropriate. "Rockledge," "Hillton," "Hillbrow" are names for places of this kind, while higher elevations may be designated according to their height, as "Cloud-capped," "Highlands," "Highland Heights," "Edgemont," "Grandview," "Starview," "Overlook." General Crook's place in the Blue Ridge is known as "Crook's Crest," a personal and descriptive name of beauty. "Claymont," "Happy Heights," "Mount Stony," "Summer Hill," "Camp Hill," "Clairemont" or its equivalent, "Clearview," "Fernhill," "Stonecliffe," "Hillsdale," "Stoneledge," "Fame" is the name of a house "high up in the world." "Lowland Lodge" and "Poverty Flat" are good names for houses in the opposite situation. "The Rookery"—who does not remember Miss Trotfield's disdain at her brother's purchase of that place in "David Copperfield?" "Ravenhill," "Crofield," "Swallow's Nest," "Eaglesmere," "Bulfinch Lodge," "The Dovecote," "Pigeon Place,"—any number of alliterations may be made and applied, if only the birds are found in more than usual numbers. The title "Larks" has been used to dignify a house where good times are more than common; and "Castle Cosy" to one where comfort reigns supreme.

"The Hermitage," "The Grey Friars," "The Monastery," "The Priory," suggest a style of architecture which is conspicuous by its absence throughout this country. When a house is possessed, which is of this style, these names are charmingly suggestive and quaint, and can be recommended. "The Rest" and "The Anchorage," which have been applied by retired naval officers to their homes, are applicable also to any home-like place.

"Fernbank" is applicable to a house on the river side. As to a woody sequestered spot where there are no banks save those of moss and vine, "Springbank," "Fernhill," "Glenbank," "Glenside," "Fernbank," "Fernside," "Vinehill," "Mossy Hollow," almost any combination of these words is effective.

FOR seaside homes many are the names from which to select. "Aldersea," a home by the sea, surrounded by alder bushes; "Larchsea," one surrounded by larches. "Shady Beach," "Sunny Beach or Beaches," "Mizzentop," or "The Lookout" for places on a height; "Sea-view," "Ocean Breeze," "Salt Breeze," "Sea Breeze," "Salt Side," "Sea Side," "Ocean Side," "Nor-Nor-West," its opposite, "Sou-Sou-East" or, for the more facetiously and honestly inclined, "Mosquito Farm" may be found suggestive. Many of the names suggested elsewhere in this column may be utilized with equal effectiveness at the seashore. "Landsend" and "Lookout Point" are good names for cape homes, and "Ivy Neck" for an ivy-covered home situated on a little jut of land. "Ivy Lodge" and "Ivy Cottage" are equally pretty and appropriate names for a vine-clad villa.

"Enderly," "West View," "Outlook," "Overleigh," "Netherleigh" and "Westerleigh" are all certainly near kin in connection at least. "Lothair," "Waverly," "Windsor" are names whose only claim to utility lies in their beauty. "Mount Farm," "The Home Farm," "Wildest Farm," "Brookfield Farm," "The Farm," "Meadow Brook Farm," "Meadow Farm," "Woodland Farm," "Rocky Farm," are a very few suggestions for the amateur or veteran agriculturist. Utilizing the word farm in the name makes it thoroughly distinctive and pastoral.

THE suffix "mere" is always beautiful. "Windemere," "Willowmere," place of willows; "Aldermere, place of alders; "Elmere," place of elms; "Waldmere," place of woods or forest; are a few of these combinations. "Wakefield," (with its charming reminiscences of the "Vicar"), "Greenfield," "Dawesfield" (a field of crows originally) "Endfield," "Dalefield," "Moorfield," "Feldmont" (a mountain field) or "Feldspur" (a rocky spur where are fields), are suggestions. The terminals "ford," "burg," "lyn," "moor" or "diell" are always in good taste used in almost any of the combinations mentioned. "Edgemoor," "Westfield," "Happy Dell," "Woodbury," "Eastlyn," are a few samples of possible combinations. Moors are so few and far between in this country that care must be taken in selecting this name that the suffix is not imaginative. "Mead," "mede" or "meadow" give pretty names, "Grassmede," "Longmead," "Shady Meadow" among them. Louise Alcott's "Plumfield," home of her "Little Men," must have stood sponsor for "Plumstead," just as surely as did her own home, "Fruitlands," for the name of her story, "Paradise." An almost infinite variety of names can be made with these suffixes from the names of the principal fruits found on a place. "Peach Grove," "Apple Arbor," "Quince Lodge," "Grapevines;" these are further possible combinations.

BEGINNING with Washington Irving's "Sunnyside," one can run a gamut of "sunnys" and "sides" used in different ways, and find, also, that the prefix "shady" brings to the imagination an equally charming place. "Shady Nook," "Sunnycliffe," "Sunnicroft," "Sunnyhill," "Sunninghill," "Shady Heights," "Hillside," "Lakeside," "Riverside," "Mountain Side," "Brookside," "Idleside," "Fernside," "Oakside," "Lindenside"—these are all pretty combinations. "Idlewild," "Idleside," "Holiday Cottage" and "Tackiteazie Cottage" are more appropriate for a vacation cottage than for a country home.

Country places of considerable area are well named "The Acres," or "The Grange," but it is worse than folly to load hundred-foot lots with such pretentious titles. "The Button," "The Dot of a House," "Houselet," "Homelet," "Tiny Place," "Small Quarters" are names applied to these smaller residences.

"Ingleside" is one of the loveliest of names, and with it we might group "Rest Cottage," "Nirvana," "Heartsease," "Hopeton" and "Mount Home." But best of all names, to our way of thinking, is "Home"—the resort "Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty."

THE PROPER WAY TO SIT

BY CAROLINE B. LE ROY



SITTING upon the spine" is one of the most common abuses of the body, and productive of more discomfort and disease than any other one cause. While rest is desirable, and the effort to secure it is a perfectly natural one, few appear to understand the proper method of attaining it.

It is very tiresome to sit upright, with no support for the back, upon a three-legged stool for instance; but a great mistake is made in supposing that this support is needed for the shoulders. In a sitting position the weight of the body should rest upon the lower end of the spine. If one sits upon the edge or center of a seat, with the shoulders pressed against the back of it, the only part of the body really supported is the head. The entire bulk of the body has no point of support whatever; the weight is thrown upon the backbone. As the backbone, or spine, is flexible, it is possible to "sit upon it" by stretching the ligaments which connect the vertebrae. This posture, a curve of the back from the shoulders to the end of the spine, causes an unnatural and injurious strain. The chest sinks, the lungs are cramped by this compression of the chest, every organ, and consequently every function of the body, is more or less disturbed. The struggle and friction with which, under these circumstances, their work is carried on, result in irritation and consequent disease. The stronger the general constitution, and the sounder the general health, the longer can this physical disturbance be kept up without unpleasant effects; but they are as sure to follow as the night is sure to follow the day.

A proper sitting position requires that the spine shall be kept straight, and that the support needed for the upper part of the body shall be felt in the right place. Therefore, sit as far back as possible in the chair, so that the lower end of the spine shall be braced against the back of the seat. If this back is straight the shoulders will also rest against it; if not, they will have no point of support, and it will be found that they do not need it. This position makes no strain upon the ligaments of the spine. It allows a proper position of the shoulders, consequently of the chest, consequently of the lungs, stomach, and every other organ of the body. Their work is carried on naturally and comfortably, as is also the circulation of the blood, which in a wrong sitting position is seriously interfered with. With the feet resting squarely upon the floor, the hands resting easily upon the lap, perfect equilibrium, and consequently perfect rest of the body, is secured. There is no strain upon any part of the body; no muscle or organ is required to do more than its legitimate amount of work. The arms should never be folded; for this position not only causes a strain upon the spine, and all the other evils already referred to, but, in addition, places the weight of the arms upon the stomach and the diaphragm, thereby increasing the labor of digestion and respiration. Placing the hands behind the back, or folding the arms behind the back, if possible, is a good attitude to take occasionally, giving, as it does, the fullest expansion to the whole upper part of the body.

THAT OTHER WOMAN

BY LAURA ATWATER KIRKMAN



DO you know her? That other woman who comes into some of our lives, and for the time being upsets our domestic equilibrium, darkens the matrimonial horizon and almost makes our happiness totter? She may be a very innocent scapegoat indeed, and often is comparatively, if not entirely, ignorant of the tragic part she is playing in the little domestic drama; and yet there she is, in our eyes, at least, a living grievance, and not a phantom of the imagination—as in nine cases out of ten she really is.

You are young, loving, and full of ardent devotion to the husband of your choice. Nothing can come between you or mar the perfect happiness that is yours—that goes without saying. You are both fond of society, and you are fond of showing your little circle how completely wrapped up in you is the man you have elected to worship and be worshipped by, and all goes merry as the marriage bell that has just rung, until that other woman steps into your life. She is not much to look at; she never is, in our eyes. And you know full well that your husband can see nothing in her to admire, nor would he stoop to flirt with any woman. But why allow her to practice her little coquetries upon him? Why look so amused and entertained with it all? Jealous? Certainly not. There is a difference between jealousy and hurt pride; hurt by the shadow, not the substance. The other woman has, perhaps, been one of your girl friends, and you know her to be a flirt, eager for conquest, and vain enough to construe a very little into enough to feed her inordinate vanity.

The fact of making an impression on a newly-married man, and shaking, however slightly, his allegiance, adds zest to the game. Of course, you know that it is not in her power to do anything of the sort; but the experience is not a pleasant one, all the same, and the result is often the first little rift when you try, under your eyes, to calmly give vent to your feelings, which is not always an easy thing to do. For, call it what you will, there is no man on the face of the earth who will believe that anything but jealousy prompts a remonstrance on the other woman question. It is, perhaps, their inordinate vanity; or it may be that some of them, standing self-convicted, see a cause for jealousy. A woman may not be jealous, for jealousy implies doubt, when she sees one she cares for seemingly acting his part in a passing flirtation; but if she is half a woman her self-respect and pride receive a blow, and confidence a jar; for has not the love she rests on delivered her over to the Philistines by allowing the other woman to even think that she has (as I heard a woman express it) "taken a rise out of her"—his wife.

"I wish you wouldn't turn and stare at other women when we are on the street together," said a little lady to her liege lord who, on a crowded thoroughfare, was making very good use of his eyes.

"Not look at the women!" came the astonished reply. "Nonsense! you're not jealous?" He couldn't see any reason for an objection, and to convince such a man of the utter want of delicacy of his actions would be an arduous task. I trust, for her own sake, that the little woman gave it up.

In my own case the other woman came during my engagement, and her name was legion! My fiancé was away from his home and in constant receipt of letters and remembrances, not only from his home circle, but from many old friends of the female persuasion, among whom were several who had figured in certain attacks of the calf love that every young man is subject to at that point of his career when first he dons a dress-coat.

These were to me thorns of the sharpest kind, and I shall never forget how the scales fell from my eyes when, after our marriage, we visited my husband's home, and I saw these poor, unoffending damsels as they really were. One in particular, who had on one occasion sent to her old friend some prettily bordered kerchiefs (which were immediately confiscated), was, when seen in the flesh, so far from attractive or dangerous, that my first act on returning from my trip was to hunt up the poor offending souvenirs and utilize the pretty borders to trim a night-robe for my lord and master!

Don't let the other woman darken your horizon. She is generally a myth. Look her in the face, and if she does not vanish into thin air altogether she will appear to you, as she is in reality, shorn of her power, and, let us hope, innocent of all the sins you have laid at her door. Above all, do not be that other woman yourself. You may be tempted, in all innocence, to play the part, but do not let thoughtlessness or love of admiration make you the cause of a single heart-ache to another. The golden rule is an old one, but always safe to go by, and it comes in very aptly between woman and woman.

THE GIRL WHO LOVES MUSIC

WILL perhaps never have a better opportunity offered her of gratifying her desire for a musical education than through the offers made by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Nearly forty girls are now at the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, being musically or vocally educated at the JOURNAL'S expense, and as the Boston "Journal" recently said: "These girls are receiving the very best the Conservatory affords, the most desirable rooms in the building are theirs, and they have all their wants carefully looked after by a wealthy periodical." Any girl can learn all about these offers by simply writing to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

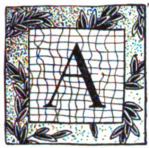
Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him

By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher

IN NINE PAPERS

SEVENTH PAPER

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helpless in a book-store, or at a book-sale, as was Mr. Beecher. It would have also given him the greatest pleasure, in our early days, had he been able to make presents of pretty things among his friends, as he did later, when less pecuniarily cramped, he indulged himself with his natural large-heartedness.

HIS LOVE OF BOOKS

WHEN we had been a few years in Brooklyn he could in some degree gratify his tastes for works of art, gems, paintings, and especially books. He had always earnestly desired to possess a large, well-selected library, and now intended, by degrees, to secure it. But temptations in a large book-store were almost irresistible, and sometimes, before he was aware, he had indulged beyond his intentions, and these mistakes were often the cause of great amusement to us both.

Returning from some unusual "raid," he would come to me with the semblance of great distress, but making a laughable failure of it, and lament over the great temptations that waylaid him in every store. "And where is human nature so weak and helpless as in a book-store," he would say. "The appetite for drink cannot be half so powerful as the temptations which beset a book-lover in a large, richly-furnished book-store."

"Well! How largely have you invested in books to-day?" I asked once. "Did I say I had bought any? I was speaking of the temptations. But you know how little skill I have in figures. When tempted to buy expensive books, I endeavor 'to take account of stock' (isn't that the proper business expression?) and learn just how much I can afford to spend, but you know the bill comes in much ahead of my reckoning. You needn't laugh! Am I to blame because I am not expert in figures?"

Of course, I knew there was a box of books on the way. But no one could resist the quaint humor mingled with this pretense of penitence.

How vividly I recall one scene of similar character, when, lying on the sofa, he began to lament his lack of arithmetical skill. In the midst of this effusion he started up, a roguish smile glinting over his face, as he asked:

"What are you looking out of the window for with such a sarcastic smile on your lips?"

"Why, I thought I heard an express wagon coming to explain how you resisted temptation," and at the moment the wagon halted at the door, and a large box was brought into the library.

"What is that, dear?" I asked. "Oh, some books I couldn't do without, you know."

"Yes, I know!" and to the astonishment of the driver we were both laughing heartily, while the man stood waiting for his express charges.

I think Mr. Beecher enjoyed this scene and similar one of frequent occurrence, as much as he did the books—for the time, at least.

From this pretense of concealment, he found material for many amusing articles for the "Ledger," for which at that time he wrote often. In one he wrote, "Buying books before you can pay for them promotes caution. If you are married, it requires no small skill to get your books all into the house before your wife sees how large the bundle is. She knows just when you have exceeded the bounds of prudence, and has little faith in 'somehow's' which you try to believe would help you pay for them. But the express brings them to the door, which your wife opens."

"What is it, my dear?"

"Oh, only a few books that I am needing."

"Ah! That smile! A true wife, who loves her husband, can smile at whole armies at him in one look. As the bundle is being opened you seek to divert her attention by some incident, or anecdote, and when at last the contents are exposed, you point out the peculiarity of the binding, or gilding. But it will not do. She gives you her attention, but you cannot efface that roguish, arithmetical smile. People may talk about the equality of the sexes. They are not equal. The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman will conquer ten men."

How often was this picture reflected in his own life; the words were indeed "leaves" from his own experience.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—During the publication of this series of reminiscence papers a great many questions have come to Mrs. Beecher regarding points in Mr. Beecher's life not touched upon by her. Many of these questions have been of such interest that Mrs. Beecher has consented, at the request of the editor, to answer them in a special supplement which will appear in the next issue of the Journal. This article will take up such interesting points as Mr. Beecher's habits of dress; his relations with Col. Robert O. Ingersoll; how he wrote his great novel, "Norwood," and his "one penny" man; how his voice was trained; the only time he ever swore, etc., etc.

GLIMPSES INTO HIS DAILY MAIL

FROM the time we went to Indianapolis until the last, the number of letters sent to Mr. Beecher increased yearly. Many were sincerely friendly; some, especially during anti-slavery times, vile and threatening. But begging letters were the most abundant, and the aid sought exceedingly curious.

One young man wanted Mr. Beecher to buy him a horse and a hearse, and thus enable him to have a monopoly of the undertaking business in his native town.

Another would much prefer to go out lecturing, instead of standing behind the counter, but had not ability to compose a lecture. If Mr. Beecher would, however, write one for him to commit to memory, he thought he had sufficient oratorical skill to insure success.

A third would inquire Mr. Beecher's charges to give him an hour's training per day in elocution, and in "attractive gesticulation."



THE MOST SATISFACTORY PORTRAIT OF MR. BEECHER

[This likeness of Mr. Beecher, taken in San Francisco in 1885, is regarded by Mrs. Beecher and her family as the most acceptable portrait taken of him as he was known to them in the home.]

One woman had lost two husbands, and had not the means to put up a gravestone for the last. She begged Mr. Beecher to give her the money for one, as she expected to marry again in a few weeks, and wanted this done before her third marriage.

The daughter of a well-to-do farmer far west is unhappy for lack of better dresses than her father can afford to give. She visits her grandmother in a city where she sees a good deal of fashionable society, is invited to a party, buys an expensive dress, then writes to her father to cancel her debt. He refuses, and insists she shall go to work and earn it. She appeals to Mr. Beecher for sympathy, tells him work will make her hands unladylike, and begs him to send money to pay her debt.

A young girl of 18 from Illinois took money from her father's desk to come to Peekskill to ask Mr. Beecher to adopt her. She had heard all his children were grown up and settled, and he was able to give her fine clothes and make a lady of her. In this case Mr. Beecher bought the girl a ticket, put it and money for food and a sleeping berth into the conductor's hands, and she was sent back home.

The mail was brought to our door several times a day, and was usually a heavy one. I generally took it and examined the contents, answering many letters which he never saw, but any that required his attention, or directions to me for answering, I laid on his desk. Often for days not one out of ten was found which it was necessary to disturb Mr. Beecher about. It was important, as far as possible, to relieve him from such demands on his time, and therefore hundreds of letters every year were opened and answered by me which he never saw or heard.

PUTS A CLERGYMAN OUT OF HIS HOUSE

OF course a large proportion of his letters were of an entirely different character. Many earnestly seeking advice, many thanking him for help and guidance received; some soliciting the solution of doubts that distressed them, some argumentative, some objecting to certain topics on which he had spoken, either in the pulpit, or on the lecture platform.

An English clergyman, or claiming to be one, wrote him several letters, objecting to some sermon, and the lesson it designed to give. He urged Mr. Beecher to appoint a day when they could discuss the subject publicly. Such requests were often made, but without receiving attention, and this one was not noticed. Then the man wrote out his objections, had them published in tract form, and with it repeated his request for a public discussion. The whole was too foolishly weak for notice. But a few days after this publication, the author called. I met him, and he inquired if Mr. Beecher had received the pamphlet. I told him the pamphlet had come.

"Why did he not reply to it, or my letters?" I told the man that Mr. Beecher had no time for such discussions.

He then broke into a storm of abuse of Mr. Beecher, and called him vile names. I commanded him to be silent, and told him that if he wished to say such things, to say them to Mr. Beecher himself, but not to his wife. He became very ugly, and I ordered him to leave the house. He refused. I stepped to the door to call a police officer, and one being in sight, the man left the house very suddenly.

WHERE HIS NAME WAS WORTHLESS

WHILE at the west we had no call for a bank account, as the little we had was paid in small sums. After coming to Brooklyn, Mr. Beecher's increased cares and labors gave him no time to attend to much outside his own immediate duties, and therefore all money, or family business, was left in my hands. His salary was paid to me each quarter, and while we were so much in Peekskill, by me deposited in the Westchester Bank, and this arrangement occasioned at various times many amusing incidents.

One Monday morning I drove down to Peekskill Depot for Mr. Beecher. It was raining very hard, and when we came to the bank in the village Mr. Beecher handed me the reins, saying: "Hold the horses a moment; I want to run into the bank for some money."

"No. Let me go in and get it," I said.

"No, indeed! Let you get out in this rain! Not much, my dear!"

I persisted to urge it, knowing as the bank account was in my name he could not draw from it. But he seemed to have forgotten that, and feeling reluctant of reminding him, I made no reply, and he went in. I waited, knowing very well what would follow. I saw him standing by the window, hastily asking for a check. A crowd of people, and one then from the president of the bank, from Mr. Beecher himself and the clerks, came a hearty explosion of laughter. In a few moments he came out to me in the carriage, with a blank check to sign, saying, "This is a pleasant predicament. Why didn't you remind me of your reasons for wishing to go in yourself?"

"You didn't give me a chance," I replied. After this incident he opened an account for himself in a Brooklyn bank, depositing therein all his lecture fees, which he always kept for himself as pin-money.

The Westchester bank incident was, however, long a source of amusement and badinage between us whenever we passed the bank building on our drives to and from the station at Peekskill.

HOW HE PREPARED HIS SERMONS

MR. BEECHER'S sermons and addresses sprang from subjects over which he had long brooded. He was not a book student in the usual acceptance of that term. He would read every spare moment. He read slowly, and was frequently annoyed because he felt he did not remember what he read. Verbally he did not remember, but the meaning, the lessons taught by the books he read, sank into good ground, and bore fruit abundantly, perhaps unconsciously to himself.

His sermons were more the result of long rambles up and down the neighboring cities than by studious application to his books. He liked to go into some small shop where women prepared various things, and he wrought out more artistically in the larger and more fashionable stores, particularly those little shops where he saw precious stones, embedded in the rough, cut out and polished, to shine on the counters of the largest jewelry stores. Rough, hard-working men did this kind of work. It was with them he liked to talk, and they liked to have him. From such pilgrimages he gathered information and suggestions which were often the foundation of some of the best sermons he ever preached. He was emphatically a student of men, not of books.

Mr. Beecher read and wrote often through the week in the family sitting-room, or library, where a large proportion of his books used to be. His literary work was usually done here. Material for sermons were in his mind constantly, but he resorted to no actual preparation for them until Sunday morning. He always came down to breakfast on that day as cheerful and social as if no thought of a sermon, or any responsibility, was near him. But as soon as breakfast was over he went at once to his study, and when there all the family knew he must not be interrupted. There, until the last bell rang for church, he thought out and prepared his sermon. A few lines, as the heads of each division of it, was all he wrote out.

But not even after the service began, the first prayer, reading the Scriptures, and the choir was half through the hymn, was I ever sure that the notes he had prepared after breakfast would be used at all. Many times I have seen him, while singing, stop abruptly in the middle of a line, lean forward in his chair, and look intently toward some distant part of the church for a moment, then hastily search for a letter, or bit of paper from his vest, write rapidly a few lines, put the notes he had prepared at home beneath the Bible, and when the introductory services were ended, lay the little slip of paper before him, and from what it suggested deliver the sermon. Some of the best he ever preached originated from the inspiration of such moments.

When I asked at various times why he laid aside his notes and preached from those he had jotted down so hastily on the pulpit, his reply was that he had seen some one who he had learned was in trouble, or some one he had learned was bearing great trials in a remarkably patient, Christian spirit, or one who had silently done a most kind or heroic deed, and "blushed to find it fame." At other times he saw one who was resisting all good influences, and seemed going downward to a miserable end. Absorbed in the subject he had planned for the morning, his eye might many times have rested on such cases without drawing his thoughts aside, but now and then they came before him like an inspiration, and he seemed to hear, "there is your work for this morning. Do it."

Ah, as now I sit, alone, looking back, I think how closely in his heart he carried cases that came under his observation—of joy, or sorrow, of sincere repentance, or obstinate wrong doing.

[Mrs. Beecher's eighth paper will appear in the June JOURNAL.]

HINTS FROM A MOTHER'S LIFE
 BY MRS. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE
 IN THREE PAPERS—SECOND PAPER

[Continued from the April JOURNAL]



ONE of the first points to be considered with the view of promoting a baby's healthy development, is respiration.

Every time we breathe we take in an influence either for good or for evil, according to the quality of the air which surrounds us. Upon this point we cannot place too much emphasis, since it is as we breathe that we live. In more than one are we creatures of our air.

FRESH AIR FOR INFANTS

As a part of infant existence is spent within doors, we ought to be reminded of the fact that every life is influenced by the air which it breathes. We must remember that the air which we breathe is its own life; its action affects every part of our organization. How important, then, is the quality of the air which we breathe? It is necessary to it to know that the air which we breathe is as pure as the air which we breathe. It is necessary to it to know that the air which we breathe is as pure as the air which we breathe. It is necessary to it to know that the air which we breathe is as pure as the air which we breathe.

As I quote the words of one of the great authorities on nursing, the Nightingale. It will be found in her book, "Notes on Nursing," that she is most strongly advocating pure air. She says, "What some old nurses will tell you is that a baby fresh air with- and, on the other hand, a chill which will kill it blow upon it when it is standing, and chilling it only for a moment) with- at all. And depend on it, if you give to its skin, it will be to colds."

My protest against the smothering a sleeping baby in a room, at the mouth, at the head. This is the more common consent, babies' presumably because the head cool has

Nursery should be un-ventilated almost as much as the shelf of a packing box, as in the case of a child. An authentic child passing by a condition of suffocation on convulsions, simply to the admission, ill-ventilated

apt in the rooms, F., overheating reverse.

minent character will be found in the nervous system of a child. purity of the air, proper ventilation, etc. The air should be fresh; es- "tired air" should be changed, just before the child is exposed to it.

HINTS

For example, above, we draughts. against common position of

fire, the my first

efficiently chil- the air is, even portion ltered, f it is ought aling aper- take ove- tial of are are de-

"The efficient ventilation of a child's first nursery, under the special conditions of warmth required, demands a full allowance of cubic space to begin with. In calculating the necessary space for bedrooms, where equable warmth is required, any height exceeding ten feet is disadvantageous, and to be left out of account."

A ROOM fifteen feet square and nine feet high affords ample initial cubic space for a nurse and two children. With good and careful management, a nurse, infant, and two other young children have occupied a bedroom of this size without detriment to health. No useless articles of furniture or of drapery were allowed entrance; both a dressing-room and a bathroom were close at hand; care was taken to keep the air of the room pure; no open vessels were allowed to remain; the door, never quite closed, admitted light and air from the passage; the two windows were partly open on the summer nights; and the fire always lighted before bedtime in the winter. Children from seven to nine, or ten years of age may have separate bedrooms, and after that age a separate dormitory for each is requisite. A space fourteen or fifteen feet by eight or nine feet wide, permits of a bed four feet wide to be placed between the door and the wall, and a fireplace in the opposite wall to be beyond the foot of the bed. No double-bedded room should be less than fifteen feet square, and no bedroom should be without a fireplace.

The room door may be left partly open, and there will mostly be an open door either from the dressing room or the nurse's room. The doors must be so hung that when partly opened they will shield the bed, rather than direct the current of air onto it. The windows in the summer can be left a little open at the top; they should be provided with shutters, both to keep off draught and to shut out some of the light when this may be necessary; they aid materially in lessening the chill that in cold weather always strikes in from the windows. A stout linen or jute fabric makes a good protective window-curtain for the winter. All woolen hangings are objectionable in a bedroom, as they readily absorb moisture, and all organic particles suspended in it or floating in the air. The ceiling of the room should be such as to bear rubbing over; it is better of a gray or cream color than white, so as not to reflect too much light on the upward gaze of children. The walls of the bedroom are better distempered, or painted in some even tone of quiet color. If the wall is papered, it should be varnished over, and the paper must have no bright-colored, intricate patterns, spots, and no vivid greens likely to contain arsenic. The floor must not be carpeted all over, certainly not under the bed, and it is better to have the boards stained and left bare round the sides of the room. The top edge of the skirting-board should be rounded off in all rooms for children. Iron bed-frames should have round edges. Slips of soft carpet by the sides of the bed, and from the door to the fireplace, if not all over the center of the room, are sufficient. Kidderminster carpets are better than those of more open texture for bedrooms, and Dutch carpets, with a smooth woolen surface over a hempen framework, are specially suitable for children's rooms and the passages leading to them.

The windows, except for bedrooms, should always be continued up nearly to the ceiling, and are better lofty than large. In the evening, when lights are burning, they may be opened a little near the top, with such arrangements of curtains as to protect those in the room from draughts.

WASHING AND DRESSING A BABY

IN small houses, while the family is small, the best rooms are very properly used as nurseries. The nursing is good, for it is directly under the mother's eye. Here some of the common cares and duties that make a good nurse are practically taught. The simple precautions thus learned are not always attended to when the nurse acts independently of the mother. Old custom lingers long in nursery matters, longest, perhaps, in the first traditional handling of infants, where the experience of the nurse has to be trusted to. The most "experienced nurse" has to be distrusted. Experience is often pleaded as an excuse for carelessness, or as a cause for the nurse's convenience coming before the welfare of the child. To some nurses it is too much trouble to use a thermometer for the infant's bath, they can tell if it is the right heat; if not, it has been said, the infant will cry and look red if the water be too hot, blue if too cold. They are slow, also, to consult the thermometer on the wall; they like the room to be warm, and prefer a bright light from gas or lamps, when the night-light is all that should be allowed.

The temperature of the water used for washing an infant should be nearly that of the surface of the body—96° or 98° F. As the child grows older, the heat of the water should be gradually lessened, while the limbs should be allowed free exercise in a large tub. Some children do not bear cold water well; good sense, discrimination, and observation should be our guides in this as in all other matters.

VIGOROUS rubbing after the bath contributes much to the health of children as they leave infancy behind them. Of course a baby's tender skin should be most tenderly dried. It is soothed and protected by the use of violet powder after being washed. The best toilet powders are, in some degree, antiseptic, and are constantly improving in this direction. Care should be taken with regard to nursery fireplaces. Iron or wire guards are really indispensable to prevent the terrible accidents which are only too common. It is, of course, well to wash and dress a baby near the fire, but mothers and nurses should never allow the child's eyes to be exposed to the glare of the fire, or its head to be heated. We should always bear in mind the delicate organization of an infant's eyes and brain, and the excitability of its nervous system.

An infant no sooner breathes than the heat of the body attains the normal. The first differences of warm or cold felt by the skin, the first sense of touch, excite the requisite movements to bring air into contact with the newly-diverted blood current, and life goes on at a full rate. Respiration is aided by a child's first exertion in crying; washing and rubbing also afford an exercise beyond the muscular kicks and struggles excited; all these quicken change and tend to develop heat.

When a child is put to sleep, whether by night or by day, light and noise should be carefully excluded. Even when they do not prevent sleep, they tend to render it unrefreshing.

Children sometimes suffer fatigue or chill from the way in which they are first dressed in the morning. They require a biscuit, or some milk as soon as they get up, and before the ablutions begin. It is much better to give them a general wash in warmed water, in which they could stand while being sponged over with cool or tepid water, than to chill them when their powers of reaction are at their lowest. The soap used should not be irritating from excess of alkali, or from impure and imperfectly combined ingredients. Babies most easily suffer from this, and also from want of care in the warmth of the water used, or from harsh rubbing.

In my next article, I will discuss the baby's clothing, and the importance of training children by rules of order and neatness.

PATIENT WORK OF MOTHERHOOD

By Mrs. JOHN WANAMAKER



OR no other memory of life can we be so thankful as for the one that goes back so far that it seems to be the first of all impressions, the face and form and influence of a Christian mother. That picture, of all pictures the most beautiful, is a talisman at every step of the life road. To be in your own child's heart and life what your mother was to you, is not the least of loving and loyal things in honoring her memory, or in serving the small man or little woman who has come into your home to call you mother.

Better than the old silver, or rare China heirlooms, to hand down to those who are growing up in our homes, is the memory portrait of a mother's tireless watch and work in forming the character of the children. The painting of such a picture is not the flash or dash of one inspired hour, but the patient mother-work of every day, commencing early with each young life, by no other artist than herself. However much we owe to others for help in child training, if the genius and soul of the mother does not make the portrait, the image in the child-heart can never be the same in its influence and power.

The colors of the mother-artist must be wisely chosen, mixed with prayer and purpose and plan, and ground fresh every day for that day's particular work. "Neither chance nor convenience can produce a masterpiece," said one of the greatest living artists. "I mean to paint a great picture of the most important moment in the history of the war. It shall be the chef d'œuvre of my life. I shall read all the books of your generals and historians. I shall spend a year in consulting living witnesses of the war and visiting battle-fields, and then two years more shall be given to painting the picture." If the works of art that record our history are worthy of such forethought and planning, surely the painter himself, who creates them, is much more worthy of years of training and preparation for his work. That work of education must have first of all for its foundation the self-consecration of the mother. Every gleam of intelligence and indication of character must be caught and saved, day by day, in love's camera, until a well-matured plan is wrought out on which the new life is to be builded. Happy that mother who, in after days, comparing the up-grown child to the first plan for its life, can say, like the architect of the great bridge on the day of its completion: "It is like the plan; I am satisfied."

That beautiful May day in 1890, when the gentle-hearted old philanthropist of Cleveland, Mr. Wade, accompanied his friend through the structure erected as a memorial to President Garfield, he said, modestly: "I have spent years on this work; I could not afford to make a mistake and build it into permanence in stone and iron." Great as is the undertaking to build a bridge to be entrusted with human life, or the erection in enduring granite of the nation's tribute to a martyr president, the responsibility is incomparably greater in framing and girding a character that must stand through the eternal ages. The lofty tower of the cathedral, dangerous because slightly out of plumb, splitting with the weight and vibration of the bell, can be taken down and rebuilt aright, but the towering life-structure—never.

The training of children, either girls or boys, should be commenced at that moment when the mother can see in them the first gleam of the knowledge of right and wrong; when they know for the first time that one action merits—whether it receive it or not—reward, and another punishment, because of the action itself, not because of their parents' will. Prior to this, training can be nothing more than disciplining, but when this time arrives the mother's real duties commence, and from that moment date her responsibilities. Girls and boys require very much the same treatment in this matter of training, and I do not know that I believe in making very much, if any, distinction in it. The same amount of firmness, of common sense, of respect to individual character and regard for individual talents should be shown in the one case as in the other.

The greatest care must be exercised by the mother, as her children grow older, to retain their affection, to be one of, and one with them; to have her daughters talk over the people, and especially the men they meet, with her as they would with any girl friend, and to keep an ever-watchful eye over their girl and men friends alike. I believe most sincerely in girls' friendships, in the friendships a girl makes after she is fourteen or fifteen. They are apt to be her friends for all time, and the years of simple enjoyment and of care-exempted pleasures that come before the responsibilities of later life are assumed, are among if not the brightest of her life. After a girl is twenty she is very apt to make friends of married women, women other than those she has known in early girlhood, and who have since married. On these married friends she often lavishes affection and admiration in larger quantities than she has before given her girl friends. Such friendships are—if their objects are the right kind of women, and a careful mother will prevent an intimacy with any other kind—of great benefit to a girl, showing her a wider sphere of woman's influence than she has yet investigated. And anything which widens the appreciation and opens the intellect is valuable.

In these favored days no boy or girl has a finished education if it does not include acquaintance and skill in some calling that will yield a support in case of necessity. Not a human being of fair ability lives to-day in this country who cannot get an education sufficient to be independent of relatives and friends for a living. The "working plan" is wisest that includes the physical, intellectual and spiritual sides of each life. Girls and boys alike need plenty of fresh air in which to study, play and sleep. The fashion of English girls to walk in the country and climb the hills might well be copied in this land. The badly-ventilated recitation rooms of many of the public schools, not always from want of defective construction of the buildings, but often for want of thought or care of the janitor or governing director, is enough to invite the germ of ill health. One look at the white faces, narrow chests and bent shoulders of growing girls tells the story of lost power that no physic can restore—the overheating in many a mansion of nursery and living rooms, of which at the time we are unconscious until the slightest exposure of the winter's blast beats down the frail hot-house plant. Not infrequently the certain cause of the colds and fevers and pneumonias that turn the winter house into a hospital can be traced to badly-managed furnaces and poorly-ventilated homes.

Outdoor exercise for both girls and boys, skating, horseback riding, rowing, lawn tennis and the old-fashioned, almost out of sight croquet, promote healthy development of mind and muscle; ruddy cheeks and firm and graceful steps are best found in open air, along country roads, in the perfume of the clover fields and the scent of the autumn leaves. If the mind is to do its very best its first setting is a healthy body. With perfect health the path of intellectual training is smoother to the teacher and the taught. These are the golden days of American youth. The abundance and reduced cost of books, the new systems of teaching in kindergarten, seminary and college for girls and boys, the liberal endowments and appliances of educational institutions, bring the young people of to-day a priceless inheritance. Right well may they be glad that they were not born earlier, when there were fewer keys in reach to unlock the storehouses of knowledge, and less opportunity to put in motion the hidden forces and sleeping powers with which almost every life is endowed. With all the assistance offered, and encouragements in obtaining education, it must, nevertheless, be kept in mind that the proffered aids are but stepping stones, and the endeavor and actual effort must be the act of each brave-hearted young man and woman. While no one in these days need be without an education, yet the extent and character of it rests wholly with each individual. Close to the old-time class rooms, doors open into shops and studies where the eye and hand are taught the use of tool and brush and chisel; so that beside Greek and Latin the scholar can enter upon the lifework with practical knowledge.

For the really perfect life add to physical and intellectual attainments the culture of the heart; that life is one-sided that treats the round of counting-room or "change," of mill or workshop solely for the purpose of acquiring wealth or position. The development of the higher spiritual nature is needful to a well-rounded life and to reach the clearer air of peace and content. If the better manhood and womanhood within us is to have proper growth, the heart must be kept warm by pure friendships, right living and kindly deeds. The blessing of God on each day is not the impossible thing that so many think, and one such day counts more than a year unblest. Rich indeed is that son or daughter who is launched from the home shipyard with the equipment of a healthy body, cultivated mind and uplooking heart; no sea is too wide, no mountain too high and no task too great for such an one to overcome.

DECORATION

BY CLIFFORD TREMBLY

I STOOD beside each mounded grave Where slept the bravest of the brave, And sought a spot where I could place My flowers above a hero's face.

Within a calm, secluded spot, Where passing steps disturbed her not, I placed the simple buds I had O'er her who bore a soldier lad.



*XVII—MRS. JOHN JAMES INGALLS

By V. STUART MOSBY

MRS. INGALLS is as much unlike her distinguished husband in appearance and manner as one can possibly imagine. Of medium height, a figure inclined to plumpness, an extremely young face, with eyes of changeable blue-gray, it is difficult to believe that she has been the mother of eleven children, seven of whom are living. The names of these are Ellsworth, Ethel, Ralph, Constance, Sheffield, Marion and Muriel. In the training of her sons and daughters she exercises the greatest



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care, and it would be strange, indeed, if they did not make her an affectionate return for her great devotion.

Mrs. Ingalls is thoroughly domestic, and her life is centered in her home, husband and children. There are but few women with such strongly-developed domestic traits who are at the same time so thoroughly interested and informed upon all current events. The mental and moral condition of poverty-stricken districts is a source of much anxiety to her. This finds practical expression in her kind-hearted, tender and considerate treatment of the poor. Many of these come to her at her home with their troubles and sorrows, and for them Mrs. Ingalls always has ready sympathy and practical assistance.

Mrs. Ingalls is a great reader, although having but little taste for romance. All works bearing on the great social and political problems of the day are eagerly scanned, questions of moment being never neglected. She is extremely fond of music, and in her girlhood, and until a few years ago, had a wonderful voice. At the St. Louis (Missouri) Convent of the Visitation, where she was educated, the memory of her voice still lingers with the old nuns, and the lullabys she sang to the many babies of her household echo in their ears to this day. While fond of attending dramatic representations, Mrs. Ingalls is by no means an authority upon the theater. During the Ingalls sojourn in Washington, most of her time was spent, necessarily, in entertaining and being entertained, and but little opportunity was hers for the domestic pleasures which are so much a part of her happiness. She is now fully occupied with the furnishing and care of their new home, "Oak Ridge," on the outskirts of Atchison, Kansas, which

* 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:

Table listing names and dates: Mrs. Thomas A. Edison (January 1891), Mrs. P. T. Barnum (February), Mrs. W. E. Gladstone (March), Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage (April), Mrs. Chauncy M. Depew (May), Lady Macdonald (June), Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris (July), Lady Tennyson (August), Mrs. Will Carleton (September), Mrs. William McKinley (October), Mrs. Max O'Rell (November), The Princess Bismarck (December), Mrs. John W. Amaker (January 1892), Mrs. Leland Stanford (February), Mrs. Charles H. Spurgeon (March), Mrs. Eugene Field (April)

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has been built to replace the old homestead, burned about four years ago.

The house is surrounded by spacious grounds, which, in the summer days, are aglow with beds of rare and beautiful plants. These beds receive the personal attention of the mistress of "Oak Ridge," and every plant and flower that droops beneath the prairie sun revives when cared for by her hands. In her Kansas home the neighbors love to tell of her wonderful housekeeping, and she is an authority recognized even by that most doubting of skeptics, the young housekeeper.

Mrs. Ingalls, who was born in 1844, was the daughter of Ellsworth Chesebrough, a wealthy silk importer of New York City, who met with reverses during the financial crisis of 1857, after which, with his family, he removed to the west. Kansas possessed little at that time but a name, a few Indians, and a great deal of sympathy from her more fortunate sister States, and life was replete with novel experiences to the young girl whose earlier days had been spent in the metropolis of the new world, from whence she removed to her home in Kansas, where in 1866 she was married to Mr. Ingalls. It is the pride of Mr. and Mrs. Ingalls that they both spring from the purest of Puritan stock; and in their Western home the principles and traditions of that sturdy race, through whose fierce energies this great country has developed, have been recognized and followed. William Chesebrough, who settled in Boston in 1630, and afterward in the quaint old town of Stonington, Connecticut, is an ancestor from whom Mrs. Ingalls claims direct descent. Mr. Ingalls' ancestors came to this country with Governor Endicott, in 1628.

The relations existing between her husband and herself make it hard to determine which is the greater, Mrs. Ingalls' affection or admiration for her husband, for she is an ardent admirer of his genius; to her, as to many others, he is the head of the nation's thought and progress. In their far-off Kansas home Mrs. Ingalls is still her husband's helpmate and companion, though her domestic cares occupy much of her time.

In Washington social circles Mrs. Ingalls was extremely popular, her frank, pleasant ways and unaffected manner winning all hearts. Not being wealthy, she never attempted to lead in fashionable circles, her quiet taste finding her pleasures in her home. Her home, while not luxurious, was always cosy and comfortable, and the happy household of merry children gave ample evidence of her tender care. The children all inherit their father's cleverness and their mother's personal attractions and charm of manner. The eldest son is a lawyer, the second is a law student, and Ethel, the eldest daughter, has made her mark in literature.

One of the Washington correspondents in describing the hegira of the Ingalls from Washington, said: I made a neighbor's call and spent a pleasant hour the other evening at their castellated home opposite the Capitol. The Senator was away making the last arrangements, and the pretty little girls swarmed over the house, exhilarated over the homeward journey next day.

"Now, Mrs. Ingalls," said a lady of the party, "we must not stay a minute, but say a hasty good-by, for you are doing your last packing."

"No, I am not hurried," she said, "and have next to nothing to pack. Everything is packed. Mr. Ingalls did it. I tell you, it is a great thing to have a husband who is so helpful and effective as mine is."

"How does he get time for everything?" I asked.

"It puzzles me," said Mrs. Ingalls, "but he does. I am glad, every day of my life, that I married a good packer and a good buyer."

She went on: "Mr. Ingalls has fairly spoiled me by his universal usefulness. He can do just anything. He can buy a horse shrewdly, and he can build a house as it should be built, and he superintends the cutting and sale of our wood at home and the running of a farm. To be an editor and a lawyer is commonplace, but Mr. Ingalls can be trusted to select buttons and match a ribbon! What do you think of that? He buys our carpets and curtains and portieres, and they harmonize. He can do the marketing. Now and then he picks out a bonnet down-town and fetches it home to me."

"One day when I was home at Atchison, a big box came to me by express from Washington. I opened it and found two dresses—handsome dresses, brand new. I saw at once that a mistake had been made, for I had not ordered any costumes, and I began to pack them away again and wait till the address was corrected. When Mr. Ingalls came up from town I told him about it and wondered whose they were. I got them and exhibited them to him—one a rich gray silk and the other a lovely lace robe. He acted puzzled about it, but said I had better try them on and if they fitted me keep them till called for. I did. They fitted like a glove. The outcome of the inquiry was that he had voluntarily got them for me when he was in Washington a month before. He selected the silk and the lace and all the materials and carried them to the modiste who had my measure and there they were! This lace dress I have on this minute is one of the trophies of that occasion."

Mrs. Ingalls has no favorite colors. Her usual dress is black, relieved by touches of white, pale greens, and soft reds. The darkness of her dress serves only to heighten the whiteness of her hair and the delicacy of her complexion.

Though Kansas women are said to have espoused the cause of "Equal Rights," there are many who still believe that love at the fireside eclipses fame in the world, and there is no woman in that far-away State who is a stronger advocate for the womanly woman than Mrs. John James Ingalls, and she herself is a model for every wife and mother. Of her Milton might have written:

"For nothing lovelier can be found In woman, than to study household good, And good works in her husband to promote."

DECREED

BY MARY ANGIE DE VERE

A STORM swept over the land And a mighty tower went down, But a nest, the size of a baby's hand, That a wise little mother-bird had planned, Held safely its eggs of brown.



*II.—ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

BY KATE UPSON CLARK

It has been said of Alice Freeman Palmer that "she probably represents to more mothers the kind of person that they wish their daughters to resemble, than any other living woman." Fine looking, dignified, full of fire and energy, yet essentially gentle and womanly, she is perhaps as good an exemplar as our modern life has furnished of Solomon's model of feminine excellence.

It was, therefore, eminently fitting that she should have been placed at the head of one of the chief colleges for women. It was almost equally to be deplored that she should have resigned that position three or four years ago, even though it was to marry so distinguished a scholar and so estimable a gentleman as Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard University. As a trustee of Wellesley Col-



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lege, and as a part of the social life of Cambridge and Boston, she may be doing more for women and for the world than in her former station; but the girls in the college cannot have that close personal contact with her that pupils enjoy with a teacher, and which is worth so much in the formation of character.

Mrs. Palmer's life, like that of so many of our foremost men and women, was spent in the country. Her father, the son of a farmer, tilled a small farm in Windsor, Broome County, New York. Her mother was a farmer's daughter, and was married at the age of sixteen. At seventeen she was the mother of the little Alice, the eldest of her four children.

Her father was a delicate man. He toiled faithfully at his vocation, but he did not love it. He had always had a decided bent for the study of medicine. The village doctor, who lived only a few miles away, discovered this, and encouraged the young farmer to develop his natural taste. Books were lent him, and at last he went to study in the medical school at Albany. Dr. Freeman celebrated during the past year the twenty-fifth anniversary of his graduation from this institution.

Mrs. Freeman in the meantime took charge of the farm, and when Alice was ten years old the family moved into the village in order that the children might be educated in the academy there. The village doctor was growing old, and little by little he was handing over his practice to the care of Dr. Freeman.

After a few years of hard study Alice was ready for college. With such parents—for her mother had kept pace with her father in his advances—it was not strange that she was determined to excel. She had intended to enter Vassar; but it was one day remarked to her that the standard required for admission to any woman's college was lower than for men's colleges. Exasperated with the young man who told her this, she was debating what she should do when a friend informed her that Michigan University was open to women, and that the preparation needed to enter it was more complete than that of the eastern college represented by the student who had ridiculed the institutions for women. Investigation confirming the truth of this assertion, she became an applicant the following autumn for admission at Ann Arbor, where she graduated four years later.

During the long period of mental training, her domestic tastes had not been neglected. When she was only five years old her mother had left home for a few days' visit, and Alice had considered herself the housekeeper during

* This series was commenced in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for February with an article on Kate Greenaway, by Ethel Mackenzie McKenna, and will be continued in forthcoming issues, presenting a succession of interesting sketches and portraits.

her absence. She early learned to do all kinds of housework thoroughly; and now her pride in the smooth ordering and artistic fitting of her home is as great as in her intellectual triumphs.

She has always been fond of horseback riding, and of all out-door sports. To the active life in the open air, insisted on by her father when she was a country girl, she attributes in large part the strong constitution and excellent health which have enabled her to accomplish so much in the world. These are especially remarkable, as she has inherited a tendency to weakness of the lungs. Thus another is added to the many weighty arguments in favor of the "survival of the fittest" in brains rather than in mere physical development.

When Miss Freeman first went to Ann Arbor (in 1872) she found there a flourishing society called the Young Men's Christian Association. The girl-students, who had been admitted to the college only in 1870, were permitted to attend the meetings of the "Y. M. C. A.," but were not invited to join it nor to take part in its exercises.

"I was obliged to remain away from Ann Arbor during 1873," writes a classmate of Miss Freeman. "When I left, the 'Y. M. C. A.' was stiff and forbidding in its attitude toward women. When I returned, one brief year later, a revolution had taken place. The name of this influential organization had been changed to the 'Students' Christian Association,' and the girls were as much at home there as the boys. Alice Freeman had worked this miracle. Her classmates and the faculty had been captivated by her fine scholarship, her charming lack of self-consciousness and her brilliant personal qualities. The young men felt that they could not do without her at their meetings. They wanted her to speak. They wanted her to hold office. Accordingly they convened a special session, altered their name, and made all their arrangements so that the girl-students were from thenceforth as free to enjoy all the privileges of the society as the boys.

"No woman who ever studied at the University," continued this classmate, "has ever done so much to make women respected and honored there as Alice Freeman Palmer."

She pitched the keynote, and pitched it high. Fortunately there are noble women rising now on every side to keep it up, and there is no danger that a lower note will be struck.

In 1879 Miss Freeman went as Professor of History to Wellesley College. In 1881 she became acting president, and in 1882 she accepted the presidency of the College. As in the days when she was a student at Ann Arbor, so her popularity was unbounded in her new field of labor. Possessing infinite tact, a masterly executive ability, a clear and keen intelligence, and above all a nobility of nature which is supplemented by the deepest religious inspiration, it was not strange that her corps of teachers and professors cherished in common with her pupils as profound a love and respect for the young college president as has ever perhaps been vouchsafed to one in such a position. For eight years she enjoyed the honors and discharged the arduous duties of her office, seeing in the meantime the college of her love waxing constantly in popularity and usefulness.

"She was always thinking of her girls," testifies one of her friends. "Wouldn't this be a good thing for my girls?" "How much the girls would enjoy that!"—such was the burden of her thoughts wherever she wandered.

On one occasion she met an elderly gentleman of large fortune, who seemed deeply interested in her description of the needs of the college. He was evidently ready to bestow a handsome endowment upon the institution, and she was enthusiastically grateful for his generous intentions. Her chagrin may be imagined when she discovered that it was herself in whom the elderly gentleman, like scores of others before him, was chiefly interested, and that the money could not be donated to Wellesley College unless its young president became his in return. It was a hard position for her—but the rich man's funds were finally invested elsewhere.

One of Mrs. Palmer's pet ideas when at Wellesley was to have a "child-party" once a year, when all the little ones under four or five years of age in the vicinity of the college were invited to spend the day there.

"Our girls see too little of the children while they are studying," she explained. "I want to do what I can to awaken in them that love of infancy and of childhood which is too apt to be dulled during the years of college training."

A member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, Trustee of Wellesley College, President of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Association, President of the Association of Intercollegiate Alumnae, President of the Woman's Education Association, and member of many important educational and benevolent committees, it may be readily imagined that the time of this gifted woman is fully occupied. As a lecturer upon historical and classical subjects she has also achieved a marked success, and it is impossible for her to begin to comply with the requests for her services in this direction.

A devoted wife, a model housekeeper, a consistent Christian, unspoiled by the praise which is lavished upon her, and apparently unconscious of it, modestly but efficiently discharging the heavy duties which are laid upon her, an ornament to the most cultivated society, capable of filling with honor the most exacting place, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer is perhaps as near what we would like foreigners to consider a typical American woman as will be found throughout our broad and progressive land.

The degree of Ph. D. was conferred on her by the University of Michigan in 1882, and that of doctor of letters by Columbus College in 1887. In the latter year she resigned from all active duties to marry, in December, Professor Palmer.

AN AMERICAN GIRL AT COURT

As Told by Herself

[UNDER THE LITERARY CHAPERONAGE OF MRS. L. B. WALFORD]



you represent a great and glorious country, and that in bowing before this woman it is your pleasure, not because she represents a great monarchy, but to you she symbolizes the finest type of womanhood, as wife, mother, and queen.

FOR weeks before I had thought of my dress, my train, my courtesies, my bouquet, and all the important belongings that go to make a woman look as she should on as great a day as this. I laughed to myself when I remembered that one of my sisters had written and suggested that a long-trained dinner dress that I possessed might be "made to do." "Made to do," indeed! A court costume must be just so; its length is three yards and a half—that is, that much of it must lie on the floor—and if it's one inch shorter or longer, the Lord Chamberlain can do something to you. I don't know exactly what it is; probably put you in the Tower. The presentation dress is always white; the material, satin, silk, brocade, or velvet, as one prefers, the petticoat, which is, after all, nothing more or less than an ordinary ball dress, being quite separate from it, for the train usually falls from the shoulders or the waist. I had rehearsed in it before the looking-glass until it had dawned on me that there was nothing in the world in the way of dress like a court train as far as being a terrible burden is concerned; happily it is only down for a few seconds, during the actual ceremony, and the rest of the time is carried about over one's arm. Gloves, fan, those most important belongings, the feathers, and the long tulle veil were lying beside my gown, and the whole thing looked like a fluffy, filmy something that seemed to have fallen down from the clouds and to have belonged to the fairies. The most important thing in the house, next to me, is a full-length mirror, and although I have practiced and practiced, I still go before it and make that awkward "bob" which is demanded by the English Court, and which is about as ugly as it very well can be. It must be very deep, and accompanying it must be a quick motion of the hand, whereby the royal hand that is before me is raised very, very gently, and my lips are bent to meet it.

A GREAT many girls have gone to dancing masters to learn just what they should do, but my chaperone insists that the girls who have shown the most ease and dignity are those who have been taught what to do by either relatives or friends. She has also told me that neither the Queen, nor any of the rest of the court, have much patience with very slowly-performed reverences, because they suggest either the parvenu or the rustic. I draw myself up with an immense amount of pride as I think of my being mistaken for a parvenu; I, who had an ancestor who signed the Declaration of Independence. For a minute I am almost tempted to let the royal family know that I did not care for an introduction to them, but then I thought it was one of those things in a lifetime that were events, and so I must go through the experience.

Before I start out I have to remember a few things. I am to take hold of the Queen's hand, I am only to touch it gently, and I am not to really press my lips upon it. Then after that I must remember to make the ten or twelve reverences to the line of princesses and princes at the Queen's left hand. I am not at all troubled about that; it's the bowing before the great, grand woman that makes my heart throb, and that causes me to almost pray to do what is right. I say to myself, "Patty, keep thinking of the goodness of the woman, and next to that of the credit you must be to your country." I do keep thinking of this until it's time for the hairdresser to come. He was engaged weeks ago, and he can't be kept waiting a moment. He is here, and I am just ready. With quick fingers he arranges my hair the pretty, soft way they are wearing it, and places the three feathers in the received way, so they stand up almost straight and are distinctly visible from the front; certainly they are not becoming. I remember the story about Mrs. Langtry, who at her presentation arranged her feathers in a becoming way rather than the approved manner, and had to go back and re-arrange them. I have a tiny face, and it does seem like such a lot over-topping it, however, but they must be seen. It is the "regulation," and I must submit like all the rest. Then my veil is arranged and my bouquet comes. It is of white lilac, lilies, azaleas and roses. My chaperone, being married, is gowned much more magnificently than I am, for "regulation" permits her to wear any form of rich material, and of any color, so her bouquet is of violets and amber orchids, to match her dress. But I—well, I must confess that I do look like the proverbial lily—I am all white, and though my chaperone has the advantage of many colors, I feel perfectly satisfied with my own immaculate looking gown. And that does give one such a supreme satisfaction! One could meet the king of the Cannibal Isles.

NOW I stand up ready to depart. The children in the house and all the maid-servants are collected to see me, and everybody says "Oh," and "Ah," and walks around me as if I were a doll on exhibition, and, indeed, I feel like one. One romantic maid gives a sigh and says, "I think as how I will go over to Ameriky, marry a rich young man there, and come over here and be interjuiced to the Queen." Bless her heart! You see even the servants in England realize the advantage of being an American. Off we go to the photographer's, and before I am pictured in all my finery I have a cup of tea and a bit of something to eat, because I shall have no opportunity to get anything to eat during the day. I try to look natural, but only succeed in appearing magnificent.

Into the carriage again, and we approach the palace by the way of Marlborough House and the Long Walk, because that's a pleasanter way to go. The great bouquets on the breasts of the men on the box tell the public that we are going to a Drawing Room. A glimpse in the carriage and a sight of those hideous plumes might have announced this. When we get to the Long Walk there is a long, long time to wait, anything from an hour and a half to two hours, when we stand as still as mummies. There is nothing to do but look at the crowds who are staring at us. Suddenly the horses move one step; I have been to too many balls at home not to know that the gates are open and that one carriage is unloading itself. My chaperone guesses what I think, and says, "You believe that the people are getting out of one carriage, don't you?"

"Certainly," answered I.

"Well," she said, "Buckingham Palace permits of six being drawn up before it." A little longer and we are in front of a long, stone platform—at least it looks like that; a minute more we drop our wraps in the carriage, and alight on the doorsteps of Buckingham Palace. My chaperone, having much experience, goes ahead of me very quickly, and I delightedly trot behind. Up the broad staircase we go, and she whispers to me, "Get ready your presentation cards. One must be left with these men at the gallery." I have been systematic enough to hold my card in the same hand with my bouquet, and I drop it exactly as she does hers. Walking very quickly we come to the first room and select good seats among the rows of crimson and gold chairs arranged in a semicircle.

THE first thing that I notice is that there are very few men there. It appears that it is not the regulation thing, unless it is a bridegroom accompanying a bride, or a young soldier eager to exhibit himself in his gay uniform. A "Drawing Room" is essentially a woman's function. In the room beyond us I can see a smaller crowd beginning to collect, but a silken cord is drawn across the doorway between us. In a stage whisper I ask, "Who are they?" And my chaperone answers, "The people who have the entree, that is, the wives of officials, ambassadors and some very great people." Again I ask what the "entree" is, and I am told that the people whom I see in there very much at their ease, chatting, have the privilege of entering by a private door and of being presented to Her Majesty, or the princess holding the Drawing Room, before we are.

After awhile we are close to the silken cord; the people who were in the little room have made their reverences and gone. And soon we are part of a long procession that seems to end in a doorway far off to the right. Just now I am in front of a narrow passage leading to another doorway.

NOTICE that as each woman goes through here she turns her head; surely the Queen can't be there. I will know when my turn comes, I think, and I do. On the other side of that doorway the wall is lined with mirrors, and one wouldn't be a woman if she didn't take a last glance at herself before entering the room where the Queen of England stands.

Before I reach her I see her. I see that good, kind, sweet face that all America knows and honors, and it makes everybody else around her seem of little moment. I am a republican born and bred, but standing in the presence of Queen Victoria, brought face to face with her, I forget that, and I think that kingdoms may fall and rise, that republics may tumble to pieces, but that the great glory of a womanly woman will rule the world forever and forever. The pages let down my train, the Lord Chamberlain has taken my card, I dimly hear a voice say, "Miss Columbia for Presentation," then a small hand, once the most beautiful in the world, is raised and saluted; but I can't help it, my eyes will raise and I meet those of Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, and I am sure they tell her the reverence and honor I feel for her. Then I make the proper courtesies toward the line of princesses and princes at Her Majesty's left hand.

My train is quickly picked up and thrown over my arm, and the ordeal is over. Somebody tells me that I have done marvelously, and somebody who wishes to give me information, whispers that the Queen's pages attend to the trains, and that they are the sons of noblemen, who are given a holiday from school specially to attend the Drawing Room. Then I remember that I saw the beautiful Princess and how superb the Lord Chamberlain looked in his cloth of gold. Soon we are in the room where we wait for our carriage; friends are met and greeted; I gaze at the magnificent jewels and dresses, but never for a minute do I forget the kindly face of the great Queen, who has known sorrow and joy, and who, through it all, has been a royal woman.

MAYFAIR and Belgravia, Kensington and South Kensington, are all giving "Drawing Room" teas, and we go from one to the other to see the other women, and to give them a chance to look at us. Somebody tells me that my name will appear and my dress be described in to-morrow's "Presentation" list, and I intend to get as many copies as I can, mark them with blue pencil, and send them home. Because, republican though I am, a direct descendant from the Declaration of Independence, I shall always be more than proud to remember that sunny May day when the world looked bright and beautiful, and when I, with all love and respect, was presented to the Queen of England and kissed her hand within the walls of Buckingham Palace—she an English queen with her life all but done, I, an American girl, with all my life before me.

IDEAS FOR PRETTY LUNCHEONS

By MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND



There is one form of entertainment dearer to the feminine soul than another it is the "lunch party" in its modern development.

The French invite their friends to share their "dîner à la fourchette" upon which meal our modern "luncheon" is slightly modeled, and the English ladies have their five-o'clock teas, which have the same charm of informality; but it remains with the women of America to have evolved the daintiest, most tasteful form of repast that modern society knows anything about.

At the present day nothing prettier seems to have occurred to any one's mind to supersede the "color" luncheons, perhaps because nothing more effective can be imagined. For the sake of novelty, some one special flower has been made to predominate.

For instance, a young girl of my acquaintance gave a "daisy" luncheon the other day. The centerpiece was composed entirely of "marguerites" and maiden-hair fern. The square of bolting-cloth, under the flowers, was bordered by a single row of artificial daisies of fine quality, a drop of mucilage holding each flower in place. It would be still prettier were the flowers embroidered in silks. The shades for the candles were of the same dainty blossoms, and each guest's name was written in the heart of a daisy, about three inches in diameter, painted on bristol-board, and cut out in shape by the young lady herself.

The doilies, of white satin, embroidered in outline with white flosselle, were also in the shape of the same flower. All the favors, bonbons, etc., were white, only relieved with a bit of yellow-green, and the effect was chaste and dainty in the extreme.

At the house of one lady friend, famous for always having some novelty at her entertainments, each lady guest at luncheon found a little poem written on the back of the card bearing her name, partly descriptive of, and, of course, complimentary to herself. Her next neighbor read it aloud for the benefit of the rest, thus sparing the subject of the verse any unpleasant self-consciousness. The difficulty of writing such verses is of the slightest, and, provided that they be complimentary, they will not be too narrowly criticized. The more ridiculous and ill-made, the more productive of amusement, perhaps.

About Easter time the same lady procured "bonbonnières" in the shape of hens, about eight inches high, feathered, and natural as life. Around their necks were tied cards, upon which were written barnyard names, supposed to be descriptive of the ladies present. One was "merry cackle," another "pride of the West," a third, intended for a lady with gray hair, "Silver Crest," while the hostess reserved for herself the euphonious name of "old scratch-gravel!"

Another friend aspired to give a "Shakespeare luncheon," at which not only was an appropriate quotation chosen from that writer for each guest, but the menu was entirely expressed in Shakespearean language. Thus, the terrapin was written on the menu "fillet of a fenny snake," from Macbeth, more appropriate than appetizing. The "mushrooms on toast," "What comes so fast in silence of the night," from the "Merchant of Venice." The squabs were described as "a dish of doves," the words used by Jessica in the same play; the ice cream, "Thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes," from "Richard III," and the bonbons were appropriately indicated by the words, "The daintiest last to make the end most sweet," from "King Richard II."

These things cost nothing but a little thought, and add a certain zest and give individuality to a luncheon that the viands themselves fail to do unless more than usually delicious.

For the decoration of the table, too, a great deal of effect may be produced with but little outlay of money. A young housekeeper, lacking an epergne, improvised a centerpiece by filling a deep pan belonging to an old jardinière with pink roses, and tying around it a wide pink satin ribbon, thus concealing the pan, and making really a charming effect. In the spring she repeated the same idea, filling her pan with yellow daffodils, and tying around it a satin ribbon of exactly the shade of the flowers, painting the outside of the pan the same color, lest a bit should inadvertently show.

While on this subject let me suggest the use of an ox-muzzle to ladies who arrange their own flowers. It is easily procurable at any hardware store, and placed over the dish its wire meshes hold the flowers in place, and besides greatly simplifying the matter of arranging the flowers, it also economizes them, for each blossom does its full duty.

The round tables, now so much in favor,

are easily imitated by having a round top made, and merely placed upon an ordinary table, of whatever shape. Any carpenter should know how to make it to prevent it warping, and should not charge more than ten dollars.

The French custom of beginning a "dîner" with fruit is popular at luncheons as a change from the oysters.

One lady had the skins of Mandarin oranges refilled with the clear juice, into which a little kirche and curaçoa were added to enhance the flavor. She had procured some artificial orange blossoms, and some natural orange leaves, which any florist will sell for a few cents. Through the little round top piece of the orange skin, acting as a lid, she inserted the wire stems of a flower, two buds and a leaf, twisting them in a knot to hold more firmly.

An orange, with its crown of blossoms at each place, was further supplemented by three straws tied together by a narrow ribbon. The elegance of taking anything through a straw may be questioned, but Louis Sherry endorses it, and has furnished them at luncheons given by ladies whose names are synonymous for good taste and good breeding.

If one has a dining-room with a sunny exposure, and can therefore dispense with gas and candle light, nothing is in better taste than violets for the beautifying of a lunch table. Each lady is pleased to wear the bunch assigned to her, the air is sweet with their delicate perfume, and there is no color whose many shades are so harmonious as lilac. A large natural violet leaf, whose veinings are traced with a line of gilt, and its stem tied with a tiny lilac ribbon to recall the prevailing shade, makes a very pretty "card" for the ladies' names, which may be written across it in gilt. An ivy leaf may be used instead, as it retains its freshness for a long time. It is impossible to make an effective centerpiece with violets, the stems are so short, but the ordinary "fernery" does very well, with four large bunches of the violets placed near it. Underneath the "ferns" a square of bolting cloth or linen with violets scattered over it, embroidered or painted, supplements the flowers, and suggests the idea of greater profusion.

If it be true that "the man who invents a new dish confers a greater benefit on humanity than he who discovers a new star," then that woman who in the spirit of kindly good fellowship succeeds in giving pleasure to her friends, and especially she who puts a little sunshine into shadowed lives, if only by giving a pleasant luncheon, may also be ranked among the benefactors of the race.

THE CARE OF SEAL SKINS

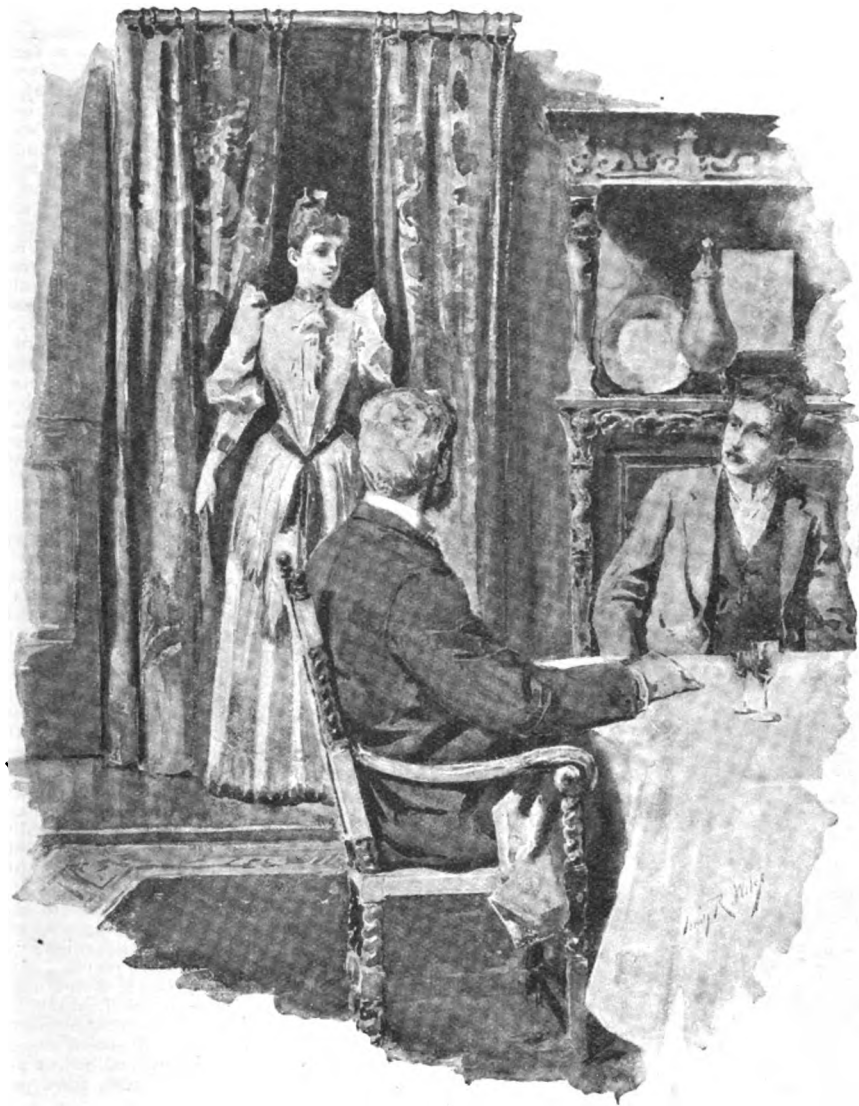


It seems a little odd that the frisky seal who when alive spends most of his time dancing around in the water, when dead finds water is specially injurious to his skin. Nothing will do so much toward making

a new seal coat look like an old one as its being rained upon. However, if yours should happen to suffer this misfortune do not attempt to smooth it with your hand, dry it with soft towels or anything of that sort, but take it in a cold room, spread it out and let it stay there until it is dry. Seal skin dried in a heated room will flatten. If it should be trimmed with a fluffy fur, that portion of it may, after it is thoroughly dry, be combed out with a very coarse comb.

It is said with truth that the moth which exterminates does not enter seal skin; this is quite true, but in his place comes an insidious little worm which eats his way through and is a hundred times more objectionable. He is the result of dirt. You look indignant, and yet many of you put your seal coats away while they are absolutely dirty. Now, the proper way to do is to get out your coat, shake it thoroughly, hang it on the clothes-line and beat it until not a particle of fluff will come from it, then let it sun for half the day, after this fold it carefully, not doubling it over, but allowing it to lay out its full length; then sew over it very closely, coarse muslin; over this pin heavy sheets of newspaper; then having lined your box with newspapers lay in the queer-shaped package, cover it with newspapers, put the lid on, and to be sure that it is air tight, tie it with a good strong cord, mark what is in the box and put it in a dark closet. Use newspapers in preference to any other kind. By putting your coat away so that it is air tight, in utter darkness and thoroughly clean, it will come out when you need it as good as new.

For the trimmed coats a somewhat more elaborate arrangement is necessary. Of course, the trimming must have a special cleaning and you must be sure to literally bang out all the moth eggs in it, if any are there. For if you put a coat away in which these tiny eggs are, you might just as well count it as eaten up, for they will hatch, and your fur trimming will be greedily absorbed by them. Every woman has her own idea as to what she prefers to put furs away in. I have not found camphor as efficacious as the preparations that have tar in them; then, too, it is more troublesome to prepare, as it should always be put in coarse muslin bags which are then pinned to the furs. Where the other preparation is used it should be literally snowed over the fur, and then the process of covering with cotton cloth and with newspapers, as described for the plain seal jacket, should be followed. But no matter whether the coat is trimmed or plain it is absolutely necessary that it be clean. All sorts of things may be put on it to keep out invaders, but they will be absolutely of no use unless the garment has had every particle of dust literally chastised out of it. Experience is the only teacher of worth, and in telling you how to take care of your seal skin, I am only telling you how the perfect care of them was at last achieved by me.



"At this moment a white hand pushed the portiere aside."

A PRIVILEGED PERSON

By Caroline Atwater Mason

Author of "A Daughter of the Dune," "Mrs. Rossiter Lamar," "A Christmas Girl," etc.

CHAPTER I

"A DIG, BUT NOT A PRIG"



I DON'T like to sit down without Katharine, my dear; why should she be late to dinner?" asked Mr. Mather, at the same time taking his place at the foot of the table, and inviting his guest, with a motion of the hand, to be seated.

"I am sure she will be in very soon," replied his wife, as she began to serve the soup. "She went out an hour or two ago on Flower Mission business, and I suppose she has been detained. Do you know, Anne, whether Miss Mather has come in?"

"Yes, ma'am; I heard her go up to her room a few minutes since," replied the servant.

"My daughter Katharine, Mr. Jameson," commented the host, "is a person of prime importance to her father and mother at least. Dinner at our house without her is a very dull affair."

"At this moment a white hand pushed the portiere aside, and "my daughter Katharine" entered the dining-room. She was not a very wonderful person to look upon, and yet a girl to gladden her father's eyes, with her vigorous young figure, slender but strong, her bright eyes and piquante face.

Both gentlemen rose to receive her, and Mr. Jameson was presented to Miss Mather. He returned, however, somewhat abruptly after the introduction, to the discourse in which he had been engaged with his host when dinner was announced, with the manner of a man intensely occupied with things and thoughts, not with persons.

Katharine Mather, having listened for a few moments in silence to the conversation, which was on a question of science connected with bridge building, gaily entered the lists with a bright but rather inconsequent remark of the sort which passes muster in society as wit. Her father smiled. Mr. Jameson glanced at her for an instant with his strong eyes, unamused, made no reply, and continued talking with Mr. Mather, almost as if impatient of the interruption.

Upon this Mistress Kate bridled a little and began to open her eyes. It was not thus she was wont to have her remarks received. Quick of wit, and confident of her power to attract and impress every one she met whom she considered worth impressing, she had thus far passed through the world to an accompaniment of applause and admiration which she hardly realized herself, but which had yet become almost necessary to her. Hence a man who could meet her and greet her, and at her father's table, with absolutely no gleam of interest in his eyes, and who could receive her speeches with something like impatience, piqued her pride and aroused her interest.

"Who are you, sir, so mighty made," she said to herself, mentally pouting, "that you consider poor me a bore? Your name is Jameson. Did I ever hear of you? Not that I remember. You are not a professor nor a

doctor nor anything else in particular, and you are certainly as far as possible from being handsome, and you have next to no manners. You have rather fine eyes, but I can't endure you. I mean to make you endure me, though, before dinner is over! We'll see."

And forthwith Katharine again entered the conversation, but in quite another strain from that which she had at first adopted. She was in reality an earnest and thoughtful girl, and thoroughly conversant with many ideas of her father's profession. She easily captured the main points under discussion, and surprised Mr. Jameson by a very clear-headed comment or two, and several intelligent questions. Seeing that she had ideas, he seemed to consider it worth his while to include her in their talk, and at the close of dinner he walked by her side into the library, explaining a difficult question in a way which Katharine was obliged to admit to herself was most interesting and masterly.

She was satisfied now. Her need of deference had not been denied, although not for an instant had Mr. Jameson seen or noticed her, Katharine Mather. Of that fact she was fully conscious. It was simply his intelligence communicating with hers in purely impersonal wise. But this she liked. She was not a flirt, and men who admired her were too common to be interesting.

"Have you read Huxton's last article in the 'Review'?"

Mr. Jameson asked the question of Katharine as he was taking his leave. She had not.

"You must read it, then, as soon as possible. It is a very important article. No doubt your father has read it. I think you will find exactly what you want in it, and without an overburden of technicality. Read it by all means. Good afternoon." And with a succession of abrupt bows, unsmiling and with no pretty speeches, their guest departed.

"Well, papa!" exclaimed Katharine, throwing herself into a big leather-covered chair and crossing a pair of daintily slipped feet on a foot-stool, "do pray tell us who and what and why is this extraordinary Herr Jameson? He is like nothing so much as a German *Gelehrter*."

"He is not quite—well—you know what I mean; that is—it seems as if he were not—don't you know?"—Mrs. Mather who was very pretty and very delicate, gave utterance to these fragmentary statements in a semi-apologetic tone, and with looks which seemed to seek sympathy and assent from her husband and daughter.

"Precisely, my love," rejoined Mr. Mather. "Your intuitions are always correct. Mr. Jameson is not"—and here Mr. Mather himself became

vague, or at least failed to give expression to his thoughts.

Katharine's eyes flashed.

"Do, somebody, have the goodness to say what Mr. Jameson is not. To say that he simply 'is not' I claim to be a gross misstatement. It strikes me that he is in a very positive degree."

"Yes, indeed, my dear girl. All your mother and I mean to say is that Mr. Jameson is not."

"Don't stop there, father! don't," cried Katharine; "the spell will come upon you!"

"Is not exactly a 'carpet knight,'" concluded her father with sudden energy.

"No one will dispute that, I fancy. But now tell us who he is, and why you brought him to dinner."

"Well, he is a young Scotchman."

"Not so very young, Nicholas," murmured his wife, "he must be thirty at least."

"No, not very young perhaps, but at least Scotch. I am sure of so much. His home is here in the city somewhere. I know nothing of his antecedents, but he is evidently not a society man. What I do know about him is that he is the ablest engineer of his age I have ever had the fortune to meet. As a student I never saw his equal. There is a power of concentration and persistent thought in him which you rarely meet in this country."

"I said he was just like a German," remarked Katharine.

"I met him at Professor Kimball's. He has been carrying on some experiments for Kimball. He interested me so much that I asked him to dine. I have an idea of having him work out some of the bridge plans with me, although I have not broached it to him."

"All right," remarked Katharine, nodding her saucy head complacently. "I have him pigeon-holed now! I couldn't quite classify him at dinner. He's a dig but not a prig. A knight (but not a carpet knight) *sans peur et sans reproche* and also—*sans* manners."

"But he will bring something to pass Katharine. Notice that."

CHAPTER II

OPPOSITE AFFINITIES

A FEW days later, on a chilly November afternoon, Katharine Mather, returning from a long walk, let herself quietly in at the house door, and stood for a few moments in front of the great hall fireplace, warming her stiffened fingers before the blaze.

In the adjoining reception room Mrs. Mather was receiving a visitor, an old friend from a distance whom she had not seen for a year or more. Bits of their talk reached Katharine's ears.

"No, my dear; I am sorry to say there is no prospect of anything of the kind." It was her mother who spoke.

"You can't mean it! Katharine was very pretty when I saw her, and she had that irresistible *je ne sais quoi* about her. I fancied she would receive a great deal of attention."

"Oh, gentleman always like her," Mrs. Mather returned rather wearily, "but she is so peculiar. She is perfectly indifferent to them. Imagine, Laura, at twenty-four a girl who can say she never yet met a man whom she cared to see a second time."

At this point the young lady under discussion left the fireplace and tripped noiselessly up the broad polished stairs to her own room. Her cheeks were glowing with brilliant color, which was not surprising, all things considered. Having closed the door, she tossed her winged hat and long gloves upon the bed, and began walking up and down the room with light swift steps, biting her lower lip, her chin held well up, her fine eyebrows contracted a little over eyes which shone with excitement.

A proud, untamed creature she looked; and when she ceased her restless walking she dashed a tear or two from her dark lashes with an impatient hand.

"Who were those doughty individuals," she said to herself with a smile of self-scorn, "who would die but never surrender? I used to think I was made of that stern stuff."

With the thought she took an engineering magazine from her table, where it lay in the company of Browning and Dobson and Jeremy Taylor and the usual literary and devotional lights of a young lady's leisure to-day, and put her mind hard at work upon a certain knotty article.

Mr. Mather's study was at the top of the house, a great white-lighted room, supplied abundantly with shelves and broad substantial tables, but destitute of decoration or superfluous furniture. It was emphatically a work-room, and the signs of work were everywhere present in the endless confusion of maps, plans and drawings, the piles of books and numberless journals scattered everywhere. Katharine spent some hours of nearly every day in this room, copying and writing.

In the hour preceding dinner one day in that same month of November, Mrs. Mather and Katharine were sitting with their fancy work in the library when they heard through the stillness of the house the study door open and shut, and steps and voices descending one flight of stairs after another.

"Who has been up in the study with papa?" asked Katharine.

"Isn't it that Mr. Jameson who was here at dinner awhile ago? I thought it was as he went up stairs."

Instead of replying, Katharine gathered her work up in her hands and stepped out into the hall. She wore a soft white dress; down its folds trailed the vivid scarlet of the wools with which she had been working. She pressed her long ivory crochet hook against her lips, and looked up, smiling to her father as he followed Mr. Jameson to the foot of the stairs. There was an unusual gentleness upon her, in the girlish grace of her figure and in the expression of her face. Her father thought he had never seen so fair a sight, and he put his arm about her as she stood, with an air of proud ownership.

Having exchanged greetings, Katharine remarked a little slyly to Mr. Jameson, whose seriousness had not relaxed perceptibly:

"Oh, Mr. Jameson, I have read that article, and I really thoroughly enjoyed it."

Mr. Jameson looked at her, then with the quick question of a man who has no words to spare:

"What article do you mean?"

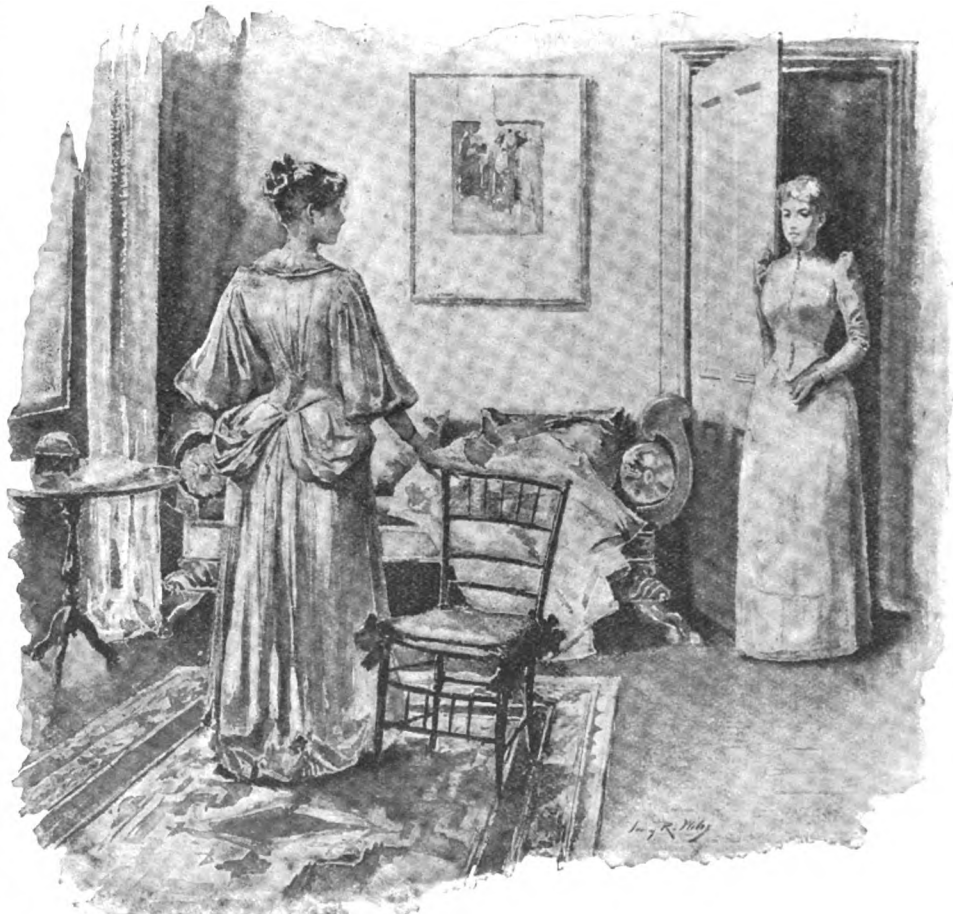
Katharine's color deepened. Plainly their conversation had made no impression upon him. She wished it had not upon her. How diligently she had studied the intricate mazes of the essay in question! She had faithfully prepared herself to express intelligent opinions upon it, looking forward to a day when this man would come to them again, and ask her about it, with those earnest eyes upon her, which would search out all shams on the instant. To what purpose? He had forgotten her, had forgotten all that he had said.

Gaily hiding her chagrin, she named the paper. A sudden smile of recollection and pleasure lighted up Mr. Jameson's face.

"Oh," thought Katharine, who had not seen him smile before, "why don't you smile oftener? I did not know your face could be so fine."

They talked upon the paper for a few moments, standing at the foot of the stairs, exchanging quick, spirited questions and answers with the enjoyment which trained minds have in coming in contact with each other.

Then Katharine made bold to ask their visitor to dinner.



"A small, slight girl, a year or two older than herself, came quietly into the room."

Upon this his old reserve came suddenly back, and with a hasty glance at his watch and a mention of another engagement as of utmost importance, Mr. Jameson left them.

"O, for a falconer's voice
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!"

eli Kate?" quoted Mr. Mather laughing as they returned to the library together. "You never met a man before who could decline an invitation of yours after this fashion, did you?"

Katharine made a pretty pretense of boxing her father's ears, while he continued his foud badinage, telling her there would be plenty of chances yet for her to "train her guns on Jameson," as he was coming to the house regularly now to do the work with him of which he had spoken before.

December was a busy month for Katharine. The social life, in which she played an important part, became active. There was the usual round of dinners, teas and receptions. Mrs. Mather liked to go to them all, and Katharine must go with her, weary as she often grew. Her hearty interest was always given to a number of special charities; and a large class in a mission Sunday School occupied much of her thought. Still beyond, there was her own especial little inner circle of friends with whom she read, and wrote, and studied, and consorted on equal terms of literary fellowship. It was an eager, many-sided life that she led; the life of the typical college-bred girl of the day, but never, perhaps, was the inner coloring of a life more totally diverse from its outward appearing than was that of Katharine Mather that winter. For wherever she went, and whatever she did, whether it was sitting beside her mother in evening dress in their cushioned carriage, or searching out forlorn little waifs in the lower city streets, or reading Browning with "the Coterie," all her innermost thought was but the expansion by memory and imagination of an hour of the morning, or of yesterday—an hour in the bare, white-walled study, with its cold light, its severe unsoftened atmosphere of work.

There she had worked with her father, and side by side with Martin Jameson. What had he said to her? How had he looked upon her? Kindly or coldly? This had become the substance of her thoughts. Seldom was there a look or word to betray even ordinary personal interest. They were simply fellow-workers, silent for the most part. But day by day the girl was yielding more to the influence of this man's personality; her lighter intellect was commanded by the concentration of his; the strong steady power of his manhood was mastering her.

CHAPTER III

ONLY ON THE THRESHOLD

THERE, Miss Mather, just step in front of the long glass, please, and see how you like that side."

It was Mrs. Fisher, Katharine's dressmaker, who spoke, standing at a little distance and critically surveying the folds of a delicate gauze which she had adjusted.

It was a stormy Saturday morning in February, the air whitened with whirling snowflakes which rattled, keen and sharp, against the window panes. The light evening dress had a strangely incongruous effect in just these surroundings; nevertheless Katharine was extremely pretty in it as she moved slowly before the mirror, surveying her flowing drapery over one shoulder.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Fisher," was her verdict, "but I don't quite like it yet. It seems a little stiff to me." Katharine spoke in a tone so gentle and with a smile so bright that her criticism was pleasanter than the praise of some women.

"Yes, I see it myself," said Mrs. Fisher, slowly, and added, "if you do not mind I am going to ask Miss Ensign to come in and try her hand at it. She does a great deal of draping for me lately, and I sometimes think she is more successful than I."

"Certainly, have her come," responded Katharine, cordially.

A moment later a small, slight girl, a year or two older than herself, came quietly into the room. She stood before Katharine a moment, taking a comprehensive glance at the problem in gauze, then knelt on the carpet beside Katharine and busied herself with rearranging the folds with dextrous fingers.

Katharine observed her particularly. It was her way, always. Everything and everybody interested her. She went through life with open eyes. She noted Miss Ensign's beautiful, fair hair and wished she could "do" her own in as faultless a fashion. Her face was not pretty, but it had the stamp of unmistakable refinement of thought and habit, and it was a striking face for a single reason,—it wore an expression of pure happiness. Something in the girl's face gave Katharine a strange little pang, the meaning of which she did not herself understand. For the rest, Miss Ensign was merely a self-possessed, modest little body, who did her work to Katharine's satisfaction, and then withdrew as quietly as she had entered.

"That girl must be invaluable to you, Mrs. Fisher," Katharine remarked casually, as she shed her fine feathers and proceeded to return to her sober "business suit," as she called it.

"Yes, indeed, she is," replied the dressmaker, "but I am sorry to say I can't keep her. She will be leaving me one of these days, I expect."

"Is it so? Why? Will she set up a dress-making establishment on her own account?"

"Oh, no, not that at all. But she has been engaged for a number of years, and I hardly think she will stay with me many months more. Things look a little that way now."

"Oh, I see," rejoined Katharine, adding indifferently, "that is always the way. When a girl is good for anything some man always wants her."

"Yes, and I suppose it is all right that it should be so. Anyway, I am glad for Amy that she is going to do so well. This gentle-

man, they say, is one of the most promising civil engineers in the city. He has lived next door to her father's for years. I guess they've kind of grown up together."

"Oh, she is to marry an engineer," remarked Katharine, with quickened attention. "Who is he? I am always interested in engineers."

"Of course, you would be. Maybe you've heard of this man; your father might know him. His name is Jameson—Martin Jameson. I guess he is real good to Amy. Saturday nights, when she has to work late, he most always calls to take her home."

"That is proper, I am sure," said Katharine. Her words had a strangely cold inflection. She was drawing on her gloves, and as she bade her good-morning, Mrs. Fisher noticed that she was very pale, although she had a fine, high color when she first came in.

"It's standing so long to have her dress draped, I suppose," concluded the dressmaker, and going back to her busy workshop, thought no more about it.

Out into the stinging storm went Katharine, with thoughts that whirled as fast as the hailstones and cut as keenly. She walked on a mile out of her way, glad of the resistance of the wind and weather, glad of something physical to fight.

The first effect of Mrs. Fisher's incidental announcement had been a profound shock. The second effect upon Katharine's mind was a sudden and rapid re-adjustment of its attitude toward Martin Jameson. Theoretically, this young lady was strenuously democratic. Practically, she could get along very easily with a man, so he was intellectual and high-minded if his antecedents were humble. But when it came to a woman of her own age, in the same environment, an inevitable and obstinate resistance marred all her consistency.

This, then, was her logic just now: If Martin Jameson were a man of finest fiber he could not wish to marry her dressmaker's assistant; he was, beyond a doubt, engaged to Amy Ensign, hence he was not the man who had ruled her imagination—not her heart—against her will for these months past, and hence he could no longer have power or influence over her.

"That is sufficiently clear, I think," she said to herself, as she reached her father's house, "and I am really glad to be relieved of the Quixotic nonsense which has hardly made me know myself of late."

All this was highly satisfactory. Katharine went to her room and changed her damp and heavy gown for a light house dress, and then betook her to the study to finish certain copying for her father.

Mr. Mather was not in the room, but Mr. Jameson was working at one of the tables, to Katharine's surprise. He had rarely come to the house in the morning. As she greeted him a vision of the demure little dressmaker whom she had just now left came before her.

She seated herself at her own desk without further remark, but as she turned over the papers which lay upon it, she was all the while, in point of fact, observing Martin Jameson from beneath her half-dropped eyelids.

"How plainly one can see both heredity and environment in him," she thought. "His figure is muscular and strong, but without the alert elegance of the men I meet in society. The same is true of his mind. His face is singularly plain, rough-hewn, some way. I wonder why he ever interested me. At least I am disillusioned now. I ought to be glad of that," and upon this she dipped her pen in the ink and began writing.

"Miss Mather!"

Katharine looked up from her paper. Martin Jameson had crossed to her desk and stood beside it looking down at her. As she met the clear, direct look in his eyes her own fell, and a painful flush came to her cheeks.

"Can you stop writing a moment? I want you to help me a little."

Katharine murmured assent, inwardly amazed. He had never done a thing "so human, so personal," she said to herself, in all their acquaintance before. Why should he do it now of all times? And why, if he did, should her heart quicken its beating so unreasonably?

"I have pretty good nerve usually," he proceeded with a humorous, whimsical expression. "I would cheerfully tackle a bear or a lion, after David's fashion—that is supposing it to be absolutely necessary—but an invitation to a party like this of Mrs. Kimball's makes me tremble. I become a craven coward," and he smiled under the fire of Katharine's measuring look.

"You look like it," she remarked, noting anew his rugged frame and the strength and energy of his face. "Why is it?"

"Because I am out of my element, I suppose. I am conscious of it myself, and I am afraid everyone else is who meets me. I feel like an owl."

"Yes, I remember your looking rather like one at Mrs. Stone's. You shouldn't glower if you want a suggestion from me."

"That is precisely what I want. Go on."

"Well, don't do this then," and Katharine rose, crossed her arms over her breast, dropped her chin very low, attempted to frown, looking up at him under her brows with what tried to be a very abstracted expression, but which soon gave way to laughter in which Martin Jameson heartily joined.

"Try again," he said. "You don't look like me a bit."

This was all that his words said, but his eyes said, "You are charming. You fascinate me. I could watch you forever."

"You can laugh," said Katharine, confused by his look, "I just heard you, and I think I have known you to smile twice, or possibly three times. But among people you are preternaturally solemn, if you wish me to tell the truth."

"Please proceed."

"Well, in society one must be lighter, you know. One must say gay and pleasing things even if they have no bearing on science or philosophy."

"I see. Can't you help me to get up a few clever things for Tuesday night? I could try them on different ones, you know, and by judicious economy two or three could be made to go a good way."

"How funny for you to be droll! You should study the 'Happy Thought' man."

"Are you to be at Mrs. Kimball's?"

"Oh, yes. I am inevitable. There is no escaping me. My gown is not so inevitable, as usual. I am even to have a new one for the occasion." Katharine thought of Amy Ensign as she spoke.

"Now, then, promise me something."

"Maybe. What is it?"

"If you see me doing anything aggressively bad, throw something at me, as it were. A look would do, I think—one of yours—they are different from any other."

"Yes. Or in passing I might murmur,

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's a delusion given."

That is the way you look, you know, when you are being sacrificed 'to make a Roman holiday.'"

Whereupon they both laughed heartily, and Katharine ran off.

When she reached her own room one thing was perfectly distinct to her mind: the battle was on, not off, as she had thought.

(Continued in next JOURNAL.)



*III.—BY THE DUCHESS

WHEN I was young—when I was, say, sixteen—how large the world seemed to me, how full of hope, of all things possible. There was not one thought within me that savored of doubt, of any belief in the impossible. I came back from school where (it is always a little difficult to talk of one's self) where, at all events, when I did leave it, it was as head of the highest class, and with the commendations of all my masters and governesses. I was then quite a child in every way. I think now, when I notice other girls, that I was the youngest creature for my years that I ever knew—if one can know one's self, which has been so often disputed. Still, I know that I felt only a child, nothing more.

My people were fond of me, of course, but showed no special interest in me. With my brothers I was a great favorite, but no one seemed to think or even dream that I might do something, sooner or later. In fact, when my first story was published, not only surprise but absolute consternation fell upon my family. The boys should and ought to be clever, but that a girl should be able to make a public, of even the smallest order, accept her, seemed to our primitive household almost miraculous. I remember that my father, a gold medalist, and a very clever man in other ways, was delighted with my small success, but that my mother thought it improper for a young gentlewoman to make money in any way whatsoever.

How far away it all sounds now. Fully twenty years. That first story! The acceptance of it sealed my fate. I would write, or do nothing at all. To do nothing at all was the usual thing among the girls with whom I associated, but I felt I could not sink down to that level. If one editor had regarded me with favor, why should not another do likewise? At eighteen the first story was written and accepted, as I have said, and from the moment when I received the kind and encouraging letter that told me I could write, I made up my mind to devote myself to literature.

All my hopes ran that way. Should I succeed? Should I make a name of any sort? Such were the questions I addressed to myself in the silent watches of the night, when I lay often and often with wide-open eyes staring into the darkness, longing for fame and recognition. If, when I fell asleep, I dreamed at all, it was of fortune, literary triumphs, and of laurel wreaths—too great, alas, for my brains ever to sustain. "Dreams, idle dreams." Kind, far too kind, has been the world's verdict on my efforts to amuse and please them, but no laurels are for me. I lay them myself at the feet of those who in this latter half of this century have charmed, instructed and thrilled their readers. I need not name them.

But to return to my insignificant self. My hopes once launched on the writing sea, I sailed away joyfully indeed, yet harassed by doubts and fears. Never was there so nervous a beginner, I think, or one so devoid of faith in herself. Oh, the tears I have shed as I waited for an answer to my last manuscript; the desperate despair that held me off and on. At times I hated and despised myself, and wondered how I ever had the audacity to ask an intelligent public to "buy my wares."

"For thus I'm tempest tossed,
A drifting skiff at most,
I dare the waves, risk cloud and rain,
I ever tempt my fate again,
Nor care if I be lost."

I had many miserable hours, but oh, the happiness of those others made up for all; those others when the letter came saying my last story was accepted. Then, what was left

*The third of a series of articles commenced by MRS. AMELIA E. BARR, . . . in December, 1891 and continued by GRACE GREENWOOD, . . . in January, 1892 in which a sextette of the most famous women of America and Europe have been induced to tell how life looked to them in girlhood, what were their hopes, their dreams and their ambitions, and how they have been realized in later years. The other articles in this series will appear in succeeding issues of the JOURNAL.

me in the world to desire! The check was of little value; I was unknown, a mere struggling fragment in the big ocean of those who desire to rise to the surface of fame. But still it was a check, and more, much more than that, an acknowledgment that some one, at all events, thought that what I sent was worth reading.

"That 'ambition rules most young minds' has been said. I do not agree with the sayer of it. Too many girls, and boys, also, are, in my opinion, utterly devoid of it. They take things as they come, are content with what lies before them, and never seek to attain to a higher atmosphere. With me it was otherwise. Ambition from a very early age ruled me. At school I was not at peace with myself until I gained the highest position, and later on it drove me wild risking all on the opinion of the world. I was a strange girl, I often think, though nobody thought so. Certainly I lived two lives for many years—one for those around me, another for my own heart and (what was the same thing) my love stories. Those I wove out of my heart, though of love itself, personally I knew nothing till many years later.

I used to dance a great deal, I remember. I sometimes dance now, for that matter. I was fond of "going about," as they call it, and seeing my friends. I was one of the merriest girls in existence. I talked, sang, was, as a rule, in the highest spirits, and yet underneath all was the deep craving to write, write, write. To do something. To be different from the idlers, male and female, around me. I stood out from them, as it were. Often I hurried home from dance or picnic (I lived in a pretty country place in the south of Ireland near the sea, where we could see the big steamers going to and from New York and Boston from our dining-room windows), to throw myself into a chair in my own room, snatch up my pen and jot down little incidents of the just-finished entertainment that struck me as being comic, or tragic, or scenic, and that, above all events, would be sure to make "copy."

Well, the years went by. Girlhood, that sweetest time of all, would not stay with me, any more than it would stay with others. It came, it went. With a light regret I look back to it, but I honestly confess I would not return to it. There was joy in it, surely, but there is a deeper, a fuller joy in the present, when my little ones are round my knees, and my stories, that once I despatched in fear and trembling to the terrible editors, have now grown—like my girls—from tiny things to well-filled, thick volumes, and are as easily got off my hands as I can only hope and trust my girls will be also. (I hope they will favor this jest.)

I think all girls should have something to do; the richest as well as the poorest. To be idle is to be (and so it ought to be) miserable. What girl with any sort of a reasonable nature can consent to sit down for all her life and do nothing! All cannot write, all cannot paint, or sing, but surely all can do something if only they will try. There was no earthly reason in my young days why I should have sought to make a penny for the penny's worth, yet I desired independence. I let ambition have its way with me, and now—I have already said how hard it is to talk about one's self, but I must say how good everyone has been to me; how successful beyond all my girlish hopes I have been; how full my days are; how replete with the certainty that what I write is looked for.

"The deft spinners of the brain
Who love each added day, and find it gain."

as sang a sweet poet, your own poet—now, alas, gone to the "stranger-land" of which we know so little—knew only too well the delight of the pen. Each day, indeed, is a fresh joy, an added gain. To have something to do is the whole duty of man and woman, and then to do it conscientiously and thoroughly so far as in them lies. This is my motto.

My girlhood rests now far behind me, though still well remembered and with satisfaction. The very fears, and tears, and anguish makes its very memory sweet, for all those tears and fears have passed away, and if I confess that I am happier now than I was then, I know you will all be glad of the confession.

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THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE YEAR

A NEW SERIES OF 12 ADVENTURES OF THE FUNNIEST LITTLE MEN IN THE WORLD

By Palmer Cox

NUMBER EIGHT

THE BROWNIES

IN MAY



May brought gladness to the land, And signs of life on every hand,

And tuneful birds poured out their song In richest tones the whole day long— The Brownies met to carry through Some work that night they had in view. Said one: "This house we stand about Is all in shape for fitting out; The furniture is ready all, The carpets lying in the hall, The paper for the walls is there In rolls, piled underneath the stair, But trouble of a serious kind Has much disturbed the people's mind Who here intended to reside, And so all things are laid aside." Another said: "I think our skill Will answer all demands that will Be made to-night, in every case, While putting things in proper place. If Brownies cannot drive a tack, Put up a bedstead, or a rack, 'Tis time we should be bragging less About the powers that we possess." A third replied:

"I think so, too, And I, for one, my share will do; I care not whether on the floor, I stretch the carpet more and more; Or with the paste the walls I smear, I'll do my portion, never fear."



Another cried: "Whatever part You take in hand to show your art, Or mode of working, fast and free, You'll find, I think, your match in me. I'm not the one to advertise What I can do when wants arise; But if inventions are required Just call on one who is inspired."

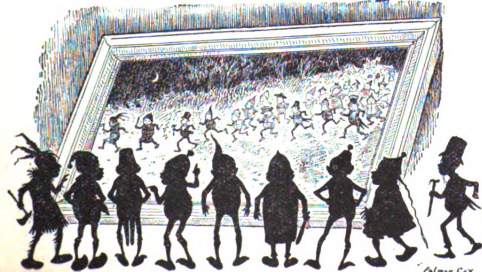


So chatting freely, plans were laid And soon a move the Brownies made; Some in the rooms spread carpets wide And held them down at either side, Still stretching them to suit the case, While others tacked them in their place. Some on the ladders stood to spread The paste on walls high over head, While others hung the paper there Without a wrinkle, twist or tear;

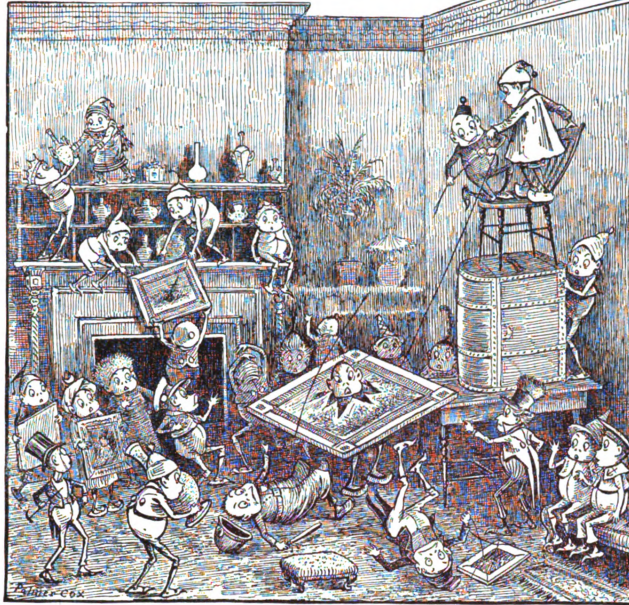
And then the border pasted fast, To make a fine effect at last. They put the hat-rack in the hall, The calendar upon the wall, And hoisted up the ancient clock Into its niche without a shock; Then wound it up, and set it right, According to the time of night; For though the Brownies never bear A watch, or any such affair, The rooster knows not better when



To crow and rouse the sleeping hen Than do the cunning Brownies know The flitting moments as they go. Then busy hands the pictures found That were to grace the walls around; And with the rest, to their delight, A Brownie picture came in sight.



And with discrimination fine They hung it on the favor line, Where the observing eye could rest Upon it, from all points the best.



Then hammers for a time were still As Brownies did the parlor fill, All crowding there in great surprise, The work of art to criticize. One spoke, when he had looked with care At every Brownie running there: "But one," said he, "as far as known, Has to the world the Brownies shown

Drawn to the life, and all the band Complete, as here to-night we stand And though the name is wanting here, His style of handling us is clear." No sooner was the carpet laid

And paper on the walls displayed, Than they began, with much ado, All sorts of things to bring in view. And while they pushed, with eager haste, A ladder was at times displaced Whereon some stood to hang aright The mirrors and the mottoes bright. Then down would rattle, in a fall, The Brownies, ornaments and all. But many a man and wife can tell How moving tries the patience well, And how they are both lame and sore When such a task as this is o'er.

Then wonder not that Brownies found Some hardships as they worked around. Said one: "My friends, but that I grieve For people in distress, I'd leave The work just where it is, and go To some retreat, and never show The least concern in such a case, Or knock my joints all out of place."

But though one here and there would get Discouraged at the ills they met, The mass of workers were content To finish all before they went, And kept engaged without a rest Arranging things as pleased them best. Of course, slight accidents befell

Some articles, however well They worked to keep the pieces whole. At times they got beyond control, And overturned, or downward flew, To cause alarms, and damage, too. Said one: "There is a time for play, And time for work, as writers say, But work o'er which some make a fuss, Or strive to shirk is fun for us.



We Brownies don't spend all our hours In secret caves, or shady bowers, But now and then, as folks will find, Come forth to render service kind; And when we turn our hands to toil

There's not a tiller of the soil, Or handicraftsman in the land



As morning close and closer drew, The Brownie workers faster flew From room to room, above, below, And doing nothing slack or slow. As when some creature's passing hoof, Disturbs the ants' sand castle roof, And those aroused, in fear and doubt With bag and baggage run about. So rushed each Brownie with his load, Now blocking up a comrade's road, Now tumbling over what he bore, Or drop-

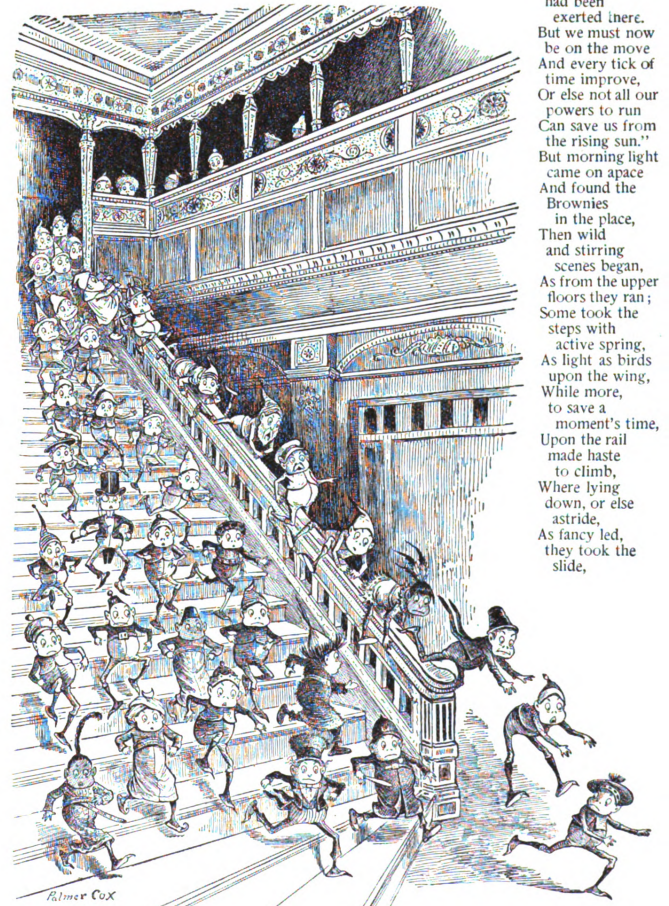
ping that, to run for more. When everything, from first to last, Had through their hand in order passed,



And all the house looked clean and new, And they had nothing else to do But quit the place, and get from sight While there was yet a shade of night, Said one: "I wish we could provide A place near by this house to hide, So we might watch the great surprise That will enlarge the people's eyes When they arrive and gaze around And see that everything has found its place, as well as if their care

And skill had been exerted inere. But we must now be on the move And every tick of time improve, Or else not all our powers to run Can save us from the rising sun." But morning light came on apace And found the Brownies in the place, Then wild and stirring scenes began, As from the upper floors they ran; Some took the steps with active spring, As light as birds upon the wing, While more, to save a moment's time, Upon the rail made haste to climb, Where lying down, or else astride, As fancy led, they took the slide,

Can hold a candle to the band." But all the same, the truth to tell They found some things that tried them well. Not used to all the ins and outs Of modern furniture, some shouts



Would now and then from Brownies rise That told of trouble and surprise Where through a sudden heave or snap They were reminded of a trap, And, heads and heels, in great dismay, Were folded up and stored away, While what to say or what to do To liberate them no one knew.

And downward shooting, to the hall, Slid over newel post and all.

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Philadelphia, May, 1892

HOME WITH THE EDITOR



ABOUT a month ago I was wishing that some new experience might come to me—something novel. About a week ago it came. I went shopping. Now, I am very well aware that there is nothing exhilaratingly new about that to a woman; with her it is a sort of regular diet, taken by different women in different ways. Some seem to take a shopping tour as they would a piece of confection; hers, as they would castor oil, or, if nature is endowed them with a Juno-like throat, a pill. But a man takes shopping only in one way—just as he does house-hunting or hiring a servant. And if a man is at all reasonable, his shopping tour is about all he wants in a lifetime. Some men couldn't stand two; I had a positive certainty on that point in the case of one man at least.

It was one of those rare occasions that now and then come into an active life, a day of comparative leisure at home. I had just settled myself comfortably away down into the depths of an easy chair, as men are apt to do sometimes, when the door of the library opened and a voice as fresh as the bright morning sun outside, said:

"Wouldn't you like to drive a few blocks with me this morning around to the stores? I have bought a few little things?" Now, this is something unusually inviting—a morning drive with a bright and pretty girl in a luxurious carriage, to a man. Such pleasures don't come every day, and when one does, I think a man owes it to himself to take advantage of it. And I did. I confess now at the last part of the invitation did not take so much of an impression as did the first portion—in fact, it was rather lost in the right aspect of the drive. I have since wondered why it is that in this world we must invariably take the bitter with the sweet. For my part, I would have been just as content to have had that drive lead in the direction of a Park instead of around to the stores, and I have been "around to the stores" I prefer the Park even more strongly. Somehow, however, when I have to pass those stores in which I was taken that day, I have an uncontrollable desire to cross the street. There was a time when such names as "Stern's," "Constable's," "Altman's," "Gorham's," had their pleasant sound, but recently,—well, the last evening a lady asked me if I had seen a certain window in one of those stores, and I confess a sort of cold chill crept over me at the mere mention of that firm's name.

IF that girl took me into one store that day, I think she took me into twenty. It must have been fully twenty—perhaps more. I stopped all calculations with number eight. All interest in mathematical matters, however simple, entirely left me with store number eight, and the strange longing I conceived for that carriage was perfectly painful at times. The specialties for which certain stores are famed was a perfect revelation to me. Man-like, I had an idea that one of those immense bazaars was about all that a woman would want for anything she could wear. One furnishing store or one clothier is ample for a man. With a woman this seems to be different—in fact, there is very little "seem" about it; I know it now as an actual fact. During that entire shopping excursion I was conjuring up with what little mind I had left what an immense speculation it would be to start one gigantic store in New York which would be known as having every specialty under one roof. I ventured to suggest this, what I thought was rather a brilliant idea, to my escort. But she didn't meet it with quite the enthusiasm I had hoped she might.

"Why, no indeed," she said, "then all the fun of going around the different shops would be lost."

All the fun! It was very plain to me that there were two interpretations of the word "fun," and we had one apiece.

Fun!

I dropped the subject, anyhow.

FOR the first hour I think I rather enjoyed the experience. As my escort tripped into a store, I gayly followed. The fact is, I think I rather overdid it at the start. Next time—no, not next time, but if I had that tour to go over again, I think I would take it a little easier at first. I would probably last longer. It is unquestionably a mistake to go into these new things with a rush. But a bright girl, with all the elasticity of fresh youth in her steps, doesn't give you much time to weigh philosophical truths. And I think for the first four laps in that walking match I reflected credit upon my youthful vivacity! It must have been on the fifth lap that I stopped tripping and began to walk; after a little I shuffled; finally, I remained in the carriage. In fact, the most intimate relations sprang up between that carriage, the cushion and myself, and we became fast friends. I think that at the last my escort must have noticed that at times I was rather tardy in stepping out and assisting her to alight. At first, I simply bounded out at each stopping place; at the last, I nearly fell out.

IT must have been in store number five that I had an experience which lingers with me, and illustrates the folly of a man trying to find out the dark meaning which sometimes lurks behind a woman's phrase. It wasn't exactly dark in this instance—in fact, it was rather the reverse.

We had been visiting several different counters in this particular store, when my considerate companion said:

"Now, perhaps you are a little tired and prefer to return to the carriage while I go upstairs to the white goods department."

That sounded reasonable enough, especially as the comfort of that carriage was then just beginning to impress itself upon me. So I acquiesced, and retired to the carriage, while my escort went to seek the "White Goods Department."

But after sitting in the carriage for ten minutes it occurred to me that I had never been in the "white goods" department of a store before, and I felt that since I was "shopping" I might just as well be thorough in it and see everything there was to be seen. How foolish it is, this desire in us to see "everything," instead of being content with the greater portion of things. But I am human, and when a man gets it into his head that he wants to see a certain thing he generally sees it, and I did!

SO, returning to the store I encountered one of those magnificent and impressive beings which, when I started on this tour, I thought were members of the firm, but which my friend informed me were "floor-walkers." I had heard my escort, in previous places where we had been, use the word "counter," so wishing to stamp myself as being well-informed in shopping parlance, I asked the floor-walker if he could direct me to the "white goods counter!" Fatal mistake, this imitating a woman.

"What particular 'white goods counter' do you wish, sir?" I was asked. "We have several, you know."

Of course, I didn't "know." And I observed that this well-clothed and gorgeously-cravated being looked a little curiously at me—why, I couldn't for the life of me understand. But I didn't know as much then as I did a few minutes thereafter! Experience makes us so much wiser! It just made a perfect giant of wisdom of me in this case.

I saw that it was best to make a confession, and I did, telling him that I wanted to find my friend there.

There was a curious smile, I now recall, about that man's face as he told me to go through "the third aisle to the left, then straight ahead to the second pair of stairs," and I would find the place "on the third floor just at the head, four aisles to the right." Nothing very confusing about that! A blind man might almost follow a series of directions so explicit as these. These "floor-walkers" always seem to have such a considerate way of speaking to you in a slow and measured way. They appear to realize so well that what is so familiar to them is so thoroughly unfamiliar to you. This man was a type of that particular class. He knew that I didn't know where I was going, and I suppose he thought he would help me along a little, so that there might be more of a positive certainty of my losing the way.

IT seemed to me as if I walked two city blocks around that store, and up eight flights of stairs, and yet not a trace of that sign, "White Goods Department," which I so anxiously sought.

Finally, I reached that third floor, then counting the aisles until I had left four behind me, I looked around. Not a trace of that "white goods" sign could I see, nor my escort, either. But one thing I very quickly saw—that I had wandered into that portion of a woman's bazaar where men are regarded as a sort of superfluous quality. I presume I must have presented a sort of helpless and woe-begone appearance, for a very pleasant woman came up to me and asked if I was looking for any special department.

I told her. Then she said, "Why, this is the White Goods Department, sir," and added, with what seemed to me a particularly unnecessary emphasis considering the circumstances, "for ladies."

Just then a gloved hand slipped through my arm, and a familiar voice said:

"Why, Mr. Bok, you musn't come up here!"

As if that fact hadn't already become impressed upon my mind!

And then I felt myself being gently turned around, just as, when a boy, my face used to be turned toward the wall when I had done something I shouldn't have done.

"Don't you think you had better return to the carriage?" my escort asked.

Yes, there was no doubt that I did think so, and somehow I found the door far easier than I had the "White Goods Department."

But how was a man to know that "white goods" meant—well, I know now!

But I can still see the faces of those girls behind the counters when I stalked grandly into their realm!

AFTER a while I began to wonder whether women ever partook of luncheon on a shopping tour. There seemed to be no suggestion of such a thing in the plans of my escort, so I ventured to ask her if she would permit me to look at that little list which she consulted as we went into one store and out of another. She gave me the list, which had about twenty different things on it, but luncheon was not one of them. So I casually hinted at the subject.

"Why, of course, you poor man. I suppose you are hungry," she remarked sympathizingly. "We will have a light luncheon, by all means."

A light luncheon! That didn't sound very encouraging.

I was taken to what was apparently a woman's luncheon resort—a sort of an Adam-less Eden. I was the only man, but then a previous experience of rather a similar sort had quite steeled me to bravery under such circumstances.

Settling down for a hearty dinner, I asked my escort—at such intervals as I could divert her attention from the bonnets and gowns of the other lunchers—if I might order for her.

I felt better when she took the menu and began to search it in a determined manner. I had already selected an appetizing dinner, when there smote upon my ear:

"Well, I think I can relish a cup of chocolate and a charlotte russe."

I fairly gasped! Shopping for nearly four hours, and then ordering chocolate and charlotte russe!

"Now, you order just what you like," said my comforting companion. "Don't mind me. I am so full of shopping that I don't care for much to eat."

Full of shopping! So was I—yea, verily so! I felt as if I were just bubbling over with a superfluity of it.

I LOOKED around that luncheon room and marveled. On every side of us there were women doing a day's work to which a man would be unequal. And yet what were they eating to counteract the strain—for every woman will agree with me that let her be ever so fond of shopping, it is a strain, and a severe one. I did not see in that room a single woman who was partaking of a sensible luncheon. My escort's diet of chocolate and charlotte russe seemed to be in high favor. Here and there was an oyster patty and a cup of tea. In several cases a meringue glacé or a dish of plain ice cream and a glass of milk seemed to suffice. Not at one table—except at mine—within view did I see a tureen of soup, or a platter of steak served. I could scarcely believe that woman, so wise in the majority of things that concern her health and happiness, could be so foolish and so thoughtless in the matter of her edibles. What nourishment was there in the dishes served which I have mentioned? You may tell me that these women ate hearty dinners in the evening at home, but how were they preparing for it? By exhausting themselves into sick headaches and insulting their digestion with concoctions which are well enough as desserts, but were never intended to answer for an entire meal. And yet here were women, many of whom I personally knew, possessed of good sense, some of the best and nicest women in all New York, mothers among them who forbid their children to eat sweets during the day, yet who sat in this room, in their full senses, munching candies and indigestible pastries. What sustenance, in heaven's name, is there in a charlotte russe for a full-grown woman? Just about as much as there is in baked wind. If children and girls do these things we can excuse them from lack of knowledge; but these women were old enough to know better. Talk about organizing societies to save the heathen: I think we had better organize a society or two to save our civilized women from eating idiotic lunches when they go shopping. Small wonder is it that so many women invariably have headaches after a shopping expedition, and are unfit to be at the home dinner table in the evening, or companions to their families after the lamp is lighted.

THIS whole idea of shopping among women is overdone, just as we do so many things in America. We seem never content until we overdo a thing. You may smile, my dear woman, and say to yourself: "Hear a poor man talk of something he doesn't know anything about." But it takes a man sometimes to point out a hard truth to a woman, just as only a woman can oftentimes convince a man of an error when all masculine argument has failed. This spending an entire day in shops, as so many women do, is barbarous, and hurtful to a woman's body and mind. Of all the stores I visited that day, there was only one in which the atmosphere was pure. As a rule, the air was perfectly vile. Every shop was overheated, and ventilation was at a premium. How the girls and women behind the counters stand it, day in day out, God only knows. Never did my heart go out to a class so much as it did to that army of bread-winners in those great New York shops. It was a constant wonder to me how well those girls looked—in fact, my escort didn't seem to relish my comments on the pretty faces and figures, which I saw on every side, a bit. For the most part standing on their feet all the time, having their patience tried beyond endurance, confusion on every hand, I wished I was rich enough to enable me to turn every one of those girls loose, and give them their freedom and a breath of God's pure air which pervaded everything outside.

BUT," says some woman, "we must 'shop;' we must get the things we want." Certainly. Bless your heart, shop all you want, but why not apply some kind of a system to the idea? Don't make a day of it. Give an occasional morning to the pleasure (?), and break it up in pieces. "Easy talking," says some one, "but we cannot always leave our homes when we want to, as you men can." My dear woman, God gives you just exactly the same amount of time as he does to men, and he hasn't given you a particle more to do within that period of time. The trouble is that women are not systematic enough. I played the part of eavesdropper in some of the stores, and was surprised to find how few women really knew just what they wanted. They knew in a general way, but not in a definite sense. Now, when a man goes shopping he knows precisely what he wants, asks for it, gets it, pays for it and goes away. Women's purchases are undoubtedly different, and such a simple system cannot, perhaps, be followed by them. But that women could simplify their shopping expeditions, numbers of their own sex have confessed to me within the last few days.

THE great trouble is with the woman who goes shopping that she is always looking out for "bargains"—one of the most misleading words in the English language. The hope of getting something just as good as some one else bought the day before, and at a lower price, is uppermost in her mind. In fact, getting things for nothing—or next to nothing—is a feminine vice. Shrug your shoulders, my good woman, if you will; but you know as well as I do that it is true. And what do the majority of bargains amount to? I ran across a bargain counter in my shopping tour. There were a lot of what were called—for courtesy, I suppose—"lace handkerchiefs" being sold under the sign:

THIS DAY ONLY!
49 Cents

I never saw so many women around a single counter before. The nicest class of women, too, all out for a bargain! I bought one of the handkerchiefs. Two days afterward I went back to the store, to the retail handkerchief counter, and asked the girl if she would exchange it for me. She said she would, and I asked her the retail price of the article. "Fifty cents! Finally, I got her to confess to me, confidentially, of course, that their buyer had "overbought," and in order to get rid of the lot they had "marked down the price to forty-nine cents," advertised the fact, and in two hours had sold the entire left-over stock. There was just one cent's worth of bargain to the women who thought they had purchased a two or three dollar lace handkerchief for forty cents! That shopkeeper evidently understood woman's weakness, and about two hundred women were just geese enough to walk right into the trap.

THERE are one or two things about shopping which I should think women would have learned by this time. First, that only a very few bargains are really bargains. In this world, my dear woman, we get precisely what we pay for. The shopkeepers are not in business for love. They may advertise to their hearts' content about "removals" and getting rid of their stock so as not to carry it over, and all that sort of rubbish, but they are not paying very heavy capital for room in their stores. The average business man is giving away very little to the public nowadays. The store which has one price and sticks to that price may seem a little more expensive, but its goods are cheaper in the end. In such a store a woman buys what she actually needs; at a bargain counter she often buys what she does not need, but takes it because it is cheap. And the second lesson is: For women to regulate their shopping. A single morning is plenty at a single time for any woman to indulge in shopping. No time? Better make time than to unmake health. Common sense rules in this question of shopping, just as it does in all other things. And when our women get to the point where they will see and believe this truth, there will be fewer sick headaches and less nervous prostration. And women will be happier women. And happier, too, will be the men!



"Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

BRYANT sang of March, but he did not mention that the name of spring which it wore was an alias designed to deceive the unwary, nay, the very elect. It has long been suspected that some of the other months that masquerade in the gentle train of spring are no more spring months, despite their names, than that vicious old pagan, Clovis, was a Christian after he was baptized.

THE PERENNIAL BLUE-BIRDS

NO man knoweth just when the spring time awakens until he can look back at it from the certainty of leafy June. "Every tear of April" may "be answered by a blossom," but then every blossom is just as liable to be kissed by an icicle. On the 18th of this blessed February that has passed, about ten miles out of the city of Philadelphia, I saw in the fields a flock of blue-birds prospecting for building sites. I blessed the dainty harbinger of spring, and felt inspired by the brave confidence of the cheery little prophets, and straightway went home and ordered two tons of coal for the heater. Blue-birds in the spring time I had seen before. I used to believe in them. I did when I wrote my first composition, same one you wrote, beginning "Spring is the pleasantest season of the year." Then I developed the text, just as you did, with blue-birds that were frozen stiff before the ink on the composition was dry, and flowers that were not yet, and maple buds that had been blighted black by the third May frost, and swelling fruit buds that were dead, dead, dead in the throbbing grip of a spring blizzard; and lo, now, here am I in my second childhood mumbling over the hoariest novelty in the world-old literature of the eddas of that mummy spring. The heart of man grows dusty and the ashes gather on his pen as he looks into the smiling face, bearded "like Druids of old," whiskered "like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms," of ever youthful spring.

THIS FREAKY CLIME OF OURS

PEOPLE in England, or the residents on a Dakota farm, which is about the same size, may know when the seasons come and go, and sing local odes to the changing months, but what far-seeing, many-gifted poet shall sing a hymn to spring adapted to the latitude and longitude of these United States? A song that shall thrill the heart of North-eastern Maine by its very pertinence, and at the same time awaken responsive echoes in Southern California by its opportune felicity? Who shall sing of May in numbers so sweetly appropriate, and in such timely harmony, that Florida and Idaho shall at one moment crown the singer with applause and garlands? Go to, thou small-voiced singer of sing-song sonnets; lie thee to the budding shrubbery of the greenest corner of thy local newspaper, and twitter thy songs of many-flowered spring for thine own county. We, of the snow-crowned mountains a hundred miles north of thee, and we, of the summer-decked everglades two days south of thee, and we, of the winterless meadows of the blue Pacific, will have none of thy premature and belated piping. Out upon thy antedated collect! Would that we had Jennie Geddes' folding stool to hurl at thy misleading head; "wilt thou say thy ill-fitting mass at our lugs?" Will the bard change the name of the dedicatory ode which he sang at the opening of the Ice Palace in Minneapolis and sing it at Mardi-Gras in New Orleans? Indeed, it would be just like him to try it.

HE NEVER SAYS DIE

AND yet, undaunted by the sneer of the cold-blooded cynic, whose bloodless veins throb not, but only flow with the snow-water of February, undismayed by the repeated failure of the almanac to dance unto his piping or mourn unto his lamenting, the spring poet tunes his lyre and strikes on May day as regularly as the trades unions. Him no failure discourages, no clamorous derision terrifies. Fearless, confident as his brother the weather prophet, whose father and mother the sun-defying ground hog is, oft as the dial on the horologue of the rainbow-tinted almanac points to the first of May, he fits a new reed in his well worn clarinet, and in shrill accents pipes like old Herrick:

"Of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers
Of April, May, of June and July flowers,
Of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes."

And all manner of things he doesn't know anything about. He sings of spring, and all the siefs, feoffments, hereditaments, corporeal or incorporeal, real, personal and mixed, rights of freewarren, saccage and sockage, cuisage and jambage, fosse and fork, infang theofe and outfang theofe, thereunto belonging and appertaining. "Spring is the pleasantest season of the year."

And yet with Lowell, we are honest enough to

"Own up, I like our back'ard springs
That kind o' hazzle with their greens and things,
An' when you 'most give up, 'thout more words
Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds:

Just so our spring gits every thin' in tune,
An' gives one leap from April into June."

AN INFALLIBLE PROPHETESS

THERE are prophets of spring time more conservative, less sentimental, less beautiful than the blue-birds, but far more trustworthy. The homely hen, whose dwarfed and hysterical intellect leads, nay, compels her to do all other things the wrong way, whose firmness of resolution is inversely proportioned to her paucity of reasoning powers, whom all the might of Alexander and wisdom of Solon can not compel to sit when she doesn't want to, and who will sit when she feels like it though the heavens fall and "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" shake the universe about her nest; who will sit her time out and two weeks over on a bureau knob, a glass marble and a piece of brick, patient as a Job in feathers, but will leave a sitting of fancy eggs for which you have paid eight dollars as soon as she is positive she has been on them long enough to ruin them for any earthly use outside the prohibition lecture room in a low license town; the hen, whose whims are legion and whose abrupt and unfathomable motives and spring-like changes of disposition are typical of her kind—er—that is, of her kind of hen, to be sure—the hen is a spring prophet upon whose word of warning or hope we may rely. No Cassandra she, shrieking of storm and overthrow. She sallies forth on predatory expeditions into sunny nooks and forbidden places, as she uncovers the strawberry beds weeks ahead of time; she lifts her voice to a plaintive pitch and sings the monotonous refrain of a song without words, which nevertheless foretells the snowy spheroid that shall by her grace make dainty your breakfast table; and by and by, the shrieking cackle tells you that the prophecy has passed fulfillment, that "the time of the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth," and the hen on strike all winter has resumed work, and will run the old-established egg factory on full time for the next two weeks.

WHEN THE YEAR AWAKENS

IN the fence corners, in sunny, sheltered places, the prowling housewife findeth the early greens, and at the noontide banquet hungry menfolk, tooting the garnishing worts and sorrels whose mystery no one knoweth save she who culled them, cease to pity Nebuchadnezzar, thinking that if he only knew the right places he might have browsed with right good appetite. The coal in the bin is dust on the grave of its own slaty memory, and the prudent man, scraping it up into a corner, doubts if it be worth while to put in another ton, and goeth about his business, leaving the light of the homestead to keep the house warm with her sunny smiles, with, in rare and isolated instances, difficult to locate and impossible to prove, ardent words for a back-log. She who "looketh well to the ways of her household," and who "is not afraid of the snow," but hath ever a wholesome horror of mud, keepeth a keener eye on the pedal extremities of mankind and juvenility, and commandeth that scraper and door-mat be used with lavish recklessness. From winter hiding place in tree trunk and under sheltering stone come forth old familiar bugs and creeping things that greet us with the air of summer guests who come uninvited with trunks of permanency and cordial assumption of joint partnership, that makes surplus of amends for scant courtesy of enforced and icy welcome. Come forth from buried egg and shiny chrysalis and mud-walled cell, the pioneers of the summer clouds of cheery insect life, of flying and crawling things that can bite, and sting, and tickle, and will make life a burden of brushing and slapping for him and her who, in the love of nature, hold communion with a trout rod and go to picnics. Come forth also new bugs and things of terrible countenances and startling movements, the bite whereof we know to be death, until science investigates, christens the new pests and pronounces them harmless to human life.

SO DOES THE TRAMP

OTHER certain harbingers of spring there be. Out of their wintry seclusion in hospitable almshouses and sheltering asylums within the city walls, come out into the ways of the budding country they who toil not, neither spin, nor yet do they shave, nor in their moments of idle leisure, which are many, do they pen soft lithographic testimonials for the soap that cleanseth all which it touches, that renders the complexion transparent, whitens the teeth to pearly brilliancy, causeth the hair to curl, the eyes to shine, removes ink stains, tar spots, paint, grease, freckles, and promotes longevity. Naught of such vanities touch their tranquil souls; the remnant on the pie counter, the sandwich left over in the children's lunch basket—if such a miracle ever were—the ancient garments of the goodman of the house, which he, in an unguarded moment has forgotten to nail fast to the wall,—these plain, homely simples will supply the wanderer's wants, and carry him on his aimless journey to the next house not half a mile away. When the tramp ringeth the door bell, or with mock humility knocketh at the gate, we lift our eyes to the southern hill slopes, and lo, hand in hand with "Wandering Willie" dances gentle Spring.

SWEET MAY'S FAVORITE VICTIM

WHAT is it that she carries in her hand, pink tinted like the heart of the first anemone? It is her wand; her fairy wand, by which we know that it is She. It stalks like the bulrush of summer, and carrieth a head like a prize chrysanthemum. It is, we see it plainly now, it is the twin brother of the chrysanthemum—it is a mop. See, on her snowy arm, white as the last lingering drift that slowly dies under the ardent glances of the sun, there hangs, held in the V of her dimpled elbow, a wooden pail, bristling with scrubbing brushes; crowned is her graceful head with puckered sweeping cap, or turbaned like Sister Simplicity! Nymphs of the green-wood, it is she! Fly. Like the evicted evil spirit, dispossessed of his abiding place (there may be some other points of resemblance not necessary to follow out here) man wandereth about the place which was his home, seeking dry places and finding none, wherein he differeth from the evil spirit which found nothing but "dry pieces." With aching heart he sees his own treasured den invaded by May, sweet goddess of the swelling buds. He goeth out of the door and steppeth into a pail of soap suds, left there, he will make affidavit, with malice aforethought and prepense. At the dark end of the hall is laid a pile of brooms and brushes for his careless feet. There is something against the door of his bedroom that prevents him from getting in. He does not know and he never will know how a woman can pile a stack of furniture and then come out and close the door after her, or how she can first come out and then build the barricade from the inside. One of the two she must do. In despair, he turns to go down stairs. On the second step he sets his hasty foot upon a bar of soap, wet and slippery. Mingled sounds of anguish and mocking laughter are heard near at hand and afar, the recording angel dips his pen deep in the indelible ink and works with unwonted rapidity on a large and unexpected contract. Sweet Charity draws a curtain over the terrible scene, while above it all is heard the silvery laugh and the merry song of "the fleet year's pride and prime." Then do we know that this is May and spring is here.

APOCRYPHAL EXPERIENCES

IN sober truth, however, the horrors of house-cleaning are, on the part of the man, largely mythical, if not wholly imaginary. Some little disturbance of his habitual indulgence there is, but this is good medicine for him. After he passes the middle mile-post on his journey, man falls into the habit of sitting in the same chair and in the same place in the same room when he is at home. Take him into another room in his own house and he does not seem at home there. Consequently a very slight mole-hill of disturbance is to him a mountain crowned with heaven-reaching peaks of insurmountable difficulties and unendurable troubles.

Moreover, it is his hereditary right to growl at house-cleaning; he has it from his father who had it from his father, whose father left it to him as a sacred trust. When he was younger he used to dance around the May-pole with Jocund Youth. But now, J. Youth, who never grows a day older herself, dances with other beardless cheeks and silken mustaches, and he, good man, has a touch of rheumatism in the knees; unwieldy is his habit; should he essay to dance, Jocund Youth would die of laughter, and the kangaroo would come from afar to learn his step. Therefore he stays in his lair and growls between his clenched gums.

Truth to tell, he scarcely knows that house-cleaning has been going on until it is all over, and even then he has to be told. He knows nothing about it save when the tide reaches his own room. For the rest of the house, he does not know what transformation has been going on. He learns that the carpets have been treated like an unlucky candidate; they have been up, beaten, and put down again. He does not know, until he is told, that every speck of paint in the house has been cleaned. He learns that the bureau in his room has been moved into a new corner, just after he had learned to find it in the old one in the dark. Nobody tells him this; he is smart enough to find it out all by his lone, unassisted self. And when, after many contusions he will learn the new route as accurately as he knew the old one. Lo, smiling May will come once more, and it will be moved back again. This also is vanity.

SICK TRANSIT

This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth The tender roots of habit; to-morrow blossoms Of the same, and keeps on blossoming And taking deeper root, until at last It takes more work to move him from his corner

Than it does to stir a house dog from the rug Before the fire. Then—when he thinks, good easy man, His ways are settled for all time— Some busy woman comes along and says: "Please move about six inches till I run The sweeper o'er the place your chair has been."

An lo, he splits the air with lamentations, Loud, and deep, and shrill; He cries, there is no rest this side of Paradise For a poor man, weary and worn with moving round

Out of the way of sweepers, And wishes he were dead.

O, how wretched is that poor man who cannot sit

In last year's dust and grime until this year Shall be two years ago last year! And when he dies, his hope and comfort is, He will be laid in dirt, never to move again.

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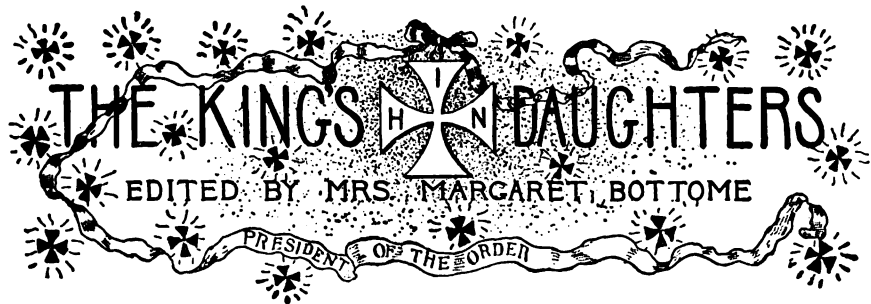
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HEART TO HEART TALKS



AY! O, the memories of the May time of our life! How it all comes back as we say

May! You know that with the beginning of May the woods are full of color, and some one says there is a reflection of autumn in the tender foliage leaves of May. The thought was suggestive to me—there may be a closer connection with the autumn of our life in the bright May time than we think. I had not thought of the union of May and October. Maybe that is what Whittier meant when he said, in his autumn song:

"On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines
The low sun fainter shines."

October dreaming of May. And so beautiful in her dreams!

I want to congratulate the members of my circle who live in the country in the beautiful month of May. I lived in the country one May time, and again and again I exclaimed to my visitors, when my apple tree near the back parlor window was in bloom, "Come and see!" May I tell you the lesson that apple tree taught me? I imagine it had become accustomed to such exclamations as "O, how lovely!" "How beautiful!" etc. But one morning as I came to take the usual look at the large bouquet, not a blossom was on the tree. There had been a storm during the night, and all the beauty was gone. The tree did not know, what was clear enough to me, that the blossoms could stay but a short time, but that the fruit would come when the blossoms were gone. It had heard us day by day praise only the beauty of the blossom, and perhaps from us who knew better it had come to a wrong estimate of things. It only knew that all the admiration had been given to its blossoms, and doubtless the word fruit it had never heard. Well, the apple tree will not be really injured by all this. In a short time it will see for itself, and will rejoice when the fruit comes. And so will we, perhaps, who have wept over our blossoms that have died. The best is to come. The stripping time is always painful, and we reach a very high plane, when we say: Thy will be done.



GOOD IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD

IT may be that my circle will want to come around me this month and have me tell them something that will especially help them, and perhaps you are saying "Have you particularly thought of us in connection with anything you have read?" Yes, I have. I thought of you when I made a deep study of a very old book—the second book of Chronicles, a history of so many people, in which these words are so often repeated: "And he reigned so many years, and he did evil in the sight of the Lord," or "He reigned so many years and he did right in the sight of the Lord," and then it is added that his acts are recorded. Then I thought, well, that is just the way with us; we have our reign (though we may not be called kings and queens), we all have a little kingdom of our own that we reign over, we influence others, and we do evil in the sight of the Lord, or good, and our reign ends!



WHAT WILL THE WORLD THINK

NOW, may I tell you where I think our trouble is? It is just here, that we are not apt to think that our good or our evil is in the sight of the Lord; we seem only to live in the sight of people. What will they say? And what will they think? We live before public opinion, and so we miss the strength and restfulness that would be ours if we should really live with reference to what the Lord would have us do. There is such an everlasting thinking about what others do, and what they expect us to do, and so our life becomes a strain. And then maybe we hurt our own consciences in this way, and in the educating of our children (for they are our subjects) we do not impress upon them that there is but one way, and that is the right way. "Do you think so and so is right, my son? or my daughter?" O, believe me, dear daughters, it is so vital to do right, and to influence our subjects, so to speak, to do right. I noticed in every sentence in regard to these old kings, it said "they did right, or they did evil." It was positive. Maybe at times they thought right. I have no doubt but they did, and they thought they would do right, but when it came down to it they did not do perhaps what they thought they would do, and it was the action that told every time.

SERVICE IN HIS SIGHT

THEY did right or they did wrong. Now, our lives are passing, and it is of infinite importance that we find out each one for herself how we are living. All lives end in disappointment that have not served the highest motives. If Cardinal Woolsey had served the King of Kings as he served the earthly monarch, we should not have heard the bitter words at the close of his life that are on record: "If I had served my God as faithfully as I have served my King, he would not have deserted me in my old age." Never forget that the cross you wear means service in his sight. "And she did right in the sight of the Lord." Oh, what untold joy is within our reach if we could only grasp it, for we need the sense of appreciation in all that we do. A dear girl said to me yesterday: "May I put on the cross for a need that is special to me?" I said, "Why not?" "Well," she said "I have to do some disagreeable things and they seem so unnecessary to me, and yet I am required to do them, and I thought that perhaps the sight of the cross that means self-sacrifice might help me."



A MOUNTAIN OF WASTE

SINCE I last met you here I have been in the coal regions for the first time in my life. "What is that?" I inquired of my host, as I looked at a mountain, as it seemed to me, near his office. He replied, "That is all waste." "A mountain of waste!" I exclaimed. O, how much rushed through my mind in a moment; the waste in human lives. And alas! some lives are wasted lives; mountains of waste! Wasted energies and wasted affections. Although I think we shall come to see somehow that love is never wasted, for there is a deep truth in Tennyson's lines:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

And yet I believe in the majority of lives, as one comes to the place where they look back, there is a sense of waste that is not spoken of. And now comes the encouragement my friend gave me as I said: "All that is waste?" "No," he said, "we expect to get a good deal out of that waste." I think he said that sometimes they saved eighty per cent. And then he told me of the washing the waste went through, and the small coal that came from it; and then a great hope came to me for those who have wasted their lives, that somehow the owner of these souls might yet save something, and that all might not be waste; and so the lesson from the mountain of waste was a hopeful one. I have seen those who had wasted so much that they appeared like mountains of waste. I have seen them wasted, and seen them pass their remnant of life in usefulness, as a large part of my mountain of waste will do. I laid down my book a moment ago. The story I had been reading ended with these words: "Who shall excuse or pardon those who waste life? Life! which is all we have to front Eternity with!" These words lingered with me, and I said: "Is it really so, that we have nothing to front Eternity with but our lives. I think life must look very imperfect to most people, and I looked at my life and said, "Is that all I have to front Eternity with?" Oh, no, I would rather think, no matter what the waste in a life may have been, there is always hope in a God of Love left, and I would rather face Eternity with faith and hope in God, for forgiveness and the love that He can give than to front Eternity with a life. I would rather hope in a better life ahead; and yet the mountain of waste that I looked at in the coal region was by no means a glad sight.



THE MINER'S LAMP

I WANTED to see the miners on their way to their homes with their lamps in their hats and I saw them, and I brought a lamp home with me as a souvenir. I wondered if we always carried the lamp of God's truth around with us to give light on any work we might be engaged in? I think it would be very nice if we would select a truth and carry it always with us, as the miners do their lamps. How would "Love one another" do for the family? How would "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again" do in our talk about people? How would "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you" do in our life work? Ah, the light makes manifest! The miners need their lamps down in the darkness of the mines, and we are in a world of darkness, and we need lamps. There is a very striking passage in the Psalms that says: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." I am glad it says feet, that looks like light for duty, not curiosity. It is with the heart man believeth unto righteousness. There is always light enough to show us what to do, and the heart has to do with doing. There is always light for honest souls.

LESSONS I LEARNED

I SHALL often see that curious little lamp giving light to see how to work. The miner's lamp will often be a lesson to me. Another lesson I learned at Pittston was what I saw in the huge building called "The Breaker." I knew the great lumps of coal were broken in pieces at the top of that strangely dark looking building; but I heard that little boys were at work there, and I wanted to see them. The picture will never be effaced from my memory. The coal came down the inclined plane, and sitting across the trough were boys of all sizes. As the coal came down they threw away the pieces of slate, allowing only the good coal to pass on. I did so want to tell them I hoped they would do that all through their lives—cast aside the bad, and retain only the good, but they were too busy to listen to me. Every moment their eyes were on the coal; it was passing all the time, and if they were not alert the pieces that would be no good would mingle with what were good. Sharp little fellows they were! God help them! It is a sinful world, but God is in His Heaven, and the earth is His, and I am glad He says: "All souls are mine."



IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE

ONE of your flowers is broken, ma'am." The speaker was a mulatto who was seated behind me in the car. I had glanced at her because she had leaned forward to look at my bouquet of flowers on the seat beside me. I felt she was admiring the flowers, but I had about made up my mind that all the flowers that I had should go home with me. But when the voice uttered the words, "One of your flowers is broken, ma'am," I looked, and found that the mignonette (the mignonette that Henry Ward Beecher said if it were not for its unselfishness no one would love it, but because it poured its life out in fragrance it was a favorite with everybody, and like homely people with noble hearts it was beautiful by association) was broken, so I handed it to my sister. She thanked me so much for it that I gave her a pink, and then I could not resist one rose. O, but I was repaid! She looked at them and then she looked at me, and then she said: "I keep some plants through the winter, and I have so hoped to have one flower; but we haven't much light, and no sunshine, so I suppose they couldn't flower." I was soon at my destination, and my colored friend wanted to carry my bag, or do some service for me. As I bade her good-bye I said to myself, "Can it be possible we can make any one happy at such a little cost?" Only a broken flower! I remember one dreadful raw, disagreeable day in February. I had had such lovely flowers given me that morning—a box of them. Such rare roses! When I reached my station the men at the door looked so cheerless that I opened my box and said to each of them, "Take your choice." They lifted out the long-stemmed roses, and their faces looked so different. Before I reached my car I had done the same to three more of the men employed there. I shall never forget that day, or that box of flowers. I never, it seems to me, had a box of flowers that gave me so much joy, but my joy came in giving joy.

"If a smile we can't renew,
As our journey we pursue,"

we not only do good, but we get good. Keep in mind the doing of little things in His name, if you want to be happy.



IT IS NEVER TOO LATE

A LADY writes me, "Am I too late to join your circle; is it completed?" No, and I do not expect it to be in the sense that no more can come in. They are coming, and are being entered in a private book—the book of "My Circle," and they are from the north, south, east and west, old and young, rich and poor, and the Lord is the Maker of them all. One lady, a member of my circle, wrote me this month saying: "I have a little boy who demands my constant attention, and that is my work in His Name." But she has sent the JOURNAL to three people who could not afford to take it. So she has made three people happy, and is therefore happy herself. And to think of someone else, is, after all, the quickest way to gain happiness. I always go back to my mother. Oh, how well it is to have a good mother to go back to. My mother lived in a narrow circle from morning till night, and I fear after my father died, almost from night to morning, sometimes. The one thought was her family, and especially her boys, left as they were without a father's care. Those boys, to-day, are public men, and are looking largely after the public good, but who made the boys? Under God, my mother, and not lectures, or anything very great. Yes, there is a good Book which says, "Despise not the day of small things." But the point I wish to make is this (I have made it again and again, I know) O, do the lowly service unto Him. The Master told many parables, but he acted only one of them, and left it as an object lesson. How lowly it was. A basin of water, a towel, and He Master! Stooping and washing the disciples' feet—refreshing them, that was all! The feet were tired and hot, and he bathed them. I want you, as my circle, to do all that is in your power for suffering humanity, individually, and forming in circles when you can do more work. But I do not want you to feel that you are ever shut out from doing anything in His Name, for you never are.

A word of welcome to the new members in my circle this month. You are enrolled among the members and you are enrolled in my heart.

Margaret Bottome

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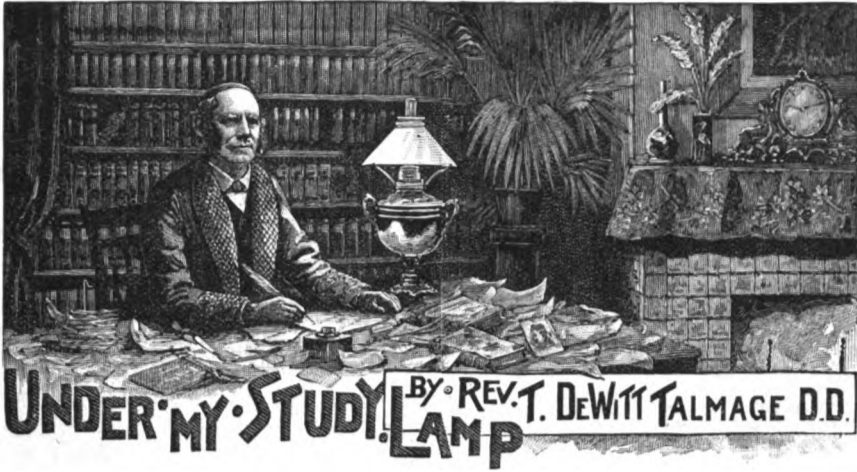
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HERE is a beautiful tradition among the American Indians that Manitou was traveling in the invisible world, and one day he came to a barrier of brambles and sharp thorns, which forbade his going on, and there was a wild beast glaring at him from the thicket. But he determined to go on his way; and the brambles were found to be only phantoms, and the beast was found to be a powerless ghost, while the impassable river that forbade him rushing to embrace the Yaratilda proved to be only a phantom river. Now, my readers, the fact is there are a great many things that look terrible across our pathway in life which, when we advance upon them, are only the phantoms, only the apparitions, only the delusions of life. Difficulties touched are conquered. Put your feet into the brim of the water, and Jordan retreats. You sometimes see a great duty to perform. It is a very disagreeable duty; you say, "I can't go through it. I haven't the courage. I haven't the intelligence to go through it." Advance upon it, my dear woman. Ten to one you have only to touch the obstacle and it will vanish.

OBSTACLES WHICH VANISH WITH A TOUCH

I THINK I always sigh before I begin to write my JOURNAL article each month at the greatness of the responsibility in writing to so many hundreds of thousands of readers; but as soon as I make the start it becomes to me an exhilaration. And any duty undertaken with a confident spirit becomes a pleasure; and the higher the duty the higher the pleasure. Difficulties touched are conquered. There are a great many people who are afraid of death in the future. Good John Livingston once, on a sloop coming from Elizabethport to New York, was fearfully frightened because he thought he was going to be drowned as a sudden gust came up. People were surprised at him. If any man in all the world was ready to die it was John Livingston. So there are now a great many good people who shudder in passing a graveyard, and they hardly dare think of Canaan because of the Jordan that intervenes; but once they are down on a sick bed then all their fears are gone; the waters of death dashing on the beach are like the mellow voice of ocean shells; they smell of the blossoms of the tree of life; the music of the heavenly choirs comes stealing over the waters, and to cross now is only a pleasant sail. How long the boat is coming! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Christ, the Priest, advances ahead, and the dying Christian goes over dry shod on coral beds, and paths of pearl.

"Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes!

"Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore!"

BETWEEN US AND SUCCESS

BETWEEN us and every success and prosperity in this life there is a river that must be passed. "Oh, how I would like some of those grapes on the other side!" said some of the Israelites to Joshua. "Well," says Joshua, "if you want the grapes, why don't you cross over and get them?" There is a river of difficulty between us and everything that is worth having; that which costs nothing is worth nothing. God never intended this world for an easy parlor, through which we are to be drawn in a rocking chair, but we are to work our passage, climb masts, fight battles, scale mountains, and ford rivers. The success achieved by business men comes only by hard work, by overcoming obstacles that look almost insurmountable in the perspective. So with everything in our lives, whether in business or in the home; what is worth anything is obtained only by toil, by overcoming difficulties. Our lives were not intended to be spent lying on couches of roses, but to do battle for ourselves, for humanity and for the Creator. God makes everything valuable difficult to get at for the same reason that he put the gold down in the mine, the diamond under a hard crust where its perfection is hidden until removed by labor and skill, and the pearl clear down in the sea to make us dig and dive for them. We acknowledge this principle in worldly things. Oh, that we were only wise enough to acknowledge it in religious things!

EXAMPLES IN EVERY-DAY LIFE

YOU have scores of illustrations under your own observation where men have had the hardest lot, and been trodden under foot, and yet, after a while, had ease. Now they have their homes blossoming and blooming with pictures, and carpets that made foreign looms laugh now embrace their feet; the summer winds lift the tapestry about their window, gorgeous enough for a Turkish sultan; impatient steeds paw and neigh at the door, or move their forms with gilded harnesses, spangled with silver; their carriage moves through the sea of New York life a very wave of beauty and splendor. Who is it? Why, it is a boy that came to New York with a dollar in his pocket, and all his estate slung over his shoulder in a cotton handkerchief. All that silver on the dining-stand is petrified sweat-drops; that beautiful dress is the faded calico over which God puts his hand of perfection, turning it to Turkish satin or Italian silk; those diamonds are the tears which suffering froze as they fell. Oh, there is a river of difficulty between us and every earthly achievement. You know that; you admit that.



THROUGH THE HARD KNOCKS OF LIFE

YOU know this is so with regard to the acquisition of knowledge. The ancients used to say that Vulcan struck Jupiter on the head and the goddess of Wisdom jumped out, illustrating the truth that wisdom comes by hard knocks. There was a river of difficulty between Shakespeare, the boy holding the horses at the door of the London theatre, and the Shakespeare, the great dramatist, winning the applause of all audiences by his tragedies. There was a river between Benjamin Franklin, with a loaf of bread under his arm, walking the streets of Philadelphia, and that same Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, just outside of Boston, flying a kite in the thunder-storm. An idler was cured of his bad habit by looking through his window, night after night, at a man who seemed sitting at his desk, turning off one sheet of writing after another, until almost the dawn of the morning. The man sitting there writing until morning was industrious Walter Scott; the man who looked at him through the window was Lockhart, his illustrious biographer afterward. Lord Mansfield, pursued by the press and by the populace, because of a certain line of duty, went on to discharge the duty; and while the mob were around him, demanding the taking of his life, he shook his fist in the face of the mob and said, "Sirs, when one's last end comes, it cannot come too soon if he falls in defence of law and the liberty of his country." And so there is, my friends, a tug, a tussle, a trial, a push, an anxiety, through which every man must go before he comes to worldly success and worldly achievement. You admit it. Now be wise enough to apply it in religion. Eminent Christian character is only gained by the Jordanic passage; no man just happened to get good.



WHEN SORROW BRUISES THE HEART

BY tug, tussle, pushing, and running in the Christian life a man gets strong for God; in a hundred Solferinos he learns how to fight; in a hundred shipwrecks he learns how to swim. Tears over sin, tears over Zion's desolation, tears over the impenitent, tears over the graves made, are the Jordan which many a man and a woman must pass. Sorrow stains the cheek, and fades the eye, and pales the brow, and sings the hand. There are mourning garments, and there are wardrobes, and there are deaths in every family record. All around are the relics of the dead. Some of your children have already gone up the other bank of the great river. You let them down on this side of the bank; they will be on the other bank to help you up with supernatural strength. The other morning, at my table, all my family present, I thought to myself how pleasant it would be if I could put all into a boat, and then go in with them, and we could pull across the river to the next world and be there all together. No family parting, no gloomy obsequies; it wouldn't take five minutes to go from bank to bank, and then in that better world to be together forever. Wouldn't it be pleasant for you to take all your family into that blessed country if you could all go together? I remember my mother, in her dying hour, said to my father: "Father, wouldn't it be pleasant if we could all go together?" But we cannot all go together. We must go one by one, and we must be grateful if we get there at all. What a heaven it will be, if we have all our families there, to look around and see all the children are present! You would rather have them all there, and you go with bare brow forever, than that one should be missing, to complete the garlands of heaven for your coronal.

AFTER THE TOILS OF LIFE

THOSE of us who were brought up in the country remember, when the summer was coming on in our boyhood days, how we always longed for the day when we were to go barefooted, and after teasing our mothers in regard to it for a good while, and they consented, we remember the delicious sensation of the cool grass on that dusty road when we put our uncovered feet on it. And the time will come when these shoes we wear now, lest we be cut of the sharp places of this world, shall be taken off, and with unsandaled feet we will step into the bed of the river; with feet untrammelled, free from pain and fatigue, we will gain that last journey; when, with one foot in the bed of the river, and the other foot on the other bank, we struggle upward; that will be heaven. Oh, ye army of departed kindred, we hail you from bank to bank. Wait for us when the Jordan of death shall part for us. Come down and meet us halfway between the willowed banks of earth and the palm groves of heaven.

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wistful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises on my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!"



LUXURIANCE OF A SUMMER LAND

IF this world, blasted with sin and swept with storms, is still so beautiful, what must be the attraction of this sinless world toward which we travel? Last spring-time I had an opportunity of seeing almost all the phases of the spring as I went southward, from the opening buds of the northern orchards down to the blush of the gardens reaching across many states. But, my readers, the magnificence of nature, after all, is only the corpse of a dead paradise. It is only the charred hulk of a giant vessel which six thousand years ago foundered, and has ever since been beating on the rocks. It is only the ruins of a temple in which lambs of innocence were to be offered, but on whose altars swine and vultures of sin have been sacrificed. If this world, notwithstanding all the curse of thousands of years, is so beautiful, what must be that land toward which we go—that land from which all sorrow, and sighing, and sin, and curse is banished, and even the sun and moon as too common, because the Lamb is the light thereof.

I would not want to take the responsibility of saying that in addition to the spiritual excellence of heaven there shall not be also a physical and material beauty. The Rose of Sharon, once trampled down by the horse-hoofs of crucifying soldiers, there blooms in heaven. The humble lily transplanted from the valleys of earth to the heights of Lebanon. The hawthorn, white and scarlet, reminding the beholder of his innocence, and the blood which made him so. The passion flower, blooming in this cold world a day, there in the more temperate zone blooming through the long years of God's life-time. A river flowing over beds of precious stones and riches, not such as go down with wrecked Argosies, but such as He alone could strew who hath sown the mountains with diamonds, and the sea with pearls. Birds with wing never torn of sportsman or tempest, dipping the surface as you wander to its source and catch the crystal stream where it drips fresh from the everlasting rock. Such luxuriance shall kiss the pleased vision and fill the air with winged aroma, and the saints of God wandering among them may look up through the branches of the tree of life and listen, and find that "The time of the singing of birds is come."

How it adds to our joy when we have friends with us while we are listening to some sweet sound, or gazing upon some beautiful object, and how our rapture will be enkindled as, with our hand in Christ's, we shall walk up and down amid the things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard. The tameness of earth exchanged for the yellow of jasper, and the blue of sapphire, and the green of emerald, and the fire of jacinth.

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DE TALKS WITH GIRLS



EDITED BY RUTH ASHMORE.

Department is conducted and edited by RUTH ASHMORE, who cheerfully invites questions on any topic upon which her young women readers may desire help or information. Letters to RUTH ASHMORE, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

HERE is no reason in the world why all the girls should not be as charming as the flowers of May; why they should not be as sweet and bright-looking as the maybells, the Quaker ladies, the snowdrops, the daisies, and all the pretty flowers that, dainty and coquettish, come up in the May time, and convince one that they will be really girls, as they are really girl-flowers. The girl-flower tells herself about her complexion, and does, so I want to tell her in months what she must do. If you keep her skin clear and white, bright, she goes to the flowers for this kind of flower at the She buys five cents' worth of sulphur and then she mixes them with sugar—that is, the blackest can find—mixes them until they are as consistent of custard, and every day during the month of May she will squeeze the juice of two lemons and drink it with her adds to her good health, which is about her bath. She should bathe once a day, and once in a while, but if she can't get either, she will give herself a sponge bath she wants to be beautiful she can. Perfect purity of the body and purity of the soul, and in every respect upon that certain abstruse before any religious exercise in. Now, you see how you self look like the May flowers, bright, looking so well that lies will declare you stole from your eyes, the lily will claim your skin, the rose insist that she be made with a love that ex- you by a friendly nod as you wer.

YOURSELF IN HER PLACE

ago a bright, pretty, healthy "She is always sick, and it so." I looked at her and under if you knew what you you would ever repeat those be taken for granted that to always sick in a household that it does cast a gloom it does make the younger family feel that there is a con- them. But put yourself the woman who is always if in the place of the woman's from one day to another ing to be happy in God Al- e, or whether she is going dark room, with her heart re a cold sounding-bell that le of life she had, and how Think of waking up in the ht with your head burning d your body perfectly cold, ite still with the knowledge o help for you until morn- owing that everybody else is l merry time, but that you it all, not because you are cause the doctor thinks you ough to risk it. Now this is hen it comes to a woman of the pleasures of life, but a girl of nineteen. Don't because of her very illness much more delicate that t she does not get seems ly is, while every sorrow intensified.

THE VIRTUE OF PATIENCE

and strong, and you don't virtue of patience that consideration for the one In the first place do not ell her every time you see she is looking, but if she are in telling you of her ten to them with patience, ime you do your best to to one which is proper, really better for her. If e house with an invalid, you slam a door it makes ody quiver. Every time auses her mental teeth to every time you laugh in ay, you make her suffer- if she had really under- he way of blows. Take e of your life and give it ays sick. Do not allow at anybody finds pleasure is in bed, or claiming to heard cruel or thought- mere laziness. Now, if ay there comes a chronic like the good girl you r the virtue of patience, will come to you.

OUR LITTLE QUEERNESSES

YOU have them and I have them. It may be it is only a way of speaking, a way of looking, or some little mannerisms that offend. Of course, we don't realize the effect produced by what we call, "our way," but that doesn't excuse it. Think out how you look when you tell something disagreeable and which is unnecessary and uncalled for. Think out if you don't try the patience of even your most intimate friends with a continued history of your ways and weaknesses, and whether after awhile it does not really take the form of nagging. Ah, my dear girl, even from people we love, nagging is something very difficult to bear. A great sin is sooner forgotten than these continual little annoyances; and it is one of "your ways" that does not excuse it. It may not be "your way" to speak the kind word, or the tender word, or to do the considerate act. But do you think you are excused because of the reason you give? Don't you think your ways and little queeresses are just as wrong as the greater sins of the people who have greater temptations? Yours seem as nothing to you, but when everything is put down in black and white, and is to be decided by the great Judge, the advantages that have been yours and those that have been your neighbor's will be thought of, and you will be judged, not according to what you might have done; not according to the sins you did not commit, but according to the ones that you have committed and the virtues which you have omitted.

A FEW LITTLE POINTS

AS a people, we Americans have been laughed at for eating too fast, and we are credited as being a nation of dyspeptics. Now, of course, this is generalizing, but you, the eldest daughter, have it in your power to make the hour at the dinner or tea-table one of real delight. It is an easy matter, you will find, to start some pleasant topic; to get your father and brother interested in the talk of the day, so that you all will eat your food more slowly, and you will achieve what the Frenchmen consider the great art—you will dine, not merely feed yourself. But there are a few little questions about the etiquette of the table that some girl wants to know, and these I am going to tell her. She must hold her knife by its handle, and never let her fingers reach up to its blade. Whenever it is possible, a fork must be used in place of a spoon, and that same spoon, by the by, must never be left in a coffee or tea cup, but laid to rest politely and securely in the saucer. Glasses with handles are held by them. A goblet should be caught by the stem, the fingers not entwining the bowl part. Don't butter a large piece of bread and take bites from it; instead, break your bread in small pieces, one at a time, and butter it, that is, if you are eating butter, and convey it to your mouth by your fingers. Olives, celery, radishes, strawberries with stems, and asparagus are all eaten from the fingers. The old method of eating cheese with a knife has been given up, a fork being used in its place. The use of many small dishes for vegetables is not in good taste; indeed, many vegetables should not be served at one time.

ALL BY YOURSELF

THERE come times when it is most blissful to be all by yourself; that is, if you learn to appreciate just what that means. It means having a quiet time to think over your life, and whether what you are doing is right or wrong. It means deciding with yourself, as judge and jury, whether the words you have spoken have been the right ones at the right time. It means the thinking out of the influence that your friends have upon you, which one is good and which one is bad. It means the planning out in your own mind of that which is good to be done, and the planning it out so entirely and decidedly that you are urged on by an inward spirit of grace to do the deed which seems just. It does not mean the mere wasting away of time in idle thoughts or building castles in the air; castles that, having no foundation, tumble away when a word is spoken, though it may mean closing your eyes and resting and having some day dream of future happiness; a dream that you may help in its realization; a dream that has some foundation; and one that, when it comes true, will seem to make another dream come to fill its place. This making good dreams realities is a possibility with you and me, and we can't have the dreams unless we have that little time alone, when we can sit down, read ourselves closely and clearly, think out how the heart can beat for the right, how the brain can work well for it, how the hands can in their turn assist in its realization, and how every part of us may work in harmony to gain the perfection that we long for. It may be that it does not seem much to anybody else. It is just your dream and my dream, but it means a great deal to us, and each one has her right to it. My dear girl, I ask of you to make it a good dream, an unselfish dream, one, if necessary that you would not be ashamed to have anybody either on earth or in heaven know about.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

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

MARJORIE—As your friend's daughter answered your letter, write an answer to her and a separate letter to her mother.

H. W. AND OTHERS—We do not publish patterns, nor have we for sale patterns of the fashions illustrated in the JOURNAL.

FANNIE H.—Acknowledge the cards and visits of condolence by your own visiting card sent by post, and having written upon it "With thanks for kind inquiries."

A. B. AND OTHERS—Ordinary summer freckles may be removed by the use of lemon juice, but I know of nothing that will take away what are known as cold freckles.

SUBSCRIBER—It is very improper for a young woman to write to a married man unless on a matter of business; and certainly it is very wrong for her to ask him to meet her any place.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER—Do not, my dear girl, be troubled at blushing, or at timidity, when you are out in the world. A blush is the most charming decoration a young girl can have.

COSMOPOLITAN—When one's health is proposed, certainly one should drink to one's self. The easiest mode of introduction is to say, "Miss Smith, may I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. Brown?"

EDITH G.—Perfect cleanliness, regular exercise, care as to your diet, are to be recommended to keep your complexion in order, and nothing else will make it so clear and white, or keep your eyes so bright.

SUE—Very often when one's digestion is in a bad condition the hands will tend to get extremely red, so I would advise your attending to your general health, and continuing the simple treatment that you are now giving it.

MINNESOTA GIRL—A girl of fourteen should have her dresses reach to her ankles. (2) To get rid of pimples, I would suggest your taking a teaspoonful of sulphur and oil every other morning until your skin is quite clear.

FAITH L.—If some misunderstanding has come between you and the girl whom you are so fond of, go to her and ask what it is you have done. There is no loss of dignity in doing this, and friends, my dear girl, are much easier to lose than to gain.

SALLIE—When a man friend asks if he may escort you home, the mere "Thank you" is the best answer, and when he asks permission to call tell him that you will be very glad to see him, and glad of the opportunity to introduce him to your mother.

IRENE—I cannot recommend anything that will affect the color of the hair, or anything that will remove superfluous hairs. Don't attempt to bleach the scar that is caused by a burn; let it alone and time will fade it out, unless it should be a very deep one.

A. AND A.—It is not customary nowadays to announce engagements by cards; instead, either a dinner or supper party and the engagement is announced there, or the future bride writes to her intimate friends and tells them the news, and in this way it is disseminated.

MABEL—Even for a Leap Year party I would not advise going after the gentleman. The little familiarities that seem so nothing soon lead to greater ones, and for that reason I do not approve of the free and easy custom brought about by such parties as you describe.

THE ORPHANS—In presenting a young man to an old lady, he simply makes a bow, and does not offer his hand unless she asks him the example. In the early evening it is not necessary to take a young man's arm, though if he should offer it, it would be rather rude to refuse.

J. C. L.—I think the fact of your asking me if you ought to allow the young man to kiss you, proves that you have a doubt about it. No young man should kiss you except the one you expect to marry, and even then it is wiser to save the kisses so there will be enough for that happy time, the honeymoon.

SINCERE ADMIRER—A girl of fourteen should have her hair braided, looped, and tied with a ribbon. (2) The young man who asks you not to tell your parents of your acquaintance with him is a young man whom you should not wish to know. (3) There would be no impropriety in your corresponding with your second cousin, a young man, if your mother knew about it.

ADMIRER—The only way to entertain your friends is to try and bring together the people who are congenial; get whoever is musical to give you a little music, and above all, don't attempt to "entertain" too much. People do enjoy themselves in their own way, and as a hostess your only duty is to try and bring together those who will find the greatest pleasure in each other.

BEATRICE—One of the greatest doctors who ever lived said that the best implement for washing the face was the hand as it is a washing with a soul in it, meaning by this that it bathed the face with judgment and did not hurt it. However, from the description you give of the condition of your skin, I should think you needed treatment from your family physician for your general health.

ULARE—I cannot advise applying anything to the eyelashes, as the eyes are apt to suffer. (2) Writing a letter on the first page, then on the third, then on the second is a very usual way and one that is easy to read. (3) Both the methods of arranging your hair that you show me are pretty and I can suggest no better. (4) Thank you very much for your kind words of encouragement to me in my work.

JET—A gentleman offers his left arm to a lady when going down to dinner or at any in-door entertainment, but upon the street he must take the outside, even if it necessitates the use of his right arm. When two gentlemen are walking with one lady, it is quite correct for her to be in the center. (2) A very formal evening call usually lasts about half an hour, but where the acquaintance is intimate the entire evening may be spent at one house.

LIL—A daytime call should be made within a week after one has been at a dinner. It is quite proper for the wife to call leaving one of her own cards and two of her husband's. Formal calls are necessary after luncheons, but not after teas or receptions. Two of your husband's cards should be left—one for the lady of the house and one for her husband. One's regrets should be written out. It is in very bad taste to send them on visiting cards.

BRIAR ROSE—It is perfectly proper to answer an advertisement in regard to obtaining a position; you know what you can do and, therefore, should have no trouble in selecting the ones to which you should respond. (2) The question is very often asked me about how to treat gentlemen when girls believe that they care very much for them, although nothing has been said. I should advise your being pleasant and polite and never hinting by your manner that you expect anything more than pleasant and polite treatment from them.

OLIVE—A little borax in the water that you use for bathing your face will be found desirable for removing the shiny look. I do not think there is any way to keep the face absolutely clean unless soap is used. Cold cream or any simple emollient applied as soon as possible will remove sunburn. For general use tepid water is best for the skin, but if you are giving it a regular treatment, then I would advise your bathing it with extremely hot water and then with that which is extremely cold. All cosmetics will tend to make the skin very sensitive.

E. M.—It is courteous when a man friend is saying good-bye to ask him to come again, for in this way you show the appreciation of his visit. I do not advise the giving of presents to your men friends, unless it is to one to whom you are engaged to be married. Unless a bride wears a traveling dress, she should choose white, and as it may be gotten in inexpensive materials, the expense cannot be a reason for objecting to it. In speaking to a bride and groom, you congratulate the bride-groom and wish much happiness to the bride. When a new acquaintance expresses pleasure at meeting you, simply acknowledge by a pleasant word or two.

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SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS



BY FOSTER COATES

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NE of my correspondents asks if the time given to pleasure is not wasted? Certainly not. A boy or man who thinks so is in a bad way. The boy or man who works without ceasing, who never plays, is leading a wretched existence. Work

makes pleasure exhilarating, and after a few hours of pleasure we return to work better fitted for labor, freshened, and with a new enthusiasm stirring within us. I am as much an advocate of recreation as I am of work. I believe in plenty of out-door exercise. Because a boy goes to work is no reason why he should never kick a football, pull an oar, or run or skate. If all these out-door sports were given up, America would soon become a nation of puny pigmies. Our men would be hollow-eyed, yellow-skinned, and flat-chested, instead of rosy-cheeked and robust as they are now. Take plenty of walking exercise. Walk to and from school, to the office or shop, and in the evenings, twice or three times a week, go out to lectures, or social gatherings, or to see some good dramatic performance. Go to bed early. Do not get into the habit of staying up too late. Arise early and you will find then that the hours you give to work or study will be of incalculable benefit to you. When you work, devote every thought to what you have in hand. When you study, fasten your mind upon the subject before you. When you play, let no thought of business or study disturb you.

THE HANDY BOY ABOUT THE HOUSE

I LIKE the handy boy about the house, who knows how to hang a picture, drive a nail, and do the little necessary repairing that any mother wants done. It is easy enough to learn how to use a saw or chisel, and every boy should have a box of tools, so that he can repair articles that may become damaged. The boy who is handy about his mother's house will be of inestimable value to his wife when he shall marry. Boys who do not care to go out at night may learn to make many pretty pieces of furniture, if they will only devote some time to studying how to use tools and paints. With a few lessons, the handy boy may make picture frames, or cabinets, odd cornices, or desks or other articles of usefulness and value. The boy who is handy about the house and a help to his mother is one who learns how to make purchases for the household, who can tell a good piece of meat at the butcher's, or pick out fresh vegetables at the market. Oh, no, do not say that marketing is woman's work. It is quite as much man's work, and besides, none of us can know so much in this world that we can afford to ignore even the details of marketing.

THE MOTHER'S BOY

HE is only a mother's boy," is a statement I have heard more than once. And then there was a curl of the lip which said plainer than words that a mother's boy is not held in very high respect.

Let me see: what is a mother's boy? I have one in mind as I write. He is about twelve years of age. He is strong of limb, and fair of face. He is a hard student, and an enthusiastic playfellow after school hours. He does not use vile language. He is considerate of others. He plays with a vim and dash born of enthusiasm and good health, but he is considerate of boys younger, weaker and smaller than himself. He is tender in his treatment of his sisters. He does not cause his father anxiety by doing things that would displease him. He does not go into his class-room without preparation for the studies of the day. He treats his teachers with the consideration that boys should treat their elders and superiors. He goes to bed early, and is up with the lark. He has a due regard for his own personal appearance, and keeps his face and hands and clothing clean. He reads good books to elevate the mind. He is loving and gentle with his mother. He finds pleasure in her society. He is ever ready to save her weary footsteps by anticipating her wishes. He is saving of his pennies. He is generous to those who do not treat him fairly. In a sentence, he is a manly boy. There are many such mother's boys in the world. They are the hope of our future. Some of them will be our presidents and lawmakers. They will be the presidents of our colleges, banks, and railways. They are the men who will move the world. I wish all my boy readers were mother's boys. The lad who is called a "mother's boy" need never be ashamed of the appellation; many of the great men of this and other countries have been such and have been proud of it.

Upon the day of Garfield's inauguration as President of the United States he turned after taking the oath of office and kissed his mother who was standing near him. In his hour of triumph, and amid the glittering crowd, he did not forget the mother whose heroic struggle in bringing up her children in the poverty of frontier life forms one of the most fascinating pages in our history. Surely he must have been a "mother's boy."

TWO TYPES OF MODERN LADS

THE humble boy. He seems to be afraid to let the world know he is alive. He is shy and retiring in company, and his face flushes when he enters a room filled with people. He speaks in a low voice, and seems to have no control over himself. He is afraid to express an opinion on any topic. He does not believe in himself. He says yes or no to everything. He does not know how to help himself. He does not dance, for he thinks he is ungraceful. He does not try to sing, because he is afraid of his own voice. He does not push himself forward in school or business, because he is afraid people may laugh at him. He is not a happy boy, and the world is not very promising to him.

But if the boy who is too humble is a drawback to himself, the boy "who knows it all" stands equally as much in his own light. He is generally loud of speech, pushes himself into places where he is not wanted, is thoughtless, domineering in manner, rude to everybody, and seems to care for no one but himself. He will discuss any subject. He will talk in a rapid way on art, literature, science and religion. He sneers at his mother and sisters. He does not know how to control himself. He likes to crush and bully the weak. He does not care to study. He derides the church. He cares only for himself. To the world at large he is a nuisance.

PETS OF OUR HOUSEHOLDS

MANY of my readers have written me about household pets. The article printed on this page in the April JOURNAL has attracted much attention. It is for this reason that I return to the subject, and hope thereby to aid some of my readers by telling them of some wonderful monkeys, and how patience, kindness and perseverance will make them docile, and to an extent, if I may use the word, humanize them; also how birds may be taught to sing.

CAN MONKEYS TALK?

THE man who will make a very great reputation or a considerable failure is a southern gentleman of the name of R. L. Garner, of Roanoke, Virginia, who has given up many years of his life to study the ways of an animal that comes as near to being human as any beast can, and whose ability to acquire the worst vices of man is marvelous. Professor Garner believes that monkeys can talk in a language of their own, and he will spend several months in equatorial Africa with the purpose of fully testing his theory. He will live in a steel cage, will be provided with firearms, with ammonia bags to stifle the monkeys if they become too familiar, and in addition will have a circuit of live electric wires about the cage and a phonograph that will record anything that the monkeys about him may say. It is the opinion of Professor Garner that the sounds uttered by the members of the monkey tribe that gather about the cage in which he may be can be analyzed in such a way that it is quite possible to make out the full meaning of them. But he does not intend to deal with ordinary monkeys. His business is with the great gorillas of interior Africa, that come closer to being Darwin's missing link than any other animal. They walk upright upon two great feet, and stand some six feet in height in many cases. They rule their families by physical force, and regulate their domestic affairs with a degree of order that other beasts know nothing of. Their great size and strength, their courage and intelligence, are such that all other animals known to the jungles hold them in awe. They have a language that seems sufficient for their needs, and Stanley and other explorers say that they are extremely fluent and forcible when chiding either their wives or children. If Professor Garner shall succeed in finding a key to this talk of the animal he will have opened up a field of speculation and research almost unparalleled in importance.

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS

I DISCUSSED this subject with another learned Professor who has spent a life time in studying animals and their ways, and I must say that he rather startled me by what he said. "You may not use my name," he said, "for I fear that even my brother scientists would be inclined to laugh at me. Yet I will say that in my opinion very many birds and animals not only have a language of their own, but that they have the power to learn our own tongue and to articulate ordinary words with considerable clearness."

"It is said that a dog was once trained to speak thirty words in plain English, and when you consider that notwithstanding its great intelligence the dog is one of the most forgetful of animals. Those canary birds that come from the Harz Mountains in Germany, the best of their specie, learn to pipe full tunes without any difficulty. A bullfinch will learn from three to five tunes if he be of the right intelligence, and will be perfect in them. The nightingale is of another sort entirely. He is a natural songster, but will sing no melodies save his own. But you may develop his powers until his music becomes almost within the realm of humanity."

A WONDERFUL BABOON

IT is not so long ago that my attention was called to a baboon in Cape Colony. His owner is a cripple who is a signal man on the Port Elizabeth railroad," said the gentleman who told me the story. "He had both his legs cut off in an accident. He now handles the telegraph instrument at his post, but this baboon that he trains does the rest of his work. He handles the levers that work the switches, and does all the things that his master cannot do. The passengers on the road at first objected to this arrangement. But one day when the signal man himself was absent, and the baboon was entirely without supervision, an unannounced special train came along the road. There was one switch open and that the wrong one, for there was a junction at the station. The baboon through habit, or through some almost superhuman instinct, noted that the train should be switched on another track. So he locked the switch that was open and opened the switch that was locked, and thereby prevented a possible disaster. Passengers on that railroad no longer objected to the baboon who, among other things, pushes his legless master in a sort of a handcart to and from the signal station that he has charge of every morning and night. Now we have no means of getting at the thought and opinions of that baboon, but in my opinion he is capable of thinking to a certain extent, and of holding opinions. If Professor Garner succeeds in so recording the sounds of these and kindred animals as to render them intelligible, he will have performed a great service to humanity. As for myself, I think the time will come, although I may not see it, when we shall be able to understand the language of birds and of animals in some degree. It is probable that the phonograph, as it is developed, will assist us, and it is possible that we shall have to go deeper into the rules of music and the significance of phonetic sounds than we have yet gone. In instance of this I may say that in my opinion the songs of birds can be so set to music of our own kind that we can read the thoughts of those feathered pets of ours. Of course, you could not set the coarse guttural of the ape or the womanly cries of a monkey to music. But I think that eventually we shall be able to understand them better than we do now."

The man who spoke in this way to me has a great reputation, honestly earned. I gather that he believes that animals and birds can be taught to talk, not in the queer and amusing way of half-trained bipeds of the parrot race, but intelligently.

There is much in this. If any of my young readers would give their attention to this matter, and should be able to prove that the language of birds and animals is such that it may be translated, he will make a reputation scarcely second to that of Professor Darwin himself.

WHAT PATIENCE WILL DO

NOW, I will again return to the financial side of this subject and repeat that any boy who has patience, and industry, and persistence can do well with animals. Good trainers of dogs or horses command their own price in the market now. The handlers of more savage animals are well paid, but their work is not so pleasant, and proficiency can only be attained after many years of hard service. But I assume that among my young readers not many of them seek to take up the training of the more savage species. I fancy they are not so different from the boys of a score of years ago, and that they will in the main cling to those ever-popular pets, such as dogs, rabbits, pigeons, colts or treasures of that sort for the pleasure that there is in it rather than the profit. Yet it would seem that there is both pleasure and gain in the handling of our animal friends. I know of a good many boys who earn not a little pocket money in raising and training carrier pigeons. This is rather an important work now. The pigeon is regarded as a valuable adjunct to the military service. In European countries notably, thousands of these valuable birds are trained and kept to act as army messengers in case of war. It is comparatively an easy matter to train song birds. Any boy who can whistle can do it, and these birds always command a fair price. Or if you have no wish to make money out of them, they are certainly pleasant companions. The same is true of dogs. Take a dog when he is young, and you can teach him how to perform any number of tricks and by the simplest methods.

ABOUT THE HANDLING OF ANIMALS

I HAD intended to furnish you with some of the rules by which your pets can be trained, but upon investigation I find that a book as large as a copy of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL might be devoted to this alone, and no more be said than was told me by Superintendent Conklin and other experts in a few words. All animals, they said, were much alike, and the rules for handling them were few and very simple.

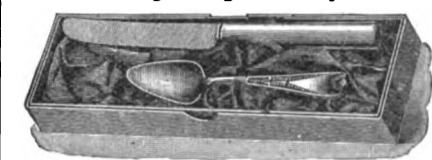
"You must be kind," they said, "and you must be firm with either a kitten or an elephant. You must not allow them to master you, and you must not carry your authority too far. We have seen many sorts of animals, and there is one rule that we all follow. First teach the animals to love you, which is not hard. After that you can teach them anything. This is true of every animal, domestic or savage. There is no other certain rule, for animals differ just as men do. They have their moods and weaknesses which must always be taken into consideration. Take them when young. Study their dispositions and the rest will come."

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THE NATIVE HEATH OF AUTHORS

By Mrs. M. C. Williams



THE whole world claims some writers. Others are known and loved only in their own country.

birthplaces of American writers are dotted all over our broad territory. The geographical limit of celebrity is a widely wavering line, and no one section can claim a monopoly of literary genius.

As is natural, however, the older parts of the country have produced more writers of national fame than have the newer, and among the older states Massachusetts takes a prominent position.

Boston has produced a number of well-known writers. Charles Francis Adams and Ralph Waldo Emerson, are both from "the modern Athens."

ON the other hand, Longfellow, whom we usually associate with Massachusetts, was really born in Maine, at Portland.

The other New England states are proud of some very worthy sons and daughters. Connecticut honors Jonathan Edwards, theologian and educator, whose birthplace was East Windsor.

HENRY M. ALDEN, editor of "Harpers' Magazine," was born at Mt. Tabor, in the "Green Mountain State."

Maine claims James G. Blaine, but the author of "Twenty Years in Congress" was born in the little town of West Brownsville, in Washington County, Pennsylvania.

For a little state, Rhode Island has produced a very good-sized man in Hezekiah Butterworth, whose early life was spent in Warren, and Providence has no reason to be ashamed of George William Curtis.

George H. Boker, Rebecca Harding Davis, and the humorist, Robert J. Burdette, are both natives of Pennsylvania, the former having been born in Washington and the latter in Greensborough.

New Jersey has given birth to a famous novelist, James Fenimore Cooper, who comes from Burlington, and an equally famous preacher and author, Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, who was born in Bound Brook.

MANHATTAN Island's earliest literary genius of note was "Diedrich Knickerbocker," Washington Irving, but the city whose early history he chronicled has had many another celebrity since his time.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, born at Greenfield, Indiana, is by no means the "Hoosier State's" only contribution to fame. Edward Eggleston was born at Neveay, and has again and again pictured life among his native cornfields.

Another of our recent poets and essayists, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, was born at Johnstown Centre, Wisconsin; Will Carleton claims Hudson, Michigan, as his birthplace; "Mark Twain" comes from Florida, Missouri, and Frances Courtenay Baylor was born in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

THE south has been well represented in American literature, especially in later years. Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star-spangled Banner," was born in Frederick County, Maryland, and George W. Childs comes from Baltimore, in the same state.

THE man who claimed to be an Irishman, but admitted that he "wasn't born in his native land" has his counterpart in many of the writers whom we are accustomed to reckon among our very own.

LITERARY QUERIES

Under this heading the EDITOR will endeavor to answer any possible question concerning authorship and literary matters.

J. C. R.—John Esten Cooke is the author of "Mohun." SUBSCRIBER—"The Rubaiyat," of Omar Khayyam, is pronounced "The Rubiat" of Omar Kayam.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER—Write to the JOURNAL'S Premium Department, and they will send you a list of very desirable books.

K. W.—"Owen Meredith" was the nom de plume of Robert, the son of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. He died in Paris three months ago.

P. S.—"A Golden Gospel," by Mrs. Whitney, can now be secured in book form from the Book Department of the JOURNAL for \$1.50, postage free.

C. S.—"The White Cow" was written by James Lane Allen, and is one of the stories comprised in the volume entitled "Flute and Violin."

B. E. B., AND OTHERS—Refer to "Literary Queries" in previous issues of the JOURNAL. You will find a list of the various syndicates already given.

PATRIE—Such magazines as "St. Nicholas," "Harpers' Young People," "Wide Awake," etc., would be apt to accept fairy stories if new and original.

E. L. L.—"St. Nicholas" is one of the best magazines for children. (2) I would not advise your reprinting the book you mention. There would be no sale for it.

G. J. H.—You can get "The Girls' Own Paper," or any foreign magazines, from Brentano's, New York City, or through the International News Company, also of New York City.

A BOSTON GIRL—Write to Roberts Brothers, of Boston, who are the publishers of "The No Name Series," and they will doubtless send you the full list, together with the authors' names.

G. D. K.—Send your manuscript to The American Press Association, the same as you would to any publishing concern. They accept bright, original matter, humorous work preferred.

A. W., AND OTHERS—For obvious reasons I cannot give the addresses of authors in this column. Any communication you desire to reach them will be forwarded if sent in care of the JOURNAL.

E. C.—The books you mention, or any other books, can be furnished you by the Premium Department of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL at a premium for subscribers, or at the lowest cost price.

FIGGLEWITCH—It has often been said in this column, and in articles published on this page, that the only way in which to bring a manuscript to the attention of an editor is to send it to him, and enclose stamps for reply.

CARLE HERICK—Literary syndicates accept manuscripts for newspapers only, taking in all the large and prominent papers of the country. They prefer popular material, which should not exceed fifteen hundred words.

B. F.—The magazine you refer to is published in New York City. Readers must not ask me to give addresses of magazines in this column hereafter. You can purchase a copy of any magazine and ascertain the address for yourself.

A. R. M. C. P.—Richard Henry Stoddard was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, in 1825. He has resided in New York since 1885, and has written and compiled many books. He is the literary editor of the New York "Mail and Express."

V. B.—I cannot give you the names of editors of magazines. It is utterly immaterial for your purpose. Send your articles impersonally addressed to the editors. The JOURNAL'S rates for advertising will be found printed each month on the editorial page.

E. L. A., AND J. M. G.—It is immaterial whether you use ruled or unruled paper, provided you can write straight, and leave sufficient space between the lines. Write only on one side, of course. It is optional with you whether you take an assumed name or not.

EOLANTINE EARNEST—No young writers can place any monetary value upon their literary productions. Leave such matters to the ones who accept them for publication and content. When you reach the front rank of authorship you can demand your price.

S. M. R.—You cannot use a copyrighted poem, or portions of it, without permission in writing of the owner. (2) If you have sold the design of the booklet to one party, you certainly cannot re-sell it to another. Your interest in it ceased when the sale was made.

MYRA—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was married in 1840, to Miss Amelia Lee Jackson, daughter of Judge Charles Jackson of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Mrs. Holmes died some years ago. (2) The sister of Mr. Beecher you refer to is Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker.

C. M. VAN S.—Letters of travel always speak best for themselves; hence, when your first one is written, send it to the editor of the paper for which you think it is best intended. Unless under special circumstances, it is difficult to obtain a commission from any periodical before starting.

ALICE—Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel, "The History of David Grieve," has not proved what is generally termed "a popular success." It is, however, unmistakably superior to "Robert Elsmere" as a piece of literary work, and will demonstrate at once to you the literary power possessed by its author.

YOUNG ENGLISHMAN—Of the strictly literary papers, I would recommend to you "The Critic," published weekly in New York City. I believe it to be impartial in its criticisms, fresh and accurate in its literary information, and in touch with what is best and latest in the world of letters. It points the way to the wisest reading for a man or woman of literary tastes.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS—Literary bureaus are not in existence for the mere pleasure of it. Their object is to make money, like most enterprises. They charge certain fees for certain work. Unless you comply with their conditions you need not expect the attention you desire. Before sending manuscripts to them write for particulars, and be guided accordingly.

I. M. B.—You cannot prevent any one from using your poems if they are not copyrighted. It does not matter whether you received pay or not. (2) If you have copyrighted your poems, and sold them, and they are published, they do not belong to you. You could not use them for publication again without permission. (3) I do not know if the poem you mention has been published.

A DOCTOR'S WIFE—It is better to keep a play in manuscript, having several type-written copies, which you can send to different parties for consideration. If a copyright has been obtained no one can make use of it without your consent. If they do, they are liable to one hundred dollars fine for the first performance, and fifty dollars fine for every subsequent performance as to the court shall appear to be just.

MINNESOTA—No editor has a right to sell, or in any way deface a manuscript submitted to him. It will happen sometimes, that a manuscript sent in that is returned folded. To prevent this, indicate by a memorandum on the manuscript that if it is unavailable, you wish it returned flat. (2) Manuscripts are undoubtedly sometimes paid for, but never printed. In such cases manuscripts are generally returned to the author for such disposition as he may choose to make of it. But such a decision is rarely reached by an editor until a considerable time after acceptance, and in nine cases out of ten the manuscript would have a little value to the author as to the editor. Editorial rules differ as to the disposition of such manuscripts; in some offices they are returned, in others they are destroyed or permanently "filed."

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DAINTY BASKET

In preparing for the baby, pretty basket to hold the requisites for its toilet is indispensable. In no other single item can taste and skill effect a greater saving of money than in this dainty adjunct. They can be purchased decorated at prices varying from a half to twenty dollars and can cover one at home or on the road. Suitable baskets can be bought for fifty cents to one dollar. A good shape should be chosen, two to three inches long, and with a half or four inches high. As it is entirely hidden from sight, one for a foundation is all that

should be covered with muslin, or some colored material. Silesia, or sateen may be used, and any that is preferred. The French is the most appropriate for boys, and for girls. If any special color predominates in the nursery, or in the baby's other belongings, well to have the basket to match. A red is effective, crimson looks warm and a delicate green cool in summer. The sides of the basket inside and out should be lined with strips to fit, allowing for the corners neatly round the top, and any extra fullness in tiny plaits over part. Cut a piece of cardboard to fit the bottom of the basket, cover it with sateen, and afterward with the muslin and lay it in place when the trimming is done. It will conceal the finishing where the sides and bottom join.

For the covering plain white Swiss muslin, dotted or figured muslin, point d'esprit, which is net covered with fine dots, or any of the different kinds of piece lace. When an inexpensive basket is desired, try fine net-cloth, scrim, silkolene, or art muslin. A red, India, or surahi silk, in soft shades, is a very pretty covering, and does not wear so quickly as muslin. Whatever the material chosen, line the sides of the basket with strips gathered or plaited on. Make a small ruffle for the outside, and fasten it around the top, concealing the joining with a full circle of the same.

THESE frills may be ornamented in many different ways, according to the taste and ingenuity of the maker and the material used. Muslin is pretty trimmed on the edge with valenciennes lace, or with rows of feather stitching in washing silk, or hemstitched. Net or lace may have rows of very narrow ribbon woven in and out through it. Silk can be daintily hemmed, or embroidered with a line of dots along the hem. The ruche at the top may be of silk, fringed or pinked, or of ribbon, or a thick silk cord may be substituted for it. Two little pockets must be made of strips of cardboard about six inches long and three wide, covered with the silesia and full frills of the muslin or lace. Bend to a semicircular shape, and sew them securely in opposite corners of the basket, or on opposite sides, if preferred. Tack them under the frills, or cover the stitches with bows of ribbon. In the remaining corners put two pin-cushions, trimmed in the same way, one for large and one for small safety pins.

A COVER of muslin, or whatever material is used for the basket, lined with silesia, and ornamented to match the frills, is sometimes provided to protect the contents when not in use. Although these daintily-trimmed baskets are very fascinating when they are new, they soon lose their freshness. It is really more sensible to have a pretty wicker basket, and decorate it with ribbons, which can be easily replaced when they are soiled at a small expenditure of time and trouble. The ribbon can be twisted through the openings in the wicker work, or tied in bows at the corners or on the sides. Pockets can be made of pretty figured silk to match, if desired. High standard baskets can be had for two dollars, or two and a half, and these are very effective with a bow tied where the three legs cross, and bows on the handle.

Common wicker baskets can be painted white, either with or without lines of gold, and varnished. In her first enthusiasm the young mother disregards trouble; but when the baby is three or four months old, and she has to renew the muslin furbelows, she may wish that she had chosen something more substantial. ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

Editor's Note.—Six "months" was misprinted for six "weeks" in the article on feeding in the April number.

CURE OF SPEECH IMPEDIMENTS

BY EDWARD ECK

AS soon as the child afflicted with speech impediments is old enough to enter school, and becomes conscious of its defect, its life becomes unquestionably one of great suffering and constant mortification. The unfortunate habit of a stammering child will often cause interruption during the instruction hours, and make the other pupils restless and cause incalculable harm. In many cases the teacher has not the ability, patience or disposition to lessen the timidity of the unfortunate child. Encouraged by the careless parent they excuse themselves by saying: "Let the child alone, the habit will some day decrease."

How wrong this is! From such neglect the future career of the child will undoubtedly suffer. Finding himself excluded from the most desirable careers, he will be forced to strike out for himself in some new path for which, perhaps, neither his talents nor inclinations fit him. What shall we do to prevent stammering in early youth? Being a teacher for eleven years of the cure of speech impediments, let me say this: By careful observation, a mother can in many cases perceive slight indications of it in the first attempt at speech made by the child. Sometimes we meet three or four-year-old children who already stutter. Parents do not consider the matter of sufficient importance, and the bad habit becomes a lasting defect.

When parents perceive that their child has the habit of repeating syllables or letters, or pronouncing them incorrectly, they should with the greatest calmness, slowly and distinctly utter in a correct manner the wrongly pronounced letter, syllable or word, and let the child repeat it in like manner until it is able to pronounce it correctly. If they fail to understand the little one, then let it repeat the words again, forcing it to pronounce the vowels in a long-drawn manner; for instance: "Good night," "sleep well." "Dear mama, please give me some cake." Avoid, by all means, speaking too suddenly or abruptly to the child. Persons whose task it is to instruct such children must never become impatient or speak in an angry manner, for the future of the afflicted child is decided by the treatment it receives the first nine years of its life. If the child by the negligence of its parents is not cured when ten years old, then it will have to undergo the troublesome cure with a specialist, which requires often a long time. For the benefit of the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL I will give some main points in the methods to be used in remedying this defect:

1. Let the child stand passively erect, hands and arms hanging loosely; let it inhale and exhale slowly and quietly, without raising its shoulders. The child should not catch the breath suddenly through the mouth while exercising. The inspiration must take place through the nostrils, the expiration through the mouth. Repeat this exercise fifteen to twenty times. If dizziness ensue, discontinue for a few minutes.

2. Let the child stand passively erect, the back perfectly straight, with hands upon its hips, inhale slowly, filling the lungs; exhale through the mouth, and gradually with the sound of ha, holding this as long as possible.

Then: ha, he, ha, he, hi, ha, he, hi, ho, ha, he, hi, ho, hoo.

Then: ah, ah, eh, ah, eh, ih, ah, eh, ih, oh, ah, eh, ih, oh, ooh.

The consonants must be repeated clearly and distinctly by their sound, not their name. Make combinations of the vowels with consonants, for instance: all, egg, ice, or, use, etc., after which you may proceed to more difficult words and sentences. Never forget that the vowel is the carrier of the word.

HOME AND MOTHER INFLUENCE

BY MINNIE B. BELL

ONCE heard a learned man remark: "Many mothers have ruined their boys by their fretful, oft-repeated don'ts."

"Don't make so much noise, Johnnie"— "Don't put your feet on the furniture, Charlie"— "Don't leave the door open, Willie," etc. Suppose we endure a little more noise, if harmless noise is natural to Johnnie. We will some day look back upon his boyish prattle and clatter as the sweetest music of by-gone years. Let us put into our family living room, furniture for our comfort and use, upon which Charlie's feet may rest. Has Charlie a "foot-rest"—one of those essentials to man's comfort? If not, give him one—with a mild suggestion as to its use. If careless Willie leaves the door open, suppose we close it; boys will forget sometimes. I would not make our boys selfish and extravagant—far from it! But if by patience, reasonable indulgence, and constant thought and watchful care we may throw round our boys a home influence, and give them a heart-felt love of home as the cosiest nook, the brightest, dearest spot in all the earth, is it not worth while? God bless our boys, and God bless the mothers, and give them strength and wisdom to discharge their mission, "for there is no sanctuary of virtue like home."

In response to many inquiries, the editor of the "Mothers' Corner" has prepared a little book called "A Baby's Requirements," giving practical advice as to the first wardrobe, the necessary toilet articles, the preparations needed for the mother's comfort, the food and general care of a young baby. It can be obtained from the Curtis Publishing Company for twenty five cents.



FORMING THE CHARACTER

WHEN I am tired with the noise of the children, and the many little cares that fill the life of a busy wife and mother, I like to take up a book and forget my small worries in the great thoughts of some one else. One or two bits I have met with lately have pleased me so much I have thought they might help some other tired mother, so ask you to put them in the "Mothers' Council." "To form a character is the work of our personal life, and when once we see this the inequities of our outward circumstances cease to be. If wealth, or fame, or knowledge, or length of days, were the final goal of human endeavor, then indeed the difference between man and man, would be an unspokeable injustice. The highest service can be prepared for and done in the humblest surroundings." S. N. H.

STARCHING SHIRT BOSOMS

I THINK if C. W. W. will try my receipt for starching shirt bosoms she will have a satisfactory result. Of course, you starch them in hot starch first, so I will tell how to starch them in cold. To one quart take a good half teaspoonful starch, and dissolve in as little cold water as possible. Then fill your dish (I use a common bowl) in which you dissolved the starch not quite half full of cold water, and add one teaspoonful of kerosene. Stir the kerosene well into the starch; then dip your shirt bosom several times, rubbing thoroughly between your fingers. After doing this, roll the shirt very tight, and let it remain so at least three-quarters of an hour before ironing. L. W. W.

THOUGHTFUL MOMENTS

OUT-OF-DOORS a gloomy day and pouring rain; indoors, while hands are busy with sewing for the little ones, there is also time for thoughtful moments. "Tis then we realize the blessing of work, and all the blessings we mothers enjoy in our home life, whose cares sometimes seem like a load upon the weary nerves." "Mother! How much that precious word conveys we realize when we look back to our own childhood. She whose province it is to keep the home in trim that the loving father provides, a cheerful smile and a contented mind, a clean table, with china and silver shining, salt and pepper bottles never empty, a well-filled larder, with plenty of good sweet bread, no buttonless coat and faded socks. Oh! there are so many little things for mothers to do; and really, how much of our happiness does depend on the little things; it often takes but one cross word to make a whole family unhappy. How little it takes to please a child. A story told at the twilight hour, or a playmate invited in to tea are little things, but often make a child happy for days. A game or frolic before bedtime, with papa and mamma to join. It is these little things that make a child love its home and brighten thoughts in after years when the childhood home is but a memory. Sometimes I think we do not rightly appreciate our home blessings, the comfort of husband and children for whom to care. What loftier ambition is there for woman than to make home an attractive place for her loved ones? Sometimes we become almost discouraged, and think it amounts to little, this great expenditure of strength and nerve that no one realizes but ourselves. How tired we grow, and we think the same expenditure in some other direction might produce so much greater results. Do not be discouraged; it is our own place each must fill and not another's; and at the end I am sure none of us could desire a higher eulogy than this: "She hath done what she could." WINONA.

SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN

LET us be very watchful over our little ones. They are precious gifts. In all their innocence and purity they come to us; let our highest aim be to keep them so, our greatest ambition to see them while still young giving their hearts to God. As we lay some little task upon them which it is our duty to see done as well as their hands can do it, let us show pleasure at their obedience, and at the same time remind them that their heavenly Father is pleased with them too, for He has said: "Children, obey your parents." Let us teach them also that He has said: "Little children come unto me." A heaven-sent message to the little ones, an invitation direct from the King. Oh! may we, as we are true mothers, instruct our dear little ones that this is the most important invitation they can ever receive, and may we do all we can to insure its acceptance.

AN EAGER READER.

BABY'S FLANNELS AND PILLOWS

MAY I come with my questions, for this is my first baby and I know so little? First—My baby's flannel skirts are shrunken from being properly washed by servant girls. Can any one tell me how I can get the "flannel" out, so they will resume their former dimensions? Second—I am told that feathers are too heating for the little head. Is this true, and if so, of what can I make a suitable pillow?

First—Nothing will restore them. Second—A feather pillow is not objectionable unless it is so soft that the head is buried in it. Curled hair is the best material for a firm pillow.

CARE OF CHILDREN'S HAIR

WILL the editor of the "Mothers' Corner" give space to an inquiry concerning children's hair? I have a little girl whose hair is soft and fine, but left to itself hangs in unbecoming strings. I have curled it a good deal, and combed it out in fluffy locks that look very pretty. But it gets so tangled then that it is a task to brush the hair, as I notice a good many split ends. Does hair grow from the root or from the end? I would like some advice on the subject from some experienced person, as I do not want to injure her hair for the sake of her present appearance. I brush it frequently, every day, and am careful to keep the scalp clean and free from dandruff. It looks glossy and well kept, but still the split ends appear. Please don't tell me the ends, for in my own experience I have lost all faith in that. R. H. A.

Hair grows from the roots, so that clipping the ends does very little good. I should suggest cutting the child's hair close, and keeping it so for a year or two, as there is an evident lack of vitality in the hair. Rub the head twice a week with compound camphor liniment, and use occasionally a little olive oil.

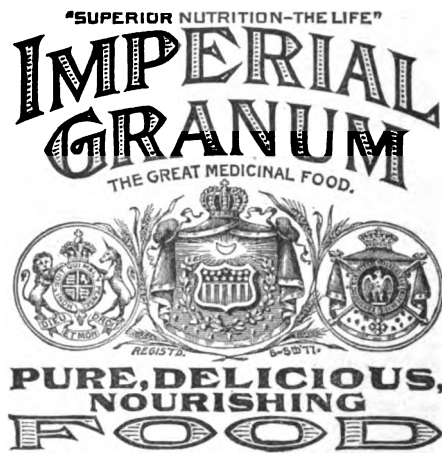
A BABY'S FIRST WARDROBE

EVERY month I read carefully your "Mothers' Council," but have never before ventured into the halloved spot. Now, I want to ask you a few special questions, which I hope will not prove too troublesome to answer. Not long since the "Council" contained several suggestions as to "Baby's First Wardrobe" which, while doubtless satisfactory to one of more experience, were not specific enough for me. Will you kindly answer the following questions. First—How many of each, and what articles do I need for a "first wardrobe?" Second—Of what materials are the dresses, gowns, etc., made? Third—Is it cheaper to buy the things ready made, or have them made?

THE YOUNG MOTHER

I HAVE taken much pleasure for years in reading your journal, and especially of late "Mothers' Council," and I venture to ask you a few questions which I hope you will answer as soon as you can possibly do so. Please give me an idea of what I shall really need for baby's wardrobe, and also a first-class quality of toilet articles for the toilet. YOUNG WIFE.

These questions would have been answered by mail had addresses been sent. Full replies are given in the little book "A Baby's Requirements," referred to just at the left of this paragraph, and which the JOURNAL will send for twenty five cents.



THIS World Renowned is a solid extract Dietetic Preparation derived from most superior growths of wheat—nothing more.

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DESIGNS IN LINEN APPLIQUE

BY ANNA M. PORTER



SOME further designs for doilies in the linen applique work, upon which an article was published in the January number of the JOURNAL are herewith given, according to promise. Illustration No. 1 is both pretty and extremely simple in arrangement. No new stitches are employed, but the wheel pattern, or the "Rosette point d'Angleterre," already described, is introduced in the four corners only of the mat; the re-

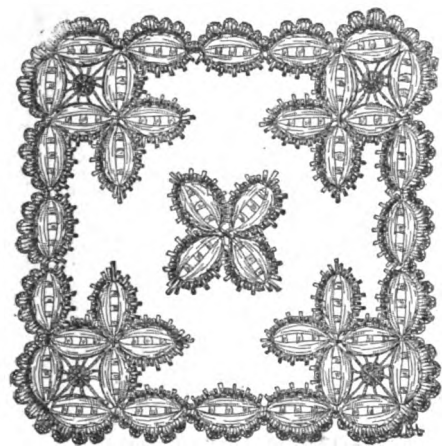


Illustration No. 1

mainder of the design is of the braid, finished with the edging of buttonhole stitch in white silk. This mat is very effective placed over a soft shade of china silk, and used as a cover for a pin-cushion.

A small and very dainty doily is shown in Illustration No. 2, and the pattern used, although not at all difficult to manage, needs

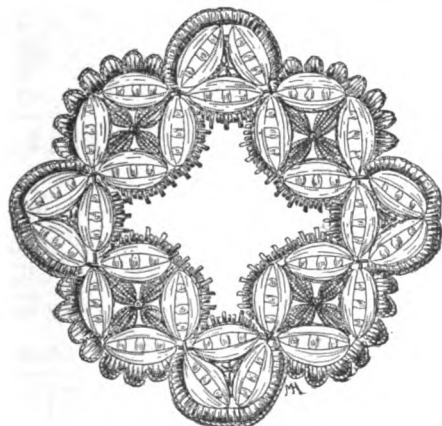


Illustration No. 2

careful execution. The manner of working is given in the small illustration at the beginning of the article. The central bars forming the foundation of the flower-like stitch are made first, and knotted in the middle, five threads going to each petal. These latter are worked solidly by an interlacing of the silk woven backward and forward from the center to each corner.

The size of this doily, when finished, is nearly five inches, and, when finished, a dozen of them make a handsome and useful present to place beneath a set of tumblers on the polished table.

Illustration No. 3 is sufficiently large for a caraffe or plate doily; it is considerably more elaborate in detail, the braid itself even being enriched by a buttonhole stitch through the center of it. This addition may be omitted, if desired. The irregular edge formed by the design is

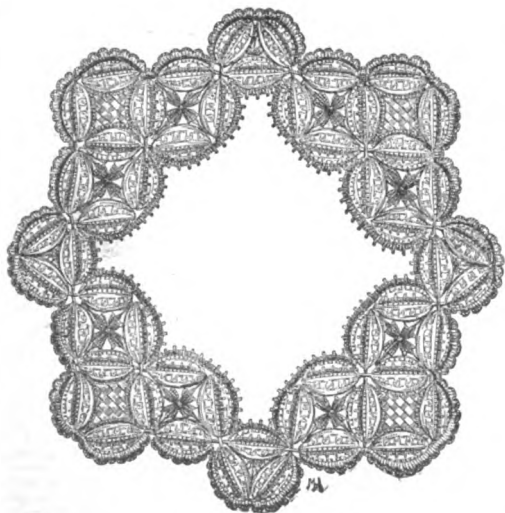


Illustration No. 3

a pretty feature of both this and the small doily in Illustration No. 2.

Besides the stitch already shown in the illustration at the beginning of the article, a solid interlacement of silk threads is introduced in each corner. It is formed by five strands of silk in each bar, and woven to represent basket work, and is finished by an edging of buttonhole stitch. The linen lawn, of which the foundation is made, is not cut away from beneath this interlacement, because being worked solidly renders it unnecessary.

For a cushion top the white embroidery silk produces the daintiest effect, while for the tumbler doily, either blue, green, or shrimp pink will be effective. In the execution of this style of work a common fault to be particularly avoided is that of bungling, or clumsy sewing, in places where the buttonhole edging makes awkward turns, or junctions. Another necessary point is to preserve the silk absolutely unsoiled by handling.

HEAD-REST OR TABLE-SCARF

BY ANNA T. ROBERTS

THE design is intended to be executed on the bolting cloth, which is first delicately tinted in the required shades. Have a sheet of blotting-paper under the bolting cloth to absorb the superfluous turpentine used in diluting the oil colors, which must be washed on as lightly as possible, giving the effect of the dye-colors. The water lilies will require little tinting except a thin wash of delicate gray put in behind each petal where it rests against another; the stamens of the flowers are painted with raw sienna, or burnt sienna. Tint some of the leaves bronze-green, making them lighter at the top; others again paint a reddish tint growing into a dark, rich maroon shade.

These, as well as the long, reddish stems, are washed in with Indian red, shading with madder lake, bone brown and raw umber. I forgot to say that it is well before tinting the design to stretch the bolting cloth on a board and fasten with thumb tacks, so that it will keep smooth in this way and not wrinkle after the tints are washed in. When thoroughly dry, outline the petals of the water lilies with heavy white silk, and the stamens are done in dull yellow. The leaves are worked and veined with bronze-green silk and the red stems and leaves in rich, copper-colored shades. The design, when outlined, is put over a sage-green head-rest, and finished all round with a narrow gold braid. The cushions are tied together with bows with long streamers the same shade as the silken head-rest. If this design is used for a table-scarf, it can be put over yellow, salmon, or blue.

A TRAVELING SPONGE BAG

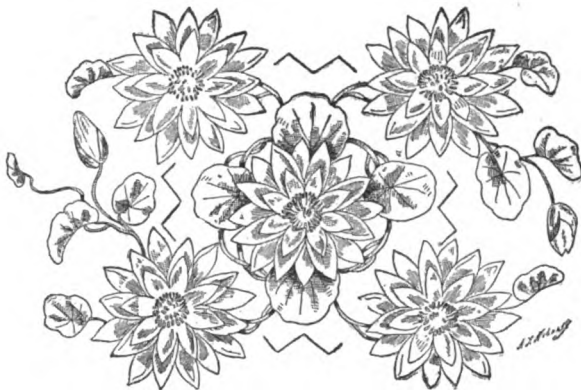
MATERIALS—Three-eighths of a yard of rubber sheeting, one yard wide. Cut in halves this makes two bags. Fold together and you will have a bag thirteen and a half inches long by nine inches wide. Snip the lower edge of the rubber into a fringe two inches deep. Next stitch the side seams and across the bottom above the fringe, and make hem one inch deep at the top of the bag. A spray of forget-me-nots, blue-bells or golden rod may be painted on either side. A binding of narrow ribbon may edge the top and a drawing string through the hem.

A COMFORTABLE HAMMOCK PILLOW

BY LINA BEARD

FOR solid comfort and hard wear the hammock pillow proves very satisfactory.

Make a cover of light weight bed-ticking, which can be had for about twelve cents a yard. Select a cheerful pattern of wide red and white stripes, make a large pocket on the under side of the cushion for holding the handkerchief and favorite book. If a feather pillow is not to be had, collect scraps of writing paper that are of no use, such as old envelopes, letters and torn pieces. Cut them into strips half an inch wide and from two to three inches long; curl the strips up well with a knife; next make a square bag of any material (an old dress skirt lining, which has been washed, will do nicely), fill the bag with the curled papers mixed with some woolen shreds, stuff very nearly full and sew up the end, then you will have a pillow at little or no cost. The expense of the cover need not exceed thirty cents, and if stitched on the machine, the hammock pillow may readily be made in half an hour, but the curled papers must be prepared beforehand and all ready for use.

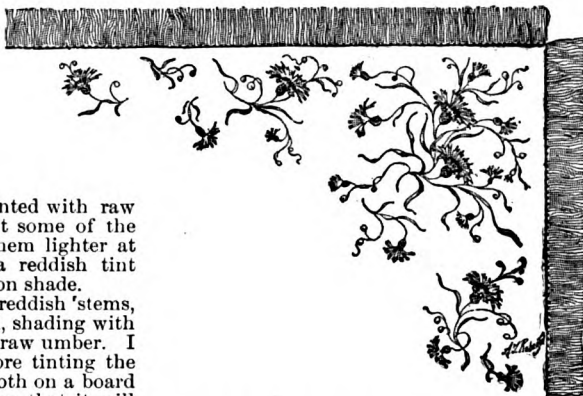


TWO DESIGNS FOR CORN CLOTHS

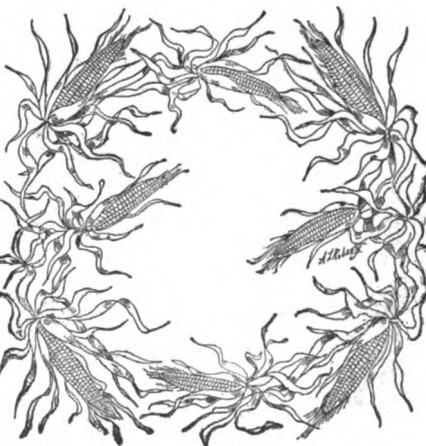
BY ANNA T. ROBERTS

THE corn cloth is useful for wrapping up ears of corn, keeping them hot while on the table. Here are two appropriate designs for their decoration. The usual size for a corn cloth is about three-quarters of a yard square, made of fine, white linen. They can be either fringed or hemstitched.

The corn flower forms the decoration for the cloth, of which one corner is given in the first illustration. The design is re-



peated for the three corners, and scattered sprays and single flowers are then powdered along the border, making a very pretty and appropriate design for the article it is intended to decorate. The corn flowers are worked in shades of light blue silk, with the stamens in the center done in purplish tones. The stems and leaves are embroidered in shades of dull, sage-green, which will harmonize well with the blue. The green calyx of each flower is worked in the weaving stitch, giving the effect



peculiar to that part of the flower. The rest is simply embroidered in the usual way.

The design of corn, as in the second illustration, is so arranged that when the cloth is wrapped the decoration will show in the corners and border, displaying an ear of corn at intervals. Work the whole design in several shades of delicate silver-green, so often seen in young corn. This design is very pretty worked in white silk, but the light-green shades will be found very dainty against the white of the linen.

LINEN APPLIQUE WORK

Designs in this dainty and tasteful work, originated and designed by ANNA M. PORTER:



Tea cloths, center pieces, rose bowl doilies, plate, finger bowl, bonbon and tumbler doilies, bureau covers, cushion tops, babies' pillows, and a variety of designs basted ready to embroider. Applique, Honiton and point braids by the yard or dozen. Best wash silks, 35c. per dozen, 20c. half dozen. Three skeins, 10c. Ladies can order commenced work where it is new to them.

*** Send 35 cents for one finger bowl doily with the silk, and try our work. Catalogue sent upon receipt of two-cent stamp.

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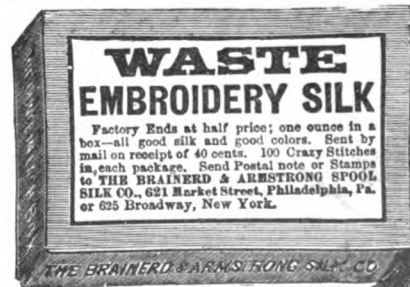
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HINTS ON HOME DRESS MAKING



BY EMMA M. HOOPER

MISS HOOPER invites, and will cheerfully answer any questions concerning home dressmaking which may be sent to her by the JOURNAL sisters. While she will answer by mail, if stamp is inclosed, she greatly prefers to be allowed to reply through the JOURNAL, in order that her answers may be generally helpful. Address all letters to MISS EMMA M. HOOPER, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHOOSING MATERIALS

The apparently wide range of new dress materials may be brought down to crepon, cheviot, serge and camel's hair effects. If on the lookout for a dressy gown, select the first-named, or a serge will answer for a general wear and good summer gown, the cheviot for "hack" and traveling, or the camel's hair for second best. Each shown in many designs, but ided upon the fabric the "coming. No shade can and gray, and navy blue is . Stripes are very fashion- or mixed effects. Combina- glected in Paris.

WHAT WILL BE WORN

maker is advised to make her "bell" skirt just the ide material if she wishes to ge appearance the French hough shaped exactly alike, ning need only join at the eeds but a narrow facing of en binding, and an outside rial about three inches wide. adds a pinked or hemmed shade of the goods on the irt, putting it a trifle above ding. Five widths are put his description, and three of goring the center back st. The bottom is now t border of wide jet passe- vet cut on the bias, fancy, noiré or satin ribbons, vel- inch width bordering silk s wide, a plain, gathered, or from three to five inches in ning should always extend e skirt. I regret to answer ts by saying that skirts are ' on the ground from three ough English tailors and re making a stand against ion as far as the regular e concerned. Many of the a tendency to break up the ook by a V-shaped front of rial, or one outlined by med down the front edge e or ribbon. Others have id goods, or a jabot of lace pentine bands of jet on the ed "bell" seen on some of has the gored and plaited t and sides neatly gathered. re exceedingly scanty in ials are often trimmed with

The lower edge may be bottom, showing the plain The fronts are elaborately t the form of a deep girdle, at forms a point nearly to e side strands of fringe are ter front short. Plain e garnitures may sum up

DECISIONS TO MAKE

ple bodices there are coat- at basques, the first named ping and traveling. This l or "habit" back, opened : single or double-breasted rounded off bluntly two ist line. The coat basque gh no longer ranked with y have a pointed vest, ont, with the coat-length and opened up the center at vests are worn, and known amid the many gs. Belts from the side te in front. Bertha trim- h of lace, chiffon, silk and rowing fuller over the the broad appearance of ing like a graceful half nt; as many end at the the back. Pointed and and flat, are also stylish olen, and cotton gowns. orn, and many of the ne le left. A Frenchy trim- ollarette or fichu of lace, aterial sewed under the collar, deepening at the and resting full over fancy bodices include the Russian blouse, and of many variations. One coat-back, full belted plas- square-jacket fronts. "One s, where the center seam fullness at the waist line ree inches long, or reach-

SLEEVES AND COLLARS

IN cutting new sleeves give as much breadth as possible and medium height, accomplish this by using an ordinary lining, a moderate degree of fullness at the top in soft gathers, and a cluster of downward plaits at the inside seam four inches below the arm size. Below the elbow the sleeve fits closely like a deep cuff. A puff, or short, upturned cuff is sometimes placed just at the bend of the elbow. Irregular draperies and deep cap pieces nearly to the elbow ornament the top. In fact, sleeves should appear as though cut amply full and caught in position while on the wearer according to the needs of her figure. The most frequently seen collar is the now familiar high, straight design, fitted low down on the dress, and of a comfortable width. The flare collars are worn with demi-costumes, and odd, dressy waists. Collars are trimmed with rows of jet or silk gimp to correspond with the trimming on the bottom of the sleeves.

GIRDLES AND CORSELETS

THESE accessories are worn with round waists, deep Russian blouses and a bodice having a pointed or coat-tail back. Some extend entirely around the waist, forming points, or a wide, straight edge at the back, and tapering to almost nothing at the sides, to end in a deep point in front. Others are merely a wide belt at the back with a Swiss bodice front. Another design sews in the right side seam and hooks over on the left. The shape of the corselet varies with the wearer's form; as the long and short must wear them, so they are cut round, pointed and straight. These are made of velvet, silk, point de Genes lace, or wide ribbon. While worn on house and street dresses, such accessories are certainly more appropriate for the former. The pointed girdle, as well as the more elaborate corselet, is well boned with narrow, thin stays in front and on the sides; also at the back if it reaches there. The Directoire girdle, giving a somewhat "early empire" effect, is a sash of soft silk having fringed ends, which encircles the waist and ties on the left of the front with a single knot and two ends, fifteen inches long, or may have two loops too short to hang down, and ends.

THE RUSSIAN BLOUSE

THE more Russian you can, apparently, become, the more stylish of late, consequently every wardrobe must have at least one waist of this name, though there are at least six or eight designs in vogue. There are three kinds of sleeves worn with the waists—a high, coat shape, one having full uppers and deep, close-fitting cuffs, and the typical Russian sleeve, with a deep cap, or second sleeve extending to the elbow over the moderately high coat sleeve beneath. Both the cap and wrist are trimmed, also the collar, opening down the left side and lower edge if the wearer is slender. A close lining is worn, not for cotton dresses, however. The blouse is from twelve to twenty inches below the waist line, belted with a ribbon, passementerie, or leather belt, and either plain or shirred at the center, back and front by the collar. Side forms are used if the wearer is rather large, otherwise the garment resembles a deep sacque, having only side and shoulder seams. Every material is made up in this manner, and the trimmings are as numerous as the fabrics. Pointed, round, and square yokes are also worn, and when of soft materials, like China silk or crepon, the round yoke is shirred in three crosswise puffs, divided by jet or pearl passementerie. Handsome buttons fasten these garments, and they are usually worn with "bell" skirts.

HOW RIBBONS MAY TRIM

MOIRE, plain and in nacré, or mother-of-pearl shadings, double-faced satin, gauze, and fancy striped ribbons, are worn in widths from Nos. 1 to 40, and velvet ribbon in Nos. 5 to 16. In the latter class black predominates. Short belts end under a large, chou rosette, while longer ones hang in ends and loops at the back, and ribbon is again worn around the edge of basques and tied in this manner in the back. Ruffles of gauze ribbon edge skirts, and borders of one or several widths applied flatly are in good taste, as a tan moiré No. 40 on a tan gown, with No. 5 velvet ribbon of a darker shade on each side. Short fly-bows are placed at intervals of half a yard at the head of ruffles, while others festoon deeper flounces of thin materials. Knots of ribbon decorate shoulders and wrists, and are even worn in the hair. Velvet ribbons look especially well with China silk and printed challie gowns. From three to five rows of ribbon are started from the belt close together, radiating as the rows reach the ruffle on the lower edge where each one ends under a fly-bow, and thus trim the front of the skirt. The very graceful Watteau bow and belt have been described before in these columns, and are still among the "successes of the season."

THE DRESSMAKERS' CORNER

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

EVELYN—I cannot give addresses in this column.

THEBESSE—Buy a striped or diagonal cheviot in gray tones or a blue, navy, whipcord or serge.

ANNA W.—Your letter has been crowded out until now, when it is too late to think of a velvet dress.

ADA A.—Misses of twelve years most certainly do not wear "tea-gowns and demi-trains;" such an idea is absurd.

MISS M. P., BROOKLYN—Letter sent you on January 14th was returned with the information that Jefferson Street did not possess such a number.

V. P.—Certainly have a lace dress, getting more flouncing for the back and net to match for the waist and sleeves. (2) Trim with jet galloon.

W. J. W.—You will have to send your satin rhadames to a dyer to be redressed. (2) Combine it with a satin brocade of several shades of brown.

MOTHER'S SPOILED CHILD—Send me your private address and I will recommend a system to you, as it is most decidedly the better plan to learn one.

THEA—I most assuredly can and do recommend silk petticoats. (2) I prefer black or glacé taffeta, and the latter only when more than one may be had.

EQUESTRIAN—Do not line a cloth habit skirt, and finish the bottom with a three-inch hem blind-stitched with the raw edge left to prevent a bulky look.

LUCIL—Your hair is auburn. (2) Your complexion, not hair, determines becoming colors. Avoid rose pink, yellowish tan, bright yellow and brick reds.

MRS. E. S. A.—Please do not write to me in pencil; your letter was rubbed almost beyond reading. (2) Get plain blue satine to use with the blue and white for a wrapper.

FLORA McFLIMSY—Your cream material is a crepon, one of the first patterns that came out, and it would be folly to attempt matching it now. (2) The red can be dyed a deep navy blue.

A YOUNG MOTHER—White woolen Bedford cord with a gathered skirt, round waist, full coat sleeves and deep collar or cape to the waist line. (2) Line only the waist and sleeves, using satine.

BESSIE—You are a dark blonde. (2) Wear reddish and clear browns, pinkish gray, navy blue, black, cream, "baby" blue, delicate pink, tan and dark green; the only red would be a rich dark shade.

MRS. J. M. P.—White China silk would not answer the purpose, but black would entirely cover with French face and a frill at the neck, the silk being too flimsy to wear without covering it entirely.

M. J. K.—Silk socks are seldom to be found in the size you wish. (2) With short clothes put on either plain white or black hose. The latter are the more fashionable, but personally I prefer white on an infant.

L. A. C.—A personal answer sent you on January 1st has been returned "owner not found." You probably have your dress by this time. (2) Do not wear an evening dress on a train even going a short distance, unless it is entirely covered with a long cloak.

DRESSMAKER—A cultrasse basque is one of a perfectly round, extending about five inches below the waist line, and takes its name from a cultrasse, a coat of mail fitting closely and without any break in the perfectly plain outline. (2) It has the usual darts.

CHEESE CLOTH—The cotton crepes at fifteen cents can be made into very neat evening gowns, having a full skirt, ruffle, round, full bodice and high topped sleeves. Satin ribbon belt ending in long loops at the back, suspenders of the same, also shoulder and wrist bows. Total outlay, including the linings, is \$4.

PATSY—Trim the gown with a corselet of silk bengaline a shade darker than the goods, finishing its edges, also the collar and cuffs, with narrow jet passementerie. (2) "Bell" skirt, high sleeves and a pointed or coat-tail back, with a round front having a corselet sewed in one side seam and hooked over to the other.

L. C. B.—A reliable dyer would do the renovating better than you could, but if done at home first brush the lace, then sponge with a weak solution of borax and warm water, using an old black kid glove or a bit of silk. When nearly dry press on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron, putting a cloth between it and the lace.

P. S.—Get the yellow shade. (2) Have crepe de chine, China silk in self-brocade, or silk-and-wool mixed crepon. (3) Full "bell" skirt, ruffle of same or chiffon on edge, puffed sleeves having chiffon ruffle, low, round bodice, round bodice and full topped-sleeves with point de Genes lace for a yoke and deep cuffs laid over the green silk belt of green satin ribbon hanging in long loops and ends at the back.

KETURAH—Hold the curved back seam toward you, also bias seams, pinning or basting them to keep them from falling. (2) The China silk should have a "bell" skirt, ruffle, round bodice and full topped-sleeves with point de Genes lace for a yoke and deep cuffs laid over the green silk belt of green satin ribbon hanging in long loops and ends at the back.

MISS ADDIE—Your veiling should have a modified "bell" skirt, as described to "Louise." Cut the bodice short and round, leaving out any fullness, and use the sash for the new Directoire sash passed around the waist and tied on the left side in two short loops and fringed ends of soft silk. Add yoke and deep cuffs of point de Genes lace, which, six inches wide, is from forty to seventy-five cents a yard.

LOUISA—Make your French delaine with a modified "bell" skirt which has the usual back, and the front and sides gathered a trifle to take away the excessively plain look. Lengthen it with a bias ruffle of the goods, and sleeves high and full at the top. Cut the "baby" waist down to a low neck, and fill in this space with a China silk yoke, made full. Wear a ribbon belt having long ends and loops at the back, of a color similar to the yoke.

A MOTHER—Don't put a color under the embroidered muslin. (2) Have a full skirt, high sleeves, round "baby" waist, low necked, with a gump of tucked nainsook and a ruffle of embroidery around the low neck. (3) Line with white nainsook or lawn, and trim with a Watteau bow of No. 9 ribbon, which is a belt crossing in front, carried to the back and fastened at top of low neck at the back in two short loops, and two long ends to the edge of the skirt.

MADÉLINE S.—This is not the department to write to concerning dining-room decorations. (2) The lace dress make up over black satin or satin surah, with full skirt and pointed bodice. Plastron of a becoming color of silk or satin covered with jetted net. Jet passementerie on collar and wrists and a jet girdle across the front, with its deep fringe nearly to the bottom of the skirt. No. 12 satin ribbon from the side seams folded along the lower edge of the basque, to the back point where it falls in long loops and ends.

M. T. D.—The material for your evening dress may be one of the light woolen crepons at \$1.00, forty inches wide, with a trimming of chiffon and satin or moiré ribbon, the latter answering for bows on the sleeves, around the top of the ruffle, on the edge of the skirt and as a belt folded around the edge of the bodice and hanging in long loops and ends at the back. (2) Make with a "bell" skirt having a ruffle, pointed bodice, V-shaped neck and elbow sleeves, finishing the neck and wrists with chiffon ruffles caught with ribbon bows.

ZEA—There are so many beautiful wool and silk-and-wool black materials in the market that you can easily select many costumes from them. The lace can be used with India silk or brocade, if you have the independence to use a lace that has been deemed passé by fashion. (2) Tea-gown of yellow crepon or Chinasilk, with Jaçets of lace and knots of black velvet ribbon. (3) Street suit of fine silk warp or all wool black serge, and a calling dress of fine black crepon trimmed with jet galloon. (4) Full dress of white bengaline or white chiffon over satin, and a dinner gown of black velvet, peau de sole or bengaline trimmed with gold and black passementerie and lace. Thus you keep to your favorite black, yellow and white. (5) Navy blue whipcord or thin "storm" serge makes a very serviceable traveling gown.

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DAINTY DRESSES FOR GRADUATES

By Isabel A. Mallon



IT is perfectly natural that every girl should wish to look well on graduation day. That she should wish to look her prettiest, so that the memory of her as photographed on the minds of her friends and teachers will be a pleasant one. I say prettily and daintily dressed, neither of which mean elaborately or extravagantly; nothing can be in worse taste than gowning a girl of seventeen or eighteen, or even an older one, in brocades, silks and velvets in honor of this most important occasion. For the time comes only too soon when we need rich materials to hide the fact that youth has gone away from us, but as long as it remains do not make the mistake of attempting to conceal it under a weight of rich fabrics and belongings. The class ring or the class pin is very suitably worn, but the use of other jewelry is not advised, because there is always some girl who hasn't much jewelry, and I don't believe that any other girl would want to hurt her feelings.

THE MATERIALS THAT ARE SUITABLE

THE very general liking shown for muslins has made the embroidered and printed muslin a favorite for graduation gowns. Those having pale pink or blue flowers sprinkled upon them and decorated with ribbon in harmony are liked, because the dead whiteness that used to be peculiar to a commencement costume is no longer deemed necessary, and these faint bits of color come out most effectively in the goods. Fine nun's veiling, cashmere and broadcloth are chosen among the woolen stuffs, and if a silk should be selected, one of surah or of China is permissible. I do not advise tulle, unless, indeed, it is to be worn at some celebration afterward, for, although it is extremely pretty it crushes very easily, and seems to tear if anybody looks at it. Generally a white tending to cream



A BECOMING GIRLISH BODICE (Illus. No. 1)

will be found more becoming than the extremely dead white, which can only be worn effectively by girls with dark hair and eyes and pronouncedly warm complexion.

WHAT TO USE FOR DECORATIONS

RIBBONS. First, foremost and always. Wide and narrow. Watered, gros grain, or satin. But whatever kind is used, whatever width is chosen, there must always be a sufficient quantity, for a scanty-looking bow or a short strip of ribbon with no reason for its existence is decidedly worse than none at all. For skirt trimmings, flounces of chiffon looped with ribbon rosettes are liked, especially on wool gowns. Sleeves puffed to the elbows and finished with a deep frill of chiffon are fancied, and where the neck is cut in V or round shape the chiffon makes a pretty frill about it and is softening in its effect. Outlining with silk beads or fine cords is fancied where a jacket is cut out in turrets. Knots of ribbon on the shoulders are pretty and girlish, and the long ribbon streamers down the back are desirable when the girl wearing them is not too short and when her gown has a slight train. And, by the by, most of the commencement dresses have this "dip," as the dress-makers call it.

A FASHIONABLE BODICE

ILLUSTRATION No. 1. With a skirt of white nun's veiling trimmed with three tiny ruffles, each formed of three-inch gros grain ribbon very scantily gathered, is worn the bodice pictured. It is only another evidence of the great liking for ribbon decoration. The bodice is a round one, and has starting from the back straps of two-inch wide ribbon crossed in the back just as are men's suspenders and brought over the shoulders to come down straight in front and hide their ends under a four-inch ribbon belt that is arranged in one long loop, one short end and one very long end. The short end is cut in a regular Vandyke style, while the long one is trimmed off in bias fashion. The sleeves are raised on the shoulders, shape into the arms, and have as a wrist finish a strap of ribbon tied in a knot just on top of the sleeve. The collar is hidden under a white ribbon stock. The hair is worn low and a white ribbon twisted about it is tied on one side near the top. The gloves are white glacé kid.

Developed in pale blue, gray, rose, or lavender crêpe or chiffon, this gown would be pretty where a class had decided to wear a color. Of course, they are usually in harmony, though the rainbow effect is liked.

THE WHITE CLOTH COSTUMES

THE girl who chooses a white cloth costume will at least have one advantage attached to it beside its extreme beauty, that is, it will not crush, and it may be worn many times before it will soil. Then, too, a great deal of trimming is not required, as the smooth cloth looks most stylish when fitted with great care, and bringing out at its best the girlish lines of the figure. A typical cloth gown is illustrated at No. 2. The front part of the skirt is made with great plainness, and is decorated with a flounce of chiffon looped here and there with rosettes of white ribbon. This trimming does not extend about the short train which is quite plain, its graceful folds being sufficiently artistic to form a trimming in themselves. The bodice is a round one drawn in front to fit the figure, and laced in the back in the usual way. The upper portion of it consists of a yoke of the cloth studded here and there with tiny pearl stars. The collar is high and has a ribbon fold as its finish. The hair is raised on the head, knotted and fastened with some ornamental hair-pins and having the favorite single curl just in the middle of the forehead, the fashion which is traced to the Spanish lady.

The sleeves have high puffs of the same cloth on each shoulder, and below that, reaching almost to the wrist, is a full frill of chiffon, the gloves coming up well under it so that the arm is not exposed. About the waist is a ribbon band arranged in a clover bow on one side, and having rather short ends falling toward the back. The slippers and stockings are white. By the by, I advise even the economical girl to buy white slippers in preference to any of the pale pinks or blues, because in the days to come the white ones will adapt themselves to almost any costume and will in addition stand many visits to the cleaner's; where a black satin slipper can be worn it, of course, has the preference, but with a white toilette or indeed any light one worn by a graduate the black satin slipper seems much out of place. The same law applies to gloves; for the white glove will stand no end of cleaning when the blue or the pink are likely to come out striped like the zebra. One's stockings must invariably match the shoes, and no matter who may cite it as a fashion, be very certain that to have stockings of one color and slippers of another is in very bad taste.

A DAINY MUSLIN DRESS

ILLUSTRATION No. 3. This costume is made of white muslin stamped in pink roses, the pink being a very pale shade. The skirt is plain and sufficiently full to be graceful, and has the regulation "dip" in the back. The bodice, slightly full in front, is draped over the lining, and is laced in the back; it comes to a short point just in front and has as an edge finish a frill of embroidered chiffon. The neck is in a V shape and is finished to harmonize with the edge of the basque, the chiffon being caught just in the center of the front

with a narrow pink ribbon rosette. The sleeves are of the muslin and come to a Valois point over the hand, a tiny frill of chiffon describing the positive outline. High puffs of the chiffon are on the shoulders, and give an air of elaboration to the sleeves, and breadth to the wearer. The hair is worn low, plaited and looped and tied with a pink ribbon which is carried up on one side, forming a butterfly bow just behind the bang. The gloves are of white undressed kid, stockings of white silk and the slippers of white satin. A white gauze fan, having pink roses upon it, is carried. If the ribbon on the hair is not becoming, then one of the latest fads, a small wreath of very tiny roses, may be worn.

Pretty white muslin, either with dots, tiny stars, or crescents, is also liked for graduation toilets, and may, of course, be trimmed either with ribbon, chiffon, or lace. Very often three narrow flounces of the material edged with Valenciennes lace about half an inch wide are noted as skirt trimming, and then an old-fashioned fichu of the First Empire of France is made of the muslin, trimmed with deep lace, and worn as bodice decoration. With such a gown simplicity must be the key-note, and nothing more elaborate than a ribbon bow must appear on the dainty slippers.

VALUE OF THE COIFFURE

TO know just how to arrange one's hair, not only decently but in good order and in the most becoming fashion, is an art. But with a slight exercise of common sense and good taste, it is not difficult to learn. Its accomplishment will do more to make one's costume look well than anything else, and I just want to say one word to the girl who likes to have her hair fixed as she has seen it in some picture. First of all, she must find out that the picture style will suit her face; a nose that turns up a little, but is coquettish looking, doesn't permit a Grecian arrangement of the sunny locks. Instead, it wants the hair closely curled in front, and pinned



A WHITE CLOTH COSTUME (Illus. No. 2)

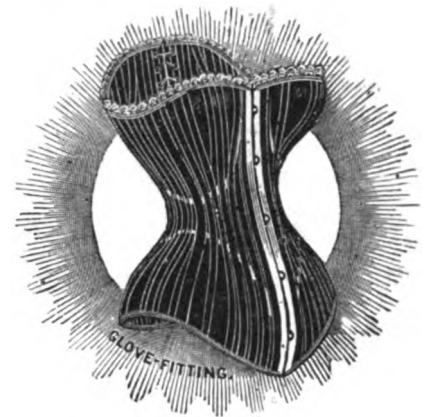
rather severely in the back. The girl who has a straight nose, and whose face inclines to the oval, can part her hair in the center, after the fashion that painters call "Madonna-wise on either side her head;" it can be drawn back softly, just caressing the top of her ears, but not low in the back, and fastened with a shell pin, or a silver or gold dagger. This looks as if it were going to fall any minute, and yet she must so thoroughly understand the art of the coiffure, that concealed hair-pins hold it firmly in the position that seems so very doubtful.

THE FEW LAST WORDS

IF for some personal reason white is not desirable, a costume of pale grey silk trimmed with grey chiffon will be in good taste. And, by the by, I want to say just these words to the girls who are going to graduate: Don't let your going out into the new world begin with an exciting of envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness. By which I mean, do not make the mistake of overdressing on commencement day. There is always some girl whose purse is not quite as well filled as yours, and if you are the girl I think you are, you will not make her feel ashamed and mortified because her dress is plain and possibly badly made. If I were you I would try and get all the girls of the class to dress alike, and I would let that dress be of some simple material. All over the world the children and young girls who are dressed the simplest are those whose parents are rich, not only in ducats but in good sense, and be very certain that you can never err on the side of simplicity while you have that exquisite flower youth, to make your gown beautiful. Won't you just give a thought to my little sermon, reading between the lines and seeing that the untold text is the doing unto others as you would be done by?

Would you have the heart to hurt another girl simply to gratify your desire to wear a very fine gown? I don't believe you would. I think the American girl is sufficiently unselfish to wear a simple gown, that she may not cause a heart-ache for her companion, who doesn't possess a more elaborate one.

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THE SMALL BELONGINGS OF DRESS

By Isabel A. Mallon

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



IN one respect every woman is like a rose; she should suggest, rather than make you conscious of a delicate perfume. Many times this is obtained by lining the entire chest of drawers with sachets well filled with one's favorite perfume. But even in perfumes there is a fashion, and as no gentlewoman would think of using musk, or patchouli, frangipanni, or white rose, because they are too heavy, so she is particular to select a perfume that, while it is dainty, makes one conscious of its existence, and combines the two virtues of being delicate and lasting. The violet, that suggests the sweet, purple flower of the woods, and the clear, clean odor of orris, are most charming, while the fragrance of the arbutus is liked. One's perfume must seem to pervade everything belonging to one, and so tell of a special personality. This, of course, will result when all one's belongings are sprayed with the delicate odor, and when they rest in soft beds of cotton batting in which the powder that is so sweet has been thickly strewn. In this way, and this only, can one become thoroughly identified with a perfume, or rather have a perfume become part of one's individuality.

IT is said that sage green will be greatly in vogue during the coming season. This is a shade that is remarkably trying, and all that I can commend it for is the good effect it produces in combination with black.

THE dress which, during the spring days, and, indeed, almost the entire summer, may be quoted as a good everyday one, has a skirt of blue and white, brown and white, black and white, or green and white check suiting, made in short bell fashion, that is, one escaping the ground all around, but still not awkwardly short. With this will be worn a percale, piqué, or linen shirt and a cutaway jacket of light-weight cloth the color that is in the check. As this flares away from the front its lining is apt to be seen, and this should match the skirt. A black silk or a leather belt worn about the waist conceals the skirt binding. A natty costume like this demands that a hat, rather than a bonnet, be worn with it.

FANCY belts of enameled leather, white, blue, scarlet, or any color fancied, will be in vogue during the coming season. They are often laced down the front than buckled, and they may be as narrow or as wide as is desired.

PLAIN broadcloths are always in fashion, and to them can be attached the adjective that has been most abused, but which tells a great deal, i. e., they are ladylike.

THE woman who fancies the blue and black combination for summer wear can have it by choosing a black foulard, upon which are oval figures of light blue. This should be trimmed with bands of pale blue overlaid with black guipure lace. Apropos of laces, in black, the heavy guipure is fancied when it is to be laid on as passementerie; when, however, the trimming is in full frills, or in jabot fashion, then French lace, or point d'esprit is chosen. In white, Genoise point, Russian, or the imitation of point d'Alençon is in vogue.

MOIRE ribbon is noted on all the new hats, and seems to be generally liked on dresses; however, as ties on bonnets I do not recommend it, for it creases, soon becomes shabby-looking, and is not as becoming to the face as either the soft gros-grain, or the black velvet.

A PRETTY arrangement in ties shows a stiff rosette of the same material fastened on one tie, so that when the ends are crossed and drawn to the back the small rosette is primly placed a little to one side of the face.

A COSTUME that will be of use all during the year has a skirt either of broadcloth, or black silk, while to be worn with it is a three-quarter coat of dark blue, brown, or moss-green velvet. With a bonnet to match, and gloves in harmony, one would be dressed for almost any time in such a toilette.

THE favorite boutonniere affected by the tailor-made girl is of pure white snow-drops, or, as they call them in England, "The fair maids of February." With us, however, they bloom in April or May, so the quaint name hardly applies.

JEWELS possessing a history, or to which some superstition is attached, are greedily sought for by the girl of to-day. How many of them would like to possess the necklace which is worn by Madame Bernhardt when she plays "Theodora!" It consists of square gold plates joined by gold chains; each one is inlaid with stones that represent a charm, or a virtue, or, best of all, bring good luck.

WHITE undressed kid gloves will be worn during the entire summer with cotton gowns; the veritable mosquetaire, which slips right over the hand, and which should be bought a size larger than you are in the habit of buying, is the shape favored.

FOR general use a silk parasol of medium size, having a pretty handle of Dresden, or of natural wood, is not only the most desirable, but is counted best form. The very elaborate parasols are really only fit for use when driving, at garden parties, or at the fashionable summer resorts. Among the handles liked are those of the German cherry or weichel, carved by hand in all sorts of quaint devices. Miniature animals or birds are seen, and make one think that they must have been wrought out by some industrious boy during the long winter nights. Ivory handles have a gold inlaying and sometimes a miniature is set in the top of it; however, that one should put one's sweetheart's face there is not advised, so the copies of old pictures of famous beauties are still selected. They are found in the lids of our bonbon boxes, of our puff boxes, set in the back of our hand glasses, and now they appear in the handles of our parasols.

THE heavy Russian net, that which is called Cronstadt, is not advised by a student of veils for small women, as it tends to so disguise their faces that they have a headless look. A veil with a border will age the face. Although they are the most delicate, and can only be counted on for one wearing, still there is nothing as absolutely becoming as folds of fine tulle. These, of course, can be chosen to match the hat, and give any shading desired to the face. A red or a pink one will throw a little color on the cheeks of the woman who is pale, while a gray, a pale-green one, or a light-brown one, as well as one of blue, will subdue the roses that are sometimes found too intense.

THE woman who finds the ordinary sailor hat becoming will be wise to wear it in its simplicity, although it is shown with soft "Tam" crowns of velvet or silk, square crowns like "mortar boards," and pointed ones that really take away entirely from its original character. Always a trying hat, a hat devoted to the sea is, nevertheless, when it is becoming, to be assumed in its greatest simplicity, that is, with nothing but a band of ribbon upon it.

FINE French nainsook is liked for night-dresses. Most of them have a full Watteau back, sleeves raised high on the shoulders, shaping in and coming out in Valois points far over the wrists.

WOMEN who have brocade dresses that have out-grown the fashions are wisely enough making them into petticoats trimmed either with frou-frou ruffles, or those of lace. These are counted elaborate enough to be worn in the morning with a breakfast jacket.

TWO shades of yellow, or yellow and black, or yellow and white, are combinations fancied in hats or bonnets by women who can wear this trying color.

THE grand high Mogul of the aesthetic world has decided that if a woman wears rings at all she must wear a great many, so that her fingers seem to glitter and glisten, and look, not like the hands of a lady, but like stalks of golden gems.

A GIRL who wishes to be very English, and who wears a straw hat in winter and a felt one in summer, is now appearing, when she starts out to travel "strange countries for to see," in a brown felt sailor hat, made with a decidedly broad brim, and a low crown. The hat itself is bound and finished exactly like the brown derby worn by a man. It will not bear cocking back on the head as does the more coquettish straw sailor, but must be worn severely over the eyes, not the least sign of a bang being permitted.

A MONG the very dainty bonnets are the square-crowned ones, made of black, gold, jet, steel or silver passementerie. The crown is square, and the brim rather wide, so that it may be bent in bonnet fashion and ties worn with it; or the brim may be permitted to stand out straight and give a hat effect. The trimming is invariably a wreath of roses, the small, trim-looking roses that come in pale yellow, pale rose, deep crimson, or that very, very dark crimson which the florists call black. However, the woman with taste, that is, good taste, will, by preference, choose either the pale pink, or the yellow ones.

THE linen shirt used to achieve what it deserves, that is, being called "smart," should have its collars and cuffs of pure white; it may be a pink, pale blue percale, striped, dotted, or indeed, any material that differs from linen; and, by the by, the higher you can wear these collars, and the broader the cuffs, the more certain you are of being dubbed as absolutely good form. But the linen shirt is more or less what is called "ultra style," and it will never become a general garment among women.

ON the long mode, or white cloth coats, made with the loose sack back and double-breasted in front, enormously large pearl buttons are used, and to match them very large pearl buttons are also noted on the walking gloves; that is, those having the overlapping seams, and which should be worn sufficiently loose to be assumed without any trouble.

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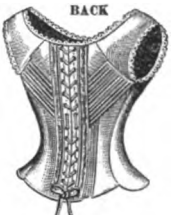
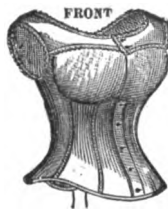
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PRETTY COTTON GOWNS FOR SUMMER

By Isabel A. Mallon



IF we called out that cotton was king, I do not think we would be very far from wrong. The availability of simple cotton makes it suitable either for evening or morning, driving or walking, and it is the style rather than the material that adapts it to the hour of the day when it is worn. You may see the jaunty girl in the morning wearing a gingham gown that has a plain skirt, a coat bodice that flares away to show a striped shirt. Later on Mademoiselle will rest in a simple sateen frock made with a round waist softly confined by a ribbon sash. The afternoon sees her in a corded cotton, showing narrow stripes of blue and white, black and white, or any favorite color, the gown made exactly as if it were a cloth one and trimmed with velvet; while still later on, in the evening, she will wear a printed muslin elaborately trimmed with chiffon and velvet.

THE FAVORITE TRIMMINGS

LACES that are rather coarse in effect, indeed, those that look almost like embroidery, are fancied on cotton gowns for shoulder capes, cuffs, panels, and foot trimmings. The finer laces, those that so admirably make jabots and frills, are only liked for gowns that are counted somewhat elaborate, or are intended for evening wear. Rows of fine soutache braid in white, scarlet, or dark blue are noted as in general use for forming a border on the edges of very simple dresses, the skirt itself being finished in this way, and all the parts of the costume harmonizing in decoration. Ribbon is very generally in use, three scant ruffles of it being liked around the bottom of a skirt; then, of course, ribbon



A PRETTY EVENING BODICE (Illus. No. 3)

knots, ribbon sashes, ribbon girdles, indeed, almost any disposition of ribbons liked is in vogue. Except for yokes and cuffs, few embroideries are noticed. Velvet is used, not only as a trimming, but also as forming a special part of the gown. A pointed jacket, a girdle fitting high up on the bodice, a shoulder cape, and sometimes entire sleeves of the rich material are seen. When a very great deal of velvet is used upon a cotton gown, it at once stamps it as being a toilette sufficiently elaborate for visiting, or ordinary evening wear. Gilt sequins, girdles, nail-heads and bands for collars are proffered by the stores as specially pretty on cotton frocks, but personally I must confess I do not like the combination of cotton and gilt. It seems inharmonious and inartistic.

SOME OF THE MATERIALS

THE newest among the materials is the heavily corded cotton, not unlike Marseilles; however, although this may be gotten in all the plain colors in vogue, it is considered more novel when the narrow cords contrast, for then a glacé effect is given. Scarlet and black, pink and black, mauve and white, pale blue and black, navy and black, moss and black, absinthine and white, scarlet and white and black and white are the corded cottons shown. The sateens, although they are on exhibition, are not considered as good form as the zephyr gingham, which are shown in stripes, plaids, and the "cram" effects, that is, the color produced by the use of two parts of the bright shade and one either of white or black.

Printed muslins are in great favor for evening and house wear, but, of course, they are too light and airy for the street. The flowers of the field and of the hot-house bloom upon the pale blue, pale rose, lavender, gray, mode, or white ground, and make it possible for each maiden fair to trim her gown with "ribbon tags," as an old poet irreverently called them, such as are best suited to her. Embroidered muslins are also liked, and are usually made with great simplicity, the three narrow ruffles at the foot, a round bodice belted in by a ribbon sash and very full sleeves with capes of elaborate embroidery upon them usually being the design chosen. These fabrics are especially liked for young women, and are in themselves so dainty that it is easy to understand why the Frenchman always writes of the young girl as "Mademoiselle Mousseline."

A CORDED COTTON COSTUME

THE possibility of the corded cotton is great. It is soft enough to be arranged in almost any way you like, and yet has a sufficient amount of body to permit its development in designs that have usually been dedicated to cloth, and cloth alone. An illustration of this is given at Figure No. 1, which at first glance suggests the tailor-made girl. The material is a pale blue and white cotton cord. The skirt, which escapes the ground all around, is made with perfect plainness, smoothly fitted over the hips, and having its fullness laid in fan pleats at the back. The skirt is of white percale with tiny blue figures upon it, carefully closed down the front by three small gold buttons, and having about its flaring collar a pale blue china silk tie, which is knotted just in front. The belt is of white leather, with a dainty gold clasp holding it in place. The jacket is a close-fitting one, as illustrated, having a shawl collar and revers faced with pale blue bengaline. The sleeves are of the cotton, have deep cuffs of bengaline, while from under them show the blue and white cuffs that are attached to the shirt sleeves. The hat is a jaunty one of dark blue straw, worn well forward over the face and with nodding white blossoms seeming to bow their "how-do-you-do" every time the wearer moves her head.

If one desired, a soft silk shirt could take the place of the linen one, but it would not have that positively trig air which is peculiar to the cotton shirt. Of course, the wearer of this must realize that she must set an example to mankind in having her shirt, cuffs and collars perfectly immaculate.

THE DAINTIEST OF GOWNS

A VERY effective dress, and one that is suited to visiting, or for general afternoon and evening wear, is pictured at Illustration No. 2. The combination is an essentially French one. The gown proper is of cream zephyr of a faint pink tone, and the decorations are of moss green velvet, the ribbed variety being chosen. The skirt is quite plain, having for its finish the three scant ruffles so much liked, and which in this case are of pale pink gros-grain ribbon. The bodice has its upper portion formed of moss green velvet, and then coming out from each side are full soft folds of the cotton, that are draped over the bust and down to the waist line in surplice fashion. A broad waist band of the pink ribbon comes from the under arm seam at each side just at the waist line, and is looped in bows and ends slightly to one side near the front. The sleeves are very high, the fullness being caught in near the shoulder by a small ribbon bow, while lower down they come into deep, plain cuffs of the velvet. The bonnet is of moss-green straw, trimmed with moss-green velvet ribbon and having a cluster of pink heather standing up high just in front.

A gown of blue cram combined with green velvet, of pale lavender and dark blue, or of golden brown and olive green would be extremely pretty.

FOR EVENING WEAR

FOR evening wear the cotton gowns are made almost as elaborate as those of silk, muslin, china silk, or any of the light stuffs dedicated especially to the hours when the sun has gone down. The printed muslins are especially pretty, and have, when properly made, a very dressy air. "Properly made" means having the skirt as plain as possible, and the greatest amount of decoration put upon the bodice. An artistic bodice is shown at Illustration No. 3. The material is of muslin with blue forget-me-nots and tiny wreaths printed upon it. The skirt has a simple hem finish, and though it is not fastened to its lining, which is of silk-finished silesia, it is caught here and there on the outside to hold it in position. The bodice is plain at the back, where it is fitted to the figure, and terminates in a sharp point. In front it is draped over the lining in soft folds, and has from the neck down a frou-frou of white chiffon that reaches to the waist line, and is hidden under a folded belt of blue silk, from below which shows a folded, plaited frill of chiffon which extends around the edge of the basque, terminating in the back on the point, at which an oddly-shaped bow of ribbon is placed. The collar is a high one, overlaid by a stock of the ribbon. The sleeves are very full ones of the muslin, finished with cuffs of blue velvet a shade darker than the ribbon used, and which have as their finish frills of chiffon falling far down over the hands. The chief decorations of the bodice are the pointed jacket fronts of blue velvet, which are fitted into the bodice just as were the Figaro fronts some time ago.



A CORDED COTTON COSTUME (Illus. No. 1)

ABOUT THE LININGS

WE are always being told what the wise man does, but as there are no end of wise women in the world, and as it is always supposed that you or I are acquainted with one, what they say or think is not so often told. The wise woman, when she comes to make her cotton frocks, goes through her belongings to find out if she has folded and carefully laid away a silk lining from last season. If she finds one that will answer, she has the pleasure of knowing that her costume is made just as the great French modistes make their cotton costumes, and she begins to understand why they dare charge so much. When a fig-



AN EFFECTIVE VISITING GOWN (Illus. No. 2)

ured cotton is used the silk lining is, of course, of a plain color, and it is only required that it should incline toward the most prominent shade in the gown fabric. Personally, I am an ardent advocate of a silk lining. It not only makes the cotton gown more elegant, because it will tend to keep it clean longer, and will, in addition, make it much daintier, and is much lighter to wear. Even if a new lining is to be bought, and as light-weight silks are not expensive, it will seem quite worth one's while to buy a lining to give to the cotton gown that air which makes it distinctive.

THE LAST FEW WORDS

YOU and I know that while the dresses illustrated are very smart, still we do like to have some that are a little plainer, those that are to be worn to breakfast, and which one will like to put on when a morning's sewing, reading, or work of any kind is to be done. Now take my advice about these, and while you make them as pretty as you like, have them simple. Put three little ruffles on the skirt if you fancy them, have a round bodice, a belt to hold it in place and a ribbon knot at your throat. Don't be induced for these simple gowns to go in for frills of lace and decorations of velvet. It isn't in good taste. You want to make your frock to suit the time in which it will be worn, no matter what that may be, and though you must look like a flower, it must be rather like a field than a hot-house one. And here's another bit of advice—a bit of advice that I am always giving—it is, do not have your gowns laundered any sooner than you can help; they never look quite so nice, no matter how clever the laundress may be. And really, between you and I, I don't think you are a very careful woman if, barring accidents, you cannot wear a cotton gown all summer without having to introduce it to the lady who presides over the soap-suds. I am speaking, my dear general woman, from experience, which, by the by, is the only thing that gives one woman the right to sermonize to a lot of others.

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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, 433-435 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



HE usages of good society are often made the butt of ridicule with those who are fond of boasting that they do not belong to "society." Polite forms, and the rules of etiquette, are spoken of with a sort of contempt. And it must be confessed that many of the customs of social life seem absurd; but I believe that a great deal of the sneering comes from those

who are not willing to take the trouble to habituate themselves to what they regard as fetters; and very often what appears ridiculous will be found to have some foundation in common sense. Gentle manners add a charm to every fine quality of head and heart, and no one is the less a man or woman for being courteous.

The youth who does not care to make the effort necessary to train his awkward hands and feet, and to make his speech agreeable, finds it much easier to excuse himself, after the manner of the fox of old, who saw the grapes beyond his reach and called them sour. One need not say he has no time for such things; it is not a matter of time, it is a matter of purpose. I could take you to a farmhouse in the midst of finely cultivated fields, where hard work is done, and where everything from potatoes to horses is of the very best, as the result of the toil which goes on from morning to night in the most manly fashion, but where gentle manners make the home a joy, not only to those who compose it, but to every one who comes within its restful borders. One of the best ball players I have ever known, a sturdy athlete, is a welcome visitor in a sick room, adds pleasure to every feast, and is the admiration of all the young girls for his tender and gracious behavior. Gentle manliness and gentle womanliness are to be honored.

DEAR MRS. ABBOTT: Those letters concerning the blind in domestic service, which you so kindly gathered from the four winds and forwarded, were not answered promptly because I could not find time long enough to preach. It was a wedding, and the JOURNAL was the first to blame. You see my daughter would read everything concerning the care of little children, though I told her there would be time enough for that when she was engaged. As I had nothing for her to practice on, but a ten-year-old nephew, she proposed that we should take a ready-made baby (you know they come cheap). Accordingly a little boarder, in her second summer, was admitted, and the theories worked beautifully. The father, a young widower and perfect stranger, was strictly charged to confine his attentions to his own daughter. You needn't laugh at me—I know better, now. Well, when I finally gave my consent, there were only two weeks left for preparation, and, as if by sorcery, hired help failed me on all sides; maybe I couldn't see to work, but I worked all the same. Made sheets and pillow-cases, hemmed napkins, transferred feathers, went shopping for the bride-elect, helped on her wedding dress, ironed her invisible finery, packed all her canned fruit and jelly, manipulated the small boy, tended the baby and sat up with the young folks eight nights a week, to wit: Madam Grundy. Of course, I issued the invitations and planned the wedding breakfast, set the house in order, and was just going to "wash the windows," when the good-natured bridegroom came to my relief. Finally I interviewed the reporter and the two officiating clergymen, received my guests, pulled wires with a relief corps in the kitchen, introduced the baby to her new mamma, and fled for rest to the house where I was born. These simple facts are donated to the cause; but my methods—I beg pardon—I will keep them for my own use.

It strikes me that it is a little aggravating to send such a letter as this, and still decline to tell us your methods. To picture results in such a graphic way only stimulates our desire to know how you "do it." And what a beautiful chaperone you would make! A friend suggests that you might make your fortune going into that business. Blind chaperone! What a delightful idea for the young folks! We hope the future will abundantly justify the JOURNAL if it is responsible for the founding of this new home. May it be a center of truth and goodness, a light to all its neighborhood; and may we hope many more such happy homes result from the JOURNAL. After the needed rest has come to you, and the baby and the daughter are no longer requiring your attention, we hope you will give to your sisters as graphic a description of "how you did it," as you have given of the things done.

I CANNOT refrain from mentioning the appalling punishment of a little three-year-old grand-daughter of an Irish lord, by its mother, which occurred lately, and of making an appeal to mothers to be merciful while punishing their children. We are often more hasty and severe than we realize. But while we are sure we would never be guilty of such cruelty, still it is possible for us to inflict too severe a punishment. We ought to pray to our heavenly Father daily to restrain us from doing any violence to those committed into our keeping, and above all else do not place a little child in a dark closet or room. I think this is the weakest and most wicked form of punishment. A YOUNG MOTHER.

Impatience and irritability cause great injustice in the treatment of young people; and little children, weak and unable to defend themselves, suffer unmercifully at the hands of those who should be their tenderest guardians. An angry blow is, alas, not a rare thing for a mother to visit on an innocent child; the anger quite as often caused by something wrong which the mother herself has done, as by any other cause, and the child made the victim merely because it is "in the way." The dark closet is torture to a child of sensitive temperament, and too often there is in the child's mind a store of lying tales from which added horrors appear in the solitary darkness.

I AM sort of a universal genius, but I am beginning to get quite ancient, and as yet I haven't distinguished myself in any way, while there are dozens of ways in which I might. For instance, I can write charming stories which the — promptly declines, but which the editor of — accepts and declines to pay for. I can write delightful little verses on any subject without a moment's warning. If that were all I would be all right; but it isn't. I can paint; I have a positive genius for sketching bright little faces, and I can paint in water colors by the yard, without any effort whatever. As for designing and making Christmas presents I am a born Santa Claus. I can make the most bewildering things out of nothing, absolutely nothing. With a dollar and a quarter, and a rag bag, I can make presents for eighty-seven relatives and have something left to begin with next year.

When I write for a week I am wild to paint; when I paint for a week I find myself compelled to drop pen and brushes, and make Christmas presents (this frequently happens in August when nobody wants Christmas presents) and when I'm not doing any of those things I am inventing things and darning stockings. Besides this, I can play the piano by ear, and have a positive genius for amateur acting. Now what would you advise me to do? You may think I am conceited, but I am not. This is merely a plain statement of facts, and I am really an absurdly shy young person, and would not publish a story, or exhibit a picture in my native city for a corner lot, but I don't think it is right, do you, for all this talent to go to waste?

Miss Brown.

What a blessing you must be to your neighborhood! How many poor girls who could not use their fingers in dainty ways you must have helped and instructed! How gladly your friends must welcome you as a visitor! Your dainty touches have undoubtedly left many a guest room prettier for your stay in it, and how eagerly your letters must be watched for by the lonely and sorrowing. Really I envy you the amount of joy and gladness you have been able to put into the world.

And what would I advise you to do? I would advise you to keep on using all your talents for the "greatest good of the greatest number." But seriously, ought you not by this time to have made one thing a specialty, and have so trained yourself in that as to be an expert? Robert Burdette says, in commenting on the large salary paid to a certain cook, that it is given presumably because he could cook better than any other man in America; that if "Monsieur Sauseanravi could cook tolerably well, and shoot a little, and speak three languages tolerably well, and keep books fairly, and sing some, and understand gardening pretty well, and could preach a fair sort of a sermon, and know something about horses, and could telegraph a little, and could do light porter's work, and could read proof tolerably well, and could do plain house and sign painting, and could help on a threshing machine, and knew enough law to practice in the justices' court of Kickapoo townships, and had once run for the legislature, and knew how to weigh hay, he wouldn't get ten thousand dollars a year for it. He gets that just because he knows how to cook; and it wouldn't make a cent's difference in his salary if he thought the world was flat, and that it went around its orbit on wheels. There is nothing like knowing your business clear through, whether you know anything else or not.

I should say that it would be a good plan for you to select one thing and make yourself perfect, as nearly as human limitations permit in that, while you enjoy and appreciate as much else as possible.

I HAVE been much impressed with some of the letters in this department. I would like to say to the women who are discontented with their lot in life that I have found it possible to be happy in the midst of great discouragements and failures. I feel the truth of the quotation:

"Stubborn realities never can blind,
 The free-spread wings of a joyful mind."

When clouds have been darkest I have found it possible to be cheerful and even happy. To the young women who contemplate matrimony it may not be superfluous advice to give: Do not expect too much from the coming man, nor set your hopes too high, as you will then be spared very many bitter disappointments, and will be much happier your whole life long.

JESSIE.

It is a good plan not to expect too much of other people; and although there is sometimes danger of expecting too much of one's self, it is a danger not often met. I was struck a day or two ago with an incident. A committee was considering a variety of philanthropic and Christian work, and making preparations for the coming year. One man, of pessimistic turn, contributed principally discouraging remarks. This had not accomplished much in the last year; that had not fulfilled the hopes with which the early months started; these people were not so devoted as they should be; and that effort had resulted in too little. Finally, one gentleman arose and said: "Gentlemen, I must leave; I have not grace enough to endure all this discouragement. I am saved by hope." Fortunately, the hopeful brother was persuaded to remain, and the hopeless brother was counseled to turn his eyes a little toward the sun, and the future of a great many good works was not periled by the breaking up of the committee. I am inclined to think that we should all do better for ourselves and for our friends to put our hopes high, and then to have grace enough to keep them high in spite of occasional discouragement. It is often said that children live up to the expectations of their parents. If the father expects his boys to be disobedient and careless, they are very sure to be. Perhaps husbands are subject to the same rule; they may not be worth much if there is not much expected of them.

I HAVE long felt like telling you how happy we all are in the completion of our new church; but we all, old and young, have been so busy with our entertainments and sociables that we have had no time to thank those who gave us the idea of how to raise money for our church, and, better yet, how we could get the young people to take an active interest in it. That we have succeeded beyond our fondest expectations we feel we are indebted to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and especially to the October number, in which we found leaven for our whole winter's loaf of good things, so we have literally lived on the fat of the land. But we must not boast, for we know we come short of perfection. If we should try to tell you of all the variations we have had in our entertainments we are afraid it would be like the directions for washing flannels, more lengthy than entertaining. But one thing we will say with all candor. The JOURNAL ought to have a good many new subscribers in this community in return for what it has done for us, and will continue to do, we are sure. Our church is ready for dedication. I wish I could send you a picture of it; it is to us like the new first best because it is so dear to us. I hope she thinks it lovely to everybody, while to others it is only an ordinary child, and God only knows what her little bud of promise will prove to be. If our church is dedicated in a Christian spirit to the Ruler of the universe, though humble it be, it will not be rejected. Our church will be dearer to us all for the financial struggle we have had. We have a Sabbath school, and a small library which we hope to be able to enlarge. Both teachers and scholars take a deep interest in the school, and are trying to make it one of the very best. The Bible and lesson leaves are read and explained, according to the teacher's belief or capacity for so doing. The Golden Rule is taught as the one great rule that rules all rules. Yet one teacher says she has always taught her children to stand up for their rights, and if a playmate strikes them first to strike back—they must defend themselves. Is not this a singular way to teach those our Lord took in His arms and blessed? Is it imitating His example who, when reviled, reviled not again? Is it not rather the teaching of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"? If it was wrong to stand up for one's rights, why not stand up for the second? Surely, two wrongs do not make a right. In impressing upon these susceptible minds an undue estimate of their own rights, is there not danger that they may trample upon the rights of others they ought to respect?

M. A. J.

Thank you for your invitation to attend the dedication of your church. The card was very neatly gotten up. I am sorry I cannot reproduce it here. I thought of you at the time of the exercises, as I was kept at home that day by illness, and could easily send my thoughts in various directions. I trust the day was pleasant, and that all the services were a fitting culmination of your efforts to have a church building. Now, having a church, what will you do with it? That is a vital question. Will it be for the comfort and the pride of a few, or will you all take it as a blessed means for reaching the wayward and the lonely, and bringing them into the light and the joy which the church represents?

The question you ask it is not easy to answer briefly. It is very difficult to make people understand that manliness is not increased by acts of revenge. In large things we do understand it, and the citizen who does not call upon the law for protection, but takes vengeance into his own hands, is acknowledged to be an unworthy citizen. The child can be taught that it does not lessen self-respect to refrain from avenging a wrong done to itself. It is necessary, I think, to make very clear the distinction between violence exercised for the protection of a weaker person, and violence exercised in redress of one's own wrongs. And there is a duty of self-protection which cannot be quite overlooked. As soon as a child can be taught that there are better ways of self-protection than by means of barbarous blows, the better for his manliness. A sneak and a coward are abominations, and bravery should be taught a child from his earliest days; but a quick blow, struck back in the heat of passion, is not an act of bravery.

VACATION will soon come, and many mothers regret it since they cannot get rid of their children by sending them to school; so they send them off anywhere, to the sea, to the mountains, to a good-natured enough to put up with them. Never mind if they are in the street, killing birds, throwing stones, breaking windows, annoying every one, so long as they are "out of the way." Children thus untamed are no help at home, since the parents do not take the trouble to teach them anything. They are, in fact, very disagreeable children for other people to be annoyed with. If they are very bad, the mother says they learn evil things from those people who are kind enough to tolerate them. Please tell me is it a kindness to put up with such children? Is it not better to send them home? A mother cannot teach her own children as she would if such neglected children are their companions. Very often the mother of these children calls on her neighbors very early in the morning to relate the latest bit of gossip before the house is in order, and she reports the untidiness of your house and many little family affairs that one can find out by calling at untimely hours unannounced.

There is a proper time for calling when a woman's work is done; a proper place, at the front door, to be reached, to the sea, to the mountains, to a good-natured enough to put up with them. How are such women to be treated? What do you think of the neighbor who always borrows a cup of sugar, a pinch of tea, a slice of butter—little things that a housekeeper ought to have in the house at all times; and the person who borrows so much never returns anything. It seems too bad that kind-hearted neighbors, very often poor, are imposed upon in that way.

Mothers may relieve themselves temporarily from annoying interruptions from their children by sending them either to school, or allowing them to run in the streets, or in neighbor's houses, but they cannot thus rid themselves of responsibility. It is as much a sin of self-indulgence to please one's self for the hour with uninterrupted, careless of what penalty must be paid in the future, as is that of the man who secures a brief exhilaration from the cup which brings to him degradation in the end. It is impossible to leave children to chance care, or none at all, during their early years, and not have hours of bitter grief in consequence.

The borrowing habit comes of lack of forethought. Except in emergencies, when every neighbor should be glad to "lend a hand" in the shape of a needed article of food, or a kind service, the housekeeper should make the most of what she has in the house, having seen to it that her store-room is well filled.

A. F. H. Abbott.

EDITOR NOTE—At the request of the Editor of the JOURNAL, the nom de plume of "Aunt Patience," used in connection with this department, is discontinued with the current month, and Mrs. Abbott will hereafter sign it over her own name. This course has seemed to be a wise one to adopt since individuality is more closely encouraged and stimulated in this department of the JOURNAL than in any other, and surely the editor should set the example. Many have written: "If Aunt Patience is Mrs. Lyman Abbott, why shouldn't we know it, and write to her as an individuality instead of as now to a mythical being?" The answer is given in the present change.



The old way of cleaning brass, steel, nickel, gold, silver and glass is to set apart a day, make a liquid mess in a saucer, rub the article with a rag wet with the liquid, and incidentally soil everything within reach. The new way is to use a "Stilboma," a carefully prepared chamolis skin, which is neat and clean, burnishing polished surfaces without scratching them.

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MISS PARLOA will at all times be glad, so far as she can, to answer in this Department all general domestic questions sent by her readers. Address all letters to MISS MARIA PARLOA, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cooking receipts are not given in this Department, hence do not ask that they be printed, and do not send manuscripts of that nature to MISS PARLOA.

It is such a burden to get the house ready for closing during the summer, in case the family is to be away, that many a housekeeper unwisely postpones her housecleaning until fall, reasoning that as there will surely be an accumulation of dust, and a certain amount of cleaning must be done at the end of summer, it will be just as well to do all the work at once. Such women forget that cleanliness is a great safeguard against moths and other pests. Besides, it is much easier to have the labor done properly while actually living in the house, than just before or after the return of the family, unless it be possible to engage some thoroughly trustworthy woman to take charge of it.

SPRING THE TIME FOR HOUSECLEANING

In the spring one is looking forward to months of rest, and therefore can afford to undergo some extra fatigue; but if the housecleaning be left undone till fall, and must then be done under one's own supervision, much of the benefit gained during the season of rest will be exhausted. For these reasons it seems to me that the spring is by far the best time, a thorough sweeping and dusting being all that is necessary in the fall. In any case, the house must be well swept and dusted before it is closed. All woolen and fur garments, hangings and rugs should be vigorously beaten and brushed, particular care being taken to reach every crevice and seam; and then the articles should be folded and put away as directed in the October number of the JOURNAL; or, the draperies may be rehung, if one wishes. If there be a closet lined with tar paper, or, better still, a cedar closet, all articles that are better for hanging can, of course, be placed there.

BEWARE OF MOTH MILLERS

If moth millers be found, kill them, and look carefully for the eggs or worms. In every case where there is the slightest suspicion of the existence of either, steam the spot, if possible. If you cannot do that, use naphtha generously, and after a few days repeat the act.

In sweeping carpets use a small brush broom for the edges, and then pour naphtha all along and under the edges of the carpet, having the windows opened, and no light or fire in the room. Do this with any stuffed furniture which may have traces of moths about it. Nothing is cleaner or more effective than the naphtha, but great care must be used to have the windows opened, that the gas shall escape, and there should be neither a fire nor a light in the room for several hours. Oil paintings and other pictures with fine frames can be covered with pieces of cheap cotton cloth. Delicate pieces of stuffed furniture can be covered with sheets. The mattresses and pillows should be thoroughly beaten and aired. The bedsteads ought to be brushed and wiped free from dust, and every crevice saturated with naphtha; return the mattresses to the beds and cover with sheets. Send all silverware and other small valuables to a place of safety. Have the water turned off, to guard against any leak. When possible, leave some of the window shades up, that the sun may keep the house dry and sweet.

ON COMING HOME IN THE FALL

In the fall, when you return, your first thought should be, of course, to have all the windows opened, flooding the house with fresh air and sunlight. The next important thing to do is to have the water turned on, and flush all the pipes thoroughly. If some one of the many good disinfectants be used in the pipes at this time it may prevent illness in the family. It is not surprising that so many people become sick on returning to their city homes when one realizes how these houses are boxed up for months; every ray of light and air being excluded, and not one housekeeper in ten realizing the necessity for the careful flushing and disinfecting of the plumbing.

TO PREVENT DUST FROM FLYING

A SUBSCRIBER asks how to prevent the dust from rising when sweeping carpets. There are several substances that can be used for this purpose, but I prefer salt, or Indian meal, to anything else I have tried. Sprinkle the carpet with common dairy salt, or with coarse Indian meal, having the meal slightly dampened, not really wet, and sweep with short strokes of the broom.

SOMETHING ABOUT STAINING FLOORS

At any good paint store you can get for a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a gallon of staining liquid, which will give you an imitation of almost any wood you want; or, you can prepare your own stain. The method which I shall give for using the home-made stain applies also to the prepared article.

After filling the cracks in the floor with putty; see that there are no paint spots on the boards. Should there be any, pour turpentine on them, and, after a while, scrape off the paint. Wipe all dust from the floor, then apply the stain with either a brush or a piece of cloth. I think, however, it gives a handsomer floor if you first rub in a little of the stain with a cloth. Color only a board or two at a time, moving the brush with the grain. When the floor is finished, close the room for twenty-four hours; four or five days will be better if you can spare the room. At the end of this time pin some pieces of carpet on the weighted brush and rub the floor, one or two boards at a time, until smooth and glossy. After all the floor has been treated in this manner, take the piece of carpet off the weighted brush and replace it with a clean piece. Now polish the floor with wax, as directed in the article on polishing floors in the April JOURNAL. The floor may be varnished instead or waxed. In that case it will never require polishing. Get the prepared varnish at a paint shop, and put it on with a brush, being careful to draw the brush smoothly over the boards, and with the grain. Be careful to put the varnish on evenly, and to have only a thin coating. If you are to varnish the floor, and do not own a weighted brush, you can get down on your knees and do the rubbing with an old piece of carpet.

THE PREPARATION OF STAINS

THE foundation for nearly all kinds of wood stains is a combination of boiled oil, turpentine, burnt umber, burnt sienna, lampblack and chrome yellow. The colors are all ground in oil. To make a light, hardwood stain mix together one pint each of boiled oil and turpentine, one tablespoonful of burnt umber, one tablespoonful of burnt sienna and two tablespoonfuls of chrome yellow. This gives a light stain, suitable for hard pine and other light woods. It can be made several shades darker by adding an extra tablespoonful each of burnt umber and burnt sienna. To make a good walnut stain use two tablespoonfuls of burnt umber, three tablespoonfuls of burnt sienna, two tablespoonfuls of chrome yellow, half a tablespoonful of lampblack, one pint of turpentine and one pint of boiled oil. Mix together thoroughly. For an old oak stain use one pint of boiled oil, one pint of turpentine, two tablespoonfuls of burnt umber, one tablespoonful of burnt sienna and two tablespoonfuls of lampblack. Great care must be used in mixing this that the lampblack shall be wholly dissolved in the liquid.

TO GRADUATE THE STAIN

It often happens than one does not care to imitate a particular wood, but would like to get a soft, medium shade. This is easily accomplished by adding burnt umber, burnt sienna and chrome yellow in small quantities to the light hardwood stain, and then testing on a piece of board until the required color is produced. I think this method gives the most satisfactory results. The colors used, ground in oil, cost from fifteen to twenty cents a pound, and can be purchased in pound boxes. Wood stains, to imitate any wood, can be purchased in paste form at about twenty-five cents a pound, and you can thin it yourself, using equal parts of boiled oil and turpentine.

THINGS IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER

THE colors used should be ground in oil. The longer a floor stands before it is rubbed as a preparatory step for applying the polish, the handsomer it will be. After the stain has been mixed it should be tried on a piece of planed board. The softer woods, such as soft white pine, will take a deeper color than hard woods; and if there be any sappy places in a board they will be darker than the smoother and harder parts. The strength in colors varies, and it may be that the proportions which are given will, with your colors, produce a lighter or darker effect. The polishing brush must be washed about once in four or six months; this depending, of course, upon the number of floors on which it is used. Half fill a pail with tepid water, and add to it a gill of household ammonia. Soak the brush in this for half an hour; then rub the bristles well, and rinse in several waters. Dry thoroughly.

CLEANING LACE CURTAINS

LACE curtains will not bear rubbing. All the work must be done carefully and gently. For two pairs of curtains half fill a large tub with warm water, and add to it half a pound of soap, which has been shaved fine and dissolved in two quarts of boiling water; add, also, about a gill of household ammonia. Let the curtains soak in this over night. In the morning sop them well in the water, and squeeze it all out; but do not wring the curtains. Put them into another tub of water, prepared with soap and ammonia, as on the night before; sop them gently in this water, and then, after squeezing out the water, put them in a tub of clean warm water. Continue to rinse them in fresh tubs of water until there is no trace of soap; next, rinse them in water containing blueing. After pressing out all the water possible, spread the curtains over sheets on the grass; or, if you have no grass, put them on the clothes-line. When they are dry, dip them in hot, thick starch, and fasten them in the frame that comes for this purpose. If you have no frame, fasten a sheet on a mattress, and spread the curtains on this, pinning them in such a manner that they shall be perfectly smooth and have all the pattern of the border brought out. Place in the sun to dry. If it be desired to have the curtains a light ecru shade, rinse them in weak coffee; and if you want a dark shade, use strong coffee.

ART SQUARES AND OTHER RUGS

A SUBSCRIBER asks what the cost of art squares is, and what would be the expense of having a square rug made from Brussels or other carpeting. The term "art square" may be applied to a certain kind of carpet in one place, and to something entirely different in another locality. The common American art squares cost about a dollar a square yard, and come in sizes of from about 2 1/2 x 3 yards to 4 x 5 yards. Art squares of English manufacture, known as Woodstock, cost one dollar and a half a square yard.

A rug of good quality of body Brussels would cost from ninety cents to a dollar and a quarter a square yard. Made of Wilton, the rug would cost from one dollar and eighty cents to two dollars and twenty-five cents a square yard. These squares, or rectangular rugs, are used a great deal on floors that have a natural-wood, stained or painted border. It is best to fasten them to the floor at each corner and in the center of each side.

When having rugs made, avoid the use of carpeting with large and pronounced designs. Select instead such as has small and mixed figures and colors like those found in Oriental rugs. Moquette carpets have small figures, as well as the soft blending of colors so desirable, but they are not so closely woven as the body Brussels, and therefore do not wear so well.

WHERE THE SWEETBREDS ARE FOUND

A WOMAN who lives in the country says she cannot find out, even from the butcher, in what part of the beef the sweetbread is found.

Butchers know this organ as the throat and heart or stomach sweetbreads. In physiology the organs are known as the pancreatic glands, the throat sweetbread being the pancreas, and the heart sweetbread the thymus. The heart sweetbread is much better than the throat, being of good shape, compact and tender, while the throat is long, loosely put together, and inclined to be tough. In the common books on physiology nothing is said in regard to the change that takes place in these organs as the animal matures. I find many butchers who know that there are no tender sweetbreads in the matured animal, but do not know the reason why. These organs are tender and delicate only while the animal is quite young. While the calf is still on a milk diet the sweetbread will be white, plump and tender; but just as soon as the food is changed to grass the organ begins to grow tougher, loses its plump form, and grows darker, until in the full-grown beef it would not be recognized. What is true of beef is also true of mutton. The sweetbread in the lamb is delicate and delicious. One never finds it in this form in the matured sheep.

TO CLEAN OLD OIL PAINTINGS

HOW she shall clean an old oil painting that is covered with dirt and fly specks is what one reader asks. Wipe all the dust from the painting with a soft silk cloth. Put a little linseed oil in a saucer, and, dipping a finger in the oil, rub the painting gently. It will require time and patience, but the effect will repay you. Artists say that in cleaning a painting nothing but the fingers, dipped in oil or water, should be used.

THE SOAP QUESTION AGAIN

MANY letters have come to me in regard to the rule I gave for soap several months ago. Some correspondents have made the soap with great success, and want rules for toilet soap; others who have made it want to know if there is not some mistake, because it is so hard. Several have written to know if the potash is not heated; and still another asks if fat in which fish was fried is fit to go into the soapgrease.

Having never made a toilet soap, I could not give a rule for one. If my directions for the ordinary kind be followed the soap will be as hard as castile, and of about the same texture. If one prefer a softer soap, four times as much water could be used, and still the mixture would form into bars. No; the potash is not heated. Pour the cold water upon it, and the mixture will become very hot. You must wait for this to cool before using it. Fat in which fish has been fried can be used, provided it be strained.

I want to say here that I never give a rule for anything until after thoroughly testing it. You are safe in adopting directions printed in this department. Remember, that following them in part, and using your own judgment for the rest, will not give the result at which you aim.



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This Department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in answering any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the JOURNAL readers. MR. REXFORD asks that, as far as possible, correspondents will allow him to answer their questions through his JOURNAL Department. Where specially desired, however, he will answer them by mail if stamp is inclosed. Address all letters direct to EBEN E. REXFORD, Shiocton, Wisconsin.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH



AREFULLY plan out your spring campaign before beginning work in the garden. Unless you know just what you want to do before work is begun, you will be likely to give yourself a great deal of unnecessary labor, because, like all things done without plan or system, your garden will be lacking in perfection of detail. It will be on the haphazard order, and although it may turn out half-way satisfactory, the chances are against it. Decide, first of all, on what plants you are going to use. Then decide where you will have them. Locate them according to their habits of growth and their seasons of bloom. If you sow seed without taking into consideration the character of the plants it will produce, very likely you will have a tall-growing kind by the path and a low-growing kind back of it, where its beauty will be hidden. Or, you may get a late full bloomer in some spot where you want brightness through the summer, and the summer bloomer in some corner where it will fail to attract attention. Study up the catalogues carefully, and learn the flowering season of plants, and the heights to which they grow, and then you will be able to group them intelligently.

PLANT low-growing kinds under the windows, where you can look down upon them. The verbena is most effective when planted in this way. So is the portulaca; and have them in beds by themselves. They do not combine well with other plants. This is true of most flowers, you will find. In order to secure the best results from them they must be grown by themselves. The most artistic bouquets are those in which but one kind of flower is used, though very beautiful ones are often made containing more than one kind. In this case the kinds are chosen with reference to harmony and contrast. The same rule holds good when applied to garden work. It is safer to keep each kind by itself. If you combine, be very sure that there is perfect harmony of habit, as well as color, and aim at securing such a contrast as will bring out and heighten the peculiarities of each. In order to do this you must understand your plants perfectly. A bed of pink, or white phlox, or a bed of pink and white, is sure to attract admiring attention; but mix in a few crimson, purple, or lilac petunias, and some scarlet poppies, and you destroy its charm, which consists in perfect harmony of color and simplicity. Remember that there is always strength and dignity in simplicity. Perhaps women who have had but little experience in the flower garden will understand this better if they apply it to the rules which govern them in selecting their gowns. Here inharmonious colors are not put together, and no woman of taste allows many colors to appear in the same costume. The rule which applies to and governs the one, should be applied to and allowed to govern the other.

FOR tropical gardening the musa ensete, or banana, is coming into use rapidly. It is something like the canna in general effect, but has larger, more luxuriant foliage, and is of much larger and stouter growth. It is most effective when planted in groups. To succeed with it you must give it a very rich, mellow soil, and keep it quite wet at the roots. Fine beds are made by planting three or four roots of this plant in the center and surrounding them with some of the dark-colored cannas. The contrast between the coppery foliage of the latter plant and the bright green of the banana, and especially between the flowers of the canna, which will appear during the latter part of summer, and the leaves of the banana, will be very pleasing and brilliant. Cannas are excellent for massing in beds where a height of not more than three or four feet is desired. Until quite recently these plants were not considered worth much as bloomers; but the new French sorts produce flowers as large as those of the gladiolus, and quite as rich in color. In shape they bear considerable resemblance to that flower; and, at the same time, they suggest some of the richly-colored orchids. Give a deep, rich soil, with plenty of water. My readers are so familiar with the effects which can be secured by the use of the coleus, achyranthus, alternanthera, and the variegated geraniums, that it is not necessary for me to do more than mention them in this connection. They supply color, which can be made very effective, when used to supplement the effects given by the plants having larger and more luxuriant growth of foliage.

FOR producing rich effects on the lawn few plants are more striking than the ricinus, or castor oil plant. It is easily grown from seed. It is of rapid development, and a plant in rich soil will become feet high by midsummer, with leaves from one to two and a half feet across. In most varieties the foliage is palmate, and generally of a dark color, with bronzy, coppery or other metallic effects. By the end of August plants are often eight or ten feet high, much branched, and covering a large space. Indeed, I know of no single plant able to produce so striking and tropical an effect as the ricinus can and will, when well grown. It is often used with other plants, in large groups or beds, but I think it gives the best satisfaction when grown by itself.

DO not put your house-plants out before really warm weather comes. A cold night may happen along and chill some of the tender growth of the more delicate kinds. If you have a veranda where you can keep them, they can be given the protection of a blanket if the night bids fair to be frosty, but if put out in the yard, no such protection can be provided easily, and the chances are that none will be given.

DO not let plants that have blossomed through the winter, and which you intend to use another season in the house, go on blossoming. See that they get at their summer's work as soon as possible. That work is to rest. Encourage them to do nothing but recuperate. Do not give rich soil, or large amounts of water, for these encourage vigorous growth. You want the plants to remain as nearly dormant as is consistent with health. Cut back well. Prune into something like symmetrical form, and keep watch of them as growth is made. Pinch back whenever it seems necessary to do so to secure good form. Act on the principle that you are training the twig from which the tree is to develop. Training and development go on together. If you wait until a plant is developed it will be too late to train it.

AS soon as your sweet peas begin to run, provide some kind of a support for them. I find nothing suits them as well as brush.

HAVE you an old root of salvia splendens that has been wintered in the house? Don't throw it away thinking it is worthless. Put it out in your "odds and ends" corner. It will soon send up a healthy growth. From such a plant you can cut many a handful of brilliant flowers for use in large vases in the parlor.

BE sure to keep in mind the fact that a plant exposed to strong winds and warm air requires much more water than it would if in a sheltered place, like the greenhouse. Many persons complain that their oleanders, hydrangeas and crape myrtles, growing in tubs on the veranda during the summer, fail to do well. The flowers drop almost as soon as out, and often before. Nine times out of ten it will be found on examination that the soil in the bottom of the tub is dry as dust. Give enough water to wet the soil all through. A plant whose roots fill a tub holding a bushel or two of soil will require as much as a pailful of water daily.

DON'T let the weeds get the start of you. But they will do so unless you are prompt with your warfare against them. If you are not aggressive, they will be, and it takes but a little time for them to get so fully established that you will find it hard work to get rid of them without doing injury to the plants among whose roots they seem to weave their roots as if it gave them a greater sense of safety, or, at any rate, a feeling that if they must be disturbed they will make others suffer with them. Begin to fight them early in the season, and fight to win. In the question of weeds, perseverance is an all-important element, and a winning one. A few moments, if given over each day to the extraction of weeds, are ample; then you will keep abreast of them, but let them get ahead of you and discouragement is inevitable.

KEEP your plants in a cool and airy room if you want fine, large flowers. In a hot room your plants will spindle up, and very likely the buds will blast. Red spiders will be pretty sure to attack them if the air is dry. A temperature of sixty-six or seventy degrees by day, and fifty-five degrees by night, is much better for them than a higher one. To guard against the spider use plenty of water on the plants; syringe them daily. When flower-like buds appear, give fertilizers about once in ten days. Keep the branches tied to stakes. Give plenty of sunshine, and all the air you can let into the room without chilling the plants.

NEW VARIETIES OF THE ASTER



If you want the best of all the fall-blooming annuals be sure to include a package or two of aster seed in your spring order. This flower is quite as beautiful as the popular chrysanthemum, which it so closely

resembles in form that white asters are often sold in fall to those who are not as familiar with flowers as they ought to be for choice varieties of chrysanthemums. It is so late in coming into bloom that it can be planted among earlier blooming plants, thus continuing the beauty of the beds up to severe frosts. There are several very desirable varieties. I give a list of the very best: The cocardean, or new crown, is two-colored. The center is white, generally "quilled," surrounded by several rows of large flat petals—blue, crimson, rose or purple. A new variety, bearing a close resemblance to the Japanese chrysanthemum, is called the comet, and is in color rose, pale blue, lilac and white, and pink and white. A variety of very strong habit is the Goliath, bearing flowers of great size, and very perfect in form. The peony-flowered perfection is a flower of pale and dark blue, lilac, crimson, rose and white, large and perfect in shape, and very freely produced. Each plant is a bouquet in itself. Asters are excellent for cutting, as the flowers last a long time.

The best plan is to sow the seeds in the open ground, after the weather and soil are in a condition favorable to the germination of plants. Later on transplant to the beds where you intend them to bloom. The young plants can be transplanted as safely as a cabbage. Plants "run to leaf" more than to flower. They are favorites for cutting for use in vases.

CARNATIONS ALL THE YEAR ROUND

I AM asked by several subscribers to tell "how to have carnations the year round," and to give some general hints as to culture, etc. I find it very easy to have these flowers through the summer. Old plants that have bloomed in the house during the winter, will, if cut back sharply in May, and planted in the garden beds, in a good soil, soon make a vigorous new growth, and from this plenty of flowers can be expected after June.

Young plants can be grown for winter use by layering; that is, taking a branch whose wood is past the very brittle stage, half breaking it, and putting the broken part under the soil, leaving the branch still connected with the old plant. You get the idea, don't you? Will it be any clearer if I tell you to bend a branch in V shape, almost breaking at the angle, and inserting this bend in the soil? A callus will form at the partially broken part. Circulation will be diverted from its normal action to a certain extent, and roots will form. While this is being done the branch receives nourishment from the old plant. It is rather difficult for the amateur to root cuttings of the carnation in the way geranium cuttings are rooted, and I would always advise layering.

However, if I wanted strong plants for blooming in the house next winter, I would order young plants in spring, and plant them out in the beds to grow during summer. If a flowering stalk appears pinch it back at once. Keep the plant from blooming. By attention of this kind you can secure a bushy, compact plant. Pot in September, using about six-inch pots. Use good garden loam, and some old manure, if you can find it. If not, depend on such fertilizers as Food for Flowers or bone meal; but do not use these until the plants show signs of blooming.

TWO OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS

REALLY, it seems as if all the "good old flowers" are becoming popular again, for the poppy was grown very extensively last season, and this spring's catalogues are enthusiastic over the beauty and brilliancy of these long-neglected flowers. The chief fault to find with them is that the texture of the petals of most varieties is so delicate that they are easily injured; therefore they are not as useful for cut flowers as many others. But for making brilliant a bed or corner in the garden they are unexcelled by any other flower.

Daneborg is a variety of intense shining scarlet, with a white mark on the lower portion of each petal, this mark on the four petals of which each flower is composed giving a cross, which resembles the Danish flag, which is a white cross on a scarlet ground. Peacock is a vivid scarlet, with a black zone; fire dragon has flowers four inches across, of a deep, glowing scarlet, with a black spot, having a white margin at the base of each petal. The Shirley poppies are very fine, varying from pure white to dark scarlet. Many of them are veined, striped, or flaked with contrasting colors. Have a bed of poppies.

THE TIME-TESTED NASTURTIUMS

THIS good, old-fashioned annual has, of late, become extremely popular, because artists who are quick to see the pictorial possibilities of a plant have worked it into their pictures, and persons with a keen artistic sense of the beautiful have made use of it for cut work and personal adornment. It deserves all the popularity it enjoys, for it is a really magnificent flower. Its foliage is a pale pea-green, and above this are thrown its many flowers, varying in color from a pale creamy yellow to a most brilliant crimson, scarlet and maroon. Some of the darker sorts are so intense in tone that they seem to have petals cut from velvet. The contrast between foliage and flower is very pleasing. These plants are excellent for poor soils, and hot, sunny positions.

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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

H. S. H.—Perhaps the best "general purpose" clematis is Jackminil, with large, violet-blue flowers.
Miss B.—The scarlet-flowering bean is a very pretty plant to train up about the window. I would, however, prefer the morning glory.
P. G. M.—When the hydrangea is coming into bloom give liquid manure. When making its annual growth give plenty of water. Put out on a veranda in summer.
Mrs. L.—The best rose I know of for cemetery use is Madame Plantier. It is not large, but its flowers are very double and borne in clusters. It is a profuse bloomer, and quite hardy. You will be pleased with it.
Miss H. S.—The best variety, at least the most popular, is doubtless rubra. Weltoniensis is one of my favorites. It has beautiful foliage, is a compact, bushy grower, and is for months covered with delicate, rose-colored flowers. Try both.
H. S. F.—The herbaceous spiraea are among the most beautiful of our hardy plants. S. rosa has pink flowers; S. alba, white. The individual flowers are very small, but there are hundreds of them in each cluster, and they have a delicate, graceful effect, which makes them resemble pink and white plumes.
Mrs. W. B. B.—I would put the daphne out of doors during summer, along with azaleas and other plants of a similar character. Keep them on a shady veranda, where they can get plenty of air. Water moderately, but be sure that no time is suffered from lack of it. Great injury is done to such plants by letting them get very dry.
W. F.—Do not remove the covering from roses and other plants which were laid down, until very cold, freezing nights are past. Nothing is gained by lifting too early, and a great deal may be lost. The buds will not start until the weather becomes somewhat warm, and then, but not till then, should the winter covering be taken off.
T. W. W.—Balsams are very tender plants, and even a slight frost kills them. If seed be sown in the bed, be sure that warm weather has come before you sow it. In order to get the full effect of the rose-like blossoms, it will be necessary to clip off some of the leaves which grow so thickly along the branches that they half conceal the flowers.
Box writes—"I noticed your reply to T. B. C. in the December issue of the JOURNAL. Box is perfectly hardy in the vicinity of Boston, but it is of too slow a growth to make a good hedge. I have one on an old family estate which we know to be at least forty years old, and the plants of which it is composed are not three feet high, though in a condition of perfect health."

M. T.—Among all the hybrid perennials I have ever grown, I know of none quite equal in freedom and continuance of bloom to Perfection des Branches. This variety is seldom without flowers from June to October. It does not bloom with the profusion of a tea rose after its first large crop of flowers, but it will always have several on it, if given proper treatment. It is a rose of milky whiteness, slightly suffused at the heart with flesh, sometimes; very sweet, and of medium size. It blooms in clusters. It is among the perennials what Madame Plantier is among the summer-bloomers.
A correspondent who gives no name writes: "In all that has been said in the JOURNAL about begonias, I do not remember to have seen anything about B. manicata aurea. I have a plant of this variety sixteen months old, which measures two feet each way, with many leaves eleven inches across. It has been a constant source of pleasure, and is a very ornamental plant. The leaves are a dark green, marked with cream and white in irregular blotches. It is of very easy culture." The variety named is one of the most desirable of the ornamental-leaved section. It is not a rex, therefore it is well adapted to ordinary room culture.
F. C. C.—This plant is not tuberous. It has thick, fleshy roots. It can be increased by root-cuttings, which should have a portion of the crown attached. Its flowering season is May or June, generally, though sometimes it blooms earlier. It sends up a stem three feet high, crowned with a cluster of small, lily-like flowers. There is a white and blue variety. The individual flowers are not large, but there are so many in each cluster that the effect is extremely fine. The plant is what may be called an evergreen, that is, it is one that can be kept growing the year round, though it can be wintered in the cellar. Large, old plants are very ornamental.
L.—Do not scatter your roses about. Plant them by themselves and group them. Never spoil the effect of a small lawn by scattering shrubs all over it. Keep them near the edges, in groups, and the effect will be much more satisfactory. If you have shrubs here, there, and everywhere, it will be so difficult to work among them with the lawn-mower that you will not keep the grass cut close, and the consequence will be a ragged lawn which will be an "eyesore" to you. If I wanted many shrubs, and they must grow where the lawn ought to be, I would not attempt to have a lawn, but would give the ground up wholly to the shrubs, and allow no grass to grow among them.
Mrs. C. A. S.—There are doubtless many readers of the JOURNAL who find it difficult to keep cuttings in the proper condition as regards moisture. I would advise them to try this plan, which I have found uniformly successful. Take an eight-inch pot. Stop up the hole in the bottom of it. Put in enough clean sand to raise the top of a four-inch pot even with the top of the larger pot. Put the smaller pot into the larger one, without stopping the hole in center, and fill in between them with sand. Place in a warm and sunny position, and pour water into the small pot. The sand will take up the moisture and distribute it evenly. Insert cuttings between the rims of the two pots, and they will soon root. In this way the soil can be kept just right as to moisture.
A. M.—If you write to any of the leading florists you can obtain catalogues of wire frames for making up "funeral designs." But—don't get them. They are, without exception, almost, in bad taste. I saw some flowers this morning which were being prepared for a funeral, and no formal "design" could compare with them for simple beauty. On a base of ferns were laid pure white azaleas, and one cluster of pink oleanders. Nothing more. They were tied together with a white ribbon. The effect was exquisite. If these flowers had been tortured into a "design" of "gates ajar," or "sickle," or a "broken column," they would have been spoiled. As it was, you saw the flowers for their "design," and you admired them because of their beauty, and that is always what a flower should be admired for. Never "arrange" flowers in such a manner that the peculiarity of arrangement will be more noticeable than the flowers themselves.
C. C. MILLER—This correspondent writes: "I enjoy your Rose talk in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and am moved to give you a little of my experience. If you think any of it would be useful, you can give it to your readers. I prefer to get small plants from the greenhouse in spring, rather than dormant plants, because I can get three or four times as many. A year later you cannot tell the difference. If I had plenty of money I would get dormant plants; clay soil inclining north, well enriched, but not dug deeper than one spade. In addition to the manures you mention, I like poultry manure. For the tender bed I make it into liquid manure and apply often. In wintering I have had the best success with leaves. Use boxes without top or bottom, or boards set up parallel, and after fastening down tops, fill in with leaves for the very best success, then cover over so that the leaves can never get wet. Although there are some beautiful June roses I do not care for them because I want about two hundred remontants, and they will give me more roses in June than I care for. When the first buds are set, I pick off every last one of them, except two or three of the most advanced on each bush. This gives finer blooms, and allows the bushes to give more of them later in the season. For some reason I have never succeeded in getting a La France to grow to any size. American Beauty and Her Majesty have been a disappointment in the open. Nearly all the other remontants I mention I have tried and like. Try John Hopper, Boule de Neige, Madame Masson, Mrs. John Laker. The last has done well with me, both in and out-doors. Slugs got bad on my roses one year. Put on paris green strong. Killed slugs; bushes too. Since then use it very very weak every year. I have twelve nice house roses in the window now, well filled with buds. Secret—a nice, little old maid washes them faithfully, every week, with soap-suds."

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Every reader of this paper should not fail to enjoy some of the Alice Pansies this summer, which were named by Mrs. Harrison. They create a sensation everywhere and their Beauty is beyond description. Their Mammoth Size of odd colors is wonderful, and they have cost me an enormous price to secure them, but they are far ahead of all other varieties of Pansies and can be had from no other seedsmen. I want to increase their size and will pay \$500 in CASH to any person growing a Blossom measuring 3 in. in diameter; 2 1/2 in. are very common size. See catalogue. For 25c. in silver or 25c. in stamps, I will mail, carefully packed, so they will go several days, 12 plants of the "Alice Pansies" (soon be blooming) a Pearl Tube Rose Bulb and my Illustrated Catalogue. For \$1.00, I will mail 50 kind plants, enough for an elegant bed, 4 Tube Rose Bulbs, and Catalogue. For these prices not a reader of this paper should fail to enjoy at least a few of the finest pansies in the world, which were named "ALICE" by Mrs. Harrison. You can have the nicest pansies around, besides you may grow 5 in. Blossom and get \$500. Every person ordering any of the above will receive FREE a packet of Mammoth Pansy Flower Seed, Hardy Climbing Vine, perfect beauty that will flower the first year from seed and is worth \$1.00. With every \$1 order, I will give FREE, 6 Mammoth Verbena Plants, mixed colors, new and elegant. **F. B. MILLS, Rose Hill, Onondaga Co., N.Y.**

45 sold in '88, 2,288 sold in '89, 6,268 sold in '90, 20,049 sold in '91, 60,000 will be sold in '92

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Beauty often depends on lumpness; so does comfort; so does health. If you get thin, there is something wrong, though you may feel no sign of it.

Thinness itself is a sign; sometimes the first sign; sometimes not.

The way to get back lumpness is by CAREFUL EATING, which sometimes includes the use of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

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CLAMS, OYSTERS AND LOBSTERS
HOW TO MAKE DISHES OUT OF THESE WHEN THEY ARE CANNED



CANNED clams, oysters and lobsters, provided they are fresh, can be put to a great many uses, and not a few most palatable dishes can be made of a can of each. As a few examples, we give the following, which have the endorsement of successful trial by experienced housewives:

CLAM SOUP

ONE can of clams drained from the liquor. Chop the clams very fine and set them aside; strain the liquor to free from sediment. Fry half an onion in an ounce of butter; add a little chopped celery, a blade of mace, a salted anchovy, six whole peppers and a pint of soup stock. Let it boil slowly half an hour, then strain into a saucepan, add the clams and the liquor, and boil slowly about fifteen minutes; add salt and cayenne. Boil one-half pint of cream and add it to the soup. Mix a small teaspoonful of corn starch in a little cold milk; add to the soup. Pour into a hot tureen and serve.

CLAM BROTH

DRAIN the liquor from a can of clams; to it add an equal quantity of stock, or hot water; boil, season with salt and cayenne, or what is better, two or three drops of tobacco sauce. Add a piece of butter; pour into the tureen. Add a slice of toast, and serve. The clams may be chopped fine and added to the broth, but it is better without them.

CLAMS BAKED WITH BACON

TAKE one can of clams, from which drain the liquor, which can be used for broth. Cut three thin slices of bacon, and freshen by putting them in a pan of cold water, and allowing them to boil. Take from the fire and cut them into dice. Have a small baking dish in which lay a layer of clams, then one of the bacon dice; over this sprinkle a teaspoonful of minced celery; add a dash of pepper. Continue in this way until all the material is used; strew fine bread crumbs over the top, on which place a few pieces of butter; bake in the oven until brown.

FROTHED CLAMS

DRAIN the clams very dry. Take three eggs, separate the whites and yolks, and stir the clams into the yolks; add salt and pepper. Beat the whites to a very stiff froth. Take up a spoonful and place in it a clam; then drop in hot fat for a moment.

OYSTERS SAUTE

DRAIN the oysters in a can from the liquor, which heat in a flat pan. Toast several slices of bread, dip quickly in the hot liquor and lay on a hot platter. In a frying-pan melt a small piece of butter, and when very hot put in the oysters, turning them constantly with a knife. They will take about a minute to cook. Spread them on the toast, put a few pieces of butter on top and a drop or two of tobacco sauce. Serve.

LOBSTER SOUP

THE liquor from a can of lobster, a pint of milk and a pint of stock. Heat to boiling in different vessels the milk and stock. Heat the lobster liquor, but do not boil. Pour the stock into the tureen, whisk in the milk, add the lobster liquor, salt, a speck of cayenne and a grating of nutmeg. Whisk thoroughly and serve.

LOBSTER CURRY

OPEN a can of lobster and pour the contents into a bowl; break the meat into small pieces. Put a tablespoonful of butter over the fire, and when melted add an onion cut in fine pieces. When the onion is tender, add a tablespoonful of flour and half a pint of stock; season with a dash of cayenne, salt, a teaspoonful of curry powder and the juice of half a lemon. Cook a few minutes, add the lobster meat and liquor; cook five minutes.

STEWED LOBSTER

DRAIN the lobster from the liquor. Melt an ounce of butter in a frying-pan; add the lobster meat and let it simmer for a few minutes, then add salt, pepper and a very scant half pint of stock, or hot water; cover, and let simmer three-quarters of an hour. Put in a saucepan half an ounce of butter and half an onion, minced; fry brown, and add two sliced tomatoes, or half a cup of canned, three okra pods, sliced, salt and a drop or two of tobacco sauce. Cook fifteen minutes, add the liquor from the can of lobster, and in about five minutes add it to the stewed lobster. Let all cook about five minutes. Add a little lemon juice, and serve.

Besides the above ways, clams and oysters may be fried, scalloped, panned and otherwise treated as when fresh. I have made delicious chowder from canned clams; but great care is needed to properly proportion the other ingredients to the clams.

WOMEN AS MARKET GARDENERS

SO many women who wish to earn their own living have gone into the millinery business, that it has been suggested that some other field of labor might prove more profitable. Women as a general rule are good gardeners, and it is strange that some of them do not go in for fine market gardening. Years ago, before Mrs. Langtry went on the stage, she hesitated which she should do, go in for growing lettuce, cauliflower and asparagus, or play "Pauline" and "Lady Claucarty." She was certain she would succeed in the first, and she felt sure that vegetables from her farm would have a good sale; however, she elected to go on the stage. But why does not some other woman follow her idea, and make the vegetables from Mrs. Brown-Jones' farm the most desirable and the most sought after in the market?

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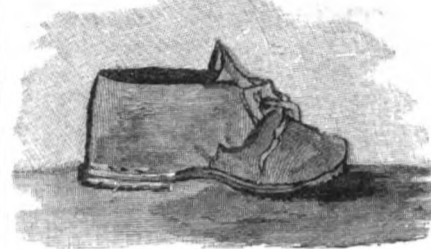
THE STORY OF AN OLD SHOE

By ANNE REESE ALDRICH



ONLY a quaint little leather shoe, worn smooth and shiny, and almost as hard and solid as wood from a century's keeping in a way with other precious relics. It is so stiff and unyielding, a mother of to-day would shudder to squeeze little, rosy toes and a dimpled foot into such a heavy, clumsy shoe.

One fancies the horror of the mother and nurse of "Baby McKee," for instance, at the mere thought of putting those little feet into close confinement in so solid and unornamental a specimen of foot-gear as this. Yet it was no less a person than the great-grandmother of the darling of the White House, Anna Harrison, the wife of the brave general, whose little feet took their first steps in these tiny sabots, one of which is pictured here.



They were evidently made to last. You can imagine half a dozen generations of babies learning to walk in the same pair, and even then the thick soles and the uncompromising brown "uppers" would hardly be the worse for wear. None of your dainty, modern knitted boots, or soft kid shoes, as pliable as a suede glove, lest it should, perchance, press roughly on the tender flesh; no little socks of tinted silk, or fleeciest lamb's wool for American babies of an hundred years or more past. These sturdy children of a sturdier race than to-day, even among the rich and well-to-do, wore, as a rule, such coarse, home-spun fabrics, such rough shoes and stockings as the little denizens of our city tenement houses now would look at with supreme scorn, and would probably refuse as a gift.

There is nothing that appeals more effectively to a tender, maternal fancy than a baby's worn shoes, the stubby toes, the heels run down, perhaps, at one side. The impression of the restless, shell-pink little feet that have learned to take their first cautious steps in it, or have trotted about all day long, bearing a very small, plump body into such mischief as it can find to do. When those little shoes are kicked off at night and lie with the socks by the side of the crib where the little wearer cuddles, warm and flushed in the gracious sleep of babyhood, how many a mother picks them up lovingly, with a sudden swelling of the heart and a warm impulse to wake the sleeper with a kiss. And ah, if those little feet should be destined never to tread the long, weary journey of life, if they are to stop while the path is only traveled a short, short way, while the sun has only just risen, and the dew is yet on every flower, ah, then, not even the little cradle, or the tiny, half-worn frocks, or the playthings that will never be used again, are such beloved relics to the mother's broken heart as the shoes that keep so well the very shape of the feet that they once held.

But these dear, clumsy little shoes belonged, as you know, to feet that did have the long journey to travel, and from letters, yellowed with age, in the writer's possession, we may know that the wearer lived a happy, simple life, rich in all womanly graces and virtues, conspicuous among which was the deep, wifely love and reverence they show for the brave, soldierly husband, who was, unhappily, scarcely to tread the floors of the White House as President ere death claimed him, and to whose grandson we now give the honor due to a ruler and chief magistrate of our country.

A GAME FOR SUNDAY

By J. D. COWLES

CHILDREN from seven to twelve years of age soon tire of reading, and become restless; and a game called perhaps "Books of the Bible in Syllables," could be made after the following plan, and would be appreciated by many who know how difficult it is to keep children interested on Sunday.

Let the names of the books of the Bible be printed on slips of paper, one syllable on a slip. For instance, Genesis would require three slips, Gen-e-sis, using the capital letter for the slip containing the first syllable of the name only.

When all these slips are thrown together in the box, the child could take a Bible and using the index as a guide, construct the various names.

First, however, he should make as many as he could without the help of the index.

After constructing all the names, he could close the Bible and see how many of them he could place in their proper order; then compare his work with the index, and correct it.

Such a game would be quite as interesting as any puzzle, and would be practically helpful in later years.

A game similar to authors could be played with the cards when the children had become sufficiently familiar with the various names. Syllables, instead of titles, could be called for, and the one securing the greatest number of complete names would "beat."



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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS:—Any question from our readers of help or interest to women will be cheerfully answered in this Department. But write your questions plainly and briefly. Do not use any unnecessary words. The right to answer or reject any question is reserved by the Editor. Answers cannot be promised for any special issue. They will be given as quickly after receipt as possible. All correspondence should be accompanied by full name and address, not for publication, but for reference.

VERNON—The United States has no national flower.
SHELBY—The 27th of December, 1862, came upon a Saturday.

G. R. Y.—About 90° will be the best temperature for your baby's bath.

ROSE—There is a Woman's Exchange in almost all the large cities.

PERPLEXED—Chloroform will remove grease spots from silk and poplin.

PORTLAND—The word "suite" is pronounced as though spelled "sweet."

SUBSCRIBER—Brides usually take with them to their new homes a full supply of house linen.

RIDGEWAY—Mrs. Cornelia M. Stewart, widow of the New York millionaire, died on Oct. 25th, 1886.

SUBSCRIBER—An article on the care of sealskin and other furs is published in this issue.

ROSE—Abutilon is pronounced as though spelled A-bu-ti-lon, with the accent on the three last syllables.

SALLIE—The widows of Presidents Grant and Garfield are allowed to send their mail matter free of postage.

LAURA—Madam Blavatsky, founder of the Theosophical Society, died at London, England, on May 8th, 1891.

ALMINA—The climate of California varies according to elevation and latitude. It is mild and pleasant on the coast.

ENID—It is entirely a matter of personal feeling as to how soon formal calls may be made after a death in the family.

OAKLAND—The belief has always prevailed that it is more healthy to sleep with the head turned toward the north than toward the south.

NAOMI—The collect of the Protestant Episcopal Church for Annunciation Day is a literal translation of the Latin prayer of the Angelus.

INQUISITIVE—Rubber gloves are a great help to women who have to do their own housework. They may be bought at any rubber store.

T. L. L.—We cannot answer any questions relative to the value of coins in this column. Prices for them vary according to the supply and demand.

FLORINE—The only unmarried daughter of the house should have the family name, preceded by the prefix "Miss," engraved upon her visiting cards.

MADAM—Sarah Bernhardt was born in 1844. Her mother was a Berlin Jewess, and at the time of Sarah's birth was a struggling milliner in the city of Paris.

BRIDGEPORT—Address the letter to Mrs. Mary Smith, M. D. (2) Physicians, as a rule, do not pay social calls, they are usually too busy; we know of no other reason.

IRVING PARK—For information concerning the Art Schools of the Cooper Union, New York city, application must be made to the officers in charge of the Institution.

LOUISA—The word "lunch" is usually applied to a slight and hurried meal; the word "luncheon" is the proper one to use in speaking of the formal midday repast.

R. B.—The interior of a caraffe, that may have become coated from hard water, may be cleaned by rinsing with water in which a little muriatic acid has been dissolved.

ENGAGED—A white satin gown, with veil and orange blossoms, are quite in order for a morning wedding. Announcement cards are usually sent out about a week after the wedding.

COLLEEN BAWN—The JOURNAL cannot give any advice as to the investment of money, neither can it express any opinion as to the relative standing of financial institutions.

A. E. N.—To speak of a person as being a "good grammarian" is as absurd as to speak of a gentleman as being a "perfect gentleman." One expression is as incorrect as the other.

HON.—To remove ink stains from white linen, dissolve a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a cup of hot water, rub the stained part well with the solution, and expose to the sun until quite dry.

CARYL—A will may be drawn by any person who knows how to prepare it; no particular form of words is necessary. The number of witnesses required is different in the different states.

PERPLEXED HOUSEKEEPER—It is said that if the woodwork in the kitchen is kept constantly scrubbed with water in which potash has been dissolved, that roaches and ants will speedily disappear.

MAE—Keep your face perfectly clean by washing it two or three times a day with hot water and soap, rubbing it dry with a coarse towel. The friction may remove the trouble of which you complain.

J. E. V.—Helena, the capital of Montana, is pronounced though spelled Hel-le-na, with the accent on the last syllable. There is no place to which old postage stamps may be sent; they are of no value whatever.

P. R. G.—The crown of England descends to the nearest heir of the last wearer, be that heir male or female. The daughters of the Prince of Wales would inherit in their respective order should Prince George die without issue.

E. W. W.—We know of nothing which will remove the stain which has been caused by your skirt coming in contact with street mud. Try and avoid such trouble in the future by having your street skirts made to clear the ground.

RIVERSIDE—When cards of thanks are received in acknowledgment of cards and letters of condolence, it may be inferred that the bereaved are ready to receive visitors. (2) A widow should wear mourning for at least two years.

MISS B.—At a ladies' luncheon the hostess takes the head of the table and places the guest of honor at her right hand. If place cards are not used, the hostess must direct each guest to her seat as quietly and with as little confusion as possible.

C. C. G.—Phillip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, and the hero of Mrs. Craik's poem, "Phillip, My King," was not born blind; when about three years of age he received a blow in one of his eyes, and inflammation set in he lost the sight of both.

RAM.—Authorities differ as to whether the knife and fork should be retained or laid upon the plate when it is passed for a second helping. Our opinion is that it should be laid at one side of the plate. When soup is served in cups it is usually eaten with a spoon.

P. E.—To become a Colonial Dame it is necessary to have had an ancestor in the time of the Revolution, or previous to that time, who had rendered some important service to the colonies. It need not have been a military service; any public service would qualify.

MAMIE—We think you ought to feel very thankful that the young woman who ran away with your lover was other than yourself. We would advise you to return any presents that he may have given you, and to treat him politely and coolly whenever you shall happen to meet him.

LEWIS—Women have voted on the same terms with men in Wyoming since 1870. Mr. Hamilton Wilcox, Chairman of the New York State Executive Committee of the Woman Suffrage Party, New York City, will give information concerning this matter. We cannot spare space for its discussion.

Mrs. C. L. R.—A card should be left for each lady whose name appears upon the cards of invitation to an afternoon tea. (2) If unable to be present at the afternoon tea send your card upon the day named; it will serve as an acknowledgment. (3) Party calls and dinner calls are obligatory.

BETTY—Women of refined tastes do not use fancy note paper. (2) When writing a friendly note to a gentleman begin your letter, "My dear Mr. —" (3) In addressing a letter to a married woman, use her husband's initials. (4) A card left or sent to an afternoon tea discharges the obligation.

STELLA—The bride should stand at the left of the bridegroom during the marriage ceremony. (2) It seems rather hard to condemn a man to celibacy for sins that his ancestors may have committed; but any good man will hesitate before offering a tarnished name to the woman he loves.

T. C.—Generally speaking, the lady is placed at the left of the gentleman, so that his right hand and arm may be free to protect and serve her. (2) The lady should precede the gentleman when entering a hotel dining-room. (3) The host at a dinner party always remains standing until all the guests are seated.

CADDIE—We know of nothing in the cosmetic line that will make your complexion beautiful; but we do know that plain, wholesome food, regular exercise and plenty of fresh air will help to make a plain girl attractive, and will do more toward improving her looks than all the cosmetics that were ever manufactured.

AMY—Any pretty street costume may be worn to an afternoon tea. (2) We think that the ladies should bear the expenses of the entertaining. (3) Michigan is pronounced as though spelled Mish-i-gan, with the accent on the last syllable. Massachusetts is pronounced as it is spelled. (4) It is very bad form to address an envelope crosswise.

HELPFUL WIFE—We think that your desire to help your husband is a very praiseworthy one; but we are glad for your sake that he is manly enough to wish to take care of you himself, and keep you within the shelter of your home. Be content with the income which your husband earns, and keep his love by being willing to be guided by his wishes.

ADMIRER—University Extension has been defined as "the higher education from the college nucleus to the people, by the means of lectures, teachers, publications, the holding of examinations, etc." Instead of obliging the student to come to the university, the university proposes, in addition to its home work, to go out to the people. Its motto is, "Help people to help themselves."

F. H.—In 1881 Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, sold out their interest in their magazine on the agreement that the name of the magazine and of the company should be altered, and the names were accordingly changed to the "Century Magazine," and the Century Company. Charles Scribner's Sons agrees also to publish any magazine for five years, but after the expiration of that time, in January, 1887, they began the publication of a new monthly, the present "Scribner's Magazine."

IGNORAMUS—We think that your hostess was to blame; she should have signified to you in some way whose escort you were to be. At a formal dinner the host leads the way to the dining-room with the most distinguished lady guest upon his arm, and seats her at his right hand. The hostess enters last, upon the arm of the most distinguished gentleman guest, who is given the seat of honor, at her right; the host remains standing until all the guests are seated.

M. S.—In the Episcopal marriage service the bride's father stands directly behind the bride during the service. When the clergyman asks, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the father steps forward a pace or two, saying, "I do." (2) When two rings are used the bride pays for the groom's ring and the groom for the bride's. The bride puts the ring on the groom's finger at the altar. (3) The bride's family should pay all the expenses of the wedding.

LITTLE BOBKEP—Any light refreshments, such as tea, coffee, chocolate, ice cream, and cake may be served at an evening party. For the gentlemen it might be well to have a dish of sandwiches. These may be made of chicken, tongue, or ham. Piled invitingly upon a dainty dish covered with a pretty dolly, they make quite an addition to the supper table. The thing that always seems most scarce at parties is ice water; see to it, therefore, that there is a supply on hand at yours.

MINNIE—Girls should not go out driving, nor to the theater, with men who do not visit at their homes. We must advise all our girl correspondents very strongly on this point. If a gentleman is introduced to you comport yourself in such a dignified manner that he shall ask your permission to call upon you, and your parents' permission to take you to any place of amusement; and even then you should not go unless accompanied by a chaperone in the person of some married lady friend. (2) It is quite proper for a gentleman to assist a lady in going down stairs, and there would be no impropriety in his offering her his arm when they shall have reached the bottom.

E. B.—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. In writing to a gentleman, if you object to using your Christian name in the signature, you may write in the third person, as, for instance, "Mrs. John Lord desires Messrs. — to send to her address, No. — street, —." When sending such an order place your address and the date in the lower left-hand corner.

CONCORD—With a white gown a bride should certainly wear white shoes and stockings. (2) A wedding gown should be made as plainly as possible, with high neck and long sleeves; of course, it may be cut away a little at the throat. If the gown is to be of heavy material, have the skirt made with a court train and no drapery whatever. If of thin material, have as much drapery as possible, in order to have a light, fleecy effect. The veil should be long enough to cover the bride from her head to her feet. The bride should not carry a fan, she usually carries a bouquet, and sometimes a prayer-book. Gloves may or may not be worn, according to the bride's own desire in the matter. This is a question that each bride may decide for herself.

DIANA—We think your little boy too young to wear the sailor suit with long trousers. Boys of his age are usually dressed with kilt skirts buttoned on shirt waists. Trousers are not generally worn until after the fifth year. (2) In wood engraving the line is engraved or cut into a prepared block of box-wood, special tools being used. In steel engraving the line is engraved into a steel plate. For etching, a sheet of copper is prepared with a very thin deposit called the "ground." Through this ground the artist scratches with the "needle" his design. An acid is then poured upon the plate, eating out the copper to a sufficient depth wherever the lines have been scratched, and leaving the "ground" unharmed. In printing steel engravings and etchings, the paper is pressed into the line, ink having first been introduced. In printing wood-engravings, the lines that the engraver has made appear white in the proof, the black line being produced by the surface of the wood left untouched by the engraver's tool. This surface it is that receives the ink, and upon which the paper is pressed in the printing. Hammerton's "Graphic Arts" enters into these processes thoroughly, and for one interested in these and kindred subjects no more helpful or delightful work can be found. The colored pictures to which you refer we are not familiar with, consequently we cannot answer your questions concerning them. (3) We do not give any information relative to the prices of clothing in this column.

PREMIUMS FOR VERSES.

As many of the best verses used in the advertisements of Ivory Soap have been sent us by those who recognize its merits, we have concluded to offer twelve premiums for contributions from the many who have used the "Ivory" and know its value.

The premiums to be as follows:

| | | | |
|---------|----------|-----------|----------|
| First, | \$300.00 | Seventh, | \$150.00 |
| Second, | 275.00 | Eighth, | 125.00 |
| Third, | 250.00 | Ninth, | 100.00 |
| Fourth, | 225.00 | Tenth, | 75.00 |
| Fifth, | 200.00 | Eleventh, | 50.00 |
| Sixth, | 175.00 | Twelfth, | 25.00 |

CONDITIONS:

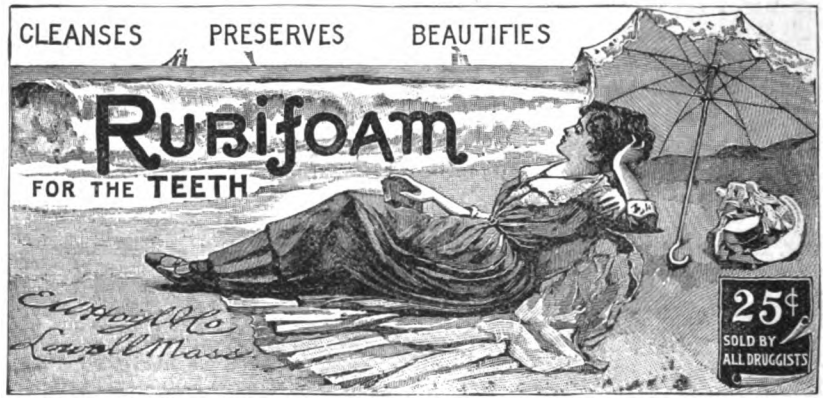
The verses must not contain more than twenty-four lines nor less than twelve lines; the lines must not average more than eight words each.

Three competent persons will act as judges.

Write the verses on one sheet of paper and your FULL NAME and FULL ADDRESS upon another.

It is to be understood that we are to have the privilege of keeping any verses not quite good enough to entitle the writer to a premium upon payment of ten (\$10.00) dollars. All verses to be received by us not later than July 1st, 1892. Payment of premiums will be made as promptly after that date as possible. Address,

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO.
CINCINNATI.



PERSONAL LOVELINESS

is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice

FRAGRANT SOZODONT

which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favor with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.



One-third Your Life is Spent in Bed!



The Art of purifying Feathers for Bedding purposes has been the subject of close study for many years, and has reached its highest development in the COLD BLAST PROCESS, by which all foreign matter, dust and the causes of odor are eliminated, and the Feathers rendered pure, clean and sweet, as well as permanently buoyant, while retaining their Feathery softness. FEATHER PILLOWS MADE OF THESE ARE HEALTHFUL. Watch for Trade Mark. Your dealer probably keeps them. If not, address THE COLD BLAST FEATHER CO. MAKERS OF Faultless Bedding. CHICAGO.

A LADY WANTED!

In each locality to manage a Toilet Parlor at home for the SYLVAN TOILET PREPARATIONS. Entertaining, paying and congenial employment the entire year. Also want Lady Agents.

BALM OF LILIES, a Magic liquid, Invisible Face Powder. It is harmless. Charming in effect, but doesn't show. Removes Blemishes. By mail, 65 cents. The Sylvan Face Massage Treatment for Wrinkles, with book, \$1.65. Saffin Skin Soap, fragrant, pure, lasting, 25 cents. Dental Cream, 25 cents. Geranium Jelly, for tan, burns and chaps, in elegant tubes, 25 cents. Curlola, the ladies' favorite curling fluid, 35 cents. Perfumes, etc.

Circulars describing our New Toilet Art, New Plan and Liberal Offer, sent Free. Address SYLVAN TOILET Co., Port Huron, Mich.




ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the only reliable plasters ever produced. Fragrant, clean, inexpensive and never failing; they fully meet all the requirements of a household remedy, and should always be kept on hand.

For the Relief and Cure of Weak Back, Weak Muscles, Lameness, Stiff or Enlarged Joints, Pains in the Chest, Small of the Back and around the Hips, Strains, Stitches, and all Local Pains, ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are unequalled.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

1784.  1892, Book No. 2
NOW READY
Offering
\$3,000
in Prizes for
Needlework.

For sale by small ware dealers, or sent by mail upon receipt of 10 cts. by
THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY
218 Church St., New York.
67 Lincoln St., Boston.
108 and 110 Franklin St., Chicago.
707 Washington Ave., St. Louis.
617 and 519 Market St., San Francisco.

Three-cord 200-yard spools for Lace Making, Linen Ball Thread for Knitting and Crocheting, Linen Floss (all colors and sizes) for Embroidery.

ASK FOR BARBOUR'S

FOR 10 CTS. HOUSEWIVES
CAN HAVE **THE MORGAN ODORLESS BROILER**



SELE. BASTING, REVERSIBLE. Sent to any part of UNITED STATES on conditions below
FOR 10 CENTS
It broils steaks, chops, oysters, fish, etc., allowing no odor to escape in the room. TOASTS BREAD PERFECTLY. Suitable for gas, oil, coal, or wood.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
SPECIAL OFFER: To further introduce this wonderful Broiler, we will send one, all complete, anywhere in U. S. all charges prepaid, upon receipt of only 10c. You examine Broiler at express office, and if O. K., pay remaining 90c. If, after using 6 or 8 times, Broiler is not satisfactory, we will remove same and refund the dollar. Total cost to you, 81c. Warranted never to warp, crack nor break. Excellent terms to agents and dealers.

SEN STAMPING CO., 406 P STREET, KALAMAZOO, MICH

FREE.
Our large 24-page Catalogue, profusely illustrated, full of information on the proper construction of Pianos and Organs. We ship on test trial, ask no cash in advance, sell on instalments, and give greater value for the money than any other manufacturer in the world. Send for this book at once to
BEETHOVEN ORGAN CO., WASHINGTON, N. J.

MME. DELIA CONKLIN'S CURLING CREAM
The best preparation on the market for holding the Hair in Curl, Bangs and Frizzes, absolutely harmless. It is an excellent tonic for the hair. Once tried it stays used.
Price 50 cents.
Enclose 2-cent stamp for the card case to P. B. Keys, 405 State St., Chicago, Ill.

Arnolds' Infant Gertrude Suits and Baby Girdling Diapers and Menstrual Bands and Accouchement Bands are without a Rival.
NOVELTY KNITTING CO., ALBANY, N.Y.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

WALL PAPERS BUY FROM FIRST HANDS
we sell the consumer at Factory prices. Send 5c. in stamps and get our samples before purchasing.
CHAS. M. N. KILLEN, Manufacturer
614 So. 20th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Good Paper } 3c
Gold Paper } 5c

THE WALL PAPER MERCHANT
Peats sells the best, the cheapest & does the largest business in
WALL PAPER

If you have any use whatever for Wall Paper, do not fail to send 10c for postage on samples, and his guide "HOW TO PAPER" will be sent Free. Agents sample books, \$1. 136-138 W. Madison St., Chicago.

ADDRESS ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MEMORY
To introduce a series of valuable educational works the above will be sent to all applicants
FREE
R. 148 **JAMES P. DOWNS, PUBLISHER,**
243 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

FENGES' VASES
Wires, Iron & Steel
LAWN ORNAMENTS - CHAIRS, SETTEES, &c.
STABLE FIXTURES, WIRE WORK, NETTINGS, &c.
Wrought Iron, BARBEE WIRE & IRON WORKS
Chestnut St. & 6th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ANOTHER CYCLE SHOW
This time it is being held at the Lutz Manufacturing Company's salesrooms, 221, 223 and 225 North Eighth St., Philadelphia. It includes the Sprinter Safety, a Diamond frame, long head, long wheel base, straight tubes throughout, etc. and the Ladies' Sprinter, a handsome drop frame. The Traveler safeties are the best value ever offered, and range in price from \$15 to \$60; about two hundred different styles to select from. We also manufacture Children's Carriages, Refrigerators, Office Desks, Reclining and Invalid Rolling Chairs. Name and wanted and catalogue will be sent.
Liberal Discounts to the Trade.

3 MOS 15 CTS
SPARE MOMENTS is the funniest paper on earth. 24 pages, finely illustrated. Also contains instructive features, etc.
Sent on trial for only 15 cts. (stamps taken). Address, Spare Moments Publishing Co., 21 Court St., Boston, Mass.

DO YOU WANT A PIANO?
If so, send us your name and address, and receive by return mail a handsomely illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of the **"OPERA" Piano** Upright, of a very high grade moderate price; cash or easy payments. Renowned for its durability and rich, powerful and sympathetic quality of tone. Unique and Artistic in Design; Superior Workmanship. Manufactured in 30 different styles and sizes. **PEEK & SON, MANUFACTURERS.**
Established 1850. - Please mention this Paper.
BROADWAY and 47th ST., N. Y.

EVER READY DRESS STAY
Metal Tipped. Will Not Cut Through.
See Name "EVER READY" on Back of Each Stay.
Gutta Percha on both sides of steel. Warranted water-proof. Beware of Imitations.
Manufactured by the **YPSILANTI DRESS STAY MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.**

YPSILANTI Dress Reform UNDERWEAR
SPRING GOODS REDUCED IN PRICE.




Sanitary Balbriggan, Sanitary Lisle Thread, Sanitary MERINO, SILK and Sanitary Balbriggan, Silk and Cashmere mixed
For SPRING and SUMMER WEAR. *The ONLY Sanitary Underwear, and Endorsed by the leading medical profession.*

Send for new Catalogue, Samples, and revised Price List. If your dealer cannot supply them, they can be obtained of the manufacturers.

DON'T BE DECEIVED.
See that each garment is stamped with our Trade Mark - "Ypsilanti Health Underwear."
HAY & TODD MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.

4c. A DAY PER ROOM WILL HEAT YOUR HOUSE
Either with HOT WATER or STEAM as preferred.
If you are building a New Home, or want to make the old one Comfortable, it will pay you to invest in a **FURMAN BOILER** and System of Heating. **MANUAL on House Heating and Ventilation sent free.**
HERENDEN MFG. CO., 10 CLARK STREET, GENEVA, N. Y.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS
FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.
An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Indispensable for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c.
All Druggists or by Mail, 50 cts.
BARCLAY & Co., 44 Stone St., New York. ESTABLISHED 1801.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM
THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.
A DELICIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION.
1/3 of an ounce of Pure Pepsin mailed on receipt of 25c.
CAUTION - See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1/2 lb. of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to
BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 28 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

THE GLACIER REFRIGERATOR
AS far ahead of all others as the Electric Light excels the candle. Seven Walls to preserve the Ice. Airtight Locks. Dry Cold Air. Hardwood Antique finish. Elegant designs. Sideboards or China Closets in combination.
Beyond question the most perfect Refrigerator made. Send for Catalogue. We pay freight where we have no agent.

YOSE & SONS PIANOS
ESTABLISHED IN 1851
CELEBRATED FOR THEIR Pure Tone, Elegant Design, Superior Workmanship, and Great Durability.
SOLD ON EASY TERMS.
Old instruments taken in exchange. Write for catalogue and full information.
170 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

HOME COMFORT STEEL HOT AIR FURNACES
GUARANTEED FREE FROM GAS, SMOKE, OR DUST!
MADE ONLY BY
Wrought Iron Range Co.
PAID UP CAPITAL, \$500,000.
Established 1864. **ST. LOUIS, MO.**
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF
HOME COMFORT STEEL RANGES.
Write for Cook Book - Mailed FREE.

REVOLVING DISC FLY PANS
ARE THE HANDSOMEST ON THE MARKET AND INCOMPARABLY SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.
A HANDSOME AND USEFUL TABLE ORNAMENT. INDISPENSIBLE WHERE FLIES ARE TRoublesome. THE LATEST INVENTION AND A QUICK SELLING NOVELTY. EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE ONE.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
WRENN, WHITEHURST & CO.
NORFOLK, VA., U.S.A.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM IF THEY WILL NOT FURNISH WRITE TO US.

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP
LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.
An Ideal Complexion Soap
For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers, or if unable to procure this Wonderful Soap send 25 cents in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.
JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago
SPECIAL - Shandon Bells Toilet Soap (the popular Society Waiver) sent FREE to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

AGENTS WANTED \$50 TO \$150
MAKE FROM
A WEEK working for **WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION**
World's Fair. Most beautiful, interesting and popular publication issued. Sells at night. Series of 10 stamps for full particulars and sample copy containing **COLORS LITHOGRAPHED VIEWS OF EXPOSITION BUILDINGS**
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60,000 SOLD
43 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.
SWEET TONED.
SOLD ON MERIT.
MODERATE PRICES. TERMS REASONABLE. Every Instrument Fully Warranted.
Catalogues Free.
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174 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Millions use Pearline!

FOR
House Cleaning
& Washing
Clothes Dishes
Glass ware
Silver.

SAVES
Time
Patience
Money Health
Wear
and Tear.



**BEWARE
OF
IMITATIONS**

MY BUSY DAY.

As Proof that you will try Pearline for some of the above purposes, send us one trade mark cut from the front of a package of Pearline and one uncanceled 2 ct. postage stamp, and we will send you a copy of the above picture, "My Busy Day," printed in 14 colors; size, 4 x 10½ inches, which is slightly larger than above; with no advertising on the front of same. The picture is an exact reproduction of an oil painting and is fit to frame and hang in any home. Send your name and address plainly written to James Pyle, 436 Greenwich Street, New York City.

Mention this Magazine.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

This is a fac-simile (reduced in size) of the trade-mark which you are to send with 2 ct. postage stamp.