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FEBRUARY 1898

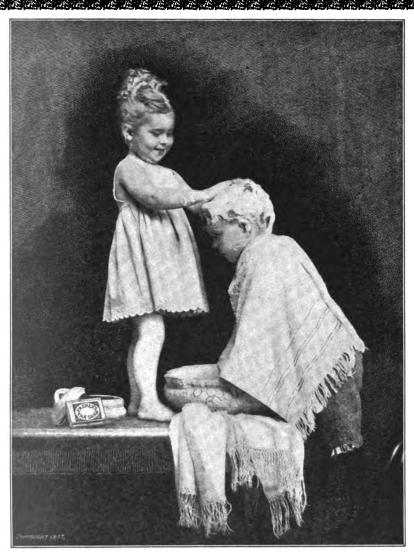
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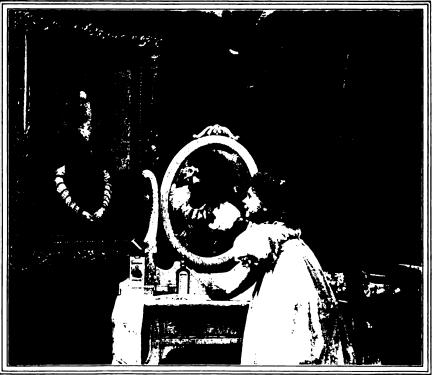
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WITH WASHINGTON IN THE MINUET

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

[Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "A Bachelor Maid." "A Son of the Old Dominion." "Good Americans." etc.]



NE evening in May, in the year 1789, a week after the inauguration of the first President of the United States, the vicinity of Wall Street and Broadway, in New York City, was agitated to its core by the passing of a train of aristocratic equipages bent in the direction of the Assembly Rooms on the east side of Broadway, where now stands the Boreel Building (115 Broadway). And, verily, in those days, it was worth the while of commoners afoot to gape after a show of carriages. Which one of us ever saw a President in a cream-hued chariot, hemispherical in shape, painted with garlands held up by cupids, drawn by six champing steeds, and presided over by a wigged coachman, fairly glittering in gold lace? Yet this spectacle, and that of a string of equipages as resplendent, dazzled the eyes of early New Yorkers lucky enough to get a good point of observation on the curbstones, on the doorsteps, or in adjoining windows, the memorable night General Washington alighted before the door of the most fashionable dancing-hall in New York City at that time.

SOCIETY INTENSELY EAGER FOR THE FIRST INAUGURAL BALL

AWAITING the chief, inside, were many of the fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, of the infant Republic, all eager to "shake their heels," as old Governor Livingston termed it, at the festivity which had been meant to serve as a formal Inaugural Ball. To the great disappointment of the managers of the affair, the gentle spouse of the President—she who had been originally designed to shine as the star of the feminine assemblage at the inauguration, to take her place at that time in state as the leader of the gay world of the new Government—had lingered in Virginia. The ball had, therefore, been deferred, and when patience had been entirely exhausted in waiting for Mrs. Washington, who did not come, they at last decided to give it without her. For that reason the President this evening went alone, and perhaps—although gossip has not in exact terms definitely said so—allowed himself, for the occasion, the little additional touch of gayety for some inscrutable reason or other almost always observable in the most devoted of his sex at social functions in the absence of their wives.

The President had driven down from his new residence at No. 3 Cherry Street (now Franklin Square), no formidable stretch in the eyes of those New Yorkers who to-day go out to dinner from Washington Square to, say, East Seventy-fourth Street, but then esteemed worthy of mention as a distance. The Executive Mansion was,

indeed, considered quite "up-town." The General had for some days been very busily occupied there in disposing about its large, plainly-furnished rooms, fitted up under charge of Lady Kitty Duer and Mrs. Osgood, the innumerable little articles of home comfort and ornament which his wife had sent around to New York by water from Mount Vernon.

And there, although it still lacked the final feminine touches its mistress considered requisite to a home, Washington would have preferred remaining for a quiet evening, instead of repairing to the ball. Since he had left his own best-beloved retreat upon the bank of the Potomac he had been borne upon a wave of universal homage to his present residence. At every stage of his journey northward he had been welcomed by multitudes; had received and answered scores of speeches by dignitaries; had praised the white-robed maidens scattering flowers, the soldiery, the fire companies, the illuminations displayed in his honor in every town along the route; had been dined, toasted and extolled as the first of Americans. Is it to be wondered at that he had grown aweary of such demonstrations?

By a truly great man, praise and glorifying of that kind are submitted to not welcomed.

demonstrations?

By a truly great man, praise and glorifying of that kind are submitted to, not welcomed. "Like a cart horse to the thills," as he said of himself about sitting for his portrait, Washington would move forward, when summoned to accept public homage and eulogy so lavished that his modest heart quailed before its flood. It requires, therefore, no great effort of imagination to fancy that, as the six horses of the Presidential chariot were set in motion for the Assembly Rooms this evening, the hero, seated on the velvet cushions within, cast his thoughts longingly back to those tranquil hours in the large salon at Mount Vernon, with his Martha knitting opposite, when nine o'clock almost invariably saw the beginning of preparation for retirement to his chamber!

VISITORS TO NEW YORK CITY SLEEPING IN TENTS

To ACCOUNT for the unusual throng in the streets and at the rooms when the President appeared, it must be remembered that the town was still crowded to its utmost limits with people who had braved the terrors of a journey, in a carriage or in the saddle, from Boston or Philadelphia to be present at the inauguration and its attendant fêtes. Some had dared emulate the President's own example, and had driven or ridden all the weary way from Maryland or Virginia. But such rash spirits were then regarded as are the Stanleys, Greelys, Nansens, Pearys and Andrées of our own time. When their friends welcomed their arrival in New York it was with tears of thankfulness at their escape from the perils of a most dangerous enterprise.

"A MURMUR OF APPLAUSE RUNS AROUND THE CIRCLE IN THE SLOW WINDINGS OF THE INTRICATE EVOLUTION

To accommodate such crowds the gentle and simple folk had had to open their houses. The taverns and boardinghouses were filled to overflowing; and even tents had been erected, which the mild season made possible as shelters. There is a prattling letter written by a belle of the day, Miss Bertha Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, to Miss McKean, afterward the Marchioness d'Yrujo of Spain, setting forth her grievances: how "Mr. Williamson" had promised to engage her party rooms at Fraunce's—"but that was jannmed long ago, as was every decent public house; and now while we are waiting at Mrs. Vandervoort's, in Maiden Lane, until after dinner, two of our beaus are running about town determined to obtain the best places for us to stay at, which can be opened for love, money or the most persuasive speeches."

And it was no light matter to give accommodations to the belles of 1789. Not only their persons but their belongings must find place. And when it is considered that, in addition to her costumes for a week, each lady was provided with a change of day-hats carrying "forests of feathers," and several evening caps—portentous headpieces in which huge globular pouls of gauze emerged from satin folds, the whole topped with artificial flowers, beads and ostrich plumes—the vista of band-boxes in the background of the inaugural fêtes becomes appalling!

THE BELLES OF THE FIRST INAUGURAL FÊTES

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Somehow or other, as such things always are, the difficulties of the overcrowded town had been shaken down—the ladies, young and old, had been housed and fed, had enjoyed a week of exciting gayeties, and were now arrayed in two lines in the brilliantly-lighted and decorated rooms, waiting to drop their curtsies when the chief should come down the middle to take his place upon a raised platform at the end.

Among these dames and damsels of the first Republican Court it may be interesting to single out a few conspicuous figures. A stately group was that around the widowed Lady Stirling, including her two daughters, Lady Mary Watts and the more famous Lady Kitty Duer, herself always a centre of attention. The very name of this lady, as it gleams like a firefly in and out the pages of Revolutionary romance and the chronicles of old New York society, is provocative of interest. When her history—now under way in the skilled hands of one of her great-granddaughters—shall have been fully fashioned to be displayed to public gaze, the world will know all that intelligent zeal and loving care have been able to collect concerning her. For our purpose it suffices to recall the fact that she was Katharine, daughter of Major-General William Alexander, the American-born friend and fellow-officer of Washington, whose claim to the right of succession to the Earldom of Stirling did not in the slightest degree, slacken his devoted and patriotic efforts in the cause of American independence.

The marriage, in June, 1779, of Lady Kitty with Colonel William Duer, of New York, a wealthy and high-born

lover then in the Continental Congress, had been an event of immense interest in social annals of the time. The Commander-in-Chief, General Washington himself, had given away the bride, who afterward, in gloss of satin and shimmer of pearls, had stepped out upon the lawn in order to show herself to a clamorous regiment of Maryland soldiers, who would not be satisfied without the privilege of a glimpse at the brilliant young wife.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN THE BRILLIANT THRONG

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN THE BRILLIANT THRONG

A T THE time of Washington's inauguration Lady Kitty had for some ten years held sway over New York society. Her husband, house, horses, liveries, all had been patterns for mortals less fortunate than she. No doubt Washington, as he greeted the radiant dame that evening, reverted in memory to the "starvation dances" during the winter of the siege at Morristown, at which her feet had kept pace with the fleetest, until daylight scattered the dancers. Lady Kitty's gown at our ball is not recorded. We may be sure that it equaled in glory the most brilliant of the many garments of her extravagant papa, to whom in his palmy days, when money meant little to him, grave historians unite in attributing the possession of four hundred and twelve suits of clothes.

To the Stirling party were added Mrs. Peter Van Brugh Livingston, who was presently to be exalted to one of the chief honors of the evening; with Mrs. Montgomery, widow of the hero of Quebec, to whom Washington always gave his own arm to her carriage, and who had come out of her mourning to be present this evening; and Lady Christiana Griffen, the noble Scotch wife of Mr. Cyrus Griffen, of Virginia, who had recently been President of the Congress. Lady Christiana, a daughter of the Earl of Traquair, had been long celebrated in New York for her semi-weekly dinners.

Moving about in the crowd, never at rest, and not to be depended upon except for a scene at unexpected moments, was the Marchioness de Bréhan, sister of the French Minister, Count de Moustier, a "little, singular, whimsical, hysterical old woman, whose delight is in playing with a negro child and caressing a monkey," yet with whom Jefferson corresponded, and Washington held in esteem.

A true queen of hearts was the lovely and well-bred Mrs. John Jay, whose husband was afterward Chief Levies generatemen.

held in esteem.

A true queen of hearts was the lovely and well-bred Mrs. John Jay, whose husband was afterward Chief Justice—a gentlewoman, known in the best society on either side of the Atlantic. Then in the height of her beauty and grace, her manners, mellowed by contact with foreign courts and courtiers, were as charming as her face.

WOMEN WHO WERE LEADERS OF SOCIETY A CENTURY AGO

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IN THE ranks were elsewhere seen Lady Temple; Mrs. Tristram Dalton, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, who "joined to the graces all the candor and simplicity of the American wife; Madame de la Forest, wife of the French Consul; Mrs. Clinton, "not a showy, but a kind, friendly woman," says a gossip of the day; Mrs. Robert R. Livingston, of Clermont; the Misses Livingston, Mrs. Langdon, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. McComb, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Dominick Lynch, Mrs. Houston, the Bishop's lady—Mrs. Drowing Mrs. Elbridge Gerry, Mrs. Beekman, the Misses Bayard and Miss Van Zandt.

The oldest Miss Livingston, of New Jersey (Susan), afterward married to John Cleve Symmes (from whom, through a prior marriage, is descended former President Benjamin Harrison), had, once at least, during the Revolution, amply demonstrated that she was good for something more than the "shaking her heels at dances," complained of by her parent. For when, in his absence, the Governor's house in New Jersey was looted for papers by British troops, this young lady, by the aid of woman's wit and self-control, managed to secure from the enemy an armed guard for the contents of her own special bedroom, in which apartment she remained keeping watch over a box filled with the Governor's most treasured correspondence with the Congress and with the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. The soldiers went off at last, their forage-bags stuffed with useless law papers long accumulated in the pigeonholes of the library at Liberty Hall, and Miss Livingston smiled with satisfaction at the result of her strategy.

Where so many were adjudged handsome and graceful, and were elaborately gowned, Mrs. Knox, took front place by virtue of her striking personality. She was the wife of one of Washington's faithful Generals—him whom the chief had first embraced in the immortal scene of his leave-taking of his officers at Fraunce's tavern. She had shared with the Washingtons to make a brilliant match. But she took them all disagreeably by s

SOME OF THE COSTUMES WORN AT THE HISTORIC BALL

A KEEN observer and semi-caustic annotator of those days was Abigail, daughter of John Adams, Mrs. William S. Smith. Her portrait by Copley reveals a long rather handsome face, with wide-apart, almond-shaped eyes and satirical mouth, the powdered hair bound to her forehead by a double row of pearls, the neck covered by a Puritanical gauze handkerchief, arms held down by a quaint mantilla of ruffled silk, hands thrust demurely into her muff. She had been married in London to her father's Secretary of Legation, and was now, as daughter of the Vice-President and wife of one of the Masters of Ceremony of the ball, well placed to indulge to the full extent her powers of observation upon the passing show. A pleasant feature of the evening had been the presentation to each lady, when her ball voucher was given up at the door, of a pretty fan specially designed and made in Paris, of which the dainty ivory frame was embellished by a portrait of Washington in profile. "With the

compliments of the Committee" this token had been offered, and the Committee was in turn voted by the ladies "a vastly civil, tasteful set of fellows."

But as no picture of a merry-making would be complete without a hint as to the costumes worn, we must furbish up the impressions of Colonel Stone, who, strange to say, appears to be the chief chronicler of toilets whose data are handed down in print. "One favorite dress" (whether his favorite, the wearer's favorite, or the public's, the Colonel does not say) "was a plain celestial blue satin gown with a white satin petticoat. On the neck was worn a very large Italian gauze handkerchief with border stripes of satin. The headdress was a puff of gauze in the form of a globe, the headpiece of which was composed of white satin having a double wing in large plaits and trimmed with a wreath of artificial roses falling from the left at the top to the right at the bottom in front, the reverse behind. The hair was dressed all over in detached curls, four of which, in two ranks, fell on each side of the neck and were relieved behind by a floating chignon."

The present writer must own to a little confusion of brain in transcribing the directions taken by the Colonel's wreaths of artificial roses. But so, no doubt, was his affected, in recalling the bright eyes, the smiles and blushes underneath the wondrous edifice he pictures.

THE CAVALIERS AND THEIR FANCY COSTUMES

WE HAVE said little of the cavaliers in attendance upon the ladies convened to grace the Inaugural Ball.

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WE HAVE said little of the cavaliers in attendance upon the ladies convened to grace the Inaugural Ball. But "place aux dames" satisfied, it must be recalled that no such brilliant and representative gathering for pleasure of the leaders of the new Government had been seen. The Vice-President, a majority of the Members of each House of the Congress, the heads and members of the Diplomatic Corps, Chancellor Livingston, Baron Steuben, General Knox, John Jay, Alexander Hamilton—with the husbands, fathers and brothers of most of the women mentioned—were in the throng.

In color of attire the men of those days were not, as now, simply a foil for the gay tints of their womenkind. "A light blue French coat with high collar, broad lapels and large gilt buttons, a double-breasted Marseilles vest, nankeen-colored cassimere breeches, with white silk stockings, shining pumps, and full ruffles at the breast and wrists, together with a ponderous white cravat with a 'pudding' in it," was then evening dress à la mode in New York; and a beau who sported an example of it graphically records that, after walking a minuet with much grace with his friend Mrs. Verplanck, who was dressed in hoop and petticoats, "singularly enough" he "caught cold that night from drinking negus and riding home in a Sedan chair with one of the glasses broken!"

Washington's usual costume on dress occasions was a coat and breeches of plain black velvet, with a white or pearl-colored satin-embroidered waistcoat, white or buff gloves, and a long sword in a scabbard of polished white leather, which was worn under the coat. He invariably carried in his hand a cocked hat, and his knees and feet were adorned with silver buckles.

UNTIL LATE IN LIFE WASHINGTON WAS FOND OF THE DANCE

UNTIL LATE IN LIFE WASHINGTON WAS FORD OF THE DANCE

A ND now, while the goodly company preened itself in expectation of the General's arrival, a careful observer of the fair sex might have seen that, beneath the excitement natural to the scene, something far more important, more agitating, more soul-stirring than any mere question of standing up to see a personage open a ball given in his honor, was now in possession of their gentle bosoms.

When the towering figure of the great chief appeared amid his group of aides, following the members of the Reception Committee, the ladies might, in truth, have been pardoned for the palpitations accompanying the inward question that at once took them by assault: "With whom will he dance?"

The stately Washington had always been known as a "dancing man." He was "fond of dancing," says Mrs. Lewis, "and had an odd fashion of keeping time by waving his arms before him till his hands almost crossed." At the Assemblies in Alexandria, at the "Bread-and-Butter" Balls of his earlier manhood, at country "frolicks," and at headquarters during the Revolution—he had many a time achieved what old General Nathanael Greene called a "pretty little frisk." And it was not until late in life—until after he had ceased to be President—that he wrote a letter to the managers of a Birthnight Ball in Alexandria, saying, alas! his and Mrs. Washington's "dancing days" were over. In the list of queries regarding the etiquette necessary to his Presidential state, which he submitted to Mr. Madison and Mr. Jay, he had, indeed, asked, "in what light the appearance of the President of the United States rarely at tea-parties would be considered"; but he had suggested nothing about excusing himself from taking a comrade for the cotillion or minuet. And on this occasion there was every reason to suppose that his Excellency would favor the company with a few steps. Who, then—who—would be the favored partner?

WHOM WOULD THE PRESIDENT CHOOSE FOR A PARTNER?

WHOM WOULD THE PRESIDENT CHOOSE FOR A PARTNER?

IN THOSE days, to secure a companion for the dance was like taking one in marriage, "for better or for worse" during the entire evening—the gentleman not being allowed to look to the right or to the left for another. Places were allotted, rules prescribed—all was laid down in advance—by the Master of Ceremonies. In rare instances, a young lady, or a stranger visiting town, was permitted to accept of the hand of another partner for some of the later dances. Washington generally observed this rule; but upon one occasion, recorded by Mrs. Delafield, his rightful partner had complained of not feeling well, and he had led her to a seat; then, fancying himself free, he had turned to the attractive Miss Gertrude Livingston, of Clermont, saying: "Now, Miss Livingston, may I not have the honor?" To their surprise, however, the lady in the chair jumped up promptly, exclaiming: "Why, General, I mean to dance myself!" With which, General Washington meekly bowed his excuses to pretty Gertrude, and was led off by his victorious "partner" to the head of a country dance, just forming.

For this occasion, it was pretty well understood by the ballroom powers that the President would select three or more ladies, in turn, for two or three cotillions and a minuet, in which he would join the revel. No doubt this was actually all agreed upon beforehand; and to keep the ladies in a flutter of twittering uncertainty was probably part of the committee's program for their entertainment.

WASHINGTON'S COMPANIONS IN THE DANCE

WASHINGTON'S COMPANIONS IN THE DANCE

WERE rank or title the criterion of choice, Mistress Abigail Smith and her cronies could have pointed out at once several deserving fair. With three or four "Ladies" present, a "Marchioness" and others of high degree, the commoners would have had little show. But this, in a Republican Court, was not to be considered. When the President, therefore, with his usual dignity and tact, stopped before the lady of the Mayor—Mrs. James Duane—and with a fine bow offered her his finger-tips, a sigh of relief and satisfaction ran through the company. As usual, General Washington had acquitted himself of a difficult task with excellent judgment. Mrs. Duane being a lady of mature years and great personal popularity, nobody was antagonized. The cotillion, a predecessor of our modern quadrille, introduced to America by the French refugees from the West Indies, wore out its prim figures demurely, while everybody looked on at the Presidential set. Then, the ball being officially declared open, the floor was at once invaded by a host of high-heeled shoes—the dress-boots and pumps of the men, the slippers with buckles or rosettes of the women. There was to be seen none of the giddy spinning in circles of our degenerate day. Indeed, no! Gloved fingers clasped gloved fingers merely; every man laid hand on heart, clicked heels, and bowed stiffly; the ladies curtised till their pierrots swept the parquet, their plumes meeting and clashing on a level with their partners' knees.

Again, Washington joined in a cotillion. This time, charming Mrs. Alexander Hamilton was his selection as a danseuse. His choice for the third "set" proved to be Mrs. Peter Van Brugh Livingston, the second wife of the late Provincial Governor, an accomplished woman.

THE PRESIDENT'S PARTNER FOR THE STATELY MINUET

THE PRESIDENT'S PARTNER FOR THE STATELY MINUET

BUT interest in the preceding dances was nothing as compared to that inspired by the minuet. This formal and stately old performance was, as now, a test of the dignified grace of those participating in it. When the first tinkling, tripping, measured strains were thrummed out by the orchestra, the crowd divided, forming again into a ring, centring their eyes again upon the President, eager to know what lady he would select for a partner. At once Washington appeared leading up to the disk of shining parquetry, a sweet and ingenuous young matron—the bride of a year, Mrs. Maxwell, born a Van Zandt, daughter of Jacobus Van Zandt, Chairman of the so-called Revolutionary Committee of Patriots in New York. This young lady, when Miss Catherine Van Zandt, had visited her father and brother in camp at Morristown, and had there, as a youthful maiden, been taken out in the minuet by the Commander-in-Chief, who often encouraged the impromptu dances at headquarters, instituted by his officers to alleviate the terrible tedium of the winter. She was a niece of General James Van Zandt, who commanded British forces in one of the sieges of Seringapatam in Southern India; and, coming of this good fighting stock, had on the twenty-second of May, 1788, allied herself in marriage with James Homer Maxwell, of New York. To be thus made the focus of observation from all the combined forces of the American beau monde was an ordeal that would have been trying to an older, more hackneyed votary of society. Mrs. Maxwell met it with the simplicity of a wholesome and unspoiled nature.

And now, under the gaze of dowagers and belles, envious in spite of themselves of young Mistress Maxwell's luck—of gallants and veterans of the war, of diplomats from Old World Courts, and statesmen, their brains teeming with ideas for the development of the new Government—Washington, laying his right hand on his heart, executes a profound bow to his partner, she blushing like a very rose of spring. Mrs. Maxwell me

THROUGH THE COURTLY FIGURES WITH WASHINGTON

THROUGH THE COURTLY FIGURES WITH WASHINGTON

FROM long practice, and through the continual use of his muscles, the hero's great frame is surprisingly pliant in the repeated bows and changes of posture demanded by the minuet. His feet retain something of the arch of youth as he directs them with precision through the figures that allow no deviation of a dancer's fancy, but must be carried out to the end like a mathematical problem in order to insure success. A murmur of applause runs around the circle of "elegant females," who follow him rather than his partner, in the slow windings and steppings of this intricate evolution. "Best in everything!" some entlusiast allows herself to say in tones audible to every one, then hides her confusion behind the ivory fan decked with Washington's profile.

Feeling that her star is somewhat in eclipse, owing to the superior effulgence of her comrade's, Mrs. Maxwell has now regained the courage that was lacking at the outset of their endeavor. Her heart again beats evenly, her cheeks bloom, her eyes sparkle with the natural joy and pride of the occasion. Light as a fairy's touch upon the grass, her feet keep time to the music; hand in hand with her august partner she feels strong to face the world. The smile upon her lips when he addresses to her some passing comment on the scene around them is not artificial. It is rather the reflex of a happy spirit treasuring the joy of this moment to hand it down to generations, who, long after she is dust, will seek with interest the smallest data concerning the young lady honored by Washington's choice for the minuet at his Inaugural Ball.

A final stroke of the leader's fiddle bow—another deep bow from the chief, a deeper curtsy from the lady—the minuet is over! Washington reconducts Mrs. Maxwell to a bench under the lustres of the ballroom walls. She is at once surrounded by a crowd of fribbles eager to pick up the crumbs dropped from the great man's table. While they chat, colored waiters hustle through the throng carrying trays of je

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"THE SINGING OF THE BARYTONE SEEMED TO ROLL OFF HIS LIPS IN GREAT WAVES LIKE AN ORGAN'

THE INNER EXPERIENCES OF A CABINET MEMBER'S WIFE

As She Writes Them to Her Sister at Home

ii of the actual social and domestic life of a prominent Cabinet member's wife the name vious reasons, withheid, and no attempt at portraiture has been made in the lilustrations]

NINTH LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 4, 189-Lyde, Dear :

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 4, 189—

Lyde, Dear:

ELL, the great day came, and it proved, just as I thought it would, the greatest day of my life. I am too tired to move or speak or have any being, but I can write (Henry says I can always write). But even counting in all the hard work I enjoyed the brilliant New Year's Day. I did wish I were a tall, elegant, imposing-looking woman as I stood in line with the first look, however, but of that, you will remember, I told you very fully in my last letter.

Well, the New Year's Day was distinctively my great occasion, as Henry bore small part in it. You have seen the White House Blue Room, so you can imagine us as we stood. The President first, then Mrs. President, who bore herself like a queen, then Mrs. Vice-President, followed in the order of regular precedence by Mrs. Secretary of State leading the ladies of the Cabinet—all gorgeously dressed. Colonel Fulton, of the Army, stood at the left of the President at the door, naming the people as they came up, the names having been announced to him by an usher. Beside Mrs. President stood Captain Weldon, of the Navy, who presented the people to her and to us.

Behind the line of ladies were nearly a hundred people, including the families of the Cabinet officers and other special guests of the President. They had a good

most of them were in uniform. They had all the fun while we did the work. Two mortal hours I stood there bowing and smiling (very few people try to shake hands after they leave Mrs. President), supported alone by the stimulus of personal glory, without which I am absolutely certain that my legs would surely have rebelled at this most trying ordeal. About eight thousand people passed in front of us. You can imagine how tired I was when it was all over.

First came the members of the Diplomatic Corps, headed by the British Ambassador. They were fascinating to me arrayed in such brilliant clothes, each man wearing every decoration or medal he could muster. Then came the Justices of the Supreme Court, looking about in a grave, judicial manner, as though considering the legality of the situation. The Senators and Representatives followed the Justices. I wish our political representatives were more interesting to look at. I know very little about politics, but I believe in the power of brains whatever the question may be, and just between you and me and the gatepost some members of our House and the Senate look as though theirs had been left at home. I fear the average American politician makes a business of representation rather than a patriotic mission. After the Representatives came the officers of the Army and Navy. The Washington Army man looks very little like the officers of the plains, or even those we knew at Columbus Barracks. Many of these have seen service, but not recently.

They are the dress-parade part of the Army, as a little woman, the wife of a Lieutenant, who has been here lately for the first time in ten years, said to me. After them came the heads of bureaus and all other officials, tapering down in importance to the general public, who came in multitudes and stared at us as though we were an exhibition of Madam Jarley's waxworks.

who came in munitudes and stated at us as though we were an exhibi-tion of Madam Jarley's waxworks. They could not stare long because of the great crowd, so they were literally "hustled" along.

By three o'clock I was at home again, heading a receiving line in my own house. All of the Legation, Army and Navy men, the Justices and the Vice-President make a round of Cabinet calls after the White House reception is over and the Secretary of State has given a breakfast to all the Diplomatic Corps. In order to do this he and his wife only receive at the White House a short time, as is the case with Mr. and Mrs. Vice-President also. Besides then came all of the men we have met and many we had not known previously, who came out of curiosity. The man who called out real sympathy from me was the head of the Weather Bureau. The day was abominable, what with sleet and melting snow, consequently every human being who met the poor weather man made a joke about his lack of consideration in permitting such a day. He told me that he enjoyed his expedition to the North Pole (as far as it went) better than a bad-weather New Year's Day in Washington.

Having no daughter of my own sufficiently "out" to receive with me I invited six young ladies to beautify and enliven my reception. Marion Tyler was one, of course. She and a very pretty girl from New York stood

to receive with Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Farnsworth and Caroline from home, Mrs. Janes, the Solicitor-General's wife, and Mrs. Jennings, of the Navy.

The rest of the girls presided in the dining-room, assisted by Lem, who came to me this morning, grinning from ear to ear, full of something to tell. I knew. He said: "Mrs. Cummin's, there wuz a gem'man here on New Year's Day as wuz turribul dissipinted. He wuz used to consumin' somethin' cheerful on dat day. He's knowed me's long's an ole fry's lifetime, an' he jus' drawed me away from de neah soci'ty ob de young ladies, an says, 'lem, dis is a' uncommon dry administrashion. Don't we have nary drop ob oh, be joyful around heah to-day?' My composure give way when I see de Judge in de dry docket, an' I larfed in soci'ty foah de furst time in my experiensh. When I shakes my head an' says, 'Dry day eberywhere, Judge,' he looked's black's a storm cloud, an' says, 'I didn't vote foah a temperunce soci'ty,' an' took a frozen punch widout de stick by compulshion.'' I tried to make Lem tell who the dry Judge was, but he would only grin and say, 'Oh, he's a big bug I'se knowed foah years—a very big bug,'' and nothing could make him tell. We are not as dry as the Hayes administration, but there is very little wine offered in Washington this year.

By seven o'clock the calls had ceased. A few of the young men had been invited to come back for supper and have a carpet dance with the girls. I served an informal repast of salad, hot rolls, coffee, cake and ices, and the young people seemed to make out a good time, just as Alice and Tim did at home with their young friends. When the social veneer is rubbed off of these people they are like all the rest of the world—very human at heart. I let the children appear at this point of the entertainment, and realized for the first time that they are almost grown up. The young ladies nearly turned Tim's head with attentions, and Alice was not left to sit in a corner, you may be sure. Marion Tyler was perfectly lovely to look at, all in white, and bearing in her face an expression of becoming animation, only there when Lieutenant Garven is expected. He came early in the afternoon, then returned for supper with the others invited back, even though Mrs. Tyler was hardly civil to him. In full-dress uniform he is enough to turn any girl's head. He took off his sword to dance with Marion, and stood it up in a corner; then, in the joy of being with her, went off forgetting the sword. The officers have chaffed him about this, because, as it happened, he was Officer of the Day the next day, and had to send an orderly flying to my house after the sword. If that Mrs. Deming ever regains her influence over him it will be because Marion fails him.



"HE TOOK OFF HIS SWORD TO DANCE WITH MARION"

Mrs. Deming met me at a tea recently, and with affected cordiality said: "Glad to see you, Mrs. Cummings. We ought to be better acquainted, owing to our dear, mutual friends. I am so glad to know Jack Garven has your influence about him. I have done what little I could for him, but he sadly needs a mother's care." I looked straight at her, replying, "Yes, like all men, Mr. Garven needs the society of good women," and passed on, making an enemy for life, I suppose. If the boy has gone wrong he has done so owing to her and others like her. At heart he is as worthy of Marion as any man of the world could be. A dear old Army Colonel, who has known Jack from boyhood, while calling upon me said: "Thank you, Mrs. Cummings, for looking after Garven. I have been greatly worried about him, owing to a certain malign influence he has been under. I know that woman very well indeed. She loves to rouse the devil in a boy and watch the result. The boys think they love her. They don't. It is the devil working in their blood. Five years ago I found a Lieutenant of my command, much younger than Garven, walking in the dark along the banks of the river. I had followed him from a ball, where I saw him hidden with her behind some drapery, having a scene. He was muttering to himself as he



OUR OLD LEM HAS SUPREME CONTEMPT FOR 'DE HIGH-TONED

QUALITY' OF HIS RACE, AS HE CALLS IT

time watching the procession of people file by us while they chatted and moved about among themselves, the girls looking beautiful in full dress, and the men brilliant, as

Editor's Note—The third of the series of letters narrating "The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife." The first of these letters appeared in the December, 1897, issue of the Journal.

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loaded a revolver. I put my hand on his shoulder and called out, 'Lieutenant, consider yourself under arrest for drunkenness. Hand over the pistol—march to the barracks.' In his surprise he replied, 'I'm not drunk—.' barracks.' In his surprise he replied, 'I'm not drunk——'
'Stop!' I interrupted. 'Do you want a court-martial for insubordination?' He bit his lips and marched sullenly to the barracks in front of me by orders. Of course, this proceeding was all out of order on my part, but by the time he had taken a long tramp in the fresh air his blood had cooled, and I had a talk with him. The boy was drunk with passion, and before morning I had him in better shape, secured a leave of absence for him, and after a visit home with his mother he came back cured.

I shall always love that Colonel. Think of that poor boy! Why are not such women disposed of by law? It makes me tremble for Tim! I have heard and seen more of life in a little over two months here than I knew in all my days before. I must be a very unsophisticated

woman for my years.

Now I am tired—very tired—although this letter has been written in detachments.

Yours faithfully, with love,

* * * TENTH LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 10, 189-

Dear Sister:

With the new year has come a social whirl, enough to unbalance the brain of a little home body like me. Alice and Tim have gone back to school, and I would be "in the doleful dumps" if I had time to be. I am invited to a great many things outside of official entertainments. said to his father, during the holidays: "Father, you'll have to tie a string to mother or she'll get away from us. She's getting too popular even for her place among the first ladies." I thought all Cabinet ladies went out as much as I do, until recently I discovered that people were being unusually kind to me. I'm sure I don't see why they should be, for I'm not overly good-looking nor clever. A man once said I was wholesome-looking, when I was a girl, so, perhaps, Washington, feeling a need of a loaf of good home-made bread in its social diet,

prefers me to rich cake or gooseberry pie.

The two most brilliant affairs I have attended since New Year's Day have been a reception at the British Legation and a musicale at Senator Swagger's, whose functions (latter-day name for parties) are the pride of Washington City, being arranged by a semi-artist engaged

by the year on high pay.

The Swaggers' home comes quite up to our childish idea of a palace, even to the golden dishes, of which they have a set, I believe. I never saw so many flowers used at one time before as at that musicale. The phrase, "As sweet as the roses of Araby," went running through my head, as we moved about amidst the flowers arranged in a fairy-like way, suggestive of Titania at home. There were not more than a hundred and fifty guests present. You will hardly believe me when I tell you that the music of the evening cost five thousand dollars. There was a string quartette from Boston, which played music far beyond my comprehension; but I know this much, they played like one man doing it all, instead of four. Then there were three singers from the Metropolitan Opera House Company in New York, each one paid a thousand dollars for the night. The soprano singer was worth a thousand dollars just to look at, she was so beautiful and gracious. I am no critic, but I liked her singing because it was so full of expression, though her voice is not very large. The tenor was good-looking, but singing seemed such hard work to him that 1 did not enjoy what he did. The other man, who had a low voice (barytone, I think it is called) was perfectly splendid. He must be six feet tall, wears a black beard and has the biggest voice I ever heard, and still he makes no effort, and the singing was not loud, but seemed to roll off his lips in great waves like an organ, as though his throat had nothing to do with it. A pretty girl played the violin beautifully, and I suppose she also got a thousand for her performance.

Knowing, as you do, how Henry dislikes any music beyond "Home, Sweet Home," or "Dixie," you can imagine his comments upon what he called "Tomnonsense"; "wasteful extravagance!" He said the music all sounded alike to him, and he would prefer old Jim Casey's singing of "Way Down Upon the Suwance River," to any of it. I advised him to keep his opinion to himself and to stop yawning for the sake of the family reputation, if not for his own. I never knew any one else to have such a distaste for music, and what do you think he said to the soprano, when we met her after the music was over? "My wife says I have no ear for music, Madam —, but I do not feel the loss when I can use my eyes with such pleasure as upon this occasion." I told him afterward that I knew he had committed that speech from a volume of Lord Chesterfield's Life, which he keeps for present guidance, he says.

The collation at the Swaggers' was beyond my description, even though I do know more about food than music. In this instance "the eats" were so fearfully and wonderfully made that an ordinary home cook (now out of practice) had not an idea even of their names. I verily believe they must have spent another five thousand on the supper, because there were so many imported dishes. family attaché on a salary was ubiquitous. He is a fine-looking man of remarkable ability in his way, I should think, after seeing the wonders he and plenty of money wrought that night.

Marion was there, beautiful and sad for me to look at. as is always the case when she wears that icy, frozen look, which is a never-failing indication of unhappiness with her. I am afraid something has happened. She has not been near me since New Year's Day.

The reception at the English Legation was very fine, too, but I never expect to attend anything surpassing that musicale in beauty and magnificence; then, too, it was not a crush, as was the case at the Legation. The English Ambassador looks like "Puck's" pictures of John Bull, and his wife and family belong to the John Bull family. They are people of good manners, and I like the quiet, ladylike voices of Mrs. Ambassador and her daughters. It is a pity more of our girls do not speak like them.

Receptions are becoming pretty much all alike to me, and that night I had a headache; besides, I saw Jack Gurven talking to that abominable woman, Mrs. Deming, with the usual devoted manner he uses toward any of the

sex, old or young. As she caught my eye she gave me a triumphant look full of meaning. Marion was not there at all. It has been nearly four years since lack had any thing to do with Mrs. Deming, and I know something is going wrong. At that reception I was presented to a woman who wears the very look on her face Marion's has when things go amiss. She was one of Washington's rich beauties, who several years ago married a French Count for his title and position. She had been engaged to a New Torker of moderate means, but some foolish trouble came between them (nobody knows what), and within the year she married the Count, whom she had met in Paris. This is her first visit home since her marriage, and if her face is frozen into a look of indifference and regret already what will it be like in twenty years?

You have no idea of the slush in Washington after a

snowstorm. By the time the snow reaches the asphalt pavements it begins to melt and run in rivulets. The wife of one of the Justices was telling me how much worse it was thirty years ago, when she would start to an evening party in a carriage, driving through both slush and mud up to the hubs of the wheels, frequently getting stuck altogether and compelled to wait until other unfortunates coming along would lend a hand, pushing the carriage from behind while the coachman dragged the horses along by the bit cracking his which in dragged the horses along by the bit, cracking his whip in postilion fashion. Once in a while I get a glimpse into the past, such as that, which makes me realize this city to be the same one inhabited in their own day by the great and romantic people in our country's history.

An old gentleman, who has been in Washington on and off for seventy years, took me to see a haunted house but little known to this generation. It is common-place enough to look at standing in a brick row in a part of town long since deserted by fashion. Professor Granger, now connected with the Smithsonian Institute, says he remembers the house when it stood alone in acres of ground, and was inhabited by a very grand dame and her husband, who appeared everywhere in society until one day she was found on the ground beneath her bedroom window, dying from internal injuries and a broken leg resulting from a long fall. The man had disappeared and could never be traced. It was conjectured that he threw her out of the upper story window for reasons unknown, then fled. She would not answer a question, but laid and moaned until she died. The house has changed hands many times since. Nobody ever lives long in it. Some of the owners have moved out without giving a reason, others have declared they have seen a woman dressed in elegant evening clothes standing by an woman dressed in elegant evening clothes standing by an upper window. She would give one cry and throw herself out, never appearing again to their vision. The negroes all believe the place to be "hanted." One of the old retainers in Professor Granger's family swears he "done seed the gran' lady stan' by de winder jus a-ringin' her han's fit to kill." She was unaccommodating when we visited the now vacant house, for "nary a spook" did we see or hear, although the dear Professor believes in the white lady. I feel sure. Is it not remarkable that a the white lady, I feel sure. Is it not remarkable that a deeply-learned man, like the Professor, and these ignorant negroes should have a superstition in common?

I wish you could see some of the rich colored people in There! I am doing what every one else does, calling them negroes, while they are poor, and colored people when they have money and education. There is a gay, fashionable set among them here similar to that existing in Boston, a lady from "The Hub" tells me. I know of one colored woman who was lady's maid for a rich American who lived in Europe for ten years

The maid picked up three languages: French, German and Italian. On coming back to America she married a colored man, who began as an elevator-boy and got his education at night-schools, worked his way into the medi-cal profession, and now lives with his wife and children in reat style, having made himself a good practice among his own race. These people have no more social inter-course with the white population than they had before the war. I often wonder if, as a race, they are as happy as when they were slaves. Our old Lem has supreme contempt for "de high-toned quality" of his race, as he calls it. "I ain't no use foah de nachul chil'un ob de Souf, Mrs. Cummin's. Dey's too big foah de likes ob me an' too little foah de likes ob you. Deys what I calls de no-count middlin' kind, like a hoppergrass sittin' on a fence widout knowin' which way he's gwine to fall." But Lem is too prejudiced to be a valuable authority.

Two days ago Marion came and my worst fears were She brought with her the rich English attaché, the man her mother has chosen to be Marion's husband, and to my utter consternation she told me that, having become her best friend in Washington, she wished me to know better her fiance, Mr. Brian Bynington. I was almost speechless from the shock. The last time we were alone together she was so full of Jack Garven she could talk of nothing else, and here she was—announcing her engagement to another man. She said no one else was to be told until the end of the season, when the engagement is to be formally announced. I fear I failed in cordiality to Mr. Bynington, whom I had met only formally before, along with the other Legation people, for he said, as they rose to go: "May I not come and have a little talk with you, Mrs. Cummings, without this young a little talk with you, Mrs. Cummings, without this young lady, whose presence prevents my saying all the nice things I should like to say? I am coming soon again to make friends with you if I may." What could I say? I shall feel like a traitor to Jack. Mr. Bynington is goodlooking, attractive, heir to a title, and better educated than Jack. But Marion does not love him. I cannot rest until I make her explain things. I know that Mrs. Deming is at the bottom of affairs in some way or another.

Will it be wrong, I keep asking myself, for me to interfere in the affairs of a foolish girl and try to prevent her from wrecking her happiness? Must I sit by and see Marion Tyler shape her life into the miserable existence invariable with women who marry one man while loving

another? That is the problem.

Yesterday I met Marion at the house of the Brazilian Minister, who, with his family, are some of the most charming people in Washington. He married an English lady, being a typical Spanish South American in appearance himself, consequently one daughter and a son are as dark as East Indians, and the other daughter as fair as a lily. They are well-bred people, possessing

that courtesy which comes from innate kindliness, combined with the polish acquired in cosmopolitan society. You can judge of my admiration of this family by my dropping Marion's affairs to descant upon their charms.

As I was leaving their house Marion came in with her mother and Mr. Bynington in attendance. A moment before Jack Garven had started off at the bidding of the lily-like South American girl to fetch some tea to a débutante standing by, receiving with the family.

When Marion came in I looked to see where Jack was,

and saw him coming toward us with the cup of tea in his hand. As he approached he looked up and saw the Tylers and Mr. Bynington. His lips tightened against each other, and his eyelids narrowed into a slit, through which came a cruel gleam—an expression I never saw on his face before. I'm afraid he has something tigerish in his nature. He collected himself immediately, handed the tea to the young girl in a rather more impressive way than usual, and stood chatting with her as Marion spoke to her and to him. He bowed civilly to Marion and Mr. Bynington, who remained talking to me. Mrs. Tyler passed on as though he were a piece of furniture she did not care to stumble over.

Marion came and asked me if she might see me the next morning for a little while. I made an appointment and started again for the door. Jack stepped forward and and started again for the door. Jack stepped forward and asked if he could see me to my carriage. He got in with me, and I asked where I could drive him. "To the devil as fast as we can go," he replied. He is apt to be explosive in his speech at times. All Army men are.

I told the man to drive home. Oh, dear sister, I am

afraid I am getting myself in a fearful "pickle," as we girls used to say, and I can't go to Henry because he has enough on his mind with his old Department affairs, and

I haven't told him a word of this matter.

Well, we had a talk, Jack and I, and what happened between us I must keep for the next letter because I must

go out now. I'll write you to-morrow.
Your worried sister, EMMY,
Otherwise, The Honorable Mrs. HENRY CUMMINGS!

Editor's Note—"Mrs. Cummings'" letters in the March Journal recount the library talk with Lieutenant Garven, which has most important results. Afterward they attend a theatre box-party given by the President and his wife, and the Tylers see the young Lieutenant as the guest in the Presidential box. "Mrs. Cummings" determines forthwith to take "Jack" under her own immediate charge, and upon a line of action to solve his affairs with Miss Tyler. Two of "Mrs. Cummings" country relatives visit her, and the most humorous portions of the letters are in the experiences of Uncle Zekiel Thompson and his wife "Polly," as they are "shown the sights" of Washington, with the fashionable young Lieutenant as their guide.



N PURCHASING a violin there are two things that must be considered: First, the kind of an instrument to buy; and second, where to buy it. criterion in the choice of a violin is usually the amount of money at the disposal of the pur-Still there are other things than cost to be taken

chaser. into consideration. A violin is a violin, just as a horse is a horse. One would not buy a huge cart horse for use in a light carriage, nor would one select an orchestra violin for parlor playing. Some violins are loud while others are subdued in tone. Shrillness and softness, coarseness and delicacy, rawness and mellowness, penetrability and lack of carrying power, roundness or denseness and diffuseness, are all terms which signify extremes of special characteristics of tone.

Since a beginner will, for a long time, do most of his playing in a small room he should have an instrument that will produce an agreeable tone in limited quarters. His violin should, therefore, possess a subdued, soft, mellow, delicate tone, rather than a loud, piercing or raw tone. The desired qualities are seldom found in the cheap or moderately high-priced new violins which sell for from five to seventy-five dollars apiece. They are, however, to be met with in the older—say the last century —instruments of the French, German or English schools of violin-makers. The intrinsic value of such instruments varies from twenty-five to one hundred dollars in ordinary cases, although fine specimens may be worth considerably more. A violin in every way desirable for an ordinary player ought to be obtained for from fifty to one hundred dollars. It is a great mistake to start a would-be player on a coarse-toned violin.

A word of caution is also necessary in regard to buying too good an instrument for a beginner. While it is possible, if one has command of an unlimited sum of money, to buy an instrument that will suit anybody under all circumstances, still, except in rare cases, it is best to provide a beginner with one of the moderate-priced violins until he has become competent to select for himself one adapted to his special liking and needs. Some violin connoisseurs prefer the soft, rather weak toned instruments mostly desirable for chamber music, while others like best the brilliant and shriller toned ones best adapted for orchestral or concert use in large halls

The decision as to where to buy a violin is one which should be carefully considered, for, being a work of art, there is much latitude in the values assigned by various dealers. An instrument may be held at fifty dollars by one dealer, and at one hundred and fifty dollars by another. My own experience has taught me that a violin of fairly good quality can be obtained much cheaper from violin experts who deal in stringed instruments exclusively, than from the large dealer in general musical merchandise. In the purchase of cheap violins (those under twenty-five dollars) it is safe enough to trust the commercial skill of a salesman, but the better class of instruments require the skill of an expert in judging them. In purchasing a violin of this latter class it is safest to submit it to another violin dealer, or, better still, to a violin-maker, for his judgment, and also to obtain the services of a skilled violinist to test its tonal qualities. For this last a teacher's judgment is much to be preferred to that of an orchestra player, because the former will seek for those tonal qualities which recommend a violin as a solo instrument, while the latter will value those most which make it suitable for ensemble playing. A good violin bow is an absolute necessity



THE FLOWER FÊTES held in California in the springtime are indeed picturesque merrymakings. For them Nature offers in profusion such brilliantly-gorgeous blossoms as are found nowhere else than in the Pacific Coast States.

Queens of the Fêtes, enthroned in floral chariots, followed by trains of courtiers and ladies in marvelously-bedecked vehicles, make beautifully-picturesque pageants. In some instances prizes are given for the most artistic and original decorations, and they inspire some wonderful creations.

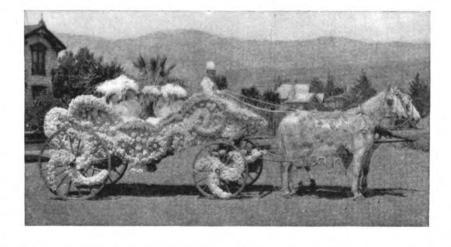
Photographs of some of the most striking scenes of last year's floral festivals in California towns were made expressly for the Journal, and are reproduced on this page. They are typical of the Fêtes of Flowers held in the Golden State in springtime.

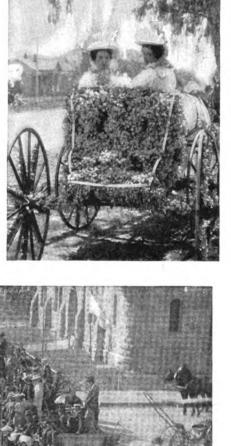














INSIDE OF A HUNDRED HOMES

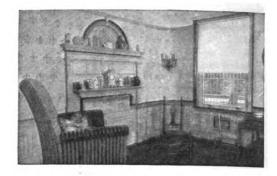


SELECTED FROM A THOUSAND PICTURES TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY

By Edward Hurst Brown



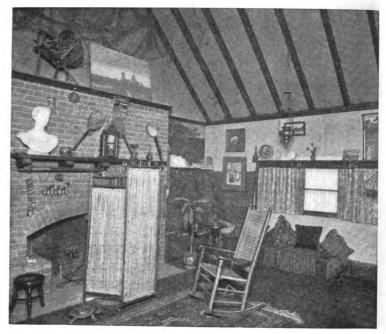
FOURTH ARTICLE: The pictures given in "Inside of a Hundred Homes" series are photographs of rooms just as they actually are, in daily use. They are selected from a thousand photographs that were made expressly for the Journal, in all parts of the country, because of their attractiveness, simplicity and originality, and because, also, of the fact that the suggestions they offer may be readily adopted at small cost. They represent good taste in furnishing and fitting up the home, rather than the result of considerable outlays of money. The first article in this series appeared in October; others will appear in successive issues.



This Reception-Room of a Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, house has the woodwork finished in pale green enamel with mahogany trimmings. The mantel breaks from the wainscot, there being no fireplace. The effect is exceedingly attractive.



In the Library of a Philadelphia house the pictures are hung low and with charming artistic irregularity. The corner seat with shelf above is a pretty idea. The detail in the rug contrasts most admirably with the plain walls of the room.



This Attractive Cozy Corner is in an artist's home at Avondale, New Jersey. Notice the low, broad window, with shelf above for bric-à-brac; the fireplace of rough brick, with mantel over it, and the disposal of ornaments and pictures.



A Series of Low Bookshelves, with arched recesses above for bric-à-brac, is a feature in the library of a St. David's, Pennsylvania, house.



s, Pennsylvania, house.



The Window Drapery in this bedroom in a Cleveland, Ohio, home is an excellent suggestion. The box seat in the bay is worthy of notice.



In the Hall of a house in Cleveland, cushions on the lower steps of the stairway permit their use as seats in an original manner.

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The Curved Bay with the broad window-seat makes an effective and attractive end to a parlor in a house in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.



Light at a Bureau is secured in a bedroom of a California home by the expedient of cutting a window through the wall just over the mirror.

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The Walls of a Girl's Room in Jersey City, New Jersey, have been hung with figured burlap draped from a shelf near the ceiling. The space behind is utilized for hanging dresses. The whole cost was less than five dollars.



The Studio of a California Artist shows the pleasing effect obtained by a heterogeneous collection of stuff arranged with no regard for system. The fish-net drapery breaks up the harsh lines. A large collection of curios is essential for such an effect.



This Nursery in Orange, New Jersey, is large and sunny. It has a box seat under the window, making a convenient place for stowing away toys.



The Hall of a Summer Cottage at Kennebunkport, Maine, looks cool and comfortable even on a hot day. The old furniture painted white, and the mantel with double shelf are interesting. The turn at the foot of the stairs gives a space for a window-seat.



This Attic Room has been made attractive by a girl in Elizabeth, New Jersey. The pictures on the walls, and the draped dressing-table are effective.



When the Ceiling is Low the pictures may be hung close up to it, as they are in this Newark, New Jersey, dining-room. The walls are covered with denim.



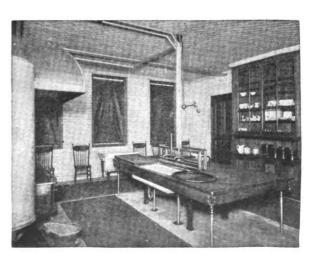
The Broad, Bold Treatment of this hall, in a house in Pasadena, California, is in agreeable contrast to our cramped-up modern houses. Pillars break the space nicely.



The Narrow Shelf for bric-à-brac, and the simple paper are noteworthy in this California dining-room.



Two Shelves across the corner of the room, with a drawer beneath the upper one, serve as a sideboard in this Nutley, New Jersey, dining-room.



In a New York Kitchen the sink is in the middle of the room. The location is a unique one.



Paris. LIKE the way the French take their amusements. At the theatre they laugh and applaud the wit of the hero and hiss of a duel and weep aloud over the death of the aged mother. When they drive in the Bois they smile and have

an air of enjoyment quite at variance with the bored expression of English and Americans who have enough money to own carriages. We drove in Hyde Park in London the day before we came to Paris, and nearly wept with sympathy for the unspoken grief in the faces of the unfortunate rich who were at such pains to enjoy themselves.

The second day from that we had a delightful drive in

the Bois in Paris.

"How glad everybody seems to be we have come!"

I said to my sister. "See how pleased they all look."

I felt like bowing was enchanted at their gay faces. I felt like bowing

right and left to them, the way queens and circus girls do. I never saw such handsome men as 1 saw in London. I never saw such beautiful women as I see in Paris. French men are insignificant as a rule, and English women are beefy and dress like rag-bags.

The Bois has never been so smart as it was the past season, for the horrible fire of the Bazar de la Charité put an end to the Paris season and left those who were not personally bereaved no solace but the Bois. Consequently, the costumes one saw between five and seven on that one beautiful boulevard were enough to set one wild. I always wished that my neck turned on a pivot and that I had eyes set like a coronet all around my head. My sister and I were in a constant state of ecstasy and of clutching each other's gowns, trying to see every one who passed. But it was of no use. Although they drove slowly on purpose to be seen, if you tried to focus your glance on each one it seemed as if they drove like lightning, and you got only astigmatism for your pains. I always came home from the Bois with a headache and a stiff neck.

NEVER dreamed of such clothes even in my dreams of Heaven. But the French are an extravagant race. There was hardly a gown worn last season which was not of the most delicate texture, garnished with chiffon and illusion and tulle—the most crushable, airy, inflammable, unserviceable material one can think of. Now, I am a utilitarian. When I see a white gown I always wonder if it will wash. If I see lace on the foot ruffle of a gown I think how it will sound when the wearer steps on it going upstairs. But anything would be serviceable to wear driving in a victoria in the Bois between five and seven, and as that is where I have seen the most beautiful costunies I have no right to complain, or to thrust at them my American ideas of usefulness. This rage of theirs for

beauty is what makes a perpetual honeymoon for the eyes of every inch of France. The way they study color and put greens together in their landscape gardening makes one think with horror of our prairies and

The eye is ravished with beauty all over Paris. The cleanstreets, the walks between walks between rows of trees for pedestrians, the lanes for bicy-clists, the paths through tiny forests, right in Paris, for equestrians, and on each side the

loveliest trees—trees everywhere except where there are santhemum her husband wore on his coat escaped in fountains—but what is the use of trying to describe a beauty which has staggered braver pens than mine, and which, after all, you must see to appreciate

"BRIDES AND GROOMS DRIVE THROUGH

AND KISSING EACH OTHER"

THE STREETS IN OPEN CABS, HUGGING

EVEN at the period of which I write the Bois was partic-L ularly interesting and pathetic, for many of the smart carriages were in deep mourning. The two men on the box were in black, and, perhaps, in the carriage would be a sombre figure shrouded in crape, or two men in deep mourning, or a nurse with two little children with black on their hats—all telling of the sad losses in that fatal Bazar de la Charité only a few months before. Sometimes one saw a beautiful gown and the lovely figure of its wearer, but the face was shrouded in a thick, figured white veil to hide the mutilations of scars and burns

Perhaps a fire in a tenement house is just as awful, but a fire which plunges a hundred of the wealthiest and oldest of the nobility of France into mourning, when the mail brings letters with deep bands of black, when liveries and crests and coronets bear witness to these losses, it becomes a monument which no one can forget. It is so easy to forget the losses of the poor.

"Lilian Bell Goes Abroad."
"Lilian Bell's Pirst Days in London."
"Lilian Bell's Pirst Days in London."
"Lilian Bell's Pirst Days in Paris."
"Lilia Bell's Pirst Days in Paris." October, 1897 November, " December, " lanuary, 1898 February, "

LILIAN BELL AMONG THE PARISIANS

*The Fifth of Her European Letters to the Journal

DRAWINGS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

There is much bitterness of feeling in regard to that fire. It is said that the heroism the women showed was marvelous. Many of them stood back and permitted others to go first, accepting horrible burns on their faces and hands as a result of even this one moment's delay, while most of the men escaped without so much as a scorched leaf on the chrysanthemums in their buttonholes. It is whispered that they even beat down the women, and trampled them under foot like cattle in a stampede. Indeed, one woman declares that she owes

her life to an instance of this kind, for as she felt herself fainting in spite of all her struggles to retain consciousness (and very well knowing that unconsciousness for even a second meant certain death), some man struck her on the arm with his stick and rushed madly over her prostrate body. The blow broke her arm, but the pain and her indignant surprise revived her to such an extent that she managed by almost superhuman efforts to crawl to the door and reach a place of safety.

ONE heroine, the Duchesse X—, made her way to a window and made her way to a window and bade a young girl whom she held by the hand to climb up and escape. The girl bravely refused to go first; but Madame X—said, "You must go, my child, I am responsible to your mother for your safety. If I saved myself and you were lost I never could look her in the face again."

So the terrified girl quickly sprang for the casement, but it was too

for the casement, but it was too high. Twice she slipped back, and with every lost second the fire raged nearer. Then Madame X—— bent her shoulders beneath the window and said, "Step on my shoulders."

There was no time to demur, so DREAMS the girl obeyed, then turned to pull Madame X—up by her hands, but the frenzied crowd

Madame Xbehind had seen the window and her method of escape, and in a second men and women were rushing at it, trampling on the poor Duchesse and almost killing her. Fully twenty persons escaped by climbing on her bruised shoulders, which until that awful hour had never felt a greater weight than sables and velvets. She nearly lost consciousness, but the screams of the young girl she saved, who still clung to the outside of the window, forced a halt, and they dragged the Duchesse out more

dead than alive, but her life was finally saved.

The girl, from her vantage-ground, had been able to see the faces of the young men who escaped in this in-human manner, and she told the Duchesse they were their friends. The first time one of them, feeling himself secure from recognition, ventured to call on her reception day, the Duchesse arose, ignored his outstretched hand, and in the face of all her visitors rang for the footman. "Show this gentle-man out, François," she said. "But, Madame la Duchesse," he

stammered, "I am really at a loss to know the reason of this treatment at your hands."

"Not my hands, but my shoulders, bear witness to the reason," she said. Another charming woman, Baroness Z—, who had been insane once before, suddenly went mad in the midst of the fire and refused to be saved. She repulsed everybody, but wrung her jew-eled hands together and exclaimed, "Oh, les belles flammes! (the beautiful flames). Les belles flammes!" Alas, afterward, all that remained of her were the very jewels which twenty minutes before had been on her poor fingers. It is whispered that the chry-

perfect safety. But at the funeral his head was heavily swathed in black silk bandages, at which people shook their heads and whispered behind their fans. But no one speaks aloud of these things in Paris.

SUCH a piteous death was that of the Princesse Q---, an old lady of eighty-seven, who stopped her carriage, leaving her daughter in it, and went into the Bazar to speak to a friend, not intending to remain one minute. She was to have sold in a booth the next day. Her daughter never saw her again. They recognized her by the pattern of a bit of charred lace clinging to a bone.

The Comtesse A—owes her escape to a presentiment. She, too, stepped in just for a few moments, but suddenly felt a sudden impulse to go away. She detached herself from all her friends, three times on her way to the door refusing a pressing invitation from an English friend to go and see the cinematograph. As she drove away she looked back and saw smoke, and said to herself, "Some one's stable must be on fire." Before she reached home she saw a cab containing her friend, Baroness N— and another lady, with their bodices torn completely off, being driven madly along. She stood up and called to a passing coachman to know what was the matter, and heard that already the Bazar which she had quitted but fifteen minutes before was a heap of tar and ashes. awful rapidity of that fire no one can have any conception of. As Madame A—— stepped from her carriage, half fainting with horror and nervousness at her own escape,

which was indeed marvelous, a young girl rushed up to her, exclaiming, "Oh, Madame A—, have you seen my mother? She was at the Bazar." Poor child. Neither she nor any one else ever saw her mother again.

There was much bravery, much heroism displayed which never will be known. Two heroic physicians who rushed to the rescue were burned to death. But one significant fact was that in the list of the burned the next morning no other men's names appeared.

ALL the men escaped from the Bazar without injury. This was so commented upon and gossiped about that several duels resulted. Whereupon, seeing that such disastrous results would accrue if these insinuations continued, and that, owing to the supreme prominence of the families implicated, society in Paris was in imminent danger of disintegration everybody suddenly came out danger of disintegration, everybody suddenly came out with the wholesale declaration that at the time of the fire not a man of any description was in the Bazar. This blanket apology, you see, is like charity. And now, not a word will you hear from the lips of any one in

Paris, except the hardiest, as to the conduct of the men. Thus half a dozen threatened duels never came off. It is a great thing, you see, to have a fire entirely for women. Perhave a fire entirely for women. Per-haps some of those men will have one of their own later.

I have been to several beautiful masses for the repose of the souls of these unfortunate victims of that cruel fire, and it is heartrending to see the numbers of persons swathed in crape from head to foot.

Indeed, the Catholic observances one sees everywhere in Paris are most interesting. When a funeral procession passes, every man takes off his hat and stands watching it

with the greatest respect.
In May the streets were full of the sweetest-faced little girls on their way to their first communion. They were all in white, bare-headed, except for their white veils, white shoes, white gloves, and the dearest look of importance on their earnest little faces. It was most touching.

In all months, however, one sees the comical sight of a French bride and bridegroom, in all the glory of their bridal array—white sain, veil and orange blossoms—driving through the streets in open cabs, and hugging and kissing each other with an unctuous freedom which is apt to

throw a conservative American into a spasm of laughter. Indeed, the frank and candid way that love-making goes on in public among the lower classes is so amazing that at first you think you never in this world will become accustomed to it, but you get accustomed to a great many strange sights in Paris. If a kiss explodes with unusual violence in a cab near mine it sometimes scares the horse, but it no longer disturbs me in the least. My nervous-ness over that sort of thing has entirely worn off.

HAVE had but one adventure, and that is of a simple and primitive character, which seemed to excite no one but myself. They say that there is no drunkenness in France. If that is so then this cabman of mine had a fit of some kind. Perhaps, though, he was only a beast. Most of the cabmen here are beasts. They beat their poor horses so unmercifully that I spend quite a good portion of my time standing up in the gab and arriver. portion of my time standing up in the cab and arguing with them. But the only efficacious argument I have discovered is to tell them that they will get no pourboire if they beat the horse. That seems to infuse more humanity into them than any number of Scripture texts. On this occasion my cabman, for no reason whatever,

suddenly began to beat his horse in the hatefulest way, leaning down with his whip and striking the horse underneath, as we were going downhill on the Rue de Freycinet. I screamed at him, but he pretended not to hear. The cab rocked from side to side, the horse was galloping, and this brute beating him like a madman. It made me wild. was being bounced around like corn in a popper and in imminent danger of being thrown to the pavement.

People saw my danger, but nobody did anything-just looked, that was all. I saw that I must save myself if there was any saving going to be done. So with one last trial of my lungs I shricked at the cabman, but the cobblestones were his excuse, and he kept on. So I just stood up and knocked his hat off with my parasol!—his big, white, glazed hat. It was glorious! He turned around in

a fury and pulled up his horse, with a torrent of French abuse and impudence nearly to death. I thought he might strike me.

"I NEVER DREAMED OF SUCH CLOTHES EVEN IN MY

DREAMS OF HEAVEN'

So I pulled my twitching lips into a distortion which passed muster with a Paris cabman for a smile, and begged his pardon so profusely



1 JUST STOOD UP AND KNOCKED HIS HAT OFF

that he relented and didn't kill me. A small boy came running up with his hat. I paid the boy and dismissed the cabman on the spot. But I had the satisfaction of knowing I had finally secured his attention and made him stop beating his horse, even if he had frightened me nearly to death.

Lihau Bell.

Editor's Note-Miss Bell's next letter, which will appear in the Editor's Note—Miss Bell's next letter, which will appear in the March Journal, gives a graphic and realistic account of her yachting cruise on the English Channel, one of the most trying waterways in the world for an inexperienced voyager. The description of the many startling incidents of the trip is in Miss Bell's most interesting and amusing style.



^{*}The fifth of a series of letters written by Miss Lilian Bell for the Journal. The letters already published are:

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The Romance of a Man Born to be "a Friend of All Women and a Lover of None

By Hamlin Garland

HAMLIN GARLAND

[Author of "The Spirit of Sweetwater," "Main-Traveled Roads," "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," etc.]

*PART III-CHAPTER VI

WAS nearly a week before Tregurtha called again at the Burr mansion. He hardly considered this last visit a professional call. He went there because he enjoyed going, though he would not have relished such interpretation of it by Radbourn. He became aware, too, that something definite must be said, and upon entering the room he took a seat without putting down his hat and gloves as usual. The supersensitive girl saw in these significant details vast change. His face alarmed her. She was a very attractive figure always, but she was like an actress here: she had harmonious accessories in the gentle firelight, shaded lamps and luxurious wraps. She held out her hand with an impulsive gesture of greeting.

"You are late again, Doctor."

"A new diphtheria case," he replied coldly. His eyes

sive gesture of greeting.

"You are late again, Doctor."

"A new diphtheria case," he replied coldly. His eyes were heavy and dull from loss of sleep. "There is a great deal of child disease about. I sometimes wonder why health is not epidemic and contagious, instead of disease." He looked at her with musing eyes, and his brow took on troubled lines. There was something in the girl's luxurious convalescence of a broken ankle which made him dwell bitterly on outside suffering. She had always affected him so.

"How is the sick girl?" she asked at once. It showed how much thought she gave to her rival.

"She does not improve. She ought to be up in the country where she could see the leaves come out on the trees. She was born in the country, she says, and she misses the pure air doubly. It would kill a strong man to live where she does."

He rose and approached her. "As for you, Miss Burr, you don't need my services any more. Just let me feel your pulse."

The touch of his hand on her wrist gave her a shivering sensation, and the heart of the sick girl beat fast.

"There is an abnormal pulse-beat," he said, looking at her with inscrutable impassivity. "Some fever left."

She flushed under his gaze, but remained silent as he laid out some medicine.

"I think you're getting on nicely," he said as he started to go. "There's nothing to do but wait. It will not be necessary to take any medicine unless there should be a slight return of fever."

"Must you go? Stay and take a cup of tea with me, won't you?" she pleaded wistfully. "I'll have a little table spread here in a few moments."

"No, I'm too busy to-day. Lazdly have time to ed.

wisturily. It have a fittle table spread here in a few moments."

"No, I'm too busy to-day.
I hardly have time to eat—a social call is too great a luxury."

"When shall I see you again?" she asked.

"No more—at least not professionally. I think you are on the road to recovery, and only need a little patience. You can begin hobbling about in a day or two. Let me know if the fever returns. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Doctor." And the proud girl, while he looked at her, betrayed no sign of the pain this easy dismissal gave her. She had grown to watch for his coming with fervid impatience, and now he took leave of her as if she were the most ordinary of his patients—indeed, she felt that had she been poor and helpless he would not have left her so abruptly.

She knew that his theory of life was dark and strange, but it only added to his power over her. Even his own terrible analysis of his motives she had taken as one of his strange jests. His deeds she knew were unselfish and gentle. No matter what his words were, his heart was good and kind, she reasoned.

As a matter of fact, Tregurtha's private life in Boston was known to few men and no women. He had no intimates and no enemies. Everybody in Brookfield admired him, but got no nearer to him than a street acquaintance or a professional basis of calling. He was readily admitted to be a master of his profession, and he was respected because of it by all who knew him.

* " The Doctor " was begun in the December (1897) JOURNAL.

Having no wife, and no one dependent upon him, he took little care for the future, and set out as readily to a call on Causeway Street as to Lake View Avenue. When the poor came to pay he made a low charge and took it. If they pleaded poverty he sent them away with extension of grace. It must be confessed that this did not always result well, for men quite able to pay often tried to avoid settling. In any case where he discovered an attempt to impose upon him he was remorseless.

"In this way I approximate the judgments of Nature," he said to his friend Reeves one evening. "I punish dishonesty and teach a lesson so. But I can't take money from the poor, tired mechanics' wives, or the shopgirls. When they open their pathetic little purses, and finger deep for a few coins, I simply can't do it."



TREGURTHA STOOD FOR A LONG TIME LOOKING DOWN AT CELIA'S LITTLE HEAD AS IT TOSSED FROM SIDE TO SIDE!

"Your practice must be very large indeed—very extensive," said Reeves, smiling quite significantly.

"It is. But don't mistake. I do good selfishly; don't give me credit for heroic struggle. I do all this simply because I'd be more miserable if I didn't."

"I see," mused Reeves; "we're all egoists at bottom, even in our sacrifices."

"Good! That is a correct placing of it," exclaimed Tregurtha, his eyes lighting up. Next to Radbourn, Reeves, of the "Events," was his most intimate friend. Reeves was a realist in fiction, and took delight in drawing Tregurtha out. Seeing him started he leaned back and smilingly listened.

"My personal sacrifice is a sort of indulgence, an exquisite pleasure, after all." Tregurtha looked at Reeves with musing eyes. "I take a mournful and delicious pleasure in rising from my bed to visit a dying child. I'm a sort of refined flagellator. I groan, but I enjoy it. I revel in the atmosphere of death and disease. My heart swells with pride when I think I am breathing the air of contagion and delying death in its most horrible forms."

A stranger looking in would have said that Tregurtha was in excellent humor. As he warmed up to his own analysis, uttering his most self-accusing words, his eyes shone with mirth, his throat vibrated with laughter.

"I am simply an arrow shot into the air," he said at last, "with no power to change my course."

"In the presence of a girl, and under the stars, Von Hartmann is a lunatic and Schopenhauer a case of self-hypnotism," said Reeves. "A man can argue himself into almost any belief, but his heart is unconvinced. I know—I've tried it. There is one question I would like to ask merely for its fictional value: Holding such views, can you consistently marry?"

Tregurtha's face was calm as the moon. "I don't see the question's relevancy," he replied. "If I did marry it would still be because in my judgment more pleasure would result to me in marrying than in remaining single. I would still be following my mystic star—pleasure."

Reeves got up with a sudden spring. "Tregurtha, you're a wonderful fraud. Indeed, I have never known your equal. I shall keep an eye on you—a fictional eye—to see you work out your philosophy."

* * * CHAPTER VII

TREGURTHA stood for a long time looking down at Celia's little head as it tossed from side to side seeking coolness and rest, and never finding it. She did not know him this time. She was making



breeze came to breathe upon the hollow, blue-veined temples. As they rose the air cleared, the night grew deliciously fresh and gentle and ministrant. It seemed to Tregurtha that the budding trees and growing grass never smelled so sweet before. He was able to put himself by sympathy into the place of these people, upon whose ears the railroad trains had roared and hammered ceaselessly. He could hear the mother's deep sighs as she peered into Celia's still face.

"Her pulse is falling—she's breathing better," he said by way of comfort.

From that time on the mother had the action of a drowsy child. She followed Tregurtha unquestioningly and in silence as he took the girl from the driver's arms and carried her up the step to a neat little cottage on one of the high streets.

A middle-aged woman met them at the door and led the way up to the second story, where a beautifully-clean bed in a bright room showed complete preparation for the patient.

Tregurtha laid the sick girl upon the bed with the action of a mother putting down a sleeping child, and then he stood aside while the nurse straightened the thin limbs and arranged the pillows. They were all very quiet. The mother, worn with watching, stood like one in a daze, but there was a dull feeling of resentment at her heart; strangers seemed to be superseding her.

The bed being arranged, Tregurtha took the lax wrist of the patient in his fingers. "You can show Mrs. Warner to bed, Mrs. Mills. Celia seems to be better. I will call you if there is any change."

After the women went out he turned off the electric light and took a chair close beside the girl's still presence, bathing the head with cool water and pushing back the tangle of her moist hair. It gave him something of the same joy he had come to feel in holding a child in his arms. His emotion had something paternal in it, and the pleasure of his service went deep into his whole nature. He felt a great relief and quiet joy to think that by a bold experiment, relief and possibly—he almost felt surely—life had been won. The sound of the first few spring insects came in through the silence—a soft, reassuring stir and click, as if the leaves and growing grass had taken voice in the secluding dusk.

When Mrs. Mills returned she found him sitting there immovably, holding the little hand and looking out of the window at the trees swaying quietly under the passing wind. There was something in his attitude of listening which kept her silent, and she stole quietly away.

An

* * * CHAPTER VIII

CHAPTER VIII

A FTER that night's deep sleep Celia woke slowly and lay long in a delicious semi-sleep, hearing and seeing almost without thinking. A vociferous robin was shouting from a tree-top, sparrows were chattering noisily, the note of a crow came through the distance, sweet with associated spring memories. Then she drifted away once more on a peaceful sea of slumber and woke again at night.

The room papered in pink and white, the dainty bed, the furniture, the pictures growing into sight upon the walls—all bewildered her with a sense of having been translated into some other world. She was too weak to grapple with the problem of how they came there.

Again the sun rose, the light broadened, the room bloomed upon her sight like a flower. She wondered if these things had been selected by the Doctor; the meadow landscape opposite, the carpet, the curtains—somehow they all had the value of a caress from him. And, oh, the beauty of the sky! The glimpse of the trees with swelling branches laced against the clouds—with returning strength its fuller meaning came to her. No more screams and oaths of drunken men. No more smells of horrible cooking. No thunder of passing wagons, and no foul gas creeping in to strangle her. Nothing to do but lie still and dream, and get well.

A large vase of roses glowed in deep red and green from the table. Children were playing outside—children with lovely voices keyed to the quiet of the lawns, not like the high-pitched scream of the urchins of the noisy streets. A rusty-coated sparrow alighted on the window-sill and looked at her curiously, as if he had come upfrom Causeway Street to see how she was getting on.

Then her mother came in with face transfigured and shining. It seemed strange not to hear the sound of her crutch on the bare floor.

"Oh, mamma, where are we?"

The mother knelt at the bed. "We're in Doctor Tregurtha's house, and he says you're going to get well right off."

"Isn't it lovely! And isn't he good! Oh, mother—"

"Sh! He said you mustn't talk. Mrs. Mills i

Mrs. Mills knocked on the door and came in with a puff of professional cheer.

"How de do, folkses? Ready for breakfast? You poor little dear, you don't look to me as if you'd had a breakfast for a month."

It was all so dainty and clean that the sick girl couldn't help but feel hungry, and she nibbled till Mrs. Mills declared, "You've eaten a noble breakfast. A few more like that," she added, "and we'll be out playing tennis."

The mother and daughter kept silence after the nurse went out: The mother held the girl's hand in deep content, looking at her intently. She already perceived (she imagined) returning color and strength.

Celia listened to the cheerful sounds outside till her evelids fell again in the sleep which was Nature's time of upbuilding. The mother, with the instinct of a busy housekeeper, went away to do something, leaving her girl sleeping peacefully.

When the girl woke next time Tregurtha was looking down at her.

"Good-morning, little one. What are you dreaming about so late?"

She reached up at him with her poor little claw, but he shook his head at her.

"Oh, Doctor, how good you are——"

"Lie quiet now; no talking. Well, if you must express it, go on. You like the room?"

A CONTRACTOR A

"Oh, so much! And isn't it wonderful to think people can have such homes all the time!"

"Well, yes, it is. But now don't think any more about it, just lie still and get well. How's your tongue this morning? Clean as a spoon! Good! Now I'll just call your mother and give some orders."

"Oh, Doctor, you are so good!"

"Good! I'm the worst man in the world—but never mind, we won't speak of that now. These pills are to be taken every two hours, and that"—pointing at the window—"all the hours."

She smiled, a slow smile of ineffable sweetness and

"all the hours."

She smiled, a slow smile of ineffable sweetness and trust, and he went out, to return soon with Mrs. Warner.

"Not another word about that," he said brusquely, as he once more stood looking down on the frail form under the coverlet. "I have the pride of a professional man. I didn't do this to please you, but to please myself and to defeat death. I prescribed this house just as I might have prescribed atropine or lycopodium."

No disease of even this wasting nature could destroy the charm of the face which lay there wedged in its web of yellow hair. The supernatural beauty of the violet-velvet yees followed Tregurtha everywhere. They were not forgotten for an hour. His great pity made him helpless as he felt the cling of those ghostly hands. The love of this girl was something awful in its strenuous purity and sweetness—it was something more and something less than that of a woman. Something childish and something angelic.

She had not the strength nor the art to conceal it. Tregurtha felt a strange stirring in his brain as he next looked down at her. His teeth clenched in a vow: "I'll bring the blood back to those hands, the fullness to those cheeks. Science helping me, I'll step between her and the grave, and give her life—life with all it means of love, wifehood and maternity."

She saw the scowl of battle on his face and whispered timidly: "You're not angry?"

"No, certainly not. What made you think so?"

"You looked angry."

"I was only scowling at disease, that's all. Now, goodby. Listen to the birds, eat your food and get well at once." He smiled at her as to no other living person—a smile of singular sweetness—and went out.

The next time he called she had a fine story to tell him. A splendid young lady had called and left a beautiful bouquet of flowers for her. "She said she was one of your patients. She was splendid. There's the bouquet."

Tregurtha did not seem to attach much importance to the visit, but he asked: "Did she give her name?"

No, she didn't stay but a minute. She was very kind. She kissed me."

It was Sadie, who had driven by the house several days before acquiring courage to go in. She had an irresistible desire to see Celia, and was introspective enough to understand that it was a form of jealousy, but she did not push the matter to its ultimate absurdity. There was no good reason why she should not make a friendly call on the sick girl and leave some flowers.

It was only afterward that she saw her act as

Celia was not left long undisturbed in the sweet languor of convalescence. In some manner her old companions in the store learned that she was living in grand style, and their interest in her correspondingly deepened. One Sunday afternoon some of the bolder ones came in to inquire about her health.

Mrs. Warner would have gladly denied them entrance by saying Celia was too ill to see them, but as a matter of fact Celia was feeling especially well, and the mother could not lie even to keep out a group of noisy, inquisitive girls.

of fact Celia was feeling especially well, and the mother could not lie even to keep out a group of noisy, inquisitive girls.

"What a nice tenement! How can you afford it?" asked Mamie Fish in the course of conversation. "It must cost a lot."

"I don't know what it costs," answered the mother; "it is Doctor Tregurtha's."

"Oh, it is! He rents it to you, I suppose?"

"Well, no. He just lets us stay here till we get well." The girls looked at each other.

"Oh! Yes, I see," said Mamie with a significant glance at the bed where Celia lay. "Mrs. Brayley told ma that the Doctor seemed a good 'eal taken with Ceel's case. He brings these flowers, too, I suppose?"

"No, Miss Burr sends those every day. Everybody seems very kind to us now."

"Especially the Doctor," giggled the girls. "Well, I'm sure we're all glad for Ceel. I only wish I could strike such luck. I'd be willing to be sick six months. Well, good-by, Celia. I don't suppose we'll see you back, except when you come to buy your wedding outfit."

The mother came back after seeing the girls to the door. "I'm glad they're gone. Their clatter—why, Celia, dear, what's the matter? You don't mind what they said, do you?"

Celia turned her flushed and tearful face. "Oh, mother, I'm sorry we let the Doctor move us."

"Don't mind what they say. It's none o' their business anyway."

But the girl could not forget it. There was a coarse-

"Don't mind what they say. It's none o then ousiness anyway."
But the girl could not forget it. There was a coarseness in the tones of the gossips' voices which kept her awake and restless. She imagined the talk of the neighbors. Somehow an evil twist had been given everything which had before seemed so good and regenerative. She grew uneasy and feverish, and Tregurtha instantly perceived it.

"What's the reason of this?" he asked of Mrs. Warner. "She's not sleeping well. What's the matter?"
"I don't know, Doctor; she seems to be anxious to get well and back to work. She don't feel easy in her mind."
"But I thought everything was entirely and satisfactorily settled, and that there was nothing to worry about."

"So did I. But she can't seem to rest. She wants to get back to work. She knows we're getting in debt more and more, and it worries her. She don't see no way out—and I don't either, Doctor." The brave mother's eyes filled with tears. Her heart began to fail her at last.

Tregurtha went out slowly with his eyes bent on the ground. He walked away toward the wooded end of the pond, and, leaning on the wall, gave himself up to thought.

It was a singularly-impressive spring evening. Everywhere a faint, translucent blue mist lay unwaveringly, out of which the lamps burst one by one like springs of golden lights. Faint sounds of spring's returning life could be heard. All was damp, premonitory and changeful. The man's soul, naturally refined and susceptible to subtle moments in Nature, expanded, so that he drew long breaths to relieve the pain of his throbbing throat.

Something in the hour, the air, suggested the thought of the mystery of life in the movement of time. He mused upon the intangible, the inexorable, with eyes on the yellow sky which darkened into orange where the brown, bare branches laced it. "Oh, the dread reach and inclosure of it all! The return of spring stirs the soul with the thought of its millionth repetition of awakening life."

He must decide the fate of that little creature at once. It seemed a little thing to go back to her lying there so frail and weak—she could be killed or saved with a breath—and say to her:

"Forget your troubles; rely on nie, your husband." A little thing to say, and yet to Tregurtha it was a very great thing. Marriage, which seemed so vulgar and commonplace a thing to men and women all around him, was to the pessimist a problematic thing, a questionable, solemn necessity if entered into, not lightly to be assumed. He knew the girl's life was dependent upon him, that her soul clung to him with a hundred tendrils, and he knew that to be silent any longer would be fatal. He did not know how the gossips had stung her, but he saw plainly that she had begun to worry, and that the good effects of the removal were being lost.

In spite of his words to Radbourn he had not decided upon his future. In the face of the spring night—in the presence of a million reawakening insects—it seemed trivial to follow in the footsteps of his fellows. He had not looked forward—indeed, what business had he, a fatalist, to do with looking forward? He had only to decide in which direction lay most gratification for the ego

However, this was not easy to decide. One marriage meant the companionship of a fine, handsome, cultured girl, a freedom from care, liberty to pursue certain lines of thought surrounded by a home life of great beauty. Yes, yes, but there was a peculiar pleasure in taking a poor, wounded, desert bird to one's breast to warm it into life. There was something intangibly finer in the regard he felt for Celia. It was compounded of the pity of a strong man, and paternal love. She appealed to him by reason of her helplessness, as well as through her fragile beauty. Her sex added only the subtlest quality to his tenderness for her. He knew that she would not have appealed to him had she not been sick and poor, and surrounded by vice, and filth, and squalor. By contrast she shone like a sapphire. Her eyes allured him, followed him in the dumb, pleading way of a timid child. She would always be a child to him.

The more he pondered the matter the more difficult marriage to either of these women, to any woman, became. There was a certain predominance of the father over the lover in his nature, which had come to him early in life. He longed for a child, but there were certain public duties and attitudes, and other domestic duties and responsibilities of the husband, that he shunned. He shook himself free of doubts at last and came back to his philosophy. What had he to do? Only to follow the course which gave him the most pleasure. He would go back to the sick girl—make her happy if she lived. If she died—he would live as he was, a friend of all women and a lover of none.

(CONCLUSION IN MARCH JOURNAL)

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SAFEGUARDS FOR YOUNG GIRLS

By Frances J. Dyer

YOUNG girls who leave sheltered homes in order to earn their living in our large cities are apt to suffer because of their ignorance of the social customs which must be observed in large communities.

A case in point is the experience of a young girl whom I know, a ladylike, refined girl, who, soon after joining a church in New York, was fortunate enough to win the friendship of her Sunday-school teacher, a woman of wealth and culture and singularly generous character. One evening the girl casually remarked to her teacher that she was going for a drive in the park the next half holiday, with a man, whose name she mentioned, adding that she had arranged to meet him at one of the park entrances. A few questions developed the fact that the girl knew really nothing about the man except his name.

Without opposing the plan the older woman, with tact, said, "But, my dear, I am sure it will be nicer to start for your drive from here than from the park."

Then she gave the girl some stationery bearing her monogram and street address, and advised her to write a note in the first person as follows:

"My Dear Mr—: My friend, Mrs. John Randolph, at whose house I am writing, thanks you for your courtesy to me, and suggests that you call for me here next Saturday afternoon, as she hardly thinks it advisable for me to meet you at the park gate.

"September 24, 1897.

EDITH—"

Much to the girl's chagrin the man did not appear, nor did he ever seek her again.

This little story demonstrates the necessity for a girl who goes to a large city to associate herself with her church, and surround herself with all its restraining and refining influences. Let her, also, try to secure the friend-ship and advice of some older woman, and acquaint herself with the social customs of the city in which she is to earn her living and make her home.



The Elaines were so grieved that they waited to hear no more, but hastened to the home of their lame friend.

September, 1897 October " November " December " January, 1898 February, "

"HELLO! look here," shouted one of the boys as the Elaines were drawing near; "here's the very valentine to send Jimmie, the lame boy!" and he held up a comic picture of a cripple almost entirely surrounded by a group of noisy children, all of whom were sticking out their tongues and pointing their fingers at him.

PARTY of Elaines on the eve of Saint Valentine's Day rose from their lake home and passed through the air to a neighboring village. They feared that a little lame boy, who often came to lie and day-dream among the flowers which grew by the fairies' lake, might be in danger of some wound to his sensitive nature, for they well knew how often children spoil this pretty holiday by sending hideous and unkind valentines. Their first visit was to a wood, where a number of boys had gathered to sort and direct a large collection of valentines for the morrow.

DRAWINGS BY REGINALD B. BIRCH NUMBER SIX IN THE "PIXIES AND ELAINES" SERIES

THE ELAINES AND THE VALENTIA BY MRS. MARK MORRISON

"We will watch by his bedside to-night, and we will linger near him to-morrow," they said. "He cannot see us, but he will feel our love and sympathy, and at least we can fill his hours of sleep with pretty dreams."

Then they bent over his pillow, and the sleeping boy thought that he heard acoms dropping in leafy woods, and saw little hoops of ice shining on the cedar trees by the fairies' lake in the moonlight, and heard the gentle, musical splash of little waves moving among beautiful coral grottoes at the bottom of the sea.

He woke on Saint Valentine's morning with a happy smile on his face, and was soon limping eagerly up the village path which led to his favorite seat in the pine woods. His weak little frame was so weary by even this short journey that on reaching the woods he sank down to rest at once. He had scarcely done so when a valentine tied to a pine cone whizzed over his shoulder and fell at his feet. The Elaines recognized the boy who had thrown it, and who was now hiding behind a tree, waiting to laugh at the distress it must surely cause their little friend.

"Oh, oh, it is the horrible valentine we saw last night," said the Elaines in a tone of great dismay. "What can we do?"
"Don't let him open it! Don't let him open it!" they said to each other, trembling with excitement as they spoke.

THEY heaped the bright leaves from an old oak over the ugly yellow envelope, and as Jimmie bent to search for it they blew the spicy air of the pine woods into his eyes, and made soft little sounds among the brown needles which strewed the ground, to attract his attention another way. The weary little boy, not seeing the package, at once leaned his head against the tree at whose foot he sat, to rest a moment before renewing his search. He remembered that it was Saint Valentine's Day, and wished so much that he could receive a pretty valentine, such as he had seen other children have. Perhaps that really was one which had whizzed so merrily over his shoulder. It must have fallen among the oak leaves. Well, he would look for it again after he had rested a moment. Now was their chance, and the Elainesk issed his closing eyes, singing a fairy spell of sleep. The little boy's lashes touched his cheeks, a smile parted his lips; the Elaines' spell overcame him and he slept, dreaming of the pretty valentine, for which he would search among the leaves, in a moment. Then the Elaines gathered about that ugly yellow envelope lying at his feet and looked at it helplessly. How could they remove it? What should they do when their little favorite awoke?

They were so full of love and sympathy that the hazy blue hills and the brown fields, where the white frost was glistening in the early morning sun, seemed full of love and sorrow, too. A white cloud also drifted slowly overhead, as though it were waiting to see what would happen. The sender of the valentine stole nearer. "What a strange thing," he thought, "that Jimmie should go to sleep out-of-doors in the cold so early in the morning." He thought he would wake him up and give him his valentine. He looked down at the poor, twisted figure, at the thin hands and the white, gentle face. The air, so full of the Elaines' eager sympathy and feeling of love and kindness toward.

all, gently fanned the well boy's temples. An Elaine, in passing by, approached close to his rough, ruddy face. "How strange everything seems this morning," said the boy, who was now standing in the midst of the invisible Elaines. He began to feel sorry for his helpless playmate; he thought how he would feel if other boys despised and made fun of him, and that it might not be so amusing, after all, to see the tears that would surely come into Jimmie's eyes when he woke and saw that picture of a lame boy mocked by his companions.

"POOR little chap," said the well boy. The Elaines came nearer to him. They began to love this merry little fellow, too, whose heart was now feeling their influence; some day they would prove a good friend to him also, as they had been to Jimmie.

The white cloud drifted on more slowly. The oak leaves under the pines fluttered about before a gust of wind. Go on, white cloud, you need not wait any longer. The good deed is done. The Elaines have conquered. The well boy bends, picks up the comic valentine and hides it in his pocket. Look, now; see what he puts in its place,



right by Jimmie's hand, in plain sight. It is a pink and silver valentine covered with pictures of flowers and cupids, and bearing in its gay centre these pretty words:

"There's none I love so well as thee; For thy true valentine choose me."

The boy had bought it to send to a little girl whom he admired very much, but he did not regret having given it to the little lame boy, whom it made the happiest child in all the village on that Saint Valentine's Day.



HOW EVERY CHILD CAN HAVE A HOME MUSEUM By Margaret W. Leighton

ECENTLY, while talking over the improvements in school methods, the mother of a family said to a friend: "I never have to provide amusement for my little girl on rainy days. If she cannot go out to play she arranges her collection of moths, or the stones she has collected in pursuit of the study of geology, or she takes out her microscope and her pressboard and adds to her microscope and her pressboard and adds to her microscope and her pressboard and adds to her host anical collection. Although she is only eleven years old she has more varied interests than many grown women, and I find that in the summer, when we are in the country, she looks at everything with great understanding and zest."

If mothers would take a little time to encourage their growing boys and girls in Nature studies they would be well repaid. There is, perhaps, no better way of doing this than providing them with a room, or a corner of one, in which to store their collections. Every child dearly loves to make collections of one kind or another, and if the mother, or older brother, or sister helps in arranging these they at once rise in value in the child's estimation. Her love of knowledge, which is extending, will increase with her years, and make her a happy, busy woman.

THE ELAINES BEGAN TO LOVE THIS MERRY LITTLE FELLOW, WHOSE HEART

THE boy takes books from the library and eagerly searches for the names of the beetles in his glass-covered box, for the names of the birds whose deserted nests he has secured, or, upon returning from a day at the seashore, he studies with ardor to learn something about starfishes, sea urchins and shells he has gathered.

A NY boy and many girls can, with very little trouble, convert large, shallow boxes into serviceable cabinets, by standing them on end, fitting into each three shelves, painting the insides white and the outsides dark red or brown, and putting on the fronts full curtains of cambric to match the color of the outsides. When the boxes are finished they may be piled nearly against the wall. One of them may be devoted to mineral specimens, another to various forms of "treasure" culled from the seasife, a third to specimens preserved in alcohol, such as snakes, mice, fishes, etc., and a fourth to the treasures of the woodland, such as the nests of bird, wasp and bee, different kinds of seed vessels, lichens and fungi.

ON THE tops of the cabinets may stand the cases for and lined with cork, over which should be fastened a sheet of white drawing paper. They should each have a glass cover on hinges or fitted to slide in a groove.

Even if there are very few specimens at the start the child will be surprised to see how his collection grows. Almost every family has some seafaring relative who has brought home curiosities from far-away lands, which have lost much of their interest as the years passed by and would be willingly relinquished in the interest oscience. Not a few of my most cherished specimens have been donated by casual visitors.

My museum is much beautified by a frieze of shells, many different kinds being used. Each kind is glued to a square card. Some of the smaller ones are arranged in star shape, in festoons, in circles, etc. Then all the cards are glued to the walls, exactly fitting into the space between ceiling and moulding. There is also one little cabinet devoted to Indian curiosities which were sent from Alaska by a friend. Friends who visit he house should be cordially invited to inspect the little "museum." Their interest will encourage the youthful collectors.



BYE-LOW SONG

By L. Arolyn Caverly

SOFTLY and softly the wind does blow:
Bye-low, bye-low; SOFTLY and softly the wind does flow Bye-low, bye-low; Brighter the little star-glances grow; Bye-low, Baby. Moon-mother puts on her silvery crown, Rock-a-by, Baby, in your white gown; Bye-low, Baby.

Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye-low, bye-low;
Waving the lily-buds to and fro,
Bye-low, Baby.
Kissing them gently, "Good-night, good-night,
Sleep till the morning, and wake in the light,"
Bye-low, Baby.

Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye-low, bye-low;
Up in the elm where the cradle-nests show,
Bye-low, Baby.
Little birds drowsily swing the night through,
Warm and content, my own Baby, like you;
Bye-low, Baby.

Softly and softly the wind does blow,
Bye-low, bye-low;
Softer and sweeter his whispers grow;
Bye-low, Baby.
Far and away, o'er the waters dim,
Baby shall dreamily follow him.
Bye-low Biby Bye-low, Baby.



A PRIVATE AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE

By Inez Merrill



HERE was a time when the Papal domains extended far and wide; there was also a time when the King of a mighty Empire stood barefooted in the snow before the gates of Saint Peter's, suing for favor. For centuries all Europe trembled at the dictates of each successor of the aforesaid saint.

It is somewhat different now, and yet not wholly so. Instead of reigning supreme over a great part of Italy, His Holiness, Leo XIII, is confined to the Vatican and its gardens—that is, having jurisdiction over no other lands, he prefers never to leave his own domains. There is a very marked coolness between the Pope and King Humbert of Italy. The reason is because of the changes which took place about thirty years ago. Italy is not an opulent country, and it was decided by the civil authorities that the country could not support so many monasteries. Consequently many were suppressed.

Many are they who visit Imperial Rome by the Tiber's yellow sands. How many, too, have gazed at the gray stones of the Vatican, and wondered in which part the Pope lived, and how he looked. They enter Saint Peter's; they see the Pantheon in the sky. They go another day to see the Sistine Chapel, and Raphael's frescoes, and the sculpture gallery, and then, perhaps, they go away, and the Pope is as much a myth as ever. To some, however, comes the privilege of seeing him.

WHEN kings, or queens, or princes, or officials of any high rank visit Rome, audience with the Pope can easily be obtained if he is in good health. They send their cards to the Pope's secretary, and in most cases an audience is arranged at once. Usually, however, influence is necessary. Something must be known of those who wish this honor. If a priest in high standing asks for an audience for his friends it is often granted, but it cannot be obtained at once. Sometimes a month or two months elapse before the coveted permission comes. In our case permission was obtained through a priest whose family had been our neighbors in America. It was a formal, engraved invitation in Italian.

With an interview with His Holiness in prospect, I began to think of all the Popes I had learned about in school; how once there was a schism in the church, and the Papal headquarters were transferred to Avignon. A morning hour was selected for the audience, and we were up betimes preparing for the event. Somehow hooks wouldn't hook, and things wouldn't go together as usual; and then to put on a black veil all right, and becomingly, for the first time, when one is so excited!

The hour comes; the cab is at the door and away we go. Really in Rome, and really on our way to the Vatican to be spoken to by Leo XIII! One of our number was a young and very beautiful American girl. Not vivacious, but of the calm and passive type. She looked like one of Carlo Dolci's Magdalens.

Did we think she could understand the Pope if he spoke to her? Wouldn't we stand in front of her, so the Pope wouldn't see her? were some of her many questions.

WE CAME at last within the portico of Saint Peter's. The sunlight fell across the loggia where the Swiss guard stands, and I heard my friend behind me saying to herself: "What funny-looking men; how can they ever amount to anything with one leg red and one yellow?" The stairway receded in the shadow. Up and up the marble heights we went; on and on, directed from one room to another. At last we were received by two servants of His Holiness. They were white-haired old men, dressed in scarlet—brocaded coats, satin breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes and all.

Finally, we were seated in a large room used only for private audiences. There were ten other people present. The room is large and square, and the walls are tapestried. The broad windows command a fine view of the seven-hilled city. It was, however, a cold January day, and that means chilly, damp houses, even when sunny Italy is sunny. Under the same conditions in America the steam had would have been turned on, and all the

The state of the s

inmates of the room would have been suffused in perspiration. For an old man like the Pope, one would think they would have it moderately warm wherever he went. There was, however, only a brass brazier, filled with coals, in the centre of this immense room.

Excitement led to impatience. I arose to see if any one was coming, and sure enough, down the long corridor was a sight always to be remembered—Leo XIII was approaching, accompanied by six priests. As he entered the room all present knelt. We had no definite idea of the etiquette of the occasion, so we proceeded as we thought best.

He came to our party almost at once, and addressed me first. He speaks French to the general public; to priests he speaks Latin. Latin is far from being a dead language; in Rome it is very much alive.

The six priests kept close to the Pope as he moved about the room. One of them was an interpreter, who supplied the missing links in the conversation if necessary, in order, I suppose, to make the occasion less tedious to the Pope. However, the Holy Father spoke distinctly and slowly, and in spite of the excitement of the moment we were able to understand all that he said.

"Where do you live?" he asked, and his glance included my little friend. She was blushing and looking beautiful, having lowered her eyes for fear that she mght be expected to say something.

"We live in America, Your Holiness," I replied.

"Ah, then you live in Baltimore!" he said brightly; but I was obliged to say that we did not.

No doubt it is a regret to the Pope that all Americans do not live in George Calvert's town, and one can easily see that, of all cities in our country, Baltimore is of the most interest to him.

"We live in New York," I said again.

I did not give the names of our native towns, as I thought the State was specific enough information on an unimportant point. Anyway, his interest seemed to flag when he found we were not from Baltimore.

"How long have you been in Rome?" he then asked; and, as my friend was still mute, I again answered:

"Four weeks, Your Holiness."

"And you stay how much longer?"

"The rest of the winter, Your Holiness."

Then he placed one hand on the head of my friend, the Carlo Dolci Magdalen, and gave me the other to kiss. It had the famous emerald ring on the third finger—the ring that descends from one Pope to the next. He looked down in the Magdalen's eyes, and then said in English:

"My blessing rest on you, and on your family."

Then he passed on.

He looks very old, very feeble, with that pallor peculiar to age; his eyes are black and shining, but withal kindly; his thin, white hair and noble brow would incline one to a feeling of reverence even if he were not Pope Leo XIII. He is of medium height, and his shoulders are a little rounded, as might be in one who looks down from such an elevation as his. His smile—that very much-talked-of smile—is benign.

HE WORE a bright red cloth robe of the most beautiful texture. This was closely buttoned to his feet. Over this was a pure white garment made of some soft material, and it is in this that most of his photographs

this was a pure white garment made of some soft material, and it is in this that most of his photographs are taken.

On his head he wore the small skull-cap called the zucchella. It, too, is pure white. There is a tassel hanging down to one side. The thought that Popes for centuries had been wearing garments precisely similar to these lent an added interest to this quiet person, moving unobtrusively around among his guests.

On his hands he wore mitts. They are like those that old ladies used to wear, except that they are made of white wool. He needed to be warmly dressed in that room.

Thus he passed from group to group. To a mother who told him that she had five lovely children he replied with unusual warmth. He seemed to appreciate her work in the world.

Then he blessed the rosaries which had been brought. I supposed that he blessed them separately, and so I procured but one. Had I known that it was done en masse I should have supplied myself with a number, as they are always acceptable presents.

After giving a general blessing he turned and left the room, surrounded, as before, by the purple-clad priests.

We arose with aching knees, the extreme interest of the occasion having made us forget how long we had assumed that humble posture. Out we went, past the scarlet servants and still more scarlet guards, and then back to our pension, throbbing with new sensations, and with the odor of Infallibility clinging about us.

MEMORIES OF LONG AGO

By Mary Clarke Huntington

COME here, my lady in the satin dress, And let me tell you of a maid I knew; Her hair, like yours, was golden, I confess, Her eyes were just the shade of speed-well blue As these you raise so sweetly to my own, And you seem speaking with her very tone.

She wore a dress like yours—a blue brocade
With silver threads inwoven, and her shoe
Was much the same—I think you could not trade
Without 'twas even—yes, a buckle, too,
Flashed on her dainty instep as she came
Adown the stairs in answer to her name.

Grandmother's slippers, say you? Yes, I see.
Grandmother's gown refashioned, dear, for you?
If but one hour I young again could be
I'd lend myself to dance a measure, too,
As on a Christmas Eve long years ago
I led the ball with one I used to know.

What pretty smiles and blushes! Ay, he's here—
Think you he cannot wait—this lover true?
Nor was I pleased at any waiting, dear,
When I was young and Grandmother like you.
Go, get such greeting as my heart still gives
To her who ever in my memory lives.



HIS MOTHER'S HIS SWEETHEART

By Frank L. Stanton

"HIS mother's his sweetheart—the sweetest, the best!"
So say the white roses he brings to my breast;
The roses that bloom when life's summers depart;
But his love is the sweetest rose over my heart!
The love that hath crowned me—
A necklace around me,
That closer to God and to Heaven hath bound me!

His mother's his sweetheart." Through all the sad years His love is the rainbow that shines through my tears; My light in God's darkness, when with my dim eyes I see not the stars in the storm of His skies.

When I bow 'neath the rod And no rose decks the sod, His love lights the rathway that leads me to God! His love lights the pathway that leads me to God!

His mother's his sweetheart." Shine bright for his feet, O lamps on life's highway! and roses, lean sweet To the lips of my darling! and God grant His sun And His stars to my dutiful, beautiful one!

For his love—it hath crowned me—

A necklace around me, And closer to God and to Heaven hath bound me!

THE HOME LIFE OF THE WASHINGTONS

Told Through an Unpublished Letter



WASHINGTON CITY, June 27, 1796.

Washington City, June 27, 1796.

My Dear Mother,

I have just returned from a visit to Mount Vernon and have really been quite delighted with the place and its inhabitants. I stayed there but three days and two nights—but in that time received so much attention from the President and Mrs. Washington that I can never forget it. I have promised them to stay some time with them before I return to Philadelphia—which I shall most readily do—as I never in my life felt more perfectly at home than when with them—they live in great style and with the utmost regularity. Breakfast is on table at about seven and supper at nine—the hours before breakfast are spent in the manner most agreeable to each individual—after breakfast we either wrote or attended to Miss Custis [granddaughter of Mrs. Washington] who plays most charmingly on the Piano—until about twelve o'clock—when we dressed for dinner—this is only the females of the family—the male part never making their appearance from the time of breakfast till dinner. The President employing his morning in riding over his farms—he gave me an invitation to get up behind him which I very unexpectedly accepted—and he was under the necessity of offering some excuse to get off—which however he did not fairly do until he promised I should accompany him at another time—he is one of the most charming men in the world—always in good spirits—and makes it his chief study to render all around him happy as possible—his attentions to young *Fayette are exactly those he would pay to his own son—and are received as they should be by him—he is one of the most pleasing young men I have ever known—indeed the situation of his family would allone render him interesting—no part of which is ever spoken of without his shedding tears.

But to conclude with the amusements of the day—after the ladies left the dining-room—we spent the hours until tea in either conversation reading or writing as was most agreeable to us—when we resorted to a large and magnificent Portico at the back of the house where the tea equipage was paraded in order—after tea we walked until the dews began to fall—when we again returned to the portico which commands a most extensive view of the Potownac—and the country adjacent—the Prospect is most noble indeed and at the same time beautifully romantic—we sat in this delightful place admiring the scenery around us, rendered more beautifull from the serenity of the evening and the moon which shone most sweetly and appeared to greater advantage as it played upon the water—together with some beautiful music from Miss Custis and Mr. Fayette—indeed it was more like enchantment than anything else—and I can't say to what lengths my fancy would have led me had I been suffered to remain uninterrupted much longer—precisely at nine o'clock my reverie was disturbed by the servant calling us to supper—which consisted of fruits and cream—cakes, wine &c—we sat at table till ten o'clock when we retired to our respective apartments—though not to bed—at least I did not—prefering the contemplation of the beauties around me (of which I had a full view from my chamber window) to spending my time in sleep—you dont know what a reformation has taken place in me as to my rising of a morning—I am now seldom in bed after five—and all the time I was at Mount Vernon, I was up at four on purpose to see the sun rise—which I am sure is not so beautiful in any other place—Mrs. W— was quite surprised at finding I had been out before breakfast—and when the President told her he saw me out a little after four she scolded * * *

Here the letter abruptly breaks off, the remainder, which was on another sheet, having long ago been lost.

Here the letter abruptly breaks off, the remainder, which was on another sheet, having long ago been lost.

^{*} Son of the Marquis de Lafayette.



VERY child face is beautiful to at least one pair of eyes. The features may not be symmetrical; the eyes may be small and dull, but the charm of childhood does not lie in facial beauty. The face is the cold fact, and it is the coy smile, the cute and characteristic attitudes which constitute the loveliness that a mother sees in her child. The photograph rarely catches these qualities, and in consequence is unsatisfactory. Much of the blame lies with the photographer, but not all of it, and a few suggestions to the mother may, if followed, go far toward "getting a good picture."

Do not rehearse for the sitting. It makes children nervous and self-conscious. Better

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GETTING GOOD PICTURES OF CHILDREN

By E. B. Core

[With Photographs Specially Taken by the Author for This Article]



child's picture. The wild gestures and "the little bird" only produce an expression of fear and wonder in the subject's face. Take plenty of time and do not try to get a conventional pose. A photographer who does not like children and has not patience will never make a child's portrait successfully.

The parent who accompanies the child should appear as unconcerned and natural while in the studio as she is in her home, for the little one watches keenly the mother's face for the least sign of alarm.

In the matter of hair, let it alone. Do not brush it in the studio; do not wipe the face for imaginary dirt, and do not try to coerce the child into being good. If the child chooses to romp and shriek, say noth-



THE JOURNAL TAKES PLEASURE IN PRESENTING THESE SPECIMEN PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHILDREN, AS MODELS OF THEIR KIND FOR THE GUIDANCE OF PARENTS. THEY ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF STUDY BY MR. CORE, WHO HAS MADE THE PHOTOGRAPHING OF CHILDREN A SPECIALTY, AND WHO SHOWS HERE HOW THE MOST ARTISTIC RESULTS, AWAY FROM CONVENTIONAL LINES OF CAMERA WORK, CAN BE OBTAINED.



ing, but smile. While acting their worst, children become the most interesting and attractive from a pictorial standpoint.

The portrait of a child is so important that it is worth while to take any pains or trouble to obtain a natural and unaffected picture. Sometimes it is a good plan to have the photographer come to the house, and have the little one photographed amid the familiar surroundings of the home.

Some mothers like to have pictures of their children undressed. It is unwise. In after years these photographs—no matter how cumning—seem indelicate. The privacy of the home should not be published for the eyes of even near friends. You never know who may see the picture, or into whose hands it may fall.



gusto and real interest in its play, all the while on the alert to catch an unconscious and happy expression. Snap goes the shutter, and it is over without the little one even knowing it.

Do not go to a photographer who is busy. The operator who insists upon cornering a little fellow and putting his head in a vise is not the man to take your











not discuss the matter at all in the presence of the little ones, otherwise the mysterious, coming ordeal causes them to become excited and sometimes fearful. Do not select the stiffest and smartest frock. One of some light, fluffy material, which has been worn and has conformed to the lines of the figure, is to be preferred. Even if the little dress is soiled it does not matter. The color should be white or very light. Avoid ribbons or ornaments not usually worn. Anything strange about the child's dress distracts the attention. Do not tell the child to be good. Save the discipline for other times and places. Give children full liberty in the studio, and let their tastes and temperaments assert themselves. The right sort of an artist will follow the child in its inclination, and join with





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SATISTICS OF STREET

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

FEBRUARY, 1898

THE EVER-PRESENT CHURCH PENNY

PHILADELPHIA clergyman recently prefaced the gathering of the usual offering by requesting that the members of his congregation refrain from putting pennies into the collection. He stated that of the seven hundred and sixty-five people in attendance at the last service, four hundred had each dropped a penny into the collection, sixty-five had exceeded this offering, while three hundred had failed to contribute anything. The collections, he went on to explain, were absolutely free-will offerings: no one was obliged to give; he asked not a soul in the congregation to contribute. But if they did feel like making an offering to the Lord and for the maintenance of His church, the offering should exceed a penny. He added that pennies were an incumbrance to the treasury of a church rather than a help. The effect of his remarks upon the congregation was unique. A look of surprise greeted the first part of the pastor's remarks. But before their close it was evident that the justice and common-sense of the appeal had struck home. After the service, inquiry revealed the interesting fact that the result upon the collection had been of the most exhilarating order: it was just seven average which was maintained at subsequent services.

THERE is a great deal of food for thought for other churches in this experiment. The important part which the penny plays in the average church offering is known to every one who has ever been interested in church finances. And that it is a part entirely out of proportion to the necessities, is felt and realized by many a church treasurer. Nor is this feeling unjustifiable. One need only to have had experience in collecting a church offering to become convinced of its justice. Scores of people who could afford to drop a nickel or a dime into the church offering, content themselves by giving a penny. The feeling is either that the smallest offering "will do," or the matter of church finances is apparently not given any thought at all. There is a failure to realize that a church is exactly the same as any other business institution, and it must have money for its successful maintenance. And this fact is truer to-day than ever. The demand for material comforts in churches is constantly growing stronger. As our public gathering places are made more comfortable to the body and pleasing to the eye, comparison with the churches is inevitable. People want more comfortable pews in their churches, good light and heat, good music and good preaching. But all these elements cost money in a church, just as much as kindred essentials cost in our places of amusement. To partake of the comforts provided in the latter, admission is charged. The sum which we pay to attend a concert or the theatre represents not alone an equivalent for what we hear or see, but for the maintenance of the building in which we sit. The church, designed as a free institution, cannot ask a price of admission from those who attend its services, partake of its comforts, and receive the benefit of its service of song and prayer. But the obligation upon the part of those who attend, to contribute to its finances, is, by that fact, not lessened, but increased.

IT WILL, doubtless, seem to some as if I desired in these words to place too great an emphasis upon the material side of divine worship. They are right. I have purposely placed the matter on that basis. It is a privilege which I claim and take as a layman of the church. The minister cannot with grace do it. To him belongs the spiritual part. If the church as a body does it, then it receives the criticism of being sordid. Even the religious paper is asked to refrain from criticism of the congregation. Then, for conscience sake, who is going to do it if not the laymen, and the secular press? For, argue as you will, divine worship must have a practical side to it, whether it is pleasing to us to admit the fact or not. There is such a thing as too literal an interpretation of the phrase that "religion is free." Of course, it is free, and let us hope that it will always be so in this country. But to make religion free costs money—and this isn't an Irish bull, either. Everything free in this world costs somebody some money. A free religion must be supported. No church can be maintained without cost: and all too long is the list of churches which have disappeared entirely, or are to-day struggling for existence largely because the pew-holder does not do his financial duty. Begging, as distasteful to a minister as to a congregation, goes on, where it should not be necessary, and would not be if people gave what they should. It is high time that those who regularly attend church, and derive benefit from the comfort to their senses, should be brought to a realization of the fact that they should contribute something for the making of those comforts possible to them. There are those to whom more than "the widow's mite" given to the church would mean doing without some absolute necessity of life. To such these words are not addressed: the penny of such a one is the most welcome gift to any church, the most noble offering which any one can make. I am aiming these remarks at those who can give more than a penny, and who are

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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I AM almost tempted to say that the great majority of churches could, with perfect justice, rule out the penny from their offerings just as did the Philadelphia clergyman. Were this done the nickel would be the prevailing offering, and to how few persons, when one stops to consider the question, would such an offering be a hardship or an impossibility? A yearly offering of two dollars and sixty cents, calculating that one attended church once each Sunday, or twice, with one offering of five cents, would galvanize the church finances of this country. Nor would it mean any material deprivation to the thousands of people who are surreptitiously dropping a penny in the church collection, or, in some cases, giving nothing at all. The man who gives nothing deserves more respect, I think, than he who drops a penny into a church collection when he might just as conveniently give five or ten cents. The complaints heard from so many quarters that our churches are not comfortable, are not well lighted, and that the music is not good, or the singing is bad, or the preaching not what it ought to be, find their true reason not in the churches themselves, but in the penny dropped into the offerings. If we want our churches to be what we would have them, and what without a question they should be, we must begin by ruling out the penny and substituting the five-cent-piece as the prevailing offering. The husband, the usual giver to a church collection, must begin, and when possible, the wife should take an equal interest in the matter. There, with many of modest incomes, the offering must reach its limit. But where the matter can, with due regard to the necessities of life, be carried a little farther, the children should be given the five-cent-piece as their contribution, and not the penny. Many a parent, as this child starts for Sunday-school or church, meets the request for "a penny" with that coin, whereas he could just as easily give the nickel. Let us educate our children to the practice of giving

SOMETHING BETTER THAN "GOOD FORM"

SOMETHING BETTER THAN "GOOD FORM"

that is, to so live and act that we shall not violate the laws of society conceived for the good of each of us. But the advocates of "good form" have, of late, been going to such extremes that those who heed their mandates are in danger of stifling their impulses and thereby thwarting every natural process of good health. Laughing, say these apostles of "good form," is not in good taste: the loud, hearty laugh is boisterous, and therefore vulgar—hence we should smile. In other words, what is one of the greatest of physical pleasures must be made a purely intellectual one. The same in the more homely indulgence of "sneezing." It should be tabooed: it is not refined, and in order that we may not sneeze in public we are told that we must learn to control the sneeze in private. The "yawn" and "stretch" are other things we are called upon to control. It is not, of course, supposed that a gentlewoman or gentleman bred would do either one of these highly-invigorating things in public. But we must not even do them in private. "The well-bred man or woman," says a "good form" authority, "is as careful of these things in private as he or she is in public." Even tears we must check. The same with regard to talking. We should control our talk, "its length as well as its character." It would almost seem as though we should control every impulse we possess.

BUT now comes along one of the greatest physicians in England, and causes perfect consternation in the ranks of the "good form" contingent. Beginning with recommending talking as one of the greatest modes of exercise possible to the human body, he goes right on and strongly advocates crying, sighing, yawning, shouting and singing as absolutely essential to the best health. Talking, says this eminent authority, is stimulating to the body and rouses every one of our senses from lethargy. So excellent is talking that a good talker needs not half the bodily exercise as does a quiet person, statistics showing that in England lawyers and orators feel that they can dispense largely with exercise as ordinarily understood. It is, too, says this Dr. Campbell, distinctly conducive to long life, and one of the best of all exercises in cases of heart disease. From shouting, too, the very best results are obtained: the development of the lungs and increased circulation of the blood. Especially does this eminent doctor recommend shouting as healthful for children. Singing, likewise, is commended, and most strongly, for its healthful influence on the emotions, on the respiratory movements, as a developer of the lungs, and especially useful in defective chest development and in chronic heart disease. Of laughter this man of health can scarcely say too much in commendation. Every part of the body feels the stimulating effect of a hearty laugh.

TEARS are put forth as the most precious elements in good health, women and children especially deriving benefit from them. The nerve tension is relieved with tears, the blood pressure within the head is lessened, the circulation and movements of the abdomen are benefited, while the entire muscular system feels the healthful effect of a good cry. Harm results from suppression of tears in many cases, particularly with women, says Dr. Campbell, since, as he well says, "Strong emotion should receive expression"—which is only another way of saying, "Give sorrow words." Sighing promotes the blood's aëration and quickens the pulmonary circulation. It is good to hear all this, and better still to heed it. We can all adhere to the cardinal principles of "good form," but when we are asked to strain every natural act through the sieve of society's requirements, it is well to think of health first and "form" second.

Stifling the impulses is simply to turn our backs on Nature, and she knew what she was about when she gave us the laugh, the yawn, the stretch, the cry and other outlets for toning up the body. They are Nature's safety-valves and we should be careful how we close them. Good form is good, but good health is better.

THE WORKING-GIRL'S GREAT CHANCE

THE WORKING-GIRL'S GREAT CHANCE

HE average girl who must work prefers office, store, or even factory employment, to domestic service, principally because she can have her "evenings to herself." In a home, she argues, the only leisure she can look for is one evening a week; in "business" every evening is her own. Nominally, this is true, but only nominally. Closer to the truth is it to say that the business girl has not a whit more leisure than has the girl of domestic service. She has her evenings, yes, but how do they find her? As a rule, exhausted from the day's work, and to be up betimes the next morning and ready for her work, if she values her health, and is interested in the source of her salary, she must retire just as early as does the girl in domestic service. Between times, during the day, the maid in a home often finds time for her sewing; the business girl has not a single moment unless she can snatch it from her lunch hour. Rough weather never interferes with the health of the maid: she is sheltered within doors. The business girl must face every condition of the elements. If she is ill the maid is taken care of, and the family physician asked to prescribe for her; her work is taken up by another, or by her mistress, and her wages go right on. But let the business girl be ill and remain at home, and she loses, as a rule, so much from her wages.

The girl in an office gets, in the main, two weeks' vacation during a year, but thousands of girls in store and factory never have a day in summer. The domestic goes with her family to the seashore or country for the entire summer, and breathes the fresh, pure air, while the shopgirl inhales the polluted air of the city store. The shopgirl's wages are poorer by over forty per cent. than is the pay of domestics. And all this the average girl endures because she can have her "evenings to herself."

THE fact of the matter is that a business girl's evenings really do not belong to her. Every woman in business knows that to be even moderately successful nowadays, means the giving of her entire life to her work. Her evenings are her own only as they serve to rest her for the next day's work. The girl in business, who spends her evenings in going out to entertainments, dances, parties, and indulging in other pleasures, stands about as much chance to earn more than a mere automaton's pittance, as does the young man in business who devotes his evenings to dissipations peculiar to his sex. Business, successfully and conscientiously followed, gives a girl in reality less leisure to herself than does domestic service. The average home holds out a far more comfortable time, a more leisurely life, a healthier existence, and better wages, than does the office, store or factory to an intelligent girl or woman. The same time devoted, for example, to the study of shorthand or typewriting, if given to the study of nursing or domestic service, would mean twice the income to a bright, steady girl. Unfortunately, girls will not see this, and thousands of them who are to-day struggling through an existence in the outer world, could have far more comfortable lives and better wages in excellent homes. How the average girl can deliberately shut her eyes to the opportunity which fairly glares upon her as a good maid, nurse, companion or domestic of any sort passes average comprehension. There has never been a time when mistresses were readier or more willing to pay good wages for good domestic service—wages compared to which the pittance paid in shops or factories sinks into insignificance. And, on the other hand, the salaries of women in business, as recent statistics plainly show, are gradually on the decrease because of the willingness of hundreds of girls to work for a mere pittance. Every business house has to-day waiting lists of scores of hundreds of applicants, while hundreds of homes cry out for intelligent domestic serv

IT IS a pity that our girls cannot be a little wiser or more sensible, that they cannot open their eyes and be more regardful of their best interests.

Many girls in business will, I foresee, resent these words and say they are written from theory. They will say that a man cannot enter into a girl's feelings on the question of domestic service: her natural resentment to be at the beck and call of a mistress. I fear, however, that the average business girl is not fully aware of the changes which have taken place in domestic service: in dignifying the position and changing the attitude of the mistress toward the maid. Much discussion of this subject has shown the mistress that the solution of the problem of domestic service lies not entirely with the maid: a goodly part of it rests with herself. The average house-wife realizes this better than she ever did, and governs herself accordingly. The attitude of the mistress is changed: it is not what it used to be. Scarcity of good help in the home has revealed many things. A faithful and intelligent girl in a home is a rarity. The mistress realizes this, and she treats and pays her accordingly.

Domestic service is so rapidly losing the menial qualities which it once possessed that, on this score, no girl need in the future have any refluctance to enter upon it. To be an intelligent maid in a home has come to mean the holding of a position of responsibility and respect. It has in it infinite opportunities for a girl of intelligence—quite as many, possibly, as are offered in the business world, and at a far better rate of compensation. And it is likewise surer, since the competition is not so keen, nor the supply so large. That a change will come, and the tide change from the business world to the home, is a matter of not the slightest doubt to careful observers. Ten years will see a completely changed order of things in this direction. The successful man, however, is always he who is a little in advance of the crowd. And so the successful domestic of the future will n

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MONTH OF WASHINGTON AND ST. VALENTINE

Celebrated in Ballad, Frolic and Song

A VALENTINE SHADOW PARTY

By Frances Houston

HE invitations to this valentine party may be written on large rose-colored cards and read as follows:

"My Dear Miss — Will you come time porty." "My Dear Miss — Will you come to my valentine party on Monday evening, February the fourteenth, and bring with you a valentine, either sentimental or comic, which will bear illustration? The valentine may be addressed to either one of the following persons.

"Very cordially yours, FLORENCE HAMILTON WEBB."

"February 1, 1898.

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"February 1, 1898.

Inclose with each invitation a list of the expected guests. The preparation of the rooms in which the party is to be held may be left until Saint Valentine's Day, when a large screen, tightly covered with a white sheet, may be put in place for the shadow pantomines which are to open the evening entertainment. When the pantomines are to begin, the sheet may be wet with water to make it transparent, and a light placed on the floor about four feet from the centre of the sheet at the back. The room in which the guests are to sit while the pantomimes are in progress must be arranged so that at a moment's notice it may be left in total darkness.

WHAT TO DO WHEN THE GUESTS ARRIVE

WHAT TO DO WHEN THE GUESTS ARRIVE

UPON the arrival of the guests on Saint Valentine's night they are asked to place their valentines upon a large salver which stands upon a table near the door. After doing this and removing their wraps each guest is given a numbered card with a pencil attached, the odd numbers being given to the men and the even to the ladies, who are then ushered into a room facing the screen. When all are seated, a young lady carrying a silver salver passes from guest to guest, distributing the valentines to whomever they are addressed. When all the valentines to whomever they are addressed. When all the valentines have been given out, and their contents understood, the room in which the guests are seated is darkened, the screen is thoroughly wet with water, and the single light is placed as described. The hostess then plays a lively air upon the piano, and calls upon the man whose card is numbered "one" to appear behind the screen and give his interpretation of the valentine which has been handed to him. This he does in dumb show, and when finished makes his exit before the screen. The lights are then turned on while the guests write upon their cards the name of the person who they think prepared the valentine just illustrated.

Then the lights are lowered, and the young lady having number "two" on her card steps behind the screen and interprets her valentine in dumb show; the guests again make guesses upon their cards. Then number three is called, and so on until all the valentines have been shown in pantomime, and the guessing is over. The screen is then removed, and man number one accompanies lady number two; number three, number four, and so on, into the dining-room, where refreshments are served.

SERVING THE REFRESHMENTS AND GIVING THE PRIZES

THE refreshments may be either simple or elaborate, but the color scheme of both table and refreshments should be rose-colored and white. The sandwiches may be cut heart-shaped and the cakes iced in rose-color or white. Kisses, lady-fingers tied together with rose-colored ribbons, and rose-colored bonbons in heart-shaped boxes, should be everywhere. After the refreshments have been served, the guests may adjourn to the parlors, where the prizes may be distributed: a tiny heart-shaped pin to the most successful guesser, a sugar cupid to the most clever pantomimist, and a heart-shaped pincushion to the author of the valentine conceded by vote to be the most clever. A valentine party of this sort cannot fail to be a success because the personal element enters so largely into it.

AN UNWRITTEN VALENTINE

By Thomas H. Wilson

MEANT to write a valentine
To her I love—sweet Mistress Sue,
With rhyme of eyes and tender sighs,
And loving heart, so warm and true;
But what's the use, when from my window high,
I see her with old Crossus going by?

andre antre antre HIS VALENTINE

By Frank Dempster Sherman

I SEND my heart in rhyme to you, With love in every line, And should it come in time to you To be your valentine, Then listen how it beats for you, And should you chance to guess The question it repeats to you—Say yes, Sweetheart, say yes!

Oh, send young Cupid back to me,
Nor let him know a tear;
And may the word not lack to me
I long so much to hear;
Without it all is dumb for me
And life is loneliness,
Then let your answer come for me!
Say yes, Sweetheart, say yes!

MY VALENTINE

By Thomas H. Wilson

MY LADY, with an old-time grace, Sends me a valentine to-day, A miniature of her dear face With eyes so true and wondrous gray.

Ah, lady mine, the world grows old, And men's hearts steel with care and strife, And in the race for fame and gold There's little time for love or life.

And yet, ambition's but a name, And gold, 'tis but the miser's sign, I envy no man wealth or fame While you are my true valentine.

THE VALENTINE ROSE

By Beatrice Hanscom

OH, HO!" cried Dan Cupid, "what's this that I see? Where notes come with roses 'tis plain they want me!"

And he peeped o'er her shoulder, the impudent elf! To spy out a few lines of the billet himself.

"Dear Phyllis," it ran, "would that I could disclose My heart to your eyes, as doth this happy rose,

"But grant that its fragrance may breathe forth some part Of the love that I bear you, oh, heart of my heart!"

And she, as she toyed with the flowers, drooped her eyes, Saying softly, "The foolish boy—such a surprise!"

But Cupid avers, and we know that he knows, That his heart caught her heart in the heart of the rose.

A PARTY FOR SAINT VALENTINE

By Percy Fielding

UPID'S target, an oracle of fortune to be tested at a valentine party, should be set up either in a spacious room, from which all the furniture has been removed, or in a cleared barn, if the valentine festivities are held in the country. The wooden frame must be heart-shaped and the centre of white muslin. It should be painted with a three-inch border of green; a second three-inch row of black; a third of yellow; a fourth blue; fifth red. These simulate a succession of hearts, one inside the other. A less expensive frame may be made of card, or heavy pulp board, covered with cheap white cloth, and then painted. Each arrow should be decorated with a bit of colored ribbon, a different color for each, and the bows decorated either to match or of a contrasting color.

SELECTING PARTNERS FOR THE EVENING

AS THE guests arrive the ladies choose their arrows, and the gentlemen bows; the bows and arrows which match designate the partners for the evening. There is always a charm in the expectation of a chance partner, and each guest accepts his or her fate gracefully.

The room in which the target is set up should be lighted gayly with Chinese lanterns, and the target fastened securely in place at one end of the room. When ready to begin, the lanterns are lit, and the merry fortune-seekers proceed, equipped with bows and arrows, to learn their fate, each guest having been provided with a fate-card of two rhymed lines prepared by the hostess. These cards are carefully consulted after each shot. The cards, with their couplets of prophecy, read as follows:

Love and riches wait, I ween;

Love and riches wait, I ween; Him or her who hits the green.

Arrow flits the yellow by: You'll be married ere you die.

Should your arrow pierce the blue, Love is on the wing for you.

Loveless, weeping little maid, If her arrow pierces red.

She who passes one and all, Lovers many at her call.

He who passes one and all, His chance to wed is very small.

WHERE SAINT VALENTINE'S WHEEL IS TURNED

WHERE SAINT VALENTINE'S WHEEL IS TURNED

When the shooting is over, the guests are invited into another room, where a little page presides over Saint Valentine's magic wheel, and gifts dispatched from Fun-land serve to minister balm to disappointed archers. Saint Valentine's wheel must be light in weight, of medium size, and balanced on a pole through the hub, so that it will turn readily. The tire and the spoke should be wound with ribbon. A variety of color adds to its enchantment. Should economy be a consideration strips of cheesecloth will do. Two little boys, one on each side of the pole upon which the wheel revolves, guard it. They may be dressed in blue and silver gauze, with girdles of roses, gilt bows and arrows, and silver wings. Saint Valentine presides at the wheel, dressed as King of Hearts, in a red coat, red and white striped stockings, blue knee breeches, cut in points and covered with hearts, a large satin collar in the shape of two hearts, a red cap, hanging sleeves and sceptre all covered with hearts.

On each spoke of the wheel are small cards numbered. As Saint Valentine revolves the wheel swiftly, each guest tries to grab a number or card, souvenirs having been prepared corresponding in number to the cards.

DAINTY SOUVENIR FAVORS THAT WILL PLEASE

WOULD suggest that the souvenir favors be as much alike as possible, and of course of a character that will be reminiscent of Saint Valentine.

After the souvenirs have been distributed the refreshments should be served, and as far as possible the rosy hue and the heart-shaped idea, appropriate to the day, should be carried out in the cakes, ices, candies and fruits.

The Ballad of the General's Kiss WHO THE

Sara King Wiley

THEY SCARCELY MARKED, THAT BUSY DAY, IF MARGERY WERE THERE, HER MOTHER HAD NOT EVEN TIME TO PLAIT HER SHINING HAIR; AND AWED AMID THE COURTLY CROWD THAT FILLED HER FATHER'S HALL SHE SHRANK BEHIND ONE GENTLEMAN, THE TALLEST OF THEM ALL.

SHE KNEW NOT THAT THE SHIELDING FORM, WHERE COVERT SHE HAD WON, UNTIL THEY BOWED BEFORE HIM THERE, WAS GENERAL WASHINGTON. UNNOTED BY THE PASSING THRONG IN RUSTLING SILKS ARRAYED, CLOSE TO THE HERO SHE ADORED STILL STOOD THE LITTLE MAID.

BUT NOW THE GARDEN MUST BE VIEWED—HER FATHER'S SPECIAL PRIDE—AND TURNING, LO, THE GENERAL ASKS IF SHE WILL BE HIS GUIDE!
SHE CURTSIES LOW, SHE DARE NOT SPEAK, NOR ONCE SHE LIFTS HER EYES,
THOUGH SOON WITHIN HIS OFFERED PALM HED LITTLE LEET HAND LIFE. HER LITTLE LEFT HAND LIES.

THEY PASS FROM OUT THE CLOSE, COLD HOUSE, THEY BREATHE THE SPARKLING AIR.
AND WARM AND BRIGHT THE SUNBEAMS FALL ACROSS HER GOLDEN HAIR.
SHE THREADS THE STRAIGHT, BOX-BORDERED PATHS, THE GENERAL AT HER SIDE;
HE CHECKS, TO MATCH HER FLUTTERING STEPS, HIS LONG AND STATELY STRIDE.

HER FINGERS IN HIS FOLDED CLASP
ARE TREMBLING ALL THE WHILE,
UNTIL ACROSS HIS SOLEMN FACE
BREAKS, SWIFT AND SWEET, A SMILE.
SHE SMILES IN ANSWER ERE SHE THINKS,
AND AT HIS QUIET WORDS
AND QUESTIONS, LO, HER FEARS TAKE FLIGHT
LIKE SUDDEN-STARTLED BIRDS.

FRANKLY SHE GAZES IN HIS FACE.
CALM IS THE SPLENDID BROW.
THOSE CLOSE-HELD LIPS, OF POWER CONTROLLED,
ARE CURVED WITH PLEASURE NOW;
THOSE EYES THAT LOOKED ON SCORN AND FEAR,
AND DEATH 'MID HORRORS WILD,
BEAM DOWN IN SIMPLE KINDLINESS UPON A HAPPY CHILD.

THEY PAUSE BENEATH THE APPLE TREE, WHERE, BOUGHS ON BOUGHS O'ERHEAD, PALE BLOSSOMS BREATHE FORTH PERFUMES FAINT 'MID FOLDED BUDS OF RED, AND AS THE BREEZE PUFFS LIGHTLY BY THE SHOWERS OF PETALS WHITE SAIL DOWN, AND ON HIS SHOULDERS BROAD AND ON HIS HEAD ALIGHT.

SHE TELLS HIM HOW SHE CLIMBS THIS TREE, HIGH UP, NOR FEARS TO SLIP, AND FATHER SAYS THAT 'TIS HER OWN; SHE PLAYS IT IS A SHIP. HE LISTENS, GRAVELY COURTEOUS (SHE CHATTERS UNAFRAID), THEN, BENDING FROM HIS STATELY HEIGHT, KISSES THE LITTLE MAID.

AND NOW AS THEY THEIR STEPS RETRACE, HER PRATTLING SEEMS TO FAIL. SO, STOOPING TO HER, IN HIS TURN THE GENERAL TELLS A TALE. HER SHY, BRIGHT EYES ARE ON HIS FACE, HER CRIMSON LIPS APART. AND AH, BENEATH THE SILKEN FROCK, HOW BEATS THE LITTLE HEART!

THE SUNLIGHT SLANTS ACROSS THE GRASS, THE AIR IS GROWING COLD,
AND THE STIFF, SHINY LEAVES OF BOX SEEM COATED O'ER WITH GOLD.
ON TRELLISES THE BUDDING GRAPE ITS SCENTED TENDRILS TWINES,
AND BRILLIANT IN THE AMBER SKY THE EVENING PLANET SHINES.

WHEN, GATHERED 'ROUND THE SNAPPING FIRE, FULL OFT IN LATER DAYS
THE FOLK WITH TEAR-BRIMMED EYES OF LOVE JOINED IN THEIR HERO'S PRAISE.
SHE ADDED MANY AN EAGER WORD, BUT, GARNERING HER BLISS,
HID IN THE SILENCE OF HER HEART THE MEMORY OF HIS KISS.



THE PARTY NAMED IN

A PORT

DESIGNATION OF STREET



THE DUTY OF THE MOTHER-IN-LAW



HOUSEHOLD can be well or happily governed where there are two mistresses. This, you readily admit, in theory I

well or happily governed where there are two mistresses. This, you readily admit, in theory, I am sure, and disclaim any rivalry with your daughter-in-law. You feel, however, that your greater experience and maturer judgment must make you a competent adviser and guide, but, strange as it may seem, unsought advice is generally unwelcome advice, and your son's wife will have to learn her lesson through failure, as we all do. Family peace and good-fellowship are worth the sacrifice of much, and these are often jeopardized by well-meaning attempts to impose our views upon others. A source of much friction will be eliminated, and your chances of happiness greatly enhanced, if you will adhere strictly to the principle of noninterference. If the nurse seems unkind to the children, or you know of any matter of importance that threatens the well-being of the household, then, indeed, it is your duty to report it—not to your son, but to your daughter-in-law.

If such information be given tactfully, and rarely, it will probably be welcomed as it deserves, but it is the frequent recurrence of subjects of complaint that is irritating, and, because it implies criticism of her management, your son's wife may resent it, unless she is an exceptional woman. Nothing will make you so obnoxious to her as to appear to constitute yourself the guardian of your son's interests. It would be nothing less than a declaration of war. "But," you may object, "how can I keep silent when, knowing my son's income to be but small, I see waste and extravagance going on, when I could so well plan and save for him?"

PUT YOUR OWN DAUGHTER IN HER PLACE

PUT YOUR OWN DAUGHTER IN HER PLACE

The situation is indeed a difficult one, if
you have previously antagonized your
daughter-in-law by faultfinding and frequent
criticism; but if you would influence her,
change your attitude toward her to one of
sympathy, as far as you are able, and refrain
from judging her until you think that her
irritation has passed. Then, mastering your
own, have some definite plan to propose for
reducing the expenditure. Try to forget for
the moment that her husband is your son, and
speak to her as though she were your daughter. Be careful to submit all in the form of
suggestion, leaving her free to follow her own
judgment, and to do her own thinking and
her own duty in her own particular way.

If you seem to fail to impress her, you will,
at least, have set her mind at work upon the
problem; and the discussion ended, drop the
subject, and do not appear to watch her subsequent management. Only when the case
seems desperate permit yourself to speak to
your son about it, and then refrain from
seeming to censure his wife if you would not
arouse his partisanship. Speak gently and
dispassionately, laying the case before him,
to be dealt with as he shall see fit, and withdrawing yourself from the propertion of the proposition of the propositi THE situation is indeed a difficult one, if

YOUR POSITION IS A VERY DIFFICULT ONE

Your Position is a Very difficult one

There is no disguising the fact that your position is not easy. Your daughter-in-law has been brought up with other views of life and duty than yours. Unless you have been tactful the servants seem to resent your slightest criticism, sometimes almost your presence, and your son seems changed, and no longer to belong to you as before.

It is very easy to take despondent views of life, but as they lead straight away from the happiness that we are all craving and seeking so intensely it is surely a very unwise frame of mind in which to indulge.

Take up your troubles one by one, and resolve to conquer them by opposing only good to the evil—the best weapon ever forged. Your daughter-in-law is very faulty, to be sure—we all are—but your boy's happiness is bound up in her, so try to be patient and loving, doing all in your power to sweeten and strengthen her character. Some of her imperfections come from immaturity, which will cure themselves. Some traits appear faulty because seen from your point of view. Times have changed, and the world's standards have changed since your youth.

The old-time pride in housewifely attainments has been largely superseded by interest in literature, art and kindred matters, and your son, to whom you were so proud to give the best possible education, needs a compan-

your son, to whom you were so proud to give the best possible education, needs a compan-ion upon his own intellectual level, as much as one who shall "look well to the ways of her household.'

The art of living with others requires the cultivation of a judicious blindness.

WIN THE CHILDREN'S LOVE AND RESPECT

WIN THE CHILDREN'S LOVE AND RESPECT
THE children will make amends for much that is distasteful in your life. The very fact that you have more leisure to give them than their mother, with her many interests and duties, gives you a vantage ground, and none reward a little devotion with such responsiveness as little children.

Exact as little as possible from the servants, and thank them courteously for what they do for you, and look for opportunities to do them an occasional kindness. Never let them think that you watch them.

If you have property which you expect to leave to this family, do not claim special attention and consideration as a right, and if poor and dependent, do not talk of being a burden, nor luxuriate in that contemptible thing, self-pity. You need not be a burden. We can all be happiness-makers if we will.

Make it a principle never to report anything that transpires in your son's household.

Make it a principle never to report anything that transpires in your son's household, even in strictest confidence, to any friend or outside member of the family.

DO NOT DISCUSS YOUR DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

DO NOT DISCUSS YOUR DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

It is wisest not to discuss your daughter-in-law with any one, unless to praise her, and that only when your heart is warm with appreciation of some lovable or admirable trait. Commendation not dictated by real feeling has always a sound of insincerity, and deceives no one. Learn to be self-effacing, making excuses to absent yourself whenever you have the least doubt of your welcome, and do it cheerfully. Turn a deaf ear to jealousy, as to a temptation of the foul fiend. An old French proverb says, "A sweetheart is loved most, a wife best, and a mother longest."

Even were your motives only selfish ones, such methods would advance your interests in making you more love-worthy, but greater inspiration comes to us as we realize that few services can be more Godlike than to carry out, even in our feeble measure, His purposes for the increase of human happiness.

for the increase of human happiness.

Have I made the position of mother-in-law appear harder than before? Does it seem to exact the qualities of a saint rather than the virtues of ordinary mortals?
"The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life."

* * *

THE DUTY OF THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW



HE daughter-in-law who contemplates inviting her mother-in-law to become a permanent inmate of her home should hesitate. One

to become a permanent inmate of her home should hesitate. One need not court discipline. If, however, duty impose the obligation, then, indeed, there is no alternative but to accept the charge as God-given.

This may sound heroic, but it is a time for heroism. It is no light thing to have any one enter your intimate family circle as one of its rightful members, perhaps "until death do you part." Your happiness, as well as that of your husband and his mother, is largely at stake, and its preservation will depend almost wholly upon you. If you are childish and easily moved by petty jealousy, you will make only misery for all, but it is possible to turn into a blessing what seems to threaten as a calamity. Love only can do it, for love alone can work such miracles.

WIN THE MOTHER AS YOU DID THE SON

WIN THE MOTHER AS YOU DID THE SON

I DO NOT say love her—love is the only rebel to the authority of that kingly power, the human will—but I do say that the only chance for harmony in your relations lies in making her love you. Put forth all your magnetism, all your powers of pleasing. Try to win the mother's approbation as you did that of the son. Do your best to surround her with the sunshine of a genial, sympathetic atmosphere, and do you know what will happen? All unconsciously you will learn to care for her, for it is a curious fact that we grow to love those to whom we minister, and in the effort to win love we often end by bestowing it. Your kindness, too, will be apt to touch her heart to responsiveness, leading her to show herself to you at her best, while unfailing courtesy toward her, like an armor of proof, will deflect many a criticism, or at least blunt its sharpness.

If there is anything that a mother feels that she owns absolutely, it is her own son, and a wife is sure of her undisputed right to her own husband. Meantime, the poor man himself has before him a greater problem than Solomon's, for he must divide himself so wisely as to give the "larger half" to each! Help him in his difficulty. His past was hers, his future is yours. Be generous then.

Encourage your husband in paying ever courteous and fond attention to his mother. It will be an object-lesson, too, to your own little sons, and at a time when their minds

It will be an object-lesson, too, to your own little sons, and at a time when their minds are apt to be most impressionable.

WHAT SYMPATHY AND KINDNESS CAN ACCOMPLISH

WHAT SYMPATHY AND KINDNESS CAN ACCOMPLISH

BEAR anything before you permit yourself to complain to your husband of his mother's faults. Say to your own soul, "May God do so to me, and more also, if I ever do anything to rob a mother of a fraction of her child's love." The sturdy toddler at your side may make you a mother-in-law some day, and as you sow now so you will reap.

Should you ever find it necessary to break through your rule of silence never speak while under irritation.

Few attentions will please her more than to

while under irritation.

Few attentions will please her more than to seek her to tell any bit of news that you may have heard. Aside from the fact that the average old person feels lively interest in the affairs of friends and neighbors, she will value, more than all, the implied wish for her sympathy in seeking her to share your budget. Treat her with special honor and deference in the presence of your servants, your children and your friends. Their conduct will be modeled after your example. In imagination, put yourself often in her place. It will help you to be fair and kind. If you have already had unpleasant experience of your mother-in-law's presence in your home, if her peculiarities grate upon you, if she is intrusive, irritating, apt to interfere with your management of children or household, I can only repeat the same formula—"Makeher love you." It may savor of the old copybook precept, "Be good and you will be happy," but to overcome evil with good is the divine prescription, and nothing can long resist Christlike methods. At least, the experiment is well worth the trial.

HER PRESENCE MAY BE OF REAL VALUE

IF YOU are looking forward to her coming insist upon seeing the matter from the side of its advantages, for there are advan-I insist upon seeing the matter from the side of its advantages, for there are advantages. You think, perhaps regretfully, of the cozy evenings with your husband that will now have to be shared with another, but it will not lessen the pleasure in each other's society to have to scheme and plan for opportunities to be alone together. The stolen joys of the days of your wooing may begin again. Have you never noticed that a young married pair, whom all have left to their mutual self-absorption, seem sometimes a little surfeited of each other's society from an over-supply? Nothing so whets appreciation of anything as not to have all that we want. The presence, too, in the house of one to whom special consideration and reverence is due, will be of real value in the education of your children. Unselfishness is learned in the ministry of little kindnesses, and the children should be early taught to feel a sense of responsibility for grandmamma's comfort and happiness.

Her mere presence in the house will be unconsciusly a cheek upon the servents.

sense of responsibility for grandmamma's comfort and happiness.

Her mere presence in the house will be unconsciously a check upon the servants when you are not at home, and it is a fact, however regrettable, that the "mice" are not at all to be trusted "when the cat is away." Your husband will not be slow to observe and appreciate your daughterly attentions to his mother. Knowing that all is done for his sake, few better opportunities will ever be given you to endear yourself to him in a new way. Are we ever so much loved that we cannot be more beloved?

And now suppose the matter reversed, and it is your own mother who comes into the home. You will require to exercise as much tact in this case as in the other.

You naturally wish that your husband and your mother should appreciate each other. Deny yourself the pleasure of calling forth its expression by praising the one to the other. A plant set in the finest soil, with every climatic condition favorable to its development, is not more sure to grow and flourish than are the seeds of lealousy in the atmosphere that

is not more sure to grow and flourish than are the seeds of jealousy in the atmosphere that pervades a household, where two of its mem-bers—unrelated to each other—have a joint proprietorship in some beloved object. proprietorship in some Rivals are seldom friends.

IN ACCEPTING A HUSBAND'S CRITICISMS

IN ACCEPTING A HUSBAND'S CRITICISMS

FURTHER than this, in the intimacy and familiarity of every-day life, your husband will see faults in her who has always been to you the ideal of womanhood. You resent any criticism of her, and mentally compare her with his mother, marveling that he can fail to see the superiority of yours. Be warned just here. Do not defend her so warmly as to seem to array yourself as her champion against him as her accuser. It will arouse antagonism, and not only will you effect nothing, but your very partisanship will but furnish another cause of irritation.

However much a daughter may be guided by her mother's advice, let her assume the entire responsibility of all that transpires within the home. Common-sense dictates that the husband should not be allowed to feel that his mother-in-law is the unseen power that is ruling his household.

Few men in our country have other opportunities of enjoying the home life except in the evenings and on Sundays. Your husband's interests, wishes, tastes should at such times, therefore, take precedence of those of all others, and your mother will readily accept a position of secondary importance, if, taking her into your confidence, you explain the reasons for your conduct. However much women may vary, mothers have a strong resemblance to each other.

Every lot has its difficulties, but souls are tried and ripened in most commonplace, homely ways, and God never meant you to bear your troubles unaided.

BURPEE'S Farm Annual

For 1898

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Novelties for 1898

Never before have so many First-class Novelties been introduced in any one year.

In VEGETABLES. Besides the long-keeping AUSTRALIAN BROWN ONION, introduced last year and still controlled by us, we introduced THREE NEW TOMATOES, each of distinct character and real merit, the GOLDEN EAGLE MELON, a new Pepper from Japan, a new American LETTUCE, and offer, for the first time, the wonderfulextra early wrinkled GRADUS PEAS at a moderate price.

In FLOWERS. Besides Bupper's PINK original sealed packets by nearly all seedsmen in the world, we introduce Eight other pinks between the world, we introduce Eight other NEW SWEET PEAS, which can be had only direct from us. Among other Exclusive Novelties, we would mention the White Deplance Balsam, the giant-flowered Sunlight and Moonlight Nasturitims, and the beautiful new President McKinley Pansy, as of surpassing merit.

In PLANTS. Besides the usual Novelties, we introduction. These are the beautiful New DWARF GLORIOSA CANNA and the wonderful free-flowering BURBANK ROSE—the best of seventy-five thousand seedlings raised by the world-famous "Wizard of Horticulture."

To Keep Abreast of the Times every one who gardens, either for pleasure

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A MODEL HOUSE FOR \$1000 TO \$1250

IT CAN BE BUILT ANYWHERE IN AMERICA FOR ONE OF THESE FIGURES

By the Journal's Special Architect

This is the sixth of the series of "The Ladies' Home Journal's Model Homes of Moderate Cost." Each house plan is the work of a celebrated architect, exclusively engaged by the Journal for this work. He is the most skillful originator of moderate-cost houses in America, and these plans represent the careful study of years.

All the designs in this series belong exclusively to the Journal. The management can vouch for the absolute accuracy and practicability of the plans and figures.

HE plan for the model house shown in this issue of the JOURNAL is designed to fill the requirements of those persons who desire a small, attractive seaside house, or a country home, for summer use at a low cost. A house of the sort desired may be built after the accompanying plans in many places where lumber is cheap, or at the seashore, where it may be put on piles or brick piers, for from one thousand to twelve hundred and fifty dollars. This estimate includes a small cellar, but makes no allowance for a heater. *

ruary, 15

Inua

THE same plans and general outline may be carried out in a cheaper form with full foundations and small heater, in most sections of the country, for the same price, provided the details are so modified as to be stock work, in which case the windows would have to be of stock size and have both sashes alike, either in one light or to fit glass sizes; all mouldings would have to be abandoned, and simple square wooden posts substituted for turned columns.

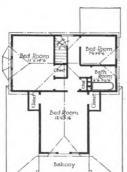
It is only by making concessions to local customs in building, that one may hope to obtain a good-sized, convenient house at a low figure, but any of the Journal of

all detail drawings furnished with these plans are marked subject to changes, to chaill stock moulding on agreement with owner. The builders in Porch

First Floor Plan

any special locality will naturally bid higher on a style of work to which they have not been accustomed.

FOR the seaside or country a cottage should have a low, nestling look, not the aggressive, perky gables and turrets common in such places. To accentuate this I have dubbed off the gables and carried down the main roof to cover the porch, a plan which will give an appearance of additional shelter.



Second Floor Plan

THE porch should be a deep one with an inner corner, as shown—one which will give shelter from both sun and wind. The narrow gallery so often running around such houses is practically worthless as a sitting-porch, and is usually ugly in itself, and made more so by iig-saw work. Keep everything porch, and is usually ugy in itself, and made more so by jig-saw work. Keep everything as plain as you can both inside and outside of this kind of a house.

The plan for the interior obviates the com-mon defect of having to go through either the

living-room or dining-room to reach the kitchen, and by the ar-rangement of stairs and pantry cuts off the kitchcuts off the kitchen, with its noise and smell, from the living part of the house. The stairs going up from a small entrance-hall with a large window at the top helps materially in keeping the upper floors free from such annoyances.

BOTH the din D ing-room and parlor have three open sides, and even the kitchen

open sides, and even the kitchen has a good cross draught, and though the chimney is in the centre of the house, the kitchen flue is so isolated by closets, and other flues which are only used in cool weather, that it will be found no source of annoyance.

The second floor has three rooms, and bathroom, in which full bath fixtures could be put at a slight additional cost, if water is to be had conveniently. There is also a balcony opening from the main room, which will be found a very delightful addition to it, and which also affords a safe and inconspicuous place for the airing and sunning of bedding. An inset balcony of this kind gives sheltered corners, and affords an opportunity for affords an opportunity for hanging a hammock as well.

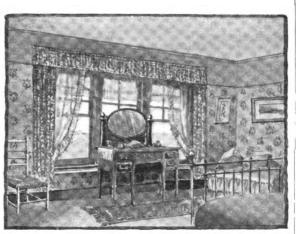
THE roof of such a house should be of shingle, especially at the seashore, and left to become gray in sun and rain without the aid of stain or paint. The walls should be clapboard or German siding, and may be painted cream white or Colonial yellow, with white posts and trimmings. The interior may be of cypress.

FOR summer houses I advise no lining but

FOR summer houses I advise no lining but heavy building paper, which looks fairly well and keeps out the weather for a time. Plastering will be found more satisfactory in the end, and allows of an endless variety of treatment in these days of cheap good paper. The additional cost of using good-sized, carefully-turned porch posts and good simple mouldings seems to me to be well worth while if it can be afforded at all. It often costs less than the brackets and frills which seem to be almost universal in cheap work, and I am sure that as an investment it always pays, as there is less to keep in repair. The average buyer of a dwelling for himself is beginning to beware of gingerbread work.

COMPLETE PLANS FOR BUILDING THIS HOUSE

Architects usually charge from \$50 to \$100 for the complete building plans for a house. To a person building a \$1000 to \$1250 house, such an outlay is considerable. Hence the services of an architect are often dispensed with. To supply this want The Ladies' Home Journal, owning



THE LARGE BEDROOM IN THIS ECONOMICAL HOUSE

the plans of this house, will furnish to any the plans of this house, will furnish to any of its readers the complete building plans of the house here described for five dollars (\$5), postpaid. These plans cover all details and specifications. This offer is not intended, in any respect, to compete with nor interfere with the work of architects. To the Journal there is no profit in these plans: the offer is simply made to help its readers in their desires to build artistic homes.

The plans and descriptions of model homes published in the Journal have been:

- "A Model Suburban House" (costing from \$2000 to \$2500), in July, 1897, Journal.

 "A House for a 30-Foot Front Lot" (costing from \$2200 to \$2600), in September, 1897, Journal.
- "A \$2200 House for a Small Square Lot," in November, 1897, Journal.
- "A House for a Thousand Dollars," in December 1897, Journal. "An \$1800 City Brick House," in January, 1898, Journal, and
- "A Model House for \$1000 to \$1250," in February, 1898, Journal.

reoruary, 1998, Journal.

The working plans and complete details and specifications for any of these six houses can be had by any person sending five dollars (\$5) to the Art Bureau of The Ladies' Home Journal. Orders for plans of houses other than those mentioned above cannot be filled.

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By Mrs. Lyman Abbott

NUMBER V-THE FARMER AND HIS WIFE



子の表

NA COMMUNITY, as well as in the human body, one part feels the effect of the weal or woe in another part, so, in Peaceful Valley, the better schools, the library, the wholesome recreation gave a new impulse to all the industrial life. Men began to question whether their "way" was the best way—a doubt which is a healthy sign.

It was—well, no matter when it was that old Mr. Williams wisely decided he had worked long enough. Though his bank account was not very large he concluded that "he and ma could live on it pretty comfortable by visiting round some among their folks." His son, Ned, had been anticipating this, and had been making preparations for it—the first and most important being an engagement to "the nicest girl in the world." Of course, the village was intensely interested when this bit of news was given out, and a great deal of conversation, mistakenly called gossip, it engendered. How will this city girl enjoy settling down on a farm, and how can she fit happily into the new environment occupied the thoughts of the more wisely silent ones, and there were not lacking those who prophesied a very miserable outcome from this folly of trying to mix business and pleasure.

HOW THE FARMHOUSE WAS REMODELED

HOW THE FARMHOUSE WAS REMODELED

NED was not very communicative, but he did not appear unhappy nor very anxious in view of this experiment. As soon as his father and mother had gone away for their first visit, the eager young man began active work on the old place. I should not dare to say how many people went a little out of their way to pass the "Williams farm" during the next few weeks, in order to satisfy a very natural curiosity. The architect—for Ned was wise enough to consult one—had been told that all of the good features of the old house were to be preserved, while a radical change was to be made. Ned wished his business and his home to be as widely separated as possible. The connecting shed between the barn and the house was moved a short distance away and converted into pleasant quarters for the farm hands. Ned did not mean to rush into too much expense at first, and he had to keep the dining-room for the workers in connection with the old kitchen, but he arranged that there should be as little indication of the connection as was possible. The room his father and mother had occupied for so many years was made attractive, without so much apparent difference as to prevent their feeling quite at home in it, and they were assured that it was always ready for them. The other arrangements were pronounced satisfactory by the new home-keeper when she arrived.

MAKING OUT A PLAN OF OPERATIONS

MAKING OUT A PLAN OF OPERATIONS

BEING entirely ignorant, myself, of the relation of food for the soil to the crops to be expected from it, I cannot give in detail Ned's plan of operations. He had visited the markets in the cities most convenient to reach, had visited several farms, and read extensively. He had walked miles in going over the farm, and had made a capital diagram of it, which he and his young wife studied together in the evenings. With the advice which he had received from more experienced farmers he laid out his plan of operations, and in the early spring they were begun. Wise old men shook their heads at this apparently unpractical young man, and said, "It is no use trying to dig a living out of Mother Earth with kid gloves on." Ned good-naturedly replied, "Unless kid gloves will help me to do it I shall not use them, for I mean to make my living right here."

And he did. He determined that what he undertook should be done in the very best way. He would have nothing on the place which was not the best to be had, and he was patient and determined in securing it.

Editor's Note-Of Mrs. Abbott's "Peaceful

Editor's Note—Of Mrs. Abbott's "Peaceful Valley" papers, showing the aspects of life in an ideal village, the following have been presented:

1—First View of Peaceful Valley, October, 1897
111—Schooling in Peaceful Valley, December, "IT—The Village Library, "IT—Schooling in Peaceful Valley, January, 1808
114—The Parmer and His Wife, February, "IT—The Social Life of the Valley, January, 1808
125—The Farmer and His Wife, February, "It later papers Mrs. Abbott will show how village life may be made pleasant and profitable, how the young people may enjoy themselves, define the position of the minister and the thurch life, and give new ideas for brightening life on the farm, in the school, and at the shop.

The same of the sa

LIGHTENING HOURS OF SERVICE ON THE FARM

HE PLANNED one innovation. Instead of having his men work from four o'clock in the morning to eight o'clock in the evening in the summer, he made two "shifts," as he called them, and arranged it so that the men who did the early milking, and were needed in the earliest morning hours, did not do the latest work. It took some months to get this plan working smoothly, but in time it did. He was careful, himself, not to be at his farm work more than ten hours a day, but he realized that the eye of the master must be over the whole farm. So he was sometimes about in the early morning and sometimes in the afternoon.

Once a week, at the very least, he had what he called a "conference," in which every one engaged on the farm was expected, unless especially detained, to be present. Each one thus learned to be interested in the whole work, and a fraternal spirit was engendered. It was astonishing how holidays and Sundays could be secured for recreation and rest. It was expected that every one would attend church, and the way was made easy for it. It was noticeable that the men walked more briskly than farm hands usually do—a not surprising result of a more intelligent adaptation of skill to labor.

Mrs. Ned's friends could not comprehend "why she went into that forlorn place in the fall." "If you are going into the country, why don't you wait till spring?" said they. Her answer was, "We have to begin now to get ready for the spring, and we have none too much time." Confidentially, I may say that the thought of the long winter evenings and the shut-in days, alone with Ned, may, perhaps, have given a little sweetness to what might otherwise have been rather a bitter cup. For this young woman was fond of music and of art, and a few years before would have thought an isolated farmhouse little less than a prison, in the winter.

THE FITTING UP OF THE FARMHOUSE

COULD linger here to describe the charm of the house when the pretty wedding gifts were distributed in it. Pictures and books, and, best of all, the fine piano, converted this old farmhouse into what would seem almost a palace to many of the neighbors. The bride had asked the friends who were wise enough to consult her about their wedding gifts, that they would have in mind the simplicity which must characterize her home, and also the isolation of it, and, in consequence, the gifts were intelligently chosen. Particularly was this shown in the well-filled bookcase, and the young couple were puzzled, in their "embarrassment of riches," to make a choice for their reading.

With considerate planning of the business, in which, as was right, Mrs. Williams took a share; with the housekeeping, carried on with the assistance of a little maid brought from the mission school in which the bride had been interested; with the reading, and the music, walks and drives, the time was thoroughly well used.

Not to be altogether selfish, this happy young couple made an effort, and it was an effort at first, to enter into the village life. They identified themselves with the church, and became to the young minister important assistants, not only in the actual work which they did, but in the spirit which they brought into what they did, and their home was to him a happy refuge, when he could occasionally leave his absorbing work.

HOW THEY MANAGED THEIR HOME FINANCES

HOW THEY MANAGED THEIR HOME FINANCES

IT WAS a cheerful sight to see the two young heads bent over their accountbooks. Some things which they had learned, even in their youth, made them fear that in their money accounts would lie danger to their tempers. So they pasted on the first page of their cash-books, "It is no use killing yourself to keep yourself," and "When vexed, change the subject."

They resolved that they would keep within a small income, but realized that no business can be started without capital. I shall not divulge all their financial secrets, but I can say that they succeeded in doing what they planned, probably because they had calmly counted the cost beforehand, and had cheerfully accepted the limitations. They both agreed that they must so live as to make a home seem desirable and possible to the men who worked for them, and one of their dreams was to build some small cottages to be occupied by their workmen.

THE YOUNG WIFE GIVES SOME RECEPTIONS

THE YOUNG WIFE GIVES SOME RECEPTIONS

THE most difficult task the young wife had before her was to win the friendship of her neighbors and the village people. Most of them had decided beforehand that she would be "airy," and however gracious her manner might be, she would at heart feel above them; and in the first weeks they found not a little to support their theory. Her new gowns, of fine material and well fitted, her dignified carriage, and her somewhat reserved manner, did not at first win favor. Her sincere interest in the surroundings of her new home, her cordial, though far from effusive, reception of friendly deeds and expressions, gradually gave her new neighbors a just idea of her. It was a part of her purpose to use such means as she had been accustomed to, so far as she believed they could be adapted to the place, and after a few weeks she surprised her husband with a proposition that they should have a series of receptions. It required some persuasion to make him see that the thing was at all possible, but at last he was able to see the matter altogether from her standpoint.

Perhaps nothing had occurred for a long time in Peaceful Valley which caused such a flutter as the cards:

MRS. EDWARD ATKINSON WILLIAMS
AT HOME
Wednesday afternoons in

January and February

The first day might be counted as one of the discouragements. Although the weather was bright, and not too cold, only three or four ventured to call, and Ned had to cheer up his wife, when they sat down to their supper, with the assurance that the callers would not have stayed so long if they had not been enjoying themselves, and that it was worth while to have given pleasure even to a few. When the last afternoon of the series was over there was no discouraged look on the face of the hostess. She and her guests had become acquainted, and had learned from each other many helpful things.

AN INSPIRATION TO THEIR NEIGHBORS

AN INSPIRATION TO THEIR NEIGHBORS

The history of a home is the history of a small world, and one would like to follow these young people to see them meeting sorrow, as it must come; to watch them as they overcame the friction of life; to share their joy as the children came to bless them with new and inspiring cares; to rejoice with them in the enlarging of their characters by the means of their work, but that would require a volume instead of a page. They were not missionaries. Their home was their own, not a public object-lesson. While they were ready to lend a hand in neighborly fashion, they were, at least in their early years, principally occupied with their own affairs. But quite unconsciously, and therefore the more efficiently, they were a constant inspiration to the region about them.

THE FARM FOR MAN, NOT MAN FOR THE FARM"

"THE FARM FOR MAN, NOT MAN FOR THE FARM"

IT MUST be confessed that all the farming in Peaceful Valley never could be carried on just as Mr. and Mrs. Williams managed theirs. They had the advantage of a right start, which is much easier than turning about and finding a way back through the entanglements of a wrong course to a fresh beginning. They had deliberately chosen their business, not drifted into it, nor taken it because there was nothing else to do. Thoroughness and speed were two important factors in their methods, and economy of time, of human vigor and force was made a cardinal virtue all over the place.

Their motto was, "The farm for man, not man for the farm." I say "their" because never was a farmer's wife more truly a helper to her husband than was Mrs. Williams. She had been favored with good ancestry and a good education, and with this preparation gave herself cheerfully, and even enthusiastically, to the making of a home on a farm. Girls less fortunate than she, discouraged by drudgery which seemed without reward, took heart from her, and their lives and their homes were happier. Young men turning their faces to the city looked back to this bright home, and more than one "abandoned farm," and some that had a remnant of life, but had long been abandoned by hope, were made to flourish by new management.

HOW THE FAME OF THE VALLEY SPREAD

HOW THE FAME OF THE VALLEY SPREAD

PEACEFUL VALLEY began to be heard from. Success is the best advertisement. What was done elsewhere, because of what had been successfully done there, does not concern this record, but there was a reflex effect which does concern us. At one time it seemed as if "transient visitors" would take it by storm. Good butter does mean generally good housekeeping, and from the cities where the butter was sold came inquiries for "board." There was a danger that cheap additions would be made to already dilapidated houses, that poor housekeepers would trade on the good name of better ones, and "cheap" board would bring "cheap" people. But Peaceful Valley had come to respect itself, and to feel confidence in its ability to preserve the reputation it was winning. The story of how the danger of its becoming a third-rate "summer resort" was averted must be reserved for another time.

HEALTHY **HAPPY** CHILDHOOD







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Only 1½ inches in thickness when closed, yet makes 3½x3½ inches. Takes our light-proof film cartridges and

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Volume II, for the mother who wants to know more of baby's troubles—and the relief. A copy, free, to any mother who will write.

DAVIDSON RUBBER CO., 19 Milk St., Boston

If you have a nursing baby-send us a two-cent stamp and we will send you a free sample of "David-son's Health Nipple."

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Saint Valentine's March By R.M. Stults

AUTHOR OF THE POPULAR BALLAD, "THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD"





NY hundreds of letters come to me asking that I write upon this or that subject, because it would either be pleasing or helpful to some of my girls.

But there is one sort of girl—her number is in the thousands—who calls out to me not only from her heart, but from her clear brain, for words of help and advice. She is the working-girl-the girl who, for some good reason, instead of being

busy in her pleasant home is forced out into the world to earn her bread and butter, not, perhaps, by the sweat of her brow, but very often by the beats of her heart. She makes mistakes continually. But it must be said in her favor that, while at first her mistakes come from lack of training and lack of thought, later they are apt to be the result of her youth or of her environment.

THE GIRL AS SHE ENTERS BUSINESS LIFE

THE girl who, day in and day out, sits in a comfortable office where there are other girls, has her work planned out for her, and is only asked that she do it with great exactness, is, least of all, the girl who requires advice This girl, though she may sometimes tire of the monotony of her labor, is protected by the girls around her, and to her there does not come—at least not often—such temptations as waylay another kind of worker.

You know the girl I mean. The girl with a big brain, a heart to match, young in years, of a gay, happy nature, eager to do the most, and who finds her work almost exclusively among men. She is the girl who has cried out to me for a word of advice; she is the girl who, making one little mistake, follows it up with greater ones until she becomes a hard-faced, pessimistic woman, who finds nothing good on earth, and has but little hope of Heaven. She is the girl who began wrong, and I want her not only to think over what I say to her, but to stop and consider whether she is acting in a way that will result in the best for her future.

THE GIRL WHOSE WORK IS OF A SPECIAL KIND

KATHARINE is young and handsome.
The need has arisen for her to earn her living; it is possible that she has studied stenography, that she understands book-keeping, but whether she does or not, a kind friend has obtained a position for her in the office of a well-known business man. Before going to business that first day she wept tears of joy as she bade her mother good by, because she was so happy to be of use in the world and so glad to have such a good opportunity. That day Katharine makes her first mistake. She goes to business in a bright and attractive gown, with her hair elaborately arranged, wearing all the dainty little bits of jewelry that she would assume if she were going out for a shopping trip at eleven o'clock. She certainly makes a pretty picture, but not one suited to the early hours of the morning. Katharine may learn to remedy this mistake; she may realize in time that a dark, simple, well-made and wellfitting frock is what a girl should wear at business, and that jewelry is as much out of place in an office as it is in church. The folly of overdressing, Katharine may learn to overcome, and if she does she will take a long step in the right direction.

THE MISTAKES WHICH SHE MAKES

HER employer meets her pleasantly, her Now work is explained to her, and, being quick-minded, she realizes that she will be able, without much trouble, to satisfy the people who have employed her. She goes home at night full of enthusiasm about her work, and tells to the listening mother of the happy, busy days that she expects to have. working days may be happy. That rests with Katharine. If she is wise she discovers in a short time the desirability of quiet dressing, of a simple coiffure, and of the omission of all jewelry, except the pin at her throat and the watch at her belt. If she is not wise she will make her toilet more and more elaborate, and be pleased to hear that she is known in the office building, that building where there are hundreds of men, as "The stylish-looking girl in Blank's office." One of the clerks tells her of this, and foolish Katharine laughs, looks pleased, and concludes that she is able to buy a muchlonged for article of dress, since, of course, she must keep up her reputation.

Then, when she has five minutes to herself. or in the time before she begins her work, she forgets that she is born of a race of gentlewomen, and she laughs and jests with one of the clerks, or assists in playing a joke on the office boy. After this has she any right to be offended if the clerk with whom she has been so "chummy" (that's what he calls it) addresses her by her first name?

LEARNING NOT TO TALK ABOUT HERSELF

R ELSE she may do something equally silly in these odd minutes-that is, try to impress upon her listeners the fact that her family was once wealthy, and that she never dreamed, when she was a schoolgirl, that she would have to work. Poor Katharine! She forgets that a well-bred woman never talks of such things; by her behavior alone

she shows what her breeding has been.
Or she may do something else that is not Katharine, being interested in every thing and everybody, comes to business with an aching head and tells of her physical Out in this busy world there is no time for people who are ill. If Katharine cannot do her work she would better stay at home, for down in the office she must not dilate on her pains, nor tell of special home remedies and their certainty to cure. She is hired to work, not to talk.

A man busy in deciding important questions does not want to hear an endless chatter on this order: "I never closed my eyes all night, and when morning came I did not believe I

could raise my head from my pillow, but I determined I would," and so on until her employer wishes the ache had extended to her lips and forced them to close, for a while at least. No, he is not cruel, but he has not time to listen to the details of his employee's

physical weaknesses. Manlike, he is sorry for a woman or a girl who is suffering, but he cannot but wonder whether there is so very much suffering when there is so evident a liking for talking of it. Learn, my dear, to control your inclination to talk, especially about yourself. In the workaday world it is deeds, not words, that tell of our ability.

HER BEHAVIOR WITH HER EMPLOYER

KATHARINE'S work is such that she spends much time alone with her employer. He is a kindly man, eager to make her comfortable. There are days when she is with him for hours taking down his private correspondence or arranging some work that he must supervise. Being naturally sympathetic, Katharine forgets that she should not speak to her employer as she would to a man whom she knows socially. And so, one morning when he seems a bit downcast, she ventures to ask if he is worried. He answers her pleasantly, tells her there is no worry that she can remedy, and there is nothing wrong about her work. she grows to watch his face each day to see if he is in an agreeable or an unhappy mood. One word of sympathy, spoken by her, is like the electric button that starts many a train down the roadway to destruction. Soon finding that she is eager to have him feel pleased; that she is interested, simply just now, because she is a human being, in his welfare, he answers in a semi-affectionate, semi-paternal tone, "How can any man be happy when his life is like mine?" And, tender-hearted, Katharine whispers in a very feeling tone, "Oh, I'm so sorry that you're miserable!" That is the beginning.

ERRORS WHICH SHE DRIFTS INTO SO EASILY

AS THE days go on, instead of dictating his letters to her, or telling her of the work on the books of which she has the care, he tells her of his unhappy life—of an unsympathetic wife, of a woman who, giving him no love, he has grown to dislike. And Katharine, in her ignorance, listens and sympathizes with And then there comes a day when, because half the morning has been wasted in talking about these private affairs, Katharine is detained beyond her luncheon hour, and when the work is finished her employer, looking at his watch, says, "Why, Miss Gray, it's way past your luncheon hour; you'd better come out and take a bite with And Katharine, thinking of the luncheon brought from home, now dry and tasteless, concludes that there will be no harm in accepting the invitation. She argues with herself that this man is in the same set socially that she is—indeed, she goes among people with whom his wife would be proud to associate; so why should she decline to go out to luncheon with him?

At night she tells her mother, and the mother, picturing the employer as a kind, elderly gentleman, regards it as another evidence of her girl's ability to work well and make friends, for her employer to be so considerate of her, and regards his interest as being no more than she deserves.

In a little while the going out to luncheon with her employer becomes nothing uncommon. Soon, after a remark made by Katharine about her liking of flowers, there comes to her many a pretty posy and many a big box of blossoms, always to the office, at which the clerks smile, and, looking at them, the office boy does not hesitate to giggle. And Katharine flushes and tosses her head, and says to herself, "There's no harm in it!" But there is harm in it, my Katharine, there is much harm in it.

A GIRL MUST MAINTAIN HER SELF-RESPECT

NO MAN has a right to tell any woman of any lack, real or fancied, which exists in his married life. And you have no right, you busy working-girl, to attempt to arrange a social position between yourself and your employer. The day comes when both Katharine and her employer realize that they care too much for each other. Then, if Katharine is a brave girl and a good girl, she closes her desk, takes home her little belongings, says good-by quietly to her em-ployer, and goes home and tells her story to her mother. And both of them, being good women, will thank God that Katharine has discovered her mistake in time, for now, though she will have to start out afresh, yet she will be a stronger girl and a better girl, because, although she has made mistakes, she has realized what they were and what they were leading her into.

THE RIGHT WAY TO BEHAVE

WANT you to understand exactly what I mean. I want you to realize that though you may meet your employer socially, still during the hours that you are in the office you are employed by him, and you have no right to claim, and he has no right to ask, any social recognition. You can always be polite; you need not be hard-hearted, and there can be, without harm, an exchange of leasant words. But during business hours there is wisdom in attending to your business and doing nothing else. Your self-respect and doing nothing else. should not allow you to should not allow you to be free in your manner with the different clerks who are your companions, and you should be wise nough not to have a confidant in the office.

Hard? It is not hard. It is easy to do your work to the best of your ability, and then when the working hours are over, to find pleasure in your friends, those friends who will be all the dearer because they have not about them any hint of your workaday world. Your employer can be your friend if necessity arises, but only then.

There are hundreds of working-girls—I know this and I thank God for it—who are industrious, intelligent and honest, who make good names for all working-women, but once in a while there comes along a poor, weak one who stumbles and falls. And, oddly enough, her unhappy example does not seem a warning to many another pretty, charming girl who follows in her footsteps.

DO YOUR WORK AND ACCEPT NO FAVORS

NO MATTER who your employer is, you cannot afford to accept luncheons, drives, flowers or any special social recognition from him. I do not mean that all men are Again, I thank God there are thousands of good men, but masculine human nature is weak, and when things have gone wrong at home there is an immense satisfaction to the average man in getting a sweet sympathy, which he probably does not deserve, from a pretty, charming girl who believes in him. One girl asked me what she should say when her employer "comes down a little late, is cross, speaks shortly, slams things around, ferrets out mistakes, and exposes them to the whole force, displays very little patience, and keeps the surrounding atmosphere so warm that pretty soon each occupant of the office is affected by his mood." Say nothing. Do your own work quietly and composedly. If you are spoken to answer simply, telling the truth, but it is not the business of the working girl to persuade her employer into a good temper. If he is ill-bred enough to vent his own ugliness on innocent people, be sure that he will be more likely to respect you if you work steadily and say nothing than if you try to conciliate him and persuade him into amiability. You are hired to work, not to cater to the emotions of your employer, and when ou are doing your work faithfully you are doing all that you are paid for.

A FEW LAST WORDS

PERHAPS you think I have spoken rather more plainly to you than usual, but, my dear girls. I have done it because I see the need for plain speaking. It is so easy when you are young and pretty, and long for the good things of life, to drift into a flower-covered path that leads-where? Therefore, you must learn, you brave, busy girls, to look at life as it is; to see it truth-fully and to realize where the flower-covered path will lead you and in what it will end. The other path may seem harder to walk on: it may offer few attractions, but if you look closely at it you will find that along the sides there are little blossoms that do not fade quickly like the more brilliant exotic ones blossoms that bring happiness into life. There are the blossoms of self-respect, of duty done, of knowledge gained, of honesty, and, best of all, there is that never-fading flower of true womanliness. Which path are you going to take? You cannot afford to hesitate. And there is no middle road. Sometimes you may have walked a little way in that path of folly and then turned back. If you have done this give never-ceasing thanks for your salvation. But think it all out, and, giving it the thought it should have, take the right path at first, the path that ends in love and happiness here and hereafter.

Editor's Note Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on pages 34 and 35 of this issue of the Journal.



Home Needlework **FOR 1898**

Tells How

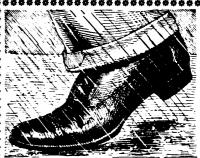
To Embroider the Pansy, Violet, Wild Rose, Double Rose, Daisy, Bachelor's Button, Easter Lily, Sweet Pea, Apple Blossom, Purple Clematis, Clover, Pink, Nasturtium, Chrysanthemum and Buttercup; also Bulgarian, Bohemian and Jewel Work.

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gives new life to old leather. Best for children's shoes, women's shoes, men's shoes-best for any kind of leather. Prepared by the makers of the famous Vici Kid. Sold by all dealers. A valuable files trated book about your shoes and their care, mailed free. ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Philadelphia, Pa.



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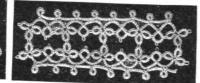
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FLEUR-DE-LIS EDGE IN TATTING



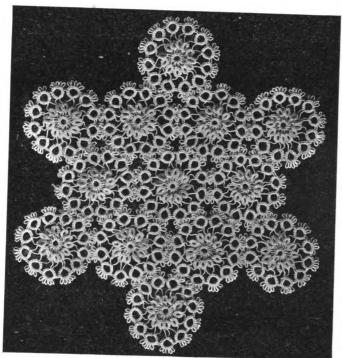
SOME PRETTY IDEAS IN FANCY-WORK

By Mrs. Haywood and Mrs. Lucas

HE fleur-de-lis edge at the head of this page is begun with the second thread which is wound on a shuttle. With one thread, using shuttle No. 1, make 5 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, draw up, close up; make 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, draw up, close up;

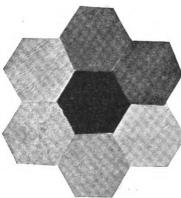
INSERTION IN TATTING

TWO threads are used. With one thread make 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, draw up, close up; make 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, draw up, close up; make 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, draw up; with



PINCUSHION COVER IN TATTING

8 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, draw up; with two threads and shuttle No. 1, make 3 d s; with No. 2, 5 d s, draw up to form knot; with No. 1, 3 d s; No. 2, 5 d s, draw up; No. 1, 3 d s; with No. 2, 5 d s, draw up; No. 1, 3 d s. Join as shown. Second row—Slip thread through p of middle loop, and with two threads, using

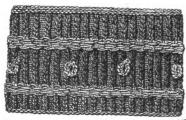


A HONEYCOMB PATCH

shuttle No. 1, make 6 d s; with No. 2 make 5 d s,draw up: No. 1, make 6 d s. Fasten in p of next fleur-de-lis; continue.

* * * HONEYCOMB DESIGN IN PATCHWORK

CUT the six-sided pieces required to make the block, and baste each one over a piece of paper. Then sew together as shown in illustration. Remove the paper, and you will have a block of patchwork which may be utilized for a quilt or a sofa-pillow, according to the material used.



TOP OF GOLF STOCKING

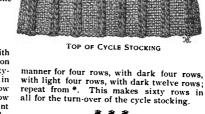
two threads make 5 d s, I p, 5 d s; with one make 4 d s; fasten in p of last loop in clover leaf 4 d s, I p, 4 d s, I p, 4 d s, draw up. This forms half of inner row of band. The two halves are joined as shown in illustration. For outer row slip thread through p of one of the half loops of inner row, and with one thread make I o d s, draw up with two; make 7 d s; fasten in p of next half loop; with one thread make I o d s, draw up; continue.

GOLF STOCKING TOP

GOLF STOCKING TOP

FOR the golf stocking top cast on with dark wool seventy stitches, twenty-two on the first needle, twenty on the second, twenty-eight on the third. Work four rounds in ribbing, I st plain and I st purl. Fifth row—With light wool knit plain. For sixth row bring light wool to the front under the point of the needle, purl I st; keep the wool to the front, slip next st, taking it purlways from one needle to another, *, purl next st, slip next; repeat from *, always keeping the wool to the front of the work. Next row plain. Eighth row same as sixth; the stitch that then was purled should now be slipped. Next row plain. Tenth row same as sixth; break off light wool. With dark wool plain row, then four rows of ribbing. On the sixteenth row the spots are worked. Knit I.





TATTED BAND FOR TRIMMING

TATTED BAND FOR TRIMMING

With 1 d s between, 3 d s, draw up, close up; make 3 d s, 7 ps with 1 d s between, 3 d s, draw up, close up; make 3 d s, 7 ps with 1 d s between, 3 d s, draw up, close up; make 3 d s, 7 ps with 1 d s between, 3 d s, draw up, tie off; join clover leaves as shown in illustration. To make centres, unwind about half a yard of thread, slip through middle p of one of the loops forming clover leaf; make long p, slip through middle p of one of the loops forming clover leaf; make long p, slip through middle p of next loop; make long p, and so on. Twelve long ps for centre; tie off thread. This may be made in silk with pretty effect and used as a trimming for a dress waist and sleeves. A pretty latted edge may be made as follows: With one thread make 6 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, fraw up, close up; make 3 d s, fasten in last p of preceding loop, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, draw up. close up; make 3 d s, fasten in last p of preceding loop, 3 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, draw up. With two threads make 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, draw up. With two threads make 4 d s; fasten in last p of clover leaf, 4 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, draw up. With two threads make 7 d s; fasten to next p, and with one make 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, draw up. With two threads make 7 d s; fasten to next p, and with one make 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, draw up. Finish with a chain of plain crochet to make an edge to sew it on by.

A VERY NOVEL BED SHOE

A VERY NOVEL BED SHOE

THE novel bed shoe is worked in Saxony wool in two colors. With one color cast on sixty sitches, knit across five plain rows, join with other colored wool to seam across five rows; repeat until there are twenty rows of one color and nineteen of the other. The right side should have darker color raised. Now knit two rows plain of the light, which is used entirely for the toe. Begin to narrow by knitting 2 st tog at every fifth stitch. Do this for five rows, then nar every fourth stitch for five rows; next every third stitch for three rows, and every other one for the remaining rows until there are but ten stitches. Break off, draw together the ten stitches and fasten tightly together. Then take up three stitches on each of the ribs on the long sides and the plain stitches at the end; knit four times across and bind off; do this on both sides and join the piece through the centre. Run a ribbon through the shell work and tie above the ankle.

* * * CUSHION COVER

CUSHION COVER

ONLY one thread is used. Make 12 ps with 1 d s between; make 5 d s; fasten in p of first loop, 5 d s; draw up. At a little distance make 5 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 5 ps with 1 ds between, 2 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, draw up. At a little distance make 5 d s; join in next p of first loop, 5 d s, draw up; make 5 d s; fasten in p of first large loop; continue. Thirteen rosettes, joined as shown in illustration, form the pincushion cover.

* * *

CYCLE STOCKING TOP

THE pattern for cycle stocking top, shown in illustration, is intended for coarse needles and wool. The turn-over should measure about six inches, and be worked in light and dark wool on three needles. With dark wool cast on twenty-four stitches on the first needle, twenty on the second, twenty-four on the third. With the dark wool work twelve rows in ribbing by knitting 2 and purling 2, *; then with the light wool in like



TOP OF CYCLE STOCKING

1898 AND WITH IT OUR MANUALO VERYTHING

Larger and More Interesting than Ever

THAT our Manual for 1898 is larger than ever we know. That it will be found more interesting than usual we believe, because of the many new and novel features with which it may fairly be said to bristle. It is not a mere catalogue, but a book of 200 pages, size 9x11 inches. It contains over 500 engravings, mostly new; these are supplemented by six full-sized colored plates of the choicest novelties of the season, all bound in a cover that is both pleasing and original. It costs us 30 cents each to place a copy in your hands, but to give it the widest possible distribution we will send this magnificent manual

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MODERN HOMES K. JOHNSTON

一般 大学 大学 大学 大学 大学 大学 大学 DRESSING ON \$50 TO \$200 A YEAR

By Emma M. Hooper



T IS becoming an almost universal practice for husbands to allow their wives, and parents to make their daughters, a fixed allowance for their clothes and personal expenses, consequently the question has arisen as to how the best results may be obtained from the expenditure of a stated sum of money. Every woman should know how to spend money to the best advantage, but this she cannot do unless she is trusted with a certain sum at regular intervals—which sum, of course, must be largely dependent upon the income of the breadwinner of her home.

For the matron or young girl with fifty, one hundred or two hundred dollars a year, or, perhaps, even less, there must be a great deal of planning if the sum is to cover the necessary outlay for the year. It is for just such women that I have prepared this article.

2 2 2 DRESSING ON FIFTY DOLLARS A YEAR

OR the muslin underwear all trimming, unless it be a crocheted or knitted thread edge done at odd times, must be omitted. Unless one is very hard on her clothes, which is usually another name for carelessness, three sets of muslin underwear added each fall to the supply on hand will answer every purpose. The material for these will cost three dollars. Two sets of wool and cotton underwear for three dollars should also be added; they will, with care, last two winters. The next year buy four cotton vests at twenty-five cents, thus alternating the expense.

A seersucker petticoat may be bought one spring for seventy-five cents, and two white muslin ones the next for a dollar and twenty-five cents, so I will count in but one dollar for the yearly average. A black alpaca petticoat for two winters will cost a dollar. It may need a new ruffle the second year. Two heavy flannel skirts may be had for a dollar and a half, and two light ones of flannelette for ninety cents. These should last three years by making them with a tuck to let out as they shrink. Only a third of this combined expense should be charged to each year, and always arrange so that these articles are not needed the same year. The woman dressing on the sum of fifty dollars must be a manager and able to do her own sewing, or she will utterly fail to make the good appearance which every woman desires to make.

ECONOMY IN SMALL BELONGINGS OF DRESS

SIX pairs of hose at a dollar and a half, and two pairs of shoes at two dollars and a half must keep her shod, and this will probably mean mended shoes before the year is out. A corset at one dollar and a half may be worn a year. A pair of rubbers and parasol one year, alternating with an umbrella the second, the three costing two dollars and a half for each year. A winter jacket at eight dollars and a spring cape at three, must last three years, so I will count in the yearly average expense for wraps as four dollars, as each garment may need a little new trimming or renovating of some sort. Two pairs of gloves, cotton and kid, and a pair of mitts crocheted by the wearer will cost a dollar and a half. A new hat, and an old one retrimmed each year, will mean five dollars, and it will also mean that recurling of feathers, steaming velvet to freshen it, and the cleaning of ribbons and lace must not be numbered among the lost arts, for such accomplishments prove a great saving to the woman with small means at her command.

WHEN BUYING DRESSES, SKIRTS AND BODICES

WHEN BUYING DRESSES, SKIRTS AND BODICES

IN THE line of dresses I allow two new ginghams and two cotton shirt-waists each spring, at a cost of three dollars for the materials. A Swiss or organdy, with ribbon belt and collar, every second summer, will be four dollars. A silk waist every second year will be four dollars; it will alternate with the best thin summer gown. A cheviot or serge dress in the fall will cost ten dollars with linings, etc., and will bear wearing for two years. Try and have a new fall gown one year, and a woolen one for the spring the succeeding year. A black alpaca skirt for four dollars will wear for two years. This makes a total of forty-six dollars and eighty cents, leaving a small margin for making over a gown, and for handkerchiefs, ribbons, veils, collars, etc.

These small things add much to one's appearance, and need not be over an ordinary grade, but they should be fresh and bright. Iron out ribbon collars and veils when wrinkled, and they will last longer.

when wrinkled, and they will last longer.

Editor's Note—Miss Hooper's next article, the fourth in the "Easy Lessons in Sewing" series, will appear in the March issue, and will describe "How to Make a Moderate Bridal Outfit." The articles which have already appeared in this series are:

I—How to Make a Dress, . August, 1897
II—The Sleeves and Trimming, October, "III—Making a Petticoat, . . December, "

THE PARTY WAS TO A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE

WITH LESS THAN FIFTY DOLLARS

RESSING on fifty dollars a year requires careful economy, but what about the thousands who have less than fifty dollars a year for personal use? It means well-worn and carefully-mended garments, and a new wrap only once in four or five years, and a very simple hat in two. One woolen dress at ten dollars must last three years. Among inexpensive dress goods it is well to remember that serge and cheviot give the best wear. Two gingham gowns will be two dollars, and two shirt-waists seventy-five cents; a crash suit for summer, lasting two years, a dollar and a half, a couple of heavy ginghams for housework in the winter, a dollar and sixty cents; six pairs of hose, a dollar and a half, and two pairs of shoes, five dollars. Three sets of unbleached muslin underwear will be two dollars and a half, and two sets of merino, vest and drawers, two dollars; the latter must wear for two years. A seer-sucker petticoat made in the fall will be heavy for winter, and washed thin for the summer, at a cost of sixty-five cents. Two flannelette skirts for sixty cents, and two red flannel ones for a dollar and forty cents will wear two years, leaving half of that amount to be charged to each year. Count

red flannel ones for a dollar and forty cents will wear two years, leaving half of that amount to be charged to each year. Count five dollars a year toward a wrap once in four years, and one new hat a year. Allow three dollars a year for a pair of rubbers, leather belt, handkerchiefs and gloves, and a dollar and eighty-nine cents for renovating a gown of last year, and an average of thirty dollars is reached.

Save at least a dollar and have some magazine to brighten your lives, even if it means

zine to brighten your lives, even if it means extra darns or patched shoes, for the brain craves food, as well as the body, clothing.

2 2 2 DRESSING ON A HUNDRED DOLLARS

the smaller income, but the girl or woman having one hundred dollars a year, and indulging a craving for amusement, will soon find it slip away unless

a year, and indulging a craving for amusement, will soon find it slip away unless she is very careful.

With this amount prepare the muslin underwear, sets of drawers and vests, cotton vests, petticoats, flannel and flannelette skirts, as described in the outfit for fifty dollars. To the six pairs of hose add two pairs of tan-colored to wear with russet shoes in the summer, adding shoes at two dollars, to two pairs for five dollars, allowing two dollars for hose. Corsets, a dollar and a half; rubbers, fifty cents. Parasol one year and umbrella the next will be two dollars yearly. Every two years buy a winter jacket at eight dollars, and a light wrap for four, making a cost of six dollars per year. Two pairs of kid and two pairs of silk gloves will be two dollars and a half, and I will allow six dollars for millinery. Ten dollars is not too large a sum to allow for the many little accessories that add so much to a toilet, as collars, ribbons, belts, cravats, handkerchiefs, etc. Five dollars may be laid aside for the remodeling of last season's gowns, and five more for the church donation and some especially-prized paper or magazine.

2 JUDGMENT IN BUYING DRESSES AND SKIRTS

JUDGMENT IN BUVING DRESSES AND SKIRTS

IN THE spring a jacket suit of serge with a silk front and linings will be ten dollars for two years. A crash skirt at seventy-five cents, two shirt-waists within the same amount, and a wash silk waist will be a dollar and a quarter extra. One season have a white organdy gown, and the next a figured dimity, each trimmed in lace and ribbon and costing five dollars. A less expensive cotton costing five dollars.

a white organdy gown, and the next a figured dimity, each trimmed in lace and ribbon and costing five dollars. A less expensive cotton gown will be four dollars, and an added black skirt of taffeta at seventy-five cents a yard, eight dollars, the latter lasting two years and answering for all seasons, as will a neat silk waist at the same price. One new fall suit each year will give a change, as the second winter sees the gown of the first remodeled. Allow six dollars for this each year, as it pays to buy as nice a quality of dress goods as one can afford.

The total now shows an average of eighty-five dollars and a half, and the remainder will be needed for an evening gown for holidays, changing with an organdy. For this price one of China silk at fifty cents, with a velveteen belt and shoulder bows, and lace at the neck, will be the best purchase, and make over for the succeeding year.

As white China silk washes and dry-cleans well it is a useful purchase, lasting two seasons for the evening, and then will answer for the lining of a chiffon waist. The latter would need four yards, at sixty-nine cents, and ribbon belt and collar. By having a white silk and two or more colored ribbon and velvet belts, sashes and collars, several changes may be effected at a small expense. Very pretty sashes are now made of a full width of chiffon or mousseline wrinkled closely around the waist, knotted at the back and allowed to fall in two long ends, which have been simply hemmed and tucked on the lower edge.

WITH TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS



PERSON with a two-hundred-dollar

PERSON with a two-hundred-dollar income should certainly give some of it in charity. If living in the city, five dollars is a moderate sum to allow for car fare, the same for charity, and for the savings box, and another five for the church collection. An occasional concert, visit to the theatre, etc., may be counted as ten dollars, with reading matter and stationery at five. A journey for a short visit comes within the life of many, and can hardly be encompassed under ten dollars.

The idea of buying the most expensive clothing in alternate years should be followed with this income, as with the smaller ones. Goods of a better quality may also be purchased with the additional sum. I can only give an average, as one person may visit a great deal, the next one seldom go out; one may be very careful in the care of her clothes, and another be distressingly careless, all of which affects the garment's wear. With a limited wardrobe avoid striking novelties, startling colors and a large variety of shades. With the two-hundred-dollar income allow for the assistance of a dressmaker, when making the two best suits.

SELECTING THE IMPORTANT ITEMS OF DRESS

A WINTER coat at twelve dollars, a spring jacket at six, and a fur collar at eight, should last three years, at a cost of a little over eight dollars per year. Twelve dollars will cover the millinery, and six dollars the gloves. Count shoes as two pairs at three dollars, a pair of ties will make eight. A nice winter gown of broadcloth with velvet trimming may be counted for fifteen dollars, and may alternate with a stylish little dress of figured taffeta silk suitable for concerts, dinners, etc., each lasting two years. A black silk skirt, and an evening waist of light silk trimmed with lace, ribbon or chiffon, costing ten dollars each if both are made at home, will make the expense small when divided between two winters.

A dainty tea jacket of cashmere, lace and ribbon, costing three dollars and a half, will last several seasons. An evening gown of whitever were like with least and and with

A dainty tea jacket of cashmere, lace and ribbon, costing three dollars and a half, will last several seasons. An evening gown of white net over percaline, with lace and velvet trimming, may be evolved out of fifteen dollars. Ten dollars will be used for freshening up the gowns of last year, and another ten will go for the little things—collars, cravats, veils and handkerchiefs.

For the spring buy a foulard or light wool gown one year, and a jacket suit of covert, serge or cheviot the next, the latter answering for traveling and outing wear, and the former for church and visiting. These gowns would certainly average twelve dollars each year. A piqué suit at three dollars, a white organdy lined with lawn for six, and a figured dimity for the same would be fifteen dollars. Three cotton shirt-waists for a dollar and twenty-five cents, and one of wash silk would answer for the summer.

In giving prices I take an ayerage obtainable in New York, Chicago and Boston.

SELECTING THE MINOR ARTICLES OF DRESS

ELECTING THE MINOR ARTICLES OF DRESS

Light pairs of hose for two dollars and a half, an alpaca petticoat with silk ruffles for two, a percaline petticoat for a dollar, and two white ones for two dollars would be a fair supply. Corsets, a dollar and a half; two heavy flannel skirts for a dollar and seventy-five cents, and two of flannelette for a dollar would last two years at an expense of half of that for each year. Four sets of underwear at a cost of six dollars may be allowed, though costing less if made at home. Three sets of mixed wool and cotton will last three years, and cost four dollars and a half. At least two pretty corset-covers for wearing with thin dresses will be a dollar and fifty cents.

Alternate parasol and umbrella at a cost of

Alternate parasol and umbrella at a cost of

wearing with thin dresses will be a dollar and fifty cents.

Alternate parasol and umbrella at a cost of three dollars, rounding up a total of one hundred and ninety-five dollars. The small amount left is soon eaten up by a gift or two, an extra bit of adornment, as a fluffy mousseline boa now so fashionable, a new purse, toilet articles, etc. If advice has any weight I would advise saving another five for the savings box, for it is such a comfortable feeling to know that you have even a small sum laid away for the unexpected that is always sure to happen.

In selecting a wardrobe from season to season try to have a black gown, or at least a black skirt, always ready for use. If of silk, have it gros-grain or taffeta; if of wool, a serge, mohair, Eudora or cashmere. Do not buy in advance of the season, as the goods are then high in price, and beware of extreme novelties at the end of the season; they are too conspicuous to be forgotten.

Another thing to remember is that it costs no more to select becoming colors than others that do not bring out one's good points. Having a gown made in a becoming style, simple or elaborate, does not increase the expense, or need not if the wearer knows how her gowns should be designed to suit her figure and complexion—the tests. When a limited wardrobe is necessary, avoid too great a variety in coloring, and under all circumstances have one gown of black goods appropriate for all seasons. By having a supply of colored ribbon collars, and one or two fancy vests and belts, this black dress will answer for the foundation of both house and street toilets, and you will always be ready for an unexpected journey, sudden visit or simple entertainment.



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HOUSE JACKETS AND DRESSING SACQUES WHICH ARE SO COMFORTABLE

By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETHEL ROSE



HE soft woolen materials. plain or printed, are undoubtedly the most desirable for the pretty jackets that we call matinées, but which, when properly fitted, may be worn at home at almost any hour in the

day. The matinée may be made of printed wool, of camel's hair, of striped or plain flannel, of printed or plain velveteen, of silk, or of brocade. Lace, ribbon and all other dainty trimmings may be used upon it, and much care be taken to make it look not only as picturesque, but as natty as possible.

Even for the simplest house jacket I do

not advise heavy or very woolly flannel, as it is apt to wear uneven, and is always suggestive of the bathroom. The striped flannels commonly known as "outing-cloths," which are shown in the pale shades of blue, pink, green and lavender, with white as the contrast, are desirable, very easily laundered, and quite inexpensive, ranging in price from ten to twenty-five cents a yard.

THE house jacket in illustration, of helio-THE house jacket in illustration, of heliotrope surah, is particularly pretty. It is made over a fitted lining, the fullness at the back being gathered in at the centre of the waist-line. The wide, tucked collar is of the surah, and it, like the lower edge, is outlined with a frill of coffee-colored lace. The under-arm seams flare below the waist, so that perfect ease is possible. Three rows so that perfect ease is possible. Three rows of coffee-colored insertion, as pictured, are set in the front. A soft stock of heliotrope

silk is about the neck, and flaring lace at the sides and back gives the neck a dressy appearance. The sleeves are made in one

A HOUSE JACKET IN SURAH

piece, each fulled to the inner seam, where they are joined by a strip of the insertion. Deep ruffles of the coffee-colored lace flare loosely at the wrists. This style of jacket may be developed in any one of the soft fabrics. In black with white lace, in pale rose or pale blue with white, such a jacket would be pretty.

THE very picturesque matinée shown in accompanying illustration is of olive velveteen. The back and vest front are on a fitted lining, the loose fronts being lined with cream-white surah that is turned back to form collar and revers. The sleeves are slightly full at the top; they

shape in to fit the arms, and are finished with wide, double frills of cream chiffon. A full toby frill of chiffon is the neck decoration.

DRESSING SACQUE OF CAMBRIC

Editor's Note—In the next (the March) issue of the Journal four special pages will be devoted to "Esster and Spring Fashions." The articles, three of which will be illustrated, will describe "The Latest Easter Gowns." "Easter Jackets and Capes," "Easter Hats and Bonnets" and "Making a Moderate Bridal Outfit."

THE wise woman is the one who takes care of her health, consequently she cannot be counted as wise who, while brushing her hair and attending to the minor details of her toilet, walks about with arms and neck uncovered, chancing a draught that will make her the victim of a cold. Therefore, it is



BATH-ROBE OF EIDERDOWN

that the woman who is sensible has to have several inexpensive little dressing sacques for everyday wear. For the woman who is ill the loose jacket is a delight, for it can be slipped over a nightdress, and the invalid made to feel comfortable while the room is being aired. Many women have two grades of dressing sacques-one for absolute use the dressing-room, the other to be assumed with a skirt and worn to the break-

fast-table instead of the more elaborate house jacket or matinée.

THE dressing sacque of pale rose-colore d batiste shown in illustration is the simple sacque shape with bell-shaped sleeves, which all women find useful. The edges are all finished with frills of

white lawn, and the flaring collar is outlined with the same contrasting decoration. This jacket fastens very loosely at the throat with a gold stud. Such a jacket may be made of white cambric or figured lawn and trimmed with ruffles of the same and ribbon loops.

THE rather more elaborate dressing sacque in illustration is made

of white cambric; the material is tucked to form a yoke at the back and front, the fullness flaring, so that the jacket is easy-fitting from the bust-line. The sleeves are slightly puffed at the shoulders, and are shaped to the arms by fine tucks extending from puffs to frills, the frills being edged with narrow Maltese lace. The collar is formed of a frill of the lace, and fastened with ribbon.



N PRINTED challie, in camel's hair, in striped or plain flannel, or cashmere, a jacket made after the foregoing model would be effective, and sufficiently warm to be worn with a skirt at the breakfast-table, provided only the immediate members of one's family were present. Lace and ribbon would form the decoration, the ribbon matching the design of the challie. If a wool fabric were developed after this pattern I would advise rosettes down the front.

THE bath-robe is a necessity, but it may be made a luxury as well. Good taste in a bath-robe suggests a material that is comfortable to the touch, that will wear well, and

a color that will not be injured by a splash of water. The striped flannels, rather heavier in weight than the outing-cloths and the eiderdown flannels, are most desirable. In making a bath-robe one must remember that fullness is a necessity, since ease of assumption is the chief requirement. Oddly enough, experience has shown that for facings black silk moiré is the most useful, as



DRESSING SACQUE OF BATISTE

they wear long and water will not stain them. There are few households in which some black silk or moiré cannot be found, so that the left-over from another gown may be utilized in trimming the bath-robe. Turkish toweling is neither suitable nor serviceable for a bath-robe. It has the art of accumulating dust, soon grows dowdy-looking, and is never neat, something which every belonging of a woman should be.

THE bath-robe pictured in illustration is made of eiderdown flannel of a deep tan shade. It has a broad Watteau plait in the back, and sections are set in at the sides, so that sufficient fullness is obtained in the skirt portion. The roll collar and facings are of black moiré, while the sleeves, suffi-ciently full to go on easily, have cuffs of the black moiré. A cord girdle of black silk is about the waist. If a lighter color is fancied, the flannel may be obtained in sage green, pale blue or old rose, and any one of these colors may be effectively faced with black.

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WHAT INDIGESTION REALLY MEANS By Mrs. S. T. Rorer

* DOMESTIC LESSONS: NUMBER TWO

HE person who attempts to interfere with the diet of an individual should first understand the principles upon which normal diet is regulated. Each meal should consist of the essential elements of nutrition, or the person

may eat a large quantity of food without any feeling of satisfaction. It is a well-known fact that two meals well proportioned, so that each element of the body has received its proper amount of nourishment, will sustain a person much longer than double the amount of food, illy-proportioned, illy-selected and served in three irregular meals.

WHY THE CHILD SUFFERS FROM INDIGESTION

TO MORE thoroughly understand why we have indigestion when only Nature's simple foods are taken, we should study what constitutes the digestive tract. In the very young, before the teeth push through the gums, little or no saliva is found. Nature's food is strictly of an animal origin, containing every element necessary to the nutrition of the child during a period of most rapid development on narrow and slender lines. The important fact is that the carbohydrates do not consist of starch, but of an animal sugar, or a sugar found in the milk secretions of animals, while fat is abundant as a heat, force and fat producer. If for any reason artificial feeding becomes necessary one can soon tell whether or not the food contains a starchy material. The child wilts, the whole digestive apparatus is out of order at once, and if he survives after his twelfth month the first seed of indigestion, from which he may possibly suffer throughout all his later life, has been planted.

NATURE'S RIGID LAWS MUST BE OBEYED

THIS irregularity is caused by the insufficient mouth digestion of the starch, not that starch is in any way injurious, but here it is illy-fitted, and it is the illy-fitted foods, and those whose digestibility is spoiled or ruined by the cooking, that do the greatest harm. Nature has rigid laws, and these laws must be obeyed or a penalty will follow. A child who cannot digest starchy food, and whose stomach is ruined by want of thought or knowledge, is frequently said to have inherited a weak stomach; while the truth of the matter is that the stomach was ruined and weakened almost as soon as the child was born. It cannot be too strongly urged that the only proper diet for the first building of the infant is the breast milk of its own mother, and if for any reason this must be changed, a substitute as nearly like the natural food as possible must be used.

THE FIRST STEP OF HUMAN DIGESTION

EVEN the more delicate starches, such as arrowroot, cornstarch or potato starch, cannot be digested by the infant, consequently they have for him no real food value. When the first teeth come through the gums two litthe glands underneath the tongue are opened. These glands pour into the mouth quantities of saliva, and the child begins to "drool" because it has not yet learned how to swallow the secretion. Now we have the alkaline secretions necessary for the conversion of insoluble starch into soluble sugar, and for the first time the child can use and appropriate this form of food. From this we learn that the first step of human digestion of the starches is in the mouth. Starches, however, to be easily digestible must be thoroughly cooked; the longer the cooking the shorter the time required for digestion. Mastication is of all-importance to this class of foods. not simply to break them up into convenient bits, but to mix with them these alkaline secretions. Food bolted enters the stomach as a stranger, uninvited; the first effort stomach is to reject or push it on-still in an unprepared condition-into the second stomach or duodenum, where again it is not kindly received, from lack of preparation. This little second stomach must now not only do its own heavy work, but also that of the mouth and the stomach, for probably in this confusion the albuminoids have also lost their di-Sooner or later, according to the constitution of the individual, this second stomach gives out, or, a better way to put it. has consumed the given energy of forty years in twenty. Each individual has a certain capacity for a given constitution, and any violation of this arrangement throws the whole machine out of order.

One lesson will be given in each issue. In the next (the March: issue Mrs. Rorer will divise as to: How Indigestion May be Avoided." iving a diet list for the individual who suffers from an inability to properly digest food.

OATMEAL PROPERLY COOKED AS A PERFECT FOOD

O MAKE this article of greater value to those suffering from intestinal indigestion let us follow a mouthful of oatmeal, supposing that it has been sufficiently cooked, and eaten with milk and without cream or sugar. Oatmeal contains:

		In	100 parts
Starch			
Mineral matter			
Water			5.0
Proteids, or muscle-forming food	i	. .	16.1
Fat			1.01.
Cellulose			3.7

Quite a perfect food, and, if properly eaten, of great value. If, however, it is spread thickly with sugar, it is changed into a complex mixture difficult of digestion and frequently injurious. Sugar complicates mouth digestion and increases the liability to fermentation in the stomach; gas and discomfort follow, and in this fermentation frequently the whole amount of food eaten will be cast from the stomach and so on through the intestines as waste material. If the oatmeal is taken into the mouth and held for a moment for mastication the active alkaline principles of the saliva convert a portion of the starch into a sugar. It then enters the stomach, an acid medium, but for some little time retains its alkalinity. Gradually, however, the stomach in its churning operation washes away such portions as are not its own. These portions are slowly cast out into the upper part of the small intestines, the duo-denum, or second stomach, where they meet with a second alkaline secretion which completes the digestion. Thus they are pushed along through the whole digestive tract, to be taken up and cast into the circulation as food. Until this time they have not been food.

FOOD AS TISSUE-BUILDING MATERIAL

FOOD is that which we digest and use as tissue-building material, not that which is eaten or taken into the mouth. Going back to the stomach it will be found that the proteids or muscle foods which contain nitrogen have all been washed out and retained for stomach digestion.

Suppose that Nature has secreted only sufficient gastric juice for the digestion of four ounces of oatmeal, and six has been eaten, what becomes of the extra two? Of course one would be more or less burdened by the surplus, but Nature, in her wise provision for our welfare, has placed in this second stomach a proteid-digesting secretion to finish the work overlooked or insufficiently done by the stomach. To a careful observer this second stomach with its functions must appear the great caretaker of the system; it is obliged to finish up the work of the mouth and the stomach, besides doing its own work, the emulsionizing of the fats.

It is therefore easily seen why this second stomach is so largely at fault in the average American, who eats a large quantity of starchy bulk and cereal foods with half mastication. The technical names of these secretions are, perhaps, meaningless to the laity, but it is well for those who have as sumed the responsibility of wifehood and motherhood to spend a portion of time in the study of the human body which they have undertaken to build.

THE NECESSITY FOR THOROUGH MASTICATION

THE active principle of alkaline saliva is called ptyalin. In the duodenum we have secreted by the liver and pancreas three digestive ferments. First amylopsin, which finishes up the digestion of the starches and sugars; steapsin, for the emulsionizing and saponifying of the fats, and the trypsin, dealing with the albuminoids. The albuminoids are the meats, eggs, milk, its product, cheese, and the gluten of grains, the legumin of the pulse family, such as old peas, beans and lentils, and the fleshy fungi, as mushrooms. These are supposed to be digested in the acid secretions of the stomach, the active principle of which we choose to call pepsin. Not to have indigestion then, we must first see that the combinations of food are suited to our manner of eating, then simply cooked and not made complex in serving. We must thoroughly masticate all starchy foods that the digestive secretions may penetrate to the very centre of every particle, within a certain time

See that all foods are cut across the grain, that the gastric secretions may act promptly, and eat only the proper amount for neces sary nutrition; avoid excessive sweet mixtures, fried foods, complicated pastries, acids, such as pickles or foods covered with vinegar, excessively hot or very cold foods, or ice water, which is the most objectionable of liquids. A frequent cause of indigestion is the mingling of too great a variety of food in the mouth. Take one food, masticate and swallow it, then another. Do not take a mouthful of toast and then a swallow of tea, unless you wish to be a still further sufferer from indigestion.

WHAT CONSTITUTES WASTE AND REPAIR

SUCH food is passed on into the stomach undigested and leavest and undigested and lost to the economy, not only irritating the entire digestive viscera, but producing an abnormal quantity of waste which leads to an excessive distention of the stomach and abdominal viscera.

The indoor laborer, such as the editor and the bookkeeper, and all persons sitting at desks in illy-ventilated and overheated rooms, should have their food divided almost half and half

They need a goodly quantity of repair food—their work is trying—but less of the heat and force foods. Rice and olive oil are the best forms of heat food, as they are so easily and quickly appropriated. Outdoor laborers, or those who have bodily exercise and a greater amount of fresh air, should proportion their allowance three-fifths carbonaceous or heat-giving foods, to two-fifths albuminoids or repair foods—both ratios to be changed to suit season and climate and length of day's work. In summer, for instance, the same amount of rice would be allowed, but less oil. The fats burn with greater vigor than the starch, and give, in consequence, a greater amount of warmth. The slow-burning rice is the food of those living in warm climates, while the people in the far North live almost entirely on fat.

THINGS THAT ARE EASY OF DIGESTION

BE CAREFUL of the bulk of starchy foods. More than is needed for immediate use will be stored in the system as fat, which increases size without a corresponding increase of strength. Starches to be easily digested should be thoroughly cooked and well masticated, while the albuminoids should be simply and lightly cooked, the mastication of which is only necessary to the ease of swallowing and convenience of the stomach digestion. Plain boiled or baked potatoes, with a little butter, are easy of digestion. Butter taken at the stomach temperature is an admirable fat, but if the butter is heated and the potatoes fried in it, both are rendered indigestible and useless as food. Beef is easy of digestion if carefully broiled, roasted or boiled, but if fried until the fibre is rendered hard it is useless and irritating to the stomach. Chickens, milk, butter, flour—all good if properly eaten—when made up together in a mixture called croquettes and fried, are simply worse than wasted. Cream is a valuable fat, as well as butter. The proper cooking and proper combinations therefore are as important as the first selection of foods.

FOR A SIMPLE, PALATABLE BREAKFAST

THE average person may take for breakfast a sub-acid fruit, such as a raw, baked, steamed or stewed apple, a ripe peach, a bunch of grapes or a very soft pear, followed by a bowl of well-cooked cereal with a little milk, a slice of whole wheat bread, and, if he has been accustomed to it, a cup of clear coffee, one-half heated milk. No other food is actually necessaryin fact, one might be better off with even a lighter meal. The heavy breakfast, quickly and carelessly eaten by the average family, brings about such diseases as come to the over-eaters—rheumatism, gout, uric acid conditions and Bright's disease.

AT THE NOONDAY AND EVENING MEALS

THE noonday meal should be light, unless two hours' rest can be taken. consist of a cream soup, two or three slices of whole wheat bread and butter, any little light minced meat, and again fruit. This meal may be closed with a rice pudding, a cup custard or some simple dessert made principally from eggs and milk, rice and milk, or whipped cream.

The night meal, after the day's work is over, should for its first course have a perfectly clear soup, either plain consommé or a bouillon made entirely from vegetable matter, or a clear, light tomato soup; the idea is to warm and stimulate the stomach without giving nourishment. Follow this with a red meat, either beef or mutton, broiled, roasted or boiled; one starchy vegetable, as rice, macaroni, potato, or in the winter, boiled chestnuts; one green vegetable, carefully-cooked cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, asparagus, green peas or beans, stewed cucumbers or squash, according to the season of the year; then a light dinner salad composed of either celery, lettuce, cress, endive or chicory, or even shredded raw cabbage dressed with a little oil and a few drops of lemon juice, with a bit of cheese and a bread stick, or a wafer or a piece of brown bread, followed by some very light dessert similar to those mentioned for the noonday meal.

Farmers increase and diminish the weight of domestic animals within a certain limit, that of profit to themselves. The development of man depends to a great extent on the supply of food he receives and digests.

We cat to keep up the size of our bodies: to satisfy our craving for food, to supply the waste material or that consumed by daily wear and tear; to maintain a proper degree of warmth, and to produce sufficient energy to follow our daily occupations.

Editor's Note-Mrs. Rorer's answers to her correspondents, under the title "Mrs. Rorer's Answers to Questions," will be found on page 36 of this issue of the Journal.



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^{*}Mrs. Rorer's Domestic Lessons began in the last (the January) issue of the Journal, and will continue throughout the year. The lessons which have been given thus far are:

I- Do We Eat Too Much Meat? . . . January II-What Indigestion Really Means, . February

THE APPLE IN THIRTY-FIVE WAYS

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer

NEW COOKING LESSONS: NUMBER ONE

HE apple ranks chief among the fruits. I think I am safe in saying that, excepting the grains, there is no product on the face of the earth better adapted as a food for man than the apple. The apple-eater is rarely a dyspeptic.

Baked Apples.—To bake an apple, remove the core, stand it in a granite baking-pan; add a little water, bake in a quick oven. basting frequently. Serve warm or cold and with or without cream.

Steamed Apples.—To steam an apple, remove the core, and steam continuously until the apple is quite tender.

Sliced Apples for Breakfast.—Pare and slice several apples; put them into a baking-dish; cover with cream. Bake for twenty minutes. Another way is to cover them with well-cooked oatmeal, and bake fifteen minutes. Serve with milk.

Stewed Apples .- Take firm, sound apples Stewed Apples.—Take firm, sound apples of average size; core without paring; stand them in a porcelain-lined kettle; add sufficient water to cover the bottom; cover and simmer gently until they are just soft. Lift with a skimmer; dish; add to the water in the kettle sufficient sugar to sweeten; add a few drops of lemon juice, and pour the syrup thus made over the apples. Serve cold.

syrup thus made over the apples. Serve cold.

A Simple Apple Sauce.—Core the apples, cut in thin slices, and add sufficient water to prevent scorching. As soon as they boil, press them through a colander to remove the skins. To each half pint add a piece of butter the size of a hickory-nut, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Serve warm or cold. This form of apple sauce is usually served with duck, goose or turkey, and is an exceedingly nice dish for breakfast or supper. A more complicated sauce is made by adding to the apples, after they have been pressed through the sieve, butter, sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cream, and, to each pint, the well-beaten whites of three eggs.

Whole Apple Sauce.—Pare, quarter and core the apples. Make a syrup from half a cupful of sugar and half a pint of water. When it boils add a little lemon peel and then the apples. Put them on the back part of the stove, where they may cook slowly.

Baked Apple Sauce.—Core and slice tart apples; place a layer in a baking-dish with a sprinkling of sugar, then another layer of apples, and so continue until the dish is filled. Bake for twenty minutes.

Scalloped Apples. — Pare and cut the apples into slices; put them in a baking-pan with a layer of coarse breadcrumbs between the layers of apples, having the top layer of crumbs. Put two tablespoonfuls of molasses into half a cupful of water; pour the mixture over, and bake in a moderate oven.

Old-Fashioned Brown Betty.—Sprinkle a layer of sugar between the layers of apples and bread, and dust a little cinnamon over the top. Place the dish in a hot oven, covering it for fifteen minutes, and bake for thirty minutes. Serve with a hard sauce.

Steamed Apple Pudding.—Line a mould ith slices of bread and butter. Put in a and butter. Put in a layer of stewed apples, another layer of bread and butter, another layer of apples, and so continue until you have the mould filled. Beat two eggs, add a pint of milk; pour this over the bread and apple; steam for one hour, and serve with a liquid pudding sauce.

Apples and Rice.—A simple dessert may be made from apples and rice. Pare and core the apples, stand them in a baking-dish fill the spaces from which the cores were taken with chopped raisins and citron; fil the spaces in the dish to the very top with rice that has been boiled for fifteen minutes. Stand the dish in the oven, covering it for fifteen minutes, baking in all thirty minutes. Serve warm with milk or cream.

Serve warm with milk or cream.

Farmhouse Apples.—Peel and core tart apples, fill the spaces from which the cores were taken with seeded raisins, bits of shredded citron, sugar and a little lemon peel. Stand them in a baking-pan, pour over them half a cupful of water, dust the apples with about two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar; bake in a slow oven until perfectly tender; draw them to the oven door and sprinkle over the top breadcrumbs; dust again with sugar, and allow them to remain in the oven for ten minutes. While they are baking, mix a tablespoonful of flour with half a cupful of sugar; pour over half a pint of boiling water, boil a moment; take from the fire, and pour slowly over one well-beaten egg; add the juice of half a lemon. Pour over the apples and serve warm.

Editor's Note-Mrs. Roger's new series of Cooking Lessons begins in this issue. Her next lesson, in the March issue, will be "Cooking for the Sick and Convalencent."

Apple Float.—Pare two good-sized tart apples. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth; add four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and beat until fine and dry. Grate the apples into this mixture a little at a time, beating all the while. Have ready a good-sized glass dish partly filled with whipped cream; heap the float by tablespoonfuls over the surface, and dot here and there with candied cherries.

Apple Snow.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; then add slowly five or six tablespoonfuls of stewed apples, and float on either custard or whipped cream.

Apple Custard.—Grate sufficient apples to make one pint of pulp. Separate four eggs; add to the yolks half a cupful of sugar; beat; add one pint of hot milk; cook for a moment, take from the fire; add the apple gradually or the milk may curdle. Turn this into the dish in which it is to be served. Beat the whites of the eggs rather stiff; add to them three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, beat again and heap over the apple.

German Compote.—Peel and core the apples so that they will remain whole, throwing each as it is finished into a bowl of cold water to prevent discoloration. Place them in a baking-dish, fill the cavities with orange marmalade; pour over sufficient water to almost cover the apples, and sufficient sugar to make a palatable sweetness, and a little grated lemon rind. Cover, and cook until the apples are tender. Remove each carefully to a flat glass dish. Moisten a teaspoonful of arrow-root; add it to the liquor, assuming there is half a pint; if more, add a second teaspoonful; bring to boiling point, then stir in a little orange marmalade. Pour over the apples, garnish the dish with squares of toasted bread and serve warm.

Apple Cup Custards.—Pare and core four

Apple Cup Custards.—Pare and core four Apple Cup Custards.—Pare and core four good-sized apples, steam them until tender, press through a colander; add while hot a tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and one cup of milk. Turn this into baking-cups, and bake for twenty minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff; add sugar, beat again, heap over the top of the cups; dust thickly with powdered sugar, and brown a moment in the oven. Serve cold.

Apple Slump.—Pare, core and quarter four good-sized tart apples; put them into a stewing-pan with a pint of water; add four tablespoonfuls of sugar; cover the pan, and stew until tender. While they are stewing put a pint of flour into a bowl; add half a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder; mix thoroughly. Add two-thirds of a cupful of milk, or sufficient to make a moist dough; roll out to the thickness of one inch, cut it into small biscuits, place closely over the top of the apple. Cover the saucepan, and cook slowly for fifteen minutes without lifting the lid. Dish the dumplings around the edge of a platter and put the apple sauce in the centre.

Apple Dumpling.—Make the dough by

Apple Dumpling.—Make the dough by preceding receipt, but roll much thinner; cut it into larger circles, and put a half or a whole raw apple in the centre. Fold the dough over so that you cannot possibly tell the opening; place in a steamer and steam continuously for thirty minutes, or the dumplings may be placed in a baking-pan, brushed with milk, and baked in a quick oven.

Apple Dowdy.—Line a baking-dish with in slices of brown bread and butter. Fill thin slices of brown bread and butter. Fill in the spaces with apples, pared, cored and sliced; sprinkle over the top half a teaspoonful of cinnamon and about four tablespoonfuls of dark brown sugar; pour over half a cup of water; cover the top with another layer of brown bread and butter, butter side up. Bake slowly one hour in a moderate oven. Serve with liquid sauce.

English Apple Tart.—Fill an ordinary baking-dish with sliced apples, and after adding sufficient sugar, water and a little lemon, cover with a crust made by chopping fine half a cupful of suet, and one cup of flour, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and just sufficient ice water to bind the two together. Roll out into a sheet a quarter of an inch thick; make an opening in the top an! place the paste over the apples. Brush with beaten egg, and bake for an hour.

Apple Turnover.—Put one pint of flour into a bowl; add half a teaspoonful of salt, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix thoroughly, then rub into the mixture one tablespoonful of butter, and add sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Roll out into a sheet half an inch thick; cut with a biscuit-cutter into circles. Put two tablespoonfuls of stewed apples on one half the dough; fold over the other half, pinch the edges together; place these in a baking-pan, brush with milk, and bake for twenty minutes.

Apple Fritters.—Beat two eggs without separating until very light; add a cupful of milk, a pinch of salt and one cupful of flour. When perfectly smooth add a teaspoonful of baking powder and half a pound of apples that have been pared, cored and chopped fine. Drop this mixture by spoonfuls into fat at 365° Fahrenheit. Brown on one side, turn and brown on the other, and serve with powdered sugar.

Fried Apples.—Pare and core the apples, keeping them whole; cut into slices crosswise, sprinkle with cinnamon, sugar and a little lemon juice. Stand aside for fifteen minutes; then dip each slice into a batter; slide quickly into the hot fat, fry on one side, turn and fry on the other.

Coddling Apples.—Pare and core the apples. Arrange them in the bottom of a porcelain-lined kettle; fill each cavity with granulated sugar, also dust each apple with the sugar; pour over a cupful of hot water and put them on the back part of the range where they will cook slowly until you can pierce them with a straw. Lift with a drainer and arrange them on a glass dish. Boil down the syrup and baste it over the apples, and serve warm with cream.

Apple Meripage—Pare core and elice

Apple Meringue.—Pare, core and slice the apples; line a pudding-dish, bottom and sides, with lady-fingers. Fill in the space with sliced apples. Separatethree eggs; add to the yolks half a cupful of sugar; then add one pint of milk; pour this over the apples and bake in a moderate oven from thirty to thirty-five minutes. Make a meringue from the whites of the eggs, heap on top of the pudding; dust thickly with sugar; return to the oven a moment to brown, and serve cold.

Apple Sponge.—Pare and quarter sufficient apples to make one pound; put them into a saucepan; cover with one pint of water; stew slowly until the apples are tender. While these are stewing cover half a box of gelatine with half a cupful of cold water, and allow it to soak for half an hour. Add this to the hot apples; press them through a colander; add one cupful of sugar and the grated yellow rind and juice of one lemon. When the mixture begins to congeal and is not yet thick stir in carefully the well-beaten whites of three eggs; turn into a mould to harden. Serve with a soft custard.

Apple Charlotte.—Cover half a box of gelatine with half a cupful of cold water and allow it to soak for half an hour. Whip one pint of cream, turn this into a basin and place in another of cracked ice; add half a cupful of powdered sugar, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and two good-sized apples grated. Dissolve the gelatine over hot water; strain into the mixture; stir quickly but carefully until thoroughly mixed. Turn into a mould and stand away until cool.

A Plain Charlotte.—Add a quarter of a box of gelatine to one pint of stewed apples that have been sweetened, flavored and pressed through a sieve. As soon as the mixture begins to congeal stir in carefully one pint of cream whipped to a stiff froth. Line the mould with lady-fingers; turn in the mixture and stand away to cool.

Apple Tapioca.—A cupful of tapioca should be soaked in four times its bulk of water for four hours; then stand it over hot water until it becomes transparent. Have ready a good-sized baking-dish, two-thirds filled with apples that have been pared, cored and quartered; sprinkle over half a cupful of sugar and pour over the tapioca; cover the dish and bake in a moderate oven for at least three-quarters of an hour. Serve with cream.

Apple Sago and Manioca are made in exactly the same way as apple tapioca. *

Apple Omelet.—Separate four eggs; beat the whites to a very stiff froth; then add the yolks and beat again, adding gradually two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Have ready an omelet-pan, in which you have melted a tablespoonful of butter; put in the mixture; when it begins to thicken spread over a layer of apple sauce. Fold, turn out and serve at once with powdered sugar.

Apple Pone.—Pare and chop fine one quart of sweet apples. Pour a pint of boiling water into one quart of granulated white cornmeal; when cool, add sufficient sweet milk, about one pint, to make a very soft batter. Stir in the apples, turn the mixture into a greased shallow pan; cover and bake in a moderate oven for at least two hours. This same receipt may be turned into a mould, steamed three hours and used as a pudding.

Apple Butter.—First reduce your cider ne-half by boiling. When it is time to make one-half by boiling. When it is time to make the apple butter, pare, core and quarter the desired quantity of apples, allowing one-third sweet to two-thirds sour. Have the cider boiling rapidly, throw in the apples and keep constantly stirring until they are cooked and reduced. Then throw in more, and so on until you have the mixture the desired thickness. Cook slowly, skimming whenever necessary, and constantly stirring. When it begins to break—that is, when the apples separate from the cider—you may add to each bushel of apples two pounds of sugar and a little cinnamon, and continue the cooking until, by trying a small quantity in a saucer, it is found to be a smooth mass. GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

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STATE OF LE

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NEW CIRCLES IN OUR ORDER

ECAUSE of new needs arising there is no end to the work of our organization. A lady in Brooklyn has just told me of a Circle formed in her church. A number of young ladies of the church had been quite aroused during the early days of summer to the need of a deeper spiritual life, and they decided that they would ask her if she would not form them into a Circle of The King's Daughters, and let them come to her once a week for spiritual instruction and help. She was a very busy woman, but she saw there was a need and told them that she would help them to form a Circle. They came, and after a delightful half hour of spiritual encouragement she said: "Now, during the week be on the lookout for some case of need, some individual who needs your help and your work."

The next time they came to her they were full of eagerness over a piece of work they had determined on. They had found a dressmaker in their own church who was overworked; the strain had been kept up for years, and her physician said that unless she had a rest and a change she would go into a decline. So these Daughters determined that they would help her. She had no means to go away with, but in ways these girls knew of, perhaps by denying themselves a little, they enabled her to take a complete vacation for three months, and she returned perfectly restored, and went back to her work in the autumn with pleasure and renewed strength. Now this is a new Circle with new work. Probably by this time they have another piece of work in their hands.

HOW ANOTHER NEW CIRCLE WAS STARTED

HOW ANOTHER NEW CIRCLE WAS STARTED

ALWAYS feel like smiling when I call to mind an incident at our headquarters. I had gone in there for something when a lady stepped up to me and said, "I have brought a case of great need to you this morning—a very worthy case." Then she told me of the needs of one "poor woman," as she called her. I said, "Are you a member of such a church?" "Oh, yes, I am a member of such a church," naming a very prominent church in the city. "Well," I said, "I will tell you just what to do. I will show you the meaning of this Order. Get a few members of your church (if this case of need is too much for you to care for alone), form them into a Circle and take care of your 'poor women." I have now about all the poor women on my hands that I am able to attend to." She stood for a moment and then said quietly, as the light of new purpose came into her eyes, "I will do it," and she did.

said quietly, as the light of new purpose came into her eyes, "I will do it," and she did.

**WHAT ONE CANNOT DO, TEN MORE CAN DO*

THE needs in different localities make different kinds of work. In lonely country places, where there is little to interest, Circles are formed to meet once a week in the evenings, and the Circles are composed of young men and young women, and both are helped to a nobler life by meeting with each other for mutual service. Then Circles of young mothers, calling themselves the "Mothers' Circle," have been formed, and give each other the benefit of their knowledge, especially along the lines of how to bring up the children. I wish there were more of these Circles, for they are always sure of finding some one less favored who is in need of their motherly kindness. Then it is not known what thousands of Circles are doing in our churches. The ministers have not time to write what helpers these Daughters are to them, but they tell it wherever I go to speak. A very small church near the city has sent this summer one hundred dollars to our tenement-house work. When the sum was received the Daughter at the head of the work sent word she was sure that, as they had been so kind as to send the money, they would be good enough to come down to that congested district and give an hour one afternoon in a week to create the love of reading in the poor children that were gathered for that purpose.

There were thirteen in the Circle so formed, and it gave help for thirteen weeks, and one of the Circle told me only two days ago that the afternoon she spent among those children, and I met some of these mothers, and they told me it was the only brightness that came into their children's lives, and I thought of a verse in an old poem:

"Give us light amid our darkness, Love us, lead us, show us kindness, Love us, lead us, show us kindness, Love us, lead us, show us kindness, Love us, lead us, show us kindness.

WRITE AND ASK ABOUT THIS WORK

WRITE AND ASK ABOUT THIS WORK

THE man who has this work so on his heart
writes from 48 Henry Street, New York
City, our Tenement-House Chapter: "To you
wearers of the cross we appeal in behalf of
our little sisters, upon whose breast glitters
no cross of silver, but upon whose childish
shoulders a heavy cross of daily toil is laid,
a cross in most instances, uncomplainingly,
even lovingly, borne." And it is there in
that building that the effort is made to
brighten these little colorless lives.

It would interest you, I am sure, to know
what the Daughters propose to do for these
children. Write and ask them to tell you.
""Who bids for the little children, body, and soul,

"'Who bids for the little children, body, and soul, and brain,
Who bids for the little children, young and without a stain?"
'I bid, 'cries Poyerty, howling (I'll bound)

a stain?"

'I bid,' cries Poverty, howling, 'I'll buy them one and all,
I'll teach them a thousand lessons, to lie, to steal, to

I'll teach then a thousand lessons, to lie, to steal, to crawl.'

'I'll bid higher and higher,' cries Crime, with a wolfsh grin,

I love to lead the children through the flowery paths of sin.'

Oh, shame,' cried True Religion, 'oh, shame, that this should be.

I'll take the little children, I'll take them all to me.

I'll take them up with patience from the mire in which they trod;

I'll teach them works of kindness. I'll bring them up to God.'"

WORK DONE BY THE DAUGHTERS IN CHURCHES

WORK DONE BY THE DAUGHTERS IN CHURCHES

LET me tell you what the Circle has done which gave the one hundred dollars for this tenement-house work. In their own little church is a window, a memorial window, if the Good Shepherd "—a favorite picture with the one whose bright face was seen in the November issue of the JOURNAL, and when he went where there were no lost sheep to look after, these dear Daughters, who loved him so much, placed the beautiful window in the church where he had served, as a memorial of him. I have become quite used to seeing memorial windows all over the country, placed by Circles in memory of some dear one, for these memorials are everywhere. Many Circles take care of the altar and the vestments in the churches where they worship; the work of their hands can be seen in stately churches, as well as poor little mission chapels, and their thoughtfulness for the rectors, and pastors, and congregations of the churches is proverbial.

WHAT THIS WORLD WANTS IS HEART

WHAT THIS WORLD WANTS IS HEART

WAS delighted to meet a personal friend, an Episcopal clergyman, among what they call in England "the Non-Conformists," a short time ago. We were both speaking from the same pulpit on this occasion. After his own address I said that I was surprised to see him there. "Well," he said, "I am clean gone over to the Order; they are doing about all that is worth doing here in this village, and I am bound to be with them." And as far as he is concerned, the whole village has come to love him, and his church is crowded as it was not wont to be. Oh, make sure of one thing, what this world wants is heart. I have no fear about this Order living as long as it tries at all to approximate to the teaching of the "Sermon on the Mount," for that is the need of to-day. We are not so much in need of church societies, simply for the upbuilding of denominations, as we are of the Christlike spirit that goes out among those who know nothing of church. Think of the hospitals, the homes for incurables, the day nurseries, the children's hospitals, the army of "shut-ins" that never see nor hear of church.

WORK AMONG THE SICK AND AFFLICTED

work among the sick and afflicted

RECEIVED a letter the other day from a lady who had been in one of the hospitals, and was so hungry to have some one read to her. The nurse had no time, and when one of The King's Daughters came in to read to any who were able to hear, it seemed as if an angel had come, and she wrote to me telling me to urge upon the Daughters not to get weary in the good work of visiting the hospitals, and reading, and bringing sunshine to those who are sick and afflicted.

So much work is being done quietly. I put the cross on young women who are exposed to temptations, and say to them: "When tempted and discouraged, point to the cross you wear."

You would be astonished if I should tell you of the letters I receive from those who read the Journal, for there are places where only this magazine goes, and where only through it have I an opportunity of talking to those as dear to the heart of Christ as you or me. More and more I thank God for giving me this page, for it enables me to do what no church paper in the land could enable me to do. It is high time we commenced to think more about the humanity which Christ gave His life for.

GOD WILL HAVE A RECKONING DAY

THE colored people used to sing, "The Judgment Day is rolling round," and it is, and the Judge will do right. "He will take everything into consideration," as we read in that charming little book, "Jessica's First Prayer." God has a reckoning day. I do not wonder that there are hundreds of Circles called the "Inasmuch" Circles. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me!"

Let us from this time see if we cannot do

it unto Me!"

Let us from this time see if we cannot do more for the sick and hungry; sick in heart and hungry for more than food, needing more than a physician! Let us work in this vast sisterhood together, at least in spirit.

"We work together, if far apart
Stands in unison heart to heart.
We work as having one common aim,
We work as bearing the same good name.
We dare not loiter, but still pursue
The work of the Master with Him in view."

We work as wearing to the Master with Him in view."

He dare not loiter, but still pursue
The work of the Master with Him in view."

STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL'S SELF-DENIAL

A FRIEND was telling me a short time
ago that Hudson Taylor had written his
signature on the fly-leaf of his Bible, but
instead of giving an accompanying Scripture
reference he had simply written the word
'Inasmuch.'' The full meaning of the word
had never come to him until a short while
ago, when the story of a self-denying life
had revealed the depth of truth in that
simple word. The history was similar to
many another heroic life which makes little
noise on earth but inspires the loving admiration of Heavenly hosts. A young girl with
especially brilliant talents had suddenly been
called upon to renounce a life of attractive
work to devote her time to a poor cripple
child. The little sufferer had met with some
accident, which not only deprived it of the
use of its limbs, but had made its very face
repulsive. The work of caring for the child
was burdensome to the young life at first,
and there were times of inward rebellion
that God should have endowed her with
talents only to appoint to her a task so beneath her abilities. But after a time the
thought came to her that God does not work
in a careless or haphazard way, but He
always has method and plans, and that even
in this experience He must have a lesson
for her self-willed heart. Then she placed
herself in a receptive attitude to learn
what He would teach. Some time afterward a friend called upon this young
lady and began to condole with her on her
hard lot. To her surprise there was a new
response. The wearied caretaker had been
transformed into an exalted disciple, and she
explained to her caller that as she tenderly
cared for the little one the child was transformed and she beheld the Master Himself.

He
THE MEMORY OF A GOOD MOTHER

THE MEMORY OF A GOOD MOTHER

THE MEMORY OF A GOOD MOTHER

TWILL never be known on this earth how much weak and tired mothers have accomplished. It is a great thing to have the memory of a patient mother. Only this very day I took down a picture of my mother, taken at the end of her life, when she sat so patiently in her old armchair with her Bible on her knee. I thought I would like to have her nearer to me than hanging on the wall, and I took the picture to have it framed so that it could stand upon my writing-desk. I knew of many things she would say to me. One thing she had often said, "In some way or other the Lord will provide." Then she would say," There is so much to be thankful for," and then her face would be sure to warn me if I stepped aside to sow any seed that was not the best seed. She would be sure to say, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Oh, mothers, tired mothers, discouraged mothers, take heart! You little know what you are doing for your calm, sweet faces will do more than any other influence in the years that are to come.

YOUR RELIGION MUST BE OF THE BEST

Your religion must be of the best

Was visiting at a house not very long ago when a lady who came into the room remarked, "Everything in this room has been imported." It made no impression on my mind at that moment but it came to me after, and I looked at one thing after another and repeated the word imported! And then I thought of my soul house and said, Is everything there imported? And I fell to thinking. Grace, of course, all grace is imported it is the grace of God. And all the fruits of the Spirit are imported; they are fruits of the Spirit, not home-made. To be sure they are costly. But it seems to me that the deep need at this time is that style of Christians which conveys the impression that they were not made here, that they were imported; they hint of another clime, something Heavenly, imported from the skies; not giving one simply the idea of work, though work is necessary. The Master said, "I must work," and yet while we ever associate Him with doing for others, it is not that so much that impresses us as what He was: He did not belong down here, for we read, "The Son of Man which is in Heaven."

Margard Bottome

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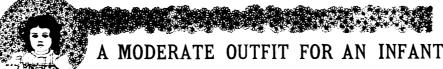
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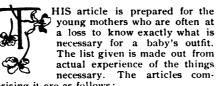
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ng it are as follows:	
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11/2 dozen Diapers, 27-inch,	2.40
3 Barrow-coats,	1.50
3 Cambric waists,	.60
4 Flannel skirts,	2.40
4 White skirts,	1.40
4 First dresses-India linen,	3.20
4 Nightgowns,	1.25
Christening robe and skirts,	3.30
1 Fine dress-India linen-	
Swiss embroidery,	1.00
4 Pairs bootees.	1.00
2 Wool shawls,	1.50
1 Baby basket-trimmings	
and contents,	3.75
2 Baby quilts-batiste-tufted,	.50
ı Hair pillow,	1.00
4 Pillow-cases—nainsook, ruffle	
4 Large soft towels for bathing	
i Flannel apron,	60

This supply will be found to be ample for an infant if the washing is done at home.

\$30.55

THE LITTLE SHIRTS AND BANDS

GOOD knit shirts of soft wool, size one, can be obtained for fifty cents. Silk and wool mixed can be had as low as ninety cents. The bands are made from cream flannel. They are seven inches wide, and the length is the width of the flannel. yard will make five. Take the scissors and notch the edges all around, or they may be pinked with a pinking-iron.

The diapers should be of two sizes-the twenty and the twenty-seven-inch sanitary cotton diapering. Make them twice as los as the width, and finish with narrow hems. Make them twice as long

The barrow-coats are made of cream flan-Take a yard and five-eighths of flannel and cut it in two lengths. Cut one length down the centre, and sew a piece on each side of the full breadth. Feather-stitch the seams. Turn up a hem of two inches at the bottom, a narrow hem at the sides, and feather-stitch with cream knitting or embroidery silk down the edges and around the bottom. Take a piece of white cambric or muslin twelve inches wide and twenty inches long, allowing a quarter of an inch for seams; fold it and sew the ends. Turn and you have a band inches wide and twenty inches long. Gather the flannel and sew on to this band. leaving a space of an inch and a half on each side of the front of the band, projecting beyond the flannel.

Some outfits have each skirt sewed to a waist of its own, but the separate waist of cambric is better. If the skirt becomes damp it can be removed without undressing the baby, and a fresh one buttoned on. paper pattern of an infant's waist, and cut from two thicknesses of the cambric. Stitch the edges together and over-seam torchon lace around the armholes and neck. Make two buttonholes in the back, using small pearl buttons. You need seven buttons around the waist, one in the centre of the front, two in the back, two on each side dividing the space equally. Plain flat linen buttons will answer. The only seams to the little waist are those at the shoulder.

The flannel apron, to be worn while giving the baby its bath, is made of a straight piece of flannel finished at the bottom with a A casing at the top holds a ribbon or tape drawing string. The towels should be of the very softest. Old damask ones are very nice for this purpose.

THE FLANNEL AND THE WHITE SKIRTS

THE flannel skirts are thirty-four inches long when finished. Take two yards of Cut in two lengths, sew the side seams and feather-stitch down. Open the back width down the centre for nine inches. Turn up a hem of two inches, blind hem and feather-stitch on the right side with cream silk. Gather the top and put into a cambric Make seven buttonholes, cut up and down, to correspond with buttons on the The skirts, if one has the time, may be finished at the bottom with a crocheted shell edge of silk or wool or buttonholed scallops.

The white skirts are made of cambric, and are a trifle longer than the flannel ones. Make one skirt with a ruffle of Swiss embroidery at the bottom, and four tucks an eighth of an inch wide just above. Sew the embroidery, which has been slightly fulled, to the bottom, and fell back the seam, making it look like a tuck. Then lay four tucks at close intervals above, or the tucks may be put in first. The other three skirts may be made with a three-inch hem and a cluster of five narrow tucks above. Fell the seams of the white skirts and hemstitch the hems if possible. The bands of these skirts are of cambric, the same size, and made the same way as those for the flannel skirts. Both white and flannel skirts may be finished at the edge in any way that suits the maker. The ideas given are in-tended to be easy of accomplishment.

THE SLIPS, NIGHTGOWNS AND BOOTEES

THE first dresses or slips are made with gathers at the neck, and have full sleeves. They are thirty-nine inches from the centre of the neck to the bottom of the two-inch hem, and trimmed with a ruffle of Valenciennes lace at the neck. Where this ruffle of lace is sewed on a narrow beading of Valenciennes, one-quarter or three-eighths of an inch wide, may be stitched down to cover the seam. The sleeves are full and gathered into a narrow band.

If for winter, the little nightgowns are made of cream domet or outing flannel, and from the same pattern as the slips, but not so long. The neck may be cut higher. Feather-stitch both neck and sleeves.

If you can crochet, you can make the bootees yourself, using fine Saxony wool, and pink or blue in combination with the white. If purchased they cost twenty-five cents a pair.

To make the little blanket shawls, take a square of flannel. Turn a hem of one inch and feather-stitch with cream silk. Instead of feather-stitching, an edge may be crocheted around. Cut the finer shawl the same size.

THE CHRISTENING ROBE AND SKIRTS

THE christening robe is made of India linen. and after a pattern which has a round yoke and bishop sleeves. The yoke is made with three strips of Valenciennes insertion half an inch in width, let in at the front, and one strip on each side at the back. Around the yoke is a very narrow double hemstitched ruffle an inch wide, and to the edge is sewed a narrow Valenciennes edge. Finish the neck with a ruffle of lace a little wider than that used on the yoke, and lay over the joining a beading of narrow Valenciennes. Gather the sleeves into a band overlaid with the beading, and finish the wrist with the lace the same as at the neck. The edge of the skirt should be very finely double hem-stitched with a hem three inches wide. On the shoulders may be put tiny rosettes of satin ribbon. The length of the robe from the centre of neck to the bottom of hem of the skirt should be forty inches.

The white skirt to wear with the christening robe is made of India linen, and has three tucks, a row of Valenciennes insertion onehalf or five-eighths of an inch wide, then a cluster of four tucks, and a ruffle of Valenciennes lace an inch and a half wide at the bottom. The flannel skirt is of cream embroidered flannel. A yard and five-eighths will be sufficient, and this is put into a band the same as the plainer ones. The fine dress is made after the same pattern as the christening robe. The yoke is plain and trimmed around with a dotted Swiss embroid-ery. This embroidery has a buttonholed edge and two rows of dots. At the neck and sleeves is the same embroidery with one row of dots. This dress is finished at the bottom with a deep hemstitched hem.

THE BABY BASKET AND ITS BELONGINGS

OVER the bottom of the baby basket smoothly with white goods or dotted Swiss; shirr a strip quite full and fasten to the sides. Put a ruffle of the blue or pink, the edges of which have been pinked, to fall over the outside of the basket, and cover this ruffle with one of the white goods with a Valenciennes edge sewed at the bottom. Where the inside and outside shirrs meet at the top set in a ruffle of Valenciennes lace to stand up. Make round cushions for each end of the color, cover with the white and finish with a ruffle of the lace. Furnish the basket with talcum powder that comes in a perforated box, soft silk sponge, hair-brush, powder-box, pair of scissors, box of assorted safety-pins, package of borated cotton, small jar of vase line, and a celluloid soap-box containing one of the perfectly pure toilet soaps.

THE little quilts are made from cream or white batiste. Get two yards and fold over, making the quilt one yard square. with pink or blue Saxony or baby ribbon. Crochet or buttonhole around the edges The pillow should be made of white curled Make the cases of cambric or nainsook.

India linen is preferable for the dresses. It is lighter, daintier, washes and irons easier, and costs but a trifle more than nainsook If one has not the time for hemstitching use a Valenciennes insertion instead. Swiss and sheer embroidery are used with India linen, nothing heavier.

If a bib is used as a protection at the neck one dress is sufficient for the day, as babies do not relish too much dressing. The dresses with a round yoke are the most becoming and most comfortable for a baby in long clothes. Wide ruffles and epaulettes of embroidery over the shoulders are very uncomfortable.

By using materials not quite so fine the cost of this outfit may be reduced slightly, but the list given has been arranged with much thought, and is really almost as inexpensively planned as is possible if the baby is to be kept clean and presentable at all times, as it should be.



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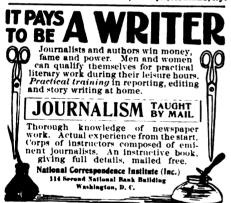
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EDITED BY EDWARD BOK

The Gossip of the Editors

THE JOURNAL'S PICTURE SETS

The Story of the Picture Offer

WHEN this issue of the VV JOURNAL shall have been published, all of the ordered sets of fifty JOURNAL pictures will have been delivered. We are frank to admit that the work was more than we bargained for, and even with all

the efforts we put forth, a suspicion remains with us that we made as many enemies through the venture as we did friends. But the story of the whole matter is interesting, and here it is: The offer of picture sets was announced in the October Journal. This number was published on the afternoon of September twenty-fourth, and from that moment our woes began. We announced that there would be but two hundred and fifty sets of the pictures. By eleven o'clock the next morning all these two hundred and fifty were exhausted, and orders were in our hands for three times that number before the day closed. They came by telegraph, by long-distance telephone, by special delivery mail, by messenger, and by regular mail by the hundreds. Each one thought her application was one of the two hundred and fifty. Within two days fifteen hundred orders were received. We did not wish to disappoint our friends, and yet no sets remained.

Had we stopped there, expressed our regret and refused the money in each case, we might have been far happier. But in a mo-ment intended to be one of generous impulse we decided to oblige our friends

Seeking to Fill All Orders

if possible. Arrangements were hurriedly perfected with the Boston firm producing the pictures for the JOURNAL to print one thousand sets more. The task was a large one: the printing of fifty thousand pictures by hand, each separately. But the work was pushed night and day, and in the meantime everything was done to answer the questions in letters and acknowledge the orders. The second and third days were worse than the first. A force of clerks was kept busy night and day. Our friends, not knowing our plight, could not understand why their letters or telegrams were not more promptly answered, so they became angry.

Nearly a Quarter of a Million Pictures

For six weeks the strain was kept up: thousands of letters and telegrams poured in, and the orders for the pictures rolled up into the thousands. Additional order after additional order was given until four thousand sets in all

were made: a total number of two hundred thousand pictures, each made by hand, mounted separately, and each one inspected. The work simply cannot be explained.

However, the entire mammoth total of nearly a quarter of a million pictures have now been delivered, and our pleasure is found in the reports which are coming from churches and societies of all kinds telling of the results

\$200,000 Church and Charity

achieved by the pictures. From over fifteen hundred of these different exhibitions we have heard as we go to the JOURNAL, and the amount netted ranges all the way from \$30 to the largest one, \$672.83—an achievement reached at Bangor, Pennsylvania. The average result seems to be about fifty dollars, so when the four thousand exhibitions shall have been given, the JOURNAL will have this satisfaction:

First, that it has scattered two hundred thousand pictures, representing good art, in the homes of America.

Second, that it has been privileged to help to a contribution of two hundred thousand dollars to church and charitable funds.

Its only regret lies in the sore spots which it fears some of its readers may have toward it, by reason of disappointments which could not have been avoided. No magazine, depending entirely on the public for its support, willingly evokes the displeasure of its read-The JOURNAL offered its art resources to its readers in churches and societies because it felt it could be of service to them. And if it has failed in any instance to do this in connection with these picture sets, it is its misfortune, but not its fault. The JOURNAL did the best it could under the extraordinary conditions. It was impossible to do more.

EDITORIAL NOTICE

HEREAFTER the subject of woman's underwear will not be treated in the letter-press of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. The editors have reached this conclusion for the following reasons:

First, the changes in this part of a woman's wardrobe are not either sufficient or material enough to justify extended chronicle.

Second, the practical art of making undergarments is understood, in whole or in part, by every woman.

Third, the treatment of the subject in print calls for minutiæ of detail, which is extremely and pardonably offensive to refined and sensitive women.

It will always be the pleasure of Mrs. Mallon, Miss Hooper, or of the correspondence editors of the JOURNAL to personally answer fully questions on the subject. But such answers will be given only by mail, and a stamp for this purpose should, of course, be inclosed with each query. In the printed pages of the JOURNAL, however, either in its articles or correspondence columns, the subject will henceforth not receive attention.

THERE are parents living in small places who could easily put it into the heads of their boys and girls to earn their own pocket money, and thus plant the seeds in their natures of helping themselves.

Making Money at Home The JOURNAL has thought

about this long and often, and now it has a plan for every boy and girl to earn what they like. Last month a girl tried the plan, and she earned five dollars. Another boy tried and he made seventy-five cents the first day. How? By just going to three of his neighbors after school time, and in an hour he came back with the seventy-five cents earned. Suppose you write the JOURNAL, parent, or let your boy or girl write to us about this.

The New Spring Fashions

N THE next JOURNAL—that is, the March issue will be given all the new Easter and spring fashions in hats, skirts, dresses, waists, etc., so that by February twenty-fifth every woman can know just what will be worn

A Musical

Education

Free

this spring, and can plan her wardrobe at her leisure. And all these fashions will come direct from Paris, modified and adapted to American needs. Four full pages of fashions will be given. No magazine has ever attempted to give the new fashions so early, so fully, so accurately, and so practically.

F YOU want a musical education or a course in college free of all expense the opportunity is yours. No matter where you want to go-near your own home or not-the Journal can take care of you. Board,

room-rent, piano-rent, laundry-work-all are included. Between four hundred and five hundred scholarships have already been awarded. Our students pay no money what-ever. The JOURNAL'S Educational Bureau will write any one about these scholarships.

The Young Man Business

SCORES of young men could have many of their doubts and questions about success in business answered if they would send ten cents to the JOURNAL for a copy of Mr. Edward Bok's booklet, "The Young

Man in Business." Of an edition of fifty thousand, only a few hundred copies are left.

A FULL page of these A views of college girls' rooms will be shown in the next (March) JOURNAL,— rooms full of girlish notions, showing how girls live at college

Inside the Rooms of College Girls

out of study hours. No magazine has ever been able to get pictures of these rooms before. The JOURNAL was offered special facilities and it had photographs taken for it. The idea is an outgrowth of the great success of "Inside of a Hundred Homes." Nearly fifty pictures in that series are to be given yet.

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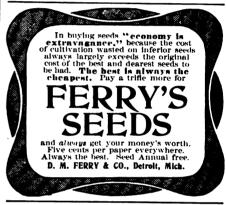
"Double Grandiflorrs weet Pens. 30 seeds.

"Japanese Imperial Morning Giory. 20 seeds.

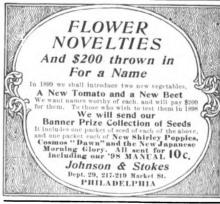
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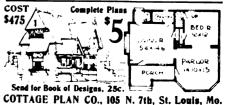
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FOUR SPECIAL PAGES

FOR THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL AND THE HOME PRACTICAL



THE DRESSING AND DRAPING OF BEDS

By Frances E. Lanigan ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK S. GUILD

THE simple designs for the dressing and draping of beds given on this page may be developed from cretonne, chintz, dimity, figured silk, dotted Swiss, fine lawn, lace,

A CURVED CANOPY AND MONOGRAM SPREAD

embroidery and insertion. The canopy effects are produced by draping the above-mentioned materials over light framework. Valances are much used, and in the illus-

trations on this page special attention has been paid to giving ideas for this most attractive finish to the modern bed.



A CIRCULAR CANOPY DRAPED WITH DOTTED SWISS

TO PRODUCE the effect given in the illustration of the tration of the square canopy and drapery with ball trimming, remove the footboard from an old-fashioned wooden bedstead, and

carry up portière poles at each corner to a height of seven feet; connect the poles together with lighter poles, which will give the necessary framework for the drapery, and put the brass tops of the poles in place as shown. Stretch tightly over the top and

fasten securely to the frame work, forming a roof, a piece of the material used for the drapery. The drapery. The edge of the top the canopy is finished with a deep ruffle edged with ball trimming.

THE dressing of the bed with a curved

canopy is pe-culiarly adapted to a cold climate, as the arrangement protects from any possible draughts. The pillow-shams, which are of linen and finished with ruffles, have a monogram in the centre. The blankets across the centre of the

bed are also decorated with a monogram.

THE circular canop

draped with dotted Swiss, depends for its effect upon the large hoop which is suspended by a cord from a hook in the ceiling directly over the bed. Cords fastened at equal distances around the hoop are drawn up to the central cord and tied firmly to it. The muslin is then draped over these cords to the hoop, where it is joined to the lower drapery, the joining being hidden with a box-plaited ruffle. The lower drapery is drawn up at the top and fastened with bows and long ends of ribbon, and at the foot is allowed to fall to the floor.

THE counterpane and bolster of cretonne are suitable for a hall bedroom. The effect is pleasing if a pretty pattern is selected.



COUNTERPANE AND BOLSTER OF CRETONNE

THE canopy with the awning effect is made from a light wooden framework and covered with blue and white chintz. The curtains are drawn back at the sides and



SPREAD AND BOLSTER OF FINE LAWN

fastened with bands of white. The edge of the roof of the canopy is finished with a box-plaiting of chintz. The spread is large enough to cover the bed and fall over the sides



THE spread and bolster of fine lawn, and the canopy draping of figured silk, are so simple as to need no explanation. The spread of the latter is made of silk to match.



CANOPY DRAPING OF FIGURED SILK

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Nothing else so fully satisfies the highest requirements and

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SINGLE mass of color furnishes a restful background which seems to heighten the good points of individual pieces of bric-àbrac and to reduce the collection to a harmo-nious whole. For this reason carpets in solid colors, with plain

cartridge wall paper of the same hue, are desirable adjuncts, extravagant as the term appears, to a collection of china or bronze. The general artistic effect is heightened if the ceiling be tinted in the same color, relieved with touches of gold. It does not follow that carpets, paper and ceiling shall exactly match, only that the same key of color shall be struck and maintained throughout its varying tones. Just what this color should be depends largely upon the collection.

Women often furnish their homes without regard to the secret of relations which artists tell us is one requisite in the making of the home beautiful. Thus, articles of bric-à-brac may be beautiful in themselves, but when brought within the narrow confines of the ordinary drawing-room the effect may be crude and unsatisfactory. The pru-dent woman, before shopping, will, therefore, try to fix upon a definite line of action. There are several guides which may lead her to a satisfactory decision. Fashion is, perhaps, the one that appeals most strongly to many. That there are decided fashions in bric-à-brac growing out of the changing styles in house-furnishing no one can deny. Just now the reaction seems to have set in against the delicate coloring so long in vogue; we seem to be entering upon an era of strong primary colors, and crimson with deep blue and green are again popular.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE CEASED TO CARE FOR

PARADOXICAL as it is, the next best thing to following the fashion in buying bric-à-brac is to go to the other extreme and purchase what others have ceased to care for. Acting upon the principle that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever" and not a toy for a day, the prudent shopper, independent of passing modes, can collect really beautiful ornaments at very little cost. For instance, Royal Worcester is cheaper than it was, and pieces of bisque, Belleek and Bonn can be picked up at astonishingly low prices. In the rush for Delft a year or more ago, a beautiful and artistic ware, with which a blue room could be most satisfactorily decorated, was overlooked. This is the old-time cameo Wedgwood. The delicate white figures upon the rich background are pleasing to the eye, and the strength of the china makes it a most useful and profitable investment.

HISTORY AND SENTIMENT IN BRIC-À-BRAC

SELECT a ware and remain loyal to it. In this way a woman is more apt to secure a collection governed by certain laws to which all the individual pieces conform, than by an indiscriminate purchase of the examples of all schools of ceramic art. The interest and pleasure not only of possession, but of purchase, are increased when a definite purpose is held steadily in view. History is a safe guide in the purchase of ornaments. Any one who doubts the influence of passing events upon the designs of bric-à-brac has but to bring to mind the treasures of her grandmother's attic, granted that she was fortunate enough to possess a grandmother thus richly dowered. In the dusty corners stood quaint cologne bottles with the stars and stripes interwoven, even through the tiny design upon the neck. There were match-boxes, too, upon whose lids drummer boys were sleeping with their drums as pillows. On painted vases pickets in Northern blue were mutely standing These relics of the fairs held in behalf of the Sanitary Commission of the Civil War are certainly as valuable in point of historical association, if not as old as the Hancock plates and Lafayette platters over which collectors delight.

Family history, as well as National, is a safe rule for faith and practice in the matter of bric-à-brac. Too often we banish ornaments from the home simply upon the score of fashion, although there may be many personal reasons why these discarded pieces should be carefully preserved. Reckless disregard of sentiment in these things is the reason that so many women to-day bemoan the fact that they might all have had delightful relics if their ancestors had simply taken care of their household plenishings. with a history, or a cup that has played its part in some National or domestic event, possesses value, money cannot buy. History making every day, and it is possible to buy bric à-brac at the present time that in a few years will recall some event of interest and value to our descendants.

COLLECTING THE POTTERY OF MANY NATIONS THE ceramic art of one land becomes a

matter of research. The peasant pottery of different nations is artistic and inexpensive. In most of our large cities there are shops where, by leaving the name and address, collectors are informed of the arrival of wares. Peru or Mexican water bottles can be bought at some of these places for seventy-five cents. Their odd shapes and rich colorings harmonize perfectly with Oriental furnishings. Another guide to the purchase of bric-à-brac is to select some definite article, irrespective of color or commercial value, and follow it through all of its modifications of form. Just now the collecting of pitchers is quite a fad. Teapots of all sorts and conditions prove more interesting to others. Candlesticks of all designs are also chosen as the basis of a collection. Trenchers and porringers are also claiming attention, and old English and Benares brass threaten to displace silver. Vases and jars are now made of wood, and the fad for such articles does not seem far distant.

MAKING THE BEST OF ODD PIECES

THERE are many women, however, who are confronted with the problem of making the best of a miscellaneous collection of ornaments, consisting, perhaps, of wedding gifts and thoughtless purchases. They can-not have what they like, and they would like what they have, if possible. The first thing is to provide a satisfactory background, the color of which must depend largely upon the ware predominating over the others. Just now green is becoming fashionable in decorations, making it easy to furnish a room artistically in this color at a small expense. Nature is a safe guide, and this is the tint she has chosen as the keynote in the universal schemes. Nothing furnishes a more satisfactory background for the display of bronze. When left alone to time this is the color bronze chooses for itself, and this natural selection of color may be safely trusted. With silver, glass and brass it is equally effective, and it harmonizes perfectly with the Rookwood specimens, of which most young housekeepers possess a variety.

Yellow is another color that lends a kindly aid in decoration. Like sunshine it brings out the beauty of all colors, and at the same time compels them to live in harmony. For general collections these two tones will be found more artistic, durable and satisfactory than any of the others.

BRIC-A-BRAC HAS A MISSION OF ITS OWN

ARTISTS say that bric-à-brac has two important uses in decoration—"the massing of color and the breaking up of stiff, ugly outlines." Therefore, the dark places of a room and the corners are points needing the light and grace of ornaments. A very scanty store of bric-à-brac looks larger by condensation. It is better, therefore, according to some authorities, to place most of the ornaments a room contains in one small cabinet, instead of scattering them upon tables and the piano, as many housekeepers do. It is wiser, as one woman declares, to give the impression that you need a new cabinet rather than more bric-à-brac. It is certainly pardonable to place the cheapest and most faulty ornaments so high that they cannot be examined. Shelves over doors and windows are excellent restingplaces for bric-à-brac whose glaze or finish will not stand critical scrutiny.

LIGHTING UP THE DARK CORNERS OF A ROOM

THE large inexpensive Japanese jars which seem so top-heavy upon the ordinary mantel, appear to advantage in the dark cor-ners which need lighting up. Their odd shapes break the hard outlines and do much to redeem the angles of a square room. When one must strictly consider expense in the purchase of ornaments, these products of Japanese workmanship will yield the most satisfactory artistic effects for the least money. When placed upon pedestals with drapery they cause the most gloomy corners to take on an air of beauty and grace.

Over-ornamentation and excess of decoration, we are told, are the great faults of the ordinary American home. Tables filled with useless bric-à-brac are irritating not only to the eye, but to the nerves, and there is a species of unkindness in placing ornaments where the least movement is apt to cause their fall. The tea-table and desk afford all the opportunity necessary for the display of these dainty trifles, which give an air of luxury to a room. All things considered, it is better, even from an artist's standpoint, to follow the Japanese custom, and keep some ornaments in reserve for a change of decoration, rather than to make a china shop of our drawing-rooms and dining-rooms.



NEW MULTIFLORA ROSES

With seed of these new Roses, plants may be had in bloom in 60 days from time of sowing. Plant at any time. They grow quickly, and flowers appear in large clusters and in such quantity that a plant looks like a bouquet. Perfectly hardy in the garden, where they bloom all summer. In pots they bloom both summer and winter. From a packet of seed one will get Roses of various colors—white, pink, crimson, etc.—no two alike, and mostly perfectly double and very sweet. Greatest of novelties. Seed 20c, per pkt., 3 pkts. for 50c.—or for 40c. we will seed

1 pkt. New Multiflora Roses. All colors.

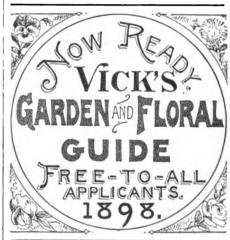
1 "Chinese Lantern Plant. Magnificent.
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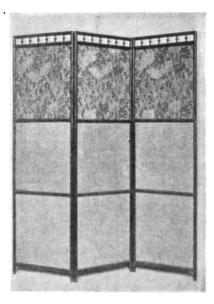


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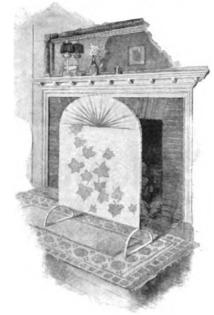
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SCREEN OF SATEEN AND DENIM



A FIREPLACE SCREEN

A POSTER SCREEN

A CHILD'S wooden hoop forms the centre

A of the framework of the square fireplace screen in illustration. The hoop, which may be covered with any material desired, is joined to the woodwork by strong cord car-ried through brass screw-eyes.

THE screen with heraldic decoration is done on burlap with tapestry dyes. The ground—a dull green—is painted first, then the lions are stenciled on with rather a bright

red, for the reason that the green will dull

the red somewhat. The device in the central panel is done in darker green, red and dull

THE poster screen is of burlap with a heavy

coat of green paint. When this is thoroughly dry, paste the posters to the upper

part of panels and decorate with flowers sug-

gested by the posters which are used. Outline all the forms with a raised paste.

panels forty inches high and eighteen wide, making the inner measurement thirty-five by

thirteen. Twelve inches from the top is a

cross-piece, in which brass nails are driven to hold spools. On one side, attached by

hinges, is a piece of board which serves as a table when the screen is in use. On the opposite side is a portfolio with writing

The sewing-room screen consists of two

blue. The whole is outlined in gold.

NINE ATTRACTIVE HOME-MADE SCREENS

By Florence Fetherston and Frank S. Guild

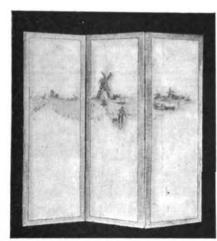
SCREEN is one of the most useful pieces of household furniture, as well as one of the most ornamental. In the sick-room one may be used to screen the patient from sight and protect from glare or draught; it may encourage constant fresh air by being placed before an open window, and may hide from view all medicines and other tokens of illness which are so distressing to the sight.

In a dining-room a screen may be placed

to shut off the view of the pantry-door; in a library it may screen the student from inter-ruption. In every room of the house the screen is a most valuable, practical adjunct, while its value as a means of decoration can scarcely be estimated.

The designs for screens given in accompanying illustrations are useful and inexpensive, and, without a single exception, may be constructed at home with the aid of a carpenter and the simplest of materials.

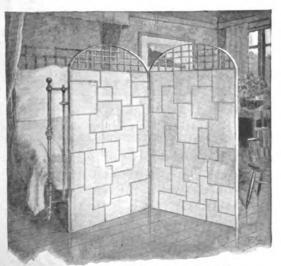
THE screen of sateen and denim, which heads this page, has an oak frame, which is stained a bright red to correspond with the



A DELFT SCREEN

poppies in the sateen which covers the upper sections of the panels. The lower part is covered with green denim. The top is finished with a light rail of the oak.

THE Delft screen in illustration is covered with white table oilcloth. A two-inch band of blue is painted around each panel and the centres decorated with Dutch scenes. Antwerp blue and indigo diluted with turpentine are the only colors used. The frame of this Delft screen may be made of pine wood.



SCREEN MADE FROM TEA-CHEST MATTING

THE screen made from tea-chest matting consists of a framework made from eight poles, four of which, cut the proper lengths, form each panel. Over the top of each panel is a semi-circle formed from a hoop fastened to the framework. This hoop is brought down the side of each panel and nailed



CONSTRUCTED FROM A HOOP

firmly in place. Inside each semi-circle is an interlacing of coarse cord carried through holes bored in both hoop and framework. The centre of each panel is filled with pieces of tea-chest matting, bound with braid.



BURLAP SCREEN WITH HERALDIC DESIGN

The panels are hinged with strips of leather. The woodwork of this frame may be painted olive green and the cord be gilded.

THE fireplace screen in illustration is made from a light framework of wood with half a hoop fastened securely to the top. It is covered with two pieces of transparent material, between which autumn leaves have been placed at irregular intervals. The material is tightly stretched, and the effect of the leaves, which show through, is very



A VERY INEXPENSIVE SCREEN

Poor, Forgottes Hair Mattress!

Five years from now no one will dream of buying a HAIR mattress. It is out classed—superseded—surpassed by mod ern science and sanitary teaching.

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If you are skeptical about its merits, or don't need one now, send for our handsome illustrated pamphlet, "The Test of Time," mailed free for the asking. It gives full particulars regarding our offer to prepay express charges and sell on the distinct agreement that you may return it and get your money back if not the equal of any \$50.00 Hair Mattress in cleanliness, durability and comfort, and if not satisfactory in every possible way at the end of

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St. Mark's Rectory,
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Messrs. Ostermoor & Co.

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Elastic Felt Mattress, which I bought of you in 1875,
has been in constant use for treenty-two years; is still
in good condition and shows no sign whatever of
decay. Can say the same of the one purchased in
1878—They undoubtedly stand "The Test of Time."

Very truly,
S. M. HASKINS, Rector.

Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses are not for sale by stores anywhere. Wretched imitations are offered by unscrupulous dealers—please write us if you know of such cases.

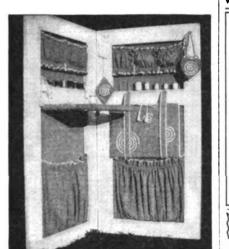
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Mahogany Ladies' Desk

\$9.75 buys this dairect from the



SCREEN FOR SEWING-ROOM

materials. Bags of different sizes are arranged top and bottom. The frame is painted with white china gloss. The material used is blue denim feather-stitched with white.

THE very inexpensive screen in illustra-tion is made from broomsticks sandand painted or gilded. The are filled in with cretonne and hinged together with strips of leather.



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DOING BAMBOO WORK AT HOME

By F. O. Foster

THE varying sizes of bamboo, or cane, as it is sometimes called, and its finished condition when first received, make it much easier to handle and

work than ordinary wood. In working bamboo the principal skill required is an artistic one, and one quite independent of any acquired ability with chisel or plane.

IN COLORING AND ENAMELING THE CANES

THE canes are all of a straw color when first received. The wavy brown coloring

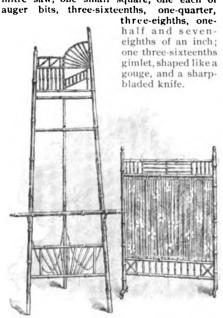
of the joints seen in the manufactured article is made by holding the reed to an ordinary gas flame, either on the bracket, or by using a rubber tube four feet long, one end of which is attached to the bracket, while to the other a gas nipple is fastened. This arrange-ment will enable you to hold the coloring flame in your hand. Let the broad side of the flame, at the point where it emerges from the burner, be held right against the reed on top of it. After applying the flame a

few seconds a wavy brown mark will appear. When you think the mark deep enough in color turn the reed toward you about a quarter of an inch and allow another mark to appear, and so on around the reed.

Two coats of white enamel will make a good finish, and, if desired, the ring on each joint may be touched with gilt.

TOOLS NECESSARY FOR THE WORK

THE following outfit will be necessary: One ratchet bit brace, one nine-inch mitre saw, one small square, one each of auger bits, three-sixteenths,



AN EASEL AND A FIRE-SCREEN

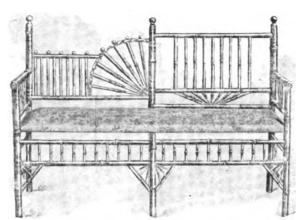
Use the gouge-shaped gimlet to bore the holes to admit the spur of the bit; otherwise you will split the cane. After you have made the marks for the holes cut away or scrape the surface a trifle, so that your gim-let will not slip off when you attempt to start it in. Bore the hole through one side only. As the reeds are not of uniform size use the knife and trim either the hole or the end of reed to make a fairly snug fit. Before gluing, fit all the pieces together to see if they are After the glue has been applied and all the pieces are in position, tie the parts well with strong twine and put away for twenty four hours to dry; then varnish with one coat of quickly drying varnish.

MAKING AN ARTISTIC FIRE-SCREEN

FOR the fire-screen in accompanying illustration select for uprights two pieces about seven eighths of an inch in diameter, and cut them each two feet nine inches long The four horizontal pieces are each one foot eleven inches by about three quarters in diameter. Cut for the top panel eight quarter-inch pieces three and a half inches long. Cut them so the knot will be in the centre when in position. The three supports for the horizontal pieces in centre of panel should be a little larger than the other uprights, but same length. The six horizontal pieces are each six and threeeighths inches long and less than one-quarter in diameter. The lower panel requires thirteen small uprights three and three-quarter inches long. The foot pieces should be six inches long and one inch in diameter, with two short pieces in each end for standards.

FITTING AND ARRANGING THE PANELS

AKE the panels first and then fit them to IVI the long side pieces by laying them on the floor in their relative positions. When so placed mark the side pieces where you must bore the holes to admit the ends of panels. In fitting the foot pieces cut out the lower end of upright so that the piece will fit up in it at right angles to the screen. The short uprights in top panel should be an inch apart, except the horizontal pieces, which are six inches. In the bottom panel set the uprights an inch and five-eighths apart.



A VERY COMFORTABLE PORCH SETTEE

EASEL WITH FAN-SHAPED DESIGN

AN EASEL, similar to the one shown in illustration, is a piece of work that might properly follow the screen. The same rules will apply in putting it together. At the point of the fan, where the sticks diverge, cut each one a wedge shape, so that they will all come together in a point; then cut the corners where you want to put them, so that they will fit in snugly together. Put glue on each one when placing permanently in place, being careful to use only glue of the best quality. The cross rod, which is fastened to the leg or back standard, is fifteen inches long, and should be put in without glue, so that it will turn easily in the socket.

The picture-rest is twenty-four inches long. When in position it should be about that distance from the floor. It is attached by means of two four-inch pieces of half-inch reed, one end of which is inserted in the standard and the other in the rest. It is well,
also, to put small braces under the

rest at an angle of forty-five degrees.

MAKING A PORCH SETTEE

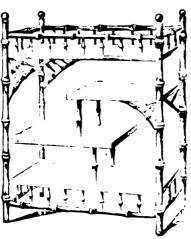
AFTER the screen and easel are made, the wall cabinet and the settee may be attempted with ease. The seat frame for the latter is made of wood one inch thick by three inches wide, with cross piece at ends and centre. It is well to mortise and glue them together. Fasten the legs or uprights to frame by cutting out the corners, so that the reed will fit in snugly, and with a long bluehead screw fasten in position. Given the main dimensions it will be an easy matter to arrive at the rest after an examination of the cut. The length is four feet, by sixteen inches in width; the seat is sixteen and a half inches from floor; the back stand-ards, which are of one-and-a-half-

inch cane, should be thirty four inches high, while the front uprights at the corners are twenty-four inches. Brace legs with two cross pieces, back and

front and at each end. Get some curled hair and upholster your settee with material of

a Turkish pattern in dull blue and brown.

Bamboo is strong, though light, and any articles that may be made from it will be found very durable, and easy to move from place to place. For summer homes they will be found invaluable. The comthev pensation for this bamboo work will be found to be greater than in almost anything else in the line of amateur decorative work.



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of Any Make

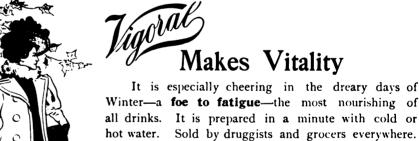
All you have to do is to send this information on a postal card: (1) your name; (2) location of your residence; (3) post-office address; (4) name of your machine; (5) its factory number; (6) length of time in use; (7) magazine in which you saw this. Send details in this exact order on a postal card—don't send a letter—and put nothing else on the postal card but the information desired.

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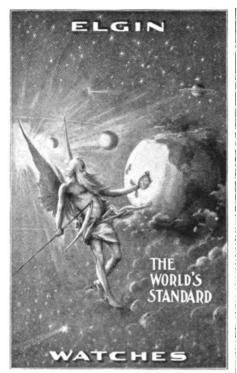


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WHAT MENY PARE ASKING

BY WALTER GERMAIN

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or ad-dressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will, in future, obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

British Army. The purchase system in the British army was abolished in the year 1871.

Endorsing Checks. Sign your name (exactly as it is written on the face of the check) across the back of the check at the top.

The New Derby Hat has a narrow brim and a moderate bell crown. The derby hat is worn with the cutaway coat and vest, and trousers of dark gray.

A Business Letter should be written on business paper, and inclosed in a business envelope, whether your correspondence is with a woman, a man, or a business house.

Jeunesse Dorée is a French term, the equivalent for which in English is gilded youth. The term is used when referring to the rich and fashionable young men of a community.

Wearing Gloves. It was formerly the custom at formal receptions for a man to remove his right-hand glove before entering the drawing-room, but the fashion has been modified, and, as the ladies receiving are always gloved nowadays, the man keeps his gloves on even when shaking hands.

Overcoats and Coats. An overcoat long enough to conceal the tails of the frock coat should be worn. The cutaway coat is very much in favor this season, and, in places where dress-suits are not worn, is used for all dressy occasions, with vest of the same, and light or dark gray trousers. A Prince Albert and a frock coat are the same.

Street Etiquette. The lady bows first. In cases of friends the bowing or greeting may be simultaneous. A man should always lift his hat in acknowledgment of any salutation made to the lady with whom he is walking. As a rule, men do not lift their hats to one another when meeting on the street, the exception being when a young man meets an older man or a distinguished one.

Men's Evening Clothes. The trousers of evening suits this year have silk braid down the sides. If you do not think of getting a new suit, however, this need not worry you. It is only a fad which may not last. The coats have peaked lapels, not shawl collars. The dress shirt has two or three buttons, with a standing collar. Jewelry should not be worn with evening clothes; even the watchchain is kept out of sight.

Social Letters. When writing to ordinary acquaintances, and when answering invitations, notes of congratulation or condolence, which are written in the first person, begin "My Dear —." It is the absence, not the use, of the possessive pronoun, which indicates familiarity. "Yours very sincerely "is a good way to end a friendly letter. A business one may appropriately close with "Yours truly," or "Yours respectfully."

Card Etiquette. Men's visiting-cards are of white Bristol-board about three inches in length and two in width, with the full name engraved in small copperplate type. The prefix "Mr." is commonly used, except in the case of a clergyman or physician, when "Rev." or "Dr." would be substituted. When calling upon intimate friends it is not necessary to leave cards. The JOURNAL believes that in making formal calls the leaving of one visiting-card is sufficient for all purposes.

Sack Suits. The double-breasted sack suit is very useful, and extremely becoming to a tall man. The coat is called a reefer. These suits are usually made of dark blue or black rough goods, and are quite dressy enough to be worn to church or when making informal calls. Suits of this sort are sold ready-made for from fifteen to twenty dollars, and for a man of average figure require but little alteration. As a rule, the collars of ready-made coats are cut a little high in the back, but this fault will be remedied at any one of the large establishments where these ready-made suits are sold.

ments where these ready-made suits are sold.

Collars and Ties. The fashionable collar for men this winter is the one best described as the all-round turned-down. It is about three inches in height, absolutely round at the corners, and with quite an open space at the collar button. For evening and full dress the plain, high standing collar, almost four inches in height, closing and lapping over at the collar button, is worn. The butterfly tie, a small string tie with broad ends, tied in a bow very tightly, is worn with the turned-down collar. This method of tying also applies to the lawn tie for evening wear. The four-in-hand tie is made in a small knot with the two long ends widely flowing. The Ascot is fastened very high, and near the collar, by a scarfpin.

ened very high, and near the collar, by a scarspin.

Care of Clothes. If you want your clothes to last you must be careful when removing them. Shake your coat, waistcoat and trousers, removing everything from the pockets. Brush each piece vigorously with a whisk over a newspaper laid upon the floor to keep the carpet free from dust. Clothes are better folded than hung. They occupy less space and can be kept in better shape. The best preservatives for clothes are newspapers. They keep away moths and dust. Fold the waistcoat in two, with the sleeves inside; fold the trousers in two from the second waist button on each side; this will catch the seam of the leg of the trousers and preserve the crease in good shape.

Business Suits. Cheviots worsteds and tweeds

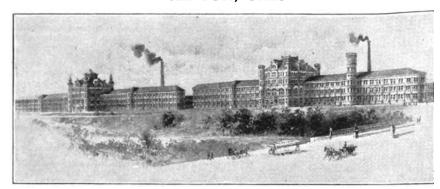
Business Suits. Cheviots, worsteds and tweeds are the favorite materials this winter. The long cutaway frock, and the three-buttoned cutaway, as well as the sack suit, are worn. The threeas well as the sack suit, are worn. The three-buttoned cutaway is so arranged that one button of the waistcoat is shown. The four-buttoned cutaway, which is also fashionable, conceals the waistcoat. The cutaway has come to stay, and it may be made of the same materials as the trousers, or it may be of black, rough cheviot or worsted. It may be worn at all hours, and on Sundays as well as for the office—in fact, it may take the place of the frock coat. A man may pay calls in it, go to the theatre in it, or be married in it. The double-breasted sack coat of black or blue cheviot or tweed, to be worn with worsted or cassimere trousers, will make a most acceptable business suit and one that will stand wear. The double-breasted sack or reefer can be made thick enough to wear without an overcoat. enough to wear without an overcoat.

enough to wear without an overcoat.

Care of Shoes. A man in taking care of his shoes requires a cleaning outfit consisting of a box of shoe polish, a bottle of russet polish, a bottle of patent-leather polish, a camel's-hair brush such as painters use, and a number one blacking-brush. Remove all mud and dust before applying the russet polish, which should be rubbed well in. Then take a little cream and give them a final polish. Russet polish outfits usually have a bottle for the polish, and a little tin of cream in the same box. If you have none of these, vaseline rubbed in with a rag will answer. An old silk handkerchief or a bit of silk will give a gloss to russet shoes. In cleaning black leather boots, remove all the mud and dust with the hard part of the brush. Apply the blacking evenly with a soft brush, and then work with energy until you have a brilliant polish. Englishmen clean patent-leather boots with milk. They say this gives a higher polish, and makes the leather loss liable to crack. Never put wet patent-leather boots by the fire. When they are dry put a little sweet oil or vaseline on them. Pay particular attention to the heels when cleaning either boots or shoes.

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CORALINE DRESS STAYS



🙎 SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

By Ruth Ashmore

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or ad-dressed stamped envelope will be auswered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

3 The Birth Stone for February is the amethyst,

which is said to bring contentment. When Eating Small Birds or very tiny chops it is permissible to take the bones in one's fingers.

Accepting Presents. A girl should not accept presents from any man except her betrothed, and from him she should only take such gifts as she feels he can afford to give her.

An Escort. If a lady has a set of course tickets for a series of concerts she may, with propriety, ask a gentleman, who is an old and an intimate friend of her family, to act as her escort.

Thin White Silk Curtains that are inclined, when the window is open, to blow about, may be held in position by having small white silk bags filled with shot sewed in the corners.

Miss Alcott's Adopted Son. The publication of a notice that copyright to one of Louisa M. Alcott's books had been secured by the "son of the author," is explained by the fact that she had legally adopted the son of her sister, Mrs. Pratt.

Well-Bred Men, such as I imagine visit your daughter, would, when calling in the evening, remain not longer than three-quarters of an hour, unless there happened to be present a number of young people, when they might remain longer.

Philopena Bangles would make pretty souvenirs for your bridesmaids. They are of double twisted gold wire with double almonds in enamel. So natural are they in form and coloring that at first one is almost forced to think that they are real.

A Sixteen-Year-Old Girl should wear her skirts well below her ankles, especially if she is very tall. For suggestions as to arranging her hair refer to the article entitled." New Ways of Dressing the Hair," which appeared in the January JOURNAL.

Dinner Cards. The simplest dinner cards are usually the prettiest. Why not have for your valentine dinner those which show a miniature? These cards are usually about four inches square, and have in the upper left-hand corner a miniature head in dainty colors. The name of the guest is written across the card in gold ink.

For an Informal Wedding, at which only the immediate members of the two families will be present, it would be proper to have the invitations written in the most informal manner by your mother or sister. The announcement cards may be sent out as soon after the wedding as is possible. A suitable collation for a quiet wedding would consist of creamed oysters, salads, sandwiches, ices, bride's cake, small cakes, coffee, chocolate and lemonade.

"Woman's Ways." The verse by this title is by the late Kate Field, and runs as follows:

the late Kate Field, and runs as follows:
"They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or Heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a bessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper "yes" or "no,"
There's not a life, a death, a birth,
There's not a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

For Appearance Sake. You did not do wrong in accepting the courtesy shown you on the train by the strange gentleman, but it is not always wise to permit one's self to accept such courtesies and then drift into conversation. The other passengers in the car who saw you talking with a man, who a few minutes before was apparently an entire stranger to you, did not understand that his offer to get you coffee at the station had led to the conversation, and they had, under the circumstances, every right to contain the station of the programme of the conversation. had, under the circumstances, every right to consider you undignified.

Points of Etiquette. A gentleman should look after his hat and overcoat without any assistance from his hostess. A lady precedes a gentleman when entering a place of anuscement or a church. He could not protect her if he walked in front of her. When a visitor is saying good-by it is not necessary for each member of the family to rise, though the hostess should. A note of regret should be sent when one is mable to accept an invitation to a wedding reception. The commonly-accepted form, in the third person, is the proper one. ding reception. The commonly-a the third person, is the proper one.

A Compactus for a stateroom is usually made either of striped ticking or duck. In it may be put everything that you think a traveler will require. This list may be useful to you: Mustard plasters in a small tin hox, a clothes-brush, a box of white and one of crude vaseline, a tube of tooth paste, a pair of knitted shoes, a hot-water bag, a needle-book filled with shoe buttons, thread, glove buttons, spools of cotton, needles and pins, a new pair of scissors, a spool of dental stik, a roll of black pins, a cake of fine soap, a salts bottle, a bottle of fine cologne, and a bottle of fine toilet water. In addition there should be your personal belongings, your combs and brushes, button-hook, nail-file, harrpons, etc.

The Five of Clock Tea-Table. On the five of clock

button-hook, nail-file, harrpins, etc.

The Five o'Clock Tea-Table. On the five o'clock tea-table, which should always be dainty in its appearance, there may be a few flowers in a vase just in the centre; if famcied, candle-sticks with lighted candles may be at each end, but these are not necessary. About the table should be plates of sandwiches made of bread cut very thin and spread either with a little fam, mineceneat or some kind of lettine. There should be dishes of thin tea cakes, of biss ints and of bonhoms. Salted nuits may be added it desired. Tea, when the table is in the parlor, is made there, but a maid should always be on hand to bring clean cups. The best tea is made by allowing one teaspoonful of tea for each person present and one for the teaport. This gives the strength really proper for the afternoon tea which is counted as bracing. Very many ladies simply have wafers, while others, in addition to the dishes I have mentioned, serve chocolate. Too elaborate a tea-table is in much worse taste than too simple a one—in fact, there cannot be a tea-table that is too simple. A hostess is doing quite enough when she offers merely a cup of tea to her afternoon callers.

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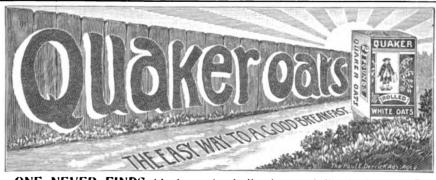
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Vendo Senson SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

By Ruth Ashmore

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

Real Politeness. Your friend is wrong in saying it is bad form to quietly thank a servant for an act of politeness. A lady would always do it. Her thanks would be quiet, not effusive, and she certainly would never use that brusque word "thanks."

For any one present and see certainty would never use that brisugue word "thanks".

Funeral Flowers. Floral designs are not considered in good taste for funerals. Instead, some loose lowers, some flowers tied together, or in the form of wreath, are in best taste. To such expressions of ympathy one's visiting-card should be attached.

A Silver Porringer would be a desirable present or your godson, particularly as you say money is no highest. On this could be inscribed the baby such a rift is not only artistic and useful, but is something which may descend from one generation to another. Precious Stones. Neither emeralds nor diamonds are found in the United States. The yield of turnuoises is large in Arizona and New Mexico. Other receious stones which are to be found here are apphires, tourmalines, garnets, rubies, amethysts, opaz and opals, but none of them to any great exent. The turquoise heads the list.

A Visiting List will be found very useful by the

tent. The turquoise heads the list.

A Visiting List will be found very useful by the young married woman who has many social duties to perform. If arranged and kept systematically it will prove invaluable to her as a record of calls made and returned, as well as of her other social obligations and the duties incidental to her position.

Ougations and the duties includental to ner position. Questions of Propriety. It is not polite for children to answer grown-up people by a simple "yes" or "no" without adding their names or some polite phrase, as "No, I do not think so," or "Yes, I have been told so." It is in extremely bad taser to the propriety of the propriety of the propriety of the propriety should be the keynote of children's clothes.

A Money Pocket is always a very satisfactory present. Make a small bag of chamois, cut oblong in envelope shape and large enough to hold bank-notes and other valuables. It should have a narrow ribbon attached to pass around the neck. Over the bag is slipped another envelope of linen, having in the bag in a single another envelope of linen, having the bag is a single another envelope. The bag is really a very useful gift for any one who is traveling, really a very useful gift for any one who is traveling.

no nue siik, and the words "Bon Voyage." This is really a very useful gift for any one who is traveling.

A Lenten Class. Your idea for a class is very good. Write your notes of invitation to the different girls, asking them to meet you at your house for a consultation. Then, having informed yourself of the fact, tell them how much it will cost to have the German teacher the class. When the amount is divided among a number it will not be great, and as each one will learn during the course how to be mistress of the needle it will be well worth denying one's self some luxury in order to join the class.

A Wedding Dress. You are very wise, as you will have no opportunity to wear it in the future, to give up all idea of having a satin wedding dress. The white organdy will, be your briefsmakis may be gowned in some pale-tinted organdy that will be a pretty contrast to your gown. To spend a great deal of money on a wedding dress that will be of no use in the future is a piece of folly that is, I am sorry to say, too common, and I am glad that one of my give the pretty continuation of the pr

to say, too common, and I am glad that one of my girls is wise enough to realize how foolish such a piece of extravagance would be.

At a Formal Wedding it is customary for the bride to give her bridesmaids a few invitations, that they may have the pleasure of sending them to be an and whom they may wish to have see them in their bridesmaids' dreses and to witness a pretty wedding. Each bridesmaid, in sending such an invitation, incloses her card with it. The bride enters leaning on the arm of her father or nearest male relation may be a married would enter first, leaning on the arm of the bridegroom, while the bride mother would be bride would enter first, leaning on the arm of the bridegroom, while the bride mother would then stand just back of the bridegroom at his rating, which will be the bride would the bride would be seen to be seen and the bride would the bride would the bride would the bridegroom at his rating, which will be the bride would the bridegroom at the bridegroom to the church, stands beside him during the ceremony, gives him the ring at the bridegroom to the church, stands beside him during the ceremony, gives him the ring at the proper moment; presents the clergyman with him ment of the marriage in the newspapers. Of course, any expenses he incurs are paid by the bridegroom, sufficient to cover all expenses.

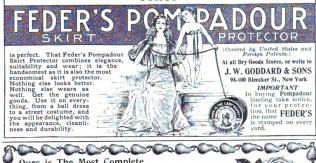
envelope containing some inexpensive article which was not only pretty but useful.

The Manicure Set. Most elaborate and costly manicure sets, having in them any number of useful pieces, may be bought, but there are really only a few necessary, and these may be bought singly. For the proper care of the nails one needs an ordinary nail-brush, then a smaller one that will brush well under the nails, a file, a polishing brush, curved scissors, a pair for each hand-since it is very unhandy to properly cut of the nails of the left hand. Every morning, after washing the hands use the nail-brush, and after the hands are thoroughly dry, but have been considered to the nails of the left hand. Every morning, after washing the hands use the nail-brush, and after the hands are thoroughly dry, but have been considered to the nails. By keeping this down and never eating it you will not be subject to ugly nails, nor will the skin be obtrusive. Then, while the nails still moist, use the point at may be under it that the brushing has failed to take away. After this, if they require it, cut the nails the received shape, which follows the outline of the tips of the fingers. The extremely pointed nail is not in good taste. After this hirow a pinch of polishing powder on each nail in order, and brush it until it has a delicate pink glow.





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Questions of a general domestic nature will be answered on this page. All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope to Mrs. S. T. Rorer, care of The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, will be answered by mail.

The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names on this page.

Dry Perfume. Your druggist can mix for you a number of dry perfumes, which may be put into little silk or muslin bags and placed at the bottom of bureau drawers and in closets.

Finnan Haddies are usually broiled. Put them over a clear fire, flesh side down. Serve them on a hot plate with maltre d' hôtel sauce, made by rubbing together a tablespoonful of lemon juice, one of butter and one of powdered parsley.

Inexpensive Menus. I have no book which gives inexpensive menus for every day in the year. If you will take the article in the last October number of the Journal, entitled "Ten Dollars a Week for a Family of Eight," as a basis, you may arrange menus, using beef, poultry and other meats.

Smothered Beef. Chop one pound of tough beef very fine, put it into a granite or a porcelain baking-dish, sprinkle over it a teaspoonful of salt; add a bit of butter; cover with another pan, and put it into a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Serve with either mush or combread.

Dried Peas. All the leguminous seeds are difficult of digestion. Dried peas may be soaked over night, boiled for two hours next day, then made into a purée. The long soaking softens the fibre surrounding the starch grains, and renders them more digestible. Rice is an admirable food, requiring only one hour for perfect digestion.

Candied Citron. The candied citron used for mincemeat and fruitcakes is not made from the ordinary farm citron. The citron belongs to the orange family, and has somewhat the same flavor, while the farm variety is more like a pumpkin or the white portion of the watermelon. It lacks flavor and will not do as a substitute for the other.

Oyster Pie. Put a strip of light paste across the bottom of a deep pie or baking dish. Fill the dish with oysters that have been drained and washed; to each fifty oysters allow a tablespoonful of butter, a level teaspoonful of salt and a dash of red pepper. Cover with a light crust and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Serve plain or with a cream dressing made of oysters.

Ladies' Cabbage is made by lightly cooking either Savoy or a very loose head of nicely-bleached cabbage. The former may be cooked whole, the latter divided into eighths and put at once into a large kettle of boiling salt water. After the first boil allow the cabbage to stand on the back part of the stove, keeping the temperature at 200° for thirty minutes. Drain, dish neatly, and cover with cream sauce.

Diabetes. You are correct in supposing that a diabetic patient should not have sugar nor starch. You can use no substitute for the latter; for the former you may use saccharine or a fruit sugar called diabetine; it is better, however, to do entirely without either. While acids do not in any way affect the disease they may upset the digestion, and that, in turn, will make the patient worse; for this reason pickles should be avoided.

Indigestion. In the current issue of the JOURNAL the article, "What Indigestion Really Means," will answer most of the questions asking for diet lists for persons having that trouble. It is impossible for either a dietitian or physician to intelligently prescribe treatment for persons whom he has not seen. There are many kinds of indigestion caused by lack of one or other of the digestive ferments, and it is impossible for a stranger to decide which of these ferments is at fault.

these ferments is at fault.

Evaporated Milk. You may use evaporated milk in place of ordinary milk for your cake, adding a sufficient quantity of water to make it as nearly as possible like fresh milk. I prefer, however, where cakes contain a goodly quantity of butter, to use water, even if I have an abundance of fresh milk. Water makes cake lighter and more delicate than milk. Evaporated milk may be used perfectly well for cream sauce for any of the canned preparations, or cream sauce for puddings or vegetables with which cream sauce would be appropriate.

Which cream sauce would be appropriate.

Coffee. I consider coffee, as it is usually made in the American family—strong and from the pure bean—an injurious drink, especially for nervous people. No doubt the student to whom you refer can study better after taking a cup of coffee, but the new energy is caused by a stimulant, the effects of which will soon pass off, leaving him lower in nervous force. That is the reason he has headache and feels so miserable when he is without coffee. If it is only the hot drink he requires why not take a cup of clear hot water, or a cup of cereal coffee? Children should drink cold water.

Baked Macaroni. Break four ounces of macaroni into two-inch lengths; throw them into a kettle of rapidly-boiling water, boil twenty minutes; drain, cover with cold water and soak for fifteen minutes. Put a layer of this into a baking-dish, a sprinkling of grated cheese, another layer of macaroni, and so continue until the dish is filled, having the last layer of cheese. Put a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour into a saucepan, mix and add half a pint of milk; stir until boiling. Pour this over the macaroni; dust the top with stale breadcrumbs, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Jerusslem Pudding. Cover half a box of gelatine with half a cupful of cold water; allow it to soak for thirty minutes. Whip one pint of cream to a stiff froth. Throw two tablespoonfuls of rice into boiling water, boil rapidly for twenty minutes; drain, and dry on a towel. Chop fine sufficient dates and figs to make half a pint. Turn the whipped cream into a pan, and stand it in another containing cracked ice. Sprinkle over the cream half a cupful of powdered sugar, then the rice, then the fruit, and add a teaspoonful of vanilla. Dissolve the gelatine, add it to the other mixture, stir immediately and continually until the whole is slightly thickened and thoroughly mixed. Turn at once into a mould and stand aside to cool. Serve plain or with whipped cream. into a mould and stand or with whipped cream.

or with whipped cream.

Dates contain a large amount of saccharine matter, and are execedingly good food both for children and adults. Notes are usually served with them, because they supply the fatty matter and the nitrogen deherent in the dates. Wahint dates are made by removing the stone from the date and putting in its place a quarter of an English walnut; the flesh is folded over and the dates incatly arranged on a pretty little dish. Persons who cannot easily digest walnuts may substitute half of a Jordan almond that has been blanched and dried. Dates may have the stones removed, and half of an almond put in the place. They may then be soaked over night and brought to boiling point next morning. They may be chopped fine and stirred into either rice, whole wheat, or plain goins. They may be chopped fine, mixed with sultana raisins soaked over night and stewed. All of these fruits require thorough mastication. All of these fruits require thorough mastication.

Pillow-Cases. The prevailing styles in pillow cases are oblong, of either linen or fine muslin, with wide hems held together by pearl studs.

Salt Cod contains a great deal of nitrogen and is an exceedingly valuable food for the person who labors in the open air. It should only be taken in small quantities by the indoor laborer.

Gelatine. A box of powdered or chopped gelatine such as you mention weighs precisely the same as a box of shredded gelatine; the difference in size is due to the difference in bulk, not in weight.

Mounting Photographs. If you wish to cover your photographs or pictures with glass put the glass down on the table, put the photograph on it, and the frame on top of this. Hold it up to see that it is perfectly straight, then neatly fit in the back of the frame, and fasten it with tacks.

Cooking Lessons. The first of my cooking lessons appeared in the JOURNAL of February, 1897. If you wish to keep the JOURNAL intact you had better buy a second number each month; then you can cut out the cooking lessons and arrange them in a scrap-book. By making an index you will have them in a very handy form.

Food for Strength. It is quite impossible for me to give you a diet list that will build up health and strength unless I know how you have lost that which you say you used to have. Read carefully the article, "Do We Eat Too Much Meat?" in the January JOURNAL, and the one on "Indigestion" in current issue, and see if you cannot glean from these articles that which you want.

Lyonnaise Potatoes. Cut cold boiled potatoes into dice. Put into a sauté-pan a tablespoonful of butter and one onion sliced; shake until the onion is a golden brown; throw in the potatoes so that each piece will come in contact with the butter. Toss and cook until every piece is carefully browned, then turn on to a heated dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve at once.

Sweet Potato Stuffing. You might substitute sweet potato for chestnut stuffing in your turkey, not that they are alike, but the sweet potato would be an agreeable combination. Bake the potatoes, scoop them out, and season with half a cupful of chopped celery, a teaspoonful of salt, a table-spoonful of butter, a dash of black pepper and about ten drops of onion juice.

Icing. A soft, thick icing may be made by boiling one pound of sugar with half a cupful of water until it forms a syrup that spins a thick thread. Have ready, beaten to a stiff froth, the whites of two eggs; pour into these in a very fine stream the hot syrup, beating all the while. After the last of the syrup is added, beat for fifteen minutes, standing the bowl in one of ice-water or cracked ice.

Feeding a Child. The diet you are giving the child is quite sufficient for her nourishment and development. Do not allow her to be whimsical, nor say too much about food when she is eating. Give her such food as you wish her to have, and then talk about something entirely foreign to what is going on at the table. In a little while you will find her eating her dinner while she is thinking of something else. Children may be managed without their knowledge, if you set about it in the right way.

Good Complexion. A good complexion can only come from a good healthy condition of the entire system. It is not a matter of outward application. Keep the excretory organs in good condition, and if you are inclined to rheumatic pains cut down the red meats; live on-more simple foods—whole wheat bread, milk, green vegetables, sub-acid fruits, well-cooked cereals, an occasional egg, a little whitefish, sweetbreads and chicken. Your food cannot possibly agree with you, if you have muscular rheumatism and a bad complexion.

Economical Housekeeping. Do not expect to Economical Housekeeping. Do not expect to manage your family of six on ten dollars a week as easily as I could manage it. Remember, you have had but a few years' experience in housekeeping, while I have devoted twenty years to the careful study of economical feeding. I think you have done exceedingly well. When you make mayonnaise dressing use the whites of the eggs in the dessert or in some dish for the following day. In this way you will save the use of extra eggs. Allow half a pound of butter to each individual for the week.

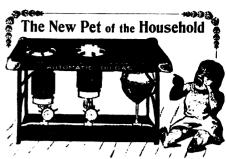
Training of Children. It would depend entirely upon the size of your children whether or not they should be allowed in the parlor when you have company. From my standpoint I say no, not until they are old enough to be asked for. I cannot think of anything so annoying to a caller as to have half a dozen children accompany the mother, and have them talk and pull all the time you are there. She certainly cannot enjoy it, and it is better that the children should remain in the nursery or elsewhere. Small children should not be allowed at the dinnertable when guests are invited.

English Befsteck Pudding Purchese two

English Beefsteak Pudding. Purchase two pounds of rump steak, cut it into cubes of one inch. Put one pound of flour and five ounces of finely-chopped suet together, and with a chopping-knife mix thoroughly; add a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and about half a pint of cold water—just enough to moisten. Roll it out sufficiently large to line an ordinary baking-dish; reserve a piece for the cover. Put in the meat, dust it with a teaspoonful of salt, a dessertspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, two tablespoonfuls of tomato ketchup, and half a pint of stock or water. Moisten the edge of the paste, roll out the remaining quantity and place it over the top. Tie over a cloth, stand it over a steamer, and steam for two hours or two hours and a half. The cloth may be omitted if you have a good steamer.

Prunes may be made into a number of desserts. It

Prunes may be made into a number of desserts. It is not necessary that they should simply be stewed and served in that way. They may be soaked, the stones removed, and the flesh mashed with a spoon, or cut into small pieces, halt a box of gelatine added to each pint of the prunes, and stirred in, as the gelatine begins to congeal, either a pint of whipped (ream or the whites of four eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Prune pudding is also exceedingly nice. Lime an ordinary baking-dish with brown bread and batter. Have the prunes soaked over night, and open them and take out the stones. Fill the dish with the prunes, cover over with another layer of brown bread and batter. Beat two eggs without separating, add to them one pint of milk; pour this over the mixture, and bake in the oven for thirty immutes. Serve warm or odd. Sugar and flavoring have been purposely left out of this receipt. Prunes may also be made into crospiettes. Soak the prunes, may also be made into crospiettes. Soak the prunes, mash them fine; to each half pound add a pint of breaderumbs. Bind together in small blocks, dip megg and breaderumbs, fry in smoking-hot fat. Serve with caramel or lemon sauce. Prunes may be made into a number of desserts. Serve with caramel or lemon sauce.



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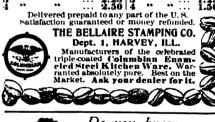
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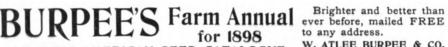


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FEBRUARY, 1898

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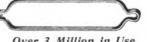
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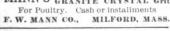


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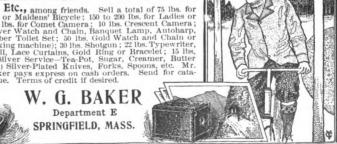
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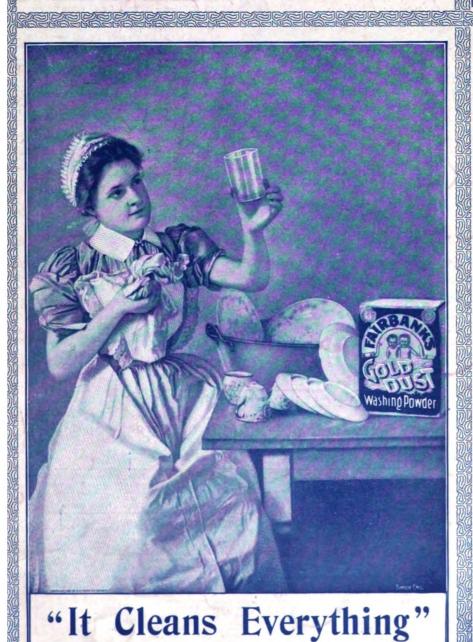


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