"FAMOUS DAUGHTERS" ISSUE

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR — PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1892 — TEN CENTS A COPY

Contents

For February, 1892 Vol. IX, No. 3

FEBRUARY

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

THE world lies hushed in white,
Field and hollow and hill;
The forest grim hath a purple rim
And the river's heart is still.
Then hey for that dim hour fleet,
Born of the day and the dark,
When the hearth-flame red, doth leap to meet,
Its far-off phantom spark!

And ho! for who comes nigh,
With his yellow hair ablow!
Is warmth and cheer for the traveller here,
Or wilt thou bid him go?
Nay, for he rideth to win,
With the young year bonny and bold;
Then open thy door, and let love in,
Good neighbor, from out the cold!

· CURTIS · PUBLISHING · COMPANY · PHILADELPHIA ·

Digitized by Google

Almost as Palatable as Cream.
CHILDREN WEEP FOR IT.

Mothers Should Give their CHILDREN
DR. WILBOR'S Compound of

PURE COD LIVER OIL

WITH PHOSPHATES.

Preserve the children's golden moments,
Guard well their precious lives,
And if you'd have them strong and healthy
Have WILBOR'S COMPOUND always ready.

Be sure as you value their health, to get the **genuine "WILBOR'S."** It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, restores energy to mind and body, throws off **Scrofulous Humors, cures Coughs, Consumption. Colds; Asthma, Pneumonia, Influenza, Debility and Wasting Diseases.** Manufactured only by **A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass.**

Good Paper } 3c
Cold Paper } 5c

THE WALL PAPER MERCHANT

PEATS sells the best, the cheapest & does the largest business in

WALL PAPER

If you have any use whatever for Wall Paper, do not fail to send **10c** for postage on samples, and his guide "HOW TO PAPER" will be sent **Free.** Agents sample books, **$1.** 136-138 W. Madison-st. Chicago.

RUBIFOAM

FOR THE TEETH.

DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED.

The most delightful, refreshing, agreeable, and beneficial dentifrice ever placed before the public.

Absolutely Free from All Injurious Substances.

LARGE BOTTLES, PRICE 25 CENTS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

PREPARED AND GUARANTEED BY E. W. HOYT & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE.

SAMPLE VIAL OF RUBIFOAM MAILED FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have attained a world-wide reputation solely upon their superlative merits. They have many would-be rivals, but have never been equaled or even approached in curative properties and rapidity and safety of action. Their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by unimpeachable testimonials from those who have used them, and they are recommended as the best external remedy for Weak Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Chest and Stomach Affections, Kidney Difficulties, Weak Muscles, Strains, Stitches, and Aches and Pains of every description.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND STEREOPTICONS

afford the best and cheapest means of object teaching for **Colleges, Schools,** and **Sunday Schools.** Our assortment of Views, illustrating ART, SCIENCE, HISTORY, RELIGION, and TRAVEL, is immense. For **Home Amusement** and **Parlor Entertainment,** etc., nothing can be found as instructive or amusing. ☞ **Church Entertainments, Public Exhibitions** and **Popular Illustrated Lectures** ☜ *A very profitable business for a person with small capital.* We are the largest manufacturers and dealers, and ship to all parts of the world. If you wish to know how to order, how to conduct Parlor Entertainments for pleasure, or **Public Exhibitions,** etc., for **MAKING MONEY,** name this paper, and send for our

PAY WELL.

220 PAGE BOOK FREE.

McALLISTER, Mfg Optician, 49 Nassau Street, New York.

Metal Tipped. EVER READY DRESS STAY Will Not Cut Through.

See Name "EVER READY" on Back of Each Stay.
Gutta Percha on both sides of steel. Warranted water-proof. Beware of Imitations.
Manufactured by the YPSILANTI DRESS STAY MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.

THE PORTLAND

Silver Ware

OF THE HIGHEST GRADE

THE QUESTION: "WILL IT WEAR?" need never be asked if your Goods bear the TRADE MARK

1847 ROGERS BROS.

as this in itself guarantees the quality.

BE SURE THE PREFIX 1847

IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.

THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR NEARLY

HALF A CENTURY

AND ARE IN THE STOCK OF ALL FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

IT GOES ALL OVER THE WORLD

WHAT?

SEELY'S PERFUMES

SEELY MAN'F'G CO.,
DETROIT, MICH.

CRIPPLES, Ladies and girls, if you want air or exercise, buy a Fairy Tricycle—foot or hand power. BICYCLES. Cheap for all.

Address FAY MFG. CO., Elyria, O. Box

If you want any Piano the first step is to send your address for our Catalogue. A safe step and costs but a cent.

WE TELL YOU what dealer can supply you, or we ship piano on approval ourselves, no risk to you.

OUR BARGAINS AND SECOND-HANDS offer facilities interesting to many. Drop us a line.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co., BOSTON, MASS.

THE CROWN

PIANOS ORGANS

High in quality. Beautiful designs and finish. Reasonable prices and terms, both wholesale and retail. You will do wisely to find out about these goods before buying others. Catalogues free. Address

GEO. P. BENT, MANUFACTURER, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

VOSE & SONS PIANOS. ESTABLISHED IN 1851

CELEBRATED FOR THEIR

Pure Tone, Elegant Designs, Superior Workmanship, and Great Durability.

SOLD ON EASY TERMS.

Old instruments taken in exchange. Write for catalogue and full information.

170 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Mention this Paper.

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

Sent on Free Test Trial Anywhere.

IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING

To Get Our Beautiful New Piano Catalogue and it will Save You $100.

It does not matter where you live, you can have an Organ or Piano sent you on trial before you pay one cent of the purchase money, and if it is not satisfactory, it may be returned at our expense. Don't Delay!

Send at once for our new PIANO or ORGAN CATALOGUE.

CORNISH & CO., (Old Established and Reliable.) WASHINGTON, New Jersey.

"IT PLEASES EVERYBODY."

"All the members of our family, even to my youngest daughter, thirteen years of age, are delighted when they see a new number of 'The Review of Reviews.' I find it of the greatest service in bringing to notice all the important events of the month."—REV. CHARLES E. BARNES, D. D.

"It contains about twice as much type-setting as the other illustrated monthlies. At the small price charged, it is a marvel of large value for little money."—"Minn. Spectator."

PRICE, 25 CENTS. $2.50 A YEAR.

AGENTS WANTED. CLUB RATES ON APPLICATION.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS,

Send Ten Cents for Sample copy. 13 Astor Place, N. Y.

POWERS AUTOMATICALLY CONTROLS THE DAMPERS OF FURNACE STEAM & HOT WATER HEATERS

SAVES FUEL
SECURES UNIFORM TEMPERATURE

TEMPERATURE REGULATOR

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. 36 DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO ILL.

BIG MONEY

$25 to $75 per week actually and easily made by salesmen selling our Patent Non-Evaporating, Non-Freezing Chemical Fire Pails. Big Demand for these goods. No experience necessary. Sold only through Agents, to whom exclusive territory is given. We can prove above statment if you will address

THE WORCESTER FIRE APPLIANCE CO.,
(Incorporated), WORCESTER, MASS.
We have other Money Making Specialties.

THE GLACIER REFRIGERATOR

AS far ahead of all others as the *Electric Light* excels the candle. *Seven Walls* to preserve the Ice. Air-tight Locks. Dry Cold Air. Hardwood Antique finish. Elegant designs. Sideboards or China Closets in combination, if desired.

Beyond question the most perfect Refrigerator made. Send for Catalogue. *We pay freight where we have no agent.*

Northern Refrigerator Co.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

BACK. FRONT.

A POCKET WONDER

The "Magic Common Sense."
A Freak in Pocket Books.

Small size, square shape, flexible. Satisfaction, or money refunded. Handsome Russian Red, Tan or Brown. No. 1, for Coin only, post-paid, 25 cts. No. 3, combination for Coins, Bills and Stamps, post-paid, 50 cts. Agents, dealers, everybody, write for catalogue of new inventions. MAGIC INTRODUCTION CO., 227 Broadway, N. Y.

A PERFECT PROTECTION TO EVERY DRESS

THE CANFIELD DRESS SHIELD

SEAMLESS, ODOURLESS, AND IMPERVIOUS TO MOISTURE.

SOFT AS KID.

EASILY WASHED.

NO OTHER MAKE HAS THESE ADVANTAGES

REGISTERED TRADE MARK Canfield

COLD BLAST.

Feathers and Feather Pillows

ARE SOLD GUARANTEED

Free from ODOR, DUST and QUILLS

AND IN PERFECT CONDITION.

ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS KEEP THEM.

IF YOURS DOES NOT, WRITE

THE COLD BLAST FEATHER CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

FAULTLESS BEDDING

CHICAGO.

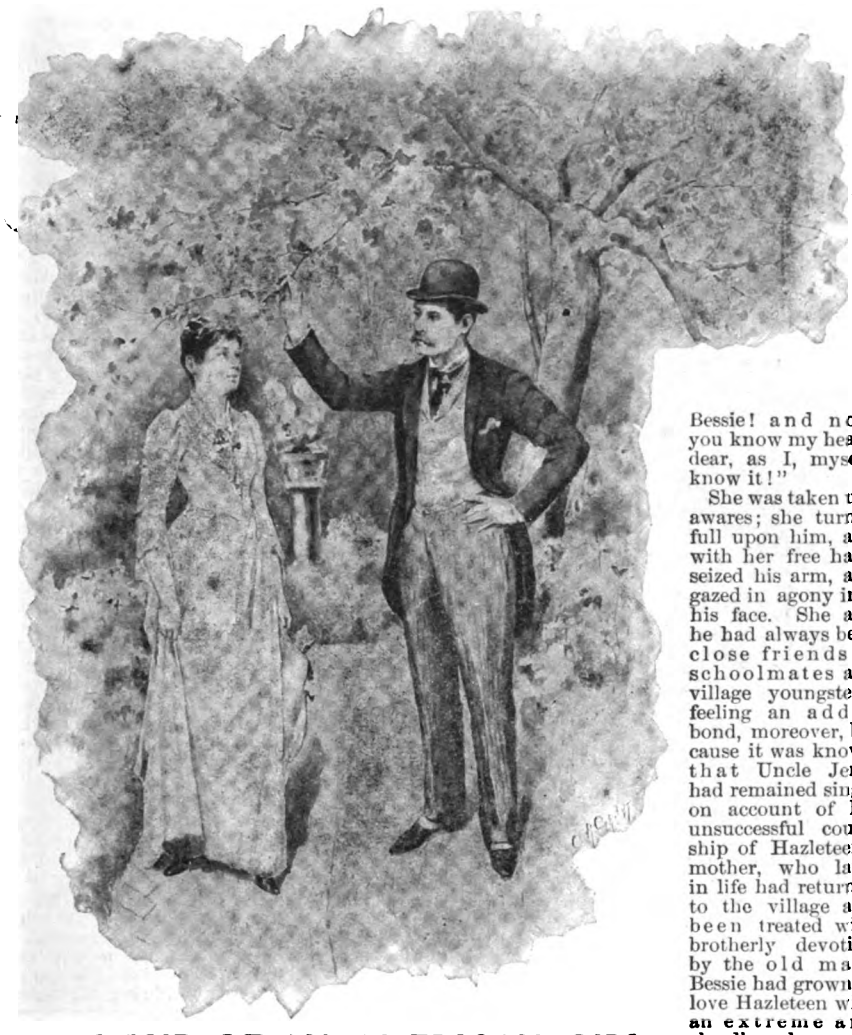
Digitized by Google

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

Vol. IX, No. 3 PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1892 Yearly Subscription, One Dollar Single Copies, Ten Cents



THE LOVE OF AN AMERICAN GIRL

By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop

DAUGHTER OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

MRS. LATHROP

"WHAT are you going to do," said Hazleteen, "when your uncle dies?"

Bessie Donald looked up at him with the half-smiling reproach which means that one has been very brutal indeed.

"He has told me that when he dies he wishes me to go to Europe," she answered, in a moment, for she always answered a question considerately, no matter how little right a person had to put it. "He knows I want to study painting, and so he makes this plan for me. I fear—I know—" her voice faltered, with premonitory dread—"that I shall never have another friend like Uncle Jerry!"

"No," responded Hazleteen, in his sympathetic way, which was a solemn way that came over him when anyone touched a note of tender feeling. "No; your uncle is a good man!"

Bessie looked up again at her companion, saying to herself that he, too, was very good as well as handsome; and that was something more than poor old bald Uncle Jerry was.

Hazleteen (they were walking in the garden, a network of bachelors' buttons and nasturtiums, and so forth, all vigorous together) reached up to a flowering tree and bent down a branch to smell of it. But a bee flew out at him and made him start, and speak sharply.

"I had nearly braced myself to say something from my heart to you, Bessie," he ejaculated. "But it is harder to hold one's innermost thoughts to view than I had supposed. And yet—I will say it, after all! It has seemed to me that your position, when your only relative dies, will be peculiarly sad and lonely. It has seemed to me that it would be very sweet to ask you to turn to me, your playmate and friend for so many years, for protection and love."

The girl stopped in the fragrant path as if the tangle of blooms hindered her; but she trembled.

Hazleteen caught her hand and kissed it.

"John!" she murmured.

"But, oh, my dear," he went on, "you have not known how it has been with me at Washington in the two years since we last met! I have become engaged to marry some one else, Bessie! and now you know my heart, dear, as I, myself, know it!"

She was taken unawares; she turned full upon him, and with her free hand seized his arm, and gazed in agony into his face. She and he had always been close friends as schoolmates and village youngsters; feeling an added bond, moreover, because it was known that Uncle Jerry had remained single on account of his unsuccessful courtship of Hazleteen's mother, who later in life had returned to the village and been treated with brotherly devotion by the old man. Bessie had grown to love Hazleteen with an extreme and cloudless love; yet she had never—so gentle and humble was she—she had never believed that he would care for her enough to ask her to be his wife. She thought she had detected in his cordial admiration of her a chill of self-possession which was fatal to the great tenderness which alone would satisfy her. But to have him confess a deep sentiment for her, and in the same moment say that he belonged to another—this was a woe more terrible than even his indifference would have been; her honest heart shrank from such a disorder of the finest impulses.

"Bessie," Hazleteen sighed, as she looked at him, while he seemed the very picture of a hero, "I have long loved you with all my soul; I felt that, by-and-bye, as you grew to be the woman you are now, I should tell you of it, and win you for my wife. Then came the whirl of the outside world, and the day of folly. A gay, fascinating, fair creature crossed my path and enthralled me; and then I thought my love for you was a mistake! I come to tell you how my fate had turned out; and now that I see you again the madness clears away, and I confess you to be the loveliest woman I ever knew! But I am bound; my earlier hope is held in check by my fealty to another; a strong fealty, Bessie, for better or for worse. My life is doomed to an enforced duty!"

His words cut Bessie's sensitive being like sword-strokes, for she believed that his solemn accents came from a tenderness as great as her own; and her whole commiseration was instantly given to him, and her desire was to feel that his life was not to be wrecked; that it was to be as rejoicing a life as any one's ever had been.

"Oh, John," she cried, in her low, earnest voice, "you must learn that *this, this* fancy for me is the mistake, and that the bright, beautiful girl you have chosen is really the right wife for you. You are so full of ability and ambition that surely I should not have been able to fulfill the part of a wife to you, in the fashionable world, as she can! John, do not think that your life can be anything but great and splendid; there can be no defeat for such as you are!"

He kissed her forehead reverently, and the poor child thought herself blessed.

A voice was heard at a window, calling feebly, but cheerily, to Bessie and Hazleteen to "come up." It was Uncle Jerry Donald, summoning them from his arm-chair, for he was partly crippled. They obeyed his appeal at once, and were soon standing before him; and Bessie was pale and frightened of aspect. Old Jerry Donald's eyes, at any rate, were not crippled, and he stared a bit at his beloved niece, and then at Hazleteen, and finally remarked:

"You two seemed to be pretty confidential, down there. But now you are afraid of each other, and of me into the bargain."

"I was telling,"—— began Hazleteen.

"He was telling me," interrupted Bessie, 'that he is engaged to be married. But you called us before he had revealed the name, my dear uncle—the name of the woman John has chosen! She is very lovely and accomplished, and that is what John will need her to be when he goes to London with the legation."

All this might be as true as possible, but old Donald was silent. He gave a flash of the eye to Hazleteen, and then lowered his lids, and his lips never opened. As long as she lived, Bessie remembered that silence of Uncle Jerry's; and it always was to her the most impressive moment of her existence. It was by that silence that he conveyed to Hazleteen that he was a scoundrel, and to Bessie that her future was to be very sad.

"Well," said Jerry Donald, at last, lifting his white head; "the sooner John Hazleteen joins his legation, and goes to London, the better!"

"Thank you, sir!" the young man cried, fiercely. "I will begin my journey by leaving your house." And turning on his heel the young diplomat stepped out of the room, casting only a parting glance at Bessie.

"Why did you speak harshly to John, uncle?" Bessie asked, tremulously. "What should we do if he never came back to us?"

"Why should we care whether he comes or not?" cried the old man. "You know very well, Bess, that he has made love to you for years! Perhaps he did so because he thought you'd be rich one of these days when I died off and left you my little pile; perhaps he has decided now that I am going to live too long to make my pile of use to him in his fine career! Go and take the pictures of him down that you have about the cottage; we don't want a rogue's portrait in our modest house. John Hazleteen is too much of a diplomat already, Bess; don't you ever trust him again." He grasped her shoulder, and suddenly exclaimed in a deep whisper: "Don't you ever trust him with the care of your money, my poor girl, when I am dead! but I'll take it from those lawyers, and fix it safe and close in the hands of Mark White; he, at least, is an honest man."

"Uncle, how can you be so angry with John," Bessie sobbed, kneeling down and hiding her face on the old man's arm. "You accuse him, just because he falls in love with a beautiful woman, of being dishonest! Oh, I will never let such a cruel thought haunt me for one moment!"

"Bessie, Bessie! you are indeed a fool when it comes to dealing with the world," her uncle plaintively faltered. "You're too good to fight it out with 'em, dear. You'll be the *victim*."

That day Jerry Donald died.

The next morning Hazleteen came to see Bessie; and he brought with him a very lovely young woman, of matchless presence and clothed with the utmost elegance.

"Bessie," Hazleteen gently declared, "we have come to take you to our hearts, if you will. This is my wife, Bessie. I did not tell you yesterday of my marriage, because I thought there would be more time to break it to you, though we all realized that Uncle Jerry's last hour was near."

A self-congratulatory light blazed in the young man's eyes, notwithstanding his soft accents. Some plan of his was succeeding. "You see, we were married suddenly, because of the legation's departure for London. We start less than a month from now. Edwina wants you to come with us. You will find that she is very good, Bessie; far too good for me, although Uncle Jerry did me hardly justice, yesterday, rest his soul!"

Bessie Donald shook like a leaf, and Hazleteen's young wife broke through her fashionable manner, and put her arm about the girl's waist, and kissed her. "I'm fond of you already; the first glance is enough to make one love you!" Hazleteen's wife said, generously. "I hope you will look upon us as very true friends; for John's marriage shall never make him forget your long companionship together as playmates."

In Bessie's eyes tears gathered and mirrored the light which fell upon her sweet face.

But the end of it all was that she bade farewell to the old-fashioned house and the old-fashioned flowers, and went out into the world with Edwina and John, and thought that fortune had been very kind to her, as fortune went, for obscure and humble people.

Mark White, whom Uncle Jerry had thought faultless, brought her a bunch of delicately-pink arethuses to take with her when she left the village where she had always lived. He was the young lawyer of the place, and had offered himself to Bessie some time before, and been rejected. She remembered how Uncle Jerry had said that he should put her money affairs into Mark's keeping. But that was arranged differently.

She had decided to let John see to it, with the more willingness because of her uncle's strange resentment and distrust. John had said that thirty thousand dollars was not very much, and that he could make it a more imposing sum if she would let him do as well with it as he could with his own. And then she would grow to be a desirable match, and have the pleasure of refusing some of the most charming men in England.

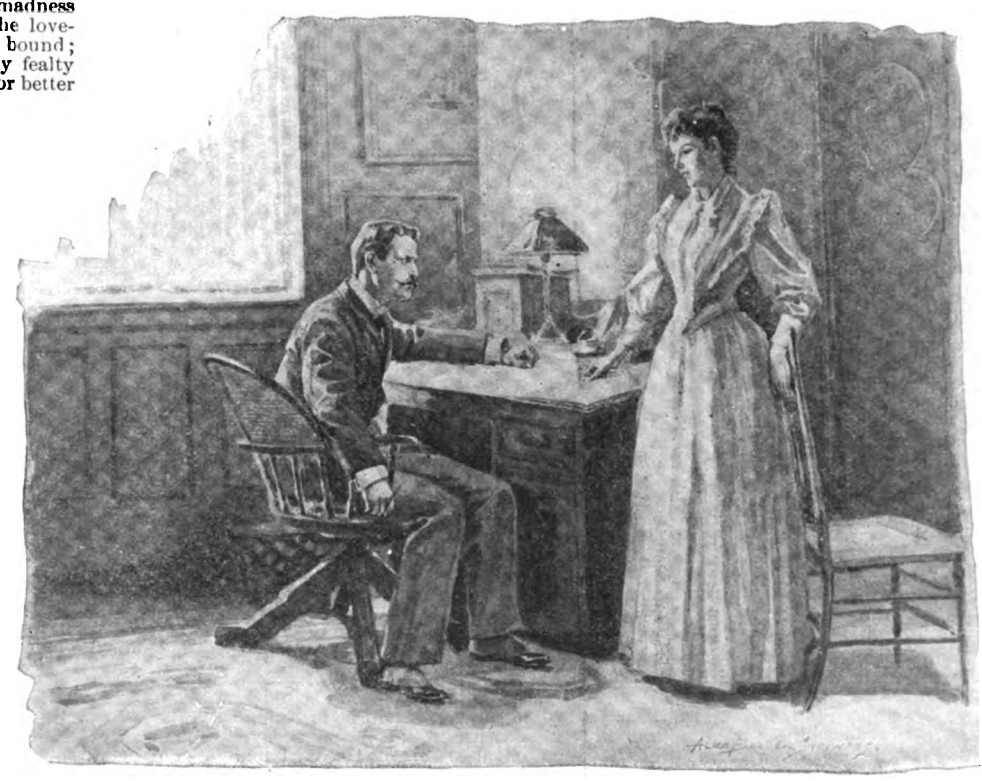
When John made such humorous speeches as the above, Bessie Donald said to herself that the world was trying hard to spoil him; but she refused to admit that it had succeeded.

* * * * *

In London John's wife made quite a sensation. She entertained well, and she sang with positive brilliancy. And she had a dainty little shadow of a companion always at her side, who would have been a beauty if she had been a trifle vain, and who wore aesthetic gowns like a Boughton.

The painters soon picked out Bessie Donald for her artistic personality; and her talent for painting, which was true and thorough like everything else about her, made her doubly welcome in their studios. She had half a dozen offers, which she quietly put aside; and she came to be known as Little Goody No-Heart, though that was recognized as an absurdly inadequate name. She did not love these men who offered their estates, their princely incomes, to her, and she was too much of an American girl to give her hand where her heart was not. And then—well, she often wondered, and would linger long over letters which came occasionally to her from America, with the postmark of her village home. True, the letters breathed nothing but friendship, but how dear that friendship seemed to have grown to her of late!

At all this, handsome, plausible John Hazleteen hurriedly laughed, turning to "affairs," as if no one's life mattered much but his own.



"John, I want three thousand dollars!"

Digitized by Google

But a year or so later there came a sort of parenthesis in the ordinary routine, when Bessie told him that she wanted to speak very particularly with him. She stood beside a blooming orange-tree in the breakfast-room, a ray of sunlight falling over it, and touching also, her sage-green, china-silk dress.

"Come, then, Bess, if you're real," Hazleteen acceded, giving a flip to one of her high shoulder-puffs, which looked like a butterfly. "These queer, pretty, puckered clothes you wear make you seem a dream and nothing more. And you are such a silent siren. But let us go to my workroom and talk, for a change."

When Hazleteen sat down at his big writing table, as much as to say that he would give only two minutes to her communication before proceeding to the urgent business papers near his hand, Bessie said, turning pale at his coldness and strangeness:

"John, I want three thousand dollars."

"What?" Hazleteen demanded.

"Just three thousand dollars, John. I want to do ever so much good with it. I am going to give it to William Leslie, the artist. He has never been to Italy, poor fellow, and his wife is threatened with consumption. I have ordered some pictures of him which he will do about Italy, and so he consents to take the money, you know. And if it were not that Edwina needs me I would go with them, I think, and see a few Raphaels, myself."

"My dear girl, you are crazy," was John Hazleteen's answer, as he broadly stared.

"Why? Don't say anything quite so crushing as that. Come, it is all settled with the Leslies; I have given them my word. And their trip must begin before the ugly March weather is here."

"Good gracious, what authorization had you to go ahead in this wild manner before speaking to me?" cried Hazleteen, hastily.

"Why should not I? I am of age, John, if I do look and behave like a girl of sixteen!"

"Of age? Do you fling that in my face?" sneered Hazleteen. "Have we not given you a home as any sister and brother might, and advantages you never could have hoped for without us; and do you ask what right I have to give you advice, and attend to your money investments as I see fit?"

"Don't get out of patience with me," the girl faltered, kindly. "I owe a great deal to Edwina and to you, and I hardly know how I can ever make any adequate return, John. But this once I want to do some good to friends I love very much, although they are new friends. You see, you are not as intimate with the Leslies as I am; you do not realize how remarkable the man's genius is; and how he needs, and his sick wife needs, the visit to Italy I want to give them!"

"Confound the genius of William Leslie?" exclaimed Hazleteen, very red in the face. "Let her Majesty send him to Italy if he would be such an ornament to English art. You can't have the money, Bessie. I am really frightfully busy to-day, and you are muddling up my ideas unmercifully."

"John?"

He shuddered.

"Stop speaking in that tone, Bess. To tell the truth, our expenses are many guineas heavier than I had any idea they would be. Your money is with ours, as agreed, and I am spending the income of it all, giving you what you want in reason, as you know, and all that. I can't just now disturb the bulk, or else I should get into a hole. You'll have to tell the Leslies you were a little too enthusiastic."

Bessie was as gentle as a lamb, but she was as honorable as a merchant prince of the highest principles.

"I can't go back on my word," she replied. "Uncle Jerry's niece shall never break the word of a Donald!"

Hazleteen sprang from his chair, and faced her. The real explanation of his reluctance to humor Bessie was that he had come to London and lived chiefly by the security of her money. It was to fortify himself with the control of it that he had made pretty speeches to her in her old-fashioned garden, and insinuated himself into the care of her uncle's legacy. His return to the village had been a desperate resort for the making of his much-discussed career. So he faced her, pale as herself.

"Bessie," he said, "shall you break the word of a Donald, or shall I stand before the society of London as a ruined man?"

Horrible though his distress was to Bessie, it was partly acting. He had fifteen thousand of her money left; but he counted on it for two years more of grace, during which time he was to make his fortune by diplomatic acumen, investment, and gradual cumulation.

But Bessie sank down before him at his words, with that impotent sweetness in agony which a soul without guile exhibits, much to the disgust of more turbulent and dramatic natures.

"Now, you need not be so sorry for me," said Hazleteen, lifting her up. "You once said that there was no such thing as defeat for a man like me; and I am sure of a brilliant financial step, since I am the very pet of the big bankers here, for whom I can do a little turn in my line, in the hour of their need—that is a secret, though—and by whom I shall get well repaid. Why, Bess, hold up your head! I expect that we shall be rolling in riches before I have done." No doubt Hazleteen thought this. What a resource the future is for rogues!

"Oh John, it is not for fear of your worldly ruin! It is not because I loved and honored *my money* that I would gladly die!" moaned the wretched girl. She slipped from the room.

Running up to her chamber with pain in her eyes and dry sobs, she hurriedly took out the black dress which she had worn six months before. She put it on, and laid all her fancy dresses of smocked silk and mull upon her bed, ready to be thrown away. She rang the bell to order her trunk to be brought for packing; and then thought over in her mind how she should tell Edwina that she was going home to America, and must have a few pounds to pay her passage. But what questions would Edwina ask? How could she be told that her husband was dishonest? What would the effect on her be? The young wife had always been considerate, was always lovable, and deserved to be spared this blow. Bessie stood very still, thinking about Edwina; and when the maid answered the bell, the little black figure standing in the room like a dark ghost shook its head, and motioned with its hand that the maid was to go away without an errand.

In another moment Edwina entered, bringing a letter.

"I thought I would convey this message to you, dear puss. It is some time since I dropped in to make you a call in your own quarters! But, Bessie, why are you in that solemn gown?"

"Because of a homesick feeling, Edwina; that's all. And, if you will not mind too much, I'll wear black again. I'm tired, tired of finery!"

"Bored by being one of the prettiest visions in Britain? But I am homesick, too, my dear, and will not interfere with your whim, or with your memory of your Uncle Jerry." Edwina put her arm around Bessie's neck, and held the note up before her, with encouraging playfulness.

It was a word from Mrs. Leslie, telling Bessie that she and her husband had an hour before her writing been invited to go in Lady Mechlin's party to the south of France; and they thought seriously of doing so, instead of accepting Bessie's proposition of assistance for an Italian trip; since it would be a pleasure for Lady Mechlin to have their company, while Bessie's munificent offer was purely charitable.

What a relief! No dreadful revelation or mortifying excuse to make to the Leslies; no shameful disappointing of their hopes! The girl fairly smiled at this. She and Edwina went down the broad stairs arm in arm, meaning to have a chat over the drawing-room fire in a couple of new-fashioned easy-chairs which they had purchased the previous day.

As they stood upon the threshold of the drawing room, giving each other the unprovoked hug so grateful to women, they caught sight of Mark White, who had that instant come in, and who was ruefully examining his silk hat, which through an unlucky chance had been rolled in the London mud.

A cry of delight burst from Bessie's lips, and she ran forward; and she and her fellow-villager clasped hands, for Mark had been inspired to restore his hat to his head temporarily, in order to get it out of the way of their greeting. What a plain fellow he was! But something in his expression revealed to Bessie that her reading of faces had been very crude till now.

Edwina herself hardly knew Mark except by Bessie's affectionate report; yet she joined in the exclamations and welcomings which the latter showered upon him; and Mark smiled and smiled, and eventually admitted that he had come over to see whether Bessie was tired of England.

Edwina replied that they both were tired of it, but as the wife of a diplomat she must on her part stifle the truth. And then she excused herself for the moment, and departed with innocent grace.

After telling her the news of their village, Mark White put some searching questions to Bessie as to how she was getting on; and having had an idea that sooner or later Hazleteen would mismanage her money, or otherwise neglect her interests—the young lawer was able to press his inquisitiveness so neatly that the girl had admitted a miserable distress before she was aware of it; and very soon Mark was able to fathom the whole story. The loss of her money, even if it were a permanent loss, he did not appear to mind at all. But he was very sorry for Bessie's shattered faith in her friend.

"It is right enough to trust people implicitly, and with all one's strength," he remarked. "But it is never *safe*. Still, half faith in our companions makes cowards and culprits of us all the time, and I am glad you were so loyal to your old playmate. You have spent, let us say, thirty thousand dollars in one of the best forms of charity, Bessie; and now you must begin dispensing some other kind of charity. Suppose you dole out a fortune of love to me? You might try me with a six-penny-worth right now!"

Mark spoke in his deliberate way, but there was a glow and a gleam about him that told of his long devotion to the shy girl he gazed upon; and his sincere eyes looked like guarantees of justice and integrity to those who looked to him for help in their perplexities.

"Oh," murmured Bessie, blushing; "I think my fondness for you is worth a little more than that!"

Upon which Mark started toward her, and knelt at her side. And then she exclaimed beneath her breath that her words had meant absolutely nothing.

"Well, make it *next* to nothing, and it will be just what I asked for as an opening fund!" he retorted, saucily.

"No, Mark! You cannot understand—but I am very unhappy!" she explained. "I never want to love and admire anybody any more!"

"I wouldn't have you admire me, of all things," laughed Mark. "I should think you crazy if you did, Bessie! And the sort of love I wish you to enrich me with is of a very peculiar kind. I don't want the kind that would make it all work for you and all play for me; and I suppose some people would call the sentiment I crave of you just simple tolerance. You could admire the flowers in our garden, and love the stars; and by the way, if we get married now, and go home by the next steamer, we shall be in time to see the snowdrops, and the purple and yellow and white crocuses on my lawn. I had them planted last autumn in round patches as big as a Delph dinner-plate. Or, by the way, we could go to Holland and anywhere else, for I have a leave of absence from legal affairs that is intended to fit all Europe, if desired."

Bessie could not help letting a smile peep out of her eyes, sad as they had looked; yet she tried to put a stop to such galloping plans on Mark's part. If he had a dry way with him, he could think and act at an effective rate of speed. That she did not dampen his spirits was proved by his pulling out an engagement ring of merry diamonds, which he told her to carry about in her pocket until she got used to it.

"If you ever fancy that you may consent to marry me," hewent on, "slip the ring over your finger, and you will perhaps find your mind made up, miraculously, in my favor! But do not make that 'ever' much of a one. I have waited so many years, and I have followed you so far, you know!"

Bessie looked directly into his eyes as he still knelt by her side. What a quiet glow of genuineness she saw in them!

Did she hold out her hand for the ring?

Did she marry Mark White in a few weeks?

Did she see "a few Raphaels" with him in Italy?

Let each reader, for herself, analyze the love of this true American girl!

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN

By Mary Harrison McKee

DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Mrs. McKee

It is foolish and idle to speak of training or managing extremely young children. Their infancy precludes any such thing as moral suasion—the foundation of training—as their lack of reasoning faculties prevents any ability on their part to distinguish between right and wrong. They can be taught only as young animals are taught—by withholding them as much as possible from temptation, and by the sharp and swift punishment of any wrong-doing. This, to be sure will open to them a philosophy that certain acts are to be avoided because of the suffering which surely follows them. But the foundation on which the philosophy is formed will be perceived later. The desired end, in attempting to prevent a child from doing things which are wrong or harmful, is to restrain them not only for the time being, but in the future also, from committing the indiscretion; and any means to this end must surely be wise. Swift punishment, not so severe as immediate, is advisable, it seems to me, with children too young to have any faculties capable of reasoning further than that some actions are followed by instant suffering. You must not delay, or the sequence is lost, and the reason for the suffering will not be apparent to the small infant you may find it necessary to chastise ever so slightly.

But as the faculties develop, and your little unreasoning baby drifts into childhood, with its incessant curiosity after the reason of things, and its infinite appetite and desire for knowledge of any and all kinds, your responsibilities of training actually commence. The knowledge of good and evil is yours to give to your child; your word is his trust. What has gone before in the care of your infant, as I have said—you may scarcely dignify it as training—has been as nothing; the little mind before you is a blank on which you are to make the impressions; the life which embodies it is in your care for much of its future happiness or misery. As this development occurs be very chary of punishment. When your small boy tells you, with unblushing effrontery, probably with crumbs on his face and apron, and a piece of the sweet in his hand, that he did not touch the cake forbidden to him—the fibs of childhood are always transparent—do not punish him. It is probably but the old Adam which is in us all, and which can be ostracised in children more firmly and successfully, as in grown people, by kindness than by punishment. Take the small offender in your lap, and convince him by logical question and answer, making use of the proof at hand, that he has told you what was not true. When he has acknowledged his conviction, as the most obstinate of children will if he finds that his convictor is calm and determined, show him, in some practical illustration, the serious effects of a lie, and then assure him of the sin of it. He has been told, doubtless, by this age of the Christ, and has, as children, and the extremely young children more particularly, are apt to have, a peculiarly vivid love and picture of the Saviour in his little mind. Then tell him that lies—I believe in using the real word, not disguising an untruth by any lighter designation, as "fib" or "story"—are grievous to Him, and ask the little one to say a prayer for forgiveness and help. All this will take more time than a "spanking," but it will be, I am sure, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, far more efficacious. When the fault is repeated have a second talk with your infant offender, dwelling more particularly on the necessity of his heeding the importance of what you have been telling him; and when it occurs the third time punish him as an aid to his remembrance, not as the result of his wrong-doing. Let him understand always what these results are, and that whatever punishment you may inflict is simply to remind him of the necessity for remembering to avoid the wrong-doing, and then there will be no rebellion or questioning in the childish heart at your right to so punish. The child is most truly the father of the man, and what man is there, who, having sinned, would acknowledge the right of any human mortal greater in position or strength to punish him for the sin? He knows that it has consequences, and that knowledge and its realization is his punishment. So is it with the child; but, as the consequences of the wrong-doing are not so keenly felt here, because of the smaller scale on which all things appertaining to childhood are formed, so it becomes necessary that there shall be a sharp reminder; hence the punishment is reasonable, and no one will appreciate this more quickly than will a child.

But make your distinction evident, and be assured that the little one appreciates your position in the matter; else is your punishment but in vain, and can but cause incalculable harm to the character of your child. Justice is one of the strongest feelings of childhood; and any violation of it, especially where they feel such violation an injustice to themselves, generates hard and bitter feelings. The most obstinate and unreasonable of children will acknowledge its parents' claim to see that it does what is right, and will acknowledge, too, that if this can only be secured by punishment, that the punishment is just. But the most amiable and reasonable of children will, with swelling, angry heart, question your right to flog him because he has told a lie. The flogging is not, to his mind, in any direct way the result of the untruth. That he will see in your disappointment and in his own discontent of conscience, and perhaps in the disaster which may follow; but, if the lie was the result of forgetfulness, he will acknowledge your right to aid his memory; if it was the result of a deliberate choice on his part between right and wrong, he will acknowledge equally your right to punish him, so that in the future it will be to his advantage to choose the right. But let him see the justice of the case if you desire your punishment to be effectual.

If, at this important time of life, a mother should be chary of punishment, she cannot be too prodigal of encouragement and rewards. See always the best side of the action of your little ones; by which I do not, of course, mean that you are to gloss over any carelessness or inaccuracies; but that when there is an opportunity for praise, give it, and do not take all the little generosities and self-denials of childhood, and they are many, too entirely as a matter of course. You will not spoil the child by this if you are careful to have your praise and commendation founded upon reason; for I believe thoroughly that children see the justice and injustice of things, in miniature, precisely as do older people, and appreciate and resent it in like proportion. Do not praise indiscriminately then, but be just always, and while you are just be also generous. Do not let the one wait for the other, even if the proverbial advice is to this effect, but combine them and see how much of happiness it will bring to you.

Of course, there is a great difference in children, and the peculiarities of disposition often found in a single family must be respected. Do not attempt to apply precisely the same rules in half a dozen different cases, and do not have so many cast-iron rules that your children will live in constant dread of breaking them, and be, in consequence, nervously predisposed in that direction. Emulate nature here as elsewhere; and in your emulation notice that while there are a few great natural laws which are scrupulously observed in the management of the universe, there are also innumerable variations in treatment. So let it be in your training. Let the fundamental laws of justice, love and kindness be always existent, and you can vary your treatment of individual character as much as is necessary to secure good results. Your responsibilities are so much greater when your family is larger, and the necessity for the study of the different dispositions which compose it, that you may minister to their best interest, so important that many a woman has reason, if not excuse, for feeling a little appalled at the task before her. Of course, this feeling is only transient, and but seldom recurrent, but that it must not be encouraged I need not urge.

One word more of advice or opinion and I have finished. It concerns the necessity for having a reasonable foundation for your demands or requests to your children. Do not test their obedience by foolish or unnecessary commands; be careful always that there is reason in what you request, if you would increase their respect for you. But once having made your request, insist upon obedience. That and truthfulness are the two most important qualities to be discovered and developed by mothers.

"In all things be reasonable," would be, I think, a good motto for mothers to base their training upon; for a child old enough to be trained at all is a reasonable, thinking mortal, with a mind capable of understanding and an intellect competent to appreciate justice; and it is most surely your duty to this mind in miniature that its glimpses of the government of this world shall behold a government founded on truth, liberty, justice and reason.

Headache

Indigestion, Biliousness,

Dyspepsia

And all Stomach Troubles
Are cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Digitized by Google

UNKNOWN WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

*XIV.—MRS. LELAND STANFORD

By Ethel Ingalls

DAUGHTER OF HON. JOHN J. INGALLS

THE wives of our millionaires are surrounded by so much splendor that our eyes are fastened to their exterior loveliness, and are rarely given the pleasure of seeing into their inner lives. In detail, we are told of the gorgeousness of their robes, the luxury of their tables, and of the brilliancy and quantity of their jewels, and this minute description of their worldly goods has become so extensively general that these ladies seem more like radiantly adorned statues than like human beings.

Now, the simple mention of Mrs. Leland Stanford's name brings visions of rare gems and unlimited gold. These are her possessions, and the public mind has for so long associated her name with wealth alone that her personality has been partially eclipsed.

MRS. STANFORD

Riches sometimes mar the character, but they have made Mrs. Stanford's perfect and entire.

Some sixty-three years ago she came to bless a home in Albany, New York. Her maiden name was Jane Lathrop. Her parents were well-to-do and highly respected. It was at Albany, when still in her early girlhood, that she met and afterward married Mr. Stanford, who was at that time a bright young lawyer, practicing his profession in Fort Washington, Wisconsin, to which place he took his bride and resided for a short time. But the course of their lives was changed by a fire which totally destroyed Mr. Stanford's effects.

After this loss he determined to try his fortunes in that enchanted country on the Pacific coast. Leaving Mrs. Stanford with her parents he started on his long journey, finally reaching the State which has given him so much, and to which in return he has added an additional honor. Mrs. Stanford did not join him for three years, prevented from doing so by the illness of her father, but at his death Mr. Stanford took her with him to Sacramento. Their home was a simple wooden dwelling, and their only household assistant a woman-servant.

But as years went by, riches came rapidly and also honor, and in 1861 Mr. Stanford was elected governor of California. Then Mrs. Stanford's social career commenced, and with an intense interest she worked for her husband's success.

Their home now had lost its humbleness and had become the headquarters for all the prominent members of the party in the State. During one winter every member of the California legislature and their families were entertained at dinner.

There are few people who have not heard about the awful sorrow that fell upon the Stanford home by the death of their boy seven years ago. They were married eighteen years when he came, and never was the advent of a prince the cause for more rejoicing. He became the idol of their hearts and hopes, and self was forgotten in the noble lad that grew beside them. After sixteen years of sweet companionship the youthful life was closed. He was with his parents in Europe traveling, when he was taken with a low fever and died in Florence, Italy. Full of promise, unusually intelligent, with a remarkable love for archæology and mathematics, he had more than a bright future in prospect, and aside from his cleverness he was tender, affectionate and considerate of his parents, who made him their constant companion. It is not strange that after such a cross much of the brightness of this earth has gone for the father and mother, but Mrs. Stanford's beautiful and perfect faith in an All-Wise and Merciful Father has been her strength and comfort, and the spirit of the boy is shining in the multitude of charitable deeds of which his life and death have been the inspiration.

In 1874 Governor Stanford built a magnificent home in San Francisco, but of late years he and Mrs. Stanford have preferred "Palo Alto," their country seat, situated some thirty miles from San Francisco. Here they have raised to the memory of their only child that wonderful seat of learning which bears the name of "The Leland Stanford, Jr., University." In October last, its doors were opened to over four hundred students. In this memorial is centered the interest of both Senator and Mrs. Stanford. In all the details incident to the completion of the University Mrs. Stanford had a hand. Not a building was erected without the plans being submitted first to her, and their interior arrangement, decoration and furnishing have been executed under her immediate supervision. Mrs. Stanford has erected at her own individual expense a museum which will contain works of art and a collection of curios gathered by her boy during his tours in foreign lands.

Senator Stanford gives his wife his closest confidence on all business matters, whether political or financial; she has consequently a wide range of experience in worldly affairs.

Besides the gigantic endowment to the University, Mrs. Stanford has given bountifully to many charitable institutions. In Albany the Children's Hospital was built from a gift of $100,000 from her and is supported by an endowment of $100,000 more. The Kindergarten Schools in San Francisco have also received a gift of $100,000. These are her public works of charity, done in remembrance of her boy, but the silent deeds of mercy are almost as great as those about which the world knows, for her tenderness and sympathy draw to her aching and wounded souls, striving and wearied hearts that are sinking beneath their earthly burdens, and for them all she has a loving interest and a word of comfort.

Her retinue of servants have the greatest affection for her, and to them she is the kindest of mistresses. She has housekeepers, but they, as well as the servants, report to her for instructions. While in Washington she audits and pays all the household bills, keeps the pay roll, and personally pays all the monthly wages. The Chinese have her sympathy, and she considers them somewhat abused. Her chef is a Celestial, and as the Stanford dinners are among the famous ones given in Washington, his Chinese Highness must be familiarly acquainted with the most intricate mysteries of the cuisine. One of the servants has a great fondness for birds, and in this fancy Mrs. Stanford allows her to indulge. In the Senator's Washington home these feathered pets are given the freedom of the whole house. A talkative parrot is an interesting orator. Two doves usually take luncheon with the Senator, perched on either side of his chair, or wander unmolested around to the guests, who drop some dainty morsel to the gentle birds. A pair of magpies chatter and quarrel with each other from their perches on the lawn, while in Mrs. Stanford's boudoir canaries sing in their pretty gilded cages.

As the wife of a Governor and United States Senator, Mrs. Stanford has seen the social world in all its glory, and with her untold fortune and all that it brings should feel her happiness to be entire. But the gay life of a society leader has no fascination for her, though by courtesy she must be among those who lead society's merry festivities.

Mrs. Stanford is a tall, stately woman with great dignity of manner, yet with a peculiarly gentle and sympathetic bearing. The humblest person that comes to see her and the wonders of her home on her reception days in Washington, is sure of a pleasant greeting, for she is ever mindful of the soul within, and exterior adornments mean little to her. It is her happiness to see others happy, so the presence of the humble stranger is never questioned, and they are as welcome as the titled guests. I remember once hearing a fashionable matron ask Mrs. Stanford how she tolerated the mob of common people that came to her "Thursdays." Mrs. Stanford simply said: "My house is free to the public on Thursday, and any stranger, no matter how poor, is welcome, and if from my table she can get something to stay her hunger I give it joyfully, and if at home some little mouth would relish a sweet she can have some from my table, put it in her pocket and take it home." Mrs. Stanford dresses quietly, but her gowns are very rich and handsomely made. Being in mourning, she has but few colors from which to select. One gown that is particularly beautiful is of pansy velvet, which is trimmed with an exquisite piece of lace that has a pretty history. During one of her trips abroad some friend told her of an aged priest who was in need of pecuniary assistance, and to get it he would like to dispose of some lace that was an heirloom in his family. Mrs. Stanford called, the lace was shown to her, and charmed by its delicate beauty she purchased it, and the price paid was so generous that the old priest's last days were spent in peace and plenty.

The Washington home is filled with works of art, principally paintings. One that always calls forth admiration is a portrait of General Grant, the work of our American artist, Miss Georgiana Campbell. Mrs. Grant is a warm, personal friend of Mrs. Stanford, and is frequently her guest during the winter. Mrs. Stanford's friends are legion, for no one comes beneath the influence of her beautiful Christian spirit without feeling for her something deeper than a mere acquaintanceship.

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

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison	January 1891
Mrs. P. T. Barnum	February "
Mrs. W. E. Gladstone	March "
Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage	April "
Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew	May "
Lady Macdonald	June "
Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris	July "
Lady Tennyson	August "
Mrs. Will Carleton	September "
Mrs. William McKinley	October "
Mrs. Max O'Rell	November "
The Princess Bismarck	December "
Mrs. John Wanamaker	January 1892

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

FACES WE SELDOM SEE

*I—A GLIMPSE OF KATE GREENAWAY

By Ethel Mackenzie McKenna

DAUGHTER OF SIR MORELL MACKENZIE

IT IS now nearly eleven years since "Under the Window" made its first appearance, and ever since then the name of Kate Greenaway has been "familiar in our mouths as household words;" indeed, has become a descriptive term for the style of children's costume she has made so popular. Not only must the little ones, to whom her drawings have afforded such endless delight, feel gratitude toward the clever artist, but all lovers of the picturesque must recognize the debt they owe to the pencil that has transformed our babies from over-dressed little frights into the quaint miniature pictures that now charm our eyes; for the shady sun-bonnets, the frilled caps, the old-fashioned fichus, the short-waisted gowns, are all the result of Kate Greenaway's

MISS GREENAWAY

enthusiasm for costumes which have their foundation in those of the last century, but to which she has given a charm and spirit entirely her own.

It frequently happens that genius, fearing in anything to resemble its spurious brother, who by plentiful advertisement succeeds in persuading a large portion of the public that mediocre talent is really the divine spark, has a morbid dread of publicity, and hides itself with never-tiring pertinacity from the eyes of its admirers. There is a story told of Lord Tennyson, who so resolutely shuns the gaze of the curious, that when he was walking in the village near which his place in the Isle of Wight is situated, and chanced to meet a stranger, his morbid dread of observation was instantly aroused, and drawing forth his handkerchief he covered his face in its voluminous folds, leaving the harmless unknown, who had not before observed the author of the "Idylls," to wonder at the eccentricity of the venerable old gentleman.

Miss Greenaway—she is fortunate in her name, for there is something suggestive of quaintness about the very sound of "Kate Greenaway," which has led to a very general belief that it is only a *nom de plume*—although in her case this trait is not quite as strongly marked as in that of the Poet Laureate, has a righteous horror of seeing the details of her private life in print, and regards the interviewing friend with a feeling nothing short of loathing. She is not, like many of her sister artists, in the giddy whirl of society, and the crowded "at home," and still more thronged "private view," know her not. But, though by no means a lover of society in the general sense of the term, Kate Greenaway is not in the least unsociable. It is "Mrs. Lion Hunter" and her host of followers to whom she is averse, and though at receptions and miscalled "small and earlies" she is out of her element, a quiet tea party is not without its charms as a relaxation from work. So great is her dislike to being lionized, and her fear of a wolf in sheep's clothing, in the person of an unknown newspaper correspondent, that she always refuses to make one of a house party, and when visiting friends in the country specially pleads that she may be the only guest.

No doubt her limited circle of acquaintance has some foundation in a very natural desire to be undisturbed, for Miss Greenaway is a most energetic worker, and gives up nearly all her time to her beloved art. Her big studio, with its countless unfinished sketches, is not her only field for labor, and she spends long days sketching out of doors.

No one who met this dark, somewhat insignificant little woman, so quietly and plainly dressed, would ever imagine it was before her pencil that children and "grown-ups" alike bowed down. On the picturesque but plebeian Heath of Hampstead hers is a well-known figure, for while desiring to escape the "madding crowd" and turmoil of London streets, Miss Greenaway has wisely elected to live within easy reach of her publisher, and has pitched her tent at Hampstead. Her house, which stands with a few others on a delightfully open piece of ground at the foot of a hill, is the most bewitching of Queen Ann mansions. The lower story is of red brick, while the upper part of the house is entirely covered with red tiles, from among which windows of every size and shape seem to peep in the most unexpected manner. One can see at once where Miss Greenaway received the inspiration for her quaint gabled houses, latticed windows and old-fashioned window seats. Whilst in the garden I caught sight of the identical apple tree which, in a somewhat idealized form, so often figures in Miss Greenaway's sketches. It was in blossom, too, and made a most suitable background for some realization of spring in a "Kate Greenaway Almanac." Inside, the house was not as full of "inspiration," though the long windows with their full curtains, the cozy window seats, backed by pots of flowers, a few old-fashioned chairs and some uncommon bowls and vases for the reception of flowers, had a familiar look to those who have studied the works of the talented artist. The big studio is at the top of the house, and the huge window, with its north light, opens onto a fascinating square balcony, which on a cool summer's evening must tempt even the most untiring of workers. I have an idea that I caught sight of Miss Greenaway's "model" cat, but she evidently possesses her mistress' horror of the would-be interviewer, and fled precipitately on my approach.

Since the hour when Kate Greenaway first decided to devote herself to art, and put her hand to the plough, there has been no looking back. The Art School at South Kensington, the life classes at Heatherley's and the celebrated Slade School were all fields for hard work. When she exhibited her first tiny pictures at the Dudley Gallery the public, who passed them by with a careless glance or a nod of admiration, little dreamed that ere long the artist's name would have obtained world-wide fame. For at this time Miss Greenaway had only reached the lower rungs of the ladder, and was glad to earn money, if not reputation, by designing Christmas cards and illustrating children's books. The idea of baby figures in the quaint frocks she admired so much had taken possession of her mind, but she was not content with studying the pictures of Reynolds and Romney, copying old plates and designing from the sketches in books of costume. With the help of these, she created with her own fingers various dainty little dresses which, while recalling our grandmothers' gowns with their short waists, frilled fichus, huge muslin caps and long mittens, were more suited to the young figures for whom she destined them. Having dressed up her juvenile models and realized the effects, she produced "Under the Window," and the success which greeted its publication left no doubt that it answered a genuine need. We were growing weary of the conventionality of our children's clothing, and Miss Greenaway's sketches instantly brought about a change.

The want that German and French artists had felt, and endeavored unsuccessfully to supply, had been filled by this English girl. The ladder was now quickly mounted, each book produced raising the artist higher in popular favor. Perhaps the greatest boon she had bestowed on the children she so loves was the publication of a new edition of "Mavor's Spelling Book," illustrated by her clever pen. Who has not spent dreary hours pouring over spelling lessons? The long column seemed endless, and our poor little brains ached with trying to master them. But the "Mavor's Spelling" of to-day, with its delightful illustrations, is quite a different book, and youngsters no longer dread it as an instrument of torture.

It is satisfactory to know that it is not only in England and America that Miss Greenaway's designs have produced a revolution in the matter of children's garments. The French nation, always so ready to scoff at English art, and holding themselves to be all powerful on any matter relating to dress, have during the last few years entirely altered the style of frock worn by their girls and boys, and the overdressed little citizens, once so common at all French watering places, are transformed into far happier looking mites in quaintly smocked gowns, picturesque coats and large sun bonnets after the clever little creations from the mind of Kate Greenaway.

* The first of a series in which will be given sketches and portraits of women noted in song, charity and public works, whose names are as household words, yet who are in reality unfamiliar to us by their faces and lives. This series will appear from time to time in the JOURNAL in conjunction with the other two popular series of "Unknown Wives of Well-known Men" and "Clever Daughters of Clever Men."

Digitized by Google

WHAT MY FATHER TAUGHT US

By Mamie Dickens

ELDEST DAUGHTER OF CHARLES DICKENS

MISS DICKENS

IT has been my pleasure, within the last few months, to be sought out by the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to become a contributor to the pages of the magazine. It has been agreed between us that I should write for JOURNAL readers a series of articles which, under the title of "My Father as I Recall Him," will shortly begin in these pages. This article is in no wise a part of that series. I wish it simply to serve as an introduction to you of that name which we all hold so highly in love and veneration—you, as his reader, I as his daughter. And if through this article, and the series to follow, I can be the means of making you know better the home-character of Charles Dickens, the labor I have undertaken will be repaid a hundred-fold.

THE PRAYER HE TAUGHT US

TO begin this little article, I cannot, I think, do better than take the little prayer which my father wrote for us and which each one of us was taught to repeat night and morning, as soon as we could speak:

"Pray God, Who has made everything, and is so kind and merciful to everything He has made who tries to be good and to deserve it.

"Pray God bless my dear papa, mamma, brothers and sisters and auntie, and all my relations and friends.

"Make me a good little girl. Let me never be naughty, or tell a lie, which is a mean and shameful thing. Make me kind to my nurses and servants, and to all poor people.

"Let me never be cruel to any dumb creature; for if I am cruel to anything, even to a poor, little fly, Thou, who are so good, will never love me.

"Pray God to bless and to preserve us all this night, and forevermore, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

The word "auntie" was not in the original prayer. I added it for myself. I was quite a tiny child, when she, a very young girl, first came to live with us. And, as I do not remember any part of my life without her, and as I have knelt at her knees as often as I have knelt at my mother's knees to say this prayer, it seemed only natural to me to put her name among those specially mentioned in our evening supplications.

HIS HATRED OF FALSEHOOD

THE line in the prayer "Let me never be naughty or tell a lie," recalls an incident in the childhood of my eldest brother and I, and which will illustrate how my father dealt with falsehood in his children.

We were quite small children, and were living at Ubaro, near Genoa, for the summer months. My brother and I were made to promise that we would not pick or eat any of the fruit in the garden, peaches being especially forbidden. But, alas! I grieve to confess that, Adam-and-Eve-like, we disobeyed, and did eat of that fruit! Whether we confessed our guilt I cannot remember. Anyway, we had through much tribulation to feel the heinous offense of telling a lie. We had a dose of physic each, were undressed and put to bed before noon, and allowed bread and water only for the rest of the day. But it was the disgrace we were made to feel so acutely. And my cheeks get hot now when I think of it! My father did not come into the nursery until late in the afternoon. I remember that his dear face bore a rather sorrowful expression as he saw our shamed looks and downcast eyes, and noticed how tossed about our little beds had become through the long, hot day. He talked to us seriously, though sweetly and gently, and kissed us as he said "good-night." So that although not actually out of disgrace until the next day, we knew that he had forgiven us; and when once a fault had been forgiven by father we never heard an allusion to it again. He rarely referred to past deeds—especially misdeeds.

MY FATHER AS A MASTER

MY father interpolated the line "Make me kind to my nurses and servants" in the prayer because of his rare qualities as a master. As tiny babies, kindness to, and consideration for, others, were qualities taught us even before we could speak, and my father was quick to notice any breach of such observance on our parts, as he was also in the case of grown-up people. He simply hated anything like rudeness or selfishness to servants or subordinates.

The same spirit actuated him in regard to the invocation: "Let me never be cruel to any dumb creature."

Any act of cruelty, however, so-called small, was loathsome to him, and seemed really to hurt him, and to fill him with disgust.

"Mark my words," he said one day about a boy companion of ours, whom he had chanced to see ill-treating a goat, "that boy will never grow up to be a good man." And he took a dislike to him there and then. Certainly—poor fellow! he is dead now—his was not a very worthy life!

HIS INTEREST IN OUR LESSONS

MY father was always much interested about our lessons, looking over our copy-books, slates, etc., pointing out where we were wrong; taking the greatest pains to impress upon us the why and the wherefore of any faults he had to find. He had a curious dislike for the very large round-hand writing copies which were set us in those days and which I have seen still in many school-rooms. He stopped them entirely, at last, considering them a waste of time and of no use whatever in forming a child's handwriting.

WE WERE TAUGHT INDEPENDENCE

WE were all taught, from our youngest days, to be as independent as possible. If we kept pets—birds, rabbits, never mind what—we must see to them ourselves, feed them, look after them, clean out the cages or hutches. If we neglected such care, then the pets would be taken from us.

My sister and I, as little girls, made many journeys from London to the Isle of Wight, where lived some well-beloved friends quite alone. It was rather a formidable journey for two such little things as we were, many changes to be made before we arrived at our destination, but we never minded it; were never the worse for this early show of independence. In later years, when we were out of the nursery, we never had a maid to walk out with us, or to dress us, or to count out our washing for the laundress, or to spoil us in any way, with what my father thought unnecessary help; but had to be self-helpful, instead.

HIS ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN

WITH the exception of the first-born, my brothers were sent to school very young. And as they grew up, and were sent out into the world, my father wrote a letter of counsel to each. Here is one such letter:

"I write this note to-day because your going away is much upon my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me to think of now and then, at quiet times. I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry, in my heart, to part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne. It is my comfort, and my sincere conviction, that you are going to try the life for which you are best fitted. I think its freedom and wildness more suited to you than any other experiment in a study or office would ever have been; and without that training you could have followed no other suitable occupation. What you have always wanted until now has been a set, steady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you to persevere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do as well as you can do it. I was not so old as you are now when I first had to win my food, and do this out of this determination, and I have never slackened in it since. Never take a mean advantage of anyone in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power. Try to do to others as you would like them do to you; and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Saviour than that you should. I have put a New Testament among your books for the very same reasons, and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child. Because it is the best book that ever was or will be known in the world; and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided.

"As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to each such words as I am writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of men. You will remember that you have never at home been wearied about religious observances or mere formalities. I have always been anxious not to weary my children with such things before they are old enough to form opinions respecting them. You will, therefore, understand the better that I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion as it came from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it. Only one thing more on this head. The more we are in earnest as to feeling it, the less we are disposed to hold forth about it. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it. I hope you will always be able to say, in after life, that you had a kind father. You cannot show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty."

I HAVE given you this letter in full, because it will show you, better than any words of mine can, what a true, earnest and humble spirit my father had, and what a thoroughly home-loving spirit it was, too. "There are not," and these are his own words, "in the unseen world voices more gentle or more true, that may be so implicitly relied on, or that are so certain to give none but tenderest counsel, as the voice in which the 'spirits of the fireside and the hearth address themselves to humankind.'"

In my series of articles further along it will be my endeavor to point out other instances of the home-loving spirit which was so truly that of my father.

A PRINCESS FAIR

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

OUT from her casement a princess fair
Leaned to watch the waves below;
The salt wind played with her golden hair,
As she watched their ebb and flow.

Each glittering wave was blue and gay,
And salt as any brine may be;
The lady's eyes were blue as they,
And her tears as salt as the sea.

The princess leaned from her casement wide
She said: "You are very fair, oh Sea!
And I would that your restless, azure tide
Were flowing fathoms over me."

STRAY GLIMPSES OF THACKERAY

BY ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE

DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

MRS. RITCHIE

IT HAPPILY does not always follow that one cares for an author in exact proportion to the sale of his books, or even to the degree of their merit; otherwise some of us might be overpowered by friends and others remain solitary all our lives long. It also does not follow that people who write books are those who see most of each other. On the contrary, authors as a rule prefer, I think, playmates of other professions than their own, and seldom keep together in the same way that soldiers do, for instance, or dandies, or lawyers, or members of Parliament. Lawyers, politicians, soldiers, and even doctors, do a great deal of work together in one another's company; but the hours do not suit for literary people, and one rarely hears of five or six authors sitting down in a row to write books. They are generally shut up apart in different studies, with strict orders given that nobody is to be shown in. This was my father's rule, only it was constantly broken; and many people used to pass in and out during his working hours, and of course one way and another we saw a great many people of different sorts.

ONE of the most notable people who ever came into our old bow-windowed drawing-room in Young Street, Kensington, is a guest never to be forgotten by me, a tiny, delicate, little person, whose small hand nevertheless grasped a mighty lever which set all the literary world of that day vibrating. I can still see the scene quite plainly! The hot summer evening, the open windows, the carriage driving to the door as we all sat silent and expectant; my father, who rarely waited, waiting with us; our governess and my sister and I all in a row, and prepared for the great event. We saw the carriage stop, and out of it spring the well-knit figure of young Mr. George Smith, who was bringing Charlotte Bronte to see our father. My father, who had been walking up and down the room, goes out into the hall to meet his guests, and then, after a moment's delay, the door opens wide and the two gentlemen come in, leading a tiny little lady, pale, with fair, straight hair and steady eyes. She may be a little over thirty; she is dressed in a little "barége" dress, with a pattern of faint green moss. She enters in mittens, in silence, in seriousness; our hearts are beating with wild excitement. This, then, is the authoress; the unknown power whose books have set all London talking, reading, speculating; some people even say our father wrote the books—the wonderful books. I think it must have been on this very occasion that my father invited some of his friends in the evening to meet Miss Bronte, for everybody was interested and anxious to see her. Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Carlyle, Mr. Carlyle himself, was there, so I am told, railing at the appearance of cockneys upon Scotch mountain sides; there were also too many Americans for his taste; "but the Americans were as God compared to the cockneys" says the philosopher. Everyone waited for the brilliant conversation which never began at all. Miss Bronte retired to the sofa and murmured a low word now and then to our kind governess. The room looked very dark, the lamp began to smoke a little, the conversation grew dimmer and more dim, the ladies sat round expectant, my father was too much perturbed by the gloom and silence to cope with it at all. In one of my excursions crossing the hall I was surprised to see him opening the front door with his hat on. He put his fingers to his lips, walked out into the darkness, and shut the door quietly behind him. When I went back to the drawing-room again the ladies asked me where he was. I vaguely answered that I thought he was coming back. I was puzzled at the time, nor was it all made clear to me till long years afterward, when one day Mrs. Procter asked me if I knew what had happened once when my father had invited a party to meet "Jane Eyre" at his house. It was one of the dullest evenings she had ever spent in her life, she said. And then with a good deal of humor she described the situation, the ladies who had all come expecting so much delightful conversation and the gloom, and how, finally overwhelmed by the situation, my father had quietly left the room and gone off to his club.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The editor expected that he would be able to present an original article by Mrs. Ritchie, but her manifold literary and domestic duties prevented, and the above "glimpses" were revised by permission from "Macmillan's Magazine" and substituted. The JOURNAL hopes, however, to publish the expected article by Mrs. Ritchie in a future issue.

MY father was very fond of going to the play, and used to take us when we were children, one on each side of him, in a hansom. He used to take us to the opera, too, which was less of a treat. Magnificent envelopes with unicorns and heraldic emblazonments used to come very constantly containing tickets for the opera. In those days we thought everybody had boxes for the opera as a matter of course. We used to be installed in the front places with our chins resting on the velvet ledges of the box. For a time it used to be very delightful, and sometimes I used to suddenly wake up to find the singing still going on as in a dream. Alas, I never possessed a note of music of my own, though I have cared for it in a patient, unrequited way all my life long. My father always loved music and understood it, too. He knew his opera tunes by heart. I have always liked the little story of his landing with his companions at Malta on his way to the East, and as no one of the company happened to speak Italian he was able to interpret the whole party by humming the lines from various operas. "Un bigletto-Eccolo qua," says my father to the man from the shore, "Lasce darem' la mano," and he helped Lady T. up the gangway, and so on. He used sometimes to bring Mr. Ella home to dine with him, and he liked to hear his interesting talk about music.

AT the back of the house in Young Street was the study where my father used to write. The vine shaded his two windows, which looked out upon the bit of garden and the medlar tree and the Spanish Jessamines, the yellow flowers of which scented our old brick walls. The top school-room was over my father's bed-room, and the bed-room was over the study where he used to write. We kept our dolls, our bricks, our books, our baby-houses and most of our stupid little fancies in the top room. My little sister had a menagerie of snails and flies on the sunny window-sill. These latter, chiefly invalids rescued out of milk-jugs, lay upon rose leaves in various little pots and receptacles. She was very fond of animals and so was my father—at least he always liked "our" animals. Now looking back I am full of wonder at the number of cats we were allowed to keep, though De La Pluche, the butler, and Gray, the housekeeper, waged war against them.

ON one occasion a friend told me he was talking to my father and mentioning some one in good repute at the time, and my father incidentally spoke as if he knew of a murder that person had committed. "You know it, then," said the other man, "who could have told you?" My father had never been told but he had known it all along, he said, and indeed he sometimes spoke of this curious feeling he had about people at times as if uncomfortable facts in their past history were actually revealed to him. At the same time I do not think anybody had a greater enjoyment than he in other people's goodness and well-doing. He used to be proud of a boy's prizes at school, he used to be proud of a woman's sweet voice, or of her success in housekeeping. He had a friend in Victoria Road, hard by, whose delightful household ways he used to describe, and I can still hear the lady he called "Jingleby" warbling "O du schone mullërin" to his great delight. Any generous thing or word seemed like something happening to himself. How proudly he used to tell the story of his old friend Mr. F., of the "Garrick," who gave up half a fortune as a matter of course because he thought it right to do so, and how he used to be stirred by a piece of fine work. I can remember when "David Copperfield" came out hearing him say to my grandmother "that little Em'ly's letter to Old Peggotty was a masterpiece." I wondered to hear him at the time, for that was not at all the part I cared for most, nor indeed could I imagine how little Em'ly ever was so stupid as to run away from Peggotty's enchanted house-boat.

But then my father was Thackeray, and I am I.

WHAT TO TEACH A DAUGHTER

TEACH her that not only must she love her father and mother, but honor them in word and deed.

That work is worthy always when it is well done.

That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but that she ought to know and appreciate this value.

That the man who wishes to marry her is the one who tells her so and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches and forgets that men cease to be men when they have no object in life.

That her best confidant is always her mother, and that no one sympathizes with her in her pleasures and joys as you do.

That unless she shows courtesy to others she need never expect it from them, and that the best answer to rudeness is being blind to it.

That when God made her body he intended that it should be clothed properly and modestly, and when she neglects herself she is insulting Him who made her.

Teach her to think well before she says no or yes, but to mean it when she does.

Teach her to avoid men who speak lightly of any of the great duties of life, who show in their appearance that their habits are bad.

Teach her that her own room is her nest, and that to make it sweet and attractive is a duty as well as a pleasure.

Teach her that if she can sing or read or draw, or give pleasure in any way by her accomplishments, she is selfish and unkind if she does not do this gladly.

Teach her to be a woman—self-respecting, honest, loving and kind, and then you will have a daughter who will be a pleasure to you always, and whose days will be long and joyous in the land which the Lord hath given her.

Digitized by Google

THE QUEENS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

By Miss E. T. Bradley

DAUGHTER OF THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

IN THREE PAPERS. FIRST PAPER:—THE EARLY QUEENS

IN THIS and the succeeding articles, it will be my purpose to sketch briefly the lives and sepulchres of the queens of England, the wives, mothers and daughters of kings whose remains lie beneath the ancient roof of Westminster Abbey. Even to those who have not visited the abbey, a few of the facts given in these articles may be found of interest.

EDITHA OF THE SWAN NECK

THE first queen, indeed, the first woman, who found sepulchre here was the widow of Edward the Confessor, the sainted founder of Westminster Abbey. With all his virtues, his piety, his kindness of heart, Edward was more fitted to seek the retirement of a monastery than to rule a turbulent kingdom. Peace he sought, and peace he found however for the most part, when the troubles of exile and persecution were over, and he was established on his throne, the Danes bought off and Earl Godwin conciliated by the king's marriage to his daughter.

For Edward's marriage to his enemy's daughter was purely from political motives, and it is said that he never treated her as his wife, but for this statement the monkish chroniclers, who used every argument to prove the pious king a saint, are responsible. The Confessor's conduct to his queen does not show him in the most amiable light. When Godwin and his sons rebelled, Editha was punished for their sins. She was degraded from her rank, her jewels seized, and she was shut up in Warwell Abbey, where her sister was abbess, for about a year. When peace was restored again she was allowed to return as queen to Edward's court. The old chroniclers all unite in praise of the queen's amiable and virtuous character, and she seems to have been a great contrast to her barbarous father, "a rose growing from a prickly briar." She was not only beautiful and good, but also learned. In the quaint phraseology of the time it is recorded that her breast was a storehouse of all liberal sciences. From a certain abbot of Croyland who was brought up at Westminster Palace we get a personal account of the queen. After extolling her beauty, learning and excellent conduct of life, he tells us how he used often to be stopped by the royal lady as he went to and fro from the court to the monks' school in Westminster cloisters, and not only would she examine him in the classics, but pose him with wondrous readiness in grammar and logic. This ordeal was, however, atoned for, the queen seldom dismissing the boy till her little waiting-maid had given him some pieces of money and refreshments.

Another aspect of Editha's life shows us the queen seated among her maidens, embroidering the splendid robes Edward used to wear on collar days. But of her relations to her husband we know absolutely nothing, and it is not till the very end of his life that we find a trace of any mutual affection.

For many years Edward had been engaged in the pious work of building a splendid abbey church for the monastery which he had founded on Thorney isle, the West Minster, as it was afterwards called. The last stone was laid and the consecration fixed for Innocents' Day—December, 1065—when the king fell seriously ill; and it is a proof that any grudge against Editha was forgotten when we find her filling her husband's place of honor at the ceremony. She returned to Edward's sick-bed, and nursed him devotedly, often cherishing the dying man's cold feet in her lap, and winning, at the last, words of approval from her austere husband, who commended her that she had been ever at his side, like an affectionate daughter.

After the peaceful Confessor's death a period of great misery ensued, Godwin's two sons fighting for the crown. Harold conquered and reigned for forty weeks, till he was killed by the Norman Conqueror at the battle of Hastings. Editha, who favored her other brother, Tostig, had meantime retired to her own city, Winchester; and here she spent the remaining nine years of her life, treated with great respect by William the Conqueror.

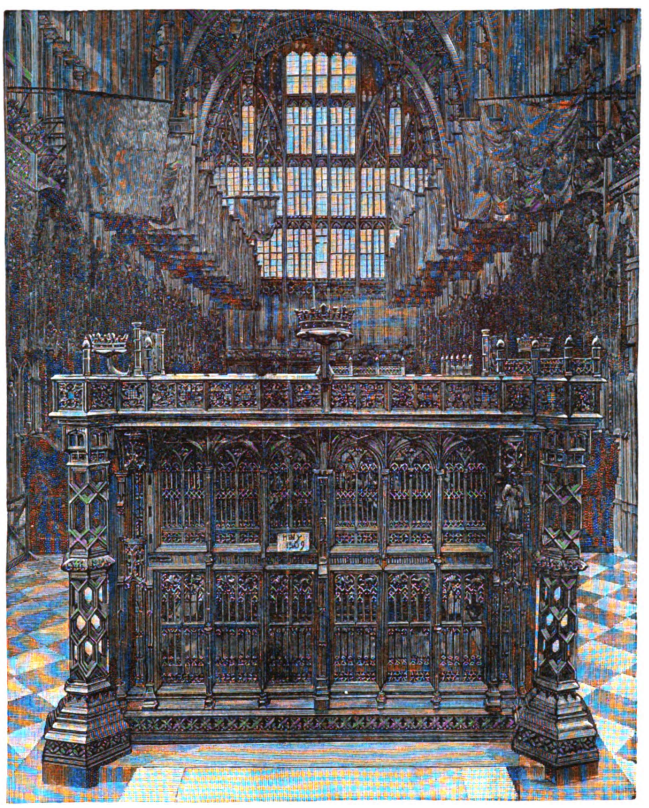
When she died (January 15, 1075) her body was conveyed to Westminster, and received honorable burial beside her husband, before the high altar, by order of the Norman king, who raised a costly tomb of stone over the queen's remains.

When Henry III rebuilt this part of the Abbey Editha's coffin was removed; and when her husband's costly shrine had been completed, it was placed beneath the pavement, on the north side of St. Edward's chapel, in the Abbey. During the reign of Henry III, the pious second founder of the Abbey, a lamp was kept always alight above Editha's grave, and a service was annually celebrated on the day of her death. Afterward, however, the exact place of her sepulchre was forgotten and the chroniclers all disagreed as to whether she lay north or south of her husband's tomb. At last all doubt was set at rest by the care of Dean Stanley, to whom we owe the inscriptions cut in the pavement, which mark the graves of Editha and the other Saxon queen, Matilda, who lies south of the shrine.

THE GOOD QUEEN MAUD

MATILDA originally bore the same name as her relative, Queen Editha, but was obliged to change the Saxon Editha into the Norman form, Matilda or Maud, to please her subjects. For by the marriage of the "good queen Maud," great grand-daughter of Edmund Ironsides, and daughter of Margaret Atheling, to Henry I, the rival claims of Saxon and Norman were finally and forever united. Matilda's father was Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland, and her childhood was passed in the rugged north. In 1093, when Matilda was thirteen, Malcolm was treacherously killed fighting against William Rufus, and his wife did not long survive him. Malcolm's brother, Donald Blane, usurped the Scotch throne, while the orphan children were conveyed in safety to England by their maternal uncle, Edgar Atheling. Matilda and her sister Mary were placed in Romsey Abbey, where their aunt Christina was abbess, whence she afterward removed, taking them with her, to Winton Abbey. Christina had long desired Matilda to take the veil, but the child had always rebelled against the idea, encouraged by her father, who, when as sometimes happened, the zealous abbess had placed a novice's black veil over his daughter's head, would tear it off and fling it away in a rage. Now her father was not there to protect her, Matilda was obliged to take refuge in the convent, the only place of safety in those rough times for fatherless girls; yet she still continued to resist her aunt's wishes for a long while; and when finally coerced to take the vows, or to enter upon her novitiate, as it is not certain whether she was ever actually a nun, used to wear her veil sighing and trembling, and take it off whenever the abbess was out of the way. The chroniclers assert that Henry and Matilda had met and loved one another before a match between them was arranged; but when the king, immediately upon his accession, asked for her hand, Matilda herself resisted his proposal for awhile, it is said because Henry had led a gay and wild life before he came to the throne. However, so politic a union did this seem to the English people that every objection was surmounted. Matilda's resistance can have been but feeble, as she is known to have been sincerely attached to Henry. The Church, by the authority of Archbishop Anselm and an ecclesiastical synod, declared her vows null and void; and after reciting all the reasons for the judgment in the presence of a large multitude of people Anselm finished by asking whether the nation consented to the king's marriage, whereupon a loud shout of approval was raised. The marriage and Matilda's coronation took place in the Abbey on St. Martin's Day, 1102, amidst universal rejoicings. The new queen's blushes, it is said outvied the color of her crimson robes. Matilda seems to have resembled Editha in her piety and learning, but unlike her she was treated with great love and respect by her husband. To Matilda's influence her people owed many material improvements. The suppression of the tyrannic Conqueror's curfew bell, and the granting of Magna Charta received the queen's powerful support, while besides contributing from her private purse towards repairing the highways throughout the country she founded a priory and two hospitals, one for lepers, called "Maud's Hospital," and built two bridges, one at Stratford-le-Ban; another across the Thames, near Westminster. Besides these public benefits, Matilda's private charities were enormous, and her piety remarkable. Every day in Lent she would walk barefoot, dressed in haircloth, to prostrate herself before the Confessor's shrine, and often spend her nights kneeling in the church. She was once reproved by a courtier for her habit of washing and kissing the feet of beggars.

Matilda died at Westminster Palace (May 1, 1118) during one of her husband's frequent visits to Normandy. Her body was probably first laid in the old Chapter House, and more than a century later removed to St. Edward's new chapel.



The Royal Chapel in Westminster Abbey

(With tomb of Henry VII in the foreground)

THE STORY OF QUEEN ELEANOR

THE only queens buried in the abbey before the time of Henry III are Editha and Matilda, while Henry's own wife, Eleanor of Provence, rests at Amesbury. But two of his daughters-in-law were interred in his new church. The one, Aveline, daughter of the mighty earl of Albemarle, was the first bride wedded in Henry's new abbey, which was then in process of building. Her beautiful tomb is on the north side of the sacrarium, close to that of her husband, Edmund Cronchback, the founder, by his second marriage, of the house of Lancaster, the red rose rival to the house of York in the Wars of the Roses.

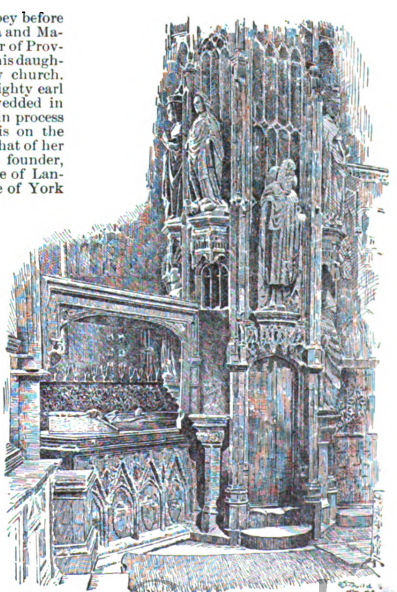
Queen Eleanor, Henry's other daughter-in-law, was the daughter of Ferdinand III of Castille, and heiress in her mother's right to the earldom of Ponthieu. The arms of both places may be seen round her tomb. She was married at the age of ten to Prince Edward, then a boy of fifteen, at Burgos, in Spain (August 3, 1254). After her reception in London, the child-bride was sent to Bordeaux to complete her education, and did not come to England again till 1265. Young Edward, afterward Edward I, was at first a neglectful husband, and it was not till Eleanor accompanied him, against his will, to the crusades in 1270 that he learnt to appreciate her worth. So rough and unfit for women were these crusading campaigns that every effort was made to persuade Eleanor to remain in safety at the court of her father-in-law, Henry III. "Nothing ought to part those whom God hath joined," she replied to all remonstrances, adding: "The way to heaven is as near from Syria as from England or my native Spain." During his three years' absence from England Edward went twice to the Holy Land, and it was on the second of his crusades, when besieging Acre, that his assassination was attempted by an emissary of the "old man of the mountains." The real story of Eleanor's conduct, when she saw her husband dangerously wounded, is less heroic than the well-known legend, but very characteristic. A serious operation was found necessary to save the Prince's life, and Eleanor, herself in delicate health, was unable to repress her tears, and had to be carried protesting and weeping from her husband's tent. It was better, her brother-in-law, Edmund Cronchback, roughly told her, as he helped to carry her away, that she should scream and cry than all England mourn and lament. Here, very shortly after Edward's recovery, Eleanor gave birth to a daughter called Joanna of Acre.

This same year (1272) came the news of Henry III's death, and now it was Edward's turn to lament, for he was much attached to his father. The new king landed in England nine months later (August 2, 1273), and he and Eleanor were crowned together in the abbey on August 15. A fortnight was spent in feasting the citizens of London, and refreshment booths were erected in the fields about Westminster Palace. On the coronation day itself five hundred great horses were turned loose in the streets, "catch them who could."

Seventeen years later the abbey was the scene of a very different spectacle, the solemn obsequies of Edward's fair and faithful queen. On November 28, 1290, Eleanor died at a small village near Leicester. Edward was then holding a parliament in Sherwood Forest—the famous trysting place of Robin Hood—and Eleanor, who fell ill there of low fever, had been carried to the quiet village of Hardby, within a ride of Clipston, where the king at that time held his court.

Edward was, therefore, able to be present at his wife's deathbed, not being, as some accounts have it, absent in Scotland, and he accompanied the body to London. The funeral procession was the grandest England had ever seen.

Twelve times did the hearse rest before it reached the abbey, and at each stage Edward ordered a beautiful cross to be erected in memory of his dead wife, two only of which now exist. An idea of the cost of the procession may be gathered from the fact that eighty pounds of wax were used in a single night at Dunstable. At St. Albans the hearse rested in the Cathedral while Edward pushed on to London. The next day, the king in state, surrounded by the nobility, the prelates, and the lesser clergy, all in magnificent robes, met the procession at Charing Cross, so called from the cross afterward erected there to the *chère reine*, and escorted the hearse to the abbey with lighted candles and funeral chants. For four days (December 14 to 17), Eleanor's body lay in state before the high altar, and was then interred at the feet of her royal father-in-law, Henry III, with every honor that the sorrowing widower could devise. The king also provided that each successive abbot should swear an oath on his installation to keep lights always burning upon the queen's tomb, and to have a solemn service yearly, on the day of her decease, St. Andrew's Eve, for which purposes a sum of money was bequeathed to the monastery. Three tombs were raised to Eleanor's memory, in Lincoln Cathedral, Blackfriars Monastery and Westminster Abbey, but the latter is the only one that survived the dissolution of the monasteries and the civil wars. Henry III's tomb was still unfinished when Eleanor died; and the same artist, William Torell, a goldsmith of London, made the effigies for both. Though an ideal face, and not a portrait, it is allowable to believe that Torell imparted something of Eleanor's lovable character to the features.



The Tomb of Queen Eleanor

Digitized by Google

HOME DAYS WITH FATHER

By Gabrielle Greeley Clendenin
DAUGHTER OF HORACE GREELEY

Mrs. Clendenin

FRIDAY evening was always the brightest and happiest of the whole week at Chappaqua, for that was sure to bring my dear father home. The whole house was alive with happy preparation. The very pine trees pointed tiny little fingers down the wild woody road to show the way he was coming. How eagerly I remember watching a certain little pink gingham frock being ironed in which I was to go and meet him. I used to sit between two patriarchal oak trees till in the distance the familiar figure was seen, slightly bent forward, his arms loaded with good things, entering the gate; and then I would fly to meet him. How my little arm used to try to crook itself up and take as much of his load as it could, and how somehow the burden was always lifted just a little higher, so my help was only an empty form. We used often on these walks to talk of a wonderful pony that he was looking for, and which arrived, sleek and round, and mischievous, one birthday morning.

The first thing when we reached the house was to seek mother's room where the dear inmate for years struggled with a terrible cough. From there, carried in triumph on his back, I would ride down to dinner. After dinner, sitting around the table, he would call for Dana's book of poetry and read to us many of his favorites. I look now at the familiar lines and smile to think how incomprehensible it must have been to my childish mind, and yet I loved the reading, and thought, like the wise men of to-day, I "knew it all." I used frequently to pipe up at those happy times "Papa, please tell us a 'nanydote.'" One of the anecdotes still remains in my mind; of a certain sea captain who traveling for his company used to bring in very long bills. One of the charges they especially objected to was three pounds for "a cocked hat" to be worn on a visit to an Indian prince. The next time the accounts were more wisely itemized, and they expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied. "Ah," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "the cocked hat's there, but you don't see it."

At one of the home gatherings some one, fearing I was being petted too much, said: "Mr. Greeley, don't flatter the child."

"But," I answered in his defense, "Pussy just loves flatty," and if gentleness and a great loving heart injures anyone he would have given me some excuse for being spoiled.

I remember one incident of his indulgence. One day he brought home an umbrella with a wooden dog's head as a handle. My covetous little heart proceeded to set itself upon that canine effigy. In vain papa offered me a whole dog. But I pleaded that no other head in the world would be like that head, and the result was he sawed it off and went back to town with a handleless umbrella.

I cannot recall my father speaking a single harsh or unkind word to either my dear sister or myself, but I can recall to-day an occasion in which I longed to give myself a good shaking. Papa was engrossed in his paper, and no word or inquiry of mine could rouse him. So, to get his attention at any price, I began tearing away little bits of his newspaper. I must have reached at length the article he was reading, for, gently rising, he lifted me by my arms (for my legs I made instantly limp) and so deposited me outside his locked door without a word. Howls of indignation from me brought anxious inquiries from a relative, but he made no explanation; neither did I. My humiliation was too great at being ignored.

The faces of people are children's books, from which they read searchingly. Scanning earnestly his dear face, so full of the sunshine of purity, so bright with humor and wisdom, a deep impression, never to be effaced, was made upon me at the terrible sorrow I saw written there when he came home and told us of Abraham Lincoln's assassination. Never again did I see that look till the one he loved to call "Mother" passed away. Then it settled down with a grief from which he never roused himself. I never could trace any signs of disappointment at the presidential campaign going against him, but rather a quiet and humorous philosophy. I think his main regret would have been for those faithful friends who had followed a lost cause. The Saturday before my mother's death he walked with me to Saint Mary's School, where he had placed me a few days before. Little did I think, as he left me at the door, we should meet on Monday at the side of that dear mother from whose face death had smoothed the cares and sufferings of years. From that time he could not sleep, and he seemed not to care to eat. The mainspring of his home had broken. The one who, though sick unto death for years, had been such a force and strength at home, holding up the noblest and highest examples to her children, teaching us that truth must be followed at any cost, yet reaching down in womanly tenderness to the smallest animal, or going out in the snow, though sick herself, to protect some poor drunken man whom the boys were pelting, telling me never to laugh at such a one, for they were suffering from a terrible disease; yes, the look that he had worn when Lincoln was killed came back to stay. The heart that could love and work for others could break when the highly-strung chords were strained too far. I have had to listen to long explanations about his disappointed ambition. To die or live for the good of his laboring brothers and sisters was the only ambition I could ever discover in that great loving heart. He had no tears to shed at his wife's funeral. But as he turned away from the simple plot at Greenwood he said: "That vault will be opened for me in less than a month." And it was not the first of his prophesies to be sadly fulfilled.

Years afterward a society man told me how one evening, near midnight, when Delmonico's was filled with gay pleasure seekers, he caught sight for one moment, in the light which streamed across the pavement from the doorway, of an old man in a white coat carrying the baskets of two little ragged girls, evidently taking them to a place of shelter from the storm. So do I love to picture him again. The world of the prosperous and thoughtless was little affected by his life, but as he fades into the darkness of the night of oblivion, I like to think of him as one who desired ever to bring the homeless and the wretched to shelter, and to carry their burdens for them.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE MOON

By Mary Proctor
AUGHTER OF PROF. RICHARD A. PROCTOR

OF all the heavenly bodies, the moon has attracted the most attention among astronomers. This is doubtless due to the fact that her comparative nearness to the earth brings her peculiarly within the range of our observation. Group together a few facts about this wonderful heavenly body, for example, and see how interesting they are:

In distance, the moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles away from our earth, around which she gravitates like a satellite.

Her diameter is about 2153 miles; she has a solid surface of 14,600,000 miles, and a solid content of about 10,000 of cubic miles.

The earth's surface only exceeds the moon's about thirteen and a half times. The moon's surface is fully as large as Africa and Australia together, and nearly as large as North and South America without the islands.

Yet large as the moon is, it would require seventy million of such bodies to equal the volume of the sun. The moon appears to us as large as the sun because she is four hundred times nearer to us than the sun.

The time during which the moon goes through her entire circuit of the heavens, from any star till she comes to the same star again, is called a sidereal month, and consists of about twenty-seven and a quarter days. The time which intervenes between one new moon and another is called a synodical month, and consists of nearly twenty-nine and a half days.

When the moon is invisible to us, it is because her dark hemisphere is turned toward the earth, and this condition of the moon is called new moon; but when she has traveled a little further on, and has her bright side full toward us, she is our full moon.

A new moon occurs when the sun and moon meet in the same part of the heavens; but the sun, as well as the moon, is apparently traveling eastward, and nearly at the rate of one degree a day, and consequently during the twenty-seven days while the moon has been going around the earth the sun has been going forward about the same number of degrees in the same direction. Hence, when the moon comes around to the part of the heavens where she passed the sun last, she does not find him there, and must go on more than two days before she comes up with him again.

The moon has two motions, one of revolution around the earth, another of rotation on itself. These two movements, by a curious coincidence, are made in the same interval of time. We know that there is a new moon when our satellite is invisible both during the day and night. She then occupies a place very near the sun in the heavens, presenting to us her dark hemisphere; for this reason, and because she is merged in the splendor of the solar rays, she is then invisible to us.

About four days elapse between the disappearance of the moon in the morning in the east, and her reappearance in the evening in the west, a little after the setting of the sun.

Between the first quarter and the full moon seven days elapse, during which the form of the illuminated part approaches nearer and nearer to that of a complete circle; the moon rises and sets later and later, always turning toward the west the circular portion of her disk. About fifteen days after the new moon, the whole of her illuminated portion is presented to us, and the hour of her rising is nearly that of the setting of the sun, which in turn rises when the moon sets. It is midnight when she attains the highest part of her course; then the sun itself passes the lower meridian under the horizon; that is to say, relatively to the earth, the moon is precisely opposite the sun.

The light which the moon gives, which we call "moonlight," is given by the sun, and is reflected back from her surface, just as it is from Venus and the rest of the planets. The moon is a solid globe like the planets, and she does not shine by any light of her own.

The power of the light of the moon is inferior to that of the sun. Dr. Wollaston, by certain photometric methods, compared the light of the sun with that of the full moon, and found that to obtain moonlight as intense in its lustre as sunlight, it would be necessary that 801,072 full moons should be stationed in the firmament together.

When viewed through a good telescope, the surface of the moon presents a wonderful aspect—extensive valleys, shelving rocks, and long ridges of elevated mountains projecting their shadows on the plains below. The mountain scenery equals in grandeur the rugged Alpine heights and the Apennines, after which some of her mountains have been named.

A WOMAN IN THE RANKS

By Eleanor Sherman Thackara
DAUGHTER OF GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN

Mrs. Thackara

THE camp fires smouldered low, and most of the soldiers tossed upon their blankets, or sent up hearty signals of sound sleep in sonorous breathing. A few stragglers still loafed around the fence rails that kept up a crackle falling slowly into embers. It was the only fire that had been replenished, and more than one slept within reach of its warm glow. It was a sleepy company and yet a talkative one.

"He's a devilish plucky little man, if he is confounded pale," said Sergeant Gun. "And he sticks that close to Stewart they might be the Siamese Twins but for looks!" put in old Lag. "Stewart says they're not brothers, but just friends, sort of a David and Jonathan case, but the poor lad's no subject for these d—— rebel bullets, nor yet for their starving prisons. It's the finest chaps get hit the first, and I bet my last canteen that little Sommers will be tucked under a hedge with cold lead in him before we see our second day's fight."

"He's bound for more hard fights 'an one," drawled sleepy Snuggers.

And the bet was not taken up.

"Let alone his last roll-call, he's a curious case, and they're both made of mighty queer stuff. Sometimes I think Stewart's more 'an half inclined to join the crowd, but that little Sommers veers round and tugs him off."

On into the night the loquacious sergeant held forth until, the listeners sleeping, he beat a forced retreat to his blanket, and joined the nocturnal trumpeters.

Waking the echoes of the wood, reveille stirred all the camp to activity, when later loud rang the call "to boots and saddles." War moved on apace, and Sergeant Gun found the stalwart Stewart and plucky little Sommers true to their posts. All through the thickest of the battle, amid whistling bullets and bursting shells, they worked like Trojans; and the sun set upon the deserted field, and the old group round a new camp fire with some faces gone from it.

"He ain't tucked under a hedge yet!" drawled Snuggers.

"But he's spotted and doomed," insisted Sergeant Gun; "the rebs 'll have him, he's that daring. His cap was shot off, his right boot torn and a great rent in one sleeve; but he called to me at dusk. 'We'll be on their tracks to-morrow, eh, Sergeant Gun!'"

"And so we will," echoed several voices.

"Has Stewart knocked under yet?" asked one of the group.

"Not by a long shot!" was the reply.

The two friends did, indeed, still survive; and half-reclining in the lee of a commissary wagon, talked in low tones of the narrow escapes of the day, and of home. Once Sommers started up, exclaiming:

"What sort of a friend would Sergeant Gun be?"

"Much better friend than enemy, I imagine; and he takes a lot of stock in you, I fancy."

"Then I'll count on him," said Sommers, to himself.

Sharing the most severe privations, or snatching some little cheer around the camp fire, these two held the dread of separation above the fear of death. Gallant deeds had decorated the sleeve of one and then the other with chevrons which made them both corporals. Theirs were charmed lives, coming through desperate battles unscratched, though begrimed and smeared with war's cruel paint. Not in battle, but in a short skirmish made by scouts ordered upon the heels of the enemy's spies, was a death wound dealt to one friend's body, but to the other's heart. All the terrors of war had not steeled the surviving friend to bear the loss, which was overwhelming. The poor, battered form was rescued from the common pit, to be buried near a gnarled willow tree; half the night was spent in carving an initial on its trunk. On moved relentless war, and almost at its close, a day of desperate strife, found the general in his tent, weighing the chances of the morrow. Officers came and went rapidly upon errands of life and death, when the portly form of the surgeon stretched open the tent fly.

"I have a strange piece of business, general," broke in the strong, kindly voice.

"You need my advice?" interrogated the general, scarcely lessening the rapidity with which his pencil traced a despatch, his eyes half glancing at an outspread map.

The doctor came very close, and whispered in a breath:

"Corporal Sommers has been wounded, not mortally, brought to the hospital and confesses to being a Woman!"

"Impossible! Why, he is a brave soldier!" blurted out the general, now actually dropping his pencil, and deserting his map study.

"It is a fact," continued the doctor. "What shall we do with her?"

"Can she stand transportation in an army wagon?"

"She is as strong as most of our best men, and declares herself ready for the march, but implores that her secret be kept."

"It shall be. Here. Give this to Corporal Sommers, captain, and see that she is in a hospital ambulance bound north to-morrow. We cannot have a woman on this march, even a corporal."

Years after the story of Corporal Sommers found its sequel, when those cognizant of the facts discovered that she had married her fiancé on the eve of the departure of the troops, and joined him the next morning, disguised, to share the dangers of war with the man she loved.

When war summoned men to the field, women's sphere, so limitless in peace, seemed to many to sink into insignificance. Yet to the brilliant achievements of many a hero, woman's part formed a strong, indispensable background. Inspiring the departing troops, mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts sped their dear ones to duty, even through the "valley of death." Endless work for the battle-field and hospital was added to the tasks for the busy hands in the home. Lint had to be picked, neat rows of bandages swiftly piled, and warm garments woven. Letters full of loving cheer were wrung from anxious, aching hearts to help the grim soldiers. Then marched forth that great rear-guard of women whose home ties could be severed—the brave, tender-hearted nurses of the battle-field.

There were many Evangelines in those days who soothed the last anguish of many of our gallant men. All through the war, in greatest peril, on fields veiled in the lingering, grimy smoke of the day's battle, there constantly moved a dark-habited nun, directing able assistants. Her heart and hands were always full of potent aid. A great statesman of that day said of her: "Possessing man's nerve, woman's tenderness, and the skill of both, her services were valuable beyond description." This woman was Sister Angela, of the Holy Cross Order.

The Sanitary Commission furnished many brave women, whose names fill columns; cases like that of Mrs. General Barlow, a woman of good position, who married at the sound of the war trumpet to follow her husband to his death under no disguise, working among the wounded.

WHEN TO WEAR DIAMONDS

By Florence Marryat
DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN MARRYAT

Miss Marryat

THERE IS something singularly fascinating about a diamond. Its perfect clearness, the number of colors that lurk in it and that are brought out wonderfully by the gas light, its absolute look of purity, and its sharp, fine cutting all tend to make it the most beautiful of stones. When a woman is asked the kind of ring, or brooch, or bracelet she desires, she is apt to say "A diamond one." And unless she has a great many jewels this is a wise choice, for the diamond may be worn many times when the colored gems are in bad taste. Americans have been laughed at very much for wearing their diamonds at all times and in all places, but I think the woman of good taste and refined feelings realizes when and where she shall wear her jewels.

Diamonds should not be worn in the morning ever.

They should not be worn when a simple visit is paid before two o'clock.

They should not be worn when one is doing charitable work.

They should not be worn where they are likely to attract so much attention that they will cause envy and heart-burnings.

They should not be worn in profusion with any street toilet, although a small brooch, a pair of solitaire ear-rings and a ring which is concealed by the glove, are frequently noticed on refined women.

They should not be worn in bathing; this sounds a little odd, but as they have been seen in such places somebody evidently needs to be given a word or two about them.

They should not be worn to any extent, even in the evening, at places of amusement.

They should never be seen on children.

They should not be worn by people who are in mourning.

They should not be worn unless one's gown is in harmony with them, for a soiled, mussed costume and a profusion of diamonds is a very bad combination.

They should not be worn by men.

They should not be worn at all unless they are real, unless they are properly set, and unless they are suited to the wearer.

Enormous ear-rings, pulling down the lobes of the ear, are the essence of vulgarity. Enormous pins that look like electric lights are in equally bad taste.

Choose your diamonds for their clearness and perfection of cut rather than their size, and wear them, not as did the young lady who roved all over Ireland covered with gems, unless indeed it is in the evening when the soft light is upon you and you can feel as did the poet who described her, that your beauty is far beyond your sparkling gems.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

HOME STUDY. Young and middle-aged men and women given thorough and practical instruction by Mail, at their own Homes, in Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Commercial Arithmetic, Letter Writing, Business Law, Shorthand, etc. Adapted to all ages and both sexes. Students from *every State*. Distance no objection. Low rates and satisfaction guaranteed. Trial lessons sent free. Write to BRYANT & STRATTON'S, 459 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

WISHING

By Laura E. Richards

Mrs. Richards

I wish I were a queen,
All so stately, to be seen,
With a robe of gold and green,
And a crown!
With a face so lovely-sweet
That to see it were a treat;
And hair that to my feet,
Floated down!

On my throne of ivory
I would sit apart, and see
How they came a-wooing me,
Far and near.
How the armed knights would ride
With their keen swords by their side,
Seeking me to be their bride
Fair and dear!

I would watch them come and go,
I would smile, and answer "No!
I will not be courted so
For my crown;
But when some one's face I see
Who loves me, and only me,
'Twill be he, and only he,
I shall own!"

Then a crowned king will ride
In his golden-mantled pride;
He will sit down by my side
On the throne.
He will say: "I give to you
Crown and robe and kingdom, too,
If you'll only love me true,
Me alone!"

Then I'll answer low and clear—
"King"—but hark! there's mother dear,
I must listen and must hear
What she say.
"Put away your golden wishes
For they'll never turn to fishes!
Come and help me wash the dishes,
Little May!"

COUNTRY MAIDS AND CITY WIVES

By Maud Howe Elliott

Mrs. Elliott

It is a very difficult matter to decide which is the best place to live in, the country or the city. Half the year I give my vote for country life. In the early spring, when the city trees soften at the tips, and grow mellow with the promise of a new beauty, I hear the voices of meadow grasses, and of rippling brooks, calling me away from the hard pavements and crowded streets of the town to the country nooks I know and love so well. Then I cry without hesitation, "To the country! Away from crowds, and business, and electric lights. Away to the fields pied with dandelions, the open skies full of the strange, sweet surprises of the spring." Summer comes, and finds me still happy in the country quiet. Summer passes and autumn reigns—useful, sturdy, practical autumn, with its pride of harvested grain and fruit, its rich fulfillment of spring's promise. Then I hear the voices of the city calling me to return. Rumors reach me of great concerts; of famous men who have crossed half the world to share their art, or their learning, their adventures with me. Stanley is here, and I may look into the courageous eyes that have faced death for days, weeks, for months, and faltered not! Paderewski has come, that inspired pianist who pours upon our senses a wonderful flood of Chopin's music, which intoxicates us like a pure, strong wine. Sarah Bernhardt is here, with her finished, exquisite art, which makes her the first actress on the boards to-day. Pleasure, art, culture, education are all waiting for me in the city. More than these, *work* awaits me among my sisters and brothers, among the thousands of toilers in the great city; those that labor with their hands, those that work with brain and will, those that exhort, pray and lift men, and those who degrade, persecute and oppress them.

The voice of the running water, the rustle of the falling leaves are not loud enough to drown these distant rumors of the city. I say "good-bye," to hill and valley, to the pleasant autumn fields, to the friendly kine and sheep, and turn my face cityward, hungry for the feast that there awaits me!

I have been asked to give a little practical advice to country-bred girls who come into the city to live; and it has seemed to me that the best way I could do this was by showing what I, who know both the country and the city life, find in the city to atone for the loss of the incomparable air, the beauty of nature, the peace and simplicity of a country life. Beware of mistaking the false for the true. Do not let the glitter of the shop windows dazzle you. Now that you have come to town, you may need different clothing than that which sufficed you in the country; but do not fancy that the covering of your body is of any greater *real* importance in the city than it was in the country. It should be suitable, comfortable and becoming here as there; but it should usurp no more of your thought and time. It may be that your new position makes it necessary for you to have fine dresses, whereas your old home standard was simple and limited. If this be the case, seek out the aid of some one of the many women whose business it is to make dresses for people in your position. Give her your commissions; in securing her services you enable her to gain her livelihood, and she will enable you to be as well dressed as is proper, and yet leave you your time in which to attend to the more serious duties in life, the neat and tasteful ordering of your house, the care for and companionship with your husband and children, the study and thought which are necessary to make that companionship a precious one to them. If economy has to be regarded in the yearly expenditure, and you are obliged to make your own dresses, get through with your dressmaking as quickly as you can.

Fashionable acquaintances are no more a part of the great advantages the city can give you than fashionable clothes. Many fashionable people are very agreeable and delightful folk, but that is not because they are fashionable; it is rather in spite of it. Try to make friends with real people, no matter in what rank you find them. It is a good thing to seek always the society of men and women whom you know to be your superiors in intellect, in cultivation, in character; it is a very bad thing to try and know people merely because they are richer or more fashionable than you. Their money will do you no good; you cannot shine in the reflected light of their wealth and position. They may, on the other hand, do you a great deal of harm. What bitter envy I have seen among acquaintances who called themselves friends when one was very rich and the other very poor!

Mrs. Augusta Webster, a very interesting woman, and a true poet, tells in one of her charming poems a little story which has a very good moral, I think. It is a scene between a husband and a wife. The wife comes into his library wearing a splendid ball dress, glittering with jewels, fragrant with the perfumes of her luxurious boudoir, ready to go out into the great world where she is greedy to win attention and make conquests. He asks her to sit with him a moment while he draws a picture for her, holds up the glass of memory before her eyes. He describes a country field, with a band of haymakers, and the noontide sun pouring down upon the fragrant hay. The tired men are just wiping their scythes for their midday rest. Toward them comes a young girl, "brown Madge," carrying her father's dinner to him, brightening the bright day with her brown beauty, her simple face, her homely country grace and charm. That was the girl he saw, that was the girl he courted, the bride he married and brought to his home in the city, that her simplicity and charm might make a green place in the dusty desert of his hard-working life! and this fine and fashionable lady is the wife that brown bride has become!

If you who read this are a brown country lass, and should find that your fate leads you to the city, carry with you all that you have learned in the years of childhood and maidenhood on the old farm. You will need it all in the feverish city; the memory of sky and upland, the smell of the clover, the hum of the bees, the taste of the new milk, the breath of the kine, the strength which milking and butter-making have given you, the knowledge of nature's secrets; which lilac leaves out first, which oak is last stripped of its foliage, where the ground-sparrow hides her nest, when the blackberries are fit to make into jam! Bring the simple, healthy habits of early rising, of energetic work, of out-door exercise to your city home, for you will need them now more than ever before. They will help you in gaining an understanding of the best things city life can give you, the broader experience of men and ideas, the love of art, the appreciation of literature. No matter how rich you may become, never be wasteful. Out of your abundance you should find enough to give to others, but nothing to waste. Keep some hour of the day to yourself. In the active companionship of your new affections and friendships you need time for thought more than ever before.

No life is complete which has not had the two opposite experiences which city and country give. In the country we learn to love nature, to respect her laws, which can never be set aside, save with a dire result. In the city we learn to love humanity, to respect its laws, and to realize that the social law cannot be broken more safely than the natural law. In the houses of persons of taste and cultivation we find landscapes, pictures of moor and glen, of plowed fields, of trees, of cattle, of all the sweet and reminiscent phases of country life.

I have an interesting picture before me now; an autumn landscape with cattle drinking from a still pool; the trees and foreground are all warm with the colors of the autumn. That picture is a constant reminder to me of the country, where I have learned so much that has been of use to me. I keep it where my eyes can fall naturally upon it in the pauses of my work. It has helped me through many a hard task and dull hour.

In the gallery of your mind keep room for memory pictures of the old home; look often at the familiar scenes, for they will refresh you and give you strength for your new life.

Above all things never be ashamed of being country-born and country-bred, for you have there an advantage which no other experience could have given you.

THE DAUGHTERS OF JULIA WARD HOWE

Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Elliott and Mrs. Hall

THE CHILDHOOD OF MY MOTHER

By Florence Howe Hall

Mrs. Hall

It was in old New York, in a street whose very name is now strange and unfamiliar, Marketfield street, that Julia Ward, the second daughter of that name, was born on May 27, 1819. The first little Julia Ward died of whooping cough, before the birth of her who has so long borne the name. Mrs. Howe tells the story of the death of this little sister whom she never saw, and it evidently affected her childish imagination. It was thought that change of air would benefit the little sufferer. As her mother was in a very delicate and precarious state of health, the child was sent, with two careful and responsible attendants, to a place in the vicinity of New York city. She grew worse instead of better, however, and her father left directions that if the disease should terminate fatally, a messenger should come to him, asking for the child's shoes, as Mrs. Ward would not be frightened and alarmed by so apparently innocent a message. Shortly after, he started to visit his little daughter, and meeting the bearer of ill tidings upon the road fell in a faint. This anecdote shows the intense affection of the father, an affection which his children fully recognized, in spite of the dignity, I had almost said sternness, of his manner. Mrs. Samuel Ward, a woman of gentle and lovely character, whom her distinguished daughter remembers as a semi-invalid, died at the age of twenty-seven, after a happy married life of ten years, during which she gave birth to seven children, six of whom lived to grow up. The beloved mother soon became only a sweet and gracious memory to her children. She died soon after the birth of her youngest daughter, and when Julia was only five years old. Her husband never married again, and his grief at his bereavement, and that of his children, threw a shadow over their young lives of which they were too childish to understand the reason. Mr. Ward was a man of sterling principle and great nobility of character. He spared neither pains nor expense in the education of his children, and he early saw that his daughter Julia was a child of great promise. He was wont to say after the death of his wife: "I must now be father and mother both to my children," and to assist him in his task, he placed at the head of the household his wife's sister, a woman of vigorous and original character, noted for her bright and witty sayings, and for her kind and charitable heart. She brought up her motherless nieces and nephews with great care.

At six years — At present day

Two portraits of Mrs. Howe

To her practical mind the little absent-minded Julia, with her dreamy ways, was no doubt something of a puzzle. Probably she little thought of what was going on in the child's busy brain, and if she had known these youthful fancies they would have seemed to her strange enough. The little Julia was early filled with vague longings and aspirations toward intellectual and literary life. She remembers delivering orations in the nursery to her younger brother Marion, her constant friend and companion for many years. These childish speeches, delivered with many accompanying gestures, were, Mrs. Howe thinks, as nonsensical as such youthful performances usually are. It is significant that at this age she dreamed of mounting the rostrum.

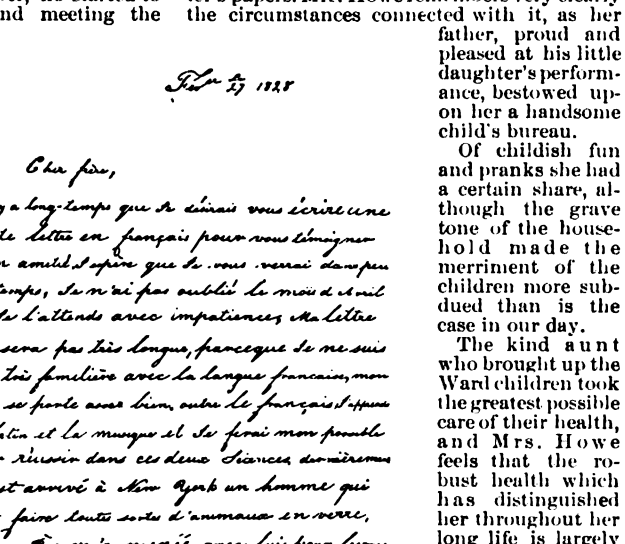
Her mind also ran much upon romance, and she determined to write the finest possible novels when she should be a grown woman! It may be said of her that "she lisped in numbers," though she herself is too modest to assert that "the numbers came," and does not think that her early poetry was of any special value. When she was eleven years old she ventured to hand in a piece of poetry to her teacher in lieu of a prose composition. This lady rebuked her young pupil for such an ambitious attempt, saying: "If you had the talent of Lucretia Davidson, you might try to write poetry; but as you have not, it is foolish to make the attempt!"

The little Julia's relatives, however, had more discernment than this school-teacher; and when she was fourteen years of age she wrote, by request, a poem to accompany an article on Wilson's book of birds. The article was written by her uncle, I believe, and both it and the poem were published in one of the magazines of the day. This constituted the first appearance in print of our young author.

When she was less than eight years of age she was twice taken to the opera to hear the famous singer, Malibran, then Signorina Garcia. These performances made a strong impression on her mind, and they were reproduced in the nursery, in a childish extravagant way, her little brother Marion, who had been with her at the opera, aiding and abetting her. It was judged best not to take the child to any concerts or operas for several years lest the excitement be hurtful to her. Her own musical education began at an early age, and at fourteen she was more proficient in instrumental music than at any subsequent period.

At this age, however, she made up her mind that literature must be the main affair of her life, and realizing from experience the amount of time and practice necessary to become an accomplished musician, she decided that music must occupy with her a secondary position. At school the little Julia was not, according to her own recollection, a very industrious scholar in her early childhood. She learned her lessons very easily, and enjoyed the literary part of them. For languages she had a special talent.

The French letter here reproduced, written when she was eight years of age to her brother Samuel, was found recently among the latter's papers. Mrs. Howe remembers very clearly the circumstances connected with it, as her father, proud and pleased at his little daughter's performance, bestowed upon her a handsome child's bureau.



Fait le 29 1828

Cher père,

Il y a longtemps que je désirais vous écrire une petite lettre en français pour vous témoigner mon amitié et espère que je vous verrai dans peu de temps, je n'ai pas oublié le mois de mai et je l'attends avec impatience. Ma lettre ne sera pas très longue, parceque je ne suis pas très familière avec la langue française, mon Père se parle avec lui, entre le français, l'anglais, le latin et la musique et je ferai mon possible pour réussir dans ces deux Sciences dernières. Il est arrivé à New York un homme qui sait faire toutes sortes d'animaux en verre, mon Père m'a menée avec lui pour le voir et il m'a acheté un petit chien; Toute la famille attend avec impatience le temps de son retour, Adieu mon cher père, Je suis votre sœur affectionnée

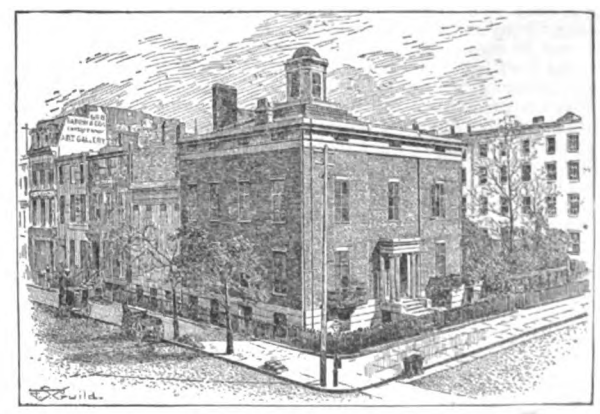
Julia Ward

The Letter in French

written at the age of eight years

Of childish fun and pranks she had a certain share, although the grave tone of the household made the merriment of the children more subdued than is the case in our day.

The kind aunt who brought up the Ward children took the greatest possible care of their health, and Mrs. Howe feels that the robust health which has distinguished her throughout her long life is largely owing to the watchfulness of this lady. Some of the latter's views, however, seem very singular to us. She believed in dosing the children frequently with old-fashioned but simple medicines, not because they were ill, but in order to keep them well. Mrs. Howe well remembers the grief and consternation of her aunt when she first rebelled against these constant and nauseating doses! Having grown old enough to think for herself on these matters, she flatly refused the customary Epsom salts, thus asserting at an early age the doctrine of the emancipation of woman from the restraints of unwise, even though well-meaning, authority.



The house at Bond Street and Broadway, New York, where Julia Ward spent part of her childhood and youth.

Digitized by Google

WOMEN'S CHANCES AS BREAD WINNERS

*XII.—WOMEN ON THE STAGE

By Fanny Davenport

DAUGHTER OF E. L. DAVENPORT

I DO not think the stage was ever in a better condition to receive and foster talent than it is to-day, nor have those in whose hands lie the power ever been more willing to assist "the girl who wants to act." With increasing competition, our managers are becoming more and more alert each day for fresh talent, and the tendency to combinations affords more room for the debutanté.

It is an undoubted fact that beauty of face and figure are two of the strongest aids for securing a hearing on the stage. The public likes to see a pretty woman behind the footlights. But to these prime essentials must be added something else. A woman, to win her way on the stage, must have a perfect storehouse of perseverance, application, energy, tact, and besides these, talent. I have found in my career that patience, a still tongue, plenty of good nature, a good amount of common sense and a dogged determination to reach the goal before me, are as serviceable attributes as can be brought into requisition.

Real success on the stage is won exactly in proportion as a woman possesses talent and brains. And it is a struggle even with these attributes. Innumerable things will count against her: mannerisms, height, weight, voice, press prejudice—these are things which a woman, if they are against her, overcomes only in exceptional cases of commanding genius.

The aspirant owes nearly everything to herself. She must, first, learn how to carry herself amid all forms of temptation. She must have that difficult little word in our language, "No," constantly on her tongue, and know how to use it. She must be strong enough to resist presents and resent flattery. She must rise above the overtures of strangers. Her art must be uppermost with her, first, last and all the time. She must be an actress because of her art, not for the flattery and attention it may bring her. Success comes from hard work, not from time spent in listening to the soft words of friends and strangers over a late supper. After the performance is the time for rest; not for play. I have always been proud of one fact: that in all my career on the stage, extending now over twenty years, I have never been to a supper after the play. And I can see where it has helped me; and it will help any aspirant, who goes on the stage, to have a principle and stick to it.

If a girl goes on the stage she should be prepared to begin on a small salary. My father's first salary was ten dollars a week. I was more fortunate, since my first earning was thirty dollars a week. Money should never be allowed to measure success in this, of all professions. There is no successful woman on the stage to-day—I mean successful in the best sense of that word—who adopted the profession with the dollar mark in her mind before her art. If this little article is read by one girl who has an idea of becoming an actress simply because she thinks she can make more money than by becoming anything else, let me say to you in all sincerity: Stay away from the stage. When I received fifty dollars a week as first soubrette, I thought the salary a very large one. But when I came to pay board, washing, dress for stage and street, I had only but a trifle left for my saving fund. The salaries of actresses look large, because the public hears only about the salaries and nothing about the expenses.

An honorable living can be made on the stage, but such a living cannot be made any easier as an actress than as a seamstress. Acting is hard work, and success at it means much. From a moral standpoint: If a woman is silly, irresponsible, frivolous, easily led, she will find plenty of trap-doors on the stage; but she will find just as many in the office, the factory or the store. If a woman makes of the stage a foolish pastime, simply a vehicle for her vanity, a place to parade either her beauty or her clothes, it will make a mental fool of her, and a moral wreck at the same time. But let a woman go upon the stage in the firm belief that it is an honorable calling; that good men and true women nightly have trod and tread its boards; that it is an artistic sphere in which close adherence, endurance, patience and modesty are crowned with success, there is for her a good living, a pleasant—not an easy—life, and an honorable name.

As I write, there comes before me the vision of a woman who sought the stage when she was five years old. She faced its hardships at night, while during the day she learned at school. She married, had her troubles and her griefs. Twelve children were given to her, and each in turn became her heart's choice. She saw much of the stage; its people were her companions at home and on the boards. To her a vulgar remark was like unto an oath; a light remark of woman an outrage. I never heard an unkind word from her mouth; faith and hope were the watchwords of her life. And only a few months since, as she lay upon her last bed of suffering, she looked back upon a life spent upon the stage, but devoted to everything that is good, noble and true. By the public she was beloved as actress and woman; by us, as her children, she will ever be idolized as mother, companion and friend.

The stage is what a woman, who seeks to earn a living upon it, chooses to make it. It is not a pit of vice, except for those who choose to make it so. The woman who acts can be as good a Christian, as true a wife, as loyal to social laws as any woman living.

* This series of papers "Women's Chances as Bread-winners," was commenced with

"How to Become a Trained Nurse"	January,	1891
"Women as Stenographers"	February,	"
"Women as Dressmakers"	March,	"
"Bee-keeping for Women"	April,	"
"Women as Doctors"	May,	"
"Women as Typesetters"	June,	"
"The Girl Who Wants to Teach"	September,	"
"Women as Interior Decorators"	October,	"
"Women in Art"	November,	"
"Women in Art"	December,	"
"Women as Illustrators"	January,	1892

The back numbers can be obtained at ten cents each.

THE GIRL WHO SITS IN FRONT

By Maude Banks

DAUGHTER OF GENERAL NATHANIEL P. BANKS

Miss Banks

I SUPPOSE it would be difficult for the enthusiastic young woman who sits in front of the footlights and who longs to be an actress, to realize that of all the experiences that await her the surest, the strongest, the most lasting is—humiliation! Humiliation at the start; humiliation at the middle; humiliation at the end. And more helpful than lessons in elocution, dancing or fencing would be the accumulation of force to endure it.

"Oh, no!" says the enthusiastic girl in front, "it all looks so independent, so exciting, so brilliant! That is impossible!"

Yes, I once played with a girl prettier than the average; young, very sweet and attractive. She always went for the corners; whenever you approached, she involuntarily moved aside to let you pass. When I got to know her better I asked her why. "Oh" she said, "people have sworn at me so much I have learned at last never to stand in anyone's way." There was nothing very independent or brilliant about that. "You can't make girls understand anything" she went on. "Everybody told me this was a hard life, but I only laughed."

I always feel like gasping when I hear that somebody has gained a start upon the stage. It means so much! So many cruel rebuffs; such desperate forcing of one's courage; such a lot of tears choked back; such a lot of pride crushed down; such tired feet; such hardening of one's better nature; such barter of one's self-respect! Well, it is done and the worst is past, we think! But one season is not a life-time! No, we may be very good; we may do everything satisfactorily; we may show we are made of the right stuff—back we must go to the manager's door and wait our turn; we must enter with the old humility, attend his leisure or his convenience, smile when he smiles, and pick up the crumbs he throws us with thanksgiving. All this we do to get an engagement. When we have it, we do more. We ransack our brains and we empty our pocket-book to get all we may need, for it isn't pleasant to borrow; oftentimes we can't. We carry our own bags; we take the poorest rooms or fight our own fights at the hotels; we go to the theater alone, and we try to keep on the good side of some man who will walk home with us. If, as is generally the case, we have a small salary, we go to bed cold and hungry, and we are rapped up at four, five or six in the morning to start for the next town. One day is like another, except Sunday; and when a few long, long Sundays have passed we are glad to have anybody come and talk with us, even the man we thought too vulgar to speak to when we started fresh from home.

At the theater we have to run up two flights to a dressing-room and be down in five minutes; we have to help the best scenes go right, and be sure the principals get their calls; we have to, no matter how we feel or what we want—we have to get the laugh, we have to get the tears, we have to get the gallery "hands," which are due to the piece. We are hoarse and we must speak with a sweet voice; our eyes swim with headache and we must be sprightly on our toes; we may faint after the fourth act, but we must be in position when the curtain is rung up on the fifth.

The enthusiastic girl in front expects to make a great deal of money with her talents, I suppose. There is a fascinating legend afloat that other people pay for actresses' meals and recreations! But it isn't so; it all comes out of that same thin pocket-book which provides the dresses, the ornaments, the advertising flourishes and the handsome photographs. Other people do not do anything for actresses without expecting pay; much more costly pay than the last few dollars out of the thin pocket-book. This is the most expensive delusion actresses and would-be actresses have! It costs a great many health, courage, character and life. When a woman pays with her wits or her smiles, or with anything but money, she will find in the end that no quicker or more certain way could she have taken to bankrupt herself.

Another thing: A dashing, smart, unscrupulous woman will outstrip twenty cleverer, handsomer, better women in getting a position, getting a salary, getting a success of notoriety. It is done every day, and no wonder the enthusiastic girl in front thinks it pays. Does it? Ask the dashing, unscrupulous woman in ten years, in five, in three. No need to ask her; look at her and answer yourself.

I said to a woman once, an actress: "Stage life is pretty hard on a good woman?" "Hard!" she replied "it is impossible."

I said to a man once, an actor: "Ella R—(a mutual friend) is going to leave the stage because she says she can't keep respectable on it! What do you think of it?" "I think she is right, but it wouldn't do to say so."

Why won't it do? If it is desperately hard for a woman to keep on her feet, why not say so and let the butterflies which, after all, are butterflies, and not earth-worms, find some other brightness less poisonous to feed on! Many—I dare say, most—pretty, weak girls would rather be good than vicious if circumstances would help them. Well, let us tell them circumstances are not helpful behind the footlights. Let the amateurs at virtue, who shipwreck themselves and our profession, go elsewhere where life is easier, and leave room to the people who can endure as well as act. I know it is a widely-accepted theory that one can't do both; but theories have their Judgment Day as well as men, and it is time for some kind of a Judgment Day here!

Let us say an honest life on the stage is a giant's task, and perhaps the giants will come and help us. At any rate, let us say it loud and frighten the butterflies!

MANDOLIN PLAYING FOR WOMEN

By Clara Lanza

DAUGHTER OF DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND

Madame Lanza

OF late years the mandolin has become so popular in America that our national instrument, the banjo, finds itself decidedly in the minority. This is not surprising when we consider the unique picturesqueness of the mandolin, its grace, and, above all, the sympathetic quality of its tone.

With women, especially, the mandolin has become a favorite instrument in America. Men, for some reason best known to themselves, do not take to it so readily, few masculine performers being heard beyond the "professionals," and those women who undertake to play must be prepared to encounter various difficulties, some of which I will briefly mention.

In the first place a good teacher must be secured; secondly, a good "method" or instruction book.

I have been asked several times whether it is possible to learn the mandolin without a master, and to this question I am obliged to emphatically answer "No." Mandolin playing without a master is to my mind a practical impossibility. One might succeed, by dint of close study, in learning the notes, the positions, chords, etc. But no one could learn unaided the tremolo, or trill, which is the peculiar feature of the instrument, and is produced by a rapid motion made from the wrist. Those who live away from our large cities, therefore, are necessarily debarred from studying the mandolin; for teachers of the instrument are rare as yet outside of New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. Even so important a town as Washington contains no instructor of the mandolin, and there are but two or three capable ones in New York. No doubt as knowledge of the instrument becomes more extensive, teachers will appear in the far west and the south.

The mandolin with which we are acquainted is of Neapolitan manufacture, and bears the mark of Vinoccia, an old and celebrated maker. These instruments are perfect in tone and quality. Sometimes the alternate dryness and moisture of our climate fails to agree with a recently imported mandolin. The sounding-board develops a slight crack, the pretty shell and pearl ornamentation falls off, or the bridge gets warped. Any good instrument maker, however, can remedy this, and once acclimated the mandolin will give you no further trouble. Mandolins are now manufactured in this country, but not as yet equal to those made abroad. I do not say this because I wish to disparage home products, but simply because the American instrument is as yet inferior to the foreign-made. The American mandolin is weak and twangy, while the other has a sweet silvery sound. Doubtless, as the demand increases, this inferiority of the American instrument will be overcome.

If a woman has passed what is popularly and dubiously termed "a certain age," and the finger joints are stiff, it is unwise for her to attempt to learn the mandolin. The mandolin is above all other instruments the very embodiment of poetry and youthful grace. Stiff fingers, from whatever cause, age, work—it doesn't matter what—are deadly enemies to it. The utmost flexibility is necessary, even to the simplest execution of the simplest piece. Without this time is thrown away.

But granted that you have a fine mandolin, a competent instructor, and supple fingers, do not expect to become an expert performer in twenty lessons, for you will be woefully disappointed; years of constant study are required before any real proficiency can be attained.

The mandolin is constructed upon the same principle as the violin. It is tuned in fifths, the first string being E; the second A; the third D; and the fourth G. The strings, which are of silver wire, are double, each two being tuned in unison. There are seventeen frets on the instrument, each representing a half tone. The fingering is done with the left hand, while the strings are struck with a small piece of tortoise shell called a "pick" and held in the right hand between the forefinger and thumb. The pick is manipulated with a peculiar up and down movement called the tremolo, or trill. This is the most marked peculiarity of mandolin playing, and is exceedingly hard to acquire. It takes at least six months for the most industrious pupil to produce the tremolo with a perfectly sweet and even tone, devoid of breaks, and even then there are a deftness and delicacy of touch that can only come with time and endless patience.

Constant practice is necessary in order to retain the flexibility of hand and wrist, and a week of inertia or discouragement is sufficient to undo the work of months. The amateur returns to the instrument with fresh courage and inspiration, only to discover that her fingers, once so supple, have apparently been converted into lead, and that tiresome "studies" must be resumed with redoubled vigor.

I would advise everybody who expects to become an expert mandolinist to devote at least two hours a day to practice, and of these one hour ought to be taken up with exercises and scales. When a certain ease in the matter of execution is attained, so much time of course need not necessarily be expended. But in any event an hour's practice each day is the minimum that can be allowed if the student desires to play really well.

I have heard numbers of people complain about the scarcity of good music for the mandolin. It is quite true that comparatively few selections of a superior kind are to be found here, but with every year that passes the composers who dedicate their work exclusively to the mandolin are becoming better known and more fully represented. The compositions of such famous European masters as Rovinazzi, Silvestri and Christofaro can now be purchased in most of the larger American cities, and in this country, Signor Tipaldi has written many charming *morceaux* which, with becoming gallantry, are inscribed "To the Ladies of America."

Some idea of the growing prevalence of the mandolin can be ascertained from the fact that mandolin orchestras, mandolin clubs, and distinguished mandolin soloists, are heralded now everywhere. On nearly all metropolitan concert programmes the mandolin is made a prominent feature, and this is not surprising when we consider how wonderfully beautiful is the music that thrills from the fine silver strings, and recollect that even so great a musical genius as Beethoven wrote several pieces for the instrument. There is a quality in the sounds evoked from the mandolin that can be drawn from no other instrument, its music appeals to the sympathies and touches the soul. But it is so small and delicate that to my mind it should never be played without the background of an accompaniment. Most of the music that is arranged for the mandolin has a piano score attached.

A mandolin orchestra composed entirely of ladies has recently been organized in New York. Already some twenty members are enrolled upon its list, and hardly a week passes without the advent of an enthusiastic new-comer. The orchestra is made up of first and second mandolins, guitars, and mandolas. The mandola is really a very large mandolin, a sort of big brother to the little instrument, occupying the same position toward it as the violoncello does to the violin. The mandola is played with a pick precisely like the mandolin, but it is strung with much heavier wire and is two octaves lower in pitch. Played either as a solo instrument or as an accompaniment to the mandolin, it is rich and beautiful in tone, and while it will never, perhaps, create the same furore as the mandolin it is becoming quite a fad with many women.

THE GIRL WHO LOVES MUSIC

FOR the girl who loves music, or aspires to sing, and yet whose circumstances place it beyond her reach to secure a musical training, The Ladies' Home Journal made last year a series of offers of free musical training. The wide interest which these offers have attracted, and their positive success, have led the Journal to extend the time originally fixed, and the offers will now remain good during the entire year of 1892. This will enable scores of girls to take advantage of the opportunity given by the Journal, who were prevented from doing so last year. As doubtless all our readers know, these offers provide for a girl's musical training in whatever branch she may desire to perfect herself, at the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, at the expense of the Journal, which defrays all cost. The opportunity is within the reach of every girl, whether she lives in village, town or city. All the details of these musical offers will be explained to any girl who will write to us. Address, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

For Bilious Attacks
heartburn,
sick headache,
and all disorders of
the stomach, liver,
and bowels,
Ayer's Cathartic Pills
are the
safest, surest,
and most popular
medicine for
family use.
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.
Lowell, Mass.

Digitized by Google

THE AMERICAN GIRL WHO STUDIES ABROAD

By Varina Anne Davis

DAUGHTER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

IN TWO PAPERS—FIRST PAPER

MISS DAVIS

OF late years a tendency has been developed among rich mothers to deport the coming American girl to be educated in Europe. Indeed, this custom has taken so firm a root in the general mind that a child who is thus reared is considered to have acquired some peculiar advantage by her trip over seas, and, like much-voyaged sherry, is counted a subject for the self-gratulations of her possessors, and the envious regard of outsiders.

Probably were these poor little jackdaws in peacock's feathers to be asked their own opinion on the subject, the world might hear something of the seamy side of a foreign schoolgirl's existence, some of the hardships endured patiently, some of the necessary things left unlearned, and the unimportant things laboriously acquired, only to prove unwieldy ballast when they enter the race for society favor.

Instead of learning a lesson from insect wisdom, we do not enlarge the cell of the little larvæ, which are, we hope, to become queen bees in the future, but on the contrary rather seek to force them into the narrower spiritual quarters allowed in alien hives.

THE gradual process of Europeanizing is too long to be treated here. It is a painful process from the awful sense of rebellion against the constant surveillance, the mortification of honesty misunderstood, the frightful loneliness which crushes at the beginning to the later submission to becoming like their surroundings, and the thousand sorrows, physical and mental, of an overworked, undervitalized human being who has matched nervous energy against phlegmatic endurance.

These are all bad enough to contemplate, but there are pleasant places to remember, even in such a waste. The hardships might be overlooked were not the after-effects of such paramount consequence to a girl's future.

FROM the moment of her return to her native heath, the Europeanized American girl begins to find herself the victim of her misdirected education, but it is hardest of all that her strangeness is most apparent when she is confronted with the memories of her childhood in that home to which she has been looking as a kind of heaven, where she may enter into her earthly rest. All her little peculiarities misunderstood, or unobserved, all her ideas regarded as odd, her mannerisms smiled over, she stands among her kindred an alien in her own family.

At this time, too, her supersensitiveness, a product of her bringing up, is being irritated by her sense of unlikeness, which is one of the cardinal sins in her sociology. Her ideals are also undergoing demolition, and the chances are ten to one that, in trying to express something of the revolution in her poor little cosmos, her ignorance of the niceties of English will cause her to offend. Of course, her dreams of home are not realized; an exile's imaginings partake too much of the character of a mirage to be substantial.

Few of us have not experienced this in some degree on revisiting the haunts of our youth; some park which was once endless, but which, to our adult eyes, takes on contracted limits; some spacious hall which dwindles into an ordinary room; but in the case of the returned exile, this disagreeable shrinkage of value takes place in human beings as well as things. The little familiar jokes that are a spontaneous growth in every family are unknown to her; the friends whose names form part of the conversation are names only; the peculiarities of her relatives, which sweet usage would have made nearly as dear as their virtues, irritate and disconcert her. Yet this is the time when she must enter the world's arena and conquer or fall as she may in a contest where she is matched against the true American who comes fully armed for the many-sided exigencies of our freer existence.

THE first and greatest difficulty, and the one which will cling like a shirt of Nessus, is that of language as spoken, and, alas, even more in written form. Having won her intellectural spurs in a tournament with either French or German school books, the very names of men and places will sound strange in her ears, but when she shall chance to encounter a mythological reference her woes will indeed begin, for there is often only a thread of resemblance between the Greek forms used among the Teutons, or the Gallicized turn given them in France, and the English equivalent.

In foreign schools frequented by American girls there are apt to be enough of her compatriots to keep up the commoner forms of her mother tongue, but any one who has been long among them will agree that English-speaking girls abroad soon get to use a mixture of the two or more languages, laughable and almost incomprehensible to the uninitiated. Terms and phrases out of more advanced studies are bodily transplanted into French for the reason that the Anglo-saxon equivalent is either unknown, or the scholar is too lazy to think it up. This is a habit which is of no importance while a girl is surrounded by people to whom both languages are equally familiar, but fraught with serious disadvantages when she is again placed in general society. The danger of being misunderstood, which is, in any event, the horror of budding womanhood, becomes ten-fold enhanced when any higher thought or aspiration halts it in its flight from the want of "winged words" to bear it upward. Nor has she the Greek and Latin necessary to assist her comprehension of the delicacies of verbal shading which she meets in her reading. Dead languages, although taught in boys' schools abroad, are not considered as either necessary or desirable in a girl's mental equipment.

FROM the cry prevalent about time wasted on ancient tongues, it is reasonable to suppose that here, as in most cases, blessings are only appreciated by those who do not possess them. Let any one try to cultivate an acquaintance with the higher forms of English without a previous foundation laid in the great root languages, and he will surely find that like the unwise builder who founded his house upon sand the structure will tumble about his ears in the first stress of weather.

This deficiency leaves the Europeanized American without a clew to the maze of English spelling. The closer she draws to this mighty, and to her, appalling problem, the surer is she that the Sphinx's riddle must have had some connection with our orthography.

The rigidly historic French, or the charmingly phonetic German, is no introduction to the bewildering variety of letter combination which we call spelling. Uncertain as the sea, but not equally fascinating, the adult mind is frightfully tossed about before it can learn to keep its feet in such unsteady waters, where a child's pliant instincts would have assisted its balance. For this as much as anything else, pity the Europeanized maiden.

Should time help her to master the intricacies of her mother tongue, she yet may never be able to conquer the habit of thinking foreign thoughts and measuring by foreign standards; she is, therefore, totally unfit for light skirmishing on conversational fields, and finds that before she can limber up her heavy learning the point of attack has shifted to another quarter. It is years before such a girl ceases to be troubled with *l'esprit de l'escalier*.

An American education would have saved her from this form of social malady, and as well from diffidence and lack of initiative which hides any originality still growing in her too thoroughly cultivated mind.

ORIGINALITY is a quality apt to be condemned in foreign boarding schools, and even in America it usually finds its most enthusiastic admirers among the male sex. Women are inclined, as a rule, to sacrifice personality to convention, especially in the absence of masculine critics.

Segregation of the sexes has another and peculiarly disastrous effect on budding womanhood. Queerly enough, it has a double and directly opposed action, bringing about masculinity on one hand, and fostering a morbid sentimentality on the other.

In a house full of brothers, a girl learns at an early age that her chances of being pleased rest largely with her capacity to fascinate, and having received this dogma into her baby spirit she sets about (though all unconsciously) finding how best to gain her end. She may play marbles, climb trees, hunt and fish, but these accomplishments will never emancipate her from the reproach of being "only a girl." As she grows older, this fact, the bane of her childhood, suddenly becomes its own antidote, and from the throne of her womanhood she lays down the law to her former tyrants.

No such wholesome masculine influence does, or can, exist in a boarding school, and the maid of superabundant health and strength preserves her mannish characteristics far beyond the age when she would have outgrown them in the natural atmosphere of home life.

The other development of segregated womankind is equally unfortunate, and it is sometimes hard to say which horn of the dilemma is the sharpest, the tomboy, or the sentimental, undervitalized little product of hot schoolrooms and over-study.

[NOTE—*The conclusion of Miss Davis's article on "The American Girl Who Studies Abroad" will appear in the next* JOURNAL—THE EDITOR.]

WHEN YOU WRITE OUR ADVERTISERS

AT the request of several of our advertisers, we would ask of all our readers, when answering advertisements in the JOURNAL, that they will kindly mention in every instance that they saw the advertisement in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. It is very often the case that advertisers make offers to the readers of the JOURNAL which are made to the readers of no other magazine, and in order to secure the advantage offered it must be distinctly stated that the writer is a JOURNAL reader. In a number of cases where complaints have reached us from readers that they did not receive what was promised by the advertiser, it was due to the omission of the writer to state that she wrote in response to an advertisement in the JOURNAL. It is for the personal interest of every reader to bear this simple matter of mention in mind.

SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE IN FRANCE

BY HENRIETTA CHANNING DANA

DAUGHTER OF RICHARD HENRY DANA

FRENCH girls are usually educated in one of two ways: either in convent schools, or by the *cours* system. The *cours*, or lectures of the College of France, like those of the University of Paris, are open to women as well as men, and are all free. The courses of study at the College of France are elective, and may be followed for any number of years as desired, and a great number of girls are educated entirely from about their thirteenth or fourteenth year by means of these free courses of study.

But the *cours* system entails much going back and forth between home and college, and as the young girl must have a *chaperon*, it is not always a convenient arrangement for her family. Therefore, the favorite mode of education is, and probably always will be, that of the convent school, especially as all the examinations of the university are open to its pupils. It is very much the fashion for ambitious graduates to undergo these examinations.

Some of the Paris convents are boarding-schools; others are *demi-pensionnats*. At the latter school begins at half past seven or eight (for day in the French school and business world is an hour earlier than with us), and the girls remain till half past four or five in the afternoon, having their midday meal and one or more hours of recreation in the school. A servant usually escorts them there in the morning, on her way to market or the shops, and their mother calls for them in the afternoon when returning from paying visits or driving. As the boys' private colleges and lyceums are conducted on the same plan of *demi-pensionnat*, the father usually walks to school with the boys, and stops for them on his way home from business or the club, and the whole family meet and go off together till dark on those long tramps in the parks and suburbs that the French delight in. If one lives near one of these schools or colleges, it is a pretty sight to watch these joyous family reunions that take place every afternoon. Nothing strikes one more pleasantly in the French than the close and affectionate intercourse so universal between parent and child. This springs naturally from the *chaperon* system which, among the well-to-do classes, extends to young people of both sexes. The constant companionship between young and old which it brings about is an immeasurable advantage to both. It keeps the parents young in their feelings and sympathies, and in touch with all their children's interests and emotions, while it makes the young people ingenuous and childlike, at the same time giving them a certain maturity of thought and feeling, a seriousness in their views of life, a friendly, confidential grace of manner and a spirit of deference to their elders, which makes them very charming to deal with, and is unconsciously a great help to themselves in steering through a period of life when a boy is inclined to be lawless and a girl to be silly.

The entire elimination from a French school-girl's life of the amusements of maturer years so often permitted to American school-girls, such as dancing parties, theaters and the reading of novels, has a marked effect on her work in school. Having few outside excitements to wear on her nerves and distract her imagnaition, she throws all her native vivacity and enthusiasm into the more immediate interests of school life, and works with a steadiness, a well-disciplined attentiveness and power of application that are too often sadly wanting in the more frivolous Americans. The methods of study also demand great attention and concentration, and develop to the utmost her intelligence and originality. The instruction is all oral. From the time a girl can write at all she begins to take notes and write out abstracts. These are corrected by the teacher as to both accuracy and style, and are then re-written and learned by heart. The pupils may ask questions freely, and discussions are encouraged in class. Thus they learn to listen carefully, to think for themselves and to express their thoughts in good language. The studies are, perhaps, fewer in number than our girls take; but they are pursued with far more thoroughness, and on a far broader and more philosophical basis.

The discipline of these convent schools is very strict, especially in the boarding-schools, where the supervision is constant day and night. The rules are many and minute, and the girls have a keen sense of honor about keeping to them. They are active, healthy, restless creatures, and will often be insubordinate and mischievous while the teacher's eye is upon them, but the moment her back is turned the fun is over, and it is a point of honor to observe the smallest regulation. If a girl breaks a rule undetected she may pretty safely be relied upon to report it herself. I have known this done over and over again. The hardest rule for them to keep is that of silence. A French girl takes altogether too deep an interest in life to be expected to hold her tongue if there is any advice to be given, any question to be asked, or if there is any fun in the air.

The spirit of these schools is intensely democratic. There are no privileges of rank or wealth: and to level further all possible distinctions the girls always dress alike, in a uniform of plain, dark material, without ribbon or ornament. The simplicity of their lives would frighten effeminate Americans. In school or bed-room their eye never rests on carpet or drapery; the idea of sofa or easy chair never crosses their imagination. Will it be believed that in a fashionable school of one hundred and fifty girls, of the noblest and wealthiest families of France, there was not a single chair except those given as a mark of respect to the teachers? The girls sat on wooden benches without backs, or on stools. It may sound strange, but I never remember hearing one of them complain of backache or headache.

Yet, in spite of all this austerity, or shall I say because of it? the girls thrive and are exceptionally contented and happy. If they are taught to work well, they are also encouraged to play well. In all things they are gay, gayly grave, gayly polite, gay in their piety, gay in the midst of adversity; they are hot-tempered, but generous; they flare up quickly, forgive readily and forget utterly; they would cut off their right hand for their worst enemy if they saw her in distress, and do it so cheerfully that she would not suspect the sacrifice; they are full of sympathies and heroic possibilities that are never appealed to in vain.

A WOMAN'S WARDROBE IN PARIS

BY IDA HECTOR

DAUGHTER OF "MRS. ALEXANDER"

MISS HECTOR

IT may be safely asserted, notwithstanding the absence of a court, and of an ostensible leader of society, that on most points connected with the toilet Parisiennes still hold their old supremacy. French women are often accused of extravagance in dress, and this is in a great measure true. Not that they have a large number of gowns of one sort at a time—on the contrary, they have perhaps fewer than would be considered necessary elsewhere—but they make up for quantity by quality, and each is perfect of its kind in material, make and finish. Good dressmakers are very expensive; a handsome visiting costume from Worth, for instance, would always cost from $150 to $200; but then even the most elegant of women only go to such houses for some of their toilettes, contenting themselves with smaller fry for their more simple frocks, in which cases the grander ones are often useful as models, or as suggestive of ideas. And although Parisiennes are more ready to wear their dresses straight on until they are done with, rather than allow those which are half worn to accumulate, of course a woman with any pretentions as a leader of fashion must have gowns suitable to all occasions. First of all there are the indoor toilettes, for morning and afternoon wear, which are quite distinct from those worn for morning shopping, or afternoon walks and drives, while visits, receptions and weddings have each their proper attire. Then there are the intermediate gowns for small dinners or concerts—something between a smart morning dress and the regular evening dress, too elaborate for the former, but high to the throat, with long sleeves—a style of dress unnecessary in England, where *decolleté* dresses are much more frequently seen than in France, where they are almost exclusively reserved for balls or very big dinners. There must be a separate equipment, too, for the Riviera in the winter, and for Trouville in the summer.

Another fruitful source of expenditure is the attention paid to the delicacy and elegance of the underwear, the perfection of underskirts as to cut and fit, this latter detail being most necessary to the setting of the dress, while bonnet, mantle, gloves, shoes and hosiery must all be in accord with the costume. This care as to accessories may seem excessive, but without it no woman is called well dressed.

Naturally, these remarks apply only to the richer classes, though in nearly all grades the outlay is proportionately large. Even in the middle classes, a girl with a marriage portion of $20,000 will spend a quarter of it on her trousseau, in which, however, house linen plays a considerable part, and the supply of personal linen is enormous. And it is only married women who dress so elaborately, girls affecting extreme simplicity.

Humbler folks, who, either from choice or necessity, are content with ready-made garments, find a plentiful supply, superior in many ways to that found, at all events, in London, and with the exercise of a little taste and judgment may manage to present a very fair appearance at a comparatively small cost.

One exception may perhaps be taken to the dressing of French women, and that is their somewhat sheepish adoption of any prevailing fashion. Individuality in dress is a thing almost unknown, all women being, broadly speaking, attired on the same pattern, allowing, of course, for variations in costliness and elegance. This want of independence in the choice of raiment, while it prevents the eccentricities and vagaries often to be found in an assemblage of English people, also precludes the development of any originality in the matter of dress, which should always be to a certain degree the outcome of the wearer's personality. There is no doubt that many women gain immensely by adapting fashions to their own requirements, instead of accepting them unconditionally.

In the matter of millinery French women have a strong sense of the picturesque, and show a certain daring in their airy arrangements of flowers, butterflies, lace, or other trimming, as well as in the coquettish curves into which they so cleverly bend their hats. As a rule, too, they have a quick eye for color, and while less precise and exacting in the question of perfect matching of shades, they generally succeed in producing an harmonious *ensemble*, being especially happy in the combination of different colors. Subdued tints and half-tones are more favored than the more decided and brilliant shades, though occasionally one is almost startled by some wonderfully vivid costume, or dash of color

Digitized by Google

HOW A WOMAN'S COLLEGE BEGAN

THE STORY OF FAMOUS NEWNHAM COLLEGE AS TOLD BY ONE OF ITS PRECEPTORS

HELEN GLADSTONE
DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE

IT was in November, 1869, that there was held a meeting in Cambridge, England, to discuss the question of lectures for women, and in the Lent term of 1870 courses of such lectures were delivered to seventy or eighty women. The lectures were managed by a general committee of twenty-four members of the University, and by an executive committee, four of whom were ladies. The scheme was self-supporting, but help was asked and was forthcoming for scholarships and exhibitions. The immediate object of these lectures was to afford means of higher education to women naturally resident in Cambridge, but it was announced that if women should come to Cambridge for them they would be required to reside either with their friends "or in some lodging or hall which had received a certificate from the committee of management." Accordingly, when in January, 1871, three students came to Cambridge to attend the lectures, they were lodged in the houses of three members of the committee; but it was obvious that it would be inconvenient to make such arrangements permanently and on a large scale. Mr. Henry Sidgwick, the moving spirit of the committee, promised himself to provide a house of residence for students, and invited Miss A. J. Clough to take charge of it; the house was opened the following Michaelmas term. This was our beginning; Newnham College may be said to have been founded mainly by Mr. Sidgwick in October, 1871, with Miss Clough as principal; but it consisted of five students only, it was situated at 74 Regent street, and it was not called Newnham College till nine years later.

DURING 1887 several rooms were added to Newnham Hall, which could now receive thirty-six students, and Norwich House, with space for about twenty students, was also taken as a supplementary hall, and was used for three years. Meanwhile the number of our scholarships had increased, our library grew, a chemical laboratory and a gymnasium were built, the whole machinery of the college became more and more complete, and the social life of the students among themselves became fuller and richer with their growth in number and variety. Early in 1879 the Newnham Hall Company and the Association were amalgamated into a new association called "Newnham College," formed mainly of our constant original friends, with the addition of many newer friends. The College Council at once secured additional land and began to build a second hall; they decided to place it in the charge of a vice-principal, and to distinguish the two halls as South and North. Mrs. Henry Sidgwick undertook the post of vice-principal, and with Mr. Sidgwick lived in the North Hall for two years.

THUS the University gave us what I consider to be the main substance of its honors. Some day it will, I hope, be pleased to confer on women a recognition even fuller; but, in my opinion, it is fitting that women should, at least for some time, wait for this further gift, content to demand it mainly by showing the excellent use they make of what they now have, and trusting to the wise generosity of the University, to which they already owe so much. The growth of our numbers naturally continued when we attained to this stable position. In 1882 a wing was added to the South Hall, containing a library and rooms for nine students; in 1884 two wings to the North Hall were added, containing a small hospital and twenty-one rooms for students and lecturers; and in 1885 and 1886 temporary houses were taken for twenty students. Also in 1883 the Balfour Laboratory in the town was given to us as a memorial of one of our best friends, Professor Francis Balfour.

THE system of separate halls within one college having proved very successful, and the need for fresh buildings being now clear, a third hall was built for fifty students, with a large and beautiful dining hall attached. On the occasion of the opening of this building, on June 9th, 1888, the college was honored by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister (Lord Salisbury), Lord Roesbery, and an immense number of other friends, resident and non-resident, including about two hundred old students. A great improvement was now made in the names of the three halls; the South Hall became "Old Hall," to commemorate the fact of its being the first built, the North Hall and the new hall becoming "Sidgwick Hall" and "Clough Hall," to commemorate our chief founders and benefactors. The three halls were now in charge respectively of the principal of the college (Miss A. J. Clough) and of two vice-principals. In eighteen years the small house in Regent street, with its five students, has grown into the beautiful college of to-day with its one hundred and forty students, and two tripos students of 1874 have become the thirty-five tripos students of 1889.

IN 1880 a very vigorous effort was made by friends of women's higher education to obtain from the university the admission of women to its degrees, or their formal admission to its examinations. Fifteen memorials were sent in, with some thousands of signatures, including those of nearly seven hundred members of the university, of head mistresses and of members of the governing bodies of Newnham and Girton and of many schools. By this time numbers of students from Newnham and Girton had been allowed to take triposes and other examinations, and had gained a high average of success, but their admission was informal and subject to the consent of each examiner. Consent was usually given, but an occasional refusal reminded us of our precarious position, and made us most anxious to have with certainty, the honor and advantage of the highest test afforded by the university. Newnham and Girton students, therefore, joined most heartily in the appeal. In June there was appointed to consider the memorials a syndicate, consisting of fifteen leading members of the university. In December the syndicate reported to the Senate, recommending the admission of women to the previous examination and the triposes, provided they kept the conditions as to residence required of members of the university; such residence to be kept at Newnham or Girton Colleges, or in any similar institution hereafter recognized. Various other subordinate recommendations were made, and on February 24th, 1881, the recommendations embodied in three graces were passed by the Senate by a vote of 398 to 32. And hence the 24th of February has since been kept as our commemoration day, when each fresh generation of students hears of the deeds of our founders and benefactors and of the triumphs of their early days, and learns to share with the early students their gratitude and delight, and their eagerness to be worthy of their college.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article by Miss Gladstone is printed as revised from its original publication.

BETWEEN MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

BY GRACE H. DODGE
DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM E. DODGE

ALTHOUGH not a mother, I have been the chosen friend and adviser of hundreds of girls, and perhaps have learned to know them even better than their own mothers. Over and over again girls have said to me: "I will treat my daughter differently from what my mother has treated me." When asked to explain, the answer has been as follows: "I will make her my friend from the beginning. I will tell her many things which I had to learn from hard lessons, and I will train her in practical ways." From further intercourse with these girls I feel that I can indeed give suggestions such as would be helpful to me if I had children to train.

First: Realize the influence of early impressions, and do not think that a child is ever too young to be affected by them. "When should we begin to educate our children," was once asked of an able educator, and the reply was quickly given, "A hundred years before they are born." Physicians all agree on the truth of this, for a child's training influences the next generation as well as the present one, and the mother herself has the greatest influence upon the young life. Within a few hours of birth the training should begin.

Second: Trust a child. Let her realize that she is a reasoning being with capabilities, even at an early age.

Third: Give all possible liberty, and explain "why not" at times. A little child must learn some things from experience, and from the lips of mothers she should learn to know why certain things are denied. It is easier to do oneself than to train a girl to do, and how often the first womanly instincts are thwarted by not being allowed to work out. "I wanted to help mother, but she would never let me, and I soon grew not to care to," said a young girl. It is tiresome to have a child around when busy with household duties, but how soon they become skillful, and what a help a child of eight or more can be at home!

Fourth: Neatness, orderliness, promptness and thoughtfulness are attributes admired in a woman. Teach them to the little girl of three and four, and aid her in cultivating them as she develops. Do not pick up toys, but teach her to do so; have regular hours for her, and give her practical examples in thoughtfulness.

Fifth: Do not be too busy to show affection, or chill the girl's desire to caress you. "My affections cause me a great deal of trouble," said one of my girl friends. "I often put my arms around mamma's neck when I want to tell her anything, and she laughs at me and calls me a big baby and moves them away, so I have always had to go out for affection." Do not let your daughters go to others for what it is their right to receive from you.

Sixth: Friendship between mother and daughter! Is the relationship understood? "Mother and I are friends," triumphantly said a girl in the talk between a group who were discussing home life. "I wish my mother and I were," said another, while a third with a stifled sob cried out, "O, if mother only understood me; if I could talk to her."

Seventh: A girl's life is made up of many things. She is full of thought, full of fun, full of sadness. How she puzzles and worries over life and its mysteries. She goes to her mother and asks questions, and is put off with an evasive answer, or with words like these: "Little girls should not bother over such things." But little girls will bother over them, and if mother will not answer or help, some schoolmate will, or some older girl who will infuse evil thoughts into the mind. Hours and days of misery would be saved hundreds of girls if their mothers would talk to them of life and its beauty. Those who have met poor disgraced girls, will unite in the cry, "O, mothers, do not be afraid of your daughters, or of meeting with them bravely and frankly the puzzling questions of life, as well as its beautiful mysteries." Then those other girls who are shielded from evil, and yet cannot be shielded from thoughts. Mothers, they need you, too, and if you could read their hearts you would see how you could help them by becoming their friends and confidants.

HOW TO SPOIL A HUSBAND

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK
DAUGHTER OF "MARION HARLAND"

MRS. HERRICK

THAT newly-married woman is an exception to the majority of her sex who does not cherish as one of her strongest and deepest convictions that her husband is *the* best husband in the world. Having once mentally established him upon this pedestal, she forthwith proceeds to do her best to deprive him of any moral right to remain upon it. In other words, she spoils him.

Even the best of husbands resembles ordinary mortals in one trifling characteristic—there are some things he likes to do, and some other things he decidedly objects to doing. And among the latter may be included divers useful and admirable occupations, which do not happen to commend themselves to his taste. In nine cases out of ten the wife, instead of attempting gently and firmly to conquer his disinclination to these pursuits, humors him in his objections to them, and thus unwittingly sows the seeds of future annoyance and trial for herself.

Let us take a case in point. Young A, while a clever man intellectually is physically lazy. He does not like to do odd jobs about the house, such as putting up a shelf here, a hook there, repairing this loose hinge or that refractory door-catch. He *can* do it, but he doesn't care to, and his reply to his wife, when she timidly suggests that he should mend one break or another, is always: "Oh, send for the carpenter." But Mrs. A is on economical thoughts intent, and she knows that if the carpenter once gets into the house his bill will grow like a mushroom. So instead of mildly representing the case to her husband and inducing him to attend to the repairs himself, she waits until he is well out of the way, and then, arming herself with a hammer and nails, proceeds to mash her fingers and thumbs, knock holes in the plastering, strain her back, and injure her temper in the effort to do work quite out of her province—work, too, that her husband would have done willingly had he understood her motives in asking it of him.

Or, look at another illustration. Mr. B, when he and his wife set up housekeeping in their cosy cottage or snug flat, had had very little experience in purchasing domestic supplies. Be it remarked, by the way, that a young husband's blunders in that line are quite as worthy of note as those mistakes the young wife is credited by the funny papers with making in *her* first marketing. Mr. B does not relish the businesss of buying meats, fish and groceries, and without being at all ill-tempered about it, shows his wife pretty plainly that the task is distasteful to him. What does Mrs. B do? Does she wisely resolve that it is her duty to her lord and master to request him occasionally to take his share in ordering home supplies? No; she quietly assumes the burden herself, going to market in all weathers, with the result that Mr. B forgets the little he ever knew about marketing, and feels aggrieved—and shows it, too—when a contingency arises obliging him to go to the grocer's or the butcher's.

Now, I do not wish to be understood as advising women to shift their own duties to their husband's shoulders. Far from it! What I do hold, however, is that it is much better for the men themselves to become accustomed to lending a hand here and there in the homes that belong as much to them as to the wives, than to occupy the position of privileged boarders, who have few obligations beyond that of criticism.

The husbands do not mean to be selfish, but that vice is one that grows with wonderful rapidity upon the slightest encouragement, and women wrong both their husbands and themselves when they humor the little aversions of their better halves to ordinary home duties or small courtesies.

I knew a man once who had been a delicate boy and who, in consequence, had been carefully spared all unnecessary exertion by his mother and sisters. As he grew to manhood he became more robust, but it was not easy for him to shake off the effects of the early spoiling. His wife weakly yielded to his tendencies to self-indulgence, instead of helping him to cure himself of them. As a matter of course the habit grew upon him. I have seen him walk up stairs empty-handed, while his wife preceded him carrying a heavy valise. It never seemed to occur to him that he should help the ladies of his own family into or out of a carriage, or rise when they entered the room, or relieve them of their parcels or wraps while walking with them.

His wife was first annoyed, then hurt, and always too proud to ask him to do services for her that he did not think to offer. Finally, she became in a measure accustomed to his carelessness, but it never ceased to wound. Yet, had she set herself in the beginning of their married life to aid him in overcoming this fault, he would doubtless have succeeded in conquering it, at least in part.

Nearly every man has some weakness of this sort. One dislikes to put on his dress-suit when he goes out with his wife in the evening, preferring to mortify her by appearing in morning dress when other men are *en grand tenue*. Another protests against going out in the evening at all. A third objects to waiting upon himself in such matters as putting away his clothing or papers, while a fourth has a well-rooted custom of unpunctuality at meals. Others have unpleasant little personal habits, such as a preference for sitting in their shirt sleeves on warm days, or a trick of picking their teeth or cleaning their nails elsewhere than in private. Or perhaps one and all have some pet slang phrase, or prevarication, or grammatical inaccuracy, that grates horribly upon ears polite. If the wife condones these offences in the early days of married life, when her influence with her husband can compass almost anything, she may resign herself to the conviction that she will never eradicate the habits she condemns. It is hard, almost impossible, to teach an old dog new tricks, especially when he is disinclined to learn.

Any reforms the wife attempts to pursue should be conducted with the utmost gentleness. We none of us like to be reminded that we are not perfect, and it is intensely unpleasant to learn that our best-beloved do not consider us impeccable. The wife must bear this in mind; put herself in her husband's place and resolve to be tender as well as firm. An appeal to his love for her, to her pride in him, his sense of justice and his sense of what is right, is almost always a sure plea, and the result, when she succeeds, justifies her efforts and compensates for her pains.

WOMEN WHO ARE BEST LOVED

BY CLARE BUNCE
DAUGHTER OF OLIVER BELL BUNCE

IT was a wise man and a deep thinker who said, once upon a time, that among all the good things which Shakespeare has given us, his women stand forth pre-eminent, a brilliant, bewitching, fascinating galaxy. It is doubtful if any individual, man or woman, would care to gainsay that sentiment, even if it could be gainsaid. The portraits of Rosalind, of Viola, of Portia, of Imogen and their sisters are familiar to us all. Those exquisite personalities are known and loved by numberless human beings. They have a place in all our hearts; the men adore them, and the women love them, yet they are essentially feminine. they know naught of woman's rights and universal suffrage; they are not troubled with the affairs of State, nor are they agents of reform. They are women, adorable women, into whose minds has crept no vicious longing for publicity, no hunger to usurp the sphere of men.

Would it not be well to make such women models for our girls? Would it not be well to consider a little what are the deepest, truest, highest rights of womankind? Would it not be well to look ahead a bit and ponder what sort of a world will it be when femininity shall be extinct?

Women have so many rights that are truly theirs, so many opportunities for influence upon the great world, that they may stop and consider, not how to obtain more but how to make the best use of what already is theirs.

There pertains to true womanhood a sanctity and a purity without which the world must suffer. Politicians, lawyers and financiers can all be recruited from the ranks of men, but where are we to find the softening, refining influences of life if our women cease to be such?

No one who comes in contact with homes that are happy and attractive can doubt the influence of her who is their inspiration. A truly feminine woman, one who is thoroughly in sympathy with great and noble thoughts, has a power so penetrating that our girls have need of careful training if they are to learn to wield it well.

Every true man has stored away in his heart an ideal woman such as would require all the strength and power of the real individual to realize. Surely the sphere can not be low or limited that possesses such possibilities, and surely the highest, most inalienable, right must be that of realizing them.

Not for one moment is it meant to speak a light or disparaging word of that noble army of women who finding themselves thrown on their own resources have bravely taken up the burden and borne it through the thick of the fight. To these be all honor accorded.

It is not the silent army of workers who do harm, but the ostentatious seekers after notoriety. There is no good reason why a woman should cease to be feminine because she is compelled to work, but it too often happens that the girls who are forced to earn their own living become imbued with a spirit of bravado.

Gallantry belongs to all strong, vigorous men; their natural impulse is to protect and help the struggling woman. But what is to be done with an unsexed creature, a thing neither man nor woman? In every situation in life, at home surrounded by luxury, or in the world struggling for preference, a woman's womanhood is her surest, strongest shield.

Recently there has appeared in the world of letters a certain class of women writers who have thrown off the veil of modesty, and who, in the name of reform, pose as martyrs sacrificing themselves to a great work. To all such would-be missionaries it may be admissible to hint that the loss of one chaste womanly woman does more harm than any number of novels can ever do good. Also, it might be suggested that, inasmuch as books are read, not by a limited class only but by a large public, there is danger that more minds become polluted than purified by their influence.

Only an utter lack of femininity could make it possible for a woman to stand before the world and proclaim its vice. The harm her example may do to the young and ignorant aspirants for literary honors is only paralleled by the cause she has given mankind to hold her womanhood in light esteem.

A SAFE AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENT
can be had in lots at Griffith, Chicago's coming great manufacturing suburb. See map on back cover, and you'll be thankful for this hint.

Free for a Year! Peterson's, Godey's, Frank Leslie's, Ladies' World and Fashion Magazines. For particulars send 2 cent stamp to CEYLON TEA CO., St. Paul, Minn.

Digitized by Google

THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE YEAR

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

By Palmer Cox

NUMBER FIVE

THE BROWNIES IN FEBRUARY

. . . . .

As FEBRUARY rolled around,
An early chance the Brownies found
To meet and talk about the way
The people toil from day to day;
Some piling up whate'er they please
And turning it to gain with ease;
Some losing what they saved for years
In spite of all their care and tears.
Said one: "For all the rack and strife
That may be found in human life
From year to year, the truth to tell,
They hold to ancient customs well;
And in this month some moments find
To keep St. Valentine in mind."

A second spoke:
'Ah! Cupid's arrow
The hardest heart
can deeply harrow.
The miser, tyrant,
king and knave,
Have felt its power,
and had to cave;
'Tis strange to see a grasping man
Whose mind to money-getting ran,
Turn round his business pen to shove
In writing tender lines of love.
How many thousands great and small,
Yes, millions on this earthly ball,
Do find surprises in the mail.
Some stare thereon with anger pale,
Then crowd the documents from sight
That hold them up for laughter light;
While more with pleasure and with pride
Display the gifts on every side,
That prove beyond a doubt or fear
They still are loved and counted dear."

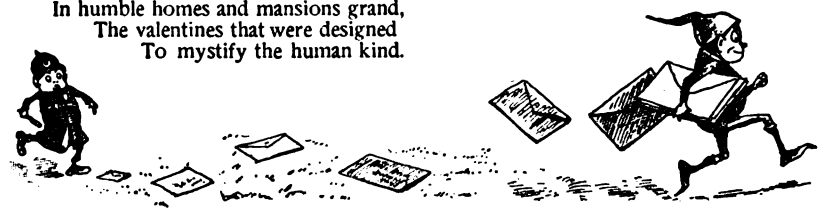
"Your glowing words
have filled my head
With notions strange,"
another said.
"To-night the band
will undertake
Some striking valentines
to make,
And then to buildings
low and high
When all are done,
we'll quickly fly
And leave them there to cause surprise,
When people in the morning rise.
Those who delight to pick and choose
The words that best express their views,
Can as their part
devote their time
To spinning out
the strings
of rhyme.
While others
draw the
pictures fine
Who to that special
art incline.
Thus each
will have
a task assigned
Well suited
to his turn
of mind.

It won't take long, when once we start,
To prove we're not devoid of art;
The work will soon go off the reel
In which all hands an interest feel."

No other task, the truth to tell,
Could suit the Brownies half so well
As this which gives us such a show
To tell the people what we know."

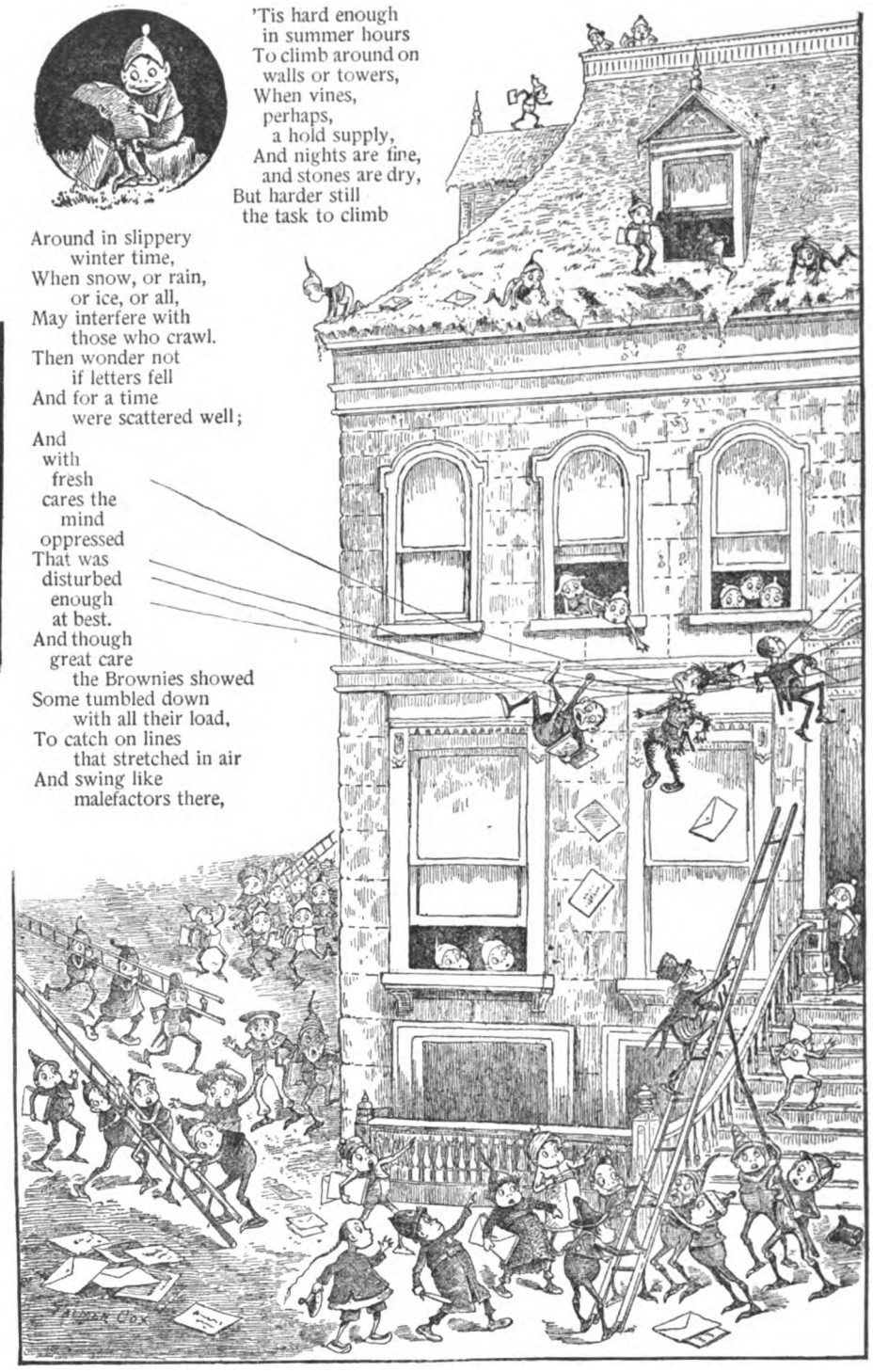
To find the paint and paper, too,
And pen and ink the Brownies flew;
Then safely housed away from sight.
Some painted pictures half the night,
While others matched the face or form
With verses either cold or warm,
According to the kind required
To pique, or please, as they desired.

Some
Brownies of
a comic vein
From work
on hand
did pleasure
gain,
And smiled
to think
how well
the hit
Would certain
heads around
them fit;
While more, with sentiment divine,
Poured love into each glowing line,
Until the ardent declaration
Was bound to start a palpitation.
A Brownie has a level head
Although perhaps not college-bred,
And knows just when to stop and start,
Or round a phrase to catch the heart;
And though sarcastic flings at men
They may indulge in now and then,
The earnest, active Brownie mind
To thoughts of love is more inclined,
So hearts and arrows, in the main,
The Brownies' missives did contain.
When every picture was complete
And all the verses had their feet,
The Brownies wrote address down
And started promptly through the town
To soon distribute, as they planned,
In humble homes and mansions grand,
The valentines that were designed
To mystify the human kind.



Few pleasures people here below
Can find unmixed with pain or woe.
Whate'er the sport, the pang is near
And has its inning, never fear.

'Tis hard enough
in summer hours
To climb around on
walls or towers,
When vines,
perhaps,
a hold supply,
And nights are fine,
and stones are dry,
But harder still
the task to climb
Around in slippery
winter time,
When snow, or rain,
or ice, or all,
May interfere with
those who crawl.
Then wonder not
if letters fell
And for a time
were scattered well;
And
with
fresh
cares the
mind
oppressed
That was
disturbed
enough
at best.
And though
great care
the Brownies showed
Some tumbled down
with all their load,
To catch on lines
that stretched in air
And swing like
malefactors there,



Some by the heels, some by the head
As chance the timely net had spread,
'Till friends were forced to stop their fun,
And here and there for ladders run
So safe positions might be gained,
While yet a spark of life remained.

And breath was short, and necks were long
Ere they were freed from wires strong.
On fire-escapes they climbed about,
On brackets, caps and trimmings stout,
And on the roof,
or window-sill,
They kept their minds
on business still,
Till verses of
a tender strain,
And those of a
more comic vein
With pictures drawn
to suit each case
Could safely reach
their proper place.
Said one: "But that
delight it brings
To children to receive
such things,
I'd throw my packets
in the fire
And to some
hiding-place retire,
Because I've hardly
got a stitch
That is not torn
with hook or hitch
While climbing round
just like a mouse,
To slip them into
every house."
The valentines
for old and young
Were into doors
and windows flung;
The full grown-people, boys and misses,
The brothers and the little sisses,
Were all remembered by the band,
And valentines reached every hand.

They wondered much, and well they might,
How mail had got there in the night,
But high and low on every side
Were packages sealed up, or tied.
The selfish
man, who
didn't care
For friend,
or neighbor,
got his share,
Saw how the
creature looks
for whom
The world is
loth to
furnish room,
And learned
in couplets
scribbled free
Just what
his epitaph should be.

But he who had a noble mind,
With generous heart and feelings kind,
Was told by picture and by verse

How
mourners
would
surround
his hearse
And with
sweet
flowers
strew the
ground
When he his
final rest
had found.
While
children to
surmising
fell
Still
wondering who knew them so well;
Knew every whim, and hope, and fear,
Like kind observing mothers dear,
And in addresses, full and plain
They studied hard the key to gain.
But every hand was strange and new,
And gave them not the slightest clew

"I know a place," another cried,
"Where we with paint can be supplied
And paper, too, of every grade
For just such kind of painting made.

And Brownies though on pleasure bent
Found some mishaps as on they went,
And trials that would soon outface
Or crush a less determined race.

Digitized by Google

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

An Illustrated Family Journal with the Largest Circulation of any Magazine in the World.

Published Monthly by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

At 433-435 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

With Press-Rooms at 401-415 Appletree Street

Edited by

EDWARD W. BOK

In association with

MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT ("Aunt Patience")
MISS RUTH ASHMORE
MARGARET BOTTOME
ROBERT J. BURDETTE
KATE UPSON CLARK
FOSTER COATES
MAUDE HAYWOOD
EMMA M. HOOPER
MRS. LOUISA KNAPP
MARY F. KNAPP
ISABEL A. MALLON
MARIA PARLOA
EBEN E. REXFORD
ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL
REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.
KATE TANNATT WOODS

Advisory and Contributing Editors.

With representatives at London and Paris.

Subscription Rates — One dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies ten cents.

Advertising Rates — Five dollars per Agate line each insertion before (this) editorial page; three dollars per Agate line on succeeding pages and all covers. Reading Notices, six dollars per Nonpareil line. These rates are *net*.

BRANCH OFFICES:

New York: Potter Building, 38 Park Row
Boston: 7 Temple Place, Cor. Tremont St.
Chicago: Chickering Hall Building
San Francisco: Chronicle Building

LONDON OFFICE:

53 Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E. C.
English Subscription Prices:
Per issue, 6 pence; per year, 6 shillings, *post-free*

Philadelphia, February, 1892

AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

IT is a belief, maintained by many, that the children of famous parents rarely achieve distinction or inherit the talents of father or mother. With such a belief THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has never sympathized. While there are, of course, conspicuous cases where the genius which gave distinction to a family has died with a single member, there are a greater number of instances where that genius has been inherited.

It was to prove, in a measure, the conviction in this latter belief that the editor of the JOURNAL conceived the idea of issuing an entire number, apart from its regular departmental features, made up in prose, verse and fiction from the pens of the daughters of famous parentage. This we have sought to do in the present number of the JOURNAL. As will be noticed, the entire eleven pages preceding this, with the exception of the single one given over to Mr. Palmer Cox's "Brownies," represent in each contribution the work of a daughter born of famous parentage. And in the large majority of the instances given Fame has crowned the writer herself. By many the fact perhaps would never have been noticed that so much hereditary talent is making the literature of to-day, and it is only when this scattered talent is brought together, as in this instance, that the truth will come home to hundreds of periodical and book readers.

It is for the first time in American literature that this striking evidence of hereditary genius has been brought between the covers of a single magazine, and the JOURNAL feels a peculiar satisfaction in an achievement which it has found possible to make so conspicuously successful. Of course, many who are entitled to be represented in this number are omitted. For different reasons it was found impossible to have represented the work of such clever women as the daughters of William Cullen Bryant, Longfellow, James Parton, Louis Agassiz, Charles Kingsley, General Grant, and others. But a sufficient number, we think, have been brought together to make a unique contribution to literature, and at the same time to demonstrate the truth of hereditary genius in families.

And as a fitting complement to the work presented to the public by these clever daughters, the editor has persuaded several of our well-known mothers to tell the methods pursued by them in the training of their daughters. To these contributions the editor has cheerfully given up his special page this month, in the hope that in them many a perplexed mother may find a helpful suggestion in the training of her own children.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE'S METHODS

IN the rearing of my girls I was fortunate in having the aid of one of the foremost educators of his time—my husband. We agreed at the outset in desiring for our children the most solid instruction that we could command, and also, in preferring school education to the lessons of a governess, even of the most accomplished description. We were not inclined to choose for our children the most fashionable of the schools within our reach, and this for two reasons: First, because we thought that the curriculum of such a school was likely to be more showy than solid; and secondly, because we feared that in the associations there formed, exaggerated impressions of the importance of fashion and of wordly considerations might be communicated which might give a false tone and coloring to a young girl's start in life. We desired to cultivate in our children sound and thorough views of literature and art, but did not cherish either in them or in our own minds any especial ambition in either of these directions, trusting that natural gifts would develop under kindly influences, and dreading what I may call the pursuit of false talents, *i. e.*, accomplishments founded upon no natural bent or inclination.

In religion, we were anxious that they should combine reverence for traditions of the past with independent thought and persuasion. In this, as in other departments of training, our aim was to avoid shams, and to keep to sincerity and singleness of heart. In the carrying out of these views, my husband naturally and properly had much to say. He would not allow me to take the children to Theodore Parker's meetings, because individuals in the congregation were accustomed to read newspapers while waiting for the service to begin. This, he thought, would interfere with the feeling of reverence proper to a time and place of worship. He attached great value to household training and work, and would have had his daughters proficient in the niceties of old-time housekeeping, a thing difficult of accomplishment in these days. Great attention was paid in our household to the hygiene of diet, bathing and exercise. Early hours were enforced upon the children. Much of their play was out of doors, in a large, old-fashioned garden which they still remember with affection.

I will say, lastly, that they had free access to us at all times, and that no terrors restrained them from confiding in us all that befell them and most of what they did. This freedom of intercourse had some inconveniences, but in our view did not compare in gravity with the pain and danger of the distance which the old custom and discipline formerly placed between parents and children. In regard of this, Dr. Howe sometimes used to say: "My dear, we have brought up a republic, and we must take the consequences." And I am glad to say that neither in the past nor in the present have our children given us any reason to regret this feature in their bringing up.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY'S MAXIMS

WE Americans say "bring up," the French have "elevate;" in some places the English word is "raise." Our phrase tells it best. The others might mean something mechanical; something of educational lever or derrick. This is otherwise. We are to "*bring* up" our daughters, *with ourselves*, the way we are going. To what, then? To whatever you choose. In that lies the responsibility. Life is choice. Creation is choice. What we choose, we create—ourselves, our worlds. For there are worlds many.

In three paragraphs, let us consider three of them. Home; books; society. In these chiefly, just now, our life shapes itself. Whatever you choose in your household, of ways, words, things make up your home. You cannot choose these on one plan, and bring up your daughters on another. They will not go that way. They will grow to what you live in really, and underneath all make-believe, even the most pious. Choose then from the best of yourself. Get and express and keep to that, having no makeshifts and no shams. We are learning pretty well how to build houses; but do the homes, half the time, fit the houses? Are they drained of all that could lower or contaminate vitality; open to all that is high and broad and cheerful; aired and sunned with the breath and shine of heaven? Do our very chimneys always draw? I made a fire the other day in a new one. I smoked my friend (the editor of the JOURNAL, by the way) and myself out of the room. The flue-stop was closed. Is the upward channel always open from our hearthstones? See to that, then kindle upon it fearlessly.

Books are a world of life that you make to yourself by choosing. Into this world you bring your children. You gather about you in it the companionship of knowledges and imaginations that you gladly dwell in. Choose for your daughters so. Do not lead them under influence of thought that you would not have them take up for their own; do not put them among people in a story with whom you would not put them in real intercourse.

Society. How much is friendship—how much is visiting-list? Are you *inside* a true circle—in heart and center of something vitally uniting—or only revolving painfully around a far-off or imaginary point? Do not put your daughters into circumferences. Do not isolate and chill them in twilight margins. Draw and be drawn by generous, genuine attractions, choose one by one from gift and circumstance the associations you can dwell in; make, not seek, your social world.

David, the king, sums it all in beautiful aspiration: "That our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a temple." Not caps, nor pinnacles, nor towers; but corner-stones, made shining, fair—not vainly, but as a secret thing. Only the King Himself and the King's daughters are so likened in all Holy Scripture.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

MRS. ADMIRAL DAHLGREN'S AIMS

MY first aim in the education of my daughters was to firmly implant the religious principle. In the cultivation of the mind, the essential point was to discover, if possible, the peculiar adaptations, and train in those directions indicated by natural gifts, inasmuch as education is not creation, but development.

With regard to an acquisition of the various accomplishments of music, drawing and the languages, I have deemed it imperative to let nature point the way.

In moulding manners, it has seemed to me that the influence of the home circle was most to be desired, and that from earliest childhood a certain training in the usages of polite society must be given. With this object in view it was my habit, toward the close of the dinners or for a brief period each day, to accustom the children to be presented in the drawing-room, thus permitting them to gradually acquire that ease of manner which force of habit alone can insure. But it was my aim to confine social training absolutely within the home atmosphere, not thinking entertainments of any kind whatever desirable for young girls unless accompanied by a matron, and even then under restrictions. The influence of children's parties I have always deprecated as likely to arouse undue love of dress and display.

The foundations of physical culture I have thought to be best laid by instilling, as far as possible, a genuine love of nature and of rural life. In order to secure this blessing I considered a country home during half the year as invaluable.

MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

HOW GRACE GREENWOOD PLANNED

FOR my daughter's education I had some good plans, I think. In the beginning she should acquire French, without wrestling with "la grammaire." She should have a Parisian nursery governess, I, myself, speaking as much French to the child as I could without undoing madem oiselle's work. She should be what I was not — a mathematician. She should never go to a boarding-school—never! She should know not confectionery, pickles or paper-covered novels; nor frequent balls nor theatres. Her reading should be systematic courses of history, biography, philosophy and ethics! She must be on easy terms with science; all alive or dead languages; in music and art of the classical school.

Well, how was it? My daughter had for nurses, Gretchen, Bridget, Dinah—no Nannette, no Fifine! She had to go to France to unlearn the boarding-school lingo. She early got lost in the mazes of the multiplication table, and never found her way out. She went to only three boarding-schools, but had a good time in all. She was not proof against sweets, and she adored pickled-limes! She refused to be confined to classic literature, art or music; she preferred leading to reading the German, Dickens to Darwin, Shakespeare to Emerson, the theatre to academic groves; has always loved better to study human life and character than science or philosophy, and has chosen to learn geography and foreign languages through travel.

In my planning, you see, I made too little account of natural peculiarities and proclivities—of those grim mar-plots, "circumstances over which we have no control," and that stern master of us all, Kismet, or Fate!

GRACE GREENWOOD.

AN ENGLISH NOVELIST'S PRINCIPLES

THIS question of "How I Educated My Daughters" is rather a tremendous one, and it is difficult to answer. Did I educate my daughters? or, did they educate me? I suspect it was a case of reciprocity. I fear I had little or no method, and few, if any, profound convictions. My first idea was to make the dear things as happy as I could; next to give them every chance of learning. I had no special rules. Indeed, our family life was a kind of republic, where nature established a certain balance of power. The only unpardonable sins would have been falsehood and selfishness, had they ever raised their Hydra heads. We were by no means angelic! We had our little tiffs, but we had an honest regard for each other, and for each other's rights. You see, I was at school myself all this time, so my girls looked on me as a companion rather more experienced than themselves, though a little behind the times, because they went faster than I did. I dare say I was too indulgent. Should I have done any better had I held the reins tighter? I trow not; the results have not been bad.

Now, I by no means recommend this system, or no system, to others. Some girls want more discipline than others; some, more supervision, but on the whole, with English and American girls, "honor" is a potent principle, and is the religion of freedom!

The one way to accomplish any and all good results of training is by the exercise of infinite patience and unremitting labor. Never despair of their ability to succeed in conquering a fault, or fostering a virtue; for encouragement is looked for from the mother, and there is no counting the harm that may be done by a disheartening look or word. Our daughters are the guardians of the world's future destiny, and I believe most strongly in keeping this fact before them. When a girl realizes that her little faults of vanity, disobedience, waywardness or ill temper—and these are usually the worst of our girls' failings—mean not only present discomfort to herself and parents, but possibly future misery to others, she has a strong motive power for the conquering of her failings and foibles.

Finally, there is a rock on which the great work of education of a daughter or son may be safely built: It is love, streaked with the ore of common sense! "For love is the whole fulfilling of the law."

ANNIE HECTOR ["MRS. ALEXANDER"].

MR. AND MRS. BEECHER'S PLANS

HOW did I train my children? I do not know. Do parents ever carry out the plans they made and thought so perfect when their first child was given them? Have any adhered to the first rules made, and, perhaps, practiced, while the child was young all the up from babyhood to maturity? How soon parents learn that no two children are so near alike that the same course succeeds as well with all their children as it may have done with their first!

How soon experience, governed by love, develops the unsafe points in the first rules adopted for the guidance of parental authority and government! The youngest children are usually benefited by the lessons their parents have learned through their experience with their first children. And if one is taken, ah! how the parents' ideas of true parental government are modified!

I can recall very clearly the plans Mr. Beecher felt should govern us in the management of our children. Implicit, unquestioning, immediate obedience was to be the law, from which there must be no deviation. Disobedience, falsehood, wrong-doing of any kind, must be instantly checked by punishment sufficiently severe for the child to understand; there could be no trifling with parental authority. He was most kind, most gentle and loving, lenient to simple childish faults and foibles, but for wrong-doing, which he felt he must not overlook, unflinchingly firm. Parents often assure their children that they suffer more in being obliged to punish than they can in being punished. But the children are often inclined to doubt that statement. Yet in Mr. Beecher's case I know he never said a truer thing.

A few years passed by, and we still felt that the rule we had adopted was correct. Then our little Georgie was taken from us! It was our first real affliction. After that, I saw that Mr. Beecher began to feel he might have somewhat misjudged, and that greater watchfulness would, perhaps, better shield children from many temptations to wrong-doing, and save the necessity for punishment. Little Georgie's loss was a very severe trial, and through the sorrow we were led to a milder interpretation of parental duties. A reproof, and the parents' evident grief that the child had done wrong, was often found to be a more powerful preventive of disobedience than a whipping ever was.

Then little, bright, loving Katie left us! And from our great grief was born a still stronger conviction that young parents require years of experience before they can perfect and establish the most judicious rules for the government and training of their children.

It was not often that Mr. Beecher felt the necessity of resorting to severe punishment, even from his first experience of parental responsibility, but when deemed necessary he followed unhesitatingly what he felt was a duty. But the loss of these children and others after, sank very deep into our hearts, and led to a more earnest and prayerful examination of what might be the wisest and most judicious course for parents to pursue in bringing up their children. Each year Mr. Beecher was more and more convinced that faults and wrong-doing were more truly overcome by loving kindness than by punishment.

Then came the greatest trial we had ever experienced. Our lovely twin boys went out of our sight together! They were the joy and pride of our hearts, and their loss seemed almost insupportable. Their memory and the sense of their loss never faded from their father's heart. His ideas respecting the training of children, which had for years been greatly modified, after this loss became fixed. "Looking back over the past," he said to me one day, "I see no time where I could not by an earnest but gentle and loving appeal or expostulation have done our children more permanent good than by a severe punishment, however much it may have been deserved. No matter how much they may love their parents, after a child has grown out of babyhood, a boy particularly, however submissive he may become, feels in his heart the indignity of a blow, even if that feeling is not openly manifested. An appeal to a child's love or honor would have made a more indelible impression, and borne choicer fruits."

From that date I do not think Mr. Beecher ever resorted to corporal punishment. But whether, in the early days, when it was supposed to be the surest mode of conquering childish faults, or later, when through great sorrow a gentler, but equally effectual way was opened, I never feared that under their father's guidance our children would go far astray.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"MR. BEECHER AS I KNEW HIM"

IN order to find room for all the contributions to this special "Famous Daughters" issue of the JOURNAL, and to secure in its front pages an essential continuity, Mrs. Beecher's fourth reminiscent papers in her series of "Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him" is, with her approbation, omitted from this number. Mrs. Beecher's series will, of course, be resumed in the next (March) issue of the JOURNAL, and continued to the close without further interruption. The editor begs also to state that owing to the flattering success of this series of reminiscent papers, Mrs. Beecher has been induced to extend the number beyond the six articles originally announced and contracted for. The additional matter contributed by Mrs. Beecher will extend the length of the series to, at least, nine papers—an announcement which, we feel confident, thousands of our readers will receive with pleasure. Four papers in the series have thus far been printed, and our thousands of readers may therefore look forward with pleasure to five more articles by Mrs. Beecher. It may be stated just here that Mrs. Beecher's articles have been universally received by the press and public as the most interesting series of papers of a reminiscent nature ever printed.

Digitized by Google

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

IT goes without saying that man—weak, vain man—the baser and weaker sex, compels the gentler and nobler gender to dance in the back row when it comes to great business enterprises and Napoleonic deals, but "It isn't so?" Don't interrupt when you can avoid it, and never contradict under any circumstances, no matter how great the provocation nor how strong the impulse, if you can help it. I say that woman is almost never a successful gambler on a colossal scale. She is too timid, or too good, or something, to go to the penitentiary or Canada, with millions to her credit, and hundreds of young men contemplating her career with admiration, resolving to follow in her footsteps, but without getting caught.

A WOMAN'S "operations" are on a small plane. She will keep her ticket if the conductor overlooks her; don't say she won't, as you are just aching to do. I've caught her at it; you are the very woman, too. It was a limited ticket, at that; expired the same day, before you got home. Don't you remember? You gave it to your Aunt Ellen, when she was visiting you; she tried to go home on it, and they took it up and made the poor old lady pay local fares all the way; charged her ten cents extra every time, and gave her fits for not buying a ticket. But, bless you, while you were doing that, and giggling softly to yourself to think how you had saved three dollars and sixty-five cents—paid that for a ticket and then didn't use it—the fat man with the padlock whiskers sitting just behind you had wrecked that whole railroad for nearly three millions, and the conductor who snarled at your Aunt Ellen when he caught her trying to pass an expired ticket, touches his cap when he speaks to that great dead-head, calls him "Sir," and thanks him when he grunts, and reluctantly permits him to look at his pass. That's the kind of robbers we are.

MEN are above picking pockets or lifting overcoats off a hat-rack, unless times are very dull indeed. But when it comes to "looting" a bank or stealing a farm, our office hours are all day. A good, honest woman will pass two seats full of children on a train, four of them free and two half-fare; youngest is nine, and they're all under twelve; she protests against paying half-fare for the second one; says she never had to before, and she will have her husband speak to the president about it. She says this within a tone that leaves the awe-stricken passengers in doubt whether she means the president of the railway company or the president of the United States. Everybody is profoundly agitated except the conductor. He has heard something like that before. Her husband, who is to speak to the president, has escaped into the smoking-car, knowing what she was going to attempt. He tells her afterward that it just made him cringe and crinkle with mortification to think of it; trying to swindle the railroad out of half-a-dozen fares; it was no better than stealing. But he comes home that night in splendid spirits. She may take the children and run down to Florida for a couple of weeks. He caught Charley Puttencall on February corn and squeezed him until you could hear him squeal clean into the middle of May. And does she remember that Manitoba Ice Trust stock, for towing icebergs from Alaska and sawing them into blocks just the inside size of the refrigerator, for use in the Southern states and the West Indies, he has been hanging onto until his eyelashes were beginning to pull out? Unloaded the whole business on an orphan asylum down in Tennessee. That's the way he operates.

WHEN you steal, oh "last, best gift"—who said you did steal? I said when you do steal—accent heavy on the "when" and secondary emphasis on the "do"—when you do steal, it is like a child's half-guilty, half-innocent little pilferings from the cookey jar. And the sublime expression of unconscious innocence which you assume is so overwhelmingly superabundant that the recording angel, who has had a busy day of it with your husband, laughs as he makes an entry of your pygmy offense, until his shaking hand so blurs your account that it looks like something to your credit. And no doubt the other angels, glancing over his shoulder, are deeply impressed, and say if ever there was a good woman you are her. Eh? oh, "she." I stand corrected; they say then, "If ever there was a good woman she are." How do I know angels talk that way? How do you know they don't? You should know, because you married one? Oh! yes, so you did. I went to school with the angel you married. He used to have wings like pearly-tinted clouds at sunset; before he moulted. Hasn't any plumage now but pin feathers, and I heard on the street the other day he wouldn't have them if ever he tried to steer another wheat corner while northwestern deliveries were coming in.

BUT when it comes to shopping, with or without frills, we lay the cake at the feet of lovely woman. Some of it ought to be laid there; makes the most durable paving material known, second only to good intentions, which, you may be aware, are mixed with asbestos. A woman can buy better goods in a man's own line, and for less money, than he can. Nevertheless, it takes her all day to do it. If she counted her time worth so much an hour, as a man does, hair-pins would cost her four dollars a dozen. I wonder if women never estimate their time on a dollar and cents valuation? I trow not. No oftener than a trans-Mississippi farmer counts his farm machinery and implements as part of his capital. He buys them on credit, uses them once, then devotes them, like ships, to the gods of the wind, the hail and the rain, snow-drifts and cyclones. Then when the spring-time comes gentle Annie, as it is liable to do about once a year, he tries to remember where he left the first thing he wants the last time he used it; finds it if he can, and if he can't buys another and joins a society to throw off the galling yoke of the rapacious and avaricious manufacturer.

BUT I was speaking of the value of time, and I sit here wasting it by the ink-barrel. However, my time is worth so little that I can waste a great deal of it and not lose much. Sometimes I spend a whole afternoon in less than half a day, and have to go to bed on tick. But it pains me to see other people waste time by doing things for themselves which other people could do so much more quickly and cheaply, and so much better. I used to work hours and hours making a corner cupboard or a "beautiful and convenient wardrobe" "at small expense, at home," varying the exciting monotony of my labor by trips down town after more material and new tools, and more nails. After I had bent all the nails, and twisted one-half the heads off all the screws, and broken all the new tools and several of the Commandments, and had cut up all the kid gloves in the house for finger stalls, and had wrought myself into such an ecstasy—we used to call it an "ecstacy"—that I could only catch fugitive glimpses of my family flitting cautiously and swiftly through the room where I was having my fit, I would go down town and buy the thing I was "making," for the price of a poem on "The Peace of Home," beginning,

"Sweet twilight hour of holy thoughts,
Blest moment of the soul's repose."

NOT many moons ago, not quite one moon, in fact, I sailed away on a shopping excursion with my Cousin Winifred. I am rather fond of such excursions. I had rather spend money, or run a bill, which is much the same thing, than earn it, any time. It is not in the way of man to shop very well, and Cousin Winifred said she would help me. Something she wanted; several things, probably. I wanted about a thousand things, but there was one thing I was going to buy—a calendar. I wanted it for a particular purpose, and was very particular about it; therefore I took her along to help me select it. She helped me. First thing we saw was a window with calendars in display. "There," she exclaimed, "is just what you want." I looked at the samples, and passed on, saying I would look farther. "Well," she said, "if you aren't the funniest man; you come all the way to town to buy a calendar, and come to a store that has them, and don't buy one." I hesitated, and was lost. I meekly went back, walked into the store and bought a calendar. Sometimes I am so meek it just makes your heart ache to look at me. Not at all times; just sometimes. "There," she said, "what is the use of wasting half a day over something you can get in five minutes? Men don't know how to shop." Then she graciously dismissed me, saying she had some shopping to do herself and I would only be a drag. At eventide we met in the station. "Get what you wanted?" I asked. "No," she said, wearily, "I didn't, because I couldn't find just what I wanted. I went all through John Lordan-tailor's, and back again to Macyleiter's, and up to Jordanbridge & Marshier's; I've dragged all over this whole town and I'm tired nearly to death, so don't talk to me. I've got to come in again to-morrow."

THEREFORE I perceived that, as it happeneth to the man, even so it happeneth to the woman, and that it maketh a whole multiplication table of difference whether one buyeth a rainbow helmet of silk and lace for the uneasy head that weareth one's own head gear, or an ornamental calendar for a gross, earthy man. For what need hath man for vexation or travail of spirit when it is so easy to rap on the counter with his cane and cry aloud, "Gimme cuppl hundered calendars!" But when it comes to buying a whole spool of twist, oh well! that is quite another thing; that is something you can't do in the same day, and do it right. This, also, is vanity and vexation of spirit. No one should ever try to do anything which some one else can do so much better for them at less expense. It's too hard on the rest of the family.

YOU know how sometimes a very little thing pleases you most immensely, when, possibly, an overdose of the same stimulant would merely stupefy you? Not longer ago than the flood I was delighted to observe two women, sitting in the great Broad Street Station in Philadelphia. They had been on a shopping foray, and were returning home laden with the spoil. They were animated and chatty, and evidently very warm friends. It was pleasant to listen to the murmurous flow of their conversation, broken by merry ripples of laughter now and then. They stowed away their many knotted parcels in shopping bags and shawl straps, until at last everything was ship-shape, except one parcel. One of the ladies held this in her hand with a troubled look. Suddenly a bright thought lightened her face like a winter sunburst. She turned to her friend: "Have you a pocket in your dress you can get at easily?" I saw the smile die out of her friend's eyes, and the curve of her parted lips straightened itself out into a firm, implacable slit. She looked at the parcel; it was about the size, and dangerously near the shape, of a pair of overshoes. And the woman looked upon it fixedly and said firmly, "No." That's all she said; every word. The sunshine passed away from the hopeful face of the woman with the parcel, she laid the suspicious looking thing in her lap, crossed her hands, and said, "How close it is in here."

DO you know—but of course you don't; you don't know anything. Eh? Well; I told you nearly two columns ago never to interrupt; let me finish my sentence—that isn't worth knowing. But whenever I see a man on the street, carrying a pair of overshoes in his overcoat pocket, I know that when he gets home he will have to put the baby to sleep. More than that, his wife drapes her dresses on him. I don't know anything that makes a man look meeker than carrying that burden. He can carry anything else, and maintain his independence; he can even carry a package of lamp chimneys, linen cuffs and baby's shoes which his wife has wrapped herself and pinned, sending them back to the store by him—not necessarily because he got the wrong kind, but because a woman has a firm conviction that under the Constitution of the United States and the Rules of Discipline of the church of which she is a member, she is compelled to send back anything her husband buys and exchange it for something else just like it. But a man can carry a bundle—that't just what it is, a bundle—of this appalling and chaotic description and look independent; nay, he has been known to stride along with this assorted freight, its frail envelop gaping at every pore, and look defiant; but wrap a pair of overshoes, too small for any living man, disguising the parcel never so deftly, and stick it in his pocket, and if he was a train robber he would look meek and subdued. Show me the man carrying his wife's overshoes in his coat pocket for her, and I can borrow every dollar he has on his person; he wouldn't dare refuse me.

HOME BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE

MR. MAN comes home with a heavy step and a troubled brow, and Mrs. Man meets him with fear and anxiety written in capital letters all over her tearful face.

"Ah, me!" he groans, "and you are in trouble, too, I can see, and I have nothing but heavy tidings for you.

"Say what you will," she sobs. "I can bear anything now."

"Then," exclaimed the desperate man, "I have a telegram from your Aunt Ironsides. She and the five children are even now on their way to spend holiday week with you, and will reach here at 11.45 to-night."

Sunshine bursts over the face of the faithful wife, and a ripple of joyous laughter drowns his moaning. "Then, darling," she cries, "I have glad news for you; she won't dare come! Jack and Bess are both down with scarlet fever!"

"Angel!" cries Mr. Man, clasping her in his arms.

HE NEVER WILL GET OVER IT

WHEN life and its trials, rebuffs and denials, its torments and troubles are o'er; when safely we've passed into Eden at last, some man will leave open the door.

Though angels correct him, it will not affect him. He'll stop, and look wild, and say: "Hey?" then hold the door wide, as he passes inside, and come in and leave it that way.

He'll come in so slowly that torments unholy might swarm in like leaves on a bough; and if at him you scream, he will stand in a dream, and say: "Who? Me? Well, what is it now?"

Oh patient Saint Peter, no duty discreeter is given to angels than when you stand at the portal of mansions immortal to shut the door after the men.

A CASE OF CAUSE AND EFFECT

AND why, Mrs. McKerrel," asked young Mr. Newboarder, "is that called pound cake?" "Because," replied Mrs. McKerrel, who had kept a boarding-house when young Mr. Newboarder was sitting for his photograph for a "Grudge's Food" advertisement, "because you can't get it out until you pay charges on it." And Mr. Newboarder, who was nearly three weeks late, bowed his face over his empty plate and pretended to eat nothing with a two-tined fork, while a great nameless ache came into his heart and sat down on him hard.

WE'RE ALL RIGHT!

THERE are no birds in next year's nest,
In next year's cream there are no flies;
No vain regrets disturb my breast
For aught that in the future lies.
And last year's flies, and last year's birds—
Have passed the reach of tears and words.

A Childlike Confidence — in the efficacy of Carlsbad Sprudel Salts is universal throughout the world. Nature's remedy for Constipation, Gout, Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, Diabetes, Fatty Degeneration, and all Liver Troubles.

Our rich Americans visit Carlsbad. The crowned heads of Europe have been visiting this historic spot, when in search of health, for the past 500 years.

You can now get the same treatment at any drug store, in the shape of Carlsbad Sprudel Salts.

Not a nauseating remedy.

Men and woman of sedentary habits will find life a pleasure after taking this treatment for one week.

The genuine have the signature of "Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, New York," on every bottle.

Full Dress Suits

TO ORDER
From $25 to $40

Equal in fabric, style, workmanship, fit and finish, to $75 and $100 suits of leading houses.

Why this is possible:

We are the only Tailoring house in the U. S. making a specialty of Full Dress Garments and have every facility for producing at lowest possible cost. It is well known that Tailors regard the Dress Suit a mere incident in their business and accordingly charge prices greatly out of proportion to prices charged under brisk competition for business suits.

The Dress Suit is to-day an Absolute Necessity

to gentlemen attending Weddings, Receptions, Parties etc. It is not only the Correct Dress on such occasions but often other forms are absolutely prohibited Every gentleman should own a Dress Suit.

Comparatively few cloths are suitable for Dress Garments. Samples of these we mail free on application with samples of trimmings and complete instructions for self measurement. No one need be discouraged at the self-measurement requirement for our system is very simple.

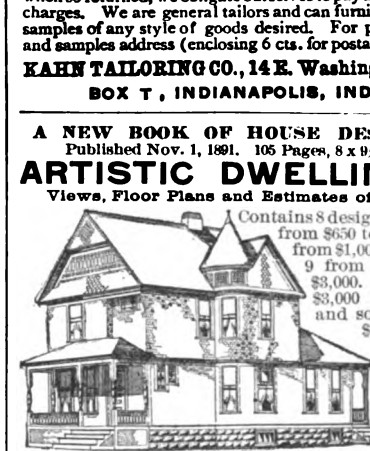
Our Customers Risk Nothing.

Garments may be returned to us for any cause and when so returned, we obligate ourselves to pay all Express charges. We are general tailors and can furnish by mail samples of any style of goods desired. For particulars and samples address (enclosing 6 cts. for postage)

KAHN TAILORING CO., 14 E. Washington St., BOX T, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A NEW BOOK OF HOUSE DESIGNS.
Published Nov. 1, 1891. 105 Pages, 8 x 9½ in.

ARTISTIC DWELLINGS.
Views, Floor Plans and Estimates of Cost.



Contains 8 designs costing from $650 to $1,000, 16 from $1,000 to $2,000, 9 from $2,000 to $3,000. 16 from $3,000 to $4,000, and so on up to $10,000.

50 DESIGNS IN ALL.

The latest thing in House Plans. Sent, Postpaid, for $1.00.
FRANK P. ALLEN, ARCHITECT,
Houseman Block, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

OUT OF PAPER?

The correct Writing Papers for society, foreign and every-day correspondence are
BOSTON LINEN, BOSTON BOND, and BUNKER HILL.
Superior in quality, moderate in price. If your dealer does not keep them, send us your address and we will forward you our complete samples free.
SAMUEL WARD CO.,
49 & 51 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

WHAT Uncle Sam and Aunt Columbia think, etc., of WASHINGTON and Seattle. Send stamps to Eshelman, Llewellyn & Co., Seattle, Wash.

Digitized by Google

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

EDITED BY MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME

PRESIDENT OF THE ORDER

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

SINCE we last met in our "corner" I have had the experience of a "Shut-in," an unusual experience for me. But the "cloud had its silver lining;" for being shut in, I invited all my circle to come and see me, and you all came. Of course, if you had come in your bodies I should not have had room for you!

But I had one prayer for you that met the need of every one; only three words, and it met the deepest need in the heart of your leader, and every one in her circle. "Thy kingdom come!" Where? Within us, of course. The Master said: "The kingdom is within you." Such a beautiful kingdom; but we have to become like little children to even see it, and we can in no case enter into it, or have it enter into us; but by just being like a little child, in trusting, hoping, loving, the kingdom comes. It is peaceful then within. And you must be like a child in hoping; you know how hopeful little children are?

✠

LOVE IN OUR FAMILY LIFE

THERE is such joy to me in being like a little child, and to all child-like souls the dear Christ says: "Suffer them to come unto me." And such souls know the joy of nestling on the bosom of infinite love. So could I have asked a lovelier thing for you, my dear circle, than to ask: "Thy kingdom come?"

"Thy kingdom come, our souls within!
Where Thou art, is no room for sin.
Oh! show us what our lives may be
Led home to Him by following Thee."

And then I thought of all you might be doing to bring the kingdom of heaven into your homes. You know love is the highest heaven; the more love there is in your family the more heaven. I remember a father holding the baby away from him that was trying to get her little arms around his neck, and saying to her: "What are you good for?" The darling answered: "Dood to love you!" and the arms were round his neck. O, yes; more love is what most families want.

✠

THE STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL'S LIFE

I HAVE just laid down a book in which the poet has put a touching story in verse:

The name of the sweet, young girl never seemed so lovely as when the one she was to wed her young life to called it. But the years went by, and he called her wife in tones not soft and tender; she no more heard her woodland name, and slowly she pined in her far western home. Only by toil the wife could keep her girl's heart clamor down, and he boasted of her skillful hands, her quick, unresting feet. "No woman like my wife I meet; on all the cape none understand how to make home so sweet." But he soon knew by the blank around what she had been to him, and the soul within him awakened, and as he laid her favorite flower (the flower that in the early days he brought her) in her cold hand, he pierced the air with the old woodland name —Sylvia! And the poet says: "Her soul smiled back. She heard." She may have heard but she did not answer. Poetry pierces the veil, but the vision is denied to those who love too late. The only love that lasts is unselfish love. Tender in the first days of friendship; sustaining in the trials and burdens of life; and as God becomes manifested in human love, is it not within bounds to say it is "true and faithful, strong as death."

But why not speak in loving tones to the souls while they remain with us in the body. O, the lifeless homes because the homes are loveless! Dear "Daughters," let your first aim be love at home, and then there will be an overflow that will reach into other homes. And if you say you cannot give when you have nothing, I say you can find the truth of Miss Waring's lines:

"I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies."

And, like her, you will be enabled to say

"My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing."

God would not be a God of love if He made human hearts hungry for love, and then had no supply.

"The heart bereft of all its brood of singing hopes, and left
'Mid leafless boughs, a cold, forsaken nest,
With snow-flakes in it; folded in Thy breast
Doth lose its deadly chill; and grief that creeps
Unto Thy side for shelter, finding there
The wound's deep cleft, forgets its moan and weeps
Calm, quiet tears; and on Thy forehead care
Hath looked, until its thorns no longer bare
Put forth pale roses, pain on Thee doth press
Its quivering cheek, and all the weariness,
The want that keep their silence, till from Thee
They hear the gracious summons; none beside
Hath spoken to the world-worn, 'Come to me!'
Tell forth their heavy secrets."

IN MY PERSONAL BOOK

ALL the names for the Margaret Bottome Circle are enrolled in a new book that I keep myself. I was touched by receiving the names of young husbands, some of whom are such well-known names. I hope the names will stand side by side in the Book of Life, as they stand on the book devoted to my circle. I do so want to answer all your letters, but I fear if I undertake it you will not hear from me long through the JOURNAL. You see, I not only have an enormous correspondence, but the Daughters far and near want me to come and visit their circles; and so I have lovely memories of so many readers of our JOURNAL that I met this past autumn in Canada and in so many other places. You who write me from Michigan and Iowa and other distant States and say: "I shall never see your face." I am not so sure of that; I expect to meet many of the readers of this JOURNAL that a few years ago I should not have expected ever to see. I have had such a loving welcome from so many places by those who gather in our corner every month that I am thinking of seeing more of my sisters who live far from New York; so you need not be surprised to see me one of these days.

✠

MY CIRCLE'S FIRST MEMBER

I WAS a little curious in regard to the first member of my circle (my wheel within the great wheel), and I must tell you what State was represented in this my first member of my circle. Nebraska! It seems a long way off to me. She writes me she has been a member of the order since 1887, and adds: "My dues are paid up to date at the New York office." She says there is no circle to which she can belong in the town where she lives, and she joins my circle because she says, "I shall feel more than ever that I know you." I am so glad she has been serving our King twelve years, and every year takes in more and more what it is to be a Daughter of the King.

✠

TO THE YOUNG MOTHERS

I FIND there are many young mothers in my circle. I am glad when you send me your names to be enrolled on my list that you give me some idea of your life; and especially glad am I that you tell me about your children. And will you let me whisper to you, young mothers, that you have in your little children, and in your baby, especially, a most wonderful teacher. I learned my deepest lessons from my children, and am now learning them from my grandchildren. I remember in the long ago, when my children were little, that my little boy of six summers gave me the best definition of entire consecration I had ever had. I was lying on the lounge, not feeling very well, when he came into the room. I think he wanted in some way to cheer me, so he said: "Mamma, I am going to give you something." I replied I should be pleased to have anything from him. He looked around the room and said, "Well, mamma, I am going to give you all the pictures in this room." I said, "Thank you, my son." And then taking another look he added, "And I will give you all the books in this room." Again I expressed my pleasure at having another gift. And by this time he seemed to have gotten a taste of the joy of giving, and he went on, "Mamma, I will give you every chair in this room." Again my thanks, and then he never ceased until he gave me every article there was in the room; and the child was perfectly happy, and so was I. But he had not given me a thing that did not belong to me. All were mine, and yet I so much enjoyed the child's giving.

Many a time after that, as I enumerated the things I would give to God, the whole scene would come before me, and I knew I was only giving Him His own. But the child's character was improving all the time he was giving, and we come to our best when we say: "I give Thee my time, my strength, my health;" or, as Miss Havergal says so sweetly:

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love!"

But all! hands, feet, tongue, money—all belong to God. We only give Him what is His; and yet it is blessed to give with all the eagerness and the generosity of the little boy who gave me all he could see. Make me a child again!

"Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." How do children learn language, music, form, color? By sight and sound, unconsciously growing by receiving all things, most of all by loving to be loved, and loving again; so, young mothers, your children will teach you how to love God, as gladly, freely, confidingly as they love you. "We love God because He first loved us."

LIFE'S END AT CLOSER RANGE

YOU thank me, as working girls, as teachers scattered all over our land, for writing to you, and you say: "Will you not talk to us again?" My heart is strangely drawn to you all. George Eliot said she thought the real work of a life-time was done in the last ten years of one's life, for it took the whole life back of that for materials; for one needs experience. And while I have said to you so often I realize how little I have learned, yet along heart lines I have had an experience; so it is no wonder I feel with you, and I want you to help me as you have done; tell me all you want to tell me; there is a relief in telling. And the reason I want you to get a grip on the unseen is that you may go through this life and its duties with joy, and I cannot see how you will be able to get through if you do not have joy. There must come a time when the illusions will begin to disappear. It is always a painful time. Some of you will wake up to the fact this year that you no longer like to be asked how old you are. It is an unnecessary question, you say, but you didn't care as long as you could say eighteen; and there is an awkward time later on when there is such a discrepancy between the figures and the way you feel. Yes; but, after all, something is disappearing; there was a time when fifty sounded old; it doesn't now. And there is a transition state that is painful; but after a little while you take the comfort of what Victor Hugo said: "Forty is the old age of youth, and fifty is the youth of old age;" but even the youth of old age does not stay, and in spite of everything old age will come. Now, how will it be?

✠

EVERY DAY CHARACTER-BUILDING

ONE of the dear readers of the JOURNAL wrote me a few days ago that she could not look up from nature to nature's God. She said that science perfectly satisfied except in regard to the unknown future. Ah, yes! but the unknown future we must go into. Now, if in all these stages of life, and in all stages we get out the very kernel, the thing that the other stood for! If, in youth, we laid hold of eternal youth; if we firmly grasped the imperishable, you see when the outward failed, we had the inward that the outward stood for; the beauty, the child heart; and taking this with us into the next stage, the progress would only be an enriching instead of an impoverishing. There must come a time when the young folks will think we are too old for their company; but if we have secured something better we cannot be left alone; we shall not miss them. The poorest people to my mind to-day are what are called ultra-society people; they are dependent on what they call society, and if the veil could be lifted we should see the slums indeed—envy, jealousy, love of display, covetousness. These are slums in God's sight; and unless we get to see things as God sees them, unless we get to His estimate of things, we will yet have to say, as Saul said after one of his fits of jealousy: "I have played the fool!" Now, Daughters, you see no matter what your work may be, whether you teach or are taught, whether you sell goods or buy them, whether you work for your living or some one else works for your living, in all, through all, your one business every hour of every day is to secure a character that will fit you for a throne.

✠

LOOKING TOWARD THE THRONE

IT has been said of the Prince of Wales that no matter where he was, nor what he did, he never, for one moment, lost sight of the fact that he was to sit upon the throne of England. He ought not to have lost sight of it, that is certain; and we must not lose sight, no matter how noble or ignoble our work may look to us, we must never forget our grand destiny. We are to sit on the throne. And if we could only see deeply enough we should see that these thrones come now, but they come only to those who have fought a good fight. But you say, "I hold no such position, I have no such natural endowments." Well, God does not measure as we do. I have an idea some people will find themselves with crowns in the next world who never dreamed they would have them; and some will find themselves without them that we expected would have them. We are not required to do the work of another, but God has given us a work to do, and that is the work we must do; and our joy we shall find just there.

There is a joy we may miss in not entering into the work of another, a work which we cannot do. I have so often sung that verse:

"If you cannot on life's ocean sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows, laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors, anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them as they launch their boats away."

Did you ever read the story of the one who helped all the others to gather their sheaves, and when she heard the sound of the harvest home found she hadn't any sheaves, and wondered what she should do? She had spent the whole day in helping others, but she had a peculiar smile from the King, and a welcome that made her heart glad. O, do get to the sweet life embodied in the little verse:

"In the shade of His presence,
The rest of His calm,
The light of His countenance,
Live out the psalm:
Strong in His faithfulness
Praise Him and sing.
Then as He beckons thee,
Do the next thing."

Margaret Bottome

A NEW SAFETY.

The Century Columbia.

We here offer our new Safety for 1892, a light-weight Safety, fitted with Columbia Pneumatic Tires, 1¾ inches in diameter. Other features are similar to the Light Roadster Safety so popular last year. Wheels, 28 and 30 inches in diameter. Weight, 43 pounds.

Price, $150.

POPE MFG. CO.,
221 Columbus Avenue, - Boston, Mass.
12 Warren Street, NEW YORK. Factory:
291 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO. HARTFORD, CONN.

You buy a Piano as a life-time investment.

If the ear be naturally musical, a piano of unsatisfactory tone is and must be UNSATISFACTORY; if the ear and taste be unformed, what more harmful than poor tone?

The EVERETT PIANO

to the fullest degree, combines that powerful, clear and rich, yet pure and delicate tone with prolonged singing quality and evenness throughout the entire scale.

If not for sale by your local dealer, address
THE JOHN CHURCH CO., Cincinnati, O.

"From Andante to Allegro," an illustrated pamphlet, will be sent free to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen.

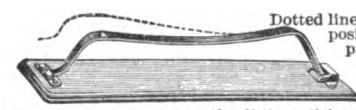
PALACE ORGANS.

Over 60,000 sold during the last 20 years.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

THE LORING & BLAKE ORGAN CO.,
WORCESTER, MASS.

SLEEVE SEAM SUPPORT.



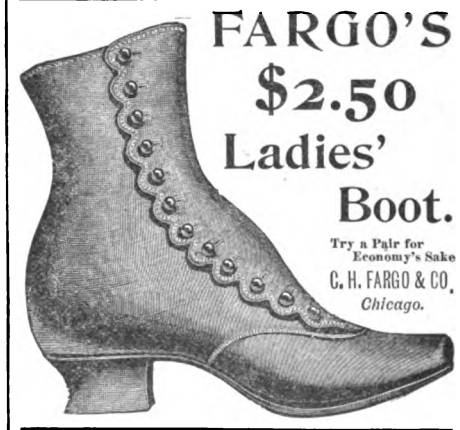
Dotted line shows position of pressing bar when open.

LADIES, the little article we call your attention to is really a necessity in every household as well as in the shop of the dressmaker. With it you can press the sleeve and waist seams of a dress in a few minutes, without any of the annoyance this piece of work generally brings you.

DRESSMAKERS all over the country are using it, and cannot say too much in its praise.

Strong and Durable. *Will last a lifetime.* We send sample by express, prepaid, upon receipt of $1.00. AGENTS WANTED.

GRAVES BROTHERS, Mfrs., SANDWICH, ILL.



FARGO'S $2.50 Ladies' Boot.

Try a Pair for Economy's Sake

C. H. FARGO & CO.
Chicago.

$2.50 $3.00 THE READ UMBRELLA

FOR GENTLEMEN & LADIES.

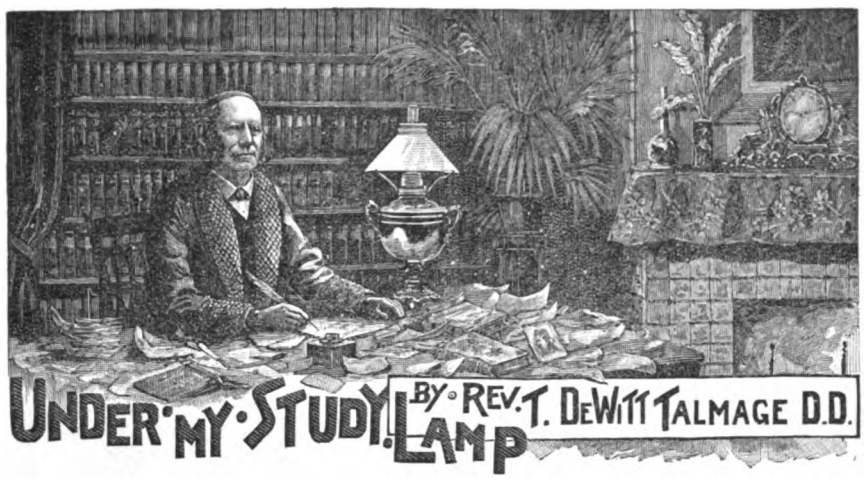
A Silk Umbrella of special quality. Very low prices. Sent free on receipt of cost. We guarantee satisfaction. Write at once for our free catalogue.

CHARLES F. READ & CO.
45 BROAD ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Order a Bangle Pin with your name engraved; you will want more for Valentine and Birthday Gifts after you see one; made of rolled-gold plate or silver, 50 cts. Clubs of five, $2 (solid gold, $1.50). Stamps taken.
H. F. Leland, Worcester, Mass.

SELL MUSIC We will pay a liberal Salary to Agents who will take subscribers for Woodward's Musical Monthly. Send four cents and receive sample copy *with five complete pieces of latest vocal and instrumental music.* Address Dep't B, WOODWARD'S MUSICAL MONTHLY, 842 Broadway, New York.

Digitized by Google



FAMILIES of the earth sit by the score at all times in dumb amazement at the afflictive providences of God. Bereavement for the most part is inexplicable. Why is the husband taken in mid-life before the children are educated and reared? Why does the mother go away into eternity at the time when she is most needed here? Why must the young man die at the close of a collegiate course that was intended to fit him for great usefulness? Why not let us all die of old age, after our work is fully done and life has no more attractions?

A few weeks ago there were united in the bonds of marriage two of my friends. Amid a great throng of congratulating people they started life. A bright home was set up. God was in the dwelling. Business prospects opened. Friends without number gathered around him in the world and in the church. But on the way home from the store his foot slipped, and without consciousness enough to grasp in farewell the hand that he had only three weeks before taken in pledge, he went away from the earth forever. Men of the world, explain that! Human philosophy, solve this riddle!

★

THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN SISTER

I REMEMBER a scene in my own experience just as inexplicable. My sister, in mid-life, with a large family of children in every possible need of her council and tenderness, and holding the responsible position of a pastor's wife, was called heavenward from as fine a sphere of usefulness as any one could possibly hold. What her life was you may judge from her dying experiences. She said in her last moments: "It is nothing for a Christian to die. One minute here, and the next with Jesus. Oh, what a religion we have! We do immediately pass into glory. Some say that dying people have doubts, but they do not. How can they doubt with such a precious Jesus. I see Him now! He encloses my children in His arms of love, and they will all be saved. It was a tremendous struggle to give them up, but I know they will all be saved. I am crossing the river, but I do not fear. I will shut up my eyes now and go to sleep and wake up in glory! Good-bye!"

Her life had been in harmony with all she said. She sang more than any person I ever knew. She was always singing. I remember in my boyhood days of sometimes getting tired of this perpetual music, and of saying to her, "Mary, do stop singing;" but she would not stop. She never will stop. Why was such a Christian sister and wife and mother transported? Strike a light, if you can, over this mystery. Analyze, dissect, philosophize a thousand years, and you cannot by any human device open one shutter. But in the Gospel the sun rises. Light gradually breaks in as the morning looks through the cracks of the door and the lattice—not full day, but a promise of high noon.

★

A CROCUS FROM SNOW-BANKED GRAVES

IN almost all cases it is the loveliest one of the family that is transported. Why should not the great capital of the universe have the pick of everything? The half-and-half Christians will get into glory, but they need be kept here a good while yet for polishing. Those who are ready God takes. The earlier inhabitants of a place make the greatest impression upon its future character, and so heaven ought to have the best first. Besides that, if there were a shipwreck, and you went out with a life-boat, and you find some of your friends clinging to the hulk, you would be apt to take them ashore first. God seems to set his especial love on some; and when he finds them shivering amid this world's temptations and sorrows, he first lifts them out of the breakers. Oh, weep not for the Christian dead! If they go through long sickness, in which there is opportunity for parting admonition, thank God for that. But if by sudden transition, and they have not a moment of consciousness, thank God that they escape the exhaustion of sickness, and that from the health of earth they stepped into the health of heaven. Long not for the last words that were not spoken. If the life has been right, the death cannot be wrong. If the banquet has been rich, it matters not how the lights are turned out at the close. So many of our friends have gone over the stream we shall all want to go there too. Heaven is getting to me to be a very matter-of-fact heaven. From the cold snow-banks of the grave I plucked this crocus: "Those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

THE POPULATION OF HEAVEN

HEAVEN must be populated. There is not so much room on the Western prairies and table-lands for more settlers as there is room in the upper country for more people. Heaven has only one want, and that is of greater population. It is sparsely inhabited yet, as compared with its future citizenship. The crowns are not half taken, nor the robes half worn. Heaven is like a house in which a levee is to be held at ten o'clock. At nine o'clock the rooms are all ablaze with lights, and the servants, gloved and vestured, are waiting to open the doors. The rooms of our Father's house are illuminated, and the chamberlains are ready, and the table is spread. A few have entered, but heaven is not yet fully begun. They have only sung the opening piece. Now, how shall God fill up his house except by subtracting from this world? The continent of heaven is to be peopled from the surrounding islands. If so, I can understand why God should take the young brother referred to above rather than some of his comrades not half so useful, and my sister rather than a thousand women who are of no Christian service.

★

A FEW WORDS ON CREMATION

ONE of the JOURNAL readers writes me and asks: "Do you believe in cremating the dead?" Now, my friend, cremation will never be carried out in this country. I know that the papers now and then ardently discuss whether or not it will be best to burn the bodies of the dead instead of burying them. Scientific journals contend that our cemeteries are the means of unhealthy exhalations, and that cremation is the only safe way of disposing of the departed. Some have advocated the chemical reduction of the physical system. I have, as yet, been unable to throw myself into a mood sufficiently scientific to appreciate this proposal. It seems to me partially horrible and partially ludicrous. I think that the dead populations of the world are really the most quiet and unharmful. They make no war upon us; let us make no war upon them. I am certain that all the damage we shall ever do this world will be while we are animate. It is not the dead people who are hard to manage, but the living. Some whistle to keep their courage up while going along by graveyards; I whistle while moving among the wide-awake. Before attempting this barbaric disposal of the human form as a sanitary improvement, it would be better to clear the streets and "commons" of our cities of their pestiferous surroundings. Try your cremation on the dogs and cats with extinct animation. I think Greenwood is healthier than Broadway, and Laurel Hill than Chestnut Street, Pere la Chaise than Champs Elysees. Urns, with ashes scientifically prepared, may look very well in Madras or Pekin, but not in a Christian country. Not having been able to shake off the Bible notions about Christian burial, I prefer to adhere to the mode that was observed when devout men carried Stephen to his burial.

★

POETRY OF OUR GRAVEYARDS

NINE-TENTHS of those who think they can write respectable poetry are mistaken. I do not say that poesy has passed from the earth, but it does seem as if the fountain Hippocrene had been drained off to run a saw-mill. It is safe to say that most of the home-made poetry of graveyards is an offence to God and man. One would have thought that the New Hampshire village would have risen in mob to prevent the inscription that was really placed on one of its tombstones descriptive of a man who had lost his life at the foot of a vicious mare on the way to the brook:

"As this man was leading her to drink
She kick'd and kill'd him quicker'n a wink."

One would have thought that even conservative New Jersey would have been in rebellion at a child's epitaph which in a village of that State reads thus:

"She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts with grief for her are swellin';
All empty stands her little chair;
She died of eatin' watermelon."

Let not such desecrations be allowed in hallowed places. Let not poetizers practice on the tombstone. My uniform advice to all those who want acceptable and suggestive epitaphs is: Take a passage of Scripture. That will never wear out. From generation to generation it will bring down upon all visitors a holy hush; and if before that stone has crumbled the day comes for waking up of all the graveyard sleepers, the very words chiseled on the marble may be the ones that shall ring from the trumpet of the archangel on that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed.

EPITAPHS FOR THE DEAD

PERSONALLY, I have no fear that I shall thus be desecrated by my surviving friends. I have more fear of epitaphs. I do not wonder that people have sometimes dictated the inscriptions on their own tombstones when I see what inappropriate lines are chiseled on many a slab. There needs to be a reformation in epitaphiology. People often ask me for appropriate inscriptions for the graves of their dead. They tell the virtues of the father, or wife, or child, and want me to put into compressed shape all that catalogue of excellences. Of course I fail in the attempt. The story of a lifetime cannot be chiseled by the stone-cutter on the side of a marble slab. But it is not a rare thing to go a few months after by the sacred spot and find that the bereft friends, unable to get from others an epitaph sufficiently eulogistic, have put their own brain and heart to work and composed a rhyme. Now, the most unfit sphere on earth for an inexperienced mind to exercise the poetic faculty is in epitaphiology. It does very well in copy-books, but it is most unfair to blot the resting-place of the dead with unskilled poetic scribble. It seems to me that the owners of cemeteries and graveyards should keep in their own hand the right to refuse inappropriate and ludicrous epitaphs.

★

THE NERVE-CENTER OF THE WORLD.

THERE is no warmer Bible phrase than this: "Touched with the feeling of our infirmities." The divine nature is so vast, and the human so small, that we are apt to think that they do not touch each other at any point. We might have ever so many mishaps, the government at Washington would not hear of them; and there are multitudes in Britain whose troubles Victoria never knows; but there is a Throne against which strike our most insignificant perplexities. What touches us touches Christ. What annoys us annoys Christ. What robs us robs Christ. He is a great nerve-center to which thrill all sensations which touch us, who are His members. He is touched with our physical infirmities. I do not mean that He merely sympathizes with a patient in collapse of cholera, or in the delirium of yellow fever, or in the anguish of a broken back, or in all those annoyances that come from a disordered nervous condition. In our excited American life, sound nerves are a rarity. Human sympathy in the case I mention amounts to nothing. Your friends laugh at you and say you have "the blues," or "the high strikes," or "the dumps," or "the fidgets." But Christ never laughs at the whims, the notions, the conceits, the weaknesses of the nervously disordered. Christ probably suffered in something like this way, for He had lack of sleep, lack of rest, lack of right food, lack of shelter, and His temperament was finely strung.

Chronic complaints, the rheumatism, the neuralgia, the dyspepsia, after a while cease to excite human sympathy, but with Christ they never become an old story. He is as sympathetic as when you felt the first twinge of inflamed muscle, or the first pang of indigestion. When you cannot sleep Christ keeps awake with you. All the pains you ever had in your head are not equal to the pains Christ had in His head. All the acute sufferings you ever had in your feet are not equal to the acute suffering Christ had in His feet. By His own hand He fashioned your every bone, strung every nerve, grew every eyelash, set every tooth in its socket, and your every physical disorder is patent to Him, and, touches His sympathies. He is also touched with the infirmities of our prayers. Nothing bothers the Christian more than the imperfection of his prayers. To get down on his knees seems to be the signal for his thoughts to fly in every direction. While praying about one thing he is thinking about another.

★

A CONSECRATED heart is a momentum for all Christian work. The Lord give us all a higher life, a deeper life, a broader life. We cannot do much toward saving others till we ourselves are more surely saved. We cannot pull others out of the surf when our feet are slipping on the rock. More purity, more faith, more consecration will be more momentum.

T. DeWitt Talmage

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

GIVES a GENUINE OXFORD TEACHERS BIBLE, Containing, 1450 Pages, and measuring open, flaps included, 7x11 inches, Free to all New Subscribers at $2.00.

It is Leather Bound, Gilt Edge, Overlapping Edges, and Contains ALL THE HELPS, including CONCORDANCE, 40,000 References, Subject Index 16,000 References, TWELVE COLORED MAPS, and Other Valuable Helps.

T. DeWitt Talmage

91, 92, 93, 94, 96 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.

5% SAVINGS CERTIFICATES. $5 and Upwards. Interest from day of deposit. Paid on 10 days' notice. Address, TACOMA INVESTMENT CO., Tacoma, Wash.

SUPERIOR NUTRITION. THE LIFE. ORIGINAL. UNRIVALLED. WORLD RENOWNED.
IMPERIAL GRANUM
THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD.
PURE SAFE
DELICIOUS, NOURISHING FOOD.
FOR INVALIDS, CONVALESCENTS, AND THE AGED.
FOR NURSING-MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. DEPOTS 56 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

IMPERIAL GRANUM.—A neighbor's child being very low, reduced, in fact, to a mere baby skeleton from want of nourishment, as nothing could be found which the child could retain. At the urgent request of friends the parents were induced to try IMPERIAL GRANUM, which proved of such benefit to the child that it grew and thrived beyond all comprehension. At the same time I had a child sick with cholera infantum; on being presented with a box of the GRANUM, with the high recommendation from this neighbor, used it, and continued its use to raise the child; and I firmly believe this had all to do in saving the former child's life and the greater part in restoring my own child to health. A. C. G.—*Leonard's Illustrated Medical Journal, Detroit, Mich., October, 1887.*

Sick room diet is often the despair of the nurse. It is easy to give medicine, but to build up with suitable nourishment is a difficulty perhaps best and oftenest solved by the use of IMPERIAL GRANUM.—*St. Augustine, Fla., News.*

We are pleased to again call our readers' attention to the IMPERIAL GRANUM, which we have so often commended. Repeated tests of it with both children and older persons prove it to be a perfect food, the use of which has, in more than one instance, to our personal knowledge, seemed to have been the salvation of the patient.—*The Cottage Hearth, Boston, Mass., July, 1890.*

IMPERIAL GRANUM.—WE HAVE AMPLY TESTED ITS EFFICACY IN OUR OWN FAMILY AND CAN MOST WILLINGLY ENDORSE IT AND GIVE IT OUR UTMOST APPROVAL.—*New Haven Journal and Courier.*

ONE DIME

What It Bought!

'Twas only a dime, but it bought a package of Diamond Dye Dark Wine that gave a rich, beautiful color to a faded gown, thus saving the dollars a new dress would have cost.

You Can Dye

Dresses any fashionable color.
Garments to look like new.
Ribbons as fresh and bright as ever.
Feathers to match the new hat or dress.
Carpets fast colors on wool or cotton.

You can do all this with Diamond Dyes.
You know *"It's Easy to Dye* with Diamond Dyes." Our dye book tells how to do it. Send for it, free; also 40 samples of colored cloth.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

"A dollar saved is a dollar earned."
This Ladies' Solid French Dongola Kid Button Boot sent, prepaid anywhere in the U. S., on receipt of Cash, Money-order or Postal note for $1.50. Equals every way the Boots sold in all retail stores for $2.50. We make this Boot ourselves,—therefore we *guarantee* the fit, style and wear, and if any one is not satisfied, we will refund their money or send another pair.

Common Sense and Opera Toe, widths C, D and E, sizes, 1½ to 8, in half sizes. Send your size, we will fit you. We deliver FREE.
Dexter Shoe Co.
299 Devonshire Street,
Boston, Mass.

To DEXTER SHOE CO.—My wife was very much pleased with her boots; the best fit she has had for years; she is just as pleased as a little cat with two tails, and I want a pair now, and one of my neighbors wants a pair. J. F. JONES, Costigan, Maine.

MUSIC SELF TAUGHT. PROF. RICE'S SELF-TEACHING SYSTEM. All can learn music without the aid of a teacher. Rapid, correct. Established 12 years. Notes, chords, accompaniments, thorough bass laws, etc. Ten Lessons 10 cents. Circulars free. G. S. RICE MUSIC CO., 243 State Street, Chicago.

WALL PAPER Attractive styles. *Extreme ly low price.* 100 samples sent for 8 cts. Prices 5c. to 50c. a roll. A. L. DIAMENT & CO., 1208 Market St. Phila. Pa.

Digitized by Google

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

AS St. Valentine's Day has come, as the dainty little missives inspired by the loving Saint are flying here, there and everywhere, as words of admiration are spoken—words that are listened to with delight—where is the girl who isn't thinking a little bit about her sweetheart? It is just possible that he may not yet have appeared, and it is possible that he has, but if he has not, she must wait patiently for him, and believe that in the world somewhere there is a true, loving heart that belongs to her. "But" she asks, "how will I know it? How will I recognize him when he comes?" Just, my dear, as we recognize all the good things in this world, all the sweet things, and all the things worth having. May be your heart will not flutter the first time you meet him; you will not put out that signal flag of a young girl, the blush of modesty, but in a little while you will know, and so will he, that you two were meant to love and honor each other. That is what I believe.

A GIRL'S REAL SWEETHEART

I DO believe in sweethearts, I do believe in the right of every girl to have one, and I do believe that when he is the *real* sweetheart he will soon be the one who will be your husband. whose joy it will be to care for you, whose happiness it will be to see you happy. It is a pretty word, that old-fashioned one, "sweetheart." It seems to me always to suggest the great white, sweet-smelling rose that grows in out-of-door gardens and which has reached perfection because the sun of love has made it blossom, and the rain of disappointment has made the sun seem brighter, the flower hardier and more eager in hoping. That is what I think a sweetheart is. He loves you through the sunshiny days, and he is your consolation when the dark ones come. He is a man who in honoring you respects all those belonging to you. And because he is your sweetheart he is going to try and not let you make any mistakes, and you will be a very foolish girl if you don't listen to his advice. So many of my girls have got sweethearts that I want to have this little talk with them.

HOW TO TREAT HIM

BECAUSE a man loves you, is that any reason why you should be inconsiderate of him?

Because he loves you, shall you give no thought to the words you say to him?

Because he loves you, shall you laugh at his affection, and think his expressions of it are funny?

Because he loves you, shall he be the last to be thought of?

Because he loves you, shall he be treated so that he wonders, after all, if you have any love for him?

Because he loves you, shall you seem to put a tax on him in the way of presents and entertainments that, it is just possible, he cannot afford?

Because he loves you, shall you never think it necessary to say the sweet words of thanks for the courtesies he shows you?

Because he loves you, shall you not think it necessary to be at your best and sweetest for him?

Oh, you foolish girl! If this love is worth having, if this love is real and true, if it is really your sweetheart who has come, then you possess a great treasure, a treasure which you may lose some day if you are not careful. Love is lost by thoughtlessness, by inconsideration, and by selfishness more than by any other way. Do you want to lose your love? It is like those old Venetian glasses, fine, slender and delicate; pour into one all the great wealth of your affection and the glass will hold it, but let one drop of the poison of self-will or indifference get there and the glass is shattered into a thousand pieces.

SOMEBODY'S ELSE SWEETHEART

YOU are pretty, you are young, you are a little bit of a coquette, and you have just met somebody's else sweetheart. It is all right to be merry, but if you are the girl I think you are you will not give those coquettish glances, those tender words and those indescribable but flattering suggestions to him. You may be prettier than the girl he loves; don't try to make him conscious of that; you may be brighter and wittier and able to make him feel more at ease, but never for an instant let him dream of this. Don't let his meeting with you be one that he will not care to tell her about; but rather act so that when you let the white curtains down over your big, bright eyes it will be with an easy conscience, for you will know that he has gone back to the girl he loves, and that he has told her of your kindness, of your courtesy and that he has ended by saying: "Yet with it all, my dearest, you were ever before me and I never forgot you." Then you will have one other woman who is your friend, for she will know what you could have done, and she will respect you for your honor and good will.

WITH YOUR OWN SWEETHEART

THERE once was a beautiful plum. It hung on the tree and ripened in the sunshine until in color it was perfection; people went by and looked up at it and admired it, and wished that it might fall, that its sweetness might be tested. But it never did. One day there came along a brave knight, who said: "I want the plum so much that I am willing to work for it." And with a stout heart, and the great energy inspired by love, he climbed the high tree and reached out for the plum. Reached out so gently that a kindly wind blew the leaves aside and whispered to them: "To this knight entrust the plum, for he will be gentle and kind to it." So plucking it carefully, being certain that his touch was not rough, and that he was not too familiar with it, he carried away his prize, and all the people who had wanted the plum envied him a thousand times more because it did not fall into his mouth. Do you see what I mean? If it is your really and truly sweetheart who comes to you, he will ask nothing from you that it is not right for you to give; he will ask no familiarity, he will expect no coming to him on your part, but he will work and wait and hope for the love that is worth having. And working, and waiting and hoping are the things that make men and women of boys and girls, and teach them that life without love is as nothing, and yet that love which can be gotten very easily is seldom worth having.

THE COURTESY OF LOVE

THERE is a false idea afloat in the stream of life, which is that when people love us we can be rude to them, that because they know we love them they will forgive every lack of courtesy. Now, this is absolutely untrue; the closer two people are united by the bond of love the more necessary is it for them to observe every law of politeness. Love isn't so very difficult to gain, but it is very difficult to keep. You can afford better to be rude to everybody else in the world than to the people who love you. Being a good girl, you think that you are not rude to anybody, but just remember how you treat Tom. You take his love as a matter of course, you think he doesn't want you to consider him first and best. Love, my dear girl, is a flower that needs constant attention, and the very minute it is neglected, left too long in the glaring sun of indifference, or in the cold wind of selfishness, it dies. And love is never resurrected. I don't want you to give Tom too much. Save something for the husband—the kisses it will be his right to claim, the encircling arms that it will be his pleasure to have. But give Tom your words of affection, the looks that tell him so much and the unselfishness that goes to make love, and without which there is no love, but only a miserable imitation.

THE GIRL WITHOUT A SWEETHEART

READS what I have said and then wonders if I know how many girls there are in this world who never have had a sweetheart. What shall I say to them? I say this: If there never comes to you the love of a good man, it is of course something to be regretted, but because of this regret you have no right to make your life less full of love; you have love to give people who are unhappy, you can double the love you have for those of your own household, but you must not for dear love's sake allow yourself to be bitter and disappointed because of the joy that has not come to you. What would become of half the women in the world if it were not for the women who have never married? Who have been the ones who have given their lives for their own kin? The women who have never married. And surely no one can do more than this. It may be that before you is a workaday life, in which comes no great love; then make much of the affection that comes to you and live to do your work so well that regret will not be in your heart and that the affection you send out will come back to you as the water returns to the fountain, making you richer and happier.

WHY I HAVE SAID THIS

IT seems a bit amusing to somebody for me to have made all this talk about sweethearts and loving, and yet I am selfish enough to wish that every one of my girls may have a loyal sweetheart to whom she may give her queen's love. That they may make a little kingdom of their own, over which the queen rules, and rules wisely for the comfort of the king. And that if in time there should come a prince royal he will only be a stronger bond between the king and the queen, and make each more anxious that their reign should be great in its goodness. That is what I want for each and every one of you. I want to see you good wives and good mothers, and then there will be a nation of women worth loving and men worth honoring. That is why I have talked to you about your sweethearts and how you should love them. Do it after the fashion described in the Bible; give them, my girls, a love that is measured by the heartfull, "pressed down, shaken together, and running over," and seal this love with a kiss of wifely respect and reverence.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

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

M. D. C.—"I. H. S." stands for, "Iesus Hominum Salvator," that is, "Jesus Saviour of Men."

I. L. R.—It will be quite proper for a young girl to wear a white gown at an afternoon wedding at home.

FRANCES AND OTHERS—I cannot recommend any depilatory, and must request that I am not asked this question.

LILLIAN—Custom has made it proper to commence a formal letter to an unmarried lady as you do, that is, "Miss Blank, Dear Madam."

G. V.—When announcement cards are received a call should be made on the bride if she lives in the same town, and if not visiting cards should be sent her by mail.

ROSE AND LOUISE—The engagement ring should be worn on the third finger of the left hand; it is worn until the wedding day, when it is removed and acts afterwards as a guard to the wedding ring.

ALICE—It is not customary for a young man to offer his arm in the daytime to any lady, unless she should be ill or quite old; so you were perfectly right in refusing to take the young man's arm in the afternoon.

ETTA R.—If your hair is a pretty dark brown, brush it and keep it looking as glossy as possible, but do not, under any circumstances, attempt to dye it, as dyed hair is more than merely objectionable, it is vulgar.

H. F.—It is not necessary to send either regrets or acceptances to a wedding invitation; if you are invited to the reception and cannot go, send your visiting card by messenger during the hours named on the card.

PUSS—The only way to forget yourself, my dear girl, is to think of, and cater to, the pleasure of other people. This is the only way that you can become what you evidently so ardently desire, that is, a general favorite.

JENNIE M.—Word your regrets in this way: "Miss Brown regrets that she cannot accept the courteous invitation of Mr. Jones for Friday evening." To this add your address and the day on which the note was written.

FLORA—Wedding cards, like every other part of the wedding outfit, are furnished by the family of the bride. The bridegroom furnishes nothing except the carriage which takes him to church and the bouquets of the bride and her attendants.

LOUISE AND OTHERS—I certainly do disapprove of girls marrying men younger than themselves. There are many reasons why this is undesirable, and although some such marriages have turned out happily, still I do not think they are wise.

IGNORANCE—I should simply not answer a note received from a man with whom I had no acquaintance no matter whether it contained an invitation to drive or not; it was a piece of extreme impertinence and only deserves to be ignored.

E. E. B.—Unkind words are never desirable either spoken or written, and if you have been foolish enough to say them in any way I should advise your apologizing for them as soon as possible. The unkindness you will regret, the apology you will not.

A. S. D.—The habit of writing "Addressed" on an envelope is not to be encouraged; it is a senseless one. It is in much better taste to invariably put the house address, so that if the note be lost it may eventually reach the person for whom it is destined.

MAYFRED—It is a simple courtesy to bow to the people who sit at the same table with you at a boarding house; the acquaintance need not, unless you desire it, grow any more intimate. It is not necessary for you to make a formal call on strangers who come to the house to live.

BLANTON—To keep the skin white and soft use tepid water. The shock given to the skin by very cold water is apt to roughen it; vaseline suits some skins, but not all, and if you have found that it does not agree with you, then try cold cream, which is suited to the most sensitive skin.

Y. U.—It is always proper to speak of yourself as "Miss" in addressing people whom you wish to have observe the same formality to you. If you do not wish to correspond with the young man you can tell him so in a polite manner, for one is not forced to do what people ask them.

V. L.—Keep on your washstand a little box in which is some powdered borax, and every morning dip the tip of your finger in this and touch the obnoxious pimples. If they come from indigestion, take a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal in a small glass of water every other morning for a few days.

READER—Make your blue silk with a plain full skirt having a ruche around the bottom of pale blue chiffon; have a draped bodice and full-puffed sleeves made of the chiffon and caught in the center with rosettes of narrow blue ribbon. Loop your hair, and tie it with a pale blue ribbon, and wear very light gray undressed kid gloves.

G. H.—At your brown luncheon have the guest's card beside her place. I would not have a menu card. Why not have a picture of a "Brownie" on each one of the name or guest cards? A pretty favor would be a tiny brown satin box filled with small square chocolates and tied with narrow yellow ribbon, the color that harmonizes well with brown.

C. M. H.—If somebody who really cares for you, and for whom you care, wishes you to break off an acquaintance with a girl of whom he does not approve, I would advise that you obey him in this. Do not write to the young woman, do not return her visits, and while you are polite be a little cool when you meet her; she will understand what this means.

GRACE J.—As your tea is to be an informal one, and you wish that the men who are invited shall be friends of the young girls you can, as you tender each invitation, say this. But then you must get the names, and whether you are aquainted with them or not send your own card of invitation, writing on it the name of the friend who has asked that this gentleman should be invited.

PATIENCE—Do not conclude because a man is quiet and not overflowing with the bright chatter which you say you have made it a point to cultivate yourself, that he is stupid; if he is as good as you describe him to be, he is certainly worth cultivation, and you can afford to chatter even if he should just answer in monosyllables. Isn't it just possible if your talk were a little less light it would be more interesting to him?

ALHAMBRA—It was quite proper to return the visit made on you, although it was followed by an invitation to a reception. No call is necessary after a reception, unless it is a very elaborate one, and then the call should be made within ten days. I do not advise calling the very day after. In making a formal call leave two of your husband's cards, one for the host, the other for the hostess, and a single card of your own for the lady of the house.

MOTHERLESS—I do not think it is in good taste for a girl of sixteen to attend entertainments or places of amusement with no one but a man friend, nor is it wise for her to ask him to call upon her. While one may not wish to be a hypocrite, still it is just as well to remember that love comes with loving, and that if you make an effort to love God you will certainly do it. My child, do not fall into the habit of believing that it is rather clever to appear without belief; it is in reality one of the saddest conditions in the world.

DATES—If a young man suddenly kissed you I should advise you not to speak to him again. If this stand were taken by all the girls in your set the young men would not attempt such familiarities. It may interest you to know that I have received a letter from a young man urging me not to stop in my endeavors to induce my girls not to permit any familiarity from young men, saying they little know the impression it makes on the minds of men, and that as it is the first step that counts, so the first slight familiarity simply leads on to others until it is difficult to know what the end will be.

A CRY IN THE NIGHT.

Many a Home Has Heard it, and it is a Serious Thing.

"Baby had the colic, and we were up all night."

That's not an uncommon remark of some tired, dragged-out, sleepy parent. And the pain and suffering the little one went through have plainly drawn on its store of health and vitality, leaving it fretful and sick, ready to fall a victim to some dread disease of summer.

Catnip tea, anise, and all household remedies give only temporary relief, while medicines are often positively harmful and dangerous.

Mrs. E. D. Libby, of 18 Atlantic St., Portland, Maine, whose baby's picture is shown above, happily found a means of preventing colic. She says: "The first two months of my baby's life, she was badly troubled with colic, but then we began feeding her lactated food, and she has been well ever since. She is just what her picture shows her to be—a healthy, happy baby."

From this experience of an intelligent mother, other mothers can learn how to keep their darlings free from pain and suffering. Thousands of children are now well and strong, who would have been laid away in the cold grave had it not been for lactated food. While it is not a medicine—only a pure, simple food—yet it positively cures that scourge, cholera infantum, by making the stomach and bowels healthy and strong.

Babies living upon it have but little trouble in teething, sleep well nights, crow and laugh all day, and are the happiest, rosiest, sturdiest youngsters that ever filled a mother's heart with proud joy.

***

Lactated Food is sold by druggists, or mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents, 50 cents, $1.00. Interesting book of prize babies and beautiful birthday card free to any mother sending baby's name. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

LADIES' BOOTS
ONLY $2.00.
Retail everywhere for $3. Sent, postpaid, to any part of the United States on receipt of $2. Made in Goat or Kid; sizes, 2½ to 8, B, C, D, E and EE widths. Illustrated catalogue sent free.
CONSUMERS' BOOT and SHOE CO.
Box 2305, Boston, Mass.

"PARTED BANG."
Made of natural CURLY HAIR guaranteed becoming to ladies who wear their hair parted, $6 up, according to size and color. Beautifying Mask, with preparation, $2. Hair Goods, Cosmetics, etc., sent C. O. D. anywhere. Send to the manufacturer for illustrated price-lists. E. BURNHAM, 71 State St. Central Music Hall, Chicago.

FASHIONABLE HAIR.
We will mail goods to reliable parties throughout the United States for approval. The newest styles and best of goods at lowest prices. No money required until they are received. No obligation to keep goods if unsatisfactory. Send for circular.
JOHN MEDINA,
451 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

THE NEW MODEL "HALL."
PERFECT TYPEWRITER,
BEST MANIFOLDER,
Terms to Agents Liberal.
PORTABLE, INEXPENSIVE.
WRITES ALL LANGUAGES.
Send for Catalogue and Specimens of Work.
Address N. TYPEWRITER CO.
611 Washington St., Boston.

65 cts. for 1 quire Irish Linen paper and envelopes; paper printed with name, city, town or street; postpaid. Liberal discount to those getting up a club or acting as agent. Samples and terms free.
CHAS. A. KING & CO., 325 Washington St., Boston.

DRESS PATTERNS
BY THE TAILOR METHOD
Cut from Your Own Measure.
Send for blanks and instructions for self-measurement.
Will fit without change of seam.
NATIONAL PATTERN CO., Bloomington, Ill.

HAVE A SKIN LIKE A LILY
WATT'S GLYCERINE JELLY OF VIOLETS

Positively cures Chapped Skin, Lips, and all roughness caused by using impure Soaps, Cold Wind or Sunburn. Lillie Langtry, Mrs. Potter, Ellen Terry and Marion Harland use and recommend it. On sale at all druggists or by mail, 25 cts. 10 N. BROAD ST., PHILA.
Watt's Peptonized Soda Mint Pellets cures Dyspepsia

Digitized by Google

SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS

BY FOSTER COATES

MR. COATES cheerfully invites questions touching any topic upon which his young readers may desire help or information. Address all letters to FOSTER COATES, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE story is told of a famous sculptor, who had chiseled a head of the Christ, and whose work was greatly admired, that he fell to weeping because his friends said it was the greatest work of his life, and he could never hope to do anything to equal it. "If that be so," said the sculptor, "then I am to be pitied, for if this be my greatest work, and I am never to do anything better, I have ceased to grow. My mental decay has begun. My ideal has been reached. I have nothing to live for."

A BOY'S BEST IDEAL

I THOUGHT of this when a letter came to me, a few days ago, from a boy reader of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in California. He wanted me to name some great man whom he could look up to as an ideal being; a man whose character is pure, whose education is broad, whose reputation is unsmirched, whose friendships are true and strong, a giant among men, a pattern for others to follow. I answer frankly, I do not know of such an one. The perfect man does not exist, has never existed; and although there are thousands of men alive to-day whose good examples might well be emulated, I know of no one so near perfection that he could be truthfully held up as a superior being, whose example should be strictly followed by others. But why should my little correspondent pattern after any man? Why not set up an ideal above men, and try to realize it?

I do not much believe in boys, or men either, for that matter, who go through life doing this or doing that simply because some one else does it. Boys should be original. They should read and study for themselves. They should see and understand through their own eyes and minds. They should hold their heads high, and their eyes turned upward, where they may always see the golden letters of Hope set in a crystal sky. They should begin life with an ambition so great that old age will find them still toiling and hoping on. The boy or man who is satisfied has stopped growing mentally. And the boy who goes through this world with his eyes on the ground sees only those things that are beneath him. The things that he should reach out for and try to grasp are over his head. Always look up, boys!

SELECTING BOOKS FOR OTHERS

ALTHOUGH I have already given a tolerably complete list of good books for boys to read and study, hardly a day comes without some letter from a boy or girl, or a mother or father, asking me for the names of additional authors. It is not an easy matter to select books for others. In nothing so much as reading and study does taste differ. The books that appeal to us as boys seldom have the same charms for us as men, and this is as it should be, for it proves that we are growing, and when we become dissatisfied with a book we may then know that we have gotten out of it all the good that is possible. Books that we may read with pleasure and profit next year, or five years from now, when we become mentally stronger, might pall on us now. Sometimes our minds are not in a receptive condition for anything stronger than a light novel or an easily-read rhyme. The thing for each one to do is to read those books which are the most helpful to themselves, and entertaining as well. Again, do not follow the tastes of others. He would be a wise man who could select books for others to read and study.

I recall a little lecture on books given by that stalwart Scotch professor, Henry Drummond, whose name and fame have been trumpeted round the world during the past half-dozen years. Prof. Drummond is, perhaps, one of the best known and most respected of the Scotch *litterati*. He is a fascinating writer, and a speaker of great brilliancy. When he was a student in Glasgow, the first book he purchased was a volume of extracts of Ruskin's works. Of course he had read and studied, as all boys should, the standard text-books, books that we all must master to become acquainted with history, to exercise our faculties, and to learn the value of concentrativeness. Ruskin opened his eyes to beauties of nature that he had never dreamed of. After a few weeks' study of Emerson, he learned to see with the mind. Carlyle, a trifle misty, soured and disappointed, helped him some, also. And so did George Eliot, for she introduced him to pleasant people. He also studied Channing, who convinced him that there was a God. And in all these books he found strength, education, friendship, and pleasure.

Any boy could easily get together such a library, if he chose, but who shall say, except himself, that he is ready for these books, or that a perusal of them would mean either profit or pleasure? Let every boy select his own books, reading those best suited to his inclination and the breadth of his mind.

A BROTHER'S DUTY TO HIS SISTER

IT is a complaint from a little sister, this time. She has a brother a few years older than herself, and he is like some other brothers I have known, a bit more fond of some other boy's sister than his own. He sometimes speaks rudely to her. He always has an excuse for not doing what she wants him to do, for boys are so busy. He cannot find time to take her to lectures and out into company, and when he does he impresses upon her how great the favor he is showing her, and he lets her sit in some corner of the crowded room, often alone, while he dances with other girls, or plays games in which there is no place for her. He says cruel words to her, crushes her, and treats her as an inferior being. Oh, yes, I know many such boys, and have seen them act just as my correspondent describes. "What am I to do with such a brother?" plaintively asks my correspondent.

In the first place, I should say be kind to him. Teach him by your own example of sisterly tenderness and devotion that he is acting an unmanly part. Let him see that his cruel words hurt you. But do not complain too much, for that will hardly help you, and, maybe, some day it will come to your brother that the love and devotion of a sister is not to be despised, for true love and devotion are the rarest jewels to be found in this work-a-day world. Perhaps you ask too much of him. Perhaps you exact all of his time. Perhaps you think he should not do anything, or go anywhere without you. Be fair to him, and fair to yourself, and I'll warrant it will all come out right in the end.

The boy who treats his sister badly is not the sort of a boy who will go through life without himself knowing sorrow. I like to see boys treat their sisters with the courtesy, kindness and deference that they treat other young ladies. It is a manly trait in boys to love and honor their sisters. It is a glorious sight to see brothers and sisters united, loving, cheerful, and anxious to do for each other. I ask all my boy readers to be kind to and thoughtful of their sisters. It is one of the best ways to be happy. It is one of the best ways to learn how to be kind, and thoughtful, and loving to some other woman whom you will some day call wife. Learn that this is not such a bad world after all, where love for father, mother, sister and brother abides. There are roses blooming all the year around, at our very feet, if we but look for them, and every brook overruns with the waters of helpfulness, if we only care to drink.

ABOUT INVESTING MONEY

A LETTER from another little girl comes to me from one of the Territories. She has saved all her pennies, until now she has about $40. She wants me to invest her money safely for her, so that when she blooms into young womanhood it will have grown into a large sum. "Do not say," runs a sentence in her letter, "that you cannot do this. I have read all your Side Talks with Boys, and I know any one who writes as you do may be trusted." A pretty compliment, little Miss, and I thank you for it. I want all my readers to trust me, to believe in me, to come to me for counsel, for encouragement, and on my part I will give all of them the benefit of my experience.

But there is one thing I cannot undertake to do, and that is to invest money for others. I have no channels of special financial information that would give the advantage over others, and, besides, if the investment should turn out badly I should feel myself responsible, and bound to repay the money. I am willing to do almost anything for the thousands of boys and girls who read my talks, except to handle their money, or invest it. Neither can I undertake to recommend investments for reasons that must be apparent. I know every sensible boy and girl will see the wisdom of this.

THE BOY WHO SEEKS A POSITION

MANY boys also write asking me to obtain positions for them in this city. In this I will do all I can to help my young readers. But it is not an easy matter. There are ways, however, that they may be aided. Suppose, for example, a lad is desirous of obtaining employment in the office of some well-known lawyer. Let him send a nicely-written but brief letter to the lawyer, giving all the necessary information about himself, accompanied by copies of letters of recommendation. To insure a reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Perhaps nothing may come of it, but on the other hand the lawyer in question may require just such a lad, and be glad to give the boy the opportunity he seeks. It may be necessary to write to a score of lawyers before success finally comes. If a boy desires to enter some other business let him write to the heads of large dry-goods, financial and commercial houses, and he may, at any rate, be sure of courteous treatment.

The big prizes in business and professional life come to the boys who are honest, hard-working, gentlemanly and pushing. Like all good things, they must be sought for.

A BOY'S QUALITIES FOR SUCCESS

"I LIKE that boy. He is always cheerful. He is never cross or surly, no matter what I ask him to do. And when I tell him to do anything he does it willingly. He never complains. He is always smiling and happy." So spoke a man who is at the head of one of the largest wholesale dry-goods houses in New York, to me the other day, as he pointed out a clean, frank-faced lad, whose countenance beamed with honesty.

It made me think again how much boys have to do with carving out their own futures. No man cares to employ a boy who is sour of temper and surly in manner; who is fretful, querulous, and complaining. I like a boy who is smiling and happy. I like a boy who goes at his work with a determination to do it quickly and well. Such an one has a great chance to get on in the world. Get up in the morning, boys, and make up your mind to be gentle and agreeable to everybody about you. Begin by throwing your arms around your dear mother's neck, and telling her you love her. It will brighten all her day. And when you go to school, or to work, let nothing disturb your temper. Say a cheerful word to everybody. Your classmates or co-laborers will like you all the better for being kind and agreeable. A cheerful nature is better than any medicine. It is the tonic of life. The cheerful man lives longer than one who is soured and ugly of speech.

WORDS WITH MY CORRESPONDENTS

MANY letters have come to me from all parts of this broad land. To most of these I have replied by mail, but those who wish me to do so should send me a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Some of the letters are not worth answering, but in the main all my little correspondents interest me.

HERE is one from a boy in a Pennsylvania town. "I am a young man of twenty, and not one of the so-called 'sissy' boys. Some time ago a family came to our town—a Methodist Episcopal preacher's family. There were two very nice girls in the family, so I thought, but the young folks didn't take to them very readily. I thought it a shame, and so introduced them into society. But after they became acquainted a little they didn't seem to care for me. They turned around and talked scandalously about me, and now, when I am with another young lady who is perfectly acquainted with the facts, should she speak to the offenders, or, if so, should I tip my hat in response to their salutations?"

It would seem that the young ladies are ungrateful, but even that is no excuse for not treating them courteously. There is no time in a boy's life when he can afford to be other than a gentleman. Because some persons act rudely is no excuse for you to do so. Politeness is one of the chief charms of a well-bred man. Never "tip" your hat—whatever that may mean. But raise it slightly from your head when occasion requires. Only rowdies would do otherwise. If you continue in gentlemanly behavior, the young ladies you refer to will soon see their error, and they will respect you all the more for your manliness.

"WHAT would be an appropriate gift for a boy of fifteen to make a girl of sixteen?" asks another correspondent. No boy of the tender age of fifteen has any right to make gifts to girls, unless they be related, or in payment of some obligation, and then the boy's mother is the best one to advise. Nor should any mother allow her daughter to receive such gifts from a boy.

HERE is a letter from a young man in Hagerstown, Md., that I print with pleasure. "In reading your October number I was particularly struck with the paragraph "What I shall try to do." It occurred to me as a very kind offer for you to hear the troubles and questions of those young boys who are at a loss to know how to act at critical periods of their lives, which are often their very turning-points, and by good and simple advice at opportune times direct them toward the life of a true, honest and successful man. The wide circulation which the wonderful JOURNAL has obtained, reaching all parts of this country, must strike some one at the very time to make them think which way is best to move. What if it is but one boy who, perchance, through mere curiosity, as was the case with myself, looking over our paper if I dare so call it now—comes upon the page devoted to boys, and, being naturally interested in that sex, reads his very thoughts, and the point where he was compelled to stop, but now he sees through it all, and starts again with renewed vigor and encouragement, and then, after years of success, looks back to this part of his life, and blesses the editor."

ANOTHER letter from a young man in a small Ohio town. "In years I can hardly be called a boy any more, as I am a book-keeper in a large establishment, and have had some business experience. The past few years of my life have not been what could be desired, notwithstanding apparent success, and something—I can't exactly say what—in your Side Talks, has caused me to stop and think. Something points to me the result, finally, of my present course. Your article has had a wonderful effect. I shall always remember your words, and try to follow the three books you recently named." Something is wrong with this young man. He is switched off on a side-track. He is running his engine too fast. Stop, before there is a collision.

ABOUT THE "THREE-WORD" PUZZLE

I REGRET that two errors occurred in the puzzle given in the December JOURNAL. The first small word in the first part should have been announced as necessary to find twenty times instead of twelve. Then, it was stated that the names of the five successful boys would be printed in the February number; I should have said the March issue.

$85 LOVELL DIAMOND SAFETIES FOR Ladies or Gents. SIX STYLES.
FOR LADIES.
Strictly High Grade in Every Particular. No better Machines Made at Any Price.
DIAMOND FRAME, Steel Drop Forgings, Steel Tubing. Adjustable Ball Bearings. Finest material. Enamel and Nickel.
BICYCLE CATALOGUE FREE.
Send 6c. in stamps for our 100-page ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Bicycles, etc.
JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Boston, Mass.

"At the oven scorch your face,
Have the stove just 'booming';
'Fix up' something 'good to eat,'
'Company is coming.'"

A good soup lends satisfaction to the remainder of a dinner.

Cowdrey's Soups

Are Delicious, Appetizing, Nourishing.

As they are fully prepared for immediate use, requiring only to be heated before serving, they save much time and anxious toil.

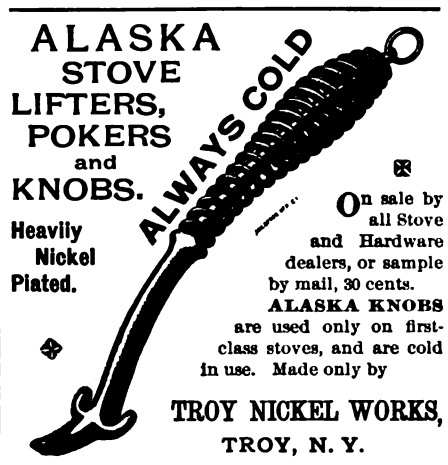
Mock Turtle, Tomato, Ox Tail, Consomme, Julienne, Chicken, Vegetable, Mutton, Printanier, Green Turtle

Soup and Boulli, Terrapin, Macaroni, Beef, Pea, Okra, Vermicelli, Clam Broth, Puree of Game

Mulligatawny

E. T. COWDREY & CO., Boston.

ALASKA STOVE LIFTERS, POKERS and KNOBS.
Heavily Nickel Plated.
ALWAYS COLD



On sale by all Stove and Hardware dealers, or sample by mail, 30 cents.
ALASKA KNOBS are used only on first-class stoves, and are cold in use. Made only by
TROY NICKEL WORKS, TROY, N. Y.

IF you want to build a house, send 25 cents to J. S. Ogilvie, 51 Rose St., New York, and get HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE, containing 25 plans.

FREE New handsome monthly journal, one year; also 25 first-class publications. Order at once; offer may be withdrawn. J. A. KIMBALL, 28 W. 26th St., New York City.

IMPERIAL POCKET PEN & PENCIL AND STAMP, with name 10c
CLUB of 14 postpaid for $1 Bill. Marks Linen, Cards, Papers, Everything
New Agents make BIG Money. Terms Free.
THALMAN MFG. CO., 124 Balt. St., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Save Money By Buying BICYCLES WINTER PRICES.
To reduce '91 stock we offer | FORMERLY | NOW
Ormonde Safety 1¼ cushion tires | $140 | $90
'90 Juno, ('91 make) lady or man, all ball . . . | 75 | 42
Mercury Diamond Safety, all steel " . . . | 100 | 57
40 in. Victor Jr. ball bgs. tangent [also other sizes] | 87 | 17
50 other styles, and 200 2d hand wheels, greatly reduced. Cata. free. Rouse, Hazard & Co., 80 G St., Peoria, Ill.

Five New Novels for 15 Cents.

5 NEW NOVELS

All complete in the FEBRUARY number of the Family Library Monthly.
Only 15 Cents. Of all newsdealers, or THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., New York.

Now Ready—the February Part of the

Young Ladies' Journal,

Containing all the LATEST PARIS FASHIONS with GIGANTIC FASHION supplement of 52 FIGURES, and COLORED FASHION PLATES of 24 FIGURES, besides numerous Stories, New Music, new EMBROIDERY designs, PATTERNS, etc., etc.
Price, 30 cents. Yearly, $4. All newsdealers, or THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., New York.

A BIG WASHOUT, and so early in the morning by using the "Weisell Washing Machine." No slop, no steam, works easy, washes clean; price reasonable. Ask your dealer for it, or address DEITHER & BARROWS, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WE SEND CARDS | NOT TRASH. Agents' Complete Outfit of nearly 50 New Styles for 2c. stamp & A LOVELY PRESENT FREE | ALLING BROS., DURHAM, CONN.

MOUTH ORGAN Chart teaches anyone to play a tune in 10 minutes. Circular 2c. Agents wanted. Music Novelty Co., Detroit, Mich.

PATENTS FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington D. C. No attorney's fee until patent is obtained. Write for *Inventor's Guide*.

FILL YOUR OWN TEETH with Crystaline. Stop Pain and Decay. Lasts a lifetime. Circular free. T. F. TRUMAN, M. D., Wells Bridge, N. Y.

LILY DRESS SHIELDS ARE THE BEST MADE
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

Digitized by Google

IN LITERARY CIRCLES

WHAT MAKES LITERARY SUCCESS?

By Jessie Benton Fremont
DAUGHTER OF HON. THOMAS H. BENTON

Mrs. Fremont

WHEN a young writer turns inquiringly to you with faith that literary success must follow good effort, how can you discourage? How can you brush away the happy, foolish illusions of youth?

The more you know, the more you pity and protect that butterfly-down of pleased ignorance which cannot outlast the strong handling of real life. All too soon the morning vision will be ended, but you let some one else spoil the bright wings of innocent faith and hope.

AS you think of the inevitable disillusionment you ask yourself, "What, after all, does make literary success?" Certainly *not* merit alone. There is a long list of great names that waited and struggled in vain for recognition until they came before the public and so were made known and appreciated. The public is the grand jury of literature. But how to get before it? There's the rub. Great names come to mind. We know their early discouragements as well as their later successes. To go no further back than recent days we know for how long Thackeray tried in vain to find a publisher, and in London, for his "Vanity Fair." And the manuscript of "The Dutch Republic" was returned to Motley by Murray—the great, the experienced Murray himself—as "not of interest enough" for their house to publish,—luckily for Motley, who published it for himself, and so reaped its profits as well as its honors. It is amusing to read the request from Murray for the "privilege of publishing" Motley's next book.

BUT that ordeal by publisher has to be gone through before the real jury, the public, can be reached, and many of the most experienced publishers make curious blunders. Even in my limited personal experience I have seen some such mistakes on the part of recognized experts.

A charming woman of our circle of friends was threatened with entire loss of fortune from a lawsuit, prolonged and disheartening. Her one resource meantime was her thorough knowledge of the French language—not the Ollendorfish French, but the graceful living language as spoken and written by French society and writers. "I cannot teach it," she laughed. "If I tried teaching I think I would become a jibbering idiot, and might kill my class, but I can translate; people want lots of novels, and through friends in Paris I can get advance sheets of the best writers." And so she made an exquisite translation of a novel by Daudet. Longfellow himself tried earnestly to get her for this a publisher in Boston, but failed, as did another family friend in New York, Mr. Samuel Barlow, a man known for his sure and refined discrimination in books, in music, and in all that delights the cultivated mind. But neither could he succeed in New York any better than Longfellow in Boston. Even with such sponsors, the risk was declined because "Daudet was unknown."

Then I took the handsome clear copy to a great house and was met with the same answer, but I begged for a fair reading. The chief of the house was a pleasant, clever man, and told me he had a friend who read it with him; both of them were charmed not only by Daudet's writing, but with the free, graceful rendering into beautiful English of the beautiful French. "For ourselves, we found the story fascinating, but author and translator were both unknown, and it is not the kind of French novel our public expect."

"Then give them some better," I urged.

"But that would be taking a risk," was the answer; "it might not pay."

"We *may* make a mistake," he continued. "Our house refused Blanche Howard's 'One Summer,' and she has made $17,000 on it." Lippincott "took the risks," for our brave little friend, and secured for himself the most profitable as well as the most true and graceful of translators, while for her it proved the income she needed for some years until, with fortune restored, she could declare "I will never read, or write anything at all for the rest of my days."

And James Fields, of Boston, after reading both manuscript and printed things by Bret Harte, returned them to me with a note I sent to Mr. Harte. "Your young friend fails to interest (!) He is not piquant enough for the readers of the 'Atlantic.'" In a few years the "Atlantic" wrote of his merits, and I rather think few people have found that Mr. Harte "fails to interest."

But the unknown writer must clear that barrier of the publisher before reaching an audience. Friendly chance helps some, but I do think merit alone has small weight. Once launched, and feeling the vital force of minds in sympathy, the way is clear; *then* merit tells.

AND among the surest causes of success I should put as chief the touching some responsible nerve to which the public answer because it is their case. A taste of true love can always win its way, for that gets reflected (more or less brokenly) in most lives. But even greater success comes to books that treat of what is vital to humanity in its struggle for life here, its yearning to understand the life hereafter. It was the sympathy with the poor and helpless, the instinct of justice, that made the wonderful success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" throughout the world. And, again, pity and revolt against injustice and oppression have made a living book of "Ramona."

Sympathy with the oppressed is the governing cry of the day—whether oppressed by the hard conditions of poverty, or hard laws, or want of just administration of law, everywhere we feel the stirring of that active sympathy which ends by enforcing justice. Blundering, halting, creating fresh evils while removing the old, still it is better than the stagnation of hopeless endurance. "Shakespeare would not be what he is to us had he not found ten thousand minds capable of comprehending and commenting him;" and from lesser minds we see the writer filtering through curiously differing layers of minds and making clear the vague thought and wish for the better life.

WHEN the great public takes up a book that gives living form to the pathos of plain lives suffering under injustice, they interpret it in many ways; but a singularly just instinct leads to the one conclusion that there is a wrong and it must be righted. And in many ways new forces are set to work. Such writers have had inspired foresight. Led to it by an unselfish compassion and sense of right which critics may not see, but which goes surely to the hearts of plain people—they *feel* the meaning—and their feeling grows to action. Wide and far goes the power of such writing. It is like the parable of the sower and the seed, and brings results according to the ground on which it falls. If it is only the comfort of recognition, of comprehension, to some sad soul, help and strength have been given, a divine privilege.

IT would have warmed the heart of "H. H." to have met what I came upon one morning here. Walking on the outer limits of the town, where houses were few but orange groves many, I saw a commonplace but interesting group; an elderly man wheeling a baby in its carriage, a larger child trotting beside. He had stopped to comfort the little one, who had been frightened by a dog running past, and the little yellow head was close held to the grandfather's white beard, with such gentle, such patient little endearments that it touched me, as coming from one of his age and rugged appearance. Some flowers I had been gathering diverted the baby's thoughts to pleasure. I saw the man was a soldier and, I thought, French. Proudly he answered, "Ach, no! German." "But a soldier, yes." A stiff leg told of real service. Children and man were both dressed in the blue cotton stuffs of south Europe, and thrift and neatness marked the small group. The man had a delightful look of composure and content. It was quite clear that he took his life as he had taken his military duties—to be gone through with cheerfully and without question. He was only part of a great organization, and did his allotted task as best he could, not with the questioning and discontent which wastes strength and hinders others.

I knew the neighborhood, and got from the men at work some oranges which pleased the little ones and made the smiling grandfather open out to me as we moved slowly under the grateful shade of the old, time-seasoned pepper trees.

"Yes, it is a pretty baby. The mother she left it with me. The girl is a good girl and kind, and works well in the house and helps with the boy. But baby loves grandpa best, and when the telegram came from Mexico to say that he had the fever and would die, I say to my daughter, 'Go. I will take care of baby and the boy, and the house and garden. But go. You may never see your husband again.' You see he was a railroad engineer, and he had a good offer to go to Mexico. He did want to find work here. But when a man is poor he must go where the money is. And my daughter she went and stayed with him. Now she can come back, for he is dead.

"When she gets back she will say again, 'Father, let us go back to the old home.' Her sisters they never wanted to go back. They got married to Americans, and live in Nebraska. But always my daughter thinks of the home in Alsace."

"She has the German heart," I said, "and her baby has the German blue eyes like cornflowers. Is its name Gretchen?" I ventured to ask.

"No, a stranger name, Ramona."

"Ramona?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Ramona (the blue eyes smiled up at its name). My daughter read the name in a book which some friend loaned to her, I think. She said: 'Father, this is the story of a good, poor girl. She lost her home too, then, because she was poor; strong men and the hard law pushed her life about. She had many sorrows. I will name my baby for her, 'Ramona.'"

And "Ramona" it was, and is!

THE TALENT OF READING WISELY

By Susan Fenimore Cooper
DAUGHTER OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

(Written in the interests of the Girls' Friendly Society)

EVERY period of time brings especial duties. Every gift of providence brings with it especial responsibilities connected with that gift.

The American people have been endowed to a larger extent than any other nation with one great talent. There are very few exceptions to the general rule that all can read. We are very proud of our spelling book. We are not a little conceited, perhaps, over our school readers. But let us pause occasionally to ask ourselves if we are sincerely thankful for this great blessing—the ability to read. That this talent with which a gracious Providence has endowed our people should be considered by all a very great blessing, there can be no doubt. All that is most noble, most beautiful, most instructive in the writings of high genius, of learned minds, of devout souls, lies open before us, thanks to the art of printing.

But here on earth the wheat and the tares must continue to grow in the same field until the great final judgment. Thus, while the worthy printing press has bestowed such precious blessings on the human race, there is no important agent among us to-day so actively, so incessantly working for evil, as the unworthy printing press. Where one really good book is printed, fifty volumes, large or small, evil in their tendencies, are daily scattered to the four winds of heaven, their pages more or less tainted with weak folly, wicked precept, presumptuous infidelity, degrading impurity.

In such a state of things, every Christian woman is, of necessity, thrown upon her personal responsibility. To each one of us reading may become a blessing or a curse, according to the use we make of this talent entrusted to us. Let us then reject what is evil, and choose what is good. No mere cleverness should lead us to read a doubtful book. No display of genius, however brilliant, should allure us to open a volume whose pages are unclean. A book whose general character is one of irreverent scepticism should be shunned for conscience sake. Let it be remembered that a book positively evil in its tendencies is a great and dangerous enemy; no poison more deadly than that contained in a wicked book—it is poison to the body, and to the soul it is a poison even more fatal. Nay, even the thousand weak and trashy volumes scattered about our homes are not without danger. If read to any extent, they weaken the mind, and enervate the character. One cannot be in a healthy condition when feeding on froth.

Some years ago a venerable woman, the widow of a farmer, who in her early life had been nurse to two generations of the same family, was sitting in her little parlor. A book lay on the table near her. "Have you read this book, nurse?" asked a young girl drinking tea at the farm-house.

"No, dear; I do not allow myself to read all that is printed," was the gentle answer.

Well would it be for all of us if we carried out the same conscientious rule of this wise nurse. In fiction, let us read only what has been written by the best pens. In poetry, let us shun all that is tainted with evil tendencies. In the newspaper, let us throw aside whatever spreads before us details of shameful crime.

Works of fiction, tales of all kinds, no matter how wild, how ridiculously unnatural, how intensely silly, have an especial attraction for uneducated boys and girls. But, alas! the novels and newspaper stories which fall into the hands of young girls working in factories and shops are too often entirely flooded with folly, too often tainted with evil. Not long since a young girl from a country parish went to seek work in a large town. At the end of six months she wrote to her old home, boasting that she had "a wine-colored silk dress trimmed with lace," and also that she had read seventy novels in three months! This young girl worked a sewing-machine for a living. The names of those seventy novels were a curiosity. They were all of the lowest class, dime novels and sensational stories, made up of cheap trash.

Works of fiction of high character are improving reading. But the passion for common fiction may become almost as dangerous as dram-drinking.

In many cases an inexperienced young girl cannot be expected to make a good choice of reading. And this is one of the points where a true friend can be of great assistance to a young person. Let us inquire with loving interest of the young people under our charge what books and papers they are reading. Let us caution them earnestly against trashy reading. Let us lead them to seek the advice of some older and wiser friend when in doubt as to the character of a book or paper. Let us lead them to seek suggestions in the same way as regards reading which shall be both improving and pleasant for their leisure hours. Biography, travel, the very best works of fiction, the best of poetry, afford much material to make a choice of good reading for our young friends.

WHEN YOU WISH A BOOK

WHENEVER you read or hear of a book which you think you would like to have, and do not know exactly where to get it, let the Journal secure it for you. We can, too, at all times, give you any information you desire regarding the prices of books, etc. Send us your wish, and we will write to you about it. All books secured by the Journal are at the regular rates, postage free. Write direct to The Book Department, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

3
GREAT MAGAZINES
Goldthwaite's
Geographical Magazine,
A Popular Illustrated Monthly,
($2.00 per Year)
— AND —
The Century Magazine,
BOTH FOR $4.50.
THE
Cosmopolitan Magazine,
— AND —
GOLDTHWAITE'S
BOTH FOR $3.00.
This offer good until February 28, 1892.
ADDRESS:
THE GOLDTHWAITES,
132 Nassau Street, - NEW YORK.

Are You Satisfied with Your Mental Habits?

The mistaken notion that education is completed with school or college course has done a deal of harm. Do you feel discouraged with your mental habits; do you bewail lost opportunities? Why not shake off your apathy and begin systematic reading? The Chautauqua Circle offers you wisely chosen books, a definite plan and many aids and suggestions. Begin the "American Year" this autumn and study the history, government and literature of your own land. "The work has been an unbounded pleasure—in fact, my only resource," writes a Texas member. Write for details to *Office C. L. S. C.*, Buffalo, N. Y.

TOKOLOGY, a complete Ladies' Guide in health and disease. Lizzie N. Armstrong writes: "If I knew I was to be the mother of innumerable children it would have no terrors for me, so great is my confidence in the science of Tokology." Prepaid, $2.75. Sample pages free. Best terms to agents.
ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., 277 Madison St., Chicago

SEND for free Catalogue of Books of Amusements, Speakers, Dialogues, Gymnastics, Callisthenics, Fortune Tellers, Dream Books, Debates, Letter Writers, etc. Dick & Fitzgerald, 21 Ann St. N.Y.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Founded by Dr EBEN TOURJEE.
Carl Faelten, Director.
Music, Art, Languages, Elocution and Tuning taught by eminent instructors. Through the **Generosity** of one who believes in thorough musical education, we are enabled to make this **Liberal Offer:** To the person under 35 years of age, who will forward to us in writing before February 15th, 1892, the three most satisfactory reasons why he or she is deserving of the privilege, we will **Give Free Tuition** for the 4th term of the present school year, beginning April 14th, with **Board, Room** and **Piano Rent** in any department of this Institution. The successful applicant will also be eligible for re-election for the ensuing year. Answers must be brief. Address **FRANK W. HALE, General Manager, Franklin Square, Boston.**

FRENCH GERMAN Actually Spoken and Mastered in TEN WEEKS at your own home, by Dr. Rosenthal's Meisterschaft System. [550th thousand.] All subscribers, $5.00 each for each language, become actual pupils of Dr. Rosenthal who corrects all exercises, and corresponds with them in regard to difficulties which may occur. Sample copy, Part I, 25 cents. Liberal terms to Teachers. SPANISH ITALIAN
MEISTERSCHAFT PUB. CO.
196 Summer Street, - BOSTON

METROPOLITAN
COLLEGE OF MUSIC,
LEADING MUSICAL INSTITUTION OF AMERICA.
Piano-forte teachers' certificates. Examiners: William Mason, Mus. Doc., A. C. M. and Albert Ross Parsons, A. C. M. Dudley Buck, President; H. R. Palmer, F. Agramonte, H. R. Shelley and C. B. Hawley are among the distinguished members of the Faculty. Circulars sent on application. Address
H.W. GREENE, 19 & 21 East 14th St., New York City.

SHORT-HAND SELF TAUGHT Send for Catalogue of Books and helps for self-instruction by **BENN PITMAN and JEROME B. HOWARD,** to THE PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.
Miss Clara Baur, Directress. Established 1867. Ladies from a distance may board in the Conservatory, where they are under the personal supervision of the Directress. Students may enter at any time. For catalogue, address Miss CLARA BAUR, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SHORTHAND thor'ly taught by mail in THREE months. No shading, no position, connective vowel method. Pernin Shorthand Institute, Detroit, Mich.

SHORTHAND. Manual of Phonetic Shorthand, $1.50; Speed Book, $1.50; Compendium and Vocabulary (for the vest pocket), 50 cents. Send 2-cent stamp for Synopsis. W. W. OSGOODBY, Pub., Rochester, N. Y.

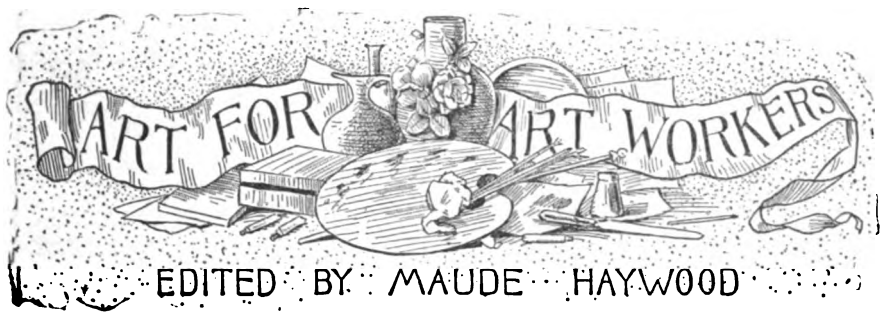

A Sketching Camera that reflects any small picture life-size sent on trial. Catalogue free.
C. R. JENNE, Fort Wayne, Ind.

SEND Your Cabinet and 25 cts. for one dozen of the largest and best minette Photos ever made in the world for the price. Cabinet returned. Inclose two-cent stamp for postage.
W. A. SHELDON, Photographer, Greenfield, Mass.

MUSIC Beginners read notes in one hour. Large piano or organ chart (14 x 22), 5 lessons only 10c. Prof. Jas. MacMaster, 266 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

OLD MAIDS made new by "Prof. Baxter's Invention." Pr. 15c. List of new plays FREE. BAKER'S, 23 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

Digitized by Google



*** MISS MAUDE HAYWOOD will be glad through this Department to answer any questions of an Art nature which her readers may send to her. She cannot, however, undertake to reply by mail; please, therefore, do not ask her to do so. Address all letters to MISS MAUDE HAYWOOD, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

PAINTING IN WATER COLOR

SECOND PAPER

STUDIES IN FLOWERS

THE most favorite subject with water-color painters has always been flowers, whether merely for the sake of their own beauty and delicacy, or for the sake of the excellent practice their reproduction affords, as a means of gaining the greater skill necessary for higher branches of art. They can be treated in many ways. As simple studies, as pictures with accessories and background, or from a decorative point of view, realistically or conventionally.

TO the beginner I would advise starting with faithful and conscientious studies of flowers, singly or in groups, whatever one's ultimate ambition; they will not only serve as useful lessons at the time, but if anything like truthful representations are obtained, should be carefully preserved as invaluable for future reference, when the flower itself is perhaps for the moment unattainable. An artist cannot have her portfolio too full of such studies, for sooner or later their value will be proved over and over again. With this view in mind, make no mere impressionist sketch—which of course in its way is well enough—but carefully observe and realize the growth and drawing of flower, leaf and stem. Try to reproduce them exactly, particularly noticing the manner in which the flower grows out of the stalk; the number of petals, their arrangement; the grouping of the leaves, their shape and peculiarities; no detail should escape notice, nor be deemed not worth representing.

BEFORE so much as touching pencil to paper, it is well to thoroughly study the subject. Then commence the drawing, sparing no pains to make it accurate. First get the general direction, proportion, and groupings; then go over the whole, verifying it, and supplying the detail, as delicately and truthfully as possible. This being finished satisfactorily, the painting may be started, but the drawing should be continually improved with every stroke of the brush. Get the form of the flowers by blocking in the shadows and dark markings first, working sharply and clearly, but avoiding hard edges and outlines; observe how softly the shadows blend off in the model. There are no harsh lines in nature, but always graceful curves, and the tender melting of one tone into another.

HAVING allowed this first painting to become perfectly dry, proceed to blot in the local color of the flowers. This requires some skill, and a light, dainty touch, for the local color is by no means a flat wash. On the contrary, strive to get the same variety of tint into the study as there assuredly is in the original, if only the student has the eyes to see it. For the most part the highest lights can be of the paper, left untouched, and most carefully preserved; sometimes, when the study is almost finished, it may be necessary to run a very pale wash over them to subdue them slightly, but with beginners a want of sufficient contrast in light and shade is a very common fault. Endeavor to match the color of the model correctly at first, in order to avoid working over a tint more than is absolutely necessary, for in so doing the unskilled or inexperienced are very apt to lose the purity and transparency which is one of the chief charms of water color. At the same time—always with a due regard to the preservation of brilliancy—soften the edges where needful, blending them by means of delicate half-tones, darkening or subduing by adding color, or regaining lights by gently removing superfluous paint with a wet brush and blotting paper. In order to heighten the effect, always have some part of the study entirely in shadow; this enhances the value of the lights, strengthens the whole, and obviates the flat, uninteresting, all-over-alike appearance often presented by otherwise conscientious work.

A FEW words about the coloring of the leaves. In reply to the question often asked as how to mix pretty and artistic greens, the following suggestions will doubtless prove helpful. For lights, mix cobalt and yellow ochre; lemon yellow and black; chrome yellow, emerald green and raw or burnt sienna. Other good combinations are indigo and Indian yellow; Prussian blue and raw or burnt sienna; indigo and the siennas with, perhaps, a touch of Indian yellow; indigo and cadmium.

OIL PAINTING FOR BEGINNERS

BY INA I. ALLEN.

A QUESTION often asked is: "Can I learn to paint without a teacher?" In reply, we might quote the words of an artist of note: "We place too much stress upon what the master can do for us. After all, we have to learn to see for ourselves, and to put down with our own hands what we see."

In learning to paint, do not try to go too fast; commence by learning to mix your colors, and to do this, select simple subjects until you begin to know something about composition, light and shade, and harmony of color.

The outfit need not be expensive, though the best materials should always be purchased, as they are cheaper in the end. An easel of some kind is necessary, and where it can be afforded, one having the rack movement is to be preferred, especially in painting large pieces. The mahl stick can be made of any smooth stick; it should be about half an inch in diameter, with a pad on the end that rests on the canvas, while the other end is held in the left hand; this is a rest for the right hand, and is necessary when painting small objects, or when steadiness is required.

The palette should be large, and light in weight, and should be kept well oiled; the paint ought never to be allowed to dry upon it. If properly taken care of, it will improve with age.

The palette knife is sometimes used to mix colors, and sometimes for applying the paint upon the canvas. The blade should be flexible, and when worn thin by use it should be kept only for laying on the colors, as it will do the work better than a new knife.

Canvas can be obtained of any first-class dealer in artists' materials, mounted on stretchers, ready for use; or for beginners, academy board is cheaper, and very good for practice; this comes in sheets, and may be cut any size desired. Pretty little decorative panels may be made of various kinds of polished wood, letting the wood answer for a background.

With regard to colors, amateurs often fall into the error of thinking that the indiscriminate use of paint will help to counterbalance their inefficiency, and aid them in making fine pictures. Accordingly, they load their color-boxes with colors they will never use, or had better never use. On this point, perhaps, no two artists entirely agree, and a color regarded by one as indispensable, by another will not be admitted on the palette. The best course to follow, therefore, seems to be to keep the palette as simple as possible, and to eschew all colors that have a generally bad reputation. Among such are the chromes, which turn dark with age, and should not be used except for decorative purposes, where permanency is not of importance. The lakes and carmine are enticing to the inexperienced on account of their brilliancy, but theirs is a fleeting beauty, all being unreliable, with the exception of the madder lake, which should be classed with the madders rather than the *lakes*. The simplest colors, if rightly handled, will produce effects quite as powerfully brilliant, yet entirely permanent; it is folly, therefore, to confuse one's self by a great variety of colors.

If there is one point that needs to be emphasized and re-emphasized, it is that color effects are obtained by judicious contrasts, and not by certain formulas for mixing paints. Pictorially speaking, no color when taken individually, can be called either pretty or ugly. "The dullest mud color, if in its right place, is charming, while the most delicate mauve, it in the wrong place, is hideous."

One of the greatest mistakes of the novice is crudity in mixing tints of green. Blue and yellow make green, but this green is never used in a picture until it is toned by certain other colors. The zinobers are recommended for early practice, as they present fewer difficulties in this respect.

Beginners expect, too, that the white paint they buy is ready for use. Silver white, the best for general use, must have a little rose madder added to make *pure* white. Again, white objects, as flowers, are seldom so white but that some yellow must be added. The yellow generally used is yellow ochre, or lemon yellow.

Black is an extremely useful pigment in experienced hands, being constantly added when mixing colors for the purpose of toning down their crudity.

We may make it a general rule never to use colors as they come from the tubes. Otherwise our tints will not agree with those of Nature, our infallible guide, for all her colors are toned by the atmosphere through which we see them. This fact of the existence of an atmosphere is the cause of our having so much toning to do on the palette.

HELP IN YOUR OWN WORK

Under this heading I will be glad to answer every month questions relating to Art and Art work. MAUDE HAYWOOD.

EDITHA F.—You will find advice about painting a head in oils in the September number of the JOURNAL.

H. I. J.—The work is an English publication; you ought to be able to obtain it through any large bookseller.

S. M. D.—In painting on silk or velvet, use fresh spirits of turpentine with the oil paints, in order to prevent them spreading.

FLORENCE—The fans are decorated before being made up. I am afraid you will find this kind of painting very poorly paid in the ordinary way.

G. J. V.—It is never safe to attempt to decorate china that has been used. The black spots were probably caused by grease having permeated the glaze.

E. B.—I do not think the cold can possibly hurt oil or water-color paintings, but if the oil paints are once allowed to become frozen in the tubes they will be rendered useless.

AMATEUR—(1) I will be glad to give some articles on tapestry painting if more of my readers write and ask me for them. (2) A specially prepared medium is used with the dyes.

G. L. B.—The designs that you speak of should be submitted to the manufacturers of such goods. In order to be acceptable, they must be original, and thoroughly practical.

F. P. W., L. H., H. M. G., C. B., and others.—The pyrography outfits are now obtainable through the principal dealers in art materials in New York and other cities. Write direct to them for information as to price and other particulars.

STARLING—(1) A series of articles on water color intended to be comprehensive in character was commenced in the January number of the JOURNAL. (2) To make cardinal red, mix vermilion and crimson lake. Rose madder answers to rose pink. For deep scarlet use scarlet lake.

M. L. S.—In painting oranges, use the cadmiums, raw umber and lemon yellow. For a particularly rich green you may mix yellow cadmium with indigo, or with Antwerp blue if a brighter shade is needed. This mixture is not usually advised, because cadmium is rather expensive to use in this way.

LILLIE E.—By all means draw all you can by yourself until the opportunity comes for taking lessons. Perhaps you may find some helpful advice in the "Hints on Drawing for Beginners" given in the JOURNAL last April, and in the "Suggestions for Flower Studies" in the May number. They were especially intended for cases like yours.

P. D. T.—(1) The German colors may be used upon French or American ware. (2) This question is too wide to be answered here. The general rule may be given that colors having gold or iron as their respective bases should not be mixed one with the other. (3) Nearly all the colors may be used for tinting, but some are easier to lay on than others.

O. D. F.—You have been wonderfully successful in having obtained so much remunerative work. I would advise you to take lessons in pastel rather than water-color painting. Under the circumstances it will be more useful to you, and with a good knowledge of crayon drawing, you will find it comparatively easy to master. Certainly, if possible, you should learn to draw from life.

AN IGNORAMUS—For merely painting a spray of daisies in oils on the portière, a very small outfit would be needed. Two or three medium and small-sized brushes, a wooden palette, and of colors, silver white, yellow chrome, Antwerp blue, cobalt, raw umber, raw sienna, yellow ochre and ivory black would be found amply sufficient. Mix the paints with fresh spirits of turpentine.

G. A.—It is against our rules to recommend private teachers or studios. Try to get some photographer to give you lessons in re-touching if you do not wish to go to the school you name; the method is learned very quickly. I can hardly advise you as to the other. Try to find out the probabilities of your getting such a position, and its requirements, before spending your money on the extra teaching.

M. R. B.—If you have experience in water-color painting, very few lessons—say from six to twelve—ought to give you a sufficient knowledge of china painting for you to continue the work by yourself. Advice as to the outfit, and other hints useful for a beginner were given in the JOURNAL of March, 1891. The price for firing varies according to the size of the piece, from ten cents upwards.

MRS. H. M.—(1) I never heard of any similar complaint to yours about colors of a good make. Raw sienna usually keeps particularly well. Possibly the climate, or the place where you keep the paints, may be the cause of the trouble. (2) The dulness can be remedied by varnishing the pictures, but this should not be done until some months after they are finished. The proper varnish to use is either copal or mastic.

MRS. L. B.—(1) I am not acquainted with "arrasene painting" under that name, but imagine you mean the work usually known as "Kensington Painting." For this a large bank pen is the best, although any coarse pen will answer the purpose. (2) You may use oils thinned with turpentine upon wash fabrics, although, on general principles, embroidery is more suitable than painting of any kind for the decoration of this class of goods.

KATHRYN—The earthenware placque must be thoroughly sized before painting upon it. A Scotch terrier is of a somewhat sandy color, shading to almost white in the lightest parts. Mix raw umber, raw sienna, and yellow ochre, each separately, with white, adding a little ivory black where it may be necessary to modify them in tone. These three colors, with perhaps a little burnt sienna in places, and with some cobalt worked into the cooler half-tones, will give the range of tints required.

R. B.—I cannot possibly say what colors should be used in an ocean scene, without knowing the conditions of light and atmosphere. If you know about the sky, you ought not to have so much difficulty with the water, because the same colors are reflected in the sea, although usually becoming greener in tone, especially near land, or in rough weather. A good plan would be to study the coloring of some good sea pieces, or, better still, paint direct from nature.

EFFA W.—The hints on velvet painting in the November number of the JOURNAL were written especially for you and for some others sending similar questions. A good, rich red is obtained by mixing crimson lake with scarlet vermilion. I think that as you cannot take lessons, that a good handbook would be helpful to you in mixing the colors. Experiment for yourself until you succeed in matching the shades you need, and do not be too distrustful of your own powers.

MISS L. M.—(1) Your question is rather an odd one. It is best to aim for the most artistic, rather than the latest method of relieving a portrait head. A quaint and pretty idea for the picture of a young girl is to put in a slightly broken and gradated background of neutral tones, and to paint her name across, behind the head, in rather large, artistic lettering, keeping it, however, very subdued and inobtrusive. (2) Rub in a little prepared linseed oil before commencing the second painting. (3) It is not absolutely necessary to varnish a finished picture. Many artists prefer not to do so.

E. S. S.—(1) All the colors which are sold in tubes for china painting are prepared with flux, and it is not necessary to add more except when tinting, in which case a small quantity (about one-sixth) is mixed with the color to make it flow more readily, and to insure obtaining a good, even glaze. (2) Unfluxed gold is applied in the same way as fluxed gold. It is employed for decorating the ivory-white ware, which has a soft glaze, and is also used where it is necessary to work over color that has been already fired. (3) Jewels are applied with a proper cement, and need a very light firing, as otherwise they would melt in the kiln, being made of glass. It is therefore best to give them a special firing after all the rest of the decoration is completely finished.

DIAMONDS
IN
Pendants, Brooches, Hair Ornaments, Bracelets, Finger-rings, Ear-rings, etc., etc.
ORIGINAL, ARTISTIC, UNIQUE DESIGNS OUR SPECIALTY.

WATCHES
In great variety of designs and prices, for
LADIES, MISSES, BOYS, MEN.
Watches to suit people in any and every position in life. Call on us if possible. We also send goods by express for examination.
21 years at the center of the wholesale district of the Watch and Jewelry trade of this continent.
HENRY ABBOTT & CO. 14 Maiden Lane, New York.

THE ART AMATEUR.
The Best Practical Art Magazine
— gives —
17 SUPERB COLORED STUDIES AND PICTURES, including Roses, Water-Lilies, Peaches and Grapes, Moonlight Marine, Landscapes, Dog, Cats Meeting, Swallows, Female Portrait shown in three progressive stages, [*These progressive lessons in oils and water-colors are a special feature for* 1892.] &c.
FOR $1
& 3 MOS. SUBSCRIPTION
beginning with any month.
In order to secure this most liberal offer [the ordinary price for all it includes is $2.75] you must cut out this advertisement and send it direct to the publisher, MONTAGUE MARKS, 23 Union Square, New York.
Sample copy and 3 colored plates, 25 cents.
The Art Amateur gives numerous working designs for Pyrography, with full instructions.

We Sell DIRECT to FAMILIES
PIANOS $150 to $1500 ORGANS $35 to $500.
Absolutely Perfect!
Sent for trial in your own home before you buy. Local Agents must sell inferior instruments or charge double what we ask. Catalogue free
MARCHAL & SMITH PIANO CO., 235 East 21st St., N.Y.
$35

"*Cleanliness is next to Godliness.*"
YOU CAN CLEAN ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆
YOUR SKIN by using Dr. Palmer's Almond Meal which prevents and removes all humors and makes it soft and white;
YOUR DRESS, Carpets, Flannels or any fabric, removing all stains or grease spots with Russian Ox Gall Soap;
YOUR BREATH, Stomach, Liver and Bowels and aid digestion by using Dr. Palmer's Charcoal Tablets. Pleasant to take.
Good druggists keep them all. You can get either of them by sending 25 cents to
McCAFFERTY & HOLTON.
165 William Street, - NEW YORK

TO BUILD IS A PLEASURE.

SEE THESE NEW DESIGNS IN BOOKS 4 and 5, "HOUSES and COTTAGES."
Size, 8 x 10 inches. Contains new designs, new styles. No. 4 has 35 designs classified from $150 up to $1500, about half under $1000. No. 5 contains 59 designs of dwellings costing over $15000, many $1800 up to $3000, $1 each, or the two for $1.50.
D. S. HOPKINS, Architect
Cor. of Ottawa Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

DO YOU PAINT?
Or do Fancy Work? Ingalls' Home and Art Magazine is a Text Book on Painting and Fancy Work. Single copies 15 cts.; $1.00 per year.
LIDA CLARKSON'S
Easy Lessons in Drawing and Painting
First and Second Series. Price, 35 cents each. Every one doing, or wishing to do, DRAWING or PAINTING should own these Books. We will send BOTH of these books
FREE! to any one sending us 35 cents (stamps taken) for a three months' trial subscription to
Ingalls' Home and Art Magazine.
Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass. Box J.

"DO NOT STAMMER."
Prof. H. C. Wood, M. D., LL. D., University of Penna., writes: "I know Mr. E. S. Johnston, and believe him to be honest. Have seen him achieve a number of satisfactory cures." Send for 54-page pamphlet to E. S. Johnston's Institute, 1033 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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

$12 Buys a $65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE.
OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEPT P. CHICAGO, ILL.

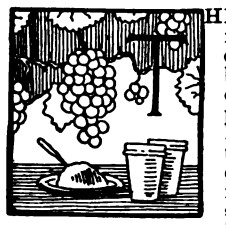
SOME VALUABLE DIRECTIONS for mixing oil colors and for mixing water colors sent by mail on receipt of 10 cts. by S. W. TILTON & CO., 29 Temple Place, Boston.

OLD COINS
$13,388 Paid For 149 Old Coins. Save all you get, coined before 1878, and
Send 2 stamps for illustrated list. Shows the highest prices paid. W. VON BERGEN, 87 Court St., Boston, Mass.
WANTED

Lida Clarkson's Pansy Frieze.
We want agents to sell this beautiful PANSY FRIEZE. OUTFIT FOR AGENTS, 50 cents. Terms for stamp.
Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass., Box J.

Digitized by Google

TABLE MANNERS OF CHILDREN



THE pleasure of a meal may be greatly enhanced or entirely spoiled by the behavior of the children who are present. In most households children come to the table with their elders, and, whether it is necessary or not, they should always do so at least at the first two meals of the day. They learn the usages of good society far more easily and quickly by imitation than by precept, and can be taught what to do and what to avoid without the necessity for the constant repetition of "Do this," or "Do not do that," which is so tiresome to both parent and child.

CHILDREN should be provided with a knife, fork and spoon of a size suitable to the grasp of the tiny hands. It is as absurd to expect them to manage the larger implements skillfully and gracefully as it would be to expect them to work with the full-sized tools of the mechanic. As accidents will happen even to children of a larger growth, it is well to provide bibs, and to lay a napkin over the tablecloth to receive chance scraps of food that may be sent astray by a misdirected stroke. Except with very young children, a tray should not be permitted, as it encourages habits of carelessness by making the result of no consequence. The most dainty bib is made of a fringed doily with one corner turned over under the chin, and furnished with strings. A chair of proper height is indispensable for a young child, to give it full command of its plate.

ONE of the first lessons should be to take liquids noiselessly from the side of the spoon. This does not seem to be an easy accomplishment, judging from the small number of persons who possess it. Another should be to keep the lips closed when eating solids, to avoid the disagreeable noise that sometimes accompanies the action. Bread to be eaten with soup or milk should be laid at the left of the plate, and broken with one hand only. Meat must be finely cut and eaten slowly; vegetable food requires even more mastication than meat, as it must be thoroughly mixed with the saliva to insure proper digestion. It is better to help children to small quantities and to replenish the plate than to give too large a portion at once. When there is a decided dislike to any article of food, only a mouthful or two should be given at one time, and repeated when opportunity offers till the taste is acquired.

WHEN the chair is comfortable the child should be required to sit straight on it, keep still and not to put its elbows on the table. It is hard for the restless little ones to be quiet; this should be insisted upon as a matter of discipline. The polite request and the gracious expression of thanks should always be required. To see things that we cannot have and to do without them cheerfully is one of the lessons that we must learn as we grow older, and children should be taught to practice it. They soon find that there are some things that cannot be given to them, and submit to the restriction without complaint.

A CHILD should never be scolded at the table. If any reproof is to be given it should be conveyed by a gentle word or look. If it needs to be further admonished the rebuke can be given in private. Children should be encouraged to take part in the conversation at the proper time, but not to intrude themselves into it; nor to interrupt when their elders are speaking. A child's development may be greatly assisted by its being taught properly to express its ideas. Its little remarks should be listened to as kindly and courteously as those of a guest. Nothing is more terrible to a sensitive child than ridicule; it is felt all the more acutely because there is no ability to retaliate in kind. It is a weapon which must be very judiciously employed not to wound the feelings.

THE hours during which the family gathers around the dining table should be the happiest in the day. This is the time to air family jokes, to tell pleasant stories and give interesting bits of news or information. Perfect neatness and tidiness of dress should be insisted upon, as this throws a charm over the plainest surroundings.

The gentle courtesies of life must be learned in childhood; no experience of after years will give ease and self-possession at all times. Habits of politeness must be acquired so early as to become a second nature, or they will fail in some unguarded moment of passion or indifference. ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

DAINTY SCHOOL LUNCHEONS

By ELIZABETH H. SHELLEY

CHILDREN love dainty things just as much as grown people do, and mothers will discover that a dainty lunch basket will help to cultivate in either girl or boy the refinement which every true mother wishes her child to possess. Children are apt to be sensitive, and do not like in the presence of their schoolmates to open a lunch basket that is not attractively arranged. Besides this, children grow very tired during school hours and if their luncheon is not tastily put up in a clean napkin and made appetising it is apt to come home untouched. It is hoped that the suggestions offered in this article may be of some assistance to mothers, though they lay no claim to originality, being simply the results of practical experience and observation.

ALMOST all children like cake and pie, and cake and pie are accordingly put into too many baskets as the staple lunch. Is it possible that this constant feeding of cake and pie to our children may really be thought of as assisting in laying the foundation of the proverbial indigestion, the national malady of our country, and that it is not all to be laid, as it is usually attributed, to the door of hot bread? Let a piece of cake or pie be sent as an adjunct to the lunch, but by all means see that the crust of the pie is light and wholesome, and the cake not rich. Small, nicely-cut sandwiches, wrapped in a serviette to prevent them from getting dry. These, of course, must be more substantial for our sturdy boys. This for one day; for another, bread and butter and a hard-boiled egg, varied by olives, a little preserve, or a piece of cheese. Plain cookies or graham crackers are nice to make out with. Below is given a recipe for "Scotch tarts"—oatmeal crackers; these are very little trouble to make, are inexpensive, and if kept in a tin will remain crisp for months.

SCOTCH TARTS—One pound oatmeal, one-half pound flour, quarter pound lard or drippings, quarter pound granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of baking powder, a small teaspoonful of salt. Mix the oatmeal and the flour with the baking powder and salt sifted in it, and the sugar together. Melt the lard, and pour a beaten egg in it; then add this to the dry ingredients, using sufficient cold water to make the whole into a stiff paste. Now roll a piece of the paste to about the thickness of a dollar, cut it into rounds with a small cutter, and bake on a large tin in a moderately quick oven until nicely browned. When quite cold put away in a tin box until needed for use.

A CUP of custard made with one whole egg to each cup of milk, or one egg divided between two cups as preferred, and either baked or steamed, makes a nourishing lunch. Sweeten and flavor with lemon, vanilla or nutmeg, according to the taste of the children. If baked in the oven, be careful to set the cups in a pan of water to prevent the custard from breaking. Any kind of fresh fruit in season is wholesome for lunch, provided it is perfectly ripe and sound, and at times when not obtainable a little canned fruit in a jelly glass may take its place.

ANOTHER wholesome appetizer, and one that when tried proves a general favorite, is a Norwegian dish, made with sago and fruit juice after the recipe below; a little bottle of cream put into the lunch basket to serve with this is a great improvement. Fruit Sago—Draw the juice from a pound of any kind of fruit—red currants, raspberries, blackberries, plums and grapes are especially nice for the purpose—strain it off and add water to make the quantity one quart; put this in an agate saucepan, and when it boils add four heaping tablespoonfuls of small sago which has been well washed; stir this over the fire until it thickens and all the grains are clear, which will be in from ten to fifteen minutes; then sweeten to taste and fill into jelly glasses.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S MEDICINE

By LAUREL

THOSE housekeepers who possess an old-fashioned clockcase about two feet high by one foot broad, or a trifle smaller, can turn it to good account in the capacity of a medicine closet. It should be first well cleaned and then revarnished or gone over with furniture polish on the outside. Inside over the open glass front to hide the bottles, which would not look very artistic showing through the glass, hang or tack a silk curtain of some pretty contrasting color. Now for the shelves. In a case of the stated dimensions, one or two shelves can be made according to the height of the bottles used.

For two shelves make four cleats about one-half-inch square, and tack to place on the inside of the case, being careful not to split either. Take some pieces of hard wood about one-half inch thick and fit into the case as tightly as possible so as to leave no crevices. Tack or glue each shelf to its cleats and, if thought necessary, two small blocks can be placed under each shelf at the back.

Fasten to the wall in some convenient place with screws and, if liked, brackets can be placed below in imitation of a shelf. This makes a very desirable place to keep the medicines which every housekeeper should have handy in case of emergency.

In the absence of an old clockcase, such a closet could be made by a cabinet-maker at a small cost, and decorated to suit the taste.

Bottles should be tightly corked and plainly marked; pills and powders put in neat boxes, labeled; liniments and outward applications kept on a separate shelf.

PUTTING BABY TO SLEEP.

MAY I say a word about "Putting Babies to Sleep?" I have brought up eight children, and made it a rule when the first one came, to have a little bed for it, and not have it sleep with me. Don't every mother know the tired, weary feeling they have in the morning after baby has been restless and nursing all night?

Now, baby would rest much better in its own little nest than it would in your arms, mothers. I know how hard it is to put the dear little one out of our arms, but try it, and see if it is not better for you both. Take it up and nurse it when you go to bed, and when asleep lay it back on its own little pillow, and if it should wake up in the small hours of the night *sit up in bed* and nurse it, for if you don't you are more than apt to fall asleep with it in your arms, and never wake until time to get up, then your getting up wakes the baby, and you have to get breakfast for "John" with it in your arms, or have it crying. R. Y. H.

THE CARE OF BOTTLE-FED BABIES.

PREPARE each meal when wanted, and this only at regular intervals. Dilute the milk with boiling water, and never sweeten after the baby has learned to take it freely. Never use what is left in the bottle, but clean at once, and set away ready for the next meal-time; should it need an extra cleaning, put in a handful of coarse sand or small pebbles, add enough water to wet thoroughly, and shake for a few minutes; rinse, and you will have a clean, sweet bottle.

WASHING BABY'S SOCKS.

MAKE a strong suds with *cold* water, let them lie in it about half an hour, rinse up and down, rub *gently* a little, rinse in *cold* water,—with only a *little* soap in the water,—wring (*gently* also) in a dry towel, and pull out evenly to dry.

A HINT FOR OTHER HOUSEWIVES

MRS. H. A. J. has my sympathy. Having tried all the stuffs recommended by as many different people, viz., alum powdered, borax and sugar, insect powder, pennyroyal oil, cedar oil, and "roach food," I finally tried Paris green. It is effectual, but dangerous. A large householder told me that tobacco steeped until the tea was strong was a good remedy. I procured some stalks and leaves from a tobacco grower, and made a very strong decoction. A brush—long-handled round brush—was used, and by thoroughly brushing over all crevices, and in fact over all the places they frequented, I am comfortable. To see a roach now is unusual. Of course, the brushing must occur often until the pests are exterminated, when a thorough going over once a week will prevent their returning. My bath room was so infested with them that I disliked to use the bath. I exist in a flat.

PREVENTING CHILDREN'S COLDS.

I HAVE a little boy five years old, and during these five years of motherhood I have learned some things through my own experience, which have become invaluable to me, and perhaps may be helpful to some young mother among the JOURNAL readers.

Although colds, both severe and serious, have prevailed in the neighborhood and community, our little one has had but one slight cold. This I attribute to one of three things:

1. The care I take of his diet, giving him only the food that is simple and nutritious, seeing that his daily habits are regular, and that the bowels are kept open. 2. For some time I have made it a rule to every morning give him a little bath, which lasts about one minute. Before changing the flannel shirt which he has worn at night for the one he is to wear during the day, I make ready the little cold, salt-water bath—perhaps a quart of water and a tablespoonful of salt. I do not measure it. He leans over the bowl, and with my hand I quickly bathe his neck, chest, and back, finishing with a vigorous towel rub, until the little full chest glows. I have some vaseline ready, and take enough on my finger tips to barely grease him over where I have washed. The whole thing is done in a minute or two, and is so refreshing that at times when I have been obliged to omit it he has complained. The dash of cold water accustoms the throat, chest, and lungs to the cold, the salt is a tonic, and the vaseline or cocoa oil is an excellent preventive against cold. A physician of great prominence and success says an oil rub after a bath is as good as an overcoat to resist the cold.

3. I have accustomed my boy, from infancy, to go out of doors every day, unless the state of weather positively forbade. When that is the case, and I have to keep him in all day, at least twice a day I open the windows, and let him have a good romp for a few minutes. The exercise prevents taking cold, and the air of the room is changed. A good breath of pure, fresh air, and a merry romp of this kind will do away with whining, teasing and discontent in a child quicker than anything I know.

When a child or any one takes cold, it can be "broken up" if taken at once with the right measures—not by dosing with drugs. From the same excellent physician above referred to, and from my own experience, I have learned that drinking hot water, as hot as possible, will break up a cold, and it is sure to do it. Make it into lemonade if more agreeable, and take it every hour; if you can, remain in doors, and do not expose yourself to changes of temperature.

BOYISH SUITS FROM BABY DRESSES

OUR little man was three years old this fall; time for kilt suits, grandma said; and he did seem too old for his baby clothes. But there were all those dainty little woolen dresses made last fall, with their short waists, only narrow lace for collars, and everything about them "babyish." Oh, no! they would not do at all this winter for our young man of three. We could not think of laying them aside, however (scarcely worn at all) and getting him a complete set of new suits, so out came the baby dresses.

They were found to be large enough about the neck and shoulders, and as the long skirts of last winter were now just the right length for the shorter ones required for a three-year-old, the only difficulty was in the short waists and sleeves.

This is how we managed: The dresses that had sufficient material left for a belt, sailor collar and cuffs, were altered first, and for the others we purchased enough material of contrasting colors to make these. The skirts were ripped off, and the waists pieced down about two inches, and over this we fastened a broad belt with fancy buckle or rosette of ribbon; the sleeves were pieced down with a fancy cuff to hide the seam, and broad sailor collars, or fancy pointed or turn-over ones, replaced the baby lace at the neck.

For some of the dresses, three strips of the same material were set on the waist, both front and back, to imitate box-plaits; others had a finish of narrow gilt cord on the belt, collar and cuffs, and some were trimmed on waist and sleeves with fancy buttons.

The dainty white and blue flannel dresses being somewhat soiled, were carefully washed, and trimmed with ribbon belts, and deep collars and cuffs of pointed lace, without fulness.

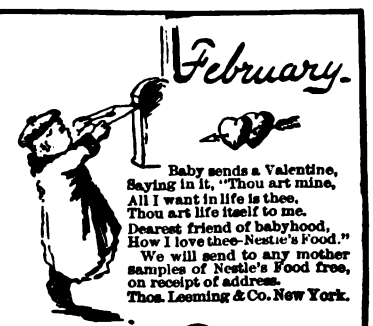
Thus, with very little expense, all the baby dresses of last winter (for best and everyday wear) were converted into boyish suits, and only one new kilt, with fancy blouse and jacket, was required; and the little fellow looks quite as cute and manly as though all the suits were purchased this winter. PHEBE R.

STIFF SHIRT-BOSOMS

WILL some of the JOURNAL readers please tell me how I can make my husband's shirt-bosoms, collars and cuffs *really stiff* and glossy. C. W. W.

A QUESTION ANSWERED

Mrs. Walker.—Get from the druggist a quarter of a pound of quassia chips. Put a handful in a pitcher and pour in a quart of boiling water. Let them soak for twenty-four hours, strain and use the water to wash the hair thoroughly. It should be repeated once a week with children who are exposed to the danger feared.



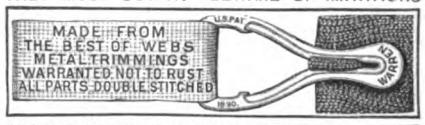
Ferris' GOOD SENSE Corset Waists

Tape-fastened Buttons. Cord-edge Button Holes. Ring Buckle at hip. Supports Skirts and Stockings

Ferris Bros. Manufacturers and Patentees, 341 Broadway, New York.

Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Wholesale Western Agents. | For sale by all Leading Retailers.

Warren THE WARREN HOSE SUPPORTER FASTENER HAS ROUNDED HOLDING EDGES, AND CANNOT CUT THE STOCKING. ALL OTHERS ARE SO CONSTRUCTED THAT THEY MUST CUT IT. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS



RESEMBLING THE WARREN IN GENERAL APPEARANCE. DEMAND THE GENUINE WHICH IS STAMPED "WARREN" AS SHOWN ON CUT.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

MADE BY

Geo. Frost & Co., Boston.

Hose Supporter

MRS. SARAH J. SCHACK'S DRESS REFORM Abdominal and Hose Supporter

Corpulent figures reduced and made shapely in from three to six months. By wearing this Supporter women need no longer suffer from weakness of their sex. For circulars and information inclose two-cent stamp. Agents wanted Address

EARL MANUFACTURING CO., 231 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"MIZPAH" VALVE NIPPLES WILL NOT COLLAPSE.

Make nursing easy, and prevent much colic, because they admit air into the bottle as the milk is drawn out, and prevents a vacuum being formed. Sample free by mail upon request, with valuable information for cleansing and keeping nipples sweet and healthy.

WALTER F. WARE, 70 N. Third St., Phila., Pa

"The Best" Nurser

prevents sickness, wind colic, indigestion; is self-cleansing, easy drawing and cheap.

Endorsed and used by highest medical authorities. Once try "The Best" and you will tolerate no other Bottle. Insist on your Druggist getting it for you. Descriptive circular free.

MANIFOLD CO., 291 Church Street, New York, Manufacturer.

INFANTS' HEALTH WARDROBE. New style baby's outfit 26 patterns 50c. Short clothes 26 pat. 50c. directions, kind, amount material required. Mrs. F. E. Phillips, Keene, N. H.

BABY WARDROBE PATTERNS Complete outfit, 25 improved patterns for infants' clothes. Also 25 of short clothes. Either set with full directions for making, amount and kind of material, by mail, sealed, 56 cents. Patterns absolutely reliable. HINTS TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS, a book by a trained nurse, free with each set of patterns. Mrs. J. BRIDE, P. O. Box 2033, New York.

BABY WARDROBE Consisting of every garment required. New improved styles; perfect fit. Infants outfit, 25 pat., 50c.; short clothes, 25 pat., 50c.; kind, am't, mat'r'l required, valuable hygienic information by professional nurse, and portfolio of babies, from life, free, with each. New England Pattern Co., 8 Poultney, Vt.

MOTHERS If you desire the most healthful clothing for your babies send for the Gertrude Patterns. Stylish dresses for girls to age of 16. Send 2c. stamp for free samples and catalogue. H. J. SPRAGUE & CO., 34 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

NO MORE DULL SCISSORS. The Woodruff Scissors Sharpener will sharpen the dullest shears or scissors quickly and do it better than any scissors-grinder. Any lady can use it. Sent postpaid, with full directions, for only 25c. in Stamps or Silver. Pat'd Nov. 18, '90. Agents Wanted W. E. WOODRUFF, Centerbrook, Conn.

Digitized by Google

Knitting and Crocheting

EDITED by MARY F. KNAPP

This Department will hereafter alternate each month with "Artistic Needlework," so that both of these branches of woman's handiwork may be distinctly and more fully treated.

Both Departments are under the editorship of MISS KNAPP, to whom all letters should be sent, addressed to 20 Linden street, South Boston, Mass.

CROCHETED SLIPPER IN STAR STITCH

BY MINNIE E. SHERWOOD

MATERIALS: One and one-half skeins of Germantown wool, bone crochet hook. For a No. 4 sole, crochet a chain of eighty-four stitches; on this chain work ten rows of star stitch. Sew one of the short ends of this piece to the long side to shape the slipper; then sew it to the sole. Crochet three rows of loop stitch round the top

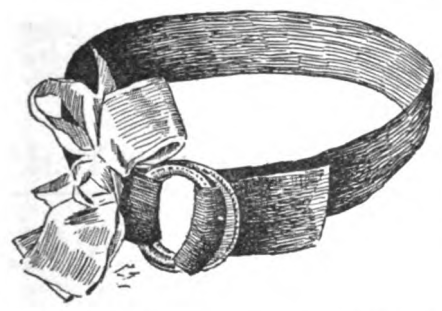
of the slipper, and catch the top of the border on the inside.

CROCHETED LOOP STITCH

MAKE a chain the desired length, put the hook through the second st, wind the wool twice around the forefinger of the left hand, and draw the wool through the two loops thus made, and through the second st; this gives two stitches on the hook. Draw the wool through these two. Put the hook through the next st. Repeat to end of chain; break the wool. Each row is the same. For the pompon, crochet eight loop stitches into a ring of three stitches, work round and round, widening by working two loop stitches in each stitch of the preceding row.

A PAIR OF GARTERS

THREE-QUARTERS of a yard of silk elastic, and four brass rings. Covered in single crochet stitch with embroidery silk the same or contrasting color as the elastic. Take two



of the rings, placing one over the other; through these draw one end of the elastic and stitch it firmly down. Not more than an inch need be drawn through. Buttonhole stitch the other end of the elastic with embroidery silk. Now bring the end up through the rings, then over the edge of the top one, and down between the two. This forms a buckle by which the garter can be adjusted to any size by merely drawing or loosening the elastic through the rings. Finish with a bow of ribbon at left of buckle.

A DAINTY HANDKERCHIEF CASE

BY ALICE C. TILDEN

THIS case is made of a piece of white silk, thirteen inches long and six inches wide. On this silk place a thin layer of wool wadding and scatter over it a little perfumed powder, and line with a very light shade of green silk. On each end of the strip sew five small rings that have been crocheted over with white silk, and lace these rings together with fine white silk cord. Fold the case flat, so the lacing will cross the center of the upper side, and decorate as in illustration.

AN EXCELLENT KNITTED QUILT

BY MARY A. WILLIAMSON

CAST up 4 stitches, knit across plain. 2nd row—knit 2, over, knit 2. 3d row—knit 2, make 2 in next st, knit 2. 4th row—knit 3, over, knit three. 5th row—knit 3, make 2 in next st, knit 3. 6th row—knit 4, over, knit 4.

7th row—knit 4, make 2 in next st, knit 4.

8th row—knit 5, over, knit 5.

9th row—knit 5, make 2 in next st, knit 5.

10th row—knit 6, over, knit 6.

11th row—knit 6, make 2 in next st, knit 6.

12th row—knit 6, over, knit 1, over, knit 1, over, knit 6.

13th row—knit 6, purl 5, knit 6.

14th row—knit 6, over, knit 2, make 2 in next st, knit 2, over, knit 6.

15th row—knit 6, purl 4, over, purl 4, knit 6.

16th row—knit 6, over, knit 4, make 2 in next st, knit 4, over, knit 6.

17th row—knit 6, purl 6, over, purl 6, knit 6.

18th row—knit 6, over, knit 6, make 2, knit 6, over, knit 6.

19th row—knit 6, purl 8, over, purl 8, knit 6.

20th row—knit 6, over, knit 8, make 2, knit 8, over, knit 6.

21st row—knit 6, purl 10, over, purl 10, knit 6.

22d row—knit 6, over, narrow, knit 8, make 2, knit 8, narrow, over, knit 6.

23d row—knit 6, knit 1, purl 10, over, purl 10, knit 1, knit 6.

24th row—knit 6, over, purl 1, narrow, knit 5, over, knit 3, make 2, knit 3, over, knit 5, narrow, purl 1, over, knit 6.

25th row—knit 6, knit 2, purl 6, knit 1, purl 4, over, purl 4, knit 1, purl 6, knit 2, knit 6.

26th row—knit 6, over, purl 2, narrow, knit 2, narrow, over, purl 1, over, narrow, knit 2, make 2, knit 2, narrow, over, purl one, over, narrow, knit 2, narrow. purl 2, over, knit 6.

27th row—knit 6, knit 3, purl 4, knit 3, purl 4, over, purl 4, knit three, purl 4, knit 3, knit 6.

28th row—knit 6, over, purl 3, narrow, narrow, over, purl 3, over, narrow, knit 2, make 2 in next st, knit 2, narrow, over, purl 3, over, narrow, narrow, purl 3, over, knit 6.

29th row—knit 6, knit 4, purl two, knit 5, purl 4, over, purl 4, knit 5, purl 2, knit 4, knit 6.

30th row—knit 6, over, purl 4, narrow, over, purl 5, over, narrow, knit 2, make two in next st, knit 2, narrow, over, purl 5, over, narrow, purl 4, over, knit 6.

31st row—knit 6, knit 13, purl 8, knit 13, knit 6.

32d row—knit 6, over, purl 13, over, narrow, knit 4, narrow, over, purl 13, over, knit 6.

33d row—knit 6, knit 15, purl 6, knit 15, knit 6.

34th row—knit 6, over, purl 15, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, over, purl 15, over, knit 6.

35th row—knit 6, knit 17, purl 4, knit 17, knit 6.

36th row—knit 6, over, purl 17, over, narrow twice over, purl 17, over, knit 6.

37th row—knit 6, knit 19, purl 2 together, knit 19, knit 6.

38th row—knit 6, over, purl 39, over, knit 6.

39th row—knit across.

40th row—knit 1, *, over, narrow. Repeat from star.

41st row—purl across. 42d row—knit across.

43d row—purl across.

44th row—*, knit 4, over; repeat.

45th row—*, purl 4, knit 1; repeat.

46th row—knit 4, *, over, purl 1, over, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 1; repeat from star, knit 2 at the end.

47th row—purl 2, purl 2 together, *, knit 3, purl 3; repeat.

48th row—knit 3, over, purl 3, over; repeat.

49th row—purl one, purl 2 together, *, knit 5, purl 3 together; repeat from star.

50th row—knit across.

51st row—purl across; bind off.

In the 3d row "make 2 in next st." You knit the st, and before slipping it off the needle knit another in the back part of the stitch, which is on the left-hand needle.

A NARROW CROCHETED EDGING

MAKE a chain of eight stitches.

1st row—1 s c in 5th st of ch, ch 3, 1 s c in last st of ch.

2d row—ch 3, 1 s c under ch 3 of last row, ch 3, 1 s c under next ch 3, 5 d c under same ch 3.

3d row—1 d c between each d c of last row (you will have 4 d c), ch 3, 1 s c under ch 3, ch 3, 1 s c under next ch 3.

4th row—ch 3, 1 s c under ch 3, ch 3, 1 s c under next ch 3.

5th row—Same as the 4th row.

6th row—Repeat from the 2d row.

HOW TO MAKE TABLE MATS

BY MARY F. KNAPP

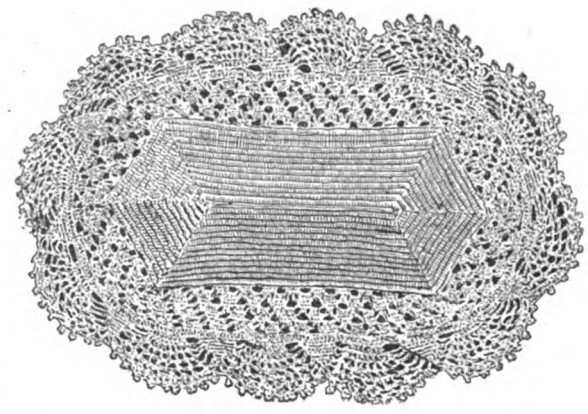
MAKE a chain of fifty-three stitches. 1st row—1 single crochet in third stitch of chain, 1 s c in each of next 50 stitches, 2 s c in the next stitch on the other side of the foundation chain, 1 s c in each of the next 49 stitches; fasten in first s c of this row; turn.

2d row—ch 1, 1 single crochet in last s c of last row, putting the hook in the back loop of the st, 2 s c in next st, 1 s c in each of next 47 stitches, 2 s c in the next stitch, 1 s c in the 49th stitch, 2 s c in the next stitch on the end, 1 s c in the next stitch, on the other side, 2 s c in the next s c, 1 s c in each of the next 47 stitches, 2 s c in next stitch. Fasten in first s c of this row; turn.

3d row—ch 1, 1 s c in each of next 2 s c, 2 s c in the next, 1 s c in each of next 48 stitches, 2 s c in next st, 1 s c in each of next 2 stitches, 2 s c in next s t on the end, 1 s c in each of next 2 stitches, 2 s c in next st, 1 s c in each of next 48 stitches, 2 s c in next, 1 s c in each of next 2 stitches. Fasten in first s c of this row; turn.

4th row—ch 1, one s c in each of next 3, two s c in fourth, 1 s c in each of next 48, 2 s c in next, 1 s c in each of next three, 2 s c in next, at end, 1 s c in each of next 3, two s c in next, 1 s c in each of 48, 2 s c in next, 1 s c in each of next three; fasten as before. Continue working in the same manner until you have 26 rows, being careful to always widen with 2 s c in one of the s c belonging to the last widening.

For the border ch 6, miss 2 stitches, s c in



each of next 4 s c, *, ch 5, miss 2, one s c in each of next 4, ch 5, miss 3, one s c in each of next 4, repeat from star through the row; join.

2d row—ch 4, four d c under ch 6 of last row, ch 3, *, 1 s c between first and second s c, 1 s c between second and third s c, ch 3, 4 d c under ch 5, ch 3; repeat from star through the row, slip-stitch the thread in each stitch of ch 4 at commencement of row.

3d row—1 s c in top of each d c, *, ch 5, 1 s c in top of each 4 d c. Repeat from star through the row; join.

4th row—ch 1, 1 s c between 2nd and 3rd s c, *, ch 3, 4 d c under ch 5, ch 3, 1 s c between first and second s c, 1 s c between second and third s c; repeat from star through the row, slip-stitch the thread in each stitch of ch 3.

5th row—like the third row.

6th row—like the fourth row.

7th row—*, s c in top of each 4 d c, ch 4, repeat from star through the row; join.

8th row—1 d c in each of four s c, and 1 d c in each st of ch 4, making ch 3 for first st at commencement of row; join.

9th row—ch 3 for first st, 1 d c in each of next 8 d c, *, ch 5, miss 4 d c, 1 s c in each of next 9 d c, ch 5, miss 5 d c, 1 d c in each of next 9 d c. Repeat from star through the row; join.

10th row—ch 3, 1 d c in each of next 8 d c, with ch 1 between each * ch 5, 8 s c in next 9 s c, ch 5, 1 d c with 1 ch between in each of next 9 d c. Repeat from star through the row; join.

11th row—ch 4, d c in d c, ch 2 between, 1 d c in each d c, *, ch 5, 7 s c, ch 5, 1 d c with ch 2 between in each d c. Repeat from star through the row.

12th row—like last row, putting 5 s c in 7 s. c.

13th row—ch 3, 1 d c with three ch between in each d c, *, ch 5, 3 s c in the seven s c, 1 d c with three ch between in each d c.

14th row—like last row, putting one s c between first and second s c.

15th row—slip-stitch in first st of ch 3, *, ch 5, slip st in second st of ch 5 (this makes a picot), ch 2, s c under next ch 3. Repeat from star 6 times more, make another picot, and s c under ch 5, ch 4, s c under next ch 5. Continue in this way through the row.

There are five mats in the set: one large one, with 90 stitches, for the center, having 46 rows, two with 50 stitches, as in directions, having 26 rows, and two with 35 stitches with 26 rows.

Materials required, six balls of Clark's crochet cotton, No. 30, and a medium-sized steel crochet needle.

A FEW QUESTIONS ANSWERED

G. L.—The address of "Lambs' knitting machine" is Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts.

J. C. D.—You will find knitted collar and counterpane in Book No. 1, price, twenty-five cents.

If "A Subscriber" will send twenty-five cents to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, they will forward her book No. 1, containing directions for socks, sacques, etc.

MRS. R. P. B.—Will find directions for wave and plain Tam O'Shanter in Book No. 1, Reliable Patterns.

Send 10c. for Sample Spool Twilled Lace Thread 500 Yards. | Send 10c. each for Illus. Crochet Books No. 1 and No. 2.

DO YOU CROCHET ? $2000.00 GOLD COIN in PREMIUMS For best specimens of Crocheting worked with GLASGO LACE THREAD.

Ask your dealer for circulars giving full information. If not to be had of him, write us. DO NOT DELAY. Thoroughly satisfactory proofs of our reliability furnished.

Glasgo Lace Thread Co. (Box A), Glasgo, Conn.

Normandie Plushes

Direct from the Mills. For HAT and DRESS TRIMMINGS. SPECIAL MERIT for Painting, Embroidery, and all kinds of Fancy Work. Send 10c. for 30 good sized samples (no two colors same shade) and price list of remnant packages. Price of samples deducted from first order amounting to $1.00. *Agents Wanted.* Pleasant and profitable work. CONTREXEVILLE MFG. CO. 287 Grant Ave. Manville, R. I.

Stamping Patterns

Any one who wants Stamping Patterns can have them sent to select from on agreement to pay for what they keep and return the rest. Address HENRY MITCHELL, North Reading, Mass.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK

The best made, one ounce in box, all good colors, sent postage paid on receipt of 38 cents in money order, postal note, or stamps. Liberal Commission paid Agents, who can make from five to fifteen dollars a week. Address,

EUREKA SILK CO. 40 SUMMER ST. BOSTON.

THE STOCKINGS THAT ARE STAMPED Shawknit TRADE MARK. ON THE TOE

LOOK WELL, FIT WELL, WEAR WELL, — AND ARE — SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

For sale by the trade generally and obtainable direct from the makers, who will send a POST-PAID PARCEL PRICE-LIST, FULLY DESCRIPTIVE, TO ANY APPLICANT

SHAW STOCKING CO., LOWELL, MASS.

BRIGGS' PATENT TRANSFER PAPERS.

A warm iron passed over the back of the paper transfers the design to any material Book showing 500 designs sent on receipt of 10 cents.

JOSEPH WALKER, Box J 3, Irvington, N. J.

TIDY We will send you a fringed linen Tidy of "An Owl Maid," Floss to work it, Ingalls' book of stitches and 32-pp. Catalogue of Stamping Outfits, etc., all for six 2c. stamps (12c.) Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass. Box J.

CROCHET WORK Latest and Complete Instruction Book, 114 pages, illustrated. All kinds of Crocheting. Cotton, Linen, Silk and Wool. Sent postpaid, 35 cents. L. WHITE & CO., 210 STATE STREET, Chicago, Ill

LADIES, DON'T BE DECEIVED

BUT USE the "PERFECTION" DRESS STAY, with a triple silesia cap cemented to the ends of the steel, *warranted not to cut through.* Gutta Percha *covered,* will not rust. "Perfection" stamped on the back of each Stay. Ask your dealers for them. Write for samples. Manufactured by THE DETROIT STAY CO., Detroit, Mich. New York Office and Salesroom, 833 Broadway.

OLD RAGS Colored with "PERFECTION" Dyes will make beautiful carpets and rugs and are guaranteed not to fade. If you mention this paper we will send a package each of "PERFECTION" Turkey-Red, Green, Wine, Medium-Brown, Rose and Orange Cotton Dyes, with new sample cards and catalogue, for 40 cents; single package, 10 cents. W. CUSHING & CO., FOXCROFT, MAINE

"PIGGY" A Full sized Fringed, Linen Damask - Tray - Cloth stamped with PIGGY. Floss to work it and our 1892 Illus. Catalogue of *Calling Cards, 25c., 50c. & $1.00 Stamping Outfits, Materials etc.* — for 20c. Address: Walter P. Webber, Lynn, Mass.

LADIES' SELF ADJUSTING BOOTS. (Patented) require no breaking in. Cure Corns and Bunions. Always comfortable. Made in "common-sense" and "opera" styles. Quality guaranteed. Dongola, $3.00, French Finish Kid, $4.00.; prepaid on receipt of price. Send size and letter worn. Agents wanted. Send two 2 ct. stamps for catalogue and self-measuring diagram. Geo. D. Richardson & Co., 419 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

FOR Baby Carriages, Adjustable Chairs, Invalid's Rolling Chairs, Safety Bicycles, Refrigerators, Office Desks, Fancy Rockers, etc., send to LUBURG MFG. CO., 321, 323, 325 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Catalogue free.

Digitized by Google

HINTS ON HOME DRESS MAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

WHAT ARTICLES NOT TO DARN

I HAVE been telling my economically inclined and neat readers how to darn, what materials to use and what to darn, but it is almost as important to know what not to darn. A towel, tablecloth or napkin that is "giving" all over need not be touched, for every stitch put in only hastens the finalé. For some reason the moment one begins to darn a piece that is poor all over, just that moment does it give way in the hands of the would-be mender and fall a useless rag. That a "stitch in time saves nine" is very true, but to darn an article successfully, which means so that it may continue in use and not show, it must be taken in hand at the first sign of decay, otherwise the busy worker had far better devote that time to resting her weary hands and eyes.

MENDING TABLE LINEN

THE less starch that is put into table linen the longer it will wear. Personally, I only like it in large dinner napkins and tablecloths in a quantity sufficient to make them slightly stiff, but this is something that every housekeeper regulates for herself. When the wearing threads show that a rent is soon to appear, darn it at once in small even stitches with fine flax thread. If the hole enlarges in the wash before mending it may need patching with a piece of old linen, for which save your napkins, the cloths making too good a supply of "bread cloths" for one to say save them. By matching the pattern of the damask and darning it, as I described the French nuns mending a torn dress, the work will not prove a disfigurement. Anyone that can embroider usually makes a neat mender, but unfortunately all darners are not fine embroiderers. Fine linen handkerchiefs may have their useful days lengthened by mending them with 100 cotton, and now that they are so expensive this becomes a necessary item.

Rugs may be darned with coarse yarn of the groundwork color and an upholsterer's long, but not bent, needle. Ingrain carpets are mended with a closer twisted yarn or heavy carpet thread. In mending kid gloves, use cotton, which forms the stitching of gloves, and a glove needle, which is short and fine, with a large eye. Oversew a rip on the right side just as the gloves are originally stitched. When the thumb gusset is short or tight and tears, to give more room buttonhole the edges around twice and then draw the two outside rows gently together with another row of buttonhole stitches, which gives the necessary room. If the buttonhole of a glove pulls out strengthen it with a tiny bit of narrow bobbin tape all around. Mend woolen or jersey gloves with silk mendings the moment the broken stitch appears, as on account of the stockinet weave the hole spreads at once.

PROSAIC STOCKING DARNING

HEROINES are described bending over embroidery frames, hemming a dainty bit of ruffling, even knitting, but never darning. In spite of the snubbing thus administered to the homely darning, nothing is more necessary to one's comfort. The best-natured man known will "growl" if his socks are "cobbled," though not many of them inquire if their prospective bride is an adept in this art, taking it for granted that she is. Darn hosiery with cotton or wool of the same color and use fast black cotton or silk for black hose, or when they are washed each darn will show up as a dingy green oasis. I have described stocking darning before, but it seems so much disliked that a few cheerful words are needed to encourage those doing the good work. Personally I really enjoy darning stockings, and I am sure that many others would were it not that this task is allowed to run on until it becomes one of immense proportions, which weighs the mender down at the outset. Do not darn stockings when tired out, or by lamplight, unless you wish to become disgusted with your task.

THE MENDING OF LACE

THIS is an art of itself, and many professional menders, who are usually French or German, earn handsome livings working at this dainty task. A knowledge of lace stitchery is necessary in mending handsome lace, as the torn part is made new by working the pattern over. If possessed of really beautiful lace I would say "send it to a professional." If an ordinary piece tears mend it with lace thread, which comes in small soft balls at five to ten cents, imitating the groundwork mesh to the best of your ability. Before taking a stitch baste the lace on a piece of embroidery, leather or stiff paper, otherwise it will be drawn out of shape and distorted by puckers. In pulling out the basting threads after darning a tear, be careful to clip the threads into short lengths.

PRETTY SKIRTS AND BODICES

A ROUND figure gracefully formed, whether plump or slender, may wear a princess gown, but it is a merciless style for revealing any peculiarities of the figure. These dresses are now cut with a "bell" or sharply gored back and have a Russian lapped diagonal front, one with a pointed basque or long jacket effect. The coat effect is given by large side pieces set on at the hips, which are usually of a contrasting material, velvet looking well with a silk or woolen gown. Simple princess dresses for young ladies' house wear, are of cashmere or crêpon, fastening invisibly in the back with a velvet corselet and collar and probably a frill of the velvet over the shoulders like a tiny cape, called cape ruffles. Woolen princess gowns are worn with a sleeveless front like a deep coat of velvet.

A princess gown is hard to fit over the hips, which makes the basque fronts popular with home dressmakers. I certainly would not advise anyone to attempt such a gown without a good paper pattern. Bone every seam, running the bones down below the waist line as in a basque. Where darts are dispensed with in the material, the fulness now, if a woolen gown, is stitched in tiny plaits turned toward the front and pressed in shape. The most successful modistes have their pressing done with a twenty-pound tailor's iron. Some of them have a man to do the pressing upon which so much now depends, and both strength and skill are necessary for the task.

SOME CHANGES IN SKIRTS

THEY are lighter to begin with, which greatly rejoices the health culture people, but while this is a step in the right direction I can not say that I think the extra length put on the back is a healthy addition, as it sweeps along dragging mud and dust in its train. The newest French skirts are not made over a foundation, being simply lined with taffeta or thin gros grain silk or satine, each piece taking the shape of the outside, which is three yards and a half wide at the bottom and barely half of that at the top, which is fitted by the gored side and back seams, if made of narrow goods, and entirely by V's, if of wide goods, made up on the cross, with only the sharply gored back seam. Such skirts rest five inches on the ground in the back. The fashion of having a pocket on either side where placket holes are made in preference to the back, gains favor with those long-suffering mortals who have sought in vain many times for the pocket opening. These openings have hooks to keep them closed and are often trimmed to correspond with the remainder of the costume. In Paris the front of a skirt is cut just to escape tripping the wearer, as it gives a more graceful curve to the long back. Border trimmings are still used on skirts, which continue around the entire breadth of the gored design. The panier and apron draperies are gaining favor in Paris. A pretty skirt has the "bell" back laid in a scant and narrow cluster of plaits at the back of the belt, the narrow front slightly draped, and the plain sides lapped over the front with a border of velvet around the entire skirt and up the lapped sides. French skirts are both plaited and gathered at the back, but we seem to prefer them in plaits which are universally worn for all materials.

BODICES FOR ALL FIGURES

IN spite of the popularity of the deep coat basques, many short bodices are worn by young ladies. They are draped in front without outside darts, fastened invisibly and finished in many instances with a corselet, which may point or round, while the back is in a point, narrow coat tails or like a deep coat shape. For a slender figure the front of the bodice is brought to the center of the bust and apparently tucked beneath a corselet that resembles a genuine corset in shape. All bodices are shaped to give a long, slender look to the wearer. House dresses having a round waist with a full lapped front, have the full skirt sewed to the edge and concealed by a girdle or shaped belt of velvet or silk. Suspenders of velvet over the shoulders are worn with and without corselets to correspond. These are very pretty with a square front to a cloth dinner gown, with corselet, sleeves and suspender bretelles of velvet. A box-plaited ruffle of velvet, doubled, is worn under the edge of a short pointed bodice, with an armhole trimming to match. Fasten the invisibly hooked dress with the patented hooks and eyes sewn to a tape, as they are so much easier to sew on. Where the figure sinks in at the back of the waist line, it will sometimes give a better fit to make two tiny darts, running an inch above and below the waist line in the lining, then pulling the outside smoothly over them.

DRESSMAKERS' CORNER

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

EMMA M. HOOPER

HENRIETTA, LIZZIE AND CORA—Read answer to "Dottie H," and consult me personally in March.

I. B. M.—French dyers say a veiling, embroidered, may be well dyed if the material is of a good quality.

MRS. J. M.—You cannot cut a princess gown without a pattern. The flaring gauntlet cuffs are lined with collar canvas.

MRS. THOS. G.—A youth of fourteen wears a Derby, or soft Alpine hat, doeskin gloves and four-in-hand or mode scarfs.

M. M.—China silk gowns are worn all winter as house dresses; but from October to May they are not appropriate for the street.

INFANTS' ROBE—Use the finest of nainsook and Valenciennes lace, the fine imitation; add insertion if you prefer, which should be very sheer.

A. F. J.—The "storm" serges are said to be really waterproof. It will be very easy for you to experiment with a sample before buying the dress.

D. A. L.—I think you would have far better results to send the fur cloak to a furrier. Some furs are dressed with warm sawdust, but with any of value I would not experiment.

LAURA F.—Fawn shades are very stylish. If a yellowish tan is unbecoming, try one of the grayish tints. I think I have seen fully thirty different shades selling under the name of tan.

DOTTIE H.—Do not get any of your dresses for an April wedding before March, when many of the spring goods will be opened. It is supposed that rough goods will be very stylish for the coming season.

FLORA V.—Combine your pink surah as per answer to "Margaret." The jet gimp runs from a half to two-thirds of an inch in width, and costs from 35 to 85 cents a yard. The nail-head gimp and fine open work are both worn.

H. H. YONKERS—I sent you a personal letter, according to address, on October 20th, but it has been returned to me. You have probably arranged your plush ere this; the only combinations for it were astrachan cloth and fur.

MRS. WM. D.—Very pretty baby carriage afghans are of heavy white piqué, embroidered in white floss, and edged with linen fringe, all of the materials costing about $2.25. In your climate such a cover might be used at all seasons.

D. D.—Many thanks for your kind appreciation. I think all connected with the JOURNAL try to help womankind, and naturally feel pleased when told of their success. Furs, it is said, will be cheaper next winter, especially sealskins.

ALICE—You can have your princess gown lapped diagonally in front, with a demi-train, V-neck and full sleeves. Trim the opening and wrists with a white silk moss trimming, and wear the Cleopatra cord girdle knotted loosely in front.

MAMIE A.—Do not combine any color with your green, unless it be cream chiffon ruffles on the bodice, as described for "M. E. B." A chiffon ruffle on the edge would lengthen the skirt. Made in this manner you can dispense with the sash.

MME. F.—I regret your disappointment; but every month you may read in this column warnings to correspondents to write early, and that when in a hurry, by addressing me and enclosing a stamp I will realize their haste and personally answer them at once.

JENNIE AND OTHERS—Read answer to "Alice." If you prefer some gilt have a tinsel cord and gimp following the line of the silken edge, which is a capital imitation of feather edging, which, by the way, would also be very pretty, and only costs $1.00 per yard, in many colors.

BELLE—Your evening dress of white brocade can be trimmed with chiffon ruffles and pearl gimp. You must have white suède gloves, shoes and hose to match, in spite of preferring those of a tan color, as fashion now will have the white with a white gown, as well as with gowns of a delicate shade.

MARGARET—I should look for a black silk having a flower the color of the brocade, or black moiré for the combination. The latter is new, showy and cheaper. As you do not say how much brocade you have I cannot speak of the making. It would also look well with lace sleeves and plastron, lace edging, flounce and jet gimp.

PATTERNS—You should not blame your pattern, as from the measures you give you are not of an average form. All paper patterns are cut to a certain grade of measures, supposed to be the average; but when a form is peculiar in any way the grade cannot fit perfectly, though it will still be an excellent guide for the first fitting given.

RITA—Your plaid sample is an English poplin, somewhat resembling the small cord bengaline. Use black velvet with it for a house dress, and white China silk for a soft plastron. The velvet will make a collar, cuffs, yoke or corselet; and, if you wish to buy as much velvet as this, also add a border on the "bell" skirt, which will, I presume, have a "dip."

SCHOOL GIRL—"Bell" skirt, with ruffle; round basque, full sleeves, wrist and neck ruffles of chiffon. Material of China silk, crêpe or crêpon. Waist-belt of four-inch satin ribbon, crossed in front from the back, carried to the back to a point between the shoulders and tied there in ends and two loops sufficiently long to reach the skirt edge. Neck round or in a slight V.

M. E. B.—Make a "bell" skirt of your skirt, with a ruffle of blue chiffon at the foot. Put a ruffle of the chiffon, of a narrower width, around the pointed bodice, and edge short sleeves of silk with the same. Have chiffon ruffles in front, from the bodice point to the shoulders, where they end under butterfly bows of ribbon. Head the ruffles with pearl, crystal beads, silk or silver gimp.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER—If a colored silk needs renovating, I would advise you to send it to a reliable dyer. You can sponge a black silk with stale beer, or weak coffee, using a bit of the silk, and on the wrong side of the silk as it will be when made up. Diluted alcohol, gin and water, in which an old glove of black kid has been boiled, are also good renovators for black silk. Press with a cool iron, over a piece of thin black goods, on the wrong side.

"INQUIRER"—Plush cloaks are always worn, though they cannot be said now to be in the height of fashion. Only gold neck beads are in good style. Trim a black Henrietta with silk gimp for an elderly woman. Make with a pointed coat-tail basque, moderately full sleeves and a skirt having a fan-plaited back, and front slightly draped to remove the extreme plain look of the front, which makes a stout figure so prominent. Press the plaits of a fan back on the wrong side, but do not confine them with too many tackings. Lay the plaits straight, and lap more at the top. If your cloth gets askew in even one plait you will never get the rest even. Cut a French skirt slightly down in front, and fit to the figure with V's or darts.

HELEN D.—Jacket effects are not becoming to a short-waisted person. Have a pointed basque, back and front, and very short; V-shaped neck, back and front, and edge both with a ruffle of chiffon, headed with a bead gimp, white, or white and gold. Full elbow sleeves, entirely of chiffon, finished with a chiffon ruffle; "bell" skirt, trimmed with a ruffle or two of chiffon. The skirt could be matched and pieced under the ruffles. Such a house dress as was described in the November JOURNAL would be very pretty for you. The brown will look correct with the black jacket. I am sorry that your letter did not reach me sooner, as my January department was too full to insert your answer in time to be of much service to you. The winter dress should be of ladies' cloth, or Henrietta, as it is desired for a standard style. Make with a deep, pointed coat-tail basque and modified "bell" skirt, with velvet trimming as a border, cuffs, collar and vest or corselet. Buy dark green, navy-blue, golden-brown or tan cloth.

1892.

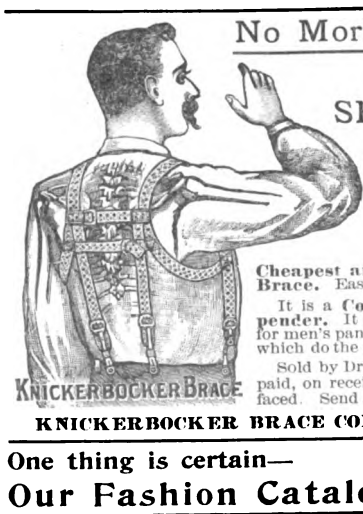
We have made unusual preparations for the Opening Season of 1892.
This is the time for Receptions, Weddings, Balls and Anniversary festivities which call for Evening Dress. Good Taste and Fashion require, for such events, the use of Silk Fabrics.
Our Stock includes every known style of these goods, from the lightest Gauze to the wide Silk of heaviest Cord.
We shall be glad to answer any inquiry regarding prices and styles, and to send samples, whenever the desired fabric is definitely stated.

James McCreery & Co.,
Broadway and 11th St., - New York.

Pride of the West.

Trade-Mark.

Special attention is called to this celebrated brand of Bleached Muslin, which for fineness and durability is unsurpassed. This cloth is manufactured with great care, particularly for
LADIES' UNDERWEAR and GENTLEMEN'S SHIRTS, in 36, 41 and 45 inch widths, and is guaranteed not to Crack or Turn Yellow.
Inquire for this brand, and take No Substitute.
In purchasing garments, ask for Pride of the West.
For sale by all leading retail Dry-Goods dealers in the United States.



No More Round Shoulders.
KNICKERBOCKER
SHOULDER-BRACE
and Suspender Combined

Expands the Chest; prevents Round Shoulders. A perfect Skirt-Supporter for Ladies. No harness—simple—unlike all others. All sizes for **Men, Women, Boys** and **Girls.** **Cheapest and only reliable Shoulder-Brace.** Easily adjusted and worn with comfort.

It is a **Combined Shoulder-Brace and Suspender.** It provides new and improved suspenders for men's pants, and supporters for ladies' underskirts, which do the double duty of holding up and bracing up.

Sold by Druggists and General Stores, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of **$1** per pair, plain, or **$1.50** silk-faced. Send chest measure around the body. Address

KNICKERBOCKER BRACE COMPANY, Easton, Pa. N. A. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

One thing is certain—
Our Fashion Catalogue
Illustrates the latest Paris and New York styles in Ladies', Men's And Children's wear, at New York's Lowest prices. Write for it at once. It is sent you Free.
MAHLER BROS., 503-504 6th Avenue, N. Y.

LACE CURTAIN Catalogue, 1 cent, and samples of Wall Paper, 4 cents. WM. DEARNESS, Cincinnati, O.

ACME CORSET & DRESS PROTECTOR
A complete garment worn under the corset or flannels, protecting the clothing from perspiration. Cheaper than dress shields, one pair doing the work of six.
Misses' bust measure, 28-33, $ .80
Ladies' " " 34-39, 1.00
M. DEWEY, Mfr. 1397 W. Monroe St., Chicago. AGENTS
Send Money by P. O. Order. Catalogue Free. WANTED.

FREE SAMPLES of new styles of Waterproof goods for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Mackintoshes and Overgarments made to order. Agents wanted. BAY STATE TAILORING CO., 31 HAWLEY STREET, BOSTON.

"FREE Samples mailed for Sick Headache," Rheumatism, Dyspepsia. Dunbar's System Tonic Co., Cleveland, O.

Digitized by Google

THE FASHION IN MOURNING GOODS

By Isabel A. Mallon

IT has been decided, long ago, that when one has lost a dear one by death, bright colors are rather shocking to the eye; that it is one's privilege to assume the all-black which never offends, and which gives to the world at large the token that the wearer is in grief, and that her grief is to be respected. As in every mode of dressing the fashion in mourning changes, manufacturers have learned to make more beautiful materials, and modistes have studied the best method of developing them. This season finds crape more in use than ever before; and the reason for this is in the fact that a good English crape has been brought to such perfection that it not only permits the dust to be shaken out of it, but will even stand a gentle shower of rain. The average woman, in putting crape on a gown, or making a bonnet of it, is apt to arrange it so that it looks crooked and goes awry, and the reason for this is she has not yet realized that there is a right and a wrong side to the fabric. However, if she examines it she will see that the right side is smooth and the crinkles highly finished, while the wrong side seems uneven, and will catch quickly to any wool material. Just here it might be well to say that in making it up crape should not be lined with silk, but with a light wool fabric instead. The crape will adhere to the wool lining and remain in place and look even and straight when it will pull away from the silk one and fall in a loose fashion that will take away from the good appearance of the gown or bonnet. Always buy a good quality of crape; the materials for mourning should be of the best.

A SUITABLE MOURNING DRESS (Illus. No. 1)

THE MOURNING MATERIALS

HENRIETTA cloth continues to be chosen for the deepest mourning; it wears so well, and can be gotten in such a perfect black, that it has ousted every other material. It is usually trimmed with crape, for which it affords a good background. Next to Henrietta cloth, the chosen material for street wear is dead-black camel's hair; then, of course, there is the large array of plain wool suitings, such as cashmere, broadcloth, tamise and the many black stuffs that have special names given to them by the manufacturers, but are all called suitings. Heavily-corded materials are not mourning; and she who chooses a ribbed fabric, and trims it with crape, simply announces her ignorance of the proper combinations. The very materials themselves show that they are not in harmony.

A SUITABLE MOURNING DRESS

THE fashion of crape folds on a skirt is again revived, though the folds are not, as in the past, lapped over each other, but are instead sufficiently far apart to show the material between, and oftenest of different widths. In Illustration No. 1 is pictured a mourning costume made of Henrietta cloth and crape. The fashionable, bell-shaped skirt is trimmed with three bands of crape, the one at the extreme edge being about three inches wide; the second one being two, and the third one, one. These show a division between them of two inches. The basque is pointed in the back and front, its closing being concealed under the front, which really might be called a large plastron, as it is formed entirely of crape, cut with perfect smoothness, and fitting the figure exactly. The seams in the back have tiny folds of crape outlining each, these folds, by-the-by, not being set in the seams, but carefully arranged on the outside of them. The collar is a high one, covered with crape on the outside only. The sleeves are full, and gathered on the shoulders, shaped in at the elbow, and have, as their decoration, three bands of crape, graduated in size like those on the skirt. With this is worn a Mary Stuart bonnet, made of folds of crape, and with a veil gathered and drawn to the back, where it falls in full folds reaching far down. The veil across the face is a round one of black net, trimmed with a fold of crape. If this costume were worn by a widow, a double fold of white lisse would outline the entire edge of the bonnet.

ABOUT THE VEIL

CRAPE veils are worn long enough to reach almost to the edge of the skirt. At the bottom is a hem about half a yard deep, while at the top is a narrow one which is simply a finish for the material. The wearing of veils over the face is not as general as it was, though widows continue to wear them in that way for from three to six months, as they may desire. The veil is now draped over the bonnet, and the round veil, with its crape border, is worn over the face. This, by-the-by, is what is known as the French mode, and it is certainly more becoming and comfortable than living behind a veil, as was done some years ago. Unless you have a naturally artistic taste it will be wisest for you to have the milliner drape your veil on your bonnet, and then by keeping it in a long, rather than an ordinary bonnet-box, having it spread out in its resting-place, it will retain its freshness, and your bonnet will look new and in good order.

Have a soft brush kept exclusively for removing particles of dust from your crape, and do not permit this brush to do service on any other material. Too much cannot be said in favor of buying good crape; and I would suggest that unless one feels that one can afford this it is wiser not to get any, cheap crape being one of the numerous methods of throwing one's money away.

FOR WRAPS AND COATS

PLAIN dull cloth is used for close-fitting coats, long ulsters, or any of the wraps that are not supposed to be dressy ones, and on them is put no trimming whatever, unless it should be the buttons, which are of flat, dull silk. The long coats, closely fitting the figure, and reaching nearly to the knee, are liked for mourning, but are principally chosen for walking. The cheviot cloaking, not that with a coarse diagonal effect, but that which is simply plain and not rough looking, is the preferred fabric. For light-weight cloaks, camel's hair or Henrietta cloth is generally selected.

A rich wrap, reaching far below the waist, is made of camel's hair, and is pictured in Illustration No. 2. Quite plain in front, it is gathered high on the shoulders, where epaulettes of crape add to the height, and make a pretty decoration. The collar is a broad, flaring one of crape, and bands of crape, two on each side, come from under it, and extend the entire depth of the front. With this is worn a small capote, made of folds of crape, having a bunch of narrow crape loops just in front and another at the back, from under which the veil falls. The ties are two straps of crape, drawn up high and fastened with dull jet pins.

BEAUTIFUL STUFFS FOR HOUSE WEAR

THE combinations of silk and wool shown in the new materials, and intended for house or evening dresses, are most beautiful. Clarette cloth, with a silk warp, is light and graceful, and would made an extremely pretty tea-gown that might either be trimmed with crape, or have the decoration of itself arranged in soft drapings and folds. For evening wear, a silk and wool mousseline is shown that is almost as light as crêpe de chine, and which will adapt itself to the styles in vogue very easily. I would commend this material not only to those who are in mourning, but to those who like pretty black evening dresses; for while it is a jet black, it yet would, by its decoration, show whether the wearer was in mourning or not. Trimmed with feathers, with chiffon, with jet and steel, or with gold, a most beautiful dress could be arranged. What is known as carmelite cloth is also shown in a mixture of silk and wool, and for so light a cloth is remarkably strong, the reason for this being that the silk and wool warp runs both ways. There are more materials to-day among the black stuffs than ever before; and from alapaca to Henrietta cloth, from mousseline to cashmere, there is a range that is marvelous to any one who has not troubled herself, nor had occasion to look up the black materials.

An evening dress of Clarette cloth with a silk warp, would be in good taste if it had a skirt showing a pinked frill of dull, black silk as the edge finish, and a draped bodice trimming, the neck to show just a little, and having full, gathered sleeves reaching the wrist. A broad sash of black ribbon could be worn, either in the very simplest manner, about the waist, or if a narrow ribbon should be chosen it could be brought from the back, cross over the front and allowed to fall just below the shoulders.

A STYLISH MOURNING WRAP (Illus. No. 2)

THE FASHIONABLE MOURNING BONNET

THIS very pretty bonnet, shown at Illustration No. 3, is made of black English crape, drawn in such a way that the plateau effect is produced, although as it is bent up a little in front it has not the absolutely flat air of this shape. Its decoration consists of three high loops of black ribbon at the back, wired to position and tied with a narrower ribbon as are the Prince of Wales' feathers. The ties are of black ribbon brought forward and then carried back and fastened on the hair, so that the double tie effect is given. Such a bonnet as this, is, of course, suited for mourning wear; a long crape veil is not worn; if a crape veil would be desired it would be proper to have it of black net with a crape border. If the ribbon is thought too light the bows could be made of black crape, and a bridle could take the place of the ties. A plain black veil would

A YOUNG WOMAN'S MOURNING BONNET (Illus. No. 3)

be worn with this, but I should not advise a dotted one of any kind with a crape bonnet. Crape flowers are not in good taste, and the very best milliners don't use any more elaborate decoration than ribbon upon crape.

The heavy veils of crape, or of nun's veiling, may only be worn with the plain, close crape bonnet, and would be quite out of keeping if worn with any other sort. Such veils usually cover the bonnet almost completely, and are fastened at regular intervals with dull-headed black pins. The bonnet strings should always be of a dull black ribbon.

ANSWERS TO SOME QUESTIONS

I HAVE been asked if silk is mourning? It is not deep mourning, but it may be worn three months after mourning is assumed if it is trimmed with crape, but even then the dull silk must be chosen.

Feathers are not to be used in mourning, a feather fan not even being permissible.

Jet should not be worn until after crape is laid aside, and then only the dull jet is proper, unless you are wearing black for a distant relative.

Neither velvet nor plush are mourning.

A white handkerchief without a border is counted in rather better taste than those having the black outline; but when a border is used it should not be over half an inch wide, and no embroidery is allowable on the linen square.

The gloves should be black undressed kid ones, the glacé kid not harmonizing with crape.

Buttons should be of the simplest, the dull black silk ones, flat, being given the preference. Where a garment can be closed without the buttons being visible it is deemed most desirable.

No jewelry should be worn, even that of jet being counted rather bad form. A widow continues to wear her wedding ring, but this is the only glint of gold about her.

The mourning fur is really the black Persian lamb, but custom seems to have permitted the use of black bear and black fox, and of seal that is dyed very black.

No matter how deep the mourning may be, black can always be laid aside and white assumed when one is to be married. The black can after this be re-assumed. A young girl who is in mourning and who is to be at her sister's wedding may also assume white, and the mother is permitted to lay aside crape for the time being, although she wears all black. Neither gray nor lavender would be assumed, black or white being the only tones permitted when mouring is to be put on again, and of course a bride would not wish to wear black.

All these seem little things, but they go to show the difference between a woman who is properly dressed and the one who has not thought it worth while to pay sufficient attention to her toilette to make that most desirable of costumes, one that is perfect in fit and detail.

Handel Brothers. Chicago.

India Silks.
are again the favorite in the world of Silks.

The one we sell for $1.00 is a world beater.

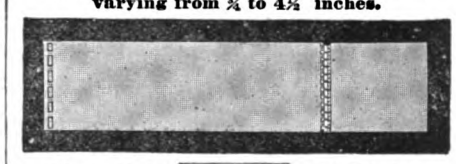
Samples freely sent. Write us about it.

Handel Brothers. Chicago.

GUARANTEE WITH EVERY PAIR. KLEINERT'S DRESS SHIELDS GUARANTEE WITH EVERY PAIR.
THE GEM SUPERIOR TO ALL FEATHERWEIGHT
Sample pair of either style mailed on receipt of 25c.
I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER COMPANY,
26 to 32 E. Houston Street, New York.

SOMETHING NEW.
Yeddo Crêpes.
Printed in beautiful designs. We have the entire control of them for the United States. This is a lovely material used for children's dresses. Also evening wear. Price per yard,
15 CENTS
Send for SAMPLES of one of the handsomest dress materials ever shown. 12 yards is enough for a dress. Postage 25 cents extra.
SHEPARD, NORWELL & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

CASH'S
HEMSTITCH
FRILLING.
Made of the Finest Cambric in widths varying from ¼ to 4½ inches.



SOLD BY ALL LEADING RETAILERS.
Most suitable for Trimming Bed-Linen, also Ladies' and Children's and Infants' Underwear.
ILLUSTRATED BOOK showing samples of above goods, also our other Standard Patterns of Frillings, FREE BY POST, Address
J. & J. CASH, 92 Greene St., N.Y.

PAT'D STEAM MOLDED
PERFECTION FIT

For sale by all Leading Retail Dealers. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
L. L. LOOMER'S SONS, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
(Sole Manufacturers and Patentees.)

A RELIABLE WOMAN
Wanted in every County to establish a Corset Parlor for the sale of Dr. Nichols' Celebrated Spiral Spring Corsets and Clasps. Wages $40 to $75 per month, and expenses. We furnish complete stock on consignment; settlements monthly; $3 Sample Corset free. Send 18 cents postage for sample and terms.
NICHOLS MFG. CO., 378 Canal St., New York.

Digitized by Google

THE SMALL BELONGINGS OF DRESS

By Isabel A. Mallon

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

IT SEEMS most suitable, as St. Valentine is the patron saint of February, there should be no end of pretty things on sale indicative of love and lovers' gifts. Of course, the wise storekeeper appeals to this part of his trade, and furnishes all sorts of appropriate belongings that may be sent as valentines. Among these are the pretty heart pendants in plain gold, of moonstone set about with tiny diamonds, of gold with a precious stone here and there, and, of course, of gold or silver with a loving sentence or name engraved upon them. There are heart-shaped trays, tiny ones in silver that are to be placed on my lady's toilet table and used to hold pins, hair-pins, or any of the little belongings that would otherwise lie loose upon the table. A photograph frame, especially suitable in which to enshrine one's sweetheart's face, has a heart-shaped frame of small, blue forget-me-nots. In fact, any of the little trinkets in the heart outline would suggest the saint, and all as "sweethearts" would be satisfactory. The very latest is a belt buckle formed of two gold hearts that fasten together at the waist in a most graceful manner, that is, by the old-fashioned hook and eye.

THE woman who wants a simple bonnet for every-day wear can easily trim it herself, for there are sold ready-made bows that form the trimming, and which may have ties to match. These are oftenest the *choux* bows, that is, the cabbage bows of shaded velvet. Among those seen are green shading into pink, dark blue into pale lavender, and orange into dark green; put on dark blue, black, or brown bonnets these bows would be in harmony, and the ties may either match the bow itself and be of shaded velvet, or else perfectly plain of the same color as the felt.

THE true lover's knot in gold or silver is fancied for fastening the watch high up on one side of the bodice. Occasionally it is effectively studded with precious stones, but this is only occasionally, the preference being given to those of the good metal unadorned.

A NOVELTY in opera cloaks is one of white corded silk reaching below the knees, and having a yoke hand-painted in pale yellow roses, and outlined with gold lace. The long cord and tassel used to tie this cloak together is of heavy gold. Everybody knows how effective, especially in the evening, the combination of white and gold is, so undoubtedly there will be many imitations of this wrap.

A NEW trimming used to outline yokes and seams of bodices is of gold braid with tiny gold drops. It sounds elaborate, but is really very narrow, though most effective on black, brown, olive, or, indeed, any color that combines well with gold.

TATTING, that work which always seems so mysterious, is having a vogue, and capes or yokes made of it are very much liked. A cape mad of tatting, and which reaches a little below the shoulders, is at present considered very smart for evening wear, and really does give a very becoming and picturesque effect.

THE chatelaine continues in vogue, and if one only wishes three pieces upon it, the jeweler will insist that these must be a watch, vinaigrette, and a set of tablets; however, once a chatelaine is possessed, the wearer is never satisfied until stamp-box, pin-cushion, closed mirror, pencil, and all the many little trinkets are grouped upon it.

ANYBODY buying a muff will show great wisdom in getting one as large as is consistent with one's size. Just remember that it is much easier to have a large muff made smaller than to have a small one made larger. This is repeated for the benefit of the woman who is buying her muff late in the season.

THE ring that is fancied as a present from a young girl to her betrothed is a chain one of platinum and gold, with a true lover's knot just on top. It must not be a stiff chain, but one that when taken off the finger falls in a little heap, if she doesn't wish to impress him with the fact that her chains are hard ones.

SHADED or changeable silk continues to be liked for blouse waists to be worn in the house. They are made quite simple, and have as their only decoration collar, cuffs and belt of velvet. A very pretty one showing green and scarlet in the silk has these adjuncts of moss-green velvet.

NO more useful present can be given a bride than a crystal traveling clock. Experience has taught that except in France the average hotel room has no clock in it, and when one is alone there is no better company than a pleasant-toned clock, one that rings out the half hour with a single chime, and announces the full hour with as many strokes as it deserves. These clocks come in black, brown, and dark blue leather cases, lined with plush or velvet, and while the name may be put on the clock itself, it should also appear on the case, with one's address underneath it, so that if it is left in the train or at the station the honest person who finds it will know where to send it.

GREAT, huge tiger lilies, annunciation lilies, and enormous roses, chrysanthemums or dahlias are shown in velvet and satin, to be placed on the large lace shades now in vogue for lamps. This makes the shades less expensive, as when the flower-shades are gotten at a lamp store they cost a great deal, whereas if you buy a silk shade first, get the lace and frill it on, then put upon it a flower or flowers bought separately, it will be found to cost much less. And she is a wise woman who looks after her household in the way of saving on luxuries, by devoting a little time to their arrangement and manufacture.

VERY thin tulle veils in pale blue, lavender, pink, pale green and scarlet are in use for wear with the light evening bonnets. They are so thin they do not crush the trimming, and the color being so pale has no effect on the skin, while the veil does its duty in keeping the hair in place. Some, who like to mass the color about the neck, allow three-quarters of a yard to a veil, drawing up the fulness under the throat and fastening it high on the back with five or six fancy pins.

A Graceful Act

Of hospitality is to offer your evening guests a cup of Bouillon before leaving. Use Armour's Extract of Beef and boiling water; add salt, pepper and a thin slice of lemon to each cup. Serve with plain crackers. There are many ways of using Armour's Extract. Our little Cook Book explains several. We mail it free.

Armour & Company
Chicago

St. Cecilia.

St. Cecilia, according to ancient legends, invented the organ and consecrated it especially to God's service, believing that all other instruments were insufficient to express the music of her soul. On it she composed and sung hymns so sweet that angels came to listen to her. It is this legend which the artist has portrayed in the famous picture of "St. Cecilia," of which this is an engraving.

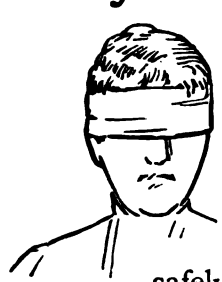
The ESTEY Organ aims to produce the highest and most perfect music of the soul. It is a wonderful instrument, with a rich, deep, pure tone full of that rare "singing" quality. The tone of the ESTEY Organ is imitated in many others, but they all fall short of the ESTEY in combined sweetness and power.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, prices, etc.

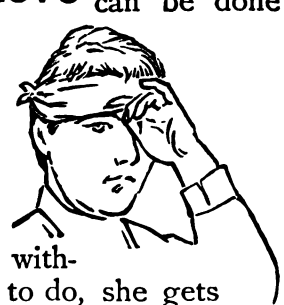
Estey Organ Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

159 Tremont Street, Boston.
831 Broadway, New York.
18 North 7th Street, Philadelphia.
} Branch Offices: {
State and Jackson Streets, Chicago.
916 Olive Street, St. Louis.
Marietta and Broad Sts., Atlanta, Ga.

Every Woman is an Unbeliever.



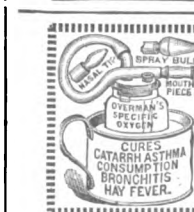
She can't believe, to begin with, that Pearline can do so much. She hears that everybody is using it; finally she tries it. It does all she's heard of; it saves all that she's been told. She takes comfort in using it. But **She can't believe** that so much can be done safely. She consults those who have used it for years. She finds that Pearline has been tested and proved in a hundred ways; that it's harmless to hands or fabric; that it's as safe as good soap. Then



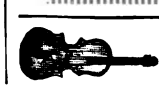
She can't believe that she ever did without it. She has less to do, she gets more done—and it's all done better. Her clothes last longer—they're not rubbed to pieces. Her housework is easy; her time is her own. **She believes in Pearline,** and tells her friends about it—(that's the most effective kind of advertising).

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 316 JAMES PYLE, New York.

THREE POZZONI'S POINTS
MEDICATED COMPLEXION
J.A. POZZONI'S Pozzoni's Complexion Powder Imparts a brilliant TRANSPARENCY to the SKIN, FLESH COLOR.
JAP TRADE MARK.
removes all pimples, freckles, and discolorations, and makes the skin delicately soft.
COMPLEXION POWDER
- WHITE - - FLESH - BRUNETTE
- - SAFE - - - CURATIVE - BEAUTIFYING
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND FANCY GOODS DEALERS.
THREE POWDER. TINTS



OVERMAN'S SPECIFIC OXYGEN
A Medicated Oxygen Home Treatment for Diseases of Head, Throat and Lungs.
Separate Specifics for Catarrh and Hay Fever.
It Softens Tubercles, Quiets Coughs, Heals the Lungs and Purifies the Blood, and Relieves Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Asthma, Nasal Catarrh, La Grippe, Catarrhal Deafness and Nervous Prostration.
A REMEDY PRESCRIBED BY PHYSICIANS.
Manual of Specific Oxygen FREE. Depositories: OMAHA, NEB.; LOUISVILLE, KY.
THE SPECIFIC OXYGEN CO., Nashville, Tenn.



SEND for our list of 19 Catalogs of Music and Musical Instruments.
W. STORY, 26 Central St., Boston, Mass

IMPROVED SELF-INKING PEN & PENCIL STAMP, any name in rubber, 15c. Club of 10, $1.
PRINTING OUTFIT, 4 Alphabets RUBBER TYPE, Holder, Tweezers, Ink, Pad and Box, 15 cts., both 25c. FRANKLIN PRINTING CO., New Haven, Conn.

Digitized by Google

DAINTY UNDERWEAR IN VOGUE

By Isabel A. Mallon

JUST what sort of underwear to assume is one question that troubles the average woman very much. She doesn't want to wear so much that it will be bulky, and she doesn't want to wear too little for fear she will catch cold. She tries first one and then another shaped garment; and the wise woman is she who, having at last hit upon that which is most comfortable, makes it most dainty and assumes it for good. Very little linen is used nowadays for one's lingerie, the preference being given to cambric, victoria lawn, nainsook or percale. The last is noted with tiny dots, or wee flowers in pink, blue or lavender upon the white ground. Then when the garment is finished the edges have a triple scallop, or a sharp point embroidered in cotton of the same color as the figure. This material, with its simple finish, is liked for sack-shaped chemises, for night-dresses and for drawers; it is seldom, if ever, used for skirts.

SOME PRETTY NIGHT-DRESSES

THE fancy for silk night-dresses still exists, but as there always have been women who would wear nothing but the clear white lawn or nainsook, and as these women are many, the makers of underwear are specially catering to them. Very much more fine work, that is, handwork, can be put upon a nainsook gown than upon a silk one, and the needle-woman can make more fine tucks, fancy stitches, gatherings, hemstitching and drawing of threads than ever would seem possible. A pretty design for a night-gown is that shown in Illustration No. 2, which is of the ordinary sack-shape, having a slight train in the back and a broad hemstitching in front; the material is gathered in just across the bust, and very carefully gathered; across this is a narrow band of insertion, and above it a full frill of lace with narrow ribbon run through the top of it, so that it may be drawn to fit. A full frill of lace is around the neck at the back and comes down each side, giving the appearance of a square-necked bodice to the night-dress. Ribbons are fastened at the side seams, and are drawn forward and tied in a loose way just in front. The sleeves are full and high on the shoulders and are drawn in at the wrists, where they have lace frills as their decoration. In silk, flannel, cashmere, cambric or muslin such a night-dress would be pretty and very easily made, the elaborate effect being produced entirely by the lace and ribbons. For people who do not care for thin gowns, those of figured percale, with a broad sailor collar and full sleeves drawn into deep cuffs, with the usual embroidered finish, are commended.

ONE OF THE PRETTIEST NIGHT-DRESSES
(Illus. No. 2)

THE PREFERRED UNDERVEST

THE silk or lisle thread woven in many colors and in various ways into vests are worn almost exclusively in place of the chemise. They are, of course, warmer, and as they extend well over the hips really protect one more than a chemise, the skirt of which flares away. They are shown with an open-work finish about the neck; in some instances it is very elaborate; sometimes they are square-necked, sometimes they are V-shaped, but always do they have the close-fitting strap over the shoulder and the silk strings to draw them in to make them fit and to keep one warm. In the delicate shades I can recommend the pale pink, which when it does fade, fades so entirely that it becomes a creamy tint that is decidedly pretty, a something that cannot be said about the shrimp. The blues are not to be depended upon, though, curious enough, the lavender washes extremely well.

A DAINTY ROBE DE NUIT

THE fastening of night-dresses at the side is at once novel and pretty. One is shown in Illustration No. 1. It is made of white nainsook very fine and soft. The back is slightly full, and gathered in at the neck to the ordinary band. The front, which is cut off straight just below the throat, is arranged in a series of fine tucks that flare below the waist line, giving the necessary fullness. A ruffle of fine torchon lace is about the neck and comes down each side, while a full frill of it makes a decoration across the front. The buttons are set on the side of the front, while the button-holes, hidden under the lace, are easily reached, and yet when it is all fastened no buttons are visible. The sleeves are full, and have for wrist finish pretty cuffs made of torchon lace and insertion. Four rosettes of pink ribbon are to be worn with this gown, one being on each side of the tucked portion and one on each sleeve. If desired, a pink ribbon sash may hold it in at the waist, but as the tucking extends so far down this is really not necessary. Such a night-dress could be developed in any of the wash materials, but I could not advise it in either flannel or cashmere, as the result would be a clumsy and rather bulky piece of work. People who have to wear wool gowns find the simple sack design with a decorated collar and cuffs the most desirable.

A DAINTY ROBE DE NUIT (Illus. No. 1)

THE PETTICOATS MOST IN VOGUE

THE somewhat short, rather scant petticoat with its fullness drawn back by a string midway of its depth, continues in vogue. They are developed in changeable silk, plain silk and in light-weight cloth. The usual trimming is three narrow, scant, pinked flounces; the silk skirt elaborately trimmed with lace not having the vogue given to it that belonged to it some time ago. Very many ladies living in warm rooms and wrapping up warmly when they go out, wear but one skirt during the winter and have that of very thin flannel. This quality is sold in pale gray, lavender, nile-green, rose and shrimp pink, bright scarlet, pale blue, clear yellow and a very light mode that is almost a cream. Both ribbon and lace are put on these skirts, black or white lace being used, as is deemed most harmonious. A typical skirt of this kind is pictured in Illustration No. 3. It has the front width slightly gored, and just enough fullness is allowed at the back to make it set gracefully. On the edge is a band of pink silk ribbon; below it a row of white valenciennes insertion, then there is another row of the pink ribbon and then a full frill of white lace. The ribbon and insertion should be an inch and a half wide, while the lace frill should be three inches. The band to which the skirt is sewed is of the ribbon folded, and long narrow pink ribbon strings tie in the back. In black such a skirt could be trimmed with black lace, and scarlet, pale blue or pale yellow ribbon. Lavender could be decorated with either white, black or its own color; red could be trimmed with black, and pale yellow with either black or white.

ABOUT DRESSING SACKS

THE long, rather cumbersome dressing-gown went out with the dowdy wrapper, and in its place is the graceful dressing-sack. This is sufficiently long to reach nearly to the knees, and is oftenest mounted on a yoke in regular Watteau fashion. Silk, cashmere, or flannel are the materials used for dressing-sacks, while ribbons, of course, play their part in being decorative. The flannel ones are warm and easily cleaned, and as all the dainty colors may be gotten, a great variety of individual taste may be exercised.

A FLANNEL JACKET

A VERY becoming jacket is made of rose-colored, light-weight flannel. It has a yoke of moss-green velvet from which the full widths of flannel fall, being arranged in double box plaits. They reach almost to the knees, and have an inch-wide ribbon as the finish. A rolling collar of velvet is the neck finish, and long ribbons here looped together confine the jacket at the throat. The sleeves are high and full and gathered into cuffs of velvet. A mistake too often made in a dressing sack is that of having the sleeves close-fitting; as one wears the sack when arranging one's hair, or sometimes placing the bonnet just in position, the arms want to have a free swing, untrammeled by tight sleeves. For this reason very many ladies prefer the old-fashioned "angel" sleeve, which closes just a little below the shoulder, and falls entirely away from the arm.

ABOUT THE SEWING

THE woman who can do fine needlework can now make her underwear beautiful without putting any other trimming upon it than the labor of her hands. In the stores where specialties are made of trousseaux, and of very fine underwear, all the work is done by hand. Stitches so fine that they seem as if set by the fairies are gloated over by the connoisseurs in lingerie, and the closeness with which they are placed is counted as of special value. It seemed for a while as if the art of plain sewing would be forgotten, and all that would be known by the coming woman be decorative needlework; but the various guilds started in London have done much to encourage the feminine art. Women of high social position give their approbation to it, and so handwork is again in fashion on linen, lawn, muslin, or whatever may be the fabric.

It is for such work as this that the fine needles, the web-like threads, and all the dainty needle-basket adjuncts are used. Embroidery cottons are used to form the cipher or monogram that marks who the owner of the garment is, for nowadays my lady does not let indelible ink touch her belongings, but instead her favorite way of writing her initials is wrought out in firm stitches and small letters. On a night-dress the letters are high up on the bust; on petticoats, on the ribbon strings, on chemises on the shoulders, and on undervests in the same place.

All long seams are finely felled by hand, except on flannel, when the seam is laid open and "herring-boned" with silk. As far as possible, garments are cut without seams, but in most instances seams are necessary to make them form the fit required, the fit that is of importance, for "lumpy" underwear will cause your outside bodice and skirt to "set" improperly.

ABOUT ONE'S BELTS

FOR the woman who is inclined to be stout, or the one who wishes to keep her figure looking as slender as possible, it is best to have the various pieces of underwear so arranged that they will all button upon one yoke, and this yoke should be under the corsets. In assuming your corsets just remember that if they are to be comfortable and keep the outline of your shape, and not that which the dressmaker would wish you to have, let them be the last thing you assume before putting on your dress, and do be a little careful in choosing your corsets. Get one that is not too large, or not too small, but to fit you, and then you will not have either a red nose from tight lacing, or your hands frozen from the same cause, nor will you be uncomfortable because it is so loose upon you. Nobody wants people to lace: that is, nobody with any sense, but it has been proven beyond a doubt that a sensible, properly-made corset is at once desirable and healthful.

A TYPICAL SKIRT (Illus. No. 3)

THE FEW LAST WORDS

AFTER one has devoted time and patience to making pretty belongings, after one has chosen ribbons and laces and arranged everything as lovely as possible, then you must remember that a dainty nest is wanted for these belongings. Now, for this get some very inexpensive silk as thin as possible. Make it into sachets large enough to fit your bureau drawers and fill them with whatever may be your favorite perfume. Lavender, violet, or orris powder are all desirable odors to permeate linen, for they are not heavy, but suggest the odor of the country, and make one think of fresh water and linen dabbled in cool brooks. Do not let anybody induce you to use either patchouli or musk among your lingerie, as both are unrefined, and you never wish to suggest that they are near you or your belongings.

FRENCH HAND-MADE UNDERWEAR.

THIS class of goods is not inappropriately termed artistic, for it is most carefully and scientifically shaped, and the outlines of ornamentation everywhere show the traces of genius, while the details of sewing and embroidery are executed with the most painstaking care. The prices will doubtless surprise you. For instance:

French Percale Gowns, with hand-embroidered necks and sleeves, are only

$1.00.

Better qualities, with hand-embroidered necks, sleeves and fronts,

$1.50, $2.00, $3.50, and $5.00.

French Percale Drawers, all lengths, with hand-embroidered ruffles,

$1.00.

Better qualities:

$1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50, $3.50 and $5.00.

French Percale Skirts, with 12-inch ruffle, finished with hand-embroidered scalloped edge,

$1.00.

Better qualities:

$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $3.75, $4.00 and $5.00.

French Percale Chemise, with hand-embroidered yoke,

75 cents.

Better qualities:

$1.00, $1.25, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.50.

Mention THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

WOODWARD & LOTHROP
10, 11 and F Streets, N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRINTED BATISTE,

36 inches wide.

King Philip Mills.

Send two-cent stamp for samples of

Cambric, Lawns,

Nainsook and Batiste,

MADE BY THE

KING PHILIP MILLS,

85 Worth Street,

New York,

N. Y.

ORDERS EASILY FILLED BY MAIL.

Dragon Fast Black

WITHOUT THIS NONE GENUINE

COTTON DRESS FABRICS.

DOES NOT CROCK OR FADE

IN SHEER INDIA LINONS LAWNS & BATISTE PRINTED EFFECTS

IMPROVED BY WASHING

WARRANTED ABSOLUTELY FAST

One thing is Certain—
Our Fashion Catalogue

Illustrates the latest Paris and New York styles in Ladies', Men's And Children's wear, at New York's Lowest prices. Write for it at once. It is sent you Free.

MAHLER BROS., 503-504 6th Ave., N. Y.

DRESSMAKING SIMPLIFIED.

Any Lady Can now Learn to Cut Perfect-Fitting Dresses.

Patented 1879-1885 1885-1886

No one using a Chart or Square can compete with The McDowell Garment Drafting Machine in Cutting Stylish, Graceful and Perfect-Fitting Garments; Easy to Learn, Rapid to Use, Fits any Form, Follows every Fashion. An Invention as Useful as the Sewing Machine.

Free 30 days to test at your own home. Send for Illustrated Circular.

THE McDOWELL CO.
6 West 14th Street, New York City.

Send 35 cents for copy of our elegant French Fashion books explaining how to cut latest style garment.

Ladies, Send Stamp for Primer.

I do shopping of all kinds. Eight years' experience, best reference. MARJORIE MARCH, 904 Spruce St., Phila.

Digitized by Google

A Department devoted entirely to an interchange of ideas among our band of JOURNAL sisters. Address all letters to AUNT PATIENCE, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 433–435 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MY DEAR SISTERS:—The room seems a little close and stuffy, does it not? Let us throw open the windows for a moment or two. It is a mistake to try to keep ourselves warm by shutting up every crack which would admit the fresh air from out of doors. How dull the fire looks in our grates when the room has been closed all night, and the fire "kept in." You think it is for want of "draft" it does not burn. It is for want of oxygen; that important part of the air, upon which the fires in our grates and the fire in our lungs depends, has been quite used up. I am always sorry to see sand bags across the top of the lower window sashes. I do not like double windows. We get quite too little fresh air inside our homes in the winter.

Now we may close the windows; we are refreshed. Our English sisters are always surprised when they come to America to find our houses so hot. They wonder how we can live. Do not be afraid of a little fresh air. I am a little amused to hear a woman say, as I often do, "I cannot venture out of my room in winter without taking cold." Of course she cannot. She has been getting herself into a condition of ill health which prepares her for any sickness which may attack her, whether it be a simple "cold," or something more serious. Of course, there are times when one must avoid exposure to a storm or the sharp air, and there are people whose physical condition is such that they must at least temporarily avoid great variations of temperature, but none more than those who are feeble and delicate need the freshest of air to breathe. If it is absolutely necessary to keep them under cover let the air in their rooms be constantly changed.

***

HOW few persons know how to give an errand to a child or a servant, and how few children and servants can take the errand from one telling. If her mother says: "Mary, please go to the grocer's and get a pound of sugar and half a pound of coffee," the probability is that Mary will say: "Where was it you wanted me to go?" or, "Do you want a pound of coffee?" or, "Was it coffee or tea you wanted?" And quite likely after she has gone out of the door and turned the corner she will come back and say: "How much sugar?" The fault is largely lack of attention; the habit of the quick reception of an idea and the ability to remember it can be cultivated. Parents and teachers should be careful in giving directions to young persons to do so in a quiet manner, and it should be expected that the directions will be accurately followed without any need of repetition.

***

THERE is a game which is both entertaining and useful in cultivating the habit of attention. It is called "Observation," and is played in this way: Place upon a table a number of articles, quite varied in appearance, and allow the players to look at the collection for a moment or two only, and then require them to write a list of the articles, offering a prize for the most perfect one. The game can be played by any number of persons and is suitable, therefore, for the family or for larger social gatherings, and can be as elaborate as one chooses to make it.

I have read that a famous prestidigitator, when a boy, was trained by his father to notice so carefully, that after passing a shop window he could mention nearly everything displayed there, could repeat the titles of the books on a library shelf after one rapid glance, and do a great many other marvelous things, which enabled him to appear to perform miracles.

***

THE unpleasant phrase "cheap girls" has arrested my attention more than once, and I have wondered what sort of girls they are. Are they those whose loud laughter and talking draws to them the attention of every one in the car? Are they those whose voices call us to the window as they pass? Do they wear skirts so narrow, shoes so tight, waist so small, that their gait is an amusement or a marvel? Do they puff up their shoulders above their ears, and piece their skirts down from the top in order that they may sweep the streets? I wonder are they the girls who place themselves in the way of young men? who "make errands" which will carry them into business streets, and call frequently on girls who have brothers? How easily their flimsy device is seen through, and what sneers it occasions. Dear girls, don't be cheap. Don't make a "bargain counter" of your church vestibule, and offer your smiles and your vivacious talk to the young man whose person and manners have pleased your fancy.

IN a very important particular I am unlike many of my JOURNAL sisters. I am blessed with the best of health, which enables me to accomplish a great deal of work.

A woman owes it to herself, as well as to her husband, to wear at her work in the early morning becoming clothing, and the kind for which he has expressed a preference; for that reason I wear white dresses of seersucker that require no ironing, or of lace-striped lawn that require no starch.

A wife should provide not many varieties of food but well cooked and daintily served; my table is always set with my best linen (I have but one quality) and my handsome china, for I believe it my privilege to have my best set for my dearest friend, my choicest guest and most honored—my husband.

A wife should not keep her husband waiting for her when they are going out together. Although I assist him to dress, I try to be ready before he is, and to accomplish that I keep my clothing in repair so that with twenty minutes' notice I can make an evening call, attend an evening service, or take a journey of a thousand miles.

Has your husband expressed a wish that you should study and improve in certain directions? Then spend the spare moments cultivating yourself in those particulars. My husband has desired that I improve myself in the study of a foreign language, for which we have use in our business; and also in music, in which he takes great delight, so although my life is full of work, for I am my husband's book-keeper and do my own housework, still I treasure all my spare moments, and improve in the directions he desires.

Very few wives and husbands have exactly the same religious creed, and it is worse than useless to try to argue him into your way of thinking, so although my husband and I differ very much in what we believe, still I do not talk on that subject. I simply try to live my religion in the small routine of every day's duties.

Now, if what I have written will assist in breathing in some other home-life some of the joy that lives in mine, and enable you to hold your husband a constant admiring lover, I will consider that the time I have spent in writing this letter has been well spent.

ANNE

One cannot always appear in white in the morning, but the principle of this suggestion can be carried out. Select a material and a style of making the morning dress which will be becoming and durable and yet attractive. The "old dud," be it worn by mistress or maid, is an offence in the morning. One may possibly gain strength to endure it in the middle of the day, if the "old dud" must be worn at some time. But I have in my own home proof positive that one who does drudgery and who has but a meagre purse may always look neat and attractive.

And health—oh, if we only knew how much that means to every woman, would we not give up the things which would injure it,—would we not as young girls gladly deny ourselves the momentary indulgence which means an injury to the digestion or curtailment of sleep, or that worst of all woman's sins, the cramping of the vital organs?

***

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—I decided to have our children fill a box for Christmas, and happily found just the right school to send it to, a little struggling school in a barren part of North Carolina, where the children have never seen a Christmas tree, and are to have one for the first time this year. As the girls have many of them never seen a doll, our little mission children have been dressing some for them, and have made many things after your suggestions—pretty work-bags of cretonne containing needle-books and scrap-books, worsted balls, patch-work, aprons and bright ornaments for the tree. They made last time a lot of "Christmas stockings," one for each of the sixty children, and we are trying to raise money enough now to fill the stockings with candy and toys. We make candy at home, do it up in little packages and let the children sell it, finding it easily disposed of and a good profit remaining after the material is paid for. Then they prepare rags for rag-carpet, and get eight cents a pound for them from the carpet weaver. It is encouraging to see the little ones work so perseveringly and become so much interested. I am sure that very few, if any of them, ever did so much before to brighten Christmas time for others, and I know it will make their own much happier.

JENNIE D.

Thank you for the trouble you have taken to give this very interesting account of your work. It will suggest similar methods to many other young leaders of clubs and mission-bands. A willingness to share comforts and advantages is growing, not only where there is large wealth but among those whose life is not very abundant, and it is a most encouraging and hopeful "sign of the times."

***

I would like the privilege to have "my little say" about one whose loneliness, and real or fancied domestic sorrows have engendered some form of those diseases which physicians are beginning to consider under the head of low pressure nervous affections. If such an one cannot find comfort in her home (and how can she, when to her mind all her trouble lies right there?) or in the beneficent soothing aspects of nature, it seems to me her only hope would lie in an entire change of scene. I ask myself "Why can't she find comfort in the sky?" because I have found it there. In my day I have known that most depressing solitude, "the loneliness of great cities," but God, in His mercy, always left open for me a bit of sky, and in its ever-changing kaleidoscope there was for me comfort and courage. That beautiful blue stretches far away over all my absent friends; it canopies my mother's gray head; and at night, when the stars are out, it blazes with the eloquence of tradition and the peace of promise. Orion brandishes his sword of adventure and endurance. Cassiopeia smiles from her lofty chair. I read all the shining page and the milky way stretching northward (which is homeward) and I say to myself, "These bright stars shine as well at home where mother dwells!"

These are inspiring thoughts; and the beautiful book, which is so full of meaning, is not like an "*edition de luxe*," limited to the enjoyment of a few, but is open to every one. I know two little girls who declare they are having "beautiful times" just before they go to bed each night, studying the sky with their mother.

DEAR AUNT PATIENCE—I feel that I must have help from some source, and I know you will help me if I write to you. I am a young girl, left motherless and without an elder sister. My mother died last June, when I was just eighteen, and the care of the house fell on my young and inexperienced shoulders. I have my father, three brothers (the youngest sixteen) and a house of nine rooms to care for. I was never taught anything about housekeeping, mending, sewing, etc., being in school until that time, so that, of course, I cannot manage, and my house is in constant confusion. I, like every one else, feel like working sometimes, and do a week's work in one day, and then do nothing for several days. I would like to know how to get my work systemized. We cannot afford the expense of a servant, and I do all the work except the washing. I do so much desire to be a good housekeeper in my father's house. I presume this letter is very different from the kind you usually receive, but it comes from the heart, and I trust many of the sisters will help me with a plan.

E. M. E.

Let us have short, practical instructions for this young housekeeper. Do not send a dozen pages about washing dishes, or half a dozen pages about ironing a shirt. Let us have as many very simple, very definite hints as possible. Confine yourselves to one page on the general work of the house, and if you can put your advice on half a page, so much the better. I have a pile of letters on washing flannels, any one of which would nearly fill a page of the JOURNAL; and if I printed them all we shall have flannel washing and nothing else for a year. And then we should be as much puzzled as ever whether hot or cold water is the best for them.

***

PERHAPS I can offer a suggestion that bears on the homely art of washing clothes. I know there are many women who have to (or choose to because it is not half done at those new-fangled laundries) wash their husband's trousers. I find it easier and more satisfactory than mere rubbing to scrub them thoroughly with soap and a clean scrubbing-brush (after ordinary soaking). Having scrubbed them well, I hang them on the line, and turn the hose on them, and let the stream of water buffet them until every vestige of soap and murkiness is gone, and behold! the garments are beautifully clean. I need not suggest that all heavy articles may be rinsed in the same way. I consider the use of that three-foot hose on washing day a boon to the housekeeper who is not strong, a mercy to her "keep," if she does not have to do the work herself. Now, do not say "That is Southern shiftlessness," as some perhaps might; for although my home is here, I am a Pennsylvanian by birth, a Yankee by education and experience. I use those processes in washing because I have found them cleanly and efficacious. I must confess I often wonder if any one else washes in that way.

A. B. C.

Thank you for these plain instructions. You show us how one may have noble thoughts and be faithful in small and homely service.

And here is another lover of the sky:

***

DEAR FRIEND—I have such good company these winter evenings. Carlyle said "the test of friendship and congenial companionship is intercourse without speech." And truly there is no need of words between my guests and myself. It is such a rest after the turmoil of the day, the twaddle of gossipy newsmongers and the platitudes of society callers, to sit in one's easy chair and feel that we are beings, not of time, but of eternity. Such hours are growing seasons for the soul; how deep the growth each day's actions will determine, for speech and deed are the leaves and blossoms that come from the roots of thought and meditation. Would you share our companionship? Turn your eyes toward the East and behold the glorious face of kingly Jupiter. He beams on you and me alike. Cultivate his acquaintance, and you have a life-long friend. If you would know him better take up your opera-glass; he will not resent the seeming rudeness, and his four attendants will reward you with a sight of their devotion to the royal planet. He rules the evening sky, and if you will study his course you will appreciate not only his grandeur, but will become interested in other wonders of the heavens, and life will mean more to you. The "silent watches of the night" are voiceful when the ear is attuned to divine harmonies. You will greet each returning constellation as an absent but unchanged friend. I well remember the sensation I experienced upon seeing in a strange land the familiar constellation of Orion striding above the eastern horizon. I no longer felt that I was far away from home, for there was the mighty hunter that had been my admiration from childhood; and really he looked friendly upon me every night that long winter, as I watched him "climbing up hill," as Proctor says, and then noticed how rapidly he seemed to descend as spring approached. Nature teaches us as much in winter as in summer. The flowers in the sky rival the gay earth-blossoms.

I have failed, with a good opera-glass, to see Jupiter's companions; was the trouble with my eyes?

***

ARNOLD TOYNBEE, the young English reformer, once wrote: "Languor can only be conquered by enthusiasm, and enthusiasm can only be aroused by two things, first, an ideal which takes the imagination by storm; and second, a definite, intelligent plan for carrying that ideal out into practice." The truth of this remark is illustrated by such popular movements as the Chautauqua Reading Circle, which, with its ideal of continued study by old and young in all walks of life, and its "definite, intelligent plan" has induced so many thousands to shake off mental languor and to enter with enthusiasm upon systematic reading courses.

W. G.

This little paragraph answers many questions: How shall I pass my time? How shall I improve myself? What can I do to make myself a fit companion for any friend? This is one thing you may do. Take up definite study, and form your ideals by acquaintance with what is noble and good, and then gather inspiration for striving after your ideals by daily contact with good and great minds. Happily this can be done now by the most lonely and isolated. It is astonishing to see how the white wings carry printed words into the remotest corners.

***

THERE is one woman at least who has a husband who is "sweet tempered and happy looking" during house-cleaning time.

I do not know how it is brought about, but do know what a comfort it is to have my husband come in with: "Well, little woman, what do you think you are doing?" as he pinches my cheek and gives his customary kiss. Then he falls to work to do any odd job that needs strong hands, whistling and telling us that women do not amount to anything at all without a man about to set them right. But I do not tear up the *whole* house when cleaning, I do not dress myself in rags and tatters and I meet my husband with a smile, no matter how busy I am.

NINON

One afternoon is all too short for the glad inspiring words coming from far and near, from the old and the young, and for the questions we want to ask and answer. We must not linger in the pleasant company, but turn each to her own duties, easy or hard. Something of cheer we will carry with us to make the years happy indeed for all who know us, and for all the unknown so far as word or deed of ours can carry comfort and joy.

Aunt Patience

Witch Cream

is neither sticky nor greasy. It keeps the flesh fresh and healthy.

WITCHING IN ITS EFFECT

Sample Bottle sent on receipt of 10 cents. C. H. & J. Price, Salem, Mass.

Edwards' Orange Spoon

IS THE MOST PRACTICAL.

Made in the celebrated STERLING SILVER INLAID Quality.

No soiling of fingers. The meat easily and daintily removed.

Sterling Silver Inlaid Spoons and Forks have pieces of Solid Silver Inlaid in the backs of the bowl and handle. All wear positively prevented at these points. Ask your Jeweler for them, or send for Catalogue. Take no substitute.

THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

The Double Vr Waist

LADIES INFANTS CHILDREN YOUNG LADIES

A Very Satisfactory Garment.

WHY? Because it Supports Stockings and Underclothes from the SHOULDERS, and has no stiff cords; fits with perfect ease and freedom. Elegant, and strictly hygienic. Sold by leading dealers.

LADY CANVASSERS WANTED.

Send for Illustrated Price List.

THE FOY, HARMON & CHADWICK CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE "CHIC"

DRESS LIFTER (PATENTED) USED BY

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
Mrs. W. E. GLADSTONE,
Madame ADELINA PATTI,

Etc., Etc., with Testimonials.

To be had from Leading Dry Goods Stores. Single Set, 50 cts.; Double Set, 60 cts. A Special Adjustment for trained skirts. Particulars with every set.

G. H. LANGE & CO., ENGLAND.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 108 WORTH STREET, City.

CORN & BUNION SHIELDS.

A package of ALLCOCK'S CORN SHIELDS or a sample of ALLCOCK'S BUNION SHIELDS will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of *Ten Cents*.

They are easily applied, give immediate relief, afford absolute comfort, and are the best, surest, cleanest and cheapest remedy for corns and bunions ever produced.

The Corn Shields are made large and small. In ordering, state size wanted.

POROUS PLASTER CO., 274 Canal Street, New York.

DO YOU PAINT?

Or do Fancy Work? Ingalls' Home and Art Magazine is a Text Book on Painting and Fancy Work. Single copies 15 cts.; $1.00 per year. We will send you a SAMPLE COPY of the Magazine, also 4 COLORED STUDIES by Lida Clarkson, all for 8 two-cent stamps (16c.) Address

J. F. INGALLS, - LYNN, MASS. Box J.

Almond Meal. MINER'S, the original,

Whitens and nourishes the Skin, removes Pimples, Eczema, Blackheads, Wrinkles, Shiny Skin, Moth, Tan, Freckles, Liver Spots and all skin blemish. Ask for Miner's (the original). Perfectly harmless. 25 cents by mail.

H. A. MINER, - Malden, Mass.

Digitized by Google

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

SO many questions come as to the proper arrangement of the dining-room, the methods of setting and waiting upon the table, when certain dishes should be served, etc., that I think it will be well this month to devote most of our space to these matters. The questions have come from men and women in many conditions in life, and from almost every State in the Union.

In this country it is a common thing for people who have passed half their lives in comparative poverty suddenly to become rich. With these riches come larger establishments and a more generous way of living, but not always with correct knowledge as to how things should be done. Possibly a few suggestions may help some such persons, as well as the housekeepers who still do their own work.

A PLEASANT, SUNNY DINING-ROOM

THE dining-room should be large enough to enable a person to pass around the table comfortably when the family or guests are all seated. It should also be light and sunny, and easily heated and ventilated. The most essential pieces of furniture are a table of generous width, capable of being enlarged, comfortable chairs and a sideboard. After that, if the room be large enough and the purse will admit of the purchase of a cabinet or two, with glass fronts and sides, so much the better. In these there can be kept dainty bits of china and glassware. These cabinets will brighten a dining-room more than anything else you can put into it, possibly excepting pictures. If there be no room for a cabinet, a corner cupboard and some hanging shelves will be a great addition. Pictures that suggest pleasant things are, of course, always desirable. A few thrifty ferns, flowering plants or evergreens add a great deal to the brightness and beauty of any room, but particularly in the dining-room. Have them there if you possibly can. A heavy covering of white felt or double Canton flannel is also necessary for the table.

HOW TO SET THE FAMILY TABLE

BREAKFAST being the plainest meal of the day, the arrangement of the table should always be simple. The cloth should be spotless. At each person's seat place a knife, fork, teaspoon or dessertspoon, tumbler and napkin, and if fresh fruit is to be served, a finger bowl, if there be no servant. If you have a waitress, she will place the finger bowls on as you finish with the fruit. If fresh fruit be served there must also be placed at each seat a fruit knife and plate. The knives and spoons should be placed at the right and the forks and napkins at the left; the tumblers to be at the point of the knives. There should be space between the knife and fork for a breakfast plate. Have the dish of fruit in the center of the table. Have a tray cloth at each end of the table. Spread little butter plates at the top of each plate. If individual salt and pepper bottles be used, place them at the side of each plate; if large ones, place them at the corners of the table. Put four tablespoons on the table, either in two corners, or beside the dishes that they will be used in serving. Put the carving knife and fork at the head of the table and the cups and saucers, sugar and cream, coffee-pot, hot-water bowl, etc., and the mush dishes at the other end.

The mistress of the house serves the mush, and when the fruit and this course have been served, the dishes are removed and the hot plates and other food brought in, the head of the house serving the hot meats, etc., while the mistress pours the coffee. It sometimes happens that a man of business lacks time to serve breakfast, in which case the mistress of the house attends to that duty. If there be a waitress, she passes the plates when they are ready; also the bread, butter and coffee. The hostess usually puts the sugar and cream in the coffee, first asking each one if they will have these additions. After all have been served it is quite common to dismiss the waitress, ringing for her if her services be again required. When there is but one servant, the family help each other after the breakfast has been placed upon the table. Fresh water is good for most people, and each person should be served with a tumbler full when they take their seats at the table. If there be hot cakes or waffles they should come after the meats, and there should be a fresh set of warm plates, as well as of knives and forks.

ABOUT THE DINNER TABLE

THE dinner table is set in nearly the same manner as the breakfast table, omitting the coffee and mush service and placing soup spoons where the mush spoons were in the morning. In the center of the table may be placed a pretty square and on this may be set a small, low plant or vase of flowers or a dish of fruit. The silver for all the courses may be put on the table when it is set, or may be placed by the waitress for each course. Dinner plates are placed on the table or not, when it is set, as one pleases. When they are placed on the table they are removed with the soup plates, and warm plates are then placed near the carver. In the December number I gave some suggestions as to the dinner table, and named some of the things that should be placed on it when it was set. In the November number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL under the title, "How Delmonico Sets a Table," there were given directions for setting the table for an elaborate dinner.

THE LUNCHEON AND TEA TABLES

FAMILY luncheons and teas are rarely served in courses. Tea, cocoa or chocolate is, as a rule, served at these meals, so that the table is set in practically the same manner as for breakfast; but the plates are placed for each person, and unless there be meat to carve, the carving knife and fork are not put on. The bread, butter, cake, preserves, etc., are placed on the table when it is set. If hot meats, vegetables, soup or cakes be served the cold plates must be changed for hot ones. When meats, vegetables or salads have been served at these meals, the plates should be changed before the cake and preserves are passed.

For luncheon, such dishes as these are suitable: eggs in any form, soups, salads, cold meats, with baked or warmed-up potatoes, any kind of broiled meat or fish, any simple made dish, fresh fruit, stewed fruit, preserves, cake, gingerbread, etc.

Any dish (except soup and fresh fruit) that you serve for luncheons will be suitable for tea.

COMPANY LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS

SEVERAL subscribers ask for menus for company luncheons and dinners, and one asks that the order in which each course is served shall be given. I would say here that the subscriber will always find this done when the menus are arranged by people who understand such things. The same subscriber asks if the salad should be served after the oysters and before the dessert. A salad in a dinner course should be very simple—some kind of raw or cooked vegetable, very cold, and served with a simple French dressing, oil, vinegar, salt and pepper or mayonnaise sauce; and it should be served before the dessert.

Sometimes, one of these simple salads is served with game or roast chicken. Crisp celery dressed with mayonnaise sauce is particularly nice for this purpose. I will give two simple menus that can be served easily by good management, even where but one servant is kept. That there shall be no mistake I will separate each course by a short straight line:

LUNCHEON.

Consommé in Cups
Bread

Oysters au gratin
Bread

Broiled Chicken
French Peas Potato Balls

Salad
Olives Cheese
Crackers

Preserves Cake
Tea or Chocolate

DINNER.

Macaroni Soup
Bread

Boiled Fish Bechamel Sauce
Escalloped Potatoes
Bread

Roast Duck Brown Sauce
Fried Sweet Potatoes French Peas
Bread

Lettuce Salad
Olives Cheese
Crackers

Ice Cream Fancy Cakes
Coffee.

QUESTIONS ON TABLE ETIQUETTE.

A SUBSCRIBER asks: "In serving gravy, should it be passed, or put on the plate?" "Should garnishes, such as parsley, be served or not?" "Give latest etiquette for teaspoons, knives and forks when a guest wishes a second portion." Either method of serving gravy is correct. If, however, the host serves it he should put it on the side of the plate, not over the meat or fish. It is quite proper to serve a bit of the garnish, and when the piece is fresh and dainty it adds to the attractiveness of the plate; still, at many properly-served tables this is never done. The spoons, knives and forks should be left on the plate when it is sent for a second helping.

Another subscriber asks: "When only one servant is kept, should the girl serve the dessert from the kitchen, bringing it in on a tray, or place it before me and let me serve it?" "Should I use finger bowls when we do not have fresh fruit?" "Which is the proper way to eat a layer cake, especially custard cake, with a fork, or the fingers?" The dessert should be brought to the table whole, and be served by the hostess. Finger bowls should, be used at any meal when fresh fruit is served, but it often happens, even at large dinners, that there is really no use for them. If olives, candies, salted almonds or celery be served at a dinner or luncheon, the finger bowls should be put on at the end of the meal, for all these articles of food are taken in the fingers, and, of course, soil them. I should advise the use of the fork when eating layer cake.

COMPANY TABLES AND MANNERS

NOW, a word as to a very common fault in some of our homes. There seems to be an idea among many people that there must be a different set of manners for company from what is observed in every-day life. While it is the proper thing to have for an invited company a more elaborate dinner, and a little more ceremony in the service than for the family table, it must be remembered that one should not put on and take off good manners as one would a garment. They are a part of one's self, and whether the family meal consist of many courses or only a cup of tea and a slice of toast, it should always be served decently and in order, and the manners of the members of the household should be such that one need not blush for them, even in the finest company. As soon as a child is old enough to come to the table he should be taught by precept and example what good table manners are. If the father and mother be so unfortunate as not to have had proper training themselves, they should study to correct any bad habits they may have, for the sake of their children. Let it be understood that good manners are not the acquiring of every new wrinkle that fashionable society may prescribe. There is a great difference between good manners and good form. What is good form to-day may be very bad form to-morrow, but good manners are not changeable. Unselfishness, kindly feelings and politeness are the foundation of good manners.

Good table manners demand that one shall take soup from the side of the spoon; shall eat with a fork, rather than a knife; shall take small mouthfuls of food and masticate quietly, making no unpleasant sound; shall take in the fingers no food except fruits, confectionery, olives, bread, cake, celery, etc., and that the members of the family shall be as polite to each other as to any guest. Where people rush through their meals there is not much chance for table manners or good digestion. If properly managed, the table can be made one of the most refining influences of the home.

CLEANING NEW IRON COOKING UTENSILS

A SUBSCRIBER asks how to clean new stove furniture so that there shall be no odor. The manufacturers varnish the outside of ironware to protect it from rust. This varnish burns off in a few hours, and I know of no other way to remove it. They tell me at hardware stores that there is nothing else to do.

A more difficult problem is the washing of the inside of the utensil, so that it shall not rust or smut. Steel cooking utensils are made almost as cheap as iron, and while they rust if not properly cared for, they will not smut. Rub the inside surface of the utensil with old newspapers, getting off in this manner as much of the black as possible. Next grease every part of the inside thoroughly with beef or mutton suet. Cut up about a pound of suet for each vessel, using, however, two pounds for the tea-kettle. Put the fat in the vessels and let them heat slowly on the back part of the stove. When thoroughly heated, move them to a hotter part of the stove, where they should remain for two or three hours, being careful not to get the fat so hot that it will burn. Tie a piece of an old cloth on a long stick, and about every fifteen minutes swab the fat around the sides of the utensils, that the fat may permeate every part of the iron. At the end of two hours draw the utensils back to a cooler part of the stove, where they will cool gradually. When cool enough to handle readily, pour out the fat and wash the vessels in hot soap-suds. Wipe as dry as possible with the dish-cloth, and then rub smooth with a coarse dry towel. Iron utensils once treated in this manner will give no trouble in the future, if they receive proper attention. It is important that the oily bath be given iron utensils before water touches them.

There are two causes for the common rusting of iron cooking utensils: water is allowed to cool in them, and they are not wiped dry when washed. These utensils should be washed as carefully and wiped as dry as a piece of glass or silver. Keep coarse towels for tin and iron utensils, and if the dishes are washed as clean as they should be they will not soil the towels any more than if they were of china.

Iron muffin-pans and griddle-cake and frying-pans may be generously greased with fresh lard and allowed to stand over night. In the morning heat them thoroughly, and then wash and dry as directed.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed,
Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.
No Chemicals
are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Equally Popular with Rich and Poor.
A Universal Favorite.
Heckers'
Buckwheat.

"Isn't this pie delicious Mamma made it in 20 Minutes"


In paper boxes; enough for two large pies.
Always ready; easily prepared.
THE ORIGINAL
and only Complete and Satisfactory Condensed Mince Meat in the Market.
Cheap Substitutes and Crude Imitations are offered with the aim to profit by the popularity of the New England.
Do not be deceived but always insist on the New England Brand. The best made.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.


None Such
CONDENSED
Mince Meat
Contains No Alcoholic Liquors.
Makes an every-day convenience of an old-time luxury. PURE and wholesome. Prepared with scrupulous care. Highest award at all Pure Food Expositions. Each package makes two large pies. Avoid imitations—always insist on having the NONE SUCH brand.
If your grocer does not keep it, send 20c. (or stamps) for full size package by mail, prepaid.
MERRELL & SOULE, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.
Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or Webster's Dictionary. For particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York

BEST Utensil in the universe.


TAKE AN AGENCY for
DAGGETT'S
SELF-BASTING
ROASTING PAN
Needed in every family.
SAVES 20 Per Cent.
in *Roasting*, and *Bakes the Best Bread* in the world.
Address nearest office for terms.
W. A. DAGGETT & CO., Vineland, N. J. Chicago, Ill. Salt Lake City, Utah. East Portland, Oreg. Oakland, Cal. Galveston, Tex.

I have concluded to adopt
BURNETT'S
FLAVORING
EXTRACTS
exclusively.
Nov. 27, 1890. CHAS. H. SLACK, Chicago.

Digitized by Google

This Department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in answering any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the JOURNAL readers. MR. REXFORD asks that, as far as possible, correspondents will allow him to answer their questions through his JOURNAL Department. Where specially desired, however, he will answer them by mail if stamp is inclosed. Address all letters direct to

EBEN E. REXFORD, Shiocton, Wisconsin.

DESIRABLE PLANTS FOR PARLOR USE

SO many inquiries come to me about plants adapted to cultivation in the parlor that I give a brief description of a few of the best not already mentioned in the JOURNAL. There is no accessory to a house which I would so strongly recommend as potted flowers. They bring brightness and gladness, and often create sunshine when all other things fail.

A BEAUTIFUL PALM

ONE of the most striking and peculiar of the palm family is the *Cycas reboluta*. Its trunk looks more like a large and elongated pineapple than anything else. From the top it sends out its thick and leathery foliage in a great tuft. On a well-grown specimen the foliage will be two or three feet in length, spreading out in all directions, and from this some idea can be formed of its decorative qualities. It is dark green in color. Its leaves are stiff, but they have a graceful curve, and a good plant will be found extremely valuable in ornamenting a room. Its price prevents it from becoming as popular as it would surely be if it could be bought more cheaply, but because of its being rather slow and difficult to propagate it brings a high price.

THE GRACEFUL SWORD FERN

THIS good old plant is coming into popularity again among those who value plants for their beauty rather than their novelty. It lacks the delicate grace of the *Adiantums*, but it has a grace all its own, and a well-grown specimen will always attract attention. If given a soil of leaf-mold and sand, a shady place to grow in and plenty of water and considerable room for its roots, it will in a short time become a plant of noble proportions. It is not uncommon to see plants having thirty, forty, or fifty fronds from two to four feet long. These have a curve of striking gracefulness, and many mistake the plant for some variety of palm because of the division of the leaves, which greatly resembles that of some of the latter family. It is admirably adapted to culture in baskets or hanging pots, if care is taken to give plenty of root-room. It suffers from lack of water, and it is very important, therefore, to see that its wants in this respect are fully supplied. Shower its foliage freely as often as possible, and examine it frequently to see that scale has not attacked it.

VARIETIES OF THE JASMINE

THESE plants are great favorites everywhere. At the south many varieties are quite hardy, but with us at the north, they must be grown in the house. *Grandiflora* is a beautiful winter-blooming variety, of half climbing habit. Its flowers are white, star-shaped, and of most delightful fragrance. Its foliage is finely cut, and somewhat resembles that of some varieties of fern. *Revolutum* closely resembles *Grandiflora* in all respects except that of color. It is a bright golden yellow; Grand Duke is of shrubby habit, and produces small white flowers freely, double, as a rose, and of the most delicious fragrance. The culture of these plants is simple. Give a soil of sandy loam; water freely. Shower often to keep the red spider from injuring them and keep them in a sunny window. Cut back at first, to make them branch freely. After each period of flowering it is well to cut back all the branches on which flowers were borne, as this induces the sending out of other branches, and new growth must be secured in order to have plenty of flowers, none being borne from old wood.

A BRILLIANT PLANT

ONE of the most showy and satisfactory of house plants that will bloom all the time if given a little care is the *Achania Malvaviscus*. It has foliage shaped something like that of the *Abutilon*, of a very bright and pleasing green. The flowers are a rich, bright scarlet, and the contrast between flower and foliage is exceedingly fine. It is not as free a bloomer as many plants, but it will seldom be without a few flowers, and this cannot be said of most plants. It grows well in loam, made light with a little sharp sand. Give the pot good drainage, and water well. It likes light and sun but does not insist on a great deal of warmth. It is not disposed to branch very freely if allowed to have its own way, therefore, in order to secure a bushy, compact plant, it is necessary to cut it back sharply from time to time while young, so that as many branches can be secured as are necessary to give plenty of blossoming surface. It stands cutting back well, and all that is required to produce a plant of satisfactory form is patience and persistent attention. One thing that recommends it to the amateur is its almost entire freedom from the attack of any insect. It can be trained as a small tree, or a shrub.

A DECORATIVE HOME PINE

THE *Pandamus utilis*, better known as the Screw Pine, from the fact that its foliage is arranged in a spiral form, is one of the most decorative of house plants, if placed in the center of a group where it can be sufficiently elevated to display its drooping qualities. It requires only ordinary care, and improves with age. The leaves of this pine are generally three feet or more in length, about two inches in width, and of a bright green color, with a red line running down the center of each. The edges of the leaves are thickly set with sharp, needle-like teeth which effectually prevent anyone from meddling with it. It is a peculiarity of the plant that it lifts itself from the pot by its roots, and the amateur often gets the impression that the plant requires re-potting because of the exposure of these roots. If re-potted and set lower, so that the base of the plant comes in contact with the soil, the roots immediately set to work to throw the plant above the pot again.

TWO NEW HYDRANGEAS

THE Hydrangeas are great favorites, and their popularity is well deserved. They bloom freely, remain in perfection for months, and are of the easiest cultivation. The old *Hortensia* is the best known variety. It forms a plant three or four feet high by two or three feet in width, and bears dozens of clusters of flowers in early summer, of a pleasing pink color, each cluster being of enormous size. Some of our enterprising florists have lately introduced two new varieties quite distinct from the old *Hortensia*, but quite as meritorious. *Stella fimbriata* produces its flowers in great clusters or trusses with wonderful profusion; so much so that a plant appears almost covered with great balls of snow. The petals, instead of being smooth on the edges, are beautifully fringed. *Rosea* is a vigorous grower, and a great bloomer, and has flowers of a brighter pink than any other variety. It makes a fine companion plant for *Stella fimbriata*. To grow the Hydrangea well, give it a rich soil, plenty of root-room, and—most important item of all—a liberal quantity of water while it is making its annual growth. In winter, put in the cellar.

HOW TO RAISE HELIOTROPE

THIS flower needs a soil rather light and sandy in character, but the sand should not be of the kind we mix with loam and other soil for the purpose of making it light and porous. Rather, that kind of sand which closely resembles loam, and has considerable richness in it. A stiff, heavy loam will not give good results. For increasing the richness of the soil I would use "Food for Flowers" rather than barn-yard manure, as the latter is almost sure to breed worms, and these greatly injure the fine, delicate roots of the plant. See that the pots have good drainage. Over-watering is fatal; too much moisture at the roots causes them to decay, and your plant will soon drop its leaves and take on a sickly look from which there is no recovery until the causes which produced the unhealthiness are removed. From this, however, you must not get the idea that the plant does not require considerable water. It does. It sends out innumerable tiny roots which form a thick mass in the soil, and make it difficult for water to penetrate it. Unless water is given in sufficient quantity to thoroughly saturate all the soil in the pot, and reach the roots daily, the health of the plant is affected at once, and the leaves will soon turn brown and fall off, precisely as they do when there is overwatering. Give proper drainage, and there will be no danger of using too much water. Make sure that the ball of roots is soaked through. Very often the soil will look wet, but examination will show that the mass of tiny roots is dry in the center while that about it is very moist. Therefore, *be sure* to give enough to reach them, if you want your plants to do well. In order to make the plants bushy, pinch back well when young, and keep up this pinching until you have at least a dozen branches. You can tie them up to a rack if you want to, or allow them to take care of themselves. I prefer the latter plan. They may "sprawl" somewhat, but they can never be ungraceful, and to me, at least, a tied-up Heliotrope always looks so formal that I can never get rid of the impression that it is uncomfortable, and mutely asks for that freedom which can give it grace. Give it a warm place, and all the sunshine possible.

THE FRAGRANT CARNATION

DO not neglect to get some seed of hardy Pinks this spring. If you do, you will lose a great deal of pleasure. No finer plants for the garden exist, all things considered. They are beautiful in form and color, and have a rich, spicy sweetness that no other flower possesses. For cutting they are unequaled. Try one plant and you will be sure to have more the following year. They can be grown from seed, but in this way you are not sure of what you are going to get. If you want special colors, it is necessary to order plants. The following are some of the most desirable sorts: *Alba fimbriata;* pure white, beautifully fringed, and very double. "*Anna Boleyn;*" flowers of extra size, very double, a dark velvety maroon in color, shading to light crimson. A splendid kind. "*Juliet;*" flowers white, with a center of pale rose. Very charming. "*Kohinoor;*" pure white. "*Snow;*" a profuse-flowering kind, of purest white, very large and double, and finely fringed. "*Abbotsford;*" carmine marbled with pure white. Rich clove fragrance, flowering most profusely in June, but freely in fall.

PLANTS FOR A SHADY CORNER

A NEW variety of the *Aspidestra* has foliage of a very rich dark green banded with light green, yellow or pure ivory white, the variegation being irregular, some leaves being almost entirely light, others having only narrow lines of the light colors. These leaves are all sent up from the crown of the plant, and vary in length from a foot to two feet, and often number fifteen or twenty on each plant. It will be readily understood from this that a pot of it presents a most attractive mass of foliage. Indeed, few plants are more striking, and I know of nothing better adapted to front rows in groups in parlor or hall where plants are arranged to present a solid and massive effect. The leaves are of a thick, tough texture, therefore not easily injured by handling, and, like all foliage of that kind, they stand the effect of dry air and dust exceedingly well. This plant does not require exposure to the sun, though undoubtedly it is benefited by being given some sunshine. It likes a good deal of water, but care should be taken to have the drainage perfect if you would prevent the tips of the leaves from turning brown. A singular plant which is eminently adapted for parlor use because its leaves remain in a perfect state for years; they are from three to four feet in length, and are beautifully variegated with light green shading to yellow, on a dark ground. The variegation has the peculiarity of running across the leaves in bands of irregular widths, rather than lengthwise.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME PLANT

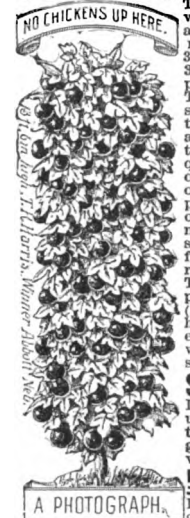
AMONG easily-grown pot plants the Mimulus must be regarded with especial favor. The flowers are of a peculiar and striking shape, resembling somewhat those of the Gloxinia, but the Mimulus is a much more satisfactory plant, because of its greater ease of cultivation and greater freedom of bloom. For spring and summer flowering, seed can be sown any time during the winter months, and the plants be brought along to commence to bloom in May. The soil in which the seed is to be sown should be fine and sandy. Use shallow pans, and drain them well. Scatter the seed thinly over the surface of the soil, and then sift soil lightly over the seed and press it down with the hand. Then sprinkle with a fine spray, and cover with a pane of glass. Put the box or pan in a warm place, and in a few days the young plants will appear. As soon as they have made a few leaves, prick off into small pots. When fairly started to growing give a cooler place. The plants are of rapid growth. While growing and flowering they require plenty of water. A soil of turfy loam, leaf mold and sand is suitable. Pinch out the main stem to make them branch. Tie out over the pots to sticks set about the edge. In color they are a rich yellow, blotched and spotted with velvety maroon. *M. moschatus* is the well-known variety, commonly known as the musk plant, because of its fragrance. The Mimulus is very desirable for greenhouse or window-garden.

ABOUT OUR FLORAL ADVERTISERS

THE JOURNAL believes in flowers in or about a home. They are educative to children, refining to men, and woman's handmaids. No one is a more ardent lover of flowers than is the editor of the JOURNAL, as the box of blooming plants in Mr. Bok's editorial window and the vase of fresh flowers on his desk, freshly culled each day, testify. And while he instils into the hearts of all his readers, by his own words and those of his editorial associates, a love for flowers, the publishers seek, especially at this time of the year, to place before the JOURNAL readers those of our most reliable houses and firms which offer what is best and most beautiful in the floral world. We can confidently say that we believe our floral advertisers to comprise the leading and most honorable dealers in business to-day, and as such we recommend them to our readers. It will be to your advantage in many cases, however, to mention the fact that you saw their advertisement in the JOURNAL, should you write to them.

"OF all the bonny buds that blow in bright or cloudy weather, of all the flowers that come and go the whole twelve months together," there are none that you cannot obtain at Vaughan's Mammoth Plant and Seed Store, Chicago. For 1892 our Book, Gardening Illustrated, is a "**Mirror of American Horticulture**" to date, with the handsomest cover ever used on a floral work. **FOR 24 CENTS** (12 two-cent stamps) we mail one bulb each Jacobean Scarlet Lily and New Tuberous Begonia, with this magnificent Catalogue. To keep you posted on Horticulture at the World's Fair we must have your name. Mention this paper.
VAUGHAN'S SEED STORE, 146 AND 148 W. WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.

$500 FOR A TOMATO



Last spring I offered $500 to any person producing a 3 lb. **Mammoth Prize Tomato**; T. R. Harris, Abbott, Neb., won it with one weighing 3 lbs. 3½ ozs., and I sent him my check for $500. It measured over 8½ in. in diameter. 37 tomatoes grew on one stem over 3 feet from the ground. Largest plant on record **13 ft. 6 in.** tall. This mammoth strain creates a sensation wherever it goes, and is the largest ever offered. Thousands of my customers have grown them to weigh over 45 ozs. The quality is excellent; after you once test it you will grow no others. If well cared for they will produce 1 bu. to a plant (see cut) of large, smooth, bright red tomatoes, very solid with only a few seeds in each, and entirely free from rot. If started early, fruit ripens from July 4th until frost. This year I offer **$500 Cash** to any person producing a 3½ lb. tomato. (It can be done.) Full directions how Mr. Harris grew his with each order. Plant some, you may win the prize. All my seed is saved from large specimens.

SURE HEAD CABBAGE

Is all head and sure to head, very uniform in size, firm and fine in texture, excellent in quality and a good keeper. Single heads have weighed over 64 pounds.

EARLY SNOWBALL TURNIP

Is the earliest in the world, easy grown, good size, excellent quality. Will be far ahead of your neighbors.

My Catalogue, is worth 50 cts. to any one who gets it. $500 offered largest order; $500 for a pansy blossom; $300 for a bean plant with 100 pods, and above tomato prize. ☞I will send a packet each of Prize Tomato, Cabbage and Turnip, with my **Catalogue of Bargains** for only 25 cents. Greatest bargain catalogue ever sent out. ☞Every person sending silver for above collection, will receive **Free** a packet **GOLDEN BALL LETTUCE,** finest variety ever grown, and a 50 cent certificate for seeds, your choice from my bargain catalogue **FREE.**
F. B. MILLS, Rose Hill, Onondaga Co. N.Y.

FINCH'S IMPROVED EXTRA EARLY TREE TOMATO

This excellent variety is distinguished from all others by its large stiff stalks, as shown in the engraving, standing up like a tree without support of any kind. It bears **very abundantly** of large, bright red tomatoes, **very smooth,** and of **fine flavor;** it is **extremely early** and entirely free from rot; the leaves are very curly and of a very dark green, almost black, making the plant very ornamental as well as useful.

FINCH'S EVERGREEN CUCUMBER

A very handsome variety of **superior quality,** firm and crisp, of a dark green color, growing from **10 to 12 inches in length,** and **immensely productive.**

FINCH'S SURE HEAD CABBAGE

Is all head and **sure to head.** Very uniform in size, firm and fine in texture, excellent in quality, and a **good keeper,** Alfred Rose, of Penn Yan, N. Y., grew a head which weighed 64½ pounds.

☞I will send a Packet each of Tomato, Cucumber and Cabbage, with my Illustrated Catalogue, for only **25 cents in Silver or 28 cents in Stamps.**

FIVE CINNAMON VINES FREE

This rapid growing Vine, with its beautiful heart-shaped leaves, glossy green peculiar foliage, and delicate white blossoms, emitting a delicious cinnamon fragrance, will grow from **10 to 30 feet in a single season,** and for covering Arbors, Screens and Verandas is without a rival. I will send **5 BULBS FREE,** and postpaid, to every person sending me **25 cents** for the above **Tree Tomato Collection,** the bulbs will produce **5 Beautiful Vines** exactly the same in every respect as I have been selling for **One Dollar.** Address plainly

FRANK FINCH, (Box B) **CLYDE, N.Y.**

☞Every person sending **SILVER** for this collection will receive extra a packet of the **Mansfield Tomato** (also known as the Prize) which has been grown over nine feet in heighth, bearing fruit of good quality, weighing from one to two pounds each.

MANSFIELD TREE TOMATO GIVEN AWAY

LOVELY FLOWERS.

Fuller's Perfection Pansies.

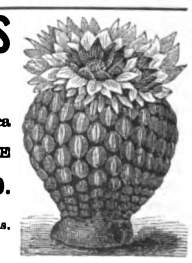
The collection of Pansies here offered is acknowledged by all to be the finest in existence. Collection of 10 pkts. assorted for only 25c.; 12 pkts. flower seeds, assorted, 25c.; 4 rare new plants, 25c.; 2 grand Manettia Vines, flowers every day in the year, 25c.; 3 choice Roses, Red, White and Yellow, 25c.; 3 Beautiful Lilies, 25c.; 12 new Gladioli bulbs, 25c.; 6 Large Tuberose bulbs, 25c; 3 Giant Fairy Lilies, 25c. The above 10 collections by mail, post-paid for only $2.00. With each order for above we will send free one pkt. lovely Margaret Carnation worth 20c. Catalogue sent free.

J. ROSCOE FULLER & CO.,
Floral Park, N. Y.

RARE PLANTS

That can't be bought elsewhere.

CURIOUS CACTI
from Mexico and South America.
BULBS from Asia, Africa Australia, etc.
Illustrated Catalogues FREE
with sample bulb or cactus, 10 cents.
10 Rare Cacti for $1.00.
A BOOK ON CACTI,
116 pages, 180 illustrations, 10 cents.
A. BLANC & CO.,
814 N. 11th Street, Philada., Pa.



NEW, RARE AND BEAUTIFUL PLANTS!

OUR SPECIAL COLLECTIONS,

Consisting of Nine Palms, Orchids, Ferns, Cacti, beautiful and rare foliage plants and flowers, have proved a surprise and delight to every purchaser. Thousands of our customers in all parts of the country unite in pronouncing them superior in size, vigor and beauty to any plants they have ever purchased at so low a price.

Send $1.00 and get one of these collections; it will be sent postpaid, and guaranteed to reach you in good order.

Our elegant Illustrated Catalogue and Manual of rare Tropical Plants is sent free with every order and to all intending purchasers. Don't fail to order, and see our splendid premium offers.

THE AMERICAN EXOTIC NURSERIES,
R. D. HOYT, Manager, Seven Oaks, Florida.

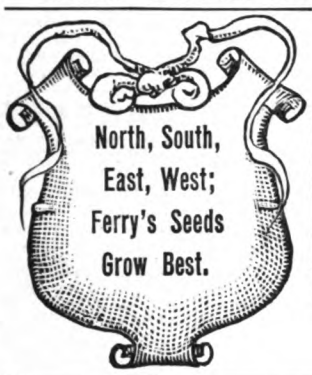
Digitized by Google

Magnificent New Red, White and Blue Water Lilies.

These are the rare and beautiful Everblooming Water Lilies which have lately created such a sensation in the Public Parks of the large cities of the North. As easily raised from seeds as Balsams or Poppies; sown in old tea-cups in February or March, they make plants which will bloom **EVERY** day from June until frozen up in late fall. Flowers 4 to 10 inches across and delightfully fragrant. **BLUE ZANZIBAR WATER LILY.** Flowers lovely shades of light and dark blue; stamens golden yellow tipped with blue. Seeds, 15 cents per packet. **RED ZANZIBAR WATER LILY.** Exquisite shades of rich pink, deep rose or almost crimson; golden yellow stamens tipped with red; superb. Per packet, 15 cents. The flowers of both open four days in succession, remaining open all day. **WHITE NIGHT-BLOOMING WATER LILY (Nymphæa Dentata).** Unlike the **Zanzibarensis** varieties, this opens its flowers about eight o'clock at night, remaining expanded until noon the next day. Pure pearly white with petals expanded horizontally, so the flowers are perfectly flat like a star, differing from all other varieties. Seeds, 15 cents per packet. These three Water Lilies are superb, and will give the greatest satisfaction. **We will send one packet of each for 30 cents. WATER HYACINTH,** a great curiosity; floats on the water and produces immense spikes of flowers as lovely as the choicest Orchids; 15 cents each. **PARROT'S FEATHER,** an aquatic hanging plant with long, drooping stems covered with the most exquisite foliage, 10 cents each. **AMARYLLIS EQUESTRE,** rich orange scarlet; blooming bulbs, 15 cents each. **CRINUM KIRKII (Ornatum),** white, striped deep red; large bulbs, 40 cents each. **PANSIES GIANT COMBINATION STRAIN,** a grand mixture of all the choicest distinct strains and varieties—its equal never before offered; 15 cents per packet. **NEW PEERLESS PETUNIAS,** the finest strain ever introduced; of enormous size, spotted, striped, blotched, veined and fringed; 10 cents per packet. **NEW EMPRESS CANDYTUFT,** white, the best; 5 cents per packet. **DIANTHUS NEW STRIPED** something grand, rivals the Carnation; 5 cents per packet. **SPECIAL OFFER. All of the above, amounting to $1.60, and a FREE bulb of the grand Spider Lily, carefully wrapped in long strands of the beautiful SPANISH MOSS, or GRAY BEARD, which is so fine for decorating rooms, and mailed to any address for only 75 cents, and safe arrival guaranteed.**

Every **FIFTH** person ordering **anything** from this advertisement will receive **free,** a fine bulb of the **NEW HARDY TUBEROUS-ROOTED IPOMŒA;** and to every **TWELFTH** person ordering will be sent a strong plant of the **HARDY JAPANESE CLOVER-LEAF ORANGE (Citrus trifoliata),** which is perfectly hardy in Pennsylvania, and ripens its fruit every year in Philadelphia. Everything offered in this advertisement is fully described in our **CATALOGUE OF RARE FLORIDA FLOWERS AND FRUITS,** which we mail free to all applicants. It contains an elegant Colored Plate and 64 pages of beautiful illustrations, and descriptions of a great variety of rare and choice plants—many of them unknown at the North—which we offer at **EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.** Address

PIKE & ELLSWORTH, Jessamine, Pasco Co., Florida.



THREE SEED TRUTHS.

READ!	THINK!!	ACT!!!
The Sower has no second chance. Good sense says make the most of the FIRST, by using Ferry's Seeds.	Ferry's Seeds have made, and kept Ferry's Seed Business the largest in the World. MERIT TELLS.	Ferry's new Seed Annual tells the whole Seed story. Don't Sow Seeds till you get it. Sent Free for the asking.

P. O. Box 1317 Detroit, Michigan.

D. M. FERRY & CO.

EVERYBODY LOVES PANSIES WANTS THE BEST!

WE make pansies a specialty and have spared no expense to secure the **finest strain in existence.** We want the trade of everyone that grows pansies and to secure it—we, this season, offer

FREE BY MAIL

a packet of the new **FANCY BELGIAN** for only **10** cents. On the condition that you send us the names and addresses of two of your friends that grow pansies.

Only **10 cts.** for the packet of **PANSIES.** Catalogue **FREE.**

Our catalogue for 1892 is a book of 80 pages. Hundreds of illustrations, two colored plates. All the **GOOD THINGS** IN **SEEDS**

NORTHRUP, BRASLAN & GOODWIN CO.
10 AND 12 BRIDGE SQUARE, MINNEAPOLIS MINN.

75 Cts. FOR TRIAL 15 Continuous Flowering Roses for only 75 cts. A MAGNIFICENT OFFER!

In order to induce thousands of new customers to give my plants a trial (knowing that they then become regular customers). I make the following very liberal offer for 1892. This list of Roses are all gems in my large collection and at the usual retail prices would cost you much more than double the above amount, but I will send the entire collection to any address, prepaid by mail, for only **75 cents.**

ALL THE ABOVE are strong, vigorous Plants, suitable for immediate flowering. Each labeled. From this collection you can have a bouquet of rose buds almost every day throughout the summer. **For 75 cents** I will send free by mail, All strong Flowering Plants, each labeled, **15** Geraniums, either double or single flowering, or **15** Carnation Pinks, or **15** Chrysanthemums the gems from my collection, or **15** assorted flowering plants, or **15** assorted summer flowering bulbs. For a remittance of **$3.75** I will send the above six collections of plants. Get up a club for five of these collections and have one for yourself without cost. In addition I will add gratis a plant of the New Striped Tea Rose, Rainbow. **Catalogue of Plants and Seeds mailed free.**

CHARLES A. REESER INNISFALLEN GREENHOUSES, **SPRINGFIELD, O.**

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

Are easily grown, but you must get good Seeds. **YOUNG'S SEEDS** are considered the **Standard of Excellence,** and have been planted in thousands of gardens for more than a quarter of a century. Anyone will tell you that they are **the best.** Try this little collection for 25 cents. You will send more and larger orders after that—everyone does.

PANSY. Superb; large-flowering.
ASTERS. Beautiful shades; mixed.
SWEET PEAS. Finest new sorts; fragrant.
CHINESE PINKS. Select varieties; mixed.
MIGNONETTE. Large flowered; fragrant.
PHLOX DRUMMONDII. Richest colors.
PETUNIA HYBRIDA. Finest mixed.
GAILLARDIA. Very brilliant.
POPPY, DOUBLE. Finest mixed; beautiful.
ZINNIA. Splendid; brilliant colors.

ABOVE 10 PACKETS OF FINEST FLOWER SEEDS, SENT POSTPAID, FOR 25 CENTS.

Our superbly Illustrated Catalogue of Roses, Plants and Seeds (instructive, useful, complete) goes free with every order, or mailed free to all who write for it, enclosing 6c stamps for postage. **C. YOUNG & SONS' CO.** 1406 OLIVE STREET, SAINT LOUIS, MO.

MEXICAN PRIMROSE.

THE CHARMING MEXICAN PRIMROSE

Is the grandest of all New Plants. It is strictly a perpetual bloomer, as it is in flower at all times of the year, a good specimen showing always from ten to thirty large saucer-shaped blossoms, about three inches across, of a beautiful, bright, clear pink color, veined with scarlet and with a white center. The superb color, combined with airy grace and beautiful form, goes to make a flower which is in beauty perfection itself. Each blossom keeps perfect many days before fading, and when it drops, others are out to take its place, and this succession of beauty is continued from one year's end to another. The plant is a free grower, succeeding in any soil or situation. As a window plant it combines great hardiness and ease of culture with unsurpassed beauty and delicate loveliness, and is truly a plant which has no superior. In the open ground it grows freely and blooms profusely all summer, and, in fact, until winter is upon it. Early frosts do not injure it, and it blooms on until frozen solid or covered with snow. It is a plant whose merits of hardiness, ease of culture, perpetual freedom of bloom, and unsurpassed beauty, both in color and habit, are offset by no faults whatever. It is the one most desirable new plant for the whole world. **FINE PLANTS, ALREADY TO BUD AND BLOOM, by MAIL, POSTPAID, GUARANTEED TO ARRIVE IN GOOD CONDITION, 40 cents each, 3 for $1.00, 7 for $2.00. Those ordering three or more plants may have a Manettia Vine free by asking for it.**

THE TRUE MANETTIA VINE The most magnificent flowering vine in cultivation, and is loaded with brilliant flowers every day in the year. The fame of its marvelous beauty is world wide. Fine plants **ALREADY BUDDED AND BLOOMING, 25 cents each or 3 for 50 cents.**

NEW PEACOCK PANSY. A Pansy of superb and varied color, showing the glorious and luminous bronze blue seen only in peacock feathers. It is the finest colored strain of pansy ever seen. **SEED PER PACKET, 25 CENTS.**

SPECIAL OFFER! For **60** cents we will send by mail one plant each of Mexican Primrose, Manettia Vine and packet Peacock Pansy, two of each for **$1.**

Also the Following Extra Choice Collections by Mail Postpaid.

12 Extra choice mixed Gladiolus, flowering bulbs 25c	5 Grand Lilies, 5 sorts named, including Auratum 50c
6 New Double Pearl Tuberoses, flowering bulbs 25c	5 Grand Cacti, different sorts named 50c
5 Rare Chrysanthemums, 5 sorts named 50c	3 Different rare new perpetual blooming plants 50c
4 Lovely Tea Roses, white, pink, yellow and scarlet 50c	6 Pkts. each rare new Flower and Vegetable seeds 50c

A GREAT OFFER. For only $3.00 we will send, postpaid, all the collections, Primrose, Manettia and Pansy offered above. Order at once, as these offers may not appear again.

OUR BRONZE BLUE CATALOGUE (A superb work of art in bronze blue) of **FLOWER and VEGETABLE SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS and RARE FRUITS,** is the most beautiful and complete ever issued. 152 pages, hundreds of Elegant Engravings, Stipple Lithograph Covers and **7 beautiful large Colored Plates.** We offer the finest standard varieties and novelties in Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs and Plants of all kinds and rare new Fruits. Also the greatest collection of rare Cacti, Flowering Shrubs, New Aquatic Plants, etc. Don't miss the Great Japanese Wineberry, Allsummer Raspberry, Water Hyacinth, Trailing Queen Fuchsia, Dwarf Orange, Mosquito Catcher Plant, Picture Rock Tomato, Stanley Potato, and hundreds of other Grand Novelties. **THIS MAGNIFICENT CATALOGUE WILL BE SENT FREE TO ALL WHO ORDER THE MEXICAN PRIMROSE OR ANYTHING HERE OFFERED. Or for only 20 cents we will send CATALOGUE, sample copy of THE MAYFLOWER and a packet of PEACOCK PANSY SEED.** We want agents in every town to take subscribers for our beautiful Monthly Horticultural Paper **THE MAYFLOWER, 50 cents per year.** Large Colored Plate with every number. Liberal premiums. Sample copy free. Address

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, Queens Co., N. Y.

Get Thousands of people will purchase Flowers this year. If possible they would naturally prefer to visit the largest stock and make selections. **Read**

This would take them to The Dingee & Conard Co., of West Grove, Pa., the largest rose growers in America. But were such a trip possible, the visitors would simply be perplexed by profusion. Each and all of these people can however, at the cost of a postal, have the stock of this great establishment set before them in a convenient and understandable way by means of their book, The NEW GUIDE for 1892. As its name implies, this book is a Guide; it illustrates and describes upwards of 2,000 Roses, Bulbs, Hardy Plants and Seeds, giving without exaggeration, the information which every purchaser needs. It also gives such plain directions as to care as will enable their customers to repeat The Dingee & Conard Co's success with flowers. No valuable Flower Novelty is omitted from this work, which also contains many tempting Premium offers. As long as flowers are worth selecting, money worth saving, and disappointment worth avoiding, this Guide will be of great value to every purchaser and lover of flowers. It is offered FREE to everyone.

The asking is the only price.

Heed **The Dingee & Conard Co.** Rose Growers and Seedsmen, West Grove, Pa. **Profit**

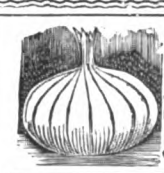
is a matter of choice. You get the luck if you get the right seeds. Ours are all lucky seeds, just because we trust nothing to luck. We are always trying, testing, proving, so that we can sell you only seeds that will grow, and only the varieties that it PAYS to grow.

Would you like a list with all the "unlucky seeds" left out? That's our MONEY GROWER'S MANUAL,—the cream of fruit and flower seeds. Many valuable novelties,—but all TESTED. It is FREE, if you send two 2c. stamps for postage, and mention THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

JOHNSON & STOKES, 217 and 219 MARKET ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SEEDS

FRESH! Reliable! Celebrated for *Purity & Strong Germinating Qualities.* Only 2 & 3c. per large pkg. **5,000,000** *Novelty Extras* with orders this year. Beautiful Illus. Colored Seed and Plant Catalogue, **Free** to all who address at once. **H. W. BUCKBEE, Rockford Seed Farms,** No. 224 Main St., Rockford, Ill.



COLE'S (Illustrated) **GARDEN ANNUAL FREE. SEEDS.** *The Best.* Save Money in buying from us. *Complete List.* **EXTRAS** with all orders. **NEW MELON** Earliest grown—Free. Address **COLE'S Seed Store, Pella, Iowa.**

SEEDS 10 pkts. *Flower* Seeds, **10c.** 5 pkts. *Vegetable* Seeds, **10c.** Cat. free. J. J. BELL, Windsor, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

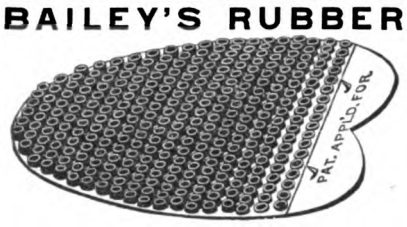
BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING

FOR
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Awarded highest honors at

Philadelphia	1876	Melbourne	1880
Berlin	1877	Frankfort	1881
Paris	1878	Amsterdam	1883

And wherever else exhibited.

BAILEY'S RUBBER



HEEL CUSHION

gives elasticity and ease to every step taken by the wearer. It breaks the shock or jarring of the body when walking, and is particularly adapted to all who are obliged to be on their feet. To those suffering from Spinal, Kidney, Rheumatic and Nervous Affections, it will be found a great relief. The rubber with its annular projections is as soft as velvet, thoroughly vulcanized, always elastic, leather covered next to the foot, and can be instantly adjusted inside of the boot, directly under the heel. All sizes, 25 cents per pair, mailed upon receipt of price. At all dealers.

What People Say Who Wear Them:

"Send 6 pairs more; they are a grand success."
"Entirely satisfactory; send 4 pairs more."
"They give instant relief; send me 3 pairs more."

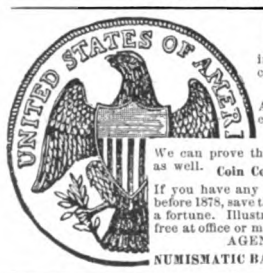
Indorsed by physicians for nervous troubles.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston.
Everything in Rubber Goods.

How to Make a Fortune

WANTED—Salesmen; who can easily make twenty-five to seventy-five dollars per week, selling the Celebrated "Pinless Clothes Line," or the Famous "Macomber Fountain Ink Eraser"—Patents recently issued. Sold ONLY by salesmen, to whom we give Exclusive Territory. The Pinless Clothes Line is the only line ever invented that holds clothes without pins—a perfect success. The Macomber Fountain Ink Eraser is entirely new; will erase ink instantly, and is king of all. On receipt of 50c. will mail you sample of either, or sample of both for $1, with circulars, price-lists and terms. Secure your territory at once. Address THE PINLESS CLOTHES LINE CO., No. 120 Hermon St., Worcester. Mass.

PERFECT PENCIL POINTER — BEST IN THE WORLD
ALL STATIONERS SELL IT.
EVERYBODY PRAISES IT.
PERFECT PENCIL POINTER CO. PORTLAND, ME.



FOUND
in Galveston, T., an old coin worth
$5,000.
A Boston Baker sold 149 old coins
$13,389.
We can prove that others have done nearly as well. Coin Collecting Pays Big.
If you have any Old Coins or Proofs coined before 1878, save them, as they might be worth a fortune. Illustrated circulars on rare coins free at office or mailed for two stamps.
AGENTS WANTED.
NUMISMATIC BANK, Court St., Boston, Ms.

FREE TO LADIES.
Illustrated Book on Fancy Work, Knitting & Crocheting, 150 embroidery stitches, patterns for working the alphabet and designs for making tidies & cushions, also beautiful Japanese tray mat, given to trial subscribers to THE HOME, a family story paper for young and old, with fashions & fancy work illustrated. Send 10c and we will send THE HOME 3 months and give you this book. Address Pub. The Home, 141a Milk St. Boston, Mass

LADIES OF FASHION
can not do without
L. SHAW'S
Skeleton Bang and Ideal Wave,
Natural curled, feather light, lifelike, beautiful, from $3.00 up.
WAVY HAIR SWITCHES,
All long, convent Hair, from $5.00 up. $10.00 elsewhere.
COCOANUT BALM.
The only Complexion Beautifier endorsed by eminent physicians. Makes the skin as fair and soft as a child's. Price, $1.00 per box. All Toilet Preparations of the Celebrated PARFUMERIE MONTE CHRISTO. HAIR DYES ALL SHADES, A SPECIALTY. Send for free pamphlet "How to be Beautiful."
54 West Fourteenth St., New York.

HANSON'S — MAGIC — CORN SALVE
If your druggist does not keep it, do not let him convince you that some imitation is just as good; send by mail to W. T. Hanson & Co., Schenectady, N. Y.
Every box is warranted to cure, or money refunded.
Price, 15 and 25c.

CARDS! New Sample Book 2c. U.S. CARD CO. Cadiz, O

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"Best & Goes Farthest."
"Once tried, used always."
"But Law, there's No credit in being Jolly when you Have VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA *to Drink."*
MARK TAPLEY.

PERFECTLY PURE.
Its great success has, of course, led to many imitations, but it is generally admitted, and a comparison will easily prove that none equals Van Houten's in deliciousness, and nutritive qualities.
The Standard Cocoa of the World.
Sold in 1-8, 1-4, 1-2 and 1 lb. Cans.
☞ If not obtainable from your grocer, enclose 25cts. to either VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, 106 Reade St., New York, or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can, containing enough for 35 to 40 cups, will be mailed. *Mention this publication.* Prepared only by VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, Weesp, Holland. A7.

THE LACK OF PROPER DRAUGHT
Produces imperfect combustion. That's the reason some Lamps give such a poor light.

THE "B & H" LAMP HAS A DOUBLE CENTRE DRAUGHT
GIVING PERFECT COMBUSTION
Therefore Brightest Light.
The B. & H." Lamps only have this feature; insist on getting them. Handsomest styles, largest variety. Every Lamp is stamped "B. & H."
Our small Book mailed on request.
BRADLEY & HUBBARD MFG. CO.,
New York, Boston, Chicago. Factories, Meriden, Ct.

SIMPLE REMEDIES FOR COLDS

By MARY MARSTON

IT IS a fact that the simplest remedies are ofttimes the best, although their very simplicity gives them less value in our eyes. The writer has here collected a few of the most simple remedies for colds, yet each has been tried over and over again, and has never been found wanting, and it is in their perfect simplicity that their value lies.

HOT LEMONADE

FOR breaking up a cold there is nothing better than hot lemonade taken upon retiring. This is made by putting the juice of two lemons in a pint or hot water. Boil one minute. Sweeten to taste, and drink as hot as possible.

BONESET TEA

TO make this, take one tablespoonful of boneset; put in it a pint of hot water, letting it draw fifteen minutes. Sweeten with molasses. When cold, strain and take two tablespoonfuls every half hour.

HOARHOUND TEA

HOARHOUND TEA is also excellent, being made and taken in the same way. These herbs can be obtained from any druggist.

OLD-FASHIONED ONION SYRUP

THE old-fashioned onion syrup, made of minced onions, a tablespoonful of vinegar (cider vinegar is the best), and half a cup of boiling molasses, will be found a good remedy for hoarseness and sore throat.

GARGLES FOR SORE THROATS

AN excellent gargle is made of one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, half a cup of boiling vinegar and three teaspoonfuls of salt. Mix well together, and when settled strain. Gargle the throat every half hour. Any one subject to sore throat of any kind will find a certain cure and preventive in the daily use of salt and water as a gargle.

BURNT CAMPHOR

THE fumes of burnt camphor will instantly relieve a cold in the head. Put a piece of camphor the size of an egg in an old saucer. Set it on fire, and after burning a few moments blow out the flames, and inhale the fumes.

"All she lacks of beauty is a little plumpness."

This is a frequent thought, and a wholesome one.

All of a baby's beauty is due to fat, and nearly all of a woman's — we know it as curves and dimples.

What plumpness has to do with health is told in a little book on CAREFUL LIVING; sent free.

Would you rather be healthy or beautiful? "Both" is the proper answer.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.
25

POCKETBOOK FREE! Worth 50 cents, and made of imitation Seal; also Elegant Shoe Catalogue, sent on receipt of 20 cents postage to LAPHAM'S, PALMER HOUSE SHOE STORE, Chicago, Ill.

PORTABLE BATHS.
Best ever known. Wholesale and Retail.
Agents Wanted Everywhere.
Send for Circulars.
E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.

IT'S WONDERFUL!
"The New Treatment" for Catarrh, by petroleum. Send stamp for 30 page pamphlet, free. Agents wanted.
HEALTH SUPPLIES CO., 710 BROADWAY, N.Y.

MUSIC SALE To reduce our stock of music we will send by mail, postpaid, 70 pieces full-size music size, including songs, marches, waltzes, quadrilles (with calls), etc., by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, etc., for 20c. Satisfaction given or money refunded. COMRADES and 100 songs, words and music, 6c. 500 pieces violin music, 50c. Q. L. HATHAWAY, 339 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask
(OR FACE GLOVE).

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE CLAIMS MADE FOR MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK, AND THE GROUNDS ON WHICH IT IS RECOMMENDED TO LADIES FOR BEAUTIFYING, BLEACHING, AND PRESERVING THE COMPLEXION:

1st. The Mask is Soft and Pliable and can be Easily Applied and Worn without Discomfort or Inconvenience.
2d. It is durable, and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original shape.
3d. It has been Analyzed by Eminent Scientists and Chemical Experts, and pronounced Perfectly Pure and Harmless.
4th. With ordinary care the Mask will Last for Years, and its *valuable properties* Never Become Impaired.
5th. The Mask is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the only Genuine article of the kind.
6th. It is Recommended by Eminent Physicians and Scientific Men as a *substitute for injurious cosmetics.*
7th. The Mask is as Unlike the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face *as day is to night*, and it bears no analogy to them.
8th. The Mask may be worn with Perfect Privacy if desired. The Closest Scrutiny cannot detect that it has been used.
9th. It is a Natural Beautifier for Bleaching and Preserving the Skin, and Removing Complexional Imperfections.

The Toilet Mask (or Face Glove) in position to the face.
TO BE WORN THREE TIMES IN THE WEEK.

10th. The Mask is sold at a moderate price, *and one purchase ends the expense.*
11th. Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions, and like preparations may be saved by those who possess it.
12th. Ladies in every section of the country are using the Mask with gratifying results.
13th. It is safe, simple, cleanly, and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.
14th. While it is intended that the Mask should be Worn During Sleep, it may be applied, *with equally good results*, at Any Time, to suit the convenience of the wearer.
15th. The Mask has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS:

"I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."

"Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."

"My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."

"I am perfectly delighted with it."

"As a medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin I consider it unequalled."

"It is, indeed, a perfect success — an inestimable treasure."

"I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."

"I have worn the Mask but two weeks and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."

"The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritations, etc., with each application."

"For softening and beautifying the skin there is nothing to compare with it."

"Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."

"Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one."

"For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good."

"I have worn the Mask but three nights, and the blackheads have all disappeared."

"The Mask should be kept in every lady's toilet case."

"I must tell you how delighted I am with your Toilet Mask; it gives unbounded satisfaction."

"A lady was cured of freckles by eight nights' use of the Mask."

"The improvement in my complexion is truly marvelous."

"After three weeks' use of the Mask the wrinkles have almost disappeared."

"My sister used one for a spotted skin, and her complexion is all that can be desired."

"It does even more than is claimed for it."

"I have been relieved of a muddy, greasy complexion after trying all kinds of cosmetics without success."

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES

may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little and saves its user money. It prevents and REMOVES

WRINKLES,

and is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. Famous society ladies, actresses, belles, etc., use it. VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, with proofs and full particulars, mailed free by

THE TOILET MASK COMPANY, - 1164 Broadway, New York.

☞ Apply NOW, while you have our address before you, as this advertisement appears only occasionally.
Please mention "THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL."

Digitized by Google

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS

FOR

12 Cts.

I will mail **1 Pkg. Lettuce, Melon, Radish, Tomato** and **5 Magnificent Flower Seeds**—in all **9 Pkgs.** (*listed in no catalog in America under* **50c** postpaid for **12c**) This **low offer** is to induce **you** to try my live **Northern Grown Seeds.**

1,000,000

PLANTS AND ROSES

Send **5c** for *Elegant Catalog* containing 4 col'd plates. *Catalog* and above **9 Pkgs., 17c.**

JOHN A. SALZER,
La Crosse, Wis.

JOHN A. SALZER, LA CROSSE, WIS.

$300 FOR 100 PODS!

For years I have been improving the **Tree Bean** and this season, I am pleased to say my Improved Strain will beat anything yet offered. It grows about 2 feet high, branching out in all directions, bearing its pods so high that they seldom touch the ground, enabling it to stand a wet spell without injury. They have always been my specialty and yield immense ly, often almost 100 pods each plant. I want a **Plant** produced by someone, containing **100 PODS** an. will pay **$300** ca h for it. Plant some, you may win the $300. Each package contains enough to plant 100 hills and full directions for culture.

Mills' Improved Prolific Tree Bean.

CORY SWEET CORN

Is the earliest and best kind to suit all soils in the world. The ears are the largest and handsomest of all and if you once plant it all your neighbors will want some.

Giant PERA CUCUMBER

Is pronounced by all the finest evergrown: are best quality and grow from 15 to 22 in. long. Its beauty will surprise you.

MY CATALOGUE is worth 50 cts. to any one who gets it. $500 offered largest order; $500 for a 3½ pound **Tomato,** $500 for a Pansy Blossom, and above Bean Prize.

☞I will send a packet each of **Improved Tree Bean, Sweet Corn and Cucumber** with my catalogue of bargains, for only 25 cts. Greatest bargain catalogue ever sent out.

☞Every person sending silver for above collection, will receive **Free** a packet **GOLDEN BALL TURNIP,** earliest and finest variety ever grown, and a 50 cent certificate for seeds, your choice from my bargain catalogue free. **F. B. MILLS, Rose Hill, Onondaga Co., N. Y.**

THE RAINBOW PANSY

A new strain of lace Pansies, showing red, blue, yellow and white in the same flower. Pkt. 10 cts.; half pkt. 5 cts. We sell all kinds of seeds in **HALF PACKETS AT HALF PRICE.**

FERRIS BROS., Kingston, N. Y.

SEEDS! 6 pkts. of Choicest Flowers for 20 cents. One pkt. each of Giant Pansies, Moon Flower, Aster, Carnations, Verbena and Zinnia. Beautiful Catalogue free. C. P. HIRSCHY, Berne, Ind.

Seeds! Get the best. 5 Pkts. Aster, Tuberous Begonia, Calceolaria, New Canna and New Passion Flower, 10c. Cata. free. A. C. ANDERSON, Leigh, Neb.

Make your

Plants Bloom

Healthy, luxuriant growth and abundant blossoms produced by **Bowker's Flower Food,** a clean, odorless, chemical dressing, dissolved in water used on house plants. An attractive trial package, enough for 20 plants 3 months, mailed, postpaid, for 25 cts. *Also Prof. Maynard's treatise on* **"Window Gardening,"** *sent free with each package. Bowker Fertilizer Co., 43 Chatham St., Boston, Mass. Circular free.*

FLOWERING BULBS

Send **10c.** and I will mail to you **2 Tuberose Bulbs**—(1 new variegated and 1 orange flow'd) and **10 Bulbs** in two new varieties Summer Oxalis. For **25c. 3** largest Tuberose Bulbs (1 dbl. *Pearl, 1 new var., 1 orange fld.*) and **15 Bulbs** in two new varieties, **Summer Oxalis.** For **50c. 12** *Grand Bulbs,* **Double Pearl** *Tuberose* **Zephyranthus Rosea,** new summer flower ng rose colored Amaryllis; splendid bulb for 8c.; 3 for 20c.

CHAS. T. STARR, Avondale, Chester Co., Pa

GIVEN AWAY!

WABAN

This is the most beautiful **new ROSE** of the year which we give **ENTIRELY FREE** to our customers of 1892. If you are interested in new **Flowers** send **for our Catalogue** describing the grandest novelties and specialties ever offered. **IT WILL PAY YOU. Write now.**

ROBT. SCOTT & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

ALLEN'S SEEDS.

NONE BETTER. Large Catalogue Free, if you will name paper. Flowers, Vegetables, Finest Strain.

C. E. ALLEN, - Brattleboro, Vt.

SEEDS FREE!

Seven packets **Choicest Flower Seeds,** 50 to 500 seeds in each: Double Asters, 35 var. mixed; Choice German Pansies, 50 var.; Improved Sweet Williams, 42 var.; Improved Double Popples, 38 var.; the elegant Mist Flower, etc. (amounting to 50 cts. at regular rates), all mailed for trial to those who send six letter stamps (12 cts.), before March 1st for my Seed and Plant Catalogue.

L. W. GOODELL, Seed Grower, Pansy Park, Dwight, MASS.

ESTABLISHED 1838 — DREER'S SEEDS — FRESH & RELIABLE

SEEDS, PLANTS and BULBS.

Avoid disappointment, save money and make a success of your garden for this season by sowing

Dreer's Reliable Seeds.

Dreer's Garden Calendar for 1892 will advise you honestly. Full edition for postage, 6 cents.

HENRY A. DREER,
714 Chestnut St., Philad'a.

JAPAN and California Bulbs, Seeds, Shrubs, etc. Send us your address, and we will mail you our beautifully illustrated catalogue of above free.

H. H. BERGER & CO., San Francisco, Cal.

Have You Seen The Latest Fashions in Pansies?

Probably not, for the remarkable improvements are very recent and several are now offered for the first time, while new strains of the past few years have been perfected.

Pansies are doubtless the most popular of all flowers raised from seed, and in order to give a new impetus to their culture, by acquainting all with the **wondrous beauty** of the **LATEST NOVELTIES,** we have decided to make the following

Special Offer For 25 Cts.

we will mail one packet each of all the following:

For 1892, only.

PEACOCK PANSY. A grand fancy flower, petals edged with a thin white line, within which is a space of purplish crimson, passing into a rich central blotch of deep blue shading to black. The coloring is *truly delicious.*

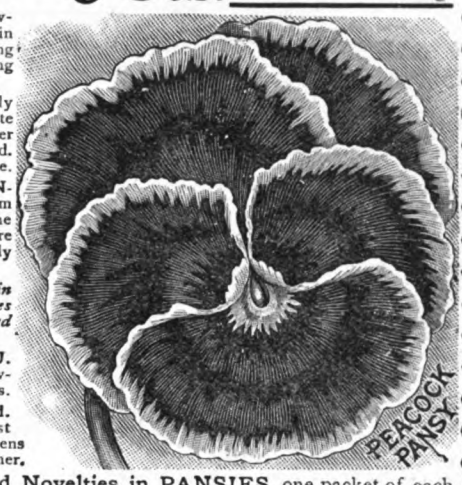
ROSY MORN PANSY. This is a really beautiful rosy red color with a distinct white edge around each petal, while the three lower petals are blotched with a deep purplish red. The flowers are of perfect form and good size.

BURPEE'S DEFIANCE GIANT FANCY PANSIES. The flowers measure from *two-and-one-half to four inches* across; the ground colors are of all shades and they are both *three-spotted* and *five-spotted,* distinctly marked with the large blotches.

☞ *We have a beautiful plate, painted in nine colors, of the three distinct new Pansies named above, which we will mail enclosed flat with our FARM ANNUAL for 1892.*

IMPROVED GIANT TRIMARDEAU. Greatly improved in the enormous size of flowers, fine form, and increased variety of colors.

IMPERIAL GERMAN, Splendid Mxd. Seed of over fifty colors, saved from the finest flowers by the German specialist, whose gardens we repeatedly inspected during the past Summer.



ALL FIVE of the above **grand Novelties in PANSIES,** one packet of each with instructions how to raise the largest Pansies, will be mailed to any address on receipt of **25 cts.,** or **five complete Collections for $1.00.** No such offer was ever made before, and we hope to greatly extend the culture of Pansies by thus popularizing **the finest strains of this beautiful flower.** Will you not take this opportunity of becoming acquainted with their **wondrous beauty?** Our word for it, you cannot invest twenty-five cents in any other seeds that will give such **satisfaction** and delight.

ORDER NOW, and ask for **Burpee's Farm Annual for 1892,** the most complete Seed Catalogue of the year. With honest descriptions, truthful illustrations, and colored plates painted from nature, it tells all about the **BEST SEEDS,** including **Rare Novelties** in Vegetables and Flowers, which cannot be had elsewhere.

W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

(Please mention this paper.)

SEEDS ROSES PLANTS TREES

THEY GROW--THEY BLOOM.

Catalogue Free 150 pages describing one of the most complete stocks in the U. S.

38 YEARS. 700 ACRES. 25 GREENHOUSES.

The STORRS & HARRISON CO.

PAINESVILLE, Lake Co., OHIO.

Begonia Plants as Illustrated, **25** Cents Each.

SEEDS, ROSES, PLANTS

WE SEND PREPAID BY MAIL.

40 packets choice Flower Seeds; all different. These will be sufficient to plant a whole flower garden,	**$1.00**
30 packets choice Vegetable Seeds; you will get everything in this collection	**1.00**
20 very fine Ever-blooming Roses, 20 kinds; all will flower this year	**1.00**
25 choice "Rainbow" Pansy Plants; an elegant bed,	**1.00**
8 Double and **8** Single Geraniums; all different	**1.00**
20 choice Chrysanthemums; different; prize winners,	**1.00**
12 elegant sorts of Begonias; all flowering kinds	**1.00**

Handsome illustrated 96 page Catalogue, with best terms to agents, describing above Roses and all Plants, mailed for 6c. stamps. Don't order your Roses, Plants or Seeds before seeing our prices. **Can save you money.** We have all the new Begonias Chrysanthemums, Geraniums, Roses, etc.

GOOD & REESE CO., Box **S,** **Champion Greenhouses, Springfield, O.**

WILSON'S 1892 PLANT, TREE AND SEED CATALOGUE. LIVE STOCK ANNUAL

112 Pages, 200 Fine Engravings, Handsome Colored Plates, Full of useful and instructive information. One of the most reliable catalogues published. **Describing all kinds of guaranteed Garden, Flower and Field Seeds, Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Choice Roses, Flowering Plants and Bulbs. Thoroughbred Land and Water Fowls, Registered Pigs, German Hares, etc. Sent free,** on application. Address, mentioning this paper,

SAMUEL WILSON, SEED GROWER, **MECHANICSVILLE, PA.**

GARDENING FOR WOMEN.

VAUGHAN'S "GARDENING ILLUSTRATED" for 1892 contains one hundred pages handsomely printed and illustrated with accurate photo-engravings and colored plates, and the most artistic Scarlet and Gold cover ever made. It is a **Mirror of American Horticulture** to date, and shows the recent attainments of this art, side by side with the good old plants of our fathers' gardens. The cultural instructions, garden supplies, flowers for bouquet making, etc., etc., are of **special interest** to ladies.

What **Chicago** is doing and what she will do in 1893, is what American people must know. Our programme is outlined in this Book for 1892, and every one who orders, however small, in 1892, will receive our World's Fair Book of 1893. Therefore we make to **every reader of The Ladies' Home Journal** who mentions it,

"THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL" OFFERS.

Offer No. 1. For 24c. we mail one bulb each Amaryllis Formosissima (Scarlet Mexican Lily) and new Tuberous Begonia.

Offer No. 2. For 40c. we mail one new Chinese Pæonia "Lady Bramwell" a pink satin flower, Royal Horticultural Society Prize winner.

Offer No. 3. For 50c. we mail one plant each, Chrysanthemum Weidner, golden yellow, Ivory, white, and Waban, pink. Our famous catalogue with colored cover illustration of "Parisian Flower Girl" from Salon of 1891 sent **free** with each of above **The Ladies' Home Journal** offers.

VAUGHAN'S SEED STORE, 146-148 West Washington Street **CHICAGO.**

ENGLISH DECORATED

Dinner Set, No. 45, 112 Pieces.

Premium with an order of $20.00.

Or, packed and delivered at depot for $9.00 cash.

ENGLISH DECORATED

Gold Band Dinner Set, No. 165, 112 Pieces, Decorated in Five Natural Colors.

Premium with an order of $35.00.

Cash Price, packed and delivered at depot, $12.50. *An Elegant Set.*

WE are **IMPORTERS** of **Tea** and **Coffee, China** and **Crockery,** and do the largest **Tea** and **Coffee** business in Boston (direct with consumers). We also carry a large stock and sell at the lowest possible **Cash** prices **Dinner** and **Tea Sets, Silver-plated Ware, Lamps,** also **Lace Curtains and Table Linen** (our own importation). To those who take the time and trouble to get up **Clubs** for **Tea, Coffee, Spices** and **Extracts,** we offer **premiums.** In buying Tea and Coffee from us, you get full value for the money invested and get a **premium,** and you get goods that are direct from the **IMPORTERS.** If you buy **Tea** and **Coffee** from your grocer you pay three or four profits and *pay for a premium,* but do not get it. In an article published in one of the largest dailies in this country it was claimed the tea bought from the retail grocer showed a profit of 100 per cent. The moral is plain, buy from **first hands.**

We have been doing business in Boston for 17 years, and the publishers of this JOURNAL will testify to our *undoubted* reliability. We do a business of over **$300,000** yearly, and our **Cash** sales of **Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Lamps, etc.,** amounted to **$65,000** in 1891, aside from our **Tea** and **Coffee** sales. Our illustrated **Price** and **Premium List** tells the whole story. We like to mail it to all who write for it; it costs you nothing and will interest you. **136 pages.**

THE LONDON TEA CO., 811 Washington Street, Boston.

"PILLSBURY'S BEST" FLOUR

Makes More Bread
Makes Whiter Bread
Makes Better Bread

THAN ANY OTHER FLOUR MANUFACTURED.

For Sale by all First-class Grocers.

To anyone who will pick a lock or turn key where our Patent Key Fastener is in use. Is durable, ornamental, easily put in over key hole, no cutting or mutilation. Sample by mail 25c. also circular showing how locks are picked. Agents Wanted.

POWELL, GOMEY & CO., Mf'rs, Grand Rapids, Mich.

HATCH CHICKENS by STEAM. Improved **EXCELSIOR Incubator.** *Simple, Perfect and Self-Regulating.* Thousands in successful operation. Send 6c. for Illus. Cata. GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

Circulars free.

PERFECTION CAKE TINS, loose bottoms. Cakes removed without breaking. Steady paying business for good agents. Sample Set 30c. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Bath, N.Y.

NEW HARDY PRIMROSES.

A GRAND ACQUISITION AND BEAUTIFUL BEYOND DESCRIPTION. THEY BLOOM CONTINUALLY IN ALL COLORS, FROM PURE WHITE TO DEEPEST CRIMSON. Unexcelled for borders and rock-work or for pot culture. They continue to grow and multiply year after year. This unrivalled strain is obtained from the newest and handsomest varieties.

For 25 cents we will mail a packet of the seed and our BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED HORTICULTURAL GUIDE FOR 1892.

CURRIE BROS., Seedsmen and Florists, Milwaukee, Wis.

Digitized by Google

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS:—Any question from our readers of help or interest to women will be cheerfully answered in this Department.
But please bear in mind: Write your questions plainly and briefly Don't use unnecessary words; editors are busy persons.
The right to answer or reject any question is reserved by the Editor.
Answers cannot be promised for any special issue. They will be given as quickly after receipt as possible.
All correspondence should be accompanied by full name and address, not for publication, but for reference.

M. J. S.—We cannot give addresses in this column.

NAOMI—If your face is shiny discontinue the use of soap.

CANADA—Vassar College is exclusively a college for women.

ANNA—Some suggestions as to dressing children will be found in last month's JOURNAL.

MRS. JOHN—A bride should acknowledge all her wedding presents as soon after their receipt as possible.

CORRESPONDENT—"Scribner's Monthly" changed its name to the "Century Magazine" in November, 1881.

SUSIE—The terms "first water" and "second water," as applied to diamonds, mean first and second quality.

MOTHER—We think the average man can teach the average boy more successfully than the average woman can.

R. B.—It is both customary and proper for the clergyman, at any social gathering, to ask a blessing on the food.

F. M. W.—I do not think tarnished gold braid can be freshened; at least that is my own personal experience.

A. H.—Cocoa-butter is good for face massage. In showing a visitor to her room the hostess should precede her.

CECILIA—Longfellow, the poet, was married twice; his first wife bore him five children, two sons and three daughters.

DEWDROP—A letter addressed to the person you mention if sent in our care will be forwarded to her.

BELVIDERE—To remove tea stains from your linen cloth try salt and lemon upon the spots, with exposure to the sun.

C. G. M.—Colored or tinted visiting cards should never be used. A visiting card should be engraved or written, not printed.

L. R. R.—I do not think wrinkles can be satisfactorily removed from velvet, unless it is submitted to a professional steamer.

E. B. B.—A girl of seventeen wears a skirt of the same length as do older girls, but she should not be permitted to wear a train.

H. D. G.—Clean your willow chairs by scrubbing them with strong soap-suds, into which a little blueing and a little salt have been put.

FOREIGNER—Female heirs in the United States are under no disability as to their intestate succession to real estate as in England.

HINSDALE—In commencing a letter to a maiden lady, a letter of business, it would properly read: "Miss Mary Brown—Dear Madam."

HORTENSE—If you are a young girl, and a man asks permission to call on you, it is quite proper for you to refer him to your mother.

L. B.—Suggestions as to making all-black dresses were given in the January JOURNAL. Trim your black silk with black silk passementerie.

ROXANNA—I would advise your having a physician remove the wart from your neck; then, unless it is a very large one, there will be no scar.

DYL—It would not be in good taste to use the coat-of-arms of your mother's family; instead, I would suggest a pretty cipher formed of your own name.

READER—Your "at-home" cards should be sent out with your wedding cards. The golden-browns form most artistic furnishings for a dining-room.

M. E. C.—Instead of seal plush I would prefer a cloak of good cloth; it will be found to wear better, and is really in better style than the plush described.

M. J. L.—"Aphasia" is a nervous disease; it is defined as "an impairment of the idea of language or its expression independent of paralysis of the tongue."

MARY—There is no special oil for massage, most people using that which they like the best, almond oil, olive oil, cocoa butter and vaseline all being fancied.

SIXTEEN—Rubbing vaseline in the roots of the hair will be found to prevent its falling out. Rub it well into the scalp, and do not put quantities of it on your hair.

F. L. M.—I have been told that washing black lace in alcohol, stretching, folding and putting it under a heavy weight, will freshen and make it look almost as good as new.

LOTTIE—A lotion made of twenty grains of hyposulphite (not phate) of soda, in an ounce of water, and applied with a soft linen cloth or sponge, will remove freckles.

GRACE—The invitation should read "Mr. and Mrs. Gray request the pleasure of your company to meet their daughter Grace, on Monday evening, February 11th, 1891."

SUBSCRIBER—It would be quite a graceful attention on your part to send some flowers to the ladies who are about to entertain you. Your suggestion about roses is a good one.

LENA—It would be in very bad taste if you did not write to the lady with whom you spent your vacation; indeed, it would be more than that, it would be extremely rude.

MAUDE S.—The bridegroom engages the services of the clergyman, though, of course, he consults the bride as to her preference. The cards are furnished by the family of the bride.

V. K.—We do not think that Dr. Talmage would object to having his sermons translated; but we would advise any person meditating such work to obtain Dr. Talmage's permission first.

NETTIE—If you have been foolish enough to give your photograph to a young man, you cannot blame him if he refuses to return it. There is no reason why you may not ask for its return.

M. G. F.—Mink is worn by young people, and I cannot imagine how you have gotten the idea that it is only worn by the middle-aged. A mink cape is a very desirable addition to one's wardrobe.

OPHELIA—The most beautiful neck is long in proportion to the body, round, firm and white, showing no muscles. A short, thick neck, or an extremely long, thin one, are certainly not beautiful.

A. E. B.—With a little care, a white surah silk may be gotten for your wedding dress, and yet it need not be very expensive. I do not think a bed-room with orange for its prevailing tone would be pretty.

O. D. G.—Nobody ever has everything in the way of books; and so I would suggest that you find out one that your elderly friend does not possess, and give it to him for the birthday or holiday present.

I. L. D.—If a young lady takes three months in which to find out whether she can accept a man or not, she cannot be very much interested in him. No man can compel a girl to become engaged to him.

G. L. C.—Write direct to the advertiser of the article you mention for information regarding it. A gentleman who goes to church with a lady is not expected to furnish her with her contribution to the alms-box.

A. F.—Pale rose, or pale green surah silk, will look well under your white lace. As I have said a number of times, I cannot give addresses in this column, nor can I undertake to make sales for subscribers.

BETH M.—I am not a believer in indiscriminate letter writing to young men, and I would suggest to you not to correspond with a man friend without first informing your mother about it, and getting her advice.

SENGA—A girl of sixteen would wear her hair drawn softly off her face, braided and looped in the back, and tied with a black ribbon. George Eliot was the wife of Mr. Cross, her name being Mary Ann Cross.

M. F. A.—Your list of questions is altogether too long to be answered in this column. Besides, if we mistake not, they are prize questions, and we do not consider the answering of such as being quite fair.

S. E. D.—I would not advise your wearing black to be married in; even if you are in deep mourning, it is quite proper for you to lay it aside for that time, assume a white gown, and then resume your mourning again.

D. I. S.—It is not wise to have a great many correspondents, though there would be no impropriety in your writing to the young man, who is a dear friend of yours, even though you do not expect to marry him.

L. E. S.—At a reception, or tea, it is proper to bid the hostess good-bye before you assume your wraps. If there is a very great crowd, and one is not near the hostess, it is quite proper to depart without saying good-night to her.

H. M.—All full, fluffy furs are liked, the preference, however, being given to dark ones. Fashionable card-cases are of white, scarlet or pale gray leather, with gold or silver *fleur de lis* placed in conventional manner upon them.

MRS. H. V.—Freshen up your plush coat by putting fur upon it; make epaulettes of fur, and put them on the shoulders, and the effect will be given of high sleeves, while all shabby edges will be concealed by the outlining with fur.

F. B.—A note of thanks should be written for flowers or sweets sent you, but when they are given you personally verbal thanks are sufficient. If these are sent at Christmas they do not necessitate the sending of a present to the young man.

WATCH—The expense of a wedding should be borne by the bride's family. The groom's expenses begin with his fee to the clergyman; he should also pay for the carriage in which he takes the bride away from the church after the ceremony.

MAY—It is proper, always, to leave a card in making a formal call; indeed, it is wisest at all times. Wash your hair brushes in warm water and white soap, in which some ammonia has been thrown; then stand them on their bristles in the sunshine to dry.

MERRY—It is always good form to acknowledge an invitation; therefore, it would be quite proper for you to write a note to the young man, thanking him for having invited you to the graduating exercises, and expressing your regret at your inability to be present.

ALICE M., AND OTHERS—I can give no addresses in this column. May I suggest that in writing, a little thought is given to the many letters that are received by me, and so pale ink will not be used, and the questions made as clear and as concise as possible.

INVALID—The climate of Bermuda is noted for its mildness and healthfulness; but it is never wise for a delicate person to make a change of climate without consulting a physician, and we would not advise you to try even Bermuda without the consent of your medical man.

DOROTHEA B.—Before visits are received from young men one is supposed to be out in society, and young girls are not usually presented before nineteen or twenty. I should not advise the correspondence with a man who talks continually of love and doesn't mention marriage.

M. N. T.—Glycerine darkens some skins; just why, it is impossible to say, except by the difference of temperament existing in every human being. For a very sallow skin I would suggest a course of treatment for the liver, advising you to consult with your family physician.

HAZEL—The word "mascot" comes from French gamblers' slang. An "escot" was something that brought luck to its possessor; in time the word became "mascot," from "mon escot," "mo-escat," "ma-escat." Audran, in his opera "The Mascot," popularized the word.

N. C. H.—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was written in 1861 by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, while on a visit to the camp near Washington. It may be found in almost any compilation of American poetry; we regret that we cannot spare space for its publication in the JOURNAL.

I. J. M.—It would be wisest to announce your engagement; and in this way the friend who has been so courteous in his attentions to you will understand just what attention he may show you, and also that you are honorable enough not to allow him to expect the love which cannot be his.

A. R. R., AND MANY OTHERS—I have said many times, and again repeat it, that we do not publish or sell patterns. The illustrations shown in the fashion department are taken from the latest models in the dressmaking world, designs of which have not yet reached the pattern houses.

A CALLER—The question of Sunday visits is one that must be decided by each one personally; certainly, it is better for a young man to be spending the evening in a family where he is surrounded by everything good than for him to be hanging around hotels, and on the street, and meeting, perhaps, people who do him no good.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER—If you have consulted good physicians in regard to the condition of your skin, and they have been unable to help you, I fear that none of the simple remedies I might suggest would do you any good. If you have not among these gone to a doctor who makes a specialty of skin diseases, I should advise you to do so.

C. A. W.—I would advise your sending your white kid slippers to a professional scourer's to be cleaned. Nothing will make the hair light except the so-called bleaching fluids, and these I cannot advise. Women who are blessed with pretty dark hair should be satisfied, and only try to improve it by keeping it glossy and in good condition.

A SUBSCRIBER—If your hair is very oily I would not advise the use of vaseline upon it. Instead, in washing it, throw a little borax in the water; this will tend to make it a little drier. Brush it with regularity, and apply some hair wash which does not contain oil and does contain quinine; a prescription could be gotten from your family physician.

LOU—Plates are not turned over when they are arranged on the table. Small castors are placed in the corner of the table, but the large, old-fashioned ones usually decorate the sideboard. It is perfectly proper to give your card to whoever may come to the door when your friend is not at home, even if it should be one of the members of the family.

G. A. L.—If a lady and a gentleman call together, it would be the place of the gentleman to ask the servant at the door if the person whom they wish to visit was at home. It is wiser to let some one, with whom you have just become acquainted, ask permission to call upon you, rather than have you ask him. It is in rather bad taste to ask men for their photographs.

J. M. F.—At a five-o'clock tea, menu cards are not required, nor are favors usual. Cake of any kind you may desire, sandwiches, salads, tea, coffee and chocolate are quite sufficient at an elaborate tea; at an informal one, tea, with bread and butter, and one kind of cake is sufficient. The daintiness of service, and not the quantity served, is most thought of at such affairs.

TAKE THE HINT.

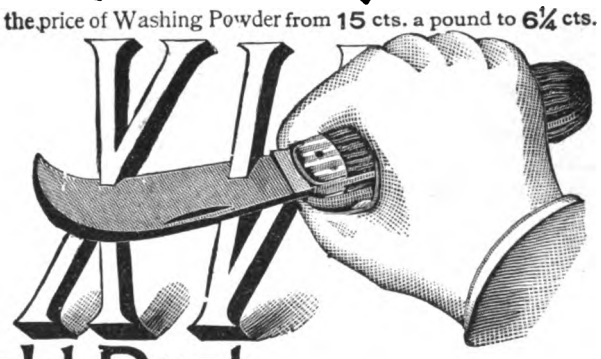
WHENE'ER an anxious group is seen
Around some monthly magazine
Or paper that is daily whirled
To every quarter of the world,
And merry peals of laughter rise
As this or that attracts the eyes,
The smiling crowd, you may depend,
Above some illustrations bend
That advertise the strength and scope
And purity of IVORY SOAP.

But while they smile or praise bestow
And wonder whence ideas flow,
The fact should still be kept in mind
That people of the knowing kind
Will heed the hints or lessons laid
In rhymes and pictures thus displayed,
And let no precious moments fly
Until the IVORY SOAP they try,
And prove on garments coarse and fine,
The truth of every sketch and line.

COPYRIGHT 1891, BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO.

We Cut Down

the price of Washing Powder from 15 cts. a pound to 6¼ cts. a pound



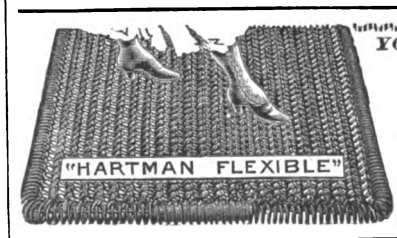
Gold Dust

Washing Powder

Has Done It. The daily cleaning and weekly washing can be BETTER done by Gold Dust Washing Powder than with ANY Soap or other Washing Powder, and at less than **One Half the Cost.**

Your grocer will sell you a package—**4 pounds**—for **25 cents.**

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON, BALTIMORE, NEW ORLEANS, SAN FRANCISCO, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., PITTSBURGH AND MILWAUKEE.



YOUR WIFE'S TEMPER

and your own peace of mind will be helped if you buy a "Hartman" wire door mat. It keeps the mud outside and eases the work indoors. We have made over half a million mats in our anxiety to be considered public benefactors. Catalogue and Testimonials mailed free.

HARTMAN MFG. CO., works, Beaver Falls, Pa.

Branches: 102 Chambers Street, New York; 508 State Street, Chicago; 51 and 53 South Forsyth Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Our Mats have brass tag attached stamped "Hartman."

DELICIOUS DESSERTS MADE INSTANTLY.

Dissolve this package of **IMPERIAL TABLE JELLY** in a pint of hot water, pour into a mould, and when cool you will have a quart of **DELICIOUS JELLY.**

IMPERIAL CREAM DESSERT. RICH and DELICATE.

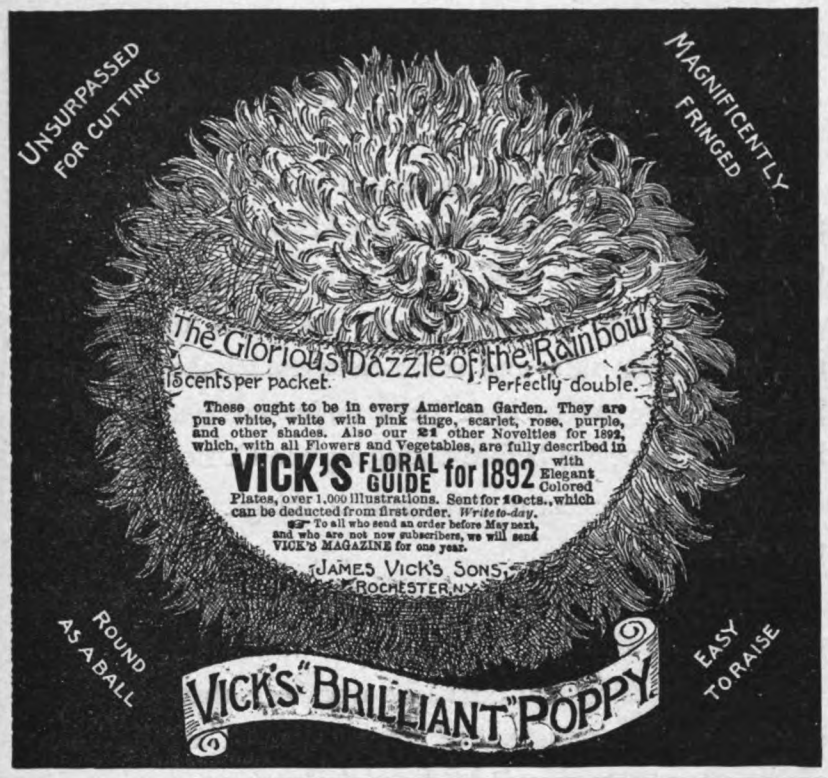
Made by adding a pint of boiling milk to contents of this can.

These are two TABLE DELICACIES made quickly and without trouble.

If you fail to find either with your grocer, send **15c.** (to pay postage) for full-sized package of JELLY or CREAM DESSERT. Various Flavors.

E. C. RICH CO., LTD. 160 & 162 FRANKLIN ST., NEW YORK. 201 STATE ST., BOSTON.

Digitized by Google



SEEDS

Lovely Flowers. $2.00 worth on trial, 25c.

Bell's German Asters, 100 choice sorts mxd; **Dracena Foliage Beet,** dracena-like leaves; **Golden Wave Calliopsis,** effective & popular; **Crozy's Gladiolus Cannas,** large flowers, very choice; **Purple King Clarkia,** intensely double; **Double Violet Bush Morning Glory,** showy; **Dish Cloth Gourd,** for bonnets and dish cloths: **Crimson Belle Pink,** showy; **Bridesmaid Godetia,** beautiful satin surface; **Primrose Col'd Sunflower,** novel; **Palasade Phlox,** rare mixture; **Tall Pyramid Mignonette,** choice; **Zulu King Silene,** fine. One package Seed of each above lovely flowers mailed with Catalogue for **25 Cts.**

Fresh and Pure VEGETABLE SEEDS

Yosemite Mammoth Wax Bush Bean, Giant pods, a foot long, best quality; **Old Homestead Pole Bean,** mammoth pods, extra early; **Lentz's Turnip Beet,** best extra early; **Bell's Surehead Cabbage,** all head, sure header; **Golden Self-Blanching Celery,** best, blanches itself; **Early Maine Sweet Corn,** large, extra early; **Grand Rapids Lettuce,** large, early, fine quality: **Netted Gem Musk Melon,** earliest and sweetest, produces 10 to 12 to a vine; **Bell's Rapid White Pickling Onion,** extra early; **Bell's Extra Early Peas,** very early; **Tree or Climbing Tomato,** will grow 10 to 12 ft high, early and productive; **Bell's World's Fair Ruta Baga,** the best. One package Seed of each above Vegetables in box, with Catalogue, only **25 Cts.** Both above Collections mailed in box, with **2 Tuberoses** and a package of the **New Mammoth Passion Flower,** only **50 cts.** Our beautiful Catalogue (costs 10 cts.) with a package each of **Bell's Ever-Blooming Greenland Pansies** and **New Early Moon Flower,** only **10 Cents.**

ALMOST FREE.

☞ These offers are made to introduce my **Superior Seeds** to new customers. Address

J. J. BELL, Windsor, N. Y.

GUITAR SELF-TAUGHT without notes with Howe's Charts. 50c. per set (24). A. O. Howe, 70 State St., Chicago. Cir. free

---

ALMOND SOAP FREE Unique ANTI-WRINKLE removes Freckles, Blemishes, Yellowness, etc. Unaffected by perspiration. Told in circular sent with Soap. The Toilet Requisites make beautiful the roughest skin. Send 4 cts. for postage. MME. PINAULT, 53 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass.

MME CHEMIST LATE OF PINAULT PARIS

PRINTING OUTFIT 15c

COMPLETE, 4 alphabets rubber type, type holder, bottle indelible Ink, Ink Pad and Tweezers. Put up in neat box with directions for use. Satisfaction guaranteed. Worth 50c. Best Linen Marker, Card Printer, etc. Sets names in 1 minute, prints 500 cards an hour. Sent postpaid 15c; 2 for 25c. Cat. free. R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 65 Cortlandt St. N.Y. City.

THE DEAF HEAR **SOUND DISCS** are *guaranteed to help a larger per cent.* of cases than all similar devices combined. *The same to the Ears as glasses are to the eyes.* Positively invisible. **Worn months** without removal. H. A. WALES, Bridgeport, Conn.

PLAYS For PLAYS

Amateur Theatricals, Temperance Plays, Drawing-Room Plays, Fairy Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Guide Books, Speakers, Pantomimes, Charades, Jarley's Wax Works, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, and Paper Scenery. New Catalogues, containing many novelties, full description and prices sent FREE! FREE!

T. H. FRENCH, 28 West 23d St., N. Y.

LADY Agents to sell new and beautiful goods. Address Mrs. N. B. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill

---

500 SCRAP PICTURES, AUTO. VERSES & RIDDLES 30 STYLES OF CARDS 2c. & PRESENT PARDEE & CO., MONTOWESE, CONN. **FREE**

NEW CARDS Send 2c. stamp for the LARGEST SAMPLE BOOK of genuine hidden name, silk fringe, envelope and calling cards ever offered. BUCKEYE CARD CO., Laceville, Ohio.

---

30 NEW STYLES OF CARDS FOR 1892 AND AGENT'S MONEY MAKING OUTFIT TUTTLE CO., NORTH HAVEN, CONN. **2c.**

HAIR **CURLING JELLY**—DR. AMmett's French Jelly keeps hair in curl three days. Sample by mail, 10c. MIDDLETON DRUG CO., NY city

---

YOUR NAME on 25 LOVELY CARDS, 1 RING, 1 LACE PIN, 1 PATENT FOUNTAIN PEN, 1 FORGET-ME-NOT ALBUM, 400 Album Verses, with the New and Popular Monthly, WAYSIDE GLEANINGS, THREE MONTHS FOR 10c. LAUREL CARD CO., CLINTONVILLE, CONN.

CARDS LATEST STYLES, Beveled Edge, Silk Fringe, Envelope and Calling Cards. Finest Sample Book ever offered for 2c. stamp. NATIONAL CARD CO., Box 75, SCIO, OHIO.

USE Dr. X. Stone's BRONCHIAL WAFERS, the great Throat & Lung Remedy. 25c per box. Druggists. Sample 10c. Stone Medicine Co., Chicago, Ill.

CARDS Send 2c. Stamp for Sample Book of all the FINEST and Latest Style Cards for 1892. We sell GENUINE CARDS, NOT TRASH. UNION CARD CO., COLUMBUS, O.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.

WRINKLES! With Almond Nut Cream, you can positively rub them away. Sealed particulars, 2c. MARY E. MURRAY, 1059 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill. Agents wanted.

CARDS We send CARDS, not verses, riddles and TRASH. Agent's outfit of nearly 50 new styles for a 2c. stamp, and a useful present FREE. ALLING BROS., Durham, Conn.

ROSE and Packet **FLOWER SEEDS** with Catalogue, 10c. *Name paper.* WM. B. REED. Florist, Chambersburg, Pa.

★ FREE! ROLLER ORGAN. ★

Plays 300 Tunes If you want one, cut this notice out and send to us at once.

BATES ORGAN CO., 72 PEARL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

WE TEACH HOW. You make $75.00 to $150.00 per month. Send stamp. S. A. RUSS CO., South Bend, Ind.

DRESSMAKERS We offer you Dress Bone FREE for a short time only. For further information address WARREN FEATHERBONE CO., Three Oaks, Mich.

BIRD MANNA MAKES CANARIES WARBLE. The secret of the Canary Breeders of the Hartz Mountains. It restores the song of Cage Birds, prevents thir ailments and keeps them in good condition. It makes Canaries sing even while shedding feathers. Sent by mail for 15 cents. Sold by all druggists grocers and bird dealers. Bird Book mailed free. Address, THE BIRD FOOD CO., 400 N. Third Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CARDS 528 New Samples of Silk Ribbon, Silk Fringe, Envelope & New Rosette Cards, Tricks, Songs, Games, &c., 1 Album, 1 Pack Escort, 1 Pack Acquaintance Cards, all for 2c. Crown Card Co., Cadiz, Ohio.

NEW PAT. SELF-FITTING **TRUSS** —ON— APPROVAL

BOOK MAILED FREE. GEO. R. FULLER, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

WANTED! A Lady in each locality, to open a Toilet Parlor at home and exhibit our elegant and dainty goods. New plan and liberal offer. Also want Agents. Send stamp for 32 pp. brochure teaching **Our New Toilet Art,** Free. SYLVAN TOILET CO., Perfumers, Port Huron, Mich.

Silk **Satin & Plush Remnants for Crazy Patch** a large package pretty pieces, assorted colors 10c., 3 pkg. 25c. A large pkg. all colors **Embroidery Silk 20c. Tissue Paper Flowers,** how to make, samples of paper and price-list of material, 10c, Ladies' Art Co., Box 584F. St, Louis, Mo.

EAGLE PRINTING OUTFIT 15c Three alphabets of type, type holder, bottle indelible ink, ink pad and tweezers; put up in neat box with full directions for use. EAGLE SUPPLY CO., New Haven, Conn.

ADDRESS US A POSTAL CARD TO-DAY.

500 PARCELS OF MAIL FREE

Including Sample Books, Novelties, Pictures, Magazines, Letters, Papers, etc., each with your address boldly printed on each wrapper. You will receive more choice reading and heaviest mail of any one at your town. We will also insert your address for twelve months in our Guaranteed Directory, that goes whirling daily to Manufacturers and Publishers all over the world; and 500 of your boldly printed and Gummed addresses, in two colors, for your personal use to stick on your letters, books, etc.; also Lum Smith's 16-page HERALD, 12 months (regular price alone 50 cents). All free and postpaid to you. Send your address to-day on a postal to GUMMED ADDRESS CO., 126 S. 8th St., Phila., Pa.

Circular Distributors Wanted Everywhere.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c. **All Druggists or by Mail, 50 cts.** BARCLAY & Co., 44 Stone St., New York.

FOR THE **HAIR AND SKIN.** ESTABLISHED 1801.

Raise The **BIGGEST PONDEROSA TOMATO**

AND BOTH

GLORY and PROFIT AWAIT YOU.

so valuable that we paid **$250** last year for the NAME alone when sold under the No. "400."

This year we think more of it than ever and to aid in making its merits still wider known we have doubled the amount of the money prizes.

NOW THEN FOR 1892 WE OFFER **$500.00**

for the heaviest single fruits raised from seeds of Ponderosa bought in 1892 in our sealed packets. Full details in Catalogue mentioned below, where also its fine qualities are told at length. It should be grown in

EVERY GARDEN IN THE LAND

because the essential features of **EARLINESS, SIZE, WEIGHT, COLOR, SOLIDITY** and **QUALITY,** that make the ideal Tomato, this Ponderosa variety possesses in the superlative degree. Delicate persons will always prefer it because it is nearly seedless.

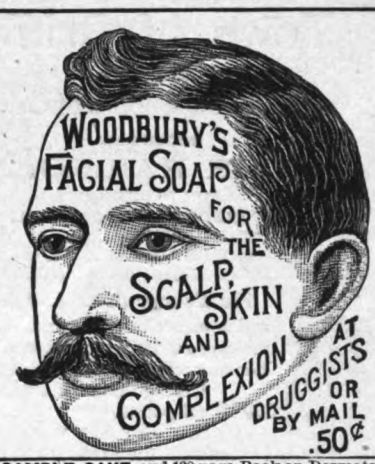
Price per Packet, 20 cts.; 6 Pkts., $1; 12 Pkts., $1.75; 25 Pkts., $3.

DON'T FORGET, that with every order for a packet or more we will send FREE, our CATALOGUE of EVERYTHING for the GARDEN, (which alone costs us 25 cents) provided you will state where you saw this advertisement. Our Catalogue of 150 pages is bound in illuminated covers, and is the largest ever issued. It is replete with many engravings and colored plates of all that is new and desirable in SEEDS and PLANTS.

If Catalogue alone is wanted, we will mail it on receipt of 25 cts., which amount can be deducted on first order from Catalogue. Postage stamps accepted as cash.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.

35 & 37 Cortlandt Street, NEW YORK.



A SAMPLE CAKE and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of **10c.**; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, etc., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 125 West 42d Street, New York City.

Consultation free, at office or by letter. Mention this Magazine.

AGENTS WANTED.

The Excelsior Carpet Stretcher and Tack Hammer Combined. Can be used by anyone. **NOW** is the time to make **big money.** Sent Postpaid for **65 cents.** Postage stamps taken. Circulars free.

RICHARD W. MONTROSS, Allegan, Mich.

LADIES —AND— **GENTLEMEN** Use the famous **BLUSH OF ROSES** for your complexion. It has never failed to cure every form of skin disease. **It will remove that shiny look,** whiten your face just a trifle, and will **give you a LOVELY COMPLEXION.** Sold everywhere. Take no substitute. **There is none.** 75 cents per bottle by mail. Address,

FLORA A. JONES. **MISS FLORA A. JONES, SOUTH BEND, IND.**

MISS BEACH'S Curling Fluid

Keeps the hair in curl for days. **No Odor or Sediment. Harmless.** Gives vigor and beauty to hair, increases its growth. A toilet necessity. At druggists or sent prepaid **50c.** **LADY AGENTS** wanted. DENISON CHEMICAL CO., 56 (C) LaSalle St., Chicago.

$5 A DAY SURE. $2.15 Samples Free. Horse owners buy 1 to 6. 20 other specialties. E. E. BREWSTER, Holly, Mich.

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

NO OTHER

LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this **wonderful soap** send **25c** in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society Waltz) sent **FREE** to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

Freight Paid. McMULLEN WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., CHICAGO

WONDER MAGIC DANCING AIR BALL.

A ball that dances freely in mid-air without strings or wires. A barrel of fun and amusement, a scientific puzzle, a healthy toy and everlasting entertainment. Sample post-paid, **10c.**

Agents, everybody, write for Catalogue of new inventions and quick sellers.

MAGIC INTRODUCTION CO., 827 Broadway, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

Vinolia Soap

NO FREE SODA, BUT EXTRA CREAM.

NO BAD FATS, SPIRIT OR SUGAR.

EVIL EFFECTS OF SOAP

Soaps dry, roughen and weaken the Skin, and make it blotchy, dull and muddy, the Hair wiry, white and weak, and the Nails striated and brittle, from the following causes:

1.—Soda and Potash left in them. 3.—Jetsam and Flotsam (putrescent fats).
2.—Deleterious scents and colors. 4.—Cocoanut Oil (makes alkaline soaps "bite").
5.—Glycerine, Rosin, Sugar, and Methylated Spirits (as in transparent soaps).

(A)—VINOLIA SOAP contains unchangeable cream, instead of soda and potash, and is guaranteed pure; therefore, it does not dry the skin.
(B)—VINOLIA SOAP is not colored, polished, whitened, made transparent with chemicals, or in any way "doctored up"; so it is free from extraneous irritating matter.
(C)—VINOLIA SOAP yields a creamy, soothing lather, which cleanses without shriveling the skin, hair, or nails. It is the Soap prescribed by all leading consultants abroad.
(D)—VINOLIA SOAP is the only Soap for skin affections, delicate skins, shaving or shampooing, and the toilet, nursery and bath. Does not extract natural oil from the skin.

UNRIVALLED LONDON MEDICAL JOURNAL REPORTS:

☞ **The British Medical Journal reports:** "Of unquestionable excellence and much in favor with the profession. A well-manufactured soap, unadulterated with injurious ingredients."

☞ **The Lancet reports:** "No free alkali, a distinct excess of free fat, odor delicate, and an article of excellent quality."

☞ **The Hospital Gazette reports:** "We can confidently assert that for toilet purposes we have never seen 'Vinolia' Soap surpassed."

☞ **The Chemist and Druggist reports:** "'Vinolia' Soap is absolutely free from uncombined alkali. It is an ideal soap, and the skin has a velvety feeling after washing with it."

☞ **The Medical Press and Circular reports:** "Delicately scented, gives a good, smooth lather, and is very lasting."

☞ **The Baby reports:** "'Vinolia' Soap differs from the usual scented and other soaps, inasmuch as it contains an excess of plastic emollient cream. For the toilet, nursery and bath, and especially for those affected with skin affections, it may be used with comfort, safety and perfect satisfaction."

☞ **The Dublin Medical Journal reports:** "It differs from other soaps in containing an admixture of unsaponified cream, instead of an excess of alkali, and does not dry or weaken the skin and hair."

☞ **The Journal of Laryngology reports:** "'Vinolia' soap is an excellent and elegant soap, lathering nicely, producing a soft skin, is delicately perfumed, and, altogether, a toilet requisite hard to surpass."

"Vinolia" Soap, Balsamic (Medical), 25 cents; Otto Toilet, 35 cents, and Vestal, 85 cents.
"Vinolia" (a plastic emollient cream for the Skin), 50 cents per box.
"Vinolia" Sanitary Rose Powder (soothing, soluble, and safe), 50 cents per box.

BLONDEAU ET CIE., 73 & 75 Watts St., New York.

☞ Miniature Samples of Soaps, Cream, Powder and Dentifrice forwarded on receipt of Ten Cents.

TEN LOTS WILL MAKE YOU RICH

IF BOUGHT NOW IN THE

Town of Griffith

THE COMING GREAT

Manufacturing Suburb of Chicago

WHICH HAS

FOUR RAILROADS

NOW IN OPERATION.

THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL,
THE GRAND TRUNK,
THE CHICAGO & ERIE, and
THE ELGIN, JOLIET & EASTERN,

The Chicago Outer Belt Line,

which encircles Chicago as shown, making a switch connection with all her railroads, and giving Griffith Chicago rates of freight to all points.

Griffith also has two oil pipe lines of the Standard Oil Co., which supply oil for fuel much cheaper than coal.

HOW is Chicago growing?—by location of new factories.

WHERE are factories locating?—in her manufacturing suburbs.

WHICH suburb affords them best facilities?—Griffith, having two fuel oil pipes and four railroads, including a Belt Line which connects with twenty-two more roads as shown by the map.

WHAT is the history of investments in Chicago's factory suburbs?—uniformly profitable, returning five and ten fold in a few years.

WHY will an investment in Griffith lots pay?—because it can now be had on the ground floor and values are constantly advancing by location of new factories.

HOW MUCH are lots in Griffith?—residence lots $120 upward; business lots $300 upward, on monthly payments of $4 to $12 if desired.

Write to-day for full particulars of lots offered. SENT FREE.
We are only waiting for your address. Here's ours:

JAY DWIGGINS & COMPANY, 142 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Is This Reasonable?

If regular physicians succeeded in curing the severer forms of skin diseases, there would be no use for the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and therefore no sale;

Because nine patients out of ten, cured of torturing and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, proved to have been under an average of at least two physicians before taking up the CUTICURAS.

We do not object to this state of things. Why should the doctors?

They have the patient first. We are content to take the case after them.

The only thing that occasions wonder is that the patient should go around instead of across lots. The road is so plain and straight that a child may follow it.

First. Send for our book, "Cause and Cure of Skin Diseases," which will be mailed free to any address.

Second. Buy a cake of CUTICURA SOAP, price 25 cents. This can't hurt you, financially or physically.

Third. If the SOAP proves the most effective skin purifier and beautifier you have ever used, as well as the purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps, you may venture to buy a box of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, price, 50 cents.

Fourth. If the great Skin Cure should afford immediate and grateful relief in the most distressing of itching and burning skin and scalp diseases, and prove more than satisfactory in every respect,

Fifth. You may safely proceed to buy the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier and greatest of humor remedies, price, $1.00, and thus complete the cure.

Is not the foregoing reasonable?

And is not the expense of testing our proposition trifling, compared with medical attendance and the cost of the usual number and variety of prescriptions?

Everything about the CUTICURA REMEDIES invites confidence. They are as perfect as our present knowledge of materia medica and therapeutics can make them. Neither time, talent nor money is spared in their preparation. They are absolutely pure and agreeable to the most delicate and sensitive, and appeal to the intelligent and refined everywhere. They are suitable to all ages, and may be used from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula, with the utmost satisfaction.

It is gratifying to note that the CUTICURA REMEDIES have won the confidence and esteem of the cultivated and refined in every community; and while used by people in every walk of life, the higher the consumers rank in intelligence the greater the appreciation of these great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies.

Sale greater than the combined sales of all other blood and skin remedies.

Sold throughout the world.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON.

Digitized by Google