

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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THE CURTIS  
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A MERRY HEART



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# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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## THE DREAM SHIP

by Eugene Field

WHEN THE WORLD IS FAST ASLEEP,  
ALONG THE MIDNIGHT SKIES —  
AS THOUGH IT WERE A WANDERING CLOUD —  
THE GHOSTLY DREAM-SHIP FLIES.

AN ANGEL STANDS AT THE DREAM-SHIP'S HELM,  
AN ANGEL STANDS AT THE PROW,  
AND AN ANGEL STANDS AT THE DREAM-SHIP'S SIDE  
WITH A RUE-WREATH ON HER BROW.

THE OTHER ANGELS, SILVER-CROWNED,  
PILOT AND HELMSMAN ARE,  
AND THE ANGEL WITH THE WREATH OF RUE  
TOSSETH THE DREAMS AFAR.

THE DREAMS THEY FALL ON RICH AND POOR,  
THEY FALL ON YOUNG AND OLD;  
AND SOME ARE DREAMS OF POVERTY,  
AND SOME ARE DREAMS OF GOLD.

AND SOME ARE DREAMS THAT THRILL WITH JOY,  
AND SOME THAT MELT TO TEARS.  
SOME ARE DREAMS OF THE DAWN OF LOVE,  
AND SOME OF THE OLD DEAD YEARS.

ON RICH AND POOR ALIKE THEY FALL,  
ALIKE ON YOUNG AND OLD,  
BRINGING TO SLUMBERING EARTH THEIR JOYS  
AND SORROWS MANIFOLD.

THE FRIENDLESS YOUTH IN THEM SHALL DO  
THE DEEDS OF MIGHTY MEN,  
AND DROOPING AGE SHALL FEEL THE GRACE  
OF BUOYANT YOUTH AGAIN.

THE KING SHALL BE A BEGGARMAN —  
THE PAUPER BE A KING —  
IN THAT REVENGE OR RECOMPENSE  
THE DREAM-SHIP DREAMS DO BRING.

SO EVER DOWNWARD FLOAT THE DREAMS  
THAT ARE FOR ALL AND ME,  
AND THERE IS NEVER MORTAL MAN  
CAN SOLVE THAT MYSTERY.

BUT EVER ONWARD IN ITS COURSE  
ALONG THE HAUNTED SKIES —  
AS THOUGH IT WERE A CLOUD ASTRAY —  
THE GHOSTLY DREAM-SHIP FLIES.

TWO ANGELS WITH THEIR SILVER CROWNS  
PILOT AND HELMSMAN ARE,  
AND AN ANGEL WITH A WREATH OF RUE  
TOSSETH THE DREAMS AFAR.

## LINCOLN'S HESITANCY TO MARRY

By John Gilmer Speed



**L**HAS long been known somewhat vaguely that in his youth and early manhood Abraham Lincoln had a full share of those sentimental perplexities which cast a glamour of romance over the early life of most young men.

The more serious of Lincoln's biographers have preferred to say very little of his first attachment, and in this paper I shall follow their admirable example. In 1833 the father of Anne Rutledge, who was a member of the South Carolina family of that name, and who went from Kentucky to Illinois in 1829, kept the tavern at New Salem in the latter State. Miss Rutledge was the belle of the village, and had, in the young men who boarded at the tavern, several devoted admirers. Among these was Lincoln, who was her frequent escort to quilting bees and other such homely entertainments in that primitive settlement. There is a story, entirely uncorroborated, that Miss Rutledge preferred another suitor to the ardent Lincoln, but that she was deserted by him and did not accept Lincoln's proposal until the last chance of hearing from this man had vanished. At any rate it was not until 1835 that she engaged herself to Lincoln, who, not yet admitted to the bar, was not in a position immediately to marry. A few months later Anne Rutledge died, and her accepted lover was most deeply moved by the bereavement. That he gave way to his melancholy in a fashion not common among a self-contained people such as those with whom he lived, is unquestionably true, and his friends were alarmed at his condition. He went into retirement for some months at the secluded place of Bowling Green, and then returned to take up, at New Salem, the broken threads of his career. Not more than this is known of Lincoln's first attachment, for he never discussed it with any one in later life, and the most intimate friend he ever had told the writer twenty years ago that though he had heard of the affair he knew absolutely nothing more about it than that there was such a story.

**T**HE next affair that Lincoln had was not nearly so sad—indeed, it is quite doubtful whether there was ever anything in it that was serious. Nowadays, I fancy, Lincoln's little passage of compliments in 1837 with Miss Mary Owens, of Green County, Kentucky, would be called only a spirited flirtation. However, Mr. Herndon, who wrote a life of Lincoln, got the whole story from Miss Owens thirty years or so later. Miss Owens did not find that Mr. Lincoln had the refinements and accomplishments she desired in her husband, so she prevented him from making a declaration. Even after half a century no commentator on manners can find aught in this save commendation. That year, 1837, Lincoln moved to Springfield, Illinois, and was admitted to the bar. He took up his residence with Joshua Fry Speed, the only close and intimate friend that he ever had, and from the papers and letters left by Mr. Speed a fuller light has been thrown upon the later and more serious love affair of Lincoln than from all other sources.

In 1839 Miss Mary Todd, of Kentucky, arrived in Springfield to visit a married sister, Mrs. Edwards. At the instance of his friend Speed, who was also a Kentuckian, Lincoln became a visitor at the Edwards', and before long it was apparent to the observant among those in Springfield that the lively young lady held him captive. Engagements at that time, and in that neighborhood, were not announced as soon as they were made, and it is not at all impossible that Miss Todd and Mr. Lincoln were betrothed many months before any other than Mrs. Edwards and Mr. Speed knew of it. At this time, as was the case till Lincoln was elected to the Presidency, his one special rival in Illinois was Stephen A. Douglas. Mr. Douglas had more of the social graces than Mr. Lincoln, and it appeared to him that nothing would be more interesting than to cut out his political rival in the affections of the entertaining and lively Miss Todd, and so he paid her court. A spirited young lady from Kentucky, at that time in Illinois, would have been almost less than human if she had refused to accept the attentions of the two leading men of the locality. Therefore, Miss Todd being quite human, encouraged Douglas, and again there was what nowadays would have been called a flirtation. This course of action did not spur Lincoln on in his devotion, but made him less ardent, and he concluded, after much self-worment, to break off the engagement. Of this, Lamont relates:

"At length, after long reflection, in great agony of spirit, Mr. Lincoln concluded that duty required him to make a candid statement of his feelings to the lady who was entitled to his hand. He wrote her a letter and told her gently but plainly that he did not love

her. He asked Speed to deliver it, but Speed advised him to burn it. 'Speed,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'I always knew you were an obstinate man. If you won't deliver it I will get some one else to do it.' But Speed now had the letter in his hand, and emboldened by the warm friendship that existed between them, replied, 'I shall not deliver it nor give it to you to be delivered. Words are forgotten, misunderstood, passed by, not noticed in a private conversation; but once put your words in writing and they stand as a living and eternal monument against you. If you think you have will and manhood enough to go and see her and speak to her what you say in that letter you may do that.' Lincoln went to see her forthwith and referred to Speed. She told him she knew the reason of his change of heart and released him from his engagement. Some parting endearments took place between them, and then, as a natural result of those endearments, a reconciliation."

**M**R. LINCOLN was never, it appears, entirely happy after this reconciliation, and grew quite moody and depressed. The biographers who treat at length of the subject, declare that his mind turned back to Anne Rutledge, and the memory of her shrouded his heart in gloom. To all save Speed he was silent as to the cause of his melancholy, but he could not hide it. Miss Todd's sister, Mrs. Edwards, counseled that the engagement should be broken or that the marriage should be indefinitely postponed. Other advice prevailed and preparations were made for the wedding which was to take place January 1, 1841. The wedding feast was prepared, the guests were assembled, the bride was ready for the ceremony, but the bridegroom did not come. After several hours he was found by his friends—beside himself with melancholy, with mortification and with shame. It was evident that he was no longer responsible for his own actions. His friends endeavored to cheer him up, but he was inconsolable. They therefore watched him that no harm might come to him from his own hands. His friend Speed, writing of this time many years later, thus alluded to it:

"In the winter of 1841 a gloom came over him till his friends were alarmed for his life. Though a member of the Legislature he rarely attended its sessions. In his deepest gloom, and when I told him he would die unless he rallied, he said, 'I am not afraid, and would be more than willing, but I have an irrepressible desire to live till I can be assured that the world is a little better for my having lived in it.'"

**D**URING this dreadful fit of depression Mr. Speed, who had closed out his business in Springfield and arranged to return to Kentucky, urged upon Mr. Lincoln to accompany him thither in the hope that in changed surroundings he would find a relief denied to him in the place where everything he saw and all the people he met reminded him of the cause of the sorrow that was weighing him down. And so in the spring of 1841 the two friends set out for Louisville, near which was Farmington, the Speed homestead. Here, amid most unaccustomed scenes and surroundings Mr. Lincoln spent several months and regained in some measure his lost cheerfulness, and to a great extent, also, his self-control. During this visit he endeared himself to all the members of the Speed family by his patient gentleness and his total lack of self-consciousness.

The writer remembers very well to have heard a very fastidious lady, a member of the Farmington household at the time of that visit, say, that though at that time he had none of the polish and gracefulness to be expected from those acquainted with the usages of society, he was one of nature's gentlemen because of his kindness of heart and innate refinement. And after saying this she recalled an instance of real good manners on his part. At dinner there was a saddle of mutton. The servant after handing the roast passed a glass of jelly. Mr. Lincoln took the glass and ate the jelly from it. The servant got another glass and passed it around. Mr. Lincoln noticed that the others at table merely took a spoonful. Without embarrassment or apology he laughed quietly and remarked, "I seem to have taken more than my share," and then he went on with his dinner. Most persons, this lady thought, after committing such a solecism would have been covered with confusion and profuse in apologies. This incident bears out what Mr. Speed has said:

"No matter how ridiculous his ignorance upon any subject might make him appear he was never ashamed to acknowledge it; but he immediately addressed himself to the task of being ignorant no longer."

While Mr. Lincoln was in Kentucky his friend Speed became engaged to be married to the lady who soon afterward became his wife and who is now his widow. Previous to the consummation of his engagement Mr. Speed was beset with all kinds of doubts—doubts of himself, of the genuineness of his affection, of his fitness for matrimony and so on. Probably the perplexities of his friend now made these doubts more bothersome than they otherwise would have been. In these matters Lincoln was his confidant, and it was his duty now, in turn, to minister to Speed.

**T**HEIR talks with one another were evidently long and frequent, and several letters were written on these sentimental subjects after Lincoln had returned to Illinois. In February, 1842, the next year, Mr. Speed was married and Lincoln wanted particularly to know whether matrimony had confirmed or dispelled the doubts of courtship. A few days before the marriage Mr. Speed wrote in a very despairing tone and a few days after the wedding he again wrote and was still not quite happy. Here is the letter that Mr. Lincoln wrote in reply:

"SPRINGFIELD, February 25, 1842.  
"Dear Speed: I received yours of the 12th, written the day you went down to William's place, some days since, but delayed answering it till I should receive the promised one of the 16th, which came last night. I opened the letter with intense anxiety and trepidation, so much so, that, although it turned out better than I expected, I have hardly yet, at a distance of ten hours, become calm.

"I tell you, Speed, our forebodings (for which you and I are peculiar) are all the worst sort of nonsense. I fancied from the time I received your letter of Saturday, that the one of Wednesday was never to come, and yet it did come, and what is more, it is perfectly clear, both from its tone and handwriting, that you were much happier, or, if you think the term preferable, less miserable, when you wrote it than when you wrote the last one before. You had so obviously improved at the very time I so much fancied you would have grown worse. You say that something indescribably horrible and alarming still haunts you. You will not say that three months from now, I will venture. When your nerves once get steady now, the whole trouble will be over forever. Nor should you become impatient at their being even very slow in becoming steady. Again, you say you much fear that that Elysium of which you have dreamed so much is never to be realized. Well, if it shall not, I dare swear it will not be the fault of her who is now your wife. I now have no doubt that it is the peculiar misfortune of both you and me to dream dreams of Elysium far exceeding all that anything earthly can realize. Far short of your dreams as you may be, no woman could do more to realize them than that same black-eyed Fanny. If you could but contemplate her through my imagination it would appear ridiculous to you that any one should for a moment think of being unhappy with her. My old father used to have a saying that, 'If you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter,' and it occurs to me that if the bargain you have just closed can possibly be called a bad one it is certainly the most pleasant one for applying that maxim to which my fancy can by any effort picture.

"I write another letter inclosing this, which you can show her if she desires it. I do this because she would think strangely, perhaps, should you tell her that you received no letters from me, or, telling her that you do, refuse to let her see them. I close this, entertaining the confident hope that every successive letter I shall have from you (which I here pray may not be few nor far between) may show you possessing a more steady hand and cheerful heart than the last preceding it.

"As ever, your friend,  
"LINCOLN."  
IN less than a month Mr. Speed wrote to his friend in Springfield saying: "I am far happier than I ever expected to be." Mr. Lincoln, delighted, wrote in reply:

"SPRINGFIELD, March 27, 1842.  
"Dear Speed: Yours of the 10th instant was received three or four days since. You know I am sincere when I tell you the pleasure its contents gave me was, and is, inexpressible. As to your farm matter I have no sympathy with you. I have no farm, nor ever expect to have, and consequently have not studied the subject enough to be much interested with it. I can only say that I am glad you are satisfied and pleased with it. But on the other subject, to me of the most intense interest whether in joy or sorrow, I never had the power to withhold my sympathy from you. It cannot be told how it now thrills me with joy to hear you say you are 'far happier than you ever expected to be.' That much I know is enough. I know you too well to suppose your expectations were not, at least sometimes, extravagant, and if the reality exceeds them all, I say, enough, dear Lord. I am not going beyond the truth when I tell you that the short space it took me to read your last letter gave me more pleasure than the sum total of all I have enjoyed since the fatal first of January, 1841. Since then, it seems to me, I should have been entirely happy but for the never-absent idea that there is one who is still unhappy, whom I have contributed to make so. That still kills my soul. I cannot but reproach myself for even wishing to be happy while she is otherwise. She accompanied a large party in the railroad cars to Jacksonville last Monday, and on her return spoke so that I heard of it, of having enjoyed the trip exceedingly. God be praised for that!

"You know with what sleepless vigilance I have watched you ever since the commencement of your affair; and although I am almost confident it is useless, I cannot forbear once more to say that I think it is even yet possible for your spirits to flag down and leave you miserable. If they should, don't fail to remember that they cannot long remain so. One thing I can tell you which I know you will be glad to hear, and that is that I have seen Mary and scrutinized her feelings as well as I could, and am fully convinced she is far happier now than she has been for the last fifteen months past.

"The sweet violet you inclosed came safely to hand, but it was so dry and mashed so flat that it crumbled to dust at the first attempt to handle it. The juice that mashed out of it stained a place in the letter which I mean to preserve and cherish for the sake of her who procured it to be sent. My renewed good wishes to her in particular, and generally to all such of your relations who know me.

"As ever,  
"LINCOLN."

**T**HE correspondence between the friends continued and Mr. Speed advised Mr. Lincoln to cast aside his doubts and get married. On the fourth of July Mr. Lincoln replied, and in his letter said:

"As to my having been displeased with your advice, surely you know better than that. I know you do and therefore will not labor to convince you. True, that subject is painful to me; but it is not your silence, nor the silence of all the world, that can make me forget it. I acknowledge the correctness of your advice, too, but before I resolve to do the one thing or the other I must gain my confidence in my own ability to keep my resolves when they are made. In that ability you know I once prided myself as the only or chief gem of my character; that gem I lost—how and where you know too well. I have not regained it, and until I do I cannot trust myself in any matter of much importance. I believe now that had you understood my case at the time as well as I understood yours afterward, by the aid you would have given me I should have sailed through clear, but that does not now afford me sufficient confidence to begin that or the like of that again."

Again, in October, Mr. Lincoln wrote:

"You have now been the husband of a lovely woman nearly eight months. That you are happier now than the day you married her I well know, for without, you could not be living. But I have your word for it, too, and the returning elasticity of spirits which is manifested in your letters. But I want to ask a close question: 'Are you now in feeling as well as judgment glad that you are married as you are?' From anybody but me this would be an impudent question not to be tolerated; but I know you will pardon it in me. Please answer it quickly, as I am impatient to know."

Mr. Lincoln's object in asking this "close question" is manifest. Mr. Speed gave the answer quickly and satisfactorily, and on the fourth of November, one month exactly after the question had been submitted, Mr. Lincoln was married. In a letter to Mr. Herndon in 1866, containing data to assist Mr. Herndon in preparing his "Life of Lincoln," Mr. Speed says, "One thing is plainly discernible: if I had not been married and happy—far more happy than I ever expected to be—he would not have married."

And so Mr. Lincoln, the brave man of action, the man of heroic deeds, in that matter which most nearly touched his own life, hesitated and waited for his friend to show the way and find that the path was one of flowers and sunlight, not darkness and pain. Then he took up his own delayed journey.

## LOVING TOO LATE

BY AMELIA E. BARR

**N**OT long ago I met a young lady in poverty whom I had previously known in wealth, and this was, in substance, the story she told me: "Father died suddenly in Washington, and the professional skill through which he had coined money for us died with him. I am not weeping because we are poor. I am broken-hearted because none of us saw that he was dying. Was it not pitiful that he should think it best not to tell any of us that he was sick? And I, his petted daughter, though I knew he was taking opium to soothe his great pain, was so absorbed by my lovers, my games and my dresses, that I just hoped it would all come right. If I could only remember that even once I had pitied his suffering or felt anxious about his life, I might bear his loss better! My dear, dear father! Oh, how terrible it is, to love when it is too late!"

The story is common enough. Many a father, year after year, goes in and out of his home carrying the burden and doing the labor of life, while those whom he tenderly loves hold with but careless hands all of honor and gold he wins by toil and pain. Then some day his head and hands can work no more! And the hearts that have not learned the great lesson of unselfish love while love was their teacher, must now begin their sad duty when love has left them alone forever. It is now their place to carry the daily heavy cross that he bore, and under its burden to say with bitter tears, "Would to God that the dear one dead were here once more! Never again would we grieve and cross him! Never again be blind to his manifest weariness and suffering! Oh, for the sound of his voice in our sorrowful house!"

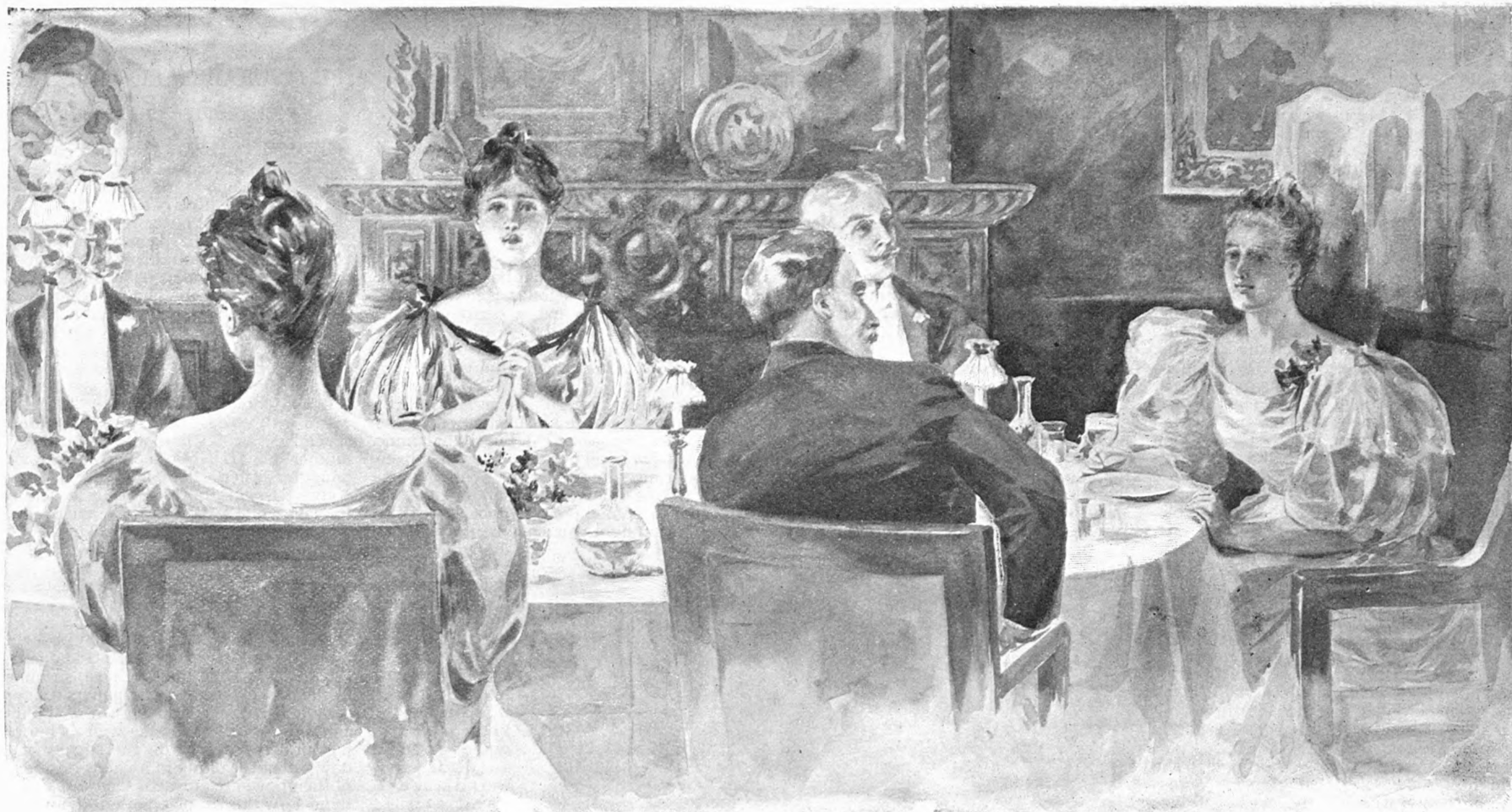
For year after year with glad content  
In and out of our home he went—  
In and out.  
Ever for us the skies were clear,  
His heart carried the care and fear—  
The care and doubt.

Our hands held with a careless hold  
All that he won of honor and gold,  
In toil and pain;  
Oh, dear hands that our burdens bore,  
Hands that shall toil for us no more—  
Never again.

But when the love we hold too light,  
Is gone away from our speech and sight,  
No bitter tears,  
No passionate words of fond regret,  
No yearning grief can pay the debt  
Of thankless years.

Oh, now while the sweet love lingers near,  
Grudge not the tender word of cheer,  
Leave none unsaid;  
For the heart can have no sadder fate,  
Than some day to awake—too late!  
And find love dead.





"She was an uninvited guest at the dinner of people she did not know"

## WHAT CONSTANTIA DID NOT KNOW

By Robert C. V. Meyers

DRAWINGS BY FRANK O. SMALL

MR. AND MRS. WHYTALL had indulged in an argument wherein each refused to be worsted.

Though Constantia did not know that, and—but, then there were so many things which Constantia did not know.

But the argument had been something in this manner: Mrs. Ambrose Whytall was giving a dinner which was to be followed by a reception. She was entirely willing to oblige her husband so far as sending Madame Colens a card for the reception, but she declined to include her among the dinner guests. First of all she was not acquainted with Madame Colens, and simply because Mr. Whytall had let Monsieur Colens be kind to him in Paris before he died—"He couldn't very well be kind to me after he died," Mr. Whytall had interpolated at the time of the argument, which did not cause Mrs. Whytall to be any more kindly disposed toward Madame Colens. Simply because of Monsieur Colens' one-time kindness, then, there was no reason in the world why Mrs. Whytall should have a parenthesis at her dinner-table, so to speak, by foisting upon seventeen of her most intimate friends an unknown French lady.

"She is not unknown," objected Mr. Whytall.

"Or a French lady who is very well known," amended Mrs. Whytall, "though I have not the honor of knowing her."

"I have," Mr. Whytall said heatedly, and added that he would invite whom he pleased to his own table. Whereupon Mrs. Whytall informed him that such was his privilege, but that she should decline to make her dinner-party one of more than twenty covers.

"But you have asked only seventeen people," her husband said, "and you and I make nineteen."

"My eighteenth card can go out this morning," calmly responded Mrs. Whytall, and left the argument and the room.

Mr. Whytall was furious—and helpless. In the meantime Madame Colens had received the invitation to the reception, and with a shrug of the shoulders declined it with effusive regret that she had already accepted an invitation for that same evening.

But Constantia knew nothing of this either; nor did she know Madame Colens any more than she knew the Whytalls.

The morning she arrived in New York, and when she had freshened her appearance a little, she thought she would swoop down upon her cousin Tom Wayland and get up an abnormal interest in Mrs. Tom. Constantia referred to her social calls as "swoops," she being prone to believe that people regarded an unmarried woman of past thirty in the light of a bore.

She feared she was not in one of those best moods, when Tom used to consider her such good fun. Those moods were relegated to that past which, according to Constantia, began two years ago, when she had taken up the profession of globe trotter. The worst of it was Tom knew why she had become a globe trotter, and this knowl-

edge on his part occasioned considerable anxiety on her side to make him a call so soon as she had returned to her native shores. Tom knew her little story, and she believed that he would look at her with keen scrutiny and try to detect a change in her, wrought by "that affair" two years back, and so she determined to balk him at once and defy him to find her either older or less thoughtless because of the sad disappointment that had been hers.

The truth was, Tom was a busy man and had neglected to think of, if he had not forgotten, that episode in his cousin's life in which Arthur Royce had had such a share. But that was another of those things of which Constantia did not know.

This most pleasant of mornings as she took her way down the handsome sunlit street, lined with fine shops, she felt better than she had in two years. Indeed, the episode which had torn her from all this appealed to her for the first time as foolish, and she was free to admit that she had been less than sensible to have allowed it to make such inroads upon her convenience. She discerned as sentimental, a phase which she had hitherto regarded as tragic. She had voluntarily dropped out of familiar scenes for two years for the sake of a man who did not care two straws for her.

More and more, as she went along the brilliant street the foolishness of what she had done came up before her.

Two years! A woman at her age could not afford to step aside from all that she knew for such length of time. As we grow older we must not think that absences make the hearts of our friends grow fonder. As we grow older we must play our parts more carefully, get out of ourselves more completely, and be moral door-mats, if we wish to retain a modicum of that prestige in the affections of our friends, without which an unmarried woman on the wrong side of thirty is a useless particle indeed.

These, and the like, were Constantia's reasonings as she neared her cousin's office, and they angered her against herself, and more than all against the man who had made her responsible for such anger.

Her walk brought the roses to her cheeks and her anger put a new lustre in her eyes, so that she was looking her best when she entered Wayland's office.

Wayland was preparing the market for an improbable stock, but he saw her with real pleasure.

"Why, Constantia!" he cried, "I am delighted! Why, my dear girl, you look splendid. I didn't know there were such possibilities in you. You are simply gorgeous. You don't mind that 'ticker,' do you? Excuse me a minute."

"George!" (to an unseen entity) "C., R. I. and P., 70¾; phone 252."

"Now, Constantia, tell me all about it. Where were you last?"

"Egypt," answered Constantia, delighted at this reception and the impression she had made, and relegating further into the limbo of unpleasantness all memory

of that man who had caused her to make a fool of herself for two years. "Egypt—interviewing the Sphinx."

"She evidently divulged her secret to you," said Tom, still looking at her admiringly, "which makes you so charming, and—I'll just glance at the 'ticker.'"

"George! L. E. and W., 16¼."

"Now, Constantia—oh, George!"

"I fear," affably ventured Constantia, "you are a trifle busy."

"Not at all," denied Tom, "not at all. And how pleased Mrs. Tom and the children will be. What are you going to do this evening? Suppose you come to us—come to dinner—excuse me, Constantia."

"George! C., M. and St. P., 63¾."

"And, now, Cons—"

"I tell you what I'll do, Tom," said Constantia, more and more delighted at the apparent absence of fatal recollections, "I will come to dinner-to-night. I've got some pretty things for the children. And tell Mrs. Tom I'll wear a Pingat gown which will cause her convulsions."

"Which is awfully good of you," returned Tom, "and—George! L. and N., 51."

"Tom," said Constantia, as by inspiration, "you surely are busy."

"I don't know what makes you think so," absently answered her, studying the "ticker," "I really do not."

"Tom," retorted Constantia, shaking her head, and quite in her old way, "only a couple of re-incarnations will help you. Good-by!"

"If you must go," smiled Tom. "But we'll see you at dinner. And don't forget the convulsive gown."

"George!"

Constantia was in the air. She walked a mile or two more, quite elated. It was lovely of Tom to be so forgetful. She walked and walked. There was such an exhilaration in discovering what a fool she had been that she felt she must celebrate herself. When at last she reached home and sought her dressing-room she looked long and earnestly at her reflection in the cheval glass. Tom had been right; she looked very well indeed, but she must not tire herself out. Mrs. Tom must see her at her best after all the old nonsense. The walk had wearied her more than she knew; she fell asleep and dreamed of a storm at sea and of Arthur Royce standing beside her as long ago she would have had him: affectionate, trustful, masterful.

She awoke in a rage. For two years it had been her consuming effort to put the man out of her life, and here, the first day of her coming home, the very day when she could have been certain that she had effectually stopped every tender thought of the old days, she must see him in her dream.

It nearly maddened her; and the dream abided with her. She was excited; she would now have said that she hated the man as she had never before hated any one, and—. It flashed across her mind that there must be some stray note of his

not yet destroyed, and she flew to the desk which had not been opened since before she had gone abroad, and tumbled out its contents, searching for some written word of his; if it were but a line it would be pleasure to destroy it. But she found nothing, everything had been destroyed long ago. She gave her maid a busy half-hour, and then compromised by sending her off to her people.

Alone, she wept angry tears, her dream had made her miserable. She was peevish and irritable for hours. When it came time for her to dress for the Waylands' she decided to stay at home—and think of that dream. In a whirl she snatched a gown from the press her maid had already arranged. Then she paused; she had told Tom she would wear a Pingat—she must defend herself even here. She would never be free from defending herself, she saw that now. So she put on the Pingat and added a few triumphal embellishments to her complexion, which but for that dream would have done very well; but now she was on the defensive she must pay for her foolishness. When she was ready she felt that she could baffle any one, and her anger against herself for dreaming that dream, had reacted as a sort of electrifier.

When the carriage set her down at the "Chudleigh," where Tom for years had had a suite of apartments which cost him a fortune, she felt equal to encountering even Royce himself. It was as well, for the first person she saw on stepping out of the elevator was that gentleman. Her feeling was boundless, and it was against her cousin and his wife now. Had Mrs. Tom, with a woman's intuition, invited the man to dinner to try and find out if there really had been anything between them? She would not have turned back to save her life.

The servant was holding the door open for her; there was a commotion of voices inside. Was there a dinner-party on? Her entrance into the room caused a sensation, but it is safe to say that Constantia knew nothing of it. She saw the guests as in a mist. When a lady came toward her she said something, then turned away. Only then it struck her that it had not been Tom Wayland's wife who had greeted her, nor was Tom in evidence. But there was little time to think; she was late, and dinner had been announced. A man came up to her and held out his elbow, and with him she joined the guests as they filed into the dining-room.

When she was seated at the table she looked round for Tom, to singe him with her eyes. Her host was a complete stranger to her. The shock this gave her was not lessened when on glancing at her hostess she found that it was not Mrs. Tom—although it was the lady who had greeted her when she entered the drawing-room.

She would have risen from the table with some confused apology, when across the plateau of roses in the centre of the table she saw Arthur Royce. Was she still



dreaming her dream of the afternoon? What did it all mean? Was it a trick played on her? For with a hasty inspection she detected in the furniture that of the Waylands' dining-room in which she had sat dozens of times.

Her prandial partner was addressing her. She believed she answered him. By the time the soup was removed she had recovered sufficiently to understand what was said to her. Then she became alive to the situation—she was an uninvited guest at the dinner of people she did not know. She listened for some one to address her hostess by name. It was Royce who did this office for her. He called the lady Mrs. Whytall. She knew no Mrs. Whytall, so why was she there? It was one of the things which neither Constantia nor any one else at the table knew, though Mrs. Whytall would have said that her husband taking umbrage at her refusal to make a place for Madame Colens had carried out to the letter his remark that he had the right to ask whom he pleased to his own table, and bidden the French lady thither. Mr. Whytall was as firmly of the opinion that his wife had invited some one he did not know for the special purpose of excluding the widow of his friend. Because of this mutual understanding of each other, both husband and wife turned their attention to the stranger. Mrs. Whytall determined to thwart her husband in any spite work he had put into execution, while Mr. Whytall did as much on his own account in a similar state of mind. In this way Constantia became the centre of attraction.

How she would have got through it she did not know, only that glancing across the flowers she caught the eyes of Royce fastened upon her. This was too much; he should not know of the *contretemps*—she would explain to her hostess after dinner that there was some terrible mistake, and would beg her to overlook it, and declare that the mistake once made there was no way of rectifying it till the dinner was over, without spoiling the success of the meal, which she owed it to Mrs. Whytall not to do. So she plunged wildly into talk with her host and hostess, becoming gayer and gayer as she noted the gloom settle down upon Royce's countenance, and in a little while the dinner was the merriest one Mr. and Mrs. Whytall had ever given, and all due to the exertions of Constantia. But it told on Constantia. She became hysterical, finding that the deeper she plunged into it the more difficulty she should experience in trying to extricate herself when it came to offering an explanation to Mrs. Whytall. Yet there was Royce looking at her, and oh, her dream—her dream!

Wildly she went on talking till she felt that it would be next to impossible to stop. She recounted incident after incident of her travels abroad in the last two years, and turned to most ridiculous extravagance—as when she said to the assembled guests that she could read a French book, but could not understand a menu card, while her cousin, Mrs. Tom, could read a menu card but could not understand a French book. Royce here joined in the talk for the first time and rather heatedly said that menu cards ought to be in the English language for English-speaking people.

At this Constantia responded: "How delightful it would be to have, for instance: '*pommes de terre à la maître d'hôtel*' simply 'potatoes according to the man who keeps the hotel.'"

All the time Royce eyed her. He had never seen her so beautiful, so fascinating. Had he known she was coming to the Whytalls' dinner he would have stayed away, but now that he was here he made a mighty resolve, and that was that Constantia should not leave the Whytalls' apartment till she had made up the old quarrel with him. He loved her; he believed now that there had not been a day since they parted that he had not thought of her. And more than anything which might have turned him to her was the manner in which his host and hostess were treating her. They were playing with her, both husband and wife, and Constantia's peculiar liveliness must be the expression of her deprecation of such treatment.

And how wildly Constantia was laughing. Ah, her extravagant manner was partly his fault, for he could see that she had not expected to see him, and—hold! was it possible the Whytalls knew of the old romance and were making it a subject for jest in bringing him and Constantia together?

He looked over to Mr. Whytall with peculiar malignity. But just then Mrs. Whytall gave the signal, and the ladies rose to leave the room. He could not get a word with his host for there was no lingering of the men. Mrs. Whytall's reception making that impossible. Now when the ladies left the table Constantia experienced all the horror of her position—she knew not a soul there except Royce, and the manner of Mrs. Whytall told her that she had gone too far to expect a mere explanation to exonerate herself. Bitterly she blamed Royce for it all. For but for him, but for seeing him as she left the elevator, she would have perceived her mistake as soon as she saw these people, and so got away. As it was, she was terribly implicated, and the wild hilarity

caused by Royce's eyeing her made any excuse on her part impossible.

In the meantime Mrs. Whytall managed to get near her husband. "So Madame Colens came after all?" smiled she. "I don't believe she is any more a French woman than I am. She is an adventuress."

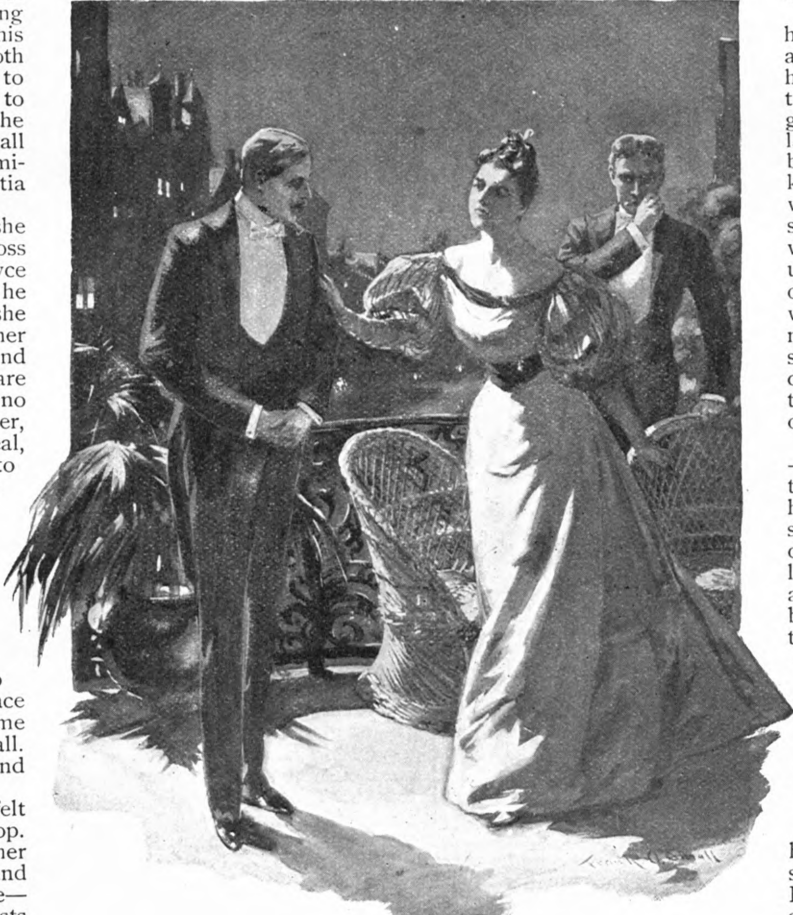
Mr. Whytall looked lost. "Madame Colens!" he repeated. "Where is she? I have not seen her."

"Then," demanded his wife, "who is this lady you asked to my dinner?"

"I asked no one," declared he. "Surely the lady is a friend of yours? Do you mean to say—"

"I mean to say," gasped Mrs. Whytall, "that I never saw her before in all my life."

Each of them was immediately possessed of ideas concerning the safety of the silver and other valuables. They peered round for Constantia. She had been forced with the others into the drawing-room and there she looked wildly about her for Mrs. Whytall and a mode of escape. But the



"I have eaten a dinner I had no right to, I have been apprehended for a thief!"

doorways were crowded with people coming to the reception, and Mrs. Whytall, taking up her stand to greet her friends, was gathering about her the ladies who had been at dinner, to whom she was making some elaborate explanation. Mr. Whytall was talking earnestly to a man who was trying to disguise himself in evening clothes, but whom Constantia recollected as having seen employed professionally by various people she knew to look after wedding presents and overcoats during crushes. Constantia turned faint. Was there no one to appeal to? No one to whom she might explain matters? Her head swam, she felt that she was falling, when a firm hand took hers and slipped it through a black-coated arm, and a voice that had a saving quality in it spoke in her ear: "The heat has been too much for you," said the voice. "Come, there is a balcony near by."

She knew that she was conveyed into the open air and felt the life coming back to her.

In the room behind her a band was playing softly. The hand that had led her to the balcony still touched her arm. She shook it off. "Tell me," she said imperatively, "where I am."

"You are in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Whytall," was the answer. "Is it possible—"

"It is," she said haughtily. "I have no acquaintance with these people prior to this evening. I came here to see my cousins, the Tom Waylands. This is their apartment, I know it is."

"Tom Wayland rented it to the Whytalls more than a year ago," returned Royce. "Oh," cried Constantia, clasping her hands, "what have I done!"

Then the ludicrous side of it struck her, and she laughed till she thought she should never stop. But the ludicrous faded away.

"The man whose dinner I have eaten will have me arrested," she said. "He has been speaking with a detective he has here. What, indeed, have I done?"

"Done!" said Royce, quite severely. "You have made me an unhappy man for two years. You should have known that I

always loved you, and I know that you do not hate me. As I know that you shall yet own that all this is so, and that had we not cared so much for each other it would not have been so easy for us to quarrel and separate about nothing."

Oh, her dream—her dream!—in which he had been as of old: affectionate, trustful, masterful.

She could not have told what anything meant. She knew that the beautiful soft night was round her; that beads of electric light in the street below flashed into the mist in her eyes; that a perfume as of budding trees reached her; that back of her was the low music of the band; and that voice was in her ear—that voice!

"Constantia," pleaded Royce, "can we afford to let our joy go past us? I cannot believe that your life has been good to you these past two years. I know that mine has not been good to me. There has been a greater mistake than your coming uninvited to this dinner, and a sadder one. A mistake to come here? Maybe it was my love that brought you; maybe it was some thought of me in your heart."

Constantia heard no more; a throb was in her throat, and there was a great inarticulate cry in her bosom. She knew not what was further said, if any words were used at all; only round her was the soft night and the scent of budding trees, and the low music of the band.

But this man!—to let him think that she had made this sensational escapade through love for him, although it had been his fault that she had sat at that dinner-table.

"I must go," she said excitedly. "I have no right here. I must go."

"Not until I have my answer," returned Royce, rather sharply.

"Sir!" she retorted.

He bowed and made way for her to enter the room back of them.

She was going stormily past him, when Tom Wayland rushed out on the balcony.

"Constantia," he panted, "it is all my fault. By George! this is a situation. I was so busy when you called at the office this morning that I neglected to tell you we had moved a year ago. I forgot that all your letters to Mrs. Tom and me came to the office. But surely we must have written you that we had moved."

"You may have done so," Constantia said severely, "but I was engrossed by—other matters when I was abroad," thinking that but one matter had then engrossed her attention to the exclusion of family, friends and all else. "Take me away."

"I never thought anything more about the matter," Tom was going on, "till Mrs. Tom and I waited dinner for you. Then it popped into my head that I hadn't told you where we are living. I flew to your house and your people said you had gone to us. All at once it struck me you might have come here."

"Like the Irishman," said a voice, "your forethought comes afterward."

"Eh!" cried Wayland, "who is that? Not Arthur—"

"I have," said Constantia, with dignity, "eaten a dinner I had no right to, I have been apprehended for a thief, and—"

"We have made up our quarrel, Tom," in turn interrupted Royce.

Constantia clasped her cousin's arm. "Take me home, Tom," she said. "I will write to Mrs. Whytall to-morrow and tell her I am subject to spells of insanity—anything. I must go."

"By George!" ventured Wayland feebly. "Are you to go home with me, and leave Royce like this? Let him come along."

Constantia looked at Royce. The soft night was round them, the scent of budding trees, the low music of the band.

And, oh, her dream—her dream! "Take me away, Tom," she said brokenly.

"Constantia. And I?" asked Royce. "I don't know—" she stammered. "I don't know—"

But, then, there were so many things which Constantia did not know.

## PLEASURABLE SCRAP-BOOKS

BY CHARLOTTE CHARLES HERR



PROPERLY managed, a set of scrap-books may become among the most valued possessions of their owner. While most pleasures are dependent on their times and seasons, collecting, like death, has "all seasons for its own," and the alert collector permits no opportunity to escape him for adding to his store of clipped treasures.

Those for whom "crazy patchwork" and "log cabin" patterns have no charm may find in a small album a souvenir of bygone days, when on each page is pasted a square of every dress they have ever worn, with its date and a short note of any special occasion whereon it appeared. A mother might begin such a book for her daughter when she commences to wear colored frocks, not forgetting a scrap of the last white "baby" dress, and mother's and grandmother's bridal gowns. When one officiates at a wedding, toll might be taken from the dresses of the bridal party, and any patches of historical interest should be gratefully welcomed.

A DELIGHTFUL scrap-book may be formed of a collection of cartoons and caricatures. By cutting out the best specimens from stray magazines and papers a supply soon accumulates to begin with. Political cartoons are instructive as well as interesting, and the satires on the society of the day are not wanting in a value beside that of their power to amuse. One sees through them how the wit of one period forms the wisdom of the next. If one lives where old journals can be bought it may be possible to pick up the portraits of the most noted caricaturists. The picture and "the man who did it" make that page doubly interesting. A title page of each comic paper is also nice to have.

Pictures having any salient point of costume should be dated; they really form as good a record of changing fashions as some fashion magazines—just as the novel is a better photograph of social customs than is any written history. A comic scrap-book, pure and simple, is a joy forever. Avoid crowding the pictures; some notable ones deserve an entire page. Use the least possible amount of mucilage containing a suggestion of glue at each corner, and arrange a whole page before pasting.

For a limitless and never-ending pursuit portrait collecting is eminently satisfying. Once started you have a "fad" to last your natural lifetime. You can spend a small fortune on it, or you may enjoy it quite as well on ten cents a month or less, though I believe every collector spends as much as he can afford. There is a wide variety of choice in portraits. Historical personages, professional people, artists and painters, singers, great soldiers, women of note and literary celebrities are always interesting subjects. Magazines are so widely circulated and so fully illustrated with modern portraits and reproductions of older ones, that the work of collection is comparatively easy as well as fascinating.

If you buy magazines to cut do it thoroughly. Portraits for which you have no use may be exchanged with some other collector whose line of subjects is unlike your own. Save any *fac-simile* of an autograph, for you may have a portrait which belongs to it, or you may beg, buy or be so lucky as to come across a genuine signature. There are autograph sellers who carry a line of autographs at from ten to twenty-five cents, and they will send you lists of them. A portrait on one page and an autograph letter facing it makes both more valuable.

If you desire to keep a book for full-page portraits get one nine by twelve inches; if you have a number of smaller pictures ten by twelve inches is a better size, as they arrange more artistically. Vary the arrangement of the pages; separate nationalities, keeping each together. If the various nationalities are all in one volume then try to have them of the same period, say the eighteenth century writers, American, German, English and French, in one book and the nineteenth century in another. The very best way, to my thinking, is to use medium-weight German drawing paper, cut into squares of convenient size. Rule off two inches at the side and place the pictures in the remaining space, using both sides. When you have a sufficient number of sheets they can be classified and bound as scrap-books, according to your taste. Being kept in a portfolio or box they can be looked at conveniently while yet unbound.

While not absolutely necessary it will sometimes add to the appearance of the print to remove any letter-press or other printing upon the back. This should be done by soaking the picture in water for a short time; then lay it face downward on a smooth surface (glass or the marble of a dressing bureau) and rub gently with the finger tips till all printing is evenly removed. Wash off with a sponge and clear water, and dry by pressure between sheets of stout tissue paper. This process will give a white back to your pictures.



# WHERE WAS THE GARDEN OF EDEN?

By Edward S. Martin



VERY simple question. Why the Bible tells:

"And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there He put the man whom He had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads. The name of the first is Pison: and that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold. . . . And the name of the second river is Gihon: the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia. And the name of the third river is Hiddekel: that is it which goeth toward the east of Assyria. And the fourth river is Euphrates."

So Eden was the name, not of the garden, but of the country in which it was placed. Not that that helps much, for the country is as hard to find nowadays as its garden, which we have learned to call Paradise. If it was big enough to grow "every tree that was pleasant to the sight and good for food," it must have been a good-sized park and no meagre plantation that could be hid in a corner. In it grew the tree of life and the tree of knowledge. The latter tree got itself so much the more celebrity that people are apt to forget that the tree of life was in the garden at all, and think of that only as in the New Jerusalem described in the Apocalypse. But if we are going to look for Paradise it behooves us to remember that all the good trees and the two unusual trees in particular were in it, for it helps us to conceive what manner of place it was.

It may help some of us, for example, to believe that the story of the garden in Genesis is the record of very, very ancient tradition, and that the travelers and theologians and learned men who have tried to puzzle out its site by fitting the Biblical directions to contemporary geography, are on very much the same sort of quest as the little lad who set out to find the traditional bag of gold which is at the end of the rainbow. But how seriously and industriously they have gone about it. "It would be difficult," says Dr. William Aldis Smith, "in the whole history of opinion to find any subject which has so invited, and at the same time so completely baffled conjecture, as the Garden of Eden." It will amaze any one who has not looked into the subject to see what a power of writing it has called forth. Travelers for centuries have searched for the garden, and some of them have claimed to

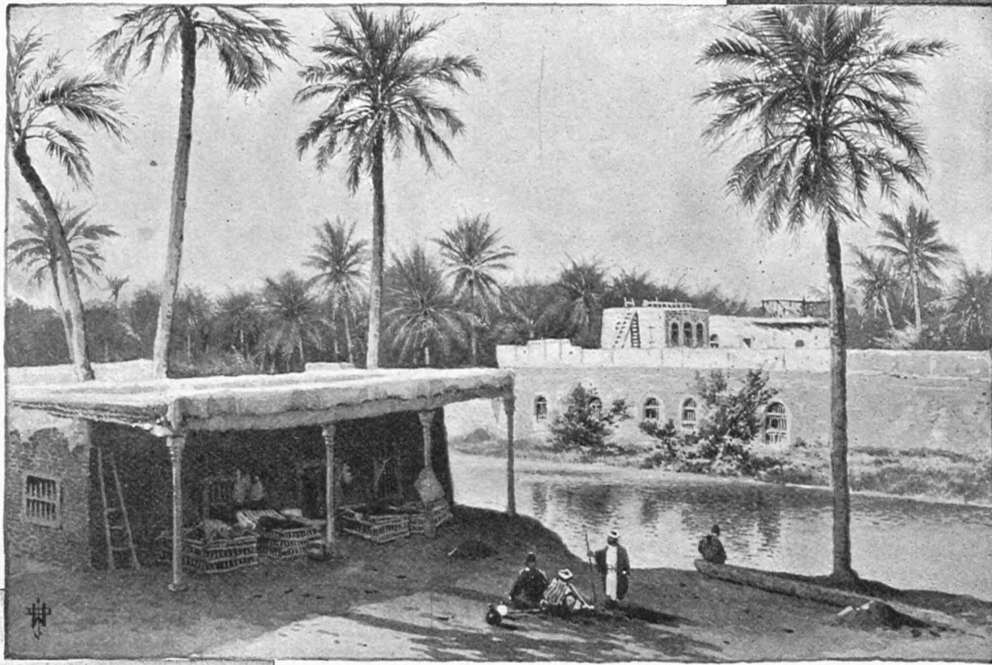
that we have mainly to do with. For them there is a river Euphrates still on the map, and it would seem as if to find the site of the garden one had only to follow the Euphrates up to where the other rivers bear off in the right directions. The Euphrates rises in Armenia near Mount Ararat and flows southerly and southeasterly into the Persian Gulf. The author of Genesis seems to speak of it without specifications, as a river too well known in his day to need description. It is fifteen hundred miles long or thereabouts. But the other three rivers are not known on the map nowadays by their Bible names, and the difficulty is to identify them. Josephus, writing in the first century, says that the Pison was the Ganges, the Gihon the Nile and the Hiddekel the Tigris. He does not mention it as a hypothesis of his own, but as history. Earlier writers than he held to the same theory, and later writers have followed it without embarrassment from the fact that the Ganges is thousands of miles distant from all parts of the Euphrates and Tigris, and that the Nile is in a different continent from the other three. Josephus found nothing absurd in this theory, for he thought the great ocean which the Greek writers said flowed round the world, was the original stream that Moses had in mind, and in which the four rivers had their source. But as to two of the rivers Josephus and almost all the later writers who have followed the Biblical description are in accord. Practically all of them hold that the Euphrates is the

On the course of the Euphrates and Tigris there are three locations which have received so much support from scholars of so much authority that they stand out from all the others. Paradise has been placed at the mouth of the Euphrates on the Persian Gulf; in modern Mesopotamia between Bagdad and the rivers of Babylon; and in Armenia, near Mount Ararat and near the sources of both Euphrates and Tigris. One of the famous authorities who held by the first of these possible sites was Calvin. Luther had held the opinion that the face of the earth had been so changed and disturbed by the flood that it was idle to hope to find the four rivers that flowed out of Eden, but Calvin thought differently. He believed that the river that watered the garden was that formed by the united streams of the Tigris and the Euphrates, and now called the Shat-el-Arab, which runs two hundred miles from the point of junction to the gulf. Pison and Gihon he believed to be the two channels through which the river ran into the gulf. He located the garden near these mouths and made a map of it, which may be found in his commentaries. More recently this same theory has been supported with certain modifications by Pressel, a scholar of note, who rejected Calvin's Pison and Gihon, and substituted as those streams two eastern tributaries of the Shat-

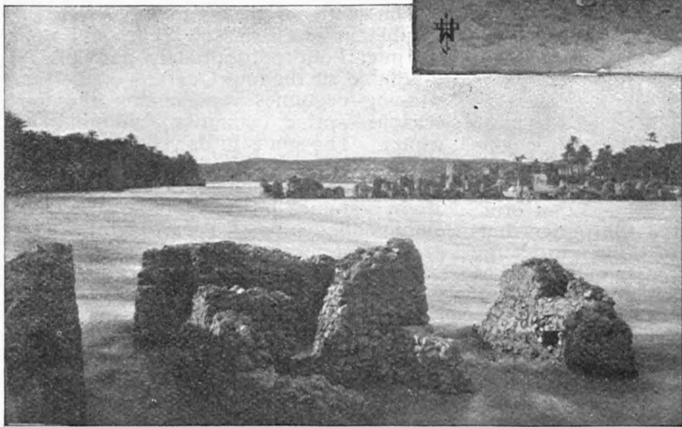
to have occupied is that portion of Babylonia which lies immediately north of the ruins of Babylon, between the Tigris and the Euphrates, its northern boundary being a line running from Bagdad to Akkad, and its southern limit a parallel line running through Babylon. There is a curious accordance with Scripture in the fact that this district is watered by one river, the Euphrates, water from which ran through it in large canals, originally natural, but artificially enlarged, and emptied into the Tigris. The Euphrates is therefore held to be the river that watered the garden; the Hiddekel was the Tigris; the Pison was the Pallakopas, an ancient arm of the Euphrates, which was navigable and ran parallel with the Euphrates into the Persian Gulf; and the Gihon was the Shat-en-Nil, another arm of the Euphrates, also navigable, which started from Babylon and returned again into the Euphrates after inclosing the land of Rash-shu, which Dr. Delitzsch believed to be Cush. A portion of Syria bordered by the Pallakopas he gives learned reasons for identifying as Havilah, the land of gold. He finds, too, a striking etymolog-



SHALER  
A Mesopotamian Village near the Tigris



BASSORAH  
Once at the head of the Persian Gulf, now 75 miles inland



THE UPPER EUFRATES

have found it, and have described it in detail. Bible commentators have commented on it; scholars have worried about it; poets have described it; painters have painted it. Not less than eighty different sites have first and last been suggested for it, and their several claims set forth with zeal and learning. Palestine, Syria, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Persia, the delta of the Indus, Cashmere, one of the South Sea Islands, St. Gothard in the Alps, the shores of the Baltic, the Plateau of Pamir, and not less than three lost continents, the latest of them at the North Pole, are only a few of the localities which have seemed to theorists and investigators to afford probable sites for Paradise. Yet this venerable problem is almost as good a problem as it ever was, and it cannot be positively asserted that any one is better informed today about the spot where Paradise lay than Josephus was nearly two thousand years ago.

All writers on the subject may be roughly divided into two classes: those who have tried to find Paradise by interpreting the Biblical description, and those who have based their theories on extra-Biblical grounds, though some of these latter have tried to make the record of Moses confirm the theory which they had really based on another foundation. It is the first class

separately more than a thousand miles, join and empty into the Persian Gulf, so the territory in which the Pison and the Gihon are to be sought stretches from Armenia between the Black and Caspian seas to the mouth of the Euphrates.

It would be natural in looking for the Pison and the Gihon to look for Havilah and Ethiopia (or Cush), the lands they are said to compass. But neither Havilah nor Cush are any longer on the map, and modern scholars have very vague and conflicting ideas of what localities those names indicate. In practice it would seem that the method of the investigators has been first to find a Pison and then to try to prove that the land it bordered was as likely as any land to have been Havilah, and next to find a Gihon and show grounds for belief that the land it compassed was Cush. Cush, which is used several times in the Bible, is understood as the name of the most southern lands known at the time of its use, an interpretation that helped the theory that the Gihon was the Nile. Havilah has been sometimes held to be to the eastward toward India, but neither Cush nor Havilah seem to have been definitely enough located to hinder any scholar's satisfaction with any theory of his own that placed them elsewhere. They do not help much in the search after the garden.

el-Arab, the Karun and the Kertha. One trouble with Calvin's and Pressel's theory is that their rivers run the wrong way; instead of all running from the garden some of them run toward it, and the sense of most of the critics is that a theory with such a defect as that will not hold. Another and still more serious flaw is that in the opinion of competent modern geologists, the Shat-el-Arab, and all the land it traverses, is of very modern formation and made of earth brought down by the rivers. So thought Sir Charles Lyell. Sir Henry Rawlinson confirms the opinion by saying that the delta at the head of the Persian Gulf still gains a mile every seventy years, and probably increased at least twice as fast in earlier times. Pliny says that the Euphrates entered directly into the Persian Gulf, and Ritter says that in the time of Alexander the Great the mouths of the Tigris and the Euphrates were a day's journey apart. It is said, too, that the town of Charax, founded by Alexander on the site of the modern Mohammerah, was close to the sea when founded, but three hundred years later stood fifty miles inland. So it would appear that the historians, geologists and travelers, between them, have literally taken the ground out from under the theory advanced by Calvin.

Between Babylon and Bagdad the Tigris and the Euphrates bend toward one another, and run for a time not very far apart and in parallel courses. Here, also, Paradise is located, and on the authority of some of the most modern scholars who have attacked the subject. Sir Henry Rawlinson favored this site, and it is the one fixed upon by Professor Friedrich Delitzsch of Leipsic, who published in 1881 a book on the subject, wherein he took note of the conclusions of all previous writers and availed himself of all the help that the most recent investigations could bring him. The precise district which Professor Delitzsch considers the garden

ical similarity between the Hebrew name Eden and Gan-Eden, the national name given to the province of Babylon.

The defects in Dr. Delitzsch's theory are that the Tigris does not really flow from the Euphrates, though the Euphrates may have, and doubtless did, contribute to it in the way he described. Then, too, the Pallakopas and the Shat-en-Nil seem to have been partly, at least, of artificial construction. Nevertheless, the theory is a highly respectable one, and scant justice has been done in this brief summary to the scholarship that goes to support it.

The third theory that seems worth considering is that which places Paradise in Armenia near the headwaters of the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Araxes and the Halys.

It is true that a country lying between the sources of four great rivers is not precisely what the Bible describes as Eden, but Professor Bartlett, of Chicago, in Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, does not consider that as a fatal objection to the Armenian site, since he says that "known laws of hydrostatics and known facts concerning the Tigris and Euphrates forbid our understanding that any one river in the elevated region where these streams rise, divided itself into four rivers, of which these were two." The defect of a divergence from the letter of Scripture may also be met in another way, since there is very positive evidence in the neighboring mountains of geological changes which have altered the face of the country since life began there. Mineralized bones of giraffes, elephants and other plain-dwelling animals found on mountain heights attest a late upheaval of extensive plains, not earlier, perhaps, than the time of the flood.

So much for the speculations of writers who have tried to trace the garden by close adherence to the description of Moses. Another class of investigators has approached the subject from another point of view. The Garden of Eden, as we know it, was the spot where human life on earth began. If we discover, therefore, where the first man lived we will have found our Paradise. It is a thing which scientists are constantly trying to do. If science could be certain where on earth human life began, the knowledge would be of high value in the consideration of many kindred problems.

Aside from what we learn from Scripture is there evidence that there was a first man? Did human creatures spring into being simultaneously in different parts of the earth, or did mankind truly come from some father Adam whose family grew up about him and multiplied in the earth? On the whole, science, like the Bible, seems to favor the latter theory. By whatever route Adam came into this world, whether God made him by a sudden, special creation complete in the divine



image or evolved him by age-long processes from an oyster, science seems to hold that there was an original family, and that the human population of earth started in some particular spot and spread from there. But where that spot was has been a matter of nearly as much conjecture among the ethnologists as the allied problem of Paradise has been among the theologians. Darwin has set it down as a subject on which it is useless to speculate, but he did speculate on it. Arguments that have seemed sound to their scientific projectors have been advanced to prove that the human race started on the brink of the Euphrates, in the heart of Central Asia, in Lemuria, a continent supposed to be at present at the bottom of the northern part of the Indian Ocean; in Greenland, in Central Africa, in Central America, in Ceylon, and in the fabled continent of Atlantis, which is conjectured to have emerged from the Atlantic on the line of the Canary Islands and the Azores, and from which, if it ever existed, both the eastern and the western hemispheres might have drawn their population. Certainly here is choice enough. The scientific searcher after Paradise is embarrassed by the richness of his field, and hesitates to leave the Euphrates' bank and become a wanderer over all the earth. But at least he may stick to Asia if he will. One of the most favored "cradles of the human race" is the vast Plateau of Pamir, north of the Himalayas in Central Asia. Anthropologists find deep significance in the fact that in that region the fundamental types of all the races of mankind are represented. In the Plateau of Pamir or within easy distance of it are yellow people, black people and whites, and in the same region philologists find the three fundamental forms of the human language.

Darwin and those scientists who have been on the lookout for monkeys as the ancestors of man, remembering that monkeys need abundant heat, have been inclined to look for their Paradise further to the south, either in Northern Africa or in the supposed continent of Lemuria, which, as before stated, they imagine to have existed in prehistoric times in the northern part of the Indian Ocean. The other fabled continent, the Atlantis, has been used by the latter-day theorists chiefly to explain the presence of man in America. If our first parents began housekeeping in the Atlantis their descendants could easily have gotten into America on one side and into Africa, Europe and Asia on the other, whereas, without the Atlantis, and with no nearer nor more convenient approach between the eastern and western hemispheres than that at Bering Strait, it is a puzzling question how primeval man, if he started in Asia, ever found his way into the western hemisphere.

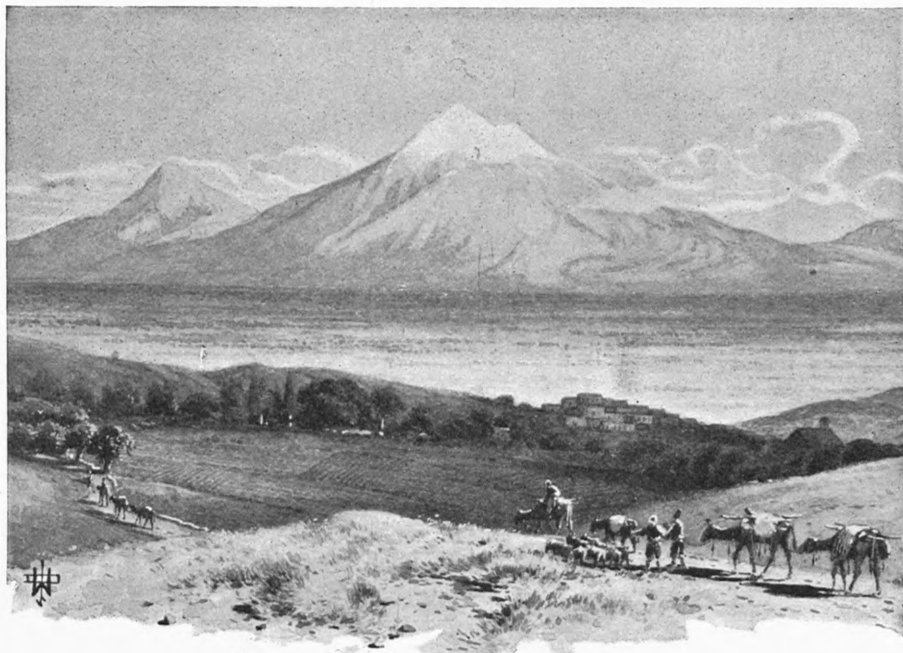
There is still left to consider one of the latest and most ingenious theories of all. The North Pole will seem at first thought to the average investigator the most unlikely site on earth for Paradise to have occupied. Nevertheless several sober and thoughtful books and pamphlets have been written in support of the North Pole's pretensions. The North Pole nowadays is bitter cold, but it has not always been so. Geologists tell us that the earth was excessively hot when it first began its course—much too hot to admit of the presence of any living creatures, except, perhaps, a salamander. As it grew cooler vegetation began on it, and then it began to be peopled, first with fishes, and then with birds and beasts; finally with man. The first spot on earth to get cool enough to use was the North Pole. In the process of time it got too cold, but there must have been a long period when the polar region was the most comfortable part of the world. During this period, many eminent geologists believe, there existed around the North Pole a continent now submerged, and that on that continent our progenitors were comfortable in their first home. It is known with entire certainty that the polar region was once warm enough for tropical vegetation to grow there. There was light enough, also, for such vegetation—abundant light, indeed, for all uses, and plenty for primeval man. Geology tells us that man might have lived at the North Pole.

The theory of a polar Paradise fits in, in curious fashion, with many of the most ancient traditions that remain in earth. It was, for example, a tradition of the ancient astronomers that in the beginning the north star was always at the zenith, and that the stars revolved around a perpendicular axis, but that in the process of time the pole declined. That the direction of the axis of the earth was changed seems inconceivable, but if prehistoric man was driven by floods and frosts from his polar home far southward, to him the pole star would seem to have declined, and he would have carried with him the tradition of a time when it was always overhead. Many Asiatic peoples held and transmitted the tradition of a mount of the gods situate at the earth-centre, or navel of the earth. It was there, they believed, that human life began, there that gods and men first lived together, there that the

Golden Age was passed, and from there that men were driven out to experience hard times and all vicissitudes of existence. The true earth-centre is the North Pole. There is no other centre where men could have dwelt, and it is the nearest point to the centre of the Heavens, the pole star.

"Eastward in Eden," says the Bible, God placed Paradise, but Dr. W. F. Warren holds that the word translated "eastward" originally meant "frontward," and considers that that need not make any difficulty in fitting the polar Paradise to the Biblical description. Assuming that the tree of knowledge in the centre of the garden stood at the pole, he finds it easily conceivable that the rivers which watered the garden about it and flowed away in four directions widened into an ocean, which, flowing away from the polar continent now submerged, truly "encompassed" all lands to the southward. And so he makes the Bible itself support his theory of the polar Paradise. But it must be confessed that in this case the Biblical testimony is somewhat too obviously reluctant. The North Pole is and always has been a perfectly definite locality and easily described. If Moses had understood that the site of Paradise was there he could have conveyed that idea very easily and in language not to be misunderstood.

The present writer is inclined to agree with Luther that it is impossible to be sure where Paradise was, and that we can never do more than surmise. Of the sites that have been suggested as according with the



DESOLATE MT. ARARAT  
The Armenian Site

Biblical description, that of Calvin seems to him to have been disproved, and that of Delitzsch to be favored more by the learning of its supporters than by the testimony of natural features. To his mind the most reasonable theory is that which places the garden in Armenia, from which certainly proceed the two rivers which are best identified, and from which flow other considerable streams that seem as likely as any existing rivers to be the Gihon and the Pison. But if Paradise was there it is in a country that is dreary enough now. A traveler who visited it some forty years ago made this record of the impressions that he received from it:

"I had been traveling all the weary night aching in my saddle and longing for repose. It was an October morning crisped with frost when I had to ford the Euphrates River, at that time about girth deep. I was strongly imbued with the impression that I was now entering upon the site of the reputed Garden of Eden. . . . What a wild and desolate aspect did this reputed Eden present to me! The low and swampy soil teeming with rushes. Desolation had swept it with her blasts; the cormorant and bittern had here their hiding-place, but that sterner savage, man, was the most feared of any animal. Our little caravan was halted, the firearms were looked to, our chief marshaling us in battle array, expecting at every moment a surprise. Some horsemen were seen in the distance. At a rapid rate they came down upon us, but instead of Koords they were three Armenian bishops with their attendants, from the little monastery of 'Uch Kilesea,' who, seeing travelers in the distance, had come out to escort us to their refectory and warn us of the hidden dangers with which the country teemed. . . . The grim outline of the country bespoke sterility and waste in its harshest features. The low, boggy soil which we were traversing was sandy, sedgy and well stocked with wild boar. . . . Of all my Asiatic travel, which has occupied me so many thousand hours, I scarcely recollect any place so utterly desolate and wasted as I was now going over, though great interest attached to it as being Bible ground. Mount Ararat was visible in the distance, towering in the sky with majestic grandeur, and a brilliant sun lit up the mass of snow on its summit, the clouds rolling visibly at its base. An immense plain intervened, on which Noah's descendants might have located, and I could imagine creation, preservation and all those glorious events to which Scripture testifies to have taken place there."

It was gloomy, barren, desolate—this reputed site of Paradise, yet it fired a traveler's imagination. If it had been surely identified it could have done no more than that. He found the site of Paradise for a moment at least. No man in historical times has done more; nor is there any present prospect that any man will.

## TWO UNIQUE CHURCH FESTIVALS

### FESTIVAL OF THE HOLIDAYS

BY CARRIE MAY ASHTON

A CHURCH entertainment, which cannot be more appropriately named than by the above title, offers splendid possibilities for most delightful social diversion and also presents an opportunity whereby a depleted church fund may be replenished. To outline a "Festival of the Holidays," I shall start at the first—New Year's—which appropriately may be represented by a booth, appointed as a reception-room, furnished in Oriental style, with Turkish rugs, Moorish chairs and pretty hangings. Rich effects in color may be secured by lighting the apartment with lamps bearing gaudy shades. White-capped maids serving coffee and Russian tea will enhance the pleasure of the occasion.

A heart-shaped booth dressed and draped in carmine would fittingly represent St. Valentine's Day. Fortunes could be told and pretty books, booklets and fancy cards artistically displayed for sale.

Washington's Birthday might be uniquely and very attractively commemorated in a Colonial booth; an old-time parlor would serve as an excellent model. Both the

### EVERY-DAY DOLLAR PARTY

BY MRS. A. G. LEWIS

THE majority of churches would be very glad to earn three hundred and sixty-five dollars in one evening, and they can do it readily and with great attendant enjoyment through the "Every-Day Dollar Party." Church workers agree that any plan which interests the young folks and divides the work among a large number is sure to be successful. The plan of the "Every-Day Dollar Party" is simple and practicable. The whole "round year" is divided into quarters, months, weeks and days, and the officers of the entire year are classified thus:

NEW YEAR		President
JANUARY	The first months of each "quarter."	Vice-Presidents
APRIL		
JULY		
OCTOBER		
TWELVE CALENDAR	Executive Committee	Secretary
MONTHS		
EASTER DAY		
CHRISTMAS		

The president supervises the work in general and presides at the meeting of "Months," and the vice-presidents take charge of their respective "Quarters" of the year. The latter also assist the executive committee and serve as presiding officers at the Quarter meetings. Each Month calls to her aid four helpers named respectively, First, Second, Third and Fourth Week. Each Week must find seven helpers to become her Days—each helper taking one Day, the extra days of the month, over twenty-eight, being also looked out for by Month. The year in this way is divided into three hundred and sixty-five Days, with no person directly responsible for more than one Day. Each Day is pledged to secure at least one dollar, but more may be turned in as there is no limit set.

It is a good plan to distribute "day-boxes," pretty, plain boxes of convenient size with a slit in the sealed cover, after the fashion of an improvised bank for pennies. Each box is marked "day-box" on the cover, and the owner's name and date of the "day of jubilee" upon the front. Placed in a conspicuous spot in the home it invites contributions from family friends. Special honors in the form of prizes may be conferred upon the Day, Week, Month and Quarter presenting the largest sum on the opening of the boxes on the "day of jubilee."

THE jubilee takes the form of a festival. If possible, let well-spread tables be arranged to represent the "round year." The centre of the room has a circular table, at which sit New Year and Father Time, both appropriately garbed. At this table sit the four Quarters of the year wearing costumes representing the four seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter. The sun is in its yellow glory, the moon in silvery robes, and the planets which serve as evening and morning stars are in costumes bearing their own special emblematic symbols. All are picturesquely grouped about the central round table.

Twelve tables, representing the twelve months, are placed so as to form an outer circle. The special head of each month presides. Her costume suits the season. The twelve signs of the zodiac are chosen as the special emblem for each month's table, and are used in the costuming, also in table decoration. Four Weeks sit at each table, wearing respectively the four "quarter signs" of the moon. The days of the week may be variously represented, some as special holidays while others betoken the special work of each day, as Monday, washing day; Tuesday, ironing; Wednesday, cleaning, and so on. Some of the weeks may contrast the costuming of Pilgrim and Colonial and Century-ago days with those of the present time. Other weeks may suggest the old rhyme:

"Monday's child is fair in the face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
Wednesday's child is merry and glad,  
Thursday's child is sorry and sad,  
Friday's child is loving and giving,  
Saturday's child works hard for a living;  
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day  
Is lucky and bonny and wise and gay."

Another interesting feature is the representation of the special holidays—New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Inaugural Day, Easter, May Day, Seventeenth of June, Independence Day, Labor Day, All Hallow E'en, Thanksgiving and Christmas. These are to be represented by persons dressed to indicate the idea, who may assist by suitable recitation, song or tableau.

If preferred, this idea may be carried out in a bazaar of the year, each section of the calendar year being represented as suggested for the festival. The arrangement of tables may be the same—the booths being decorated to indicate the special season of the year. A pageant of the entire year, each day suitably represented, would be a delightful feature of the occasion.





AMALIA KÜSSNER

## A PAINTER OF MINIATURES

By Nancy Huston Banks

THE history of art enrolls many records that touch the heart and stir the imagination, but it furnishes no more pathetic picture than Amalia Küssner's unheralded arrival in New York, nor any more romantic story than that of her subsequent career. While struggling blindly toward the light the girl artist called upon a well-known social leader, who was also a recognized art connoisseur, taking with her specimens of her work, hoping to enlist his interest. The attempt was in vain; he shook his head, saying art like hers was unsuited to the time. It was, he said, too fine, too slow, and above all too costly to meet the requirements of modern taste. Then, taking up a picture of his daughter, which had been photographed on porcelain and colored, he held it out to the "painter-in-little," saying, "That is the sort of thing people want now." She went away bitterly disappointed, chilled and exceeding heavy-hearted. But eighteen months afterward that same gentleman stood in the throng that crowded about her miniatures during the exhibit of women's portraits at the National Academy of Design, in November, 1894.

The miniature is as inseparable from wealth and luxury as the jewels are that its radiance resembles. It is also associated with gold and precious stones, since no other setting befits it. And still costlier than diamonds and rubies—because rarer and more beautiful—is the art which can

create the warm, bewitching, vivid miniature. Who has not felt its tenderness, its irresistible charm?



HON. CHARLES KERN



MRS. CHARLES KERN

No wonder then that the art of portrait painting should always have commanded royal remuneration and the admiration of

But there were no generous kings in New York to take Amalia Küssner by the hand and lead her through a golden door

kings. Vasari in his life of Guilio Garata, one of the earliest famous miniature painters, says: "His productions are all in the hands of princes or other great personages." This was in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and all down the long line of miniature painters it has been the same, until the exquisite craft fell into decadence, very soon after the Court of Napoleon went mad over Isabey's miniatures. Holbein was invited to England as the guest of the Lord High Chancellor, and appointed painter to King Henry VIII. Walpole mentions Holbein's miniature of Catherine of Aragon, "a round, on a blue ground." Philip of Spain sent Sir Antonio More to England to paint Queen Mary's on a gold plate, which was unusual, copper being the common basis of miniature painting, after vellum went out of fashion and before ivory began to be used for the purpose, which seems to have been not earlier than well on in the eighteenth century. At the same time that Sir Antonio More painted this miniature on gold, a woman—one Levina Teelinek—also painted a picture of Queen Mary on a card, and Her Majesty seems to have preferred it to the other, although the artist had for it only "one casting bottell guilt." Broit received five hundred pounds for a miniature of Queen Anne. James I delighted to honor Nicholas Hillard, and no one could paint His Majesty's portrait or that of any member of the Royal household without the artist's consent. Charles I showered gifts and attentions upon Peter Oliver, and when Charles II came to the throne he went in person to see the widow of the famous "painter-in-little," and not only bought all the work of Oliver that remained in his widow's possession, but settled a handsome income on her.

into the realm of riches and refinement wherein she might hope to find patronage and appreciation of her art. There were only society queens, so hedged about by apparently impregnable walls that she almost despaired of ever reaching them—of being able to show them what she could do. Yet with unflagging courage she



MRS. M. A. TYLER

worked on: watching, waiting, longing, painting—always painting—day and night. Those who know only the finished miniature, and have no acquaintance with the method of its production, cannot conceive of the labor that it represents. Each of these tiny masterpieces—these ornaments with human identification—these concentrated expressions of pictorial art—stands for more toil, of a peculiarly exacting sort, than the largest canvas. The brushes, some of them containing scarcely half a dozen hairs, make strokes so fine that most of the painting must be done under a magnifying glass. And the touches on the frail bit of ivory must be as unerring as they are light, for the smallest mistake may destroy the characteristic translucence that constitutes the miniature's greatest charm.

After toiling thus for several months the eagerly-wished-for opportunity came at last, in the usual unexpected way, through a letter of introduction to a New York woman of great wealth, high social position and much personal influence; and from the moment of its presentation fame and fortune were within Amalia Küssner's grasp. Since then her brush has been monopolized by the highest fashion, not only of New York but of the whole country, and no feature of her work is more remarkable than the amount of it. It is difficult to define Miss Küssner's school or to describe her style. She has studied no master as a model, and has apparently given little attention to technique. She paints, if possible, entirely from life, and draws with great ease and rapidity. The richness of her coloring and delicacy of treatment have all the refinement of the French school.



MRS. WILLIAM L. SCOTT

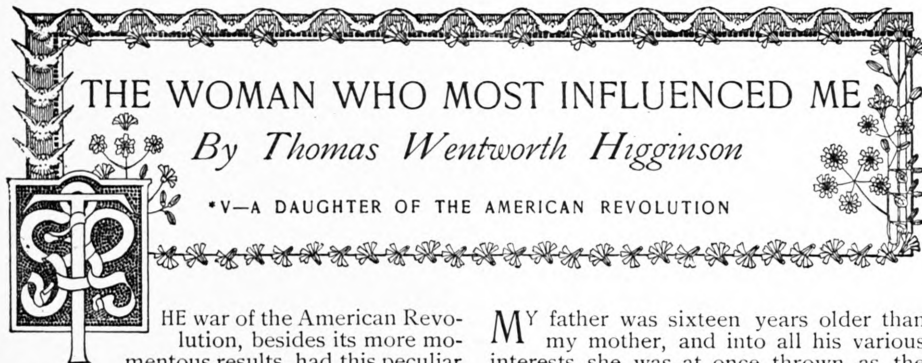


MRS. CHARLES HARNOT STRONG



MISS FLORA SCOTT STRONG





## THE WOMAN WHO MOST INFLUENCED ME

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

\*V—A DAUGHTER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

THE war of the American Revolution, besides its more momentous results, had this peculiar interest to me personally: that it was responsible for the birth of the woman who most influenced me—my mother. Captain Thomas Storrow, a King's officer, being detained a prisoner in Portsmouth during that war, fell in love with a Portsmouth maiden, who adventurously married him at the age of seventeen, in 1777, and sailed with him to England. These were my mother's parents. The marriage had all the requisite elements of romance—youth, inexperience, two warring nations and two deeply dissatisfied families. The bride, Anne Appleton, represented two of the best families in the then somewhat aristocratic province of New Hampshire, the Appletons and the Wentworths; the latter, in particular, holding their heads so high that they were declared by a wicked Portsmouth wit to speak habitually of Queen Elizabeth as "Cousin Betsy Tudor." This was the nest in which my grandmother had been reared. She had lived from childhood in the house of her grandfather, Judge Wentworth; her great-grandfather was the first of the three royal governors of that name, and the two others were her near kinsmen. She might, indeed, have sat for the heroine of Whittier's ballad, "Amy Wentworth"; but it was a soldier, not a sailor, whom she married; and when she went to England—fortunately under the proper escort of a kinswoman—she was apparently received both by her husband's family and her own with all the warmth that might have been expected—that is, with none at all. Yet she had sweet and winning qualities which finally triumphed over all obstacles, and her married life, though full of vicissitudes, was, on the whole, happy. They dwelt in England, in Jamaica, in St. Andrews, in Campobello, then in Jamaica again, Captain Storrow having in the meantime resigned his commission, and dying at sea on his passage to Boston, in 1795. My mother, Louisa Storrow, had been born, meanwhile, at St. Andrews, in 1786.

AMONG my mother's most vivid childish recollections was that of being led, a weeping child of nine, at the stately funeral of her father, who was buried in Boston with military and Masonic honors. After his death his young widow opened a private school in Hingham, Massachusetts, and through the influence of kind friends in Boston, had boarding pupils from that city, only twenty miles away, thus laying for my mother the foundation of some life-long friendships. This school has been praised by Mr. Barnard, the historian of early American education, as one of the best of the dawning experiments toward the education of girls. Mrs. Storrow, however, died within a year and a half, and her little family were left orphans among strangers or very recent friends. Their chief benefactor was my father, into whose family my mother was adopted, assisting in the care of his invalid wife and two little girls. Nothing could at the time have been less foreseen than the ultimate outcome of this arrangement. My mother was very early betrothed to a young man who was lost at sea; a year or two later her benefactress, my father's first wife, died, and she remained in the household as an adopted daughter, ultimately becoming, at the early age of nineteen, my father's second wife.

My father was known in his day as Stephen Higginson, Junior,—his father, of the same name, being still associated with him in mercantile business, after being a member of the Continental Congress and an active Federalist politician. My father was unsurpassed in those generous philanthropies which have given Boston merchants a permanent reputation; he was, indeed, most often mentioned—as his cousin, John Lowell, wrote of him—as the Howard or the Man of Ross of his day. I still possess a fine oil painting of this last hero of Pope's lay, a picture sent anonymously to the house, with the inscription that it was for a man who "so eminently Copies the Fair Original."

\* In this series of papers the following writers have already appeared:

MR. EUGENE FIELD . . . . .	January, 1895
MR. ROBERT J. BURDETTE . . . . .	February, " "
REV. ROBERT COLLYER, D. D. . . . .	June, " "
MR. EDGAR WILSON NYE . . . . .	August, " "

In the companion series, "The Man Who Most Influenced Me," the following have appeared:

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT . . . . .	December, 1894
MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY . . . . .	April, 1895
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS . . . . .	May, " "
GRACE GREENWOOD . . . . .	September, " "

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

MY father was sixteen years older than my mother, and into all his various interests she was at once thrown as the young Lady Bountiful of the household. She also had the care of two stepchildren, who all their lives thought of her as their mother. My father lived in the then fashionable region of Mount Vernon Street, in all the habits of affluence; his hospitality was inconveniently unbounded, and the young wife found herself presiding at large dinner-parties and at the sumptuous evening entertainments then more in vogue than now. It was the recorded verdict of Hon. George Cabot, the social monarch of that day, that "no one received company better than Mrs. Higginson," and those who knew the unflinching grace and sweetness of her later manner can well believe it. She had at this time in their freshness certain points of physical beauty which she retained unusually unimpaired until her latest years—a noble forehead, clear blue-gray eyes, a rose-tinted complexion, soft brown hair; a pliant figure with slender hands and feet.

She had, in all, ten children of her own, of whom I was the youngest. But before my birth the whole scene had suddenly changed. My father's whole fortune went when Jefferson's embargo came; his numerous vessels were captured or valueless. He retired into the country, living on a beautiful sheep-farm in Bolton, Massachusetts, placed at his disposal by a more fortunate friend, Mr. S. V. S. Wilder. There lies before me my mother's diary at this farm, which begins thus: "On Saturday, the 8th April, 1815, we left our home, endeared to us by a long and happy residence and by the society of many dear and kind friends, to make trial of new scenes, new cares and new duties; but though by this change we make some sacrifices and have some painful regrets, we are still experiencing the same goodness and mercy which have hitherto crowned our lives with happiness." "I always awake," she said, "calm and serene. My children occupy my mind and my heart and fill it with affection and gratitude. They are healthy, innocent and happy, and I enjoy every moment of their lives. Books are my recreation and, next to my children, my greatest source of pleasure. I read Stewart's 'Philosophical Essays' and the 'Faerie Queene' of Spenser, usually in the evening, which is charmingly undisturbed. This exemption from visitors is delightful to me; it gives me time to think and to read, and I only hope that I shall improve all my advantages." She was at this time in her thirtieth year, and in this sweet spirit laid down the utmost that the little New England capital could then afford of luxury and fashion.

THESE "advantages" were soon transformed and expanded. My father was appointed in 1819 as Steward (now called Bursar) of Harvard University, and at once built there the house, now standing next to the Scientific School on Kirkland Street, but then alone on a sandy plain, which his prompt activity soon transformed into verdure and foliage. The large garden went back to what is now Holmes Field, and the nearest house was the "gambrel-roofed house," now vanished, where Oliver Wendell Holmes was then playing as a child. Here was another entire change for my mother. My father's buoyant hospitality revived with his change of fortunes, and it is recorded that when my eldest brother graduated from college, in 1825, there was a dinner-party of sixty guests. Some of the most accomplished men whom America has yet produced were then living in Cambridge, or came there soon after. Edward Everett was our near neighbor; Judge Story was at the head of the law school; Jared Sparks used to bring great portfolios of Washington's letters and leave them for my mother and aunt to look over. Dr. Kirkland and Josiah Quincy were successively Presidents of the University; John G. Palfrey came and read us Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales," then first appearing.

There were also women of great accomplishments and charm: Mrs. Andrews Norton, Mrs. John Farrar and others, not forgetting Margaret Fuller, an awkward, half-grown girl, who used to sit at my mother's feet in a sort of adoration. Moreover, my father was the organizer of the Harvard Divinity School, and had under his charge a group of young men who created the subsequent intellectual prestige of the Unitarian clergy, the chief of these being Ralph Waldo Emerson. Such companionship did much for the mental training of my mother, and through her, for her children.

MY mother had never visited Europe, but her native manners charmed every foreign visitor. She had seen no great pictures or statues, yet her instinctive taste seemed true. She knew nothing of music, except that she had learned the guitar in girlhood; yet when my sister, an accomplished pianist, played to her, for the first time, one of Beethoven's sonatas, she said, "That is the music I have always waited for." She always afterward preferred his music to any other, and listened with delight in her last illness to the adagio from the B-flat symphony. She had studied no language but English, yet she was an insatiable reader; established book-clubs wherever she lived, read aloud almost every evening of her life; administered Scott and Dickens to her younger children, and, in later years, spending long winters in the quiet village of Brattleboro, Vermont, rejoiced in the leisure for reading, and devoted each winter with her unmarried daughters to some special subject—as, for instance, the history of British India or the struggles of American Kansas. Her children brought to her the newest books and the freshest thought of the time; it sometimes startled but never frightened her, for she had a confidence that all would issue well. In all the vicissitudes of a reformer's career I cannot recall anything but encouragement on her part.

Even where she differed from the details of opinion or action, she had an absolute faith in the ultimate triumph of the right, and was willing to risk some wandering on the way. She, herself, seemed above all a child of free impulse, and she could share the generous impulses of others. Her sympathy was ardent and even impetuous, her indignation short-lived and forgiving. She said of herself that she had but once struck a child—the most sturdy and defiant of all her flock—and when he promptly struck her back, she wisely resolved to try that experiment no more. Her love of young babies was so great that when she saw one in a railway car, she would always find some excuse for approaching it and winning it from its mother's arms; dirty or clean, it was all one to her. She was free from formalism, but had daily family prayers, which she always conducted herself; and she was, I think, the very last person who read volumes of sermons for pleasure. One of my most vivid pictures is of her, always sitting to await the church bell on Sunday morning earlier than any one else, and holding a rose in her hand. She was liberal, however, in her Sunday discipline; it was her rule that there should be only sacred music on that day, but that all good music was sacred.

MY father died in 1834, when I was but ten years old, so that I have but few vivid recollections of him, and my immediate home-training came almost wholly from women. Seeing the uniform respect with which my mother and aunt and elder sisters were treated by the most cultivated men around us, I cannot remember to have grown up with the slightest feeling that there was any distinction of sex in intellect. Why women did not go to college was a point which did not suggest itself; but one of my sisters studied German with Professor Charles Follen, while the other took lessons in Latin and Italian from Professor Bach and in geometry from Professor Benjamin Peirce. I forget where the latter sister studied English, but she wrote for me all the passages that were found worth applauding in my commencement oration. Yet it is a singular fact that I owe indirectly to a single remark made by my mother all the opening of my eyes to the intellectual disqualification of her sex. There came to Cambridge a very accomplished stranger, Mrs. Rufus King, of Cincinnati, Ohio—afterward Mrs. Peter—who established herself there about 1837, directing the college training of a younger brother, two sons and two nephews. No woman in Cambridge was so nicely educated; and once, as she was making some criticisms at our house upon the inequalities between the sexes, my mother exclaimed, in her ardent way, "But only think, Mrs. King, what an education you have obtained." "Yes," was the reply, "but how did I obtain it?" Then followed a tale almost as pathetic as that told in Mrs. Somerville's autobiography, of her own early struggles for knowledge. I cannot now recall what she said, but it sank into my heart, at the age of fifteen or thereabouts, and if I have ever done one thing to secure to women better justice in any direction, the first impulse came from that fortunate question and reply.

My mother never quite accepted Woman Suffrage, though she never objected to my public advocacy of that innovation, especially as it was shared by my brilliant elder cousin, William Henry Channing, who had much influence with her. In other reforms more personally perilous she showed the same spirit of trustful confidence, and wrote me, during my absence in the Civil War, such letters as I am sure that no Roman mother could have equaled. She was always an assiduous correspondent with her scattered sons, and her whole ingenuous nature is transparently visible to-day on the voluminous pages of her greatly-treasured letters.

IN another direction I learned from my mother one of the most important lessons, that of religious freedom. In the year 1834, when I was ten years old, I watched by her side the burning by a mob of the Ursuline Convent, on Mount Benedict, a hill some two miles from our house. The flames lighted up all Cambridge and were watched by her with an indignation, shared by all our immediate neighbors. But when, the next morning, I went out with her to confer on the subject with the family butcher, representing the sentiment of what was then "the village," now Harvard Square, we encountered a different phase of feeling. Mr. Houghton was very dear to me, by reason of innumerable rides in his hospitable wagon, and I eagerly awaited a sympathy which did not come. "Well, Mr. Houghton," said my ever eager mother, "what do they think in the village of this great outrage?" "Wal, I dunno," said the deliberate functionary, as he cut the morning beefsteak; "I guess some of them bishops are real dissipated characters." I recognize the same inherited note in some of the sermons and speeches of the present day, but have fortunately carried through life the juster instincts of my mother.

In the same way I was introduced to the slavery problem by a chance remark made or rather preserved for me by her, in my early childhood. In his capacity as Steward or Bursar of the University, my father was also "Patron," as it was then called, and had the financial supervision of students from a distance. As these were then largely Southerners, the responsibility was sometimes difficult, but it had one pleasant result, that my father and mother made several agreeable excursions in their own vehicle, into the Southern States. My mother's younger brother had also married into the Carter family in Virginia, and they sometimes visited him on his delightful plantation, where they saw slavery at its mildest. But one day my mother, after being driven for some time by a dignified "Uncle Tom" of a house-servant, ventured to ask him whether he was not satisfied with his lot, and he simply answered, "Ah, missis, free breath is good!" This bit of simple eloquence swept away all the sophisms she had heard. She wrote it home to my elder brother, who quoted it in a little book he printed, called "Remarks on Slavery," and I think it was that brief sentence which made us all Abolitionists.

I HAVE thus traced to my mother's direct influence three leading motives of her youngest son's life—the love of personal liberty, of religious freedom and of the equality of the sexes. As to the more subtle and intimate influences, they ordinarily came by contact, not by preaching. She always maintained that the younger children of a large family had a much better chance for development than the elder, because they had more freedom to develop themselves. With her elder children, she always said, over-conscientiousness almost bore her to the earth; she felt personally responsible for every childish fault. She had been reared, it must be remembered, in the school of Locke, which regarded the human soul as blank paper, on which parents and teachers did all the writing. But her children were of strong and varied individuality, and she learned in time to study the temperament of each and be patient with its unfolding. Her whole formula of training consisted in these three things: to retain the entire confidence of the child, to do whatever seemed wisest, and to be patient. Her trust in Providence was absolute and controlling, as was her sense of the personality of the Deity. She was an old-fashioned Unitarian, yet she used the evangelical phrases in her diaries and meditations more freely than is now common, I fancy, among the most orthodox. None of her children shared this full habit—not even that one, the most gifted, who was for twenty years a Roman Catholic, and who finally left that church because it did not seem to her that it provided a sufficiently assured place for my mother. Most valuable of all her traits to her children, next to her quality of sunshine, was probably her absolute rectitude, the elevation of her whole tone, the complete unworldliness, so that no child of hers ever heard her refer to any standard but the highest. With all this was combined the conscientious accuracy in affairs, the exquisite nicety in all household details, which belong to the best of the traditions of New England.

Her life, a romance in its beginning, was in a manner a poem until it ended. She was to her children something between an idolized mother and a petted child. When she visited Boston for the last time, in the very last year of her life—she died at seventy-eight—an ardent lady, seeing her for the first time, exclaimed, "Why, what a beauty you are!" and she could only accept laughingly this compliment to the charm which was innate in her being and inseparable from her common acts. Life brought her many cares and sorrows; but it never brought the saddest of all its griefs, disenchantment; nor will she ever cease to be an enchanting memory to all who knew her.



# THE LUCK OF THE PENDENNINGS

By Elizabeth W. Bellamy

DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

IX—CONTINUED



LEM was late one morning, and instead of going directly to his work as usual, he presented himself at the house and asked to see Mrs. Pendenning.

"Oh, dear, he is going to leave!" thought Esther.

But Lem had no such purpose in mind. "Mrs. Pendenning," he said, "I come to beg a favor. I've got here something valuable and no safe place to keep it; would you take care of it for me?"

And Lem put into her hands a silver heart, about three inches long and two inches wide, flat and plain with a ring at the top for a ribbon. This unpretending trinket was set with three large and exceedingly brilliant rubies.

"Why, Lem!" Mrs. Pendenning exclaimed, "do you know that this must be of considerable value?"

"I've been told so," he answered.

Esther, looking over her mother's shoulder, uttered a startled cry. "It belongs to Miss Trent. She always wore it, in memory of her sister who married in France, and died there, when Miss Trent was still a schoolgirl."

An exclamation escaped Lem Hardy, whether of alarm or surprise was not clear.

Esther turned the trinket over and read aloud the name engraved thereon: *Isabel Trent*. "Oh, mamma?" she cried. Terrible thoughts were in her mind.

"Perhaps you may be mistaken, Esther?" Anne suggested.

"I cannot be mistaken," Esther insisted. "I should know that silver heart and its rubies the world over. I've often heard Miss Trent say that they are exceptionally fine stones."

"Do you think I robbed the lady?" Lem asked with a smile that convinced Mrs. Pendenning and Anne of his innocence, and Esther of his guilt; but Esther gave him the benefit of a doubt.

"I think Miss Trent has been robbed," she said.

"Then it must have been years ago," Lem asserted imperturbably, "for you see, I'm knowing the history of that silver heart very far back."

"Mamma!" gasped Esther, "this is simply incredible!"

"But it may be explained," said Mrs. Pendenning. "If Miss Trent were here—"

"But she is not in Rodney," said Esther. "I will write to her at once."

"That will be best," Lem said calmly. "And now I'll be going to my work." But at the door he paused.

"Mrs. Pendenning," he faltered, "the law, they say, don't hold a man guilty till it's proved on him; you don't think me a thief, do you?"

"No, Lem; oh, no. There seems to be some mystery somewhere, but we—we'll trust you."

Lem's color came again and he smiled. "Thank you, ma'am," he said heartily. "There may be some mystery—or some mistake, but it ain't for me to explain."

And Lem went out to his work.

"Goodness me, mamma!" exclaimed Esther. "What are we to think? And you believe him innocent?"

"My dear child, I—I don't wish to be unjust—I am so sorry for him. Poor boy!"

Esther put her arms around her mother and kissed her. "Dear mamma! Yours is the charity that 'believeth all things'—"

"Hopeth all things," Mrs. Pendenning protested feebly.

"Thinketh no evil," Esther insisted. "And I love you for it. But I am not like you; I distrust this Lem Hardy."

"Perhaps it would be ordinary wisdom to be on our guard," Anne suggested timidly.

"Of course," said Esther with her customary decision. "For anything we know Lem may be—"

"Perfectly innocent," Mrs. Pendenning interpolated. "Let us believe him so, at least, until we must believe otherwise."

X

ESTHER did not know Miss Trent's precise address, and so it happened that several weeks elapsed before she received an answer to her letter.

Meanwhile Lem Hardy fulfilled his duties with a serene fidelity that made Esther deplore the episode of the silver heart more and more. "For of course he will be proven guilty, and we shall have to dismiss him; and what am I to do for some one to fill his place?" Everything, in Lem's dili-

gent hands, was flourishing beyond her hopes, and she felt herself reprieved every day that failed to bring the long-delayed answer from Miss Trent.

But at last Lem became a prey to a despondency that greatly distressed Mrs. Pendenning because it seemed to justify the suspicions she had refused to entertain.

"Oh, Anne," said Esther, "do you know I actually dread Miss Trent's letter? It will be such a blow to mamma to find Lem guilty. For that matter, it will be a blow to me. Alas, my garden!"

When at last the dreaded, hoped-for letter arrived, Esther almost snatched it from the postman and ran with it to her mother and Anne.

Miss Trent wrote from Santa Barbara: "Your letter followed here, after a rambling journey, in which it would certainly have been lost, I fancy, but for the astonishing news it brings me—"

"Now!" cried Esther, in a tone between triumph and resignation, bracing herself to read the rest: "Let me hasten to say that my precious silver heart with its rubies, my dear sister's special legacy to me"—Esther read with ever-increasing emphasis—"is at this moment in my hand." As Esther found herself incapable of proceeding, Anne took the letter and read on: "'Had you ever held it in your hand you would have seen that the silver heart I wear does not bear the name

"You are a good girl, Esther, but aren't you just a little bit hasty in flying at conclusions? However, you have a generous heart, and I need not tell you what you ought to do."

"Oh, mamma, cried Esther, with tears in her eyes, "I'm so glad—and so sorry."

"I always knew there were two of those hearts," Lem said, when informed of the contents of Miss Trent's letter.

"Then why did you not tell us?" Esther asked with reproach.

"You would never have believed me," he answered.

"Yes, mamma would—oh, Lem, I've been so unjust to you all along; but indeed I'm very sorry."

"It's all right, Miss Esther. I don't well see how you could help suspecting me. That silver heart ain't mine, for a fact, but I came by it honest enough, though as things stand I can't explain. But Maria Forbes ain't a name ever had to do with me, nor I ain't ever heard it before."

"Well," commented Esther, when he was out of hearing, "a mystery is a trial to the spirit, and I shall die if this is not soon cleared up."

It did not lessen the mystery that Lem Hardy's depression was in no measure relieved by Miss Trent's letter. He had been always ready with a smile or a jest; but now he wore a dejected countenance, absorbed and taciturn.



"But something is troubling you; why not tell me what it is?"



"Miss Trent's commanding form towered in the doorway"

of Isabel Trent, but of Maria Forbes. The truth is, my dear Esther, there were two of these hearts, and you have stumbled across the mate to the one in my possession. Maria Forbes was the name of my sister Isabel's most intimate friend in girlhood, and they exchanged these silver hearts as mementoes. But Isabel was much older than I, and as she lived with my grandmother it happened that I never knew this Maria Forbes, and never heard what became of her. Can this lad you write of be her son, or rather, her grandson? For let us hope he came honestly by the trinket he claims.

as 'Mom Chaney' says?" "It may be only an accidental depression," Anne suggested hopefully.

But Roger, having inquired into the cause, informed his mother that Lem was "just worried."

"I will speak to him then," said Mrs. Pendenning; and she went out into the garden where Lem was spading a bed for spinach.

It was a mild and beautiful October afternoon, and the soft autumnal sunshine

streamed along the path Mrs. Pendenning followed to the garden's end adjoining the orchard. Here Lem was leaning on his spade, gazing vacantly at the wooded distance, so lost in thought that he was not conscious of Mrs. Pendenning's approach until she spoke. At the sound of her voice he started, the color deepening in his sunburned face as he stammered:

"I'm not often idle this way, ma'am; but sometimes I get to thinking—"

"One needs only to look at this garden, Lem, to know that you are never idle," Mrs. Pendenning assured him kindly. "But something is troubling you; why not tell me what it is?"

Standing in the sunlit path, a fragile, middle-aged woman, her gray hair blown in the soft wind, her mild brown eyes shining with pity, she looked to this friendless Lem Hardy like an angel of light. Inefficient little woman though she was, and utterly unfitted to cope with the world, it had, nevertheless, been given her to accomplish great things through the might of a tender heart. Little did she dream, when she carried the balm of sympathy to the friendless young gardener, what a harvest would be hers to reap.

To her surprise and pain, Lem, after one quick, questioning glance at her face, burst into tears.

"Poor lad," she sighed, trembling at the unwelcome thought that perhaps, after all, Lem might not be the honest fellow she wished to believe him.

"He is going to die," sobbed Lem.

"Oh, maybe not," said Mrs. Pendenning, though she had not the least idea of whom Lem was speaking. "But tell me about him."

Then, controlling his sobs, Lem unfolded his trouble.

"It's my chum, ma'am, as I told you about when I first came. Not that Geoffrey is the likes of me, big and coarse, and able to take the rough and tumble of the world. And he ain't mo' than fo'teen, pore little chap."

"Your brother?"

"Why, no'm!" Lem answered, with simple astonishment at such a suggestion. "No kin on earth to me. Geoffrey Baron is his name. He has had better beginnings in life than what he's come to now—through no fault of his'n; and he has had schoolin' beyond me. But you see, he's an orphan chap, and all by himself."

"What is the matter with him?" Mrs. Pendenning asked, as Lem's voice faltered.

"Well, ma'am, I don't rightly know. He just ain't tough."

"And you are supporting him?"

"Not exactly that, ma'am," Lem answered with modest hesitation. "He got work before I did. You see he's educated, and he tackled a typewriter in a business house in the town. The man that worked it was off on a trip, and when he come back Geoffrey was out of a job, exceptin' they kept him on for a few days, and then they said they didn't need him. So he just got droopy, and now he's wiltin' away."

"Is it comfortable where he is living, Lem?"

"As comfortable as I c'n make it, ma'am. It's a poor place, and not what he was used to, by what he tells me. His father was a rich man once, and he remembers his mother riding in her carriage. But she's been dead many a year, and his father died a poor man; and that's how Geoffrey is on the world—and not fit for it, neither."

"Lem," said Mrs. Pendenning impulsively, "perhaps if we brought him here for awhile he might improve."

"Oh! ma'am," stammered Lem, incredulous of this good fortune. "I been thinking to ask if you could give me something to tempt his appetite. I'm used to common eatin', but that little chap—"

"Don't worry, Lem," said Mrs. Pendenning. "You're a good fellow, and your little friend sha'n't suffer. Come to me before you leave, and let me give you something for his supper; then to-morrow we'll see about having him here."

"Yes, ma'am," Lem answered. He made no attempt at thanks beyond this simple and trusting acceptance; but Mrs. Pendenning understood him.

"It must be done," she said to herself, as she went back to the house; over and over again she repeated, "It must be done," by way of fortifying herself against the opposition she was sure to meet from her daughters.

"Dear mamma!" cried Esther in dismay, when she heard her mother's report, "we do not keep a hospital!"

"No," Mrs. Pendenning replied with



her beautiful smile; "but we have that spare room on the gallery, you know, and a very comfortable little cot—"

"But, mamma, we don't know anything about this Geoffrey what's-his-name," Esther remonstrated.

"Oh, yes, my child," Mrs. Pendenning replied, with triumphant contradiction, "I've already told you that he is only fourteen and an orphan, that he is sick, and that he has seen better days."

"That settles it," said Anne.

"Lem's attachment for him is something beautiful," Mrs. Pendenning continued. "I'm sure there must be something in their friendship creditable to both. And now I'll go and make the poor child a custard."

"Anne," said Esther in a tone of desperate resignation, "mamma will believe anything where her feelings are interested."

"Anything good," sighed Anne, with a smile. "It is beautiful."

"It is sublime! but if it brings us harm everybody will have something to say about mamma's bad management."

"It seems to me that I remember some people questioning mamma's wisdom in allowing you to undertake the work Miss Trent found for you," Anne said; "yet afterward these same people proclaimed that there was never anything like the luck of the Pendenings."

"As if there were any luck in doing with one's might what one's hand finds to do," laughed Esther.

"And that is precisely what mamma is doing now," Anne reminded her. "Let us go and help her make the custard."

The next day Lem's friend, Geoffrey Baron—Geoffrey Plantagenet, as Roger named him—was established in the Pendenning household. He was not ill enough to keep his bed, but he was obviously not strong enough for work. A slight boy, with a beautiful, refined face, and reserved manners, he offered so marked a contrast to Lem that the strong tie between them was a puzzle demanding explanation, and as neither Geoffrey nor Lemuel offered any Mrs. Pendenning felt entitled to inquire into their story. Geoffrey's reserve was such that she found it difficult to approach him on the subject, and she appealed to Lem.

"Lemuel," she said, "I do not wish to pry into your affairs, but this friend of yours has been under my roof nearly a week. I think, all things considered, that I have some right to know his history."

"Why, ma'am," stammered Lem, "don't he show for himself he's ahead o' the likes o' me? Fact is, ma'am, he's cautioned me not to be troubling you with talk about ourselves. And he knows manners, Geoffrey does."

"But it worries me to be in ignorance, Lemuel."

"Yes-m," Lem assented. "There ain't much to tell. Come to think of it, Geoffrey don't ever say much about himself, more than just what I told you. His mother's been dead so long he can't more than just remember her, but his father was living up to about a year and a half ago, and by what Geoffrey has said, here and there, he must ha' been mighty pinched for money at the last. I know there wasn't nothing left but that silver heart—"

Here Lem dropped his hoe, and clapped his hands in dismay. "Lord forgive me," he ejaculated. "Tain't more'n a hour gone he asked me solemn never to let you know he had any claim in it."

Mrs. Pendenning felt troubled. "I do not like this secrecy," she said. "However, I will not judge the boy, and I will not betray you. Tell me more about him."

"There ain't no harm in Geoffrey, ma'am. He's got some high notions that I ain't up to, but he's the right stuff, plum' through. That boy, little slim fellow that he is, he stood up stiff for me once. First I took notice of him, we was both of us working in a big mill concern in a Missouri town. He mostly did errands, and swept up trash and such. That was last spring. Well, the mill took fire, belong of the carelessness of two of the men, and they tried to blame it on to me; but Geoffrey, he was knowing to the facts, somehow, and they couldn't scare him or bribe, though all he needed to have done was just keep quiet. But he stood up for me and cleared me; so that's how we came to start friends. After the fire we was both of us out of a job, and he took a notion to come South. His people used to belong to this State o' Georgia, he says."

"Baron?" mused Mrs. Pendenning. "I don't remember the name. But that's no proof."

"Yes-m?" said Lem, with a vague impression that the validity of his statement was called in question. "Geoffrey, he seemed to know. And that's how we came to be partners. It was all in the newspapers, about that fire, with pictures of me 'n Geoffrey. I've got copies, if you'd like to see 'em, ma'am?"

"Do, Lem; bring them to-morrow." This interview with Lem Hardy took place in the garden. Returning to the house, Mrs. Pendenning came upon Geoffrey, who was helping Roger rake up the dead leaves. "Isn't this too much for your strength?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; I'm ever so much stronger than I was when I came."

"I am very glad to hear that. Lem has been telling me how you two came to be such friends." And Mrs. Pendenning patted the boy's shoulder.

"I don't suppose Lem has told you what he did for me?" he questioned, his face flushing.

"No—he didn't."

"Well, you ought to know. I was locked in, by accident, in the top of that burning building, and but for Lem I should have died there. I'm never going to part from Lem while I live."

Mrs. Pendenning went on to the house much moved. She did not doubt the truth of the statements made by Lem and Geoffrey, but she was very glad to have the papers, for the pictures, rough woodcuts though they were, proved to be unmistakable likenesses.

"Nobody could call Lem and Geoffrey impostors after this," she declared, with mild triumph. "I am so glad that I did not turn Lem away that day, and so glad that I brought Geoffrey here. They are deserving boys."

"Yes," Esther admitted; "happily for you, mamma. It would have been heart-breaking to find your kindness wasted on—"

"My child, kindness is never wasted," Mrs. Pendenning interrupted. "Some time or other it must bear fruit; if not here—then hereafter."

"Yes, mamma; but I don't like such secrecy about that silver heart. I don't know which one to distrust."

"Distrust neither; but wait and hope for the best," Mrs. Pendenning counseled.

#### XI

ESTHER'S fall crops had thriven well, so that by the end of November she had saved a small sum to be appropriated toward paying off the mortgage. When she carried this to Mr. Fastin she was dismayed to learn that the note would fall due in January.

"But—how is it that I have not been told of this before now?" she faltered.

"No, child, no; I didn't tell you. It didn't seem to suggest itself to you to ask, and I didn't want to burden your young spirit more than seemed needful, for I hoped some accommodation might be made. But Joe Findley—he holds the note, you remember—and he is hard up, poor fellow, so—"

"Does my mother know?" Esther interrupted anxiously.

"Well, I guess she ain't thought about it," Mr. Fastin replied, unable to restrain a laugh of mild amusement. "Fact is, Miss Esther, your mother doesn't understand business any too clearly. Of course, she knows the note has got to be paid some day, and that's about all. However, we'll see, by the time the day comes around. I don't believe Joe Findley will proceed to extremities. He hasn't said a word to me, but I'm knowing how pinched he is, so I thought I'd remind you—it may save trouble. See, now, you're a brave, steady girl, and by God's blessing you'll come out all right. But there's no good in shutting your eyes to disagreeables, you know."

"Yes, I know," Esther answered, making a great effort to speak brightly, though all the promise of her garden seemed to suffer a sudden blight. But she went home resolved to keep this trouble to herself.

Anne met her with the information that the postman had brought her a letter.

"Why, it is Miss Trent's handwriting," exclaimed Esther.

The note was brief—in a moment Esther had mastered the contents. "Oh, Anne! Anne!" she cried, "Miss Trent has come home! She arrived only yesterday, and she has sent for me!"

"And suppose she wants you to decorate her rooms this winter—?"

"I hope she does! Oh, Anne, I hope she does! I can do that and run my garden, too. I am going to her at once—"

"But you'll wait for dinner?"

"What do I care for dinner with so much at stake? I am so glad, Anne, oh, I am so glad! But I'll miss the car if I wait for dinner."

Upon her arrival at Miss Trent's, Esther was invited into a room so darkened by heavy curtains that, coming from the glare without, she was, for a moment, unable to distinguish objects, and she did not perceive that the room was occupied until a well-known, affectedly languid voice addressed her.

"Why! It is Miss Pendenning!"

"Mrs. Hackett?" Esther exclaimed.

"I hope your pleasure is equal to your surprise," Mrs. Hackett said with a laugh.

"I beg your pardon," Esther stammered. "I was only expecting to meet Miss Trent."

"Ah, yes; she will be in soon, I fancy. There were some orders to give, I believe," and Mrs. Hackett sighed.

Esther, whose eyes had now become accustomed to the obscurity, was surprised at the change in Mrs. Hackett. Her dress was as elaborately elegant as usual, but her face was haggard and anxious.

"My own plans are quite unsettled," Mrs. Hackett informed her, confidingly. "My health has suffered so from the dreadful strain of anxiety I've undergone of late, that I am not equal to the manage-

ment of a house, so I am taking refuge with Miss Trent temporarily. I suppose you've heard of our reverses, Miss Pendenning? Arthur, dear boy, is no longer a gentleman of leisure."

"I am very sorry," said Esther. "I had not heard—" But she was incapable of saying more; for she was thinking of Arthur Hackett, not of his stepmother, and she was by no means sure that she was at all sorry on his account.

"Have you wearied yet of your farming 'fad'?" Mrs. Hackett asked.

"Pardon me, it is not a 'fad' at all," Esther corrected; "it is a business."

"Highly commendable, I am sure," murmured Mrs. Hackett. "And so distinctly original. Arthur has always maintained that you were gifted with originality. But Mr. Ashe, does he approve?"

"He has nothing to do with it."

"No?" Mrs. Hackett arched her heavy brows incredulously. "I had hoped, as perhaps you have divined," she said, with a simpering sigh, "I had hoped to have the honor of bringing about a—reconciliation—may I call it? But you Pendenings wouldn't accept my invitation; and then my opportunity was lost by Mr. Ashe's sudden departure. He is a very secretive old gentleman, and does not reveal his plans; but I happen to know that he is very much interested in his kinsfolk, and in you especially. It was your gardening project that captivated him—so original."

Esther heard her with dumb resentment, impatient for Miss Trent's appearance; but, as Miss Trent still delayed, Mrs. Hackett babbled on.

"Naturally he would be glad to gather some of his kith and kin about him, all alone in the world as he is. His daughter—she was his only child—married against his consent, and he never forgave her, and now that she is dead, he can't forgive himself. His marriage was not particularly happy, I have heard, and that's why he never ventured upon matrimony a second time. So there you are, you Pendenings, in for luck!" And Mrs. Hackett laughed.

Esther was indignant, but, fortunately, just at that moment Miss Trent's commanding form towered in the doorway.

"Oh, my dear Esther," she said, in the deep, rich voice for which she was remarkable, "this is very kind to answer my note so promptly."

"Ah, you wrote for her?" Mrs. Hackett commented, with quick interest. "But I don't imagine that Miss Pendenning is going to devote herself to decoration in future?" she added, insinuatingly.

"I am going to do whatever Miss Trent can ask of me," said Esther, ignoring Mrs. Hackett by looking straight into Miss Trent's eyes, which grew suddenly misty.

"Thank you, my dear," she whispered, and kissed Esther a second time.

"I did not understand that this was a visit by appointment," Mrs. Hackett murmured apologetically, as she glided from the room. Miss Trent, with her eyes on the open door through which she passed, waited until the train of the lavender silk tea-gown had swept the whole length of the hall before she spoke; and Esther was sure that she stifled a sigh.

"Almeria is not very wise," she said, "but fortune seems always to favor her with just the opportunity she sighs for. By a misunderstanding as to some of my arrangements, I was not ready to meet you promptly, and—I know just how she entertained you."

Esther laughed, but not without constraint.

"Do not judge her harshly, Esther. She is amiable and kind-hearted. She made old Lionel Hackett a devoted wife, and if not a very wise stepmother to his son, she has been, at least, unfailingly kind. But she has never learned the true worth of money, nor the real meaning of life. She never knew the extent of her husband's means until after his death; indeed, by a sudden rise in certain stocks, his estate proved to be worth much more than he himself supposed; and now it has suffered a sudden collapse. I am not so sure that in Arthur's case this reverse of fortune is an unmitigated calamity. He has been, until quite recently, rather too much under his stepmother's influence, and he stood, I'm thinking, in no small danger of becoming a trifer. And he is fitted for something better; though I am not sure that his action in this crisis has been characterized by immaculate wisdom, for he has almost reduced himself to penury in order to insure Mrs. Hackett a comfortable income."

"He couldn't do otherwise," said Esther warmly, "if she has been so kind a mother to him."

"Yes, my dear; but it takes a great deal to make her comfortable. Still, she is not ungrateful." Miss Trent proceeded with grim significance. "Arthur will never marry a poor girl—if she can help it. It is a situation that renders him the more interesting in my eyes, I confess. However, I did not send for you to discuss the affairs of our friends, the Hacketts. Tell me about yourself, your mother and the children."

With such a listener Esther could have no reserves, and Miss Trent was soon

acquainted with all the details of the seven-acre farm.

"It is very interesting," Miss Trent said with a sigh, "and if I were younger, I should be tempted to enter into partnership with you; as it is, you must let me be your stand-by in emergencies."

"Oh, Miss Trent, you are kinder—so much kinder than I deserve!"

"No, Esther; I do not think so. But I do think you might have trusted my friendship, and not have left me to learn your need from—some one else."

"Oh, Miss Trent! After my hasty behavior to you?"

"It was a mistake, Esther," Miss Trent replied gravely, yet she smiled—"such a mistake as warm-hearted, impulsive young people are apt to make. Let us say no more about it. I must keep your friendship. If you only knew how proud I am of you, Esther."

"I've only done the best I knew," faltered Esther. "And I couldn't have done anything, but for your help."

"It makes me happy to hear you say that, my dear; but all the credit is truly yours. You would not hold your hands in discontent. But—you will still be able to help me a little in my plans?"

"Indeed, I shall be only too glad to do everything for you. Affairs are in such a train at home that Anne can as easily direct the work of the garden as I."

"Very well, then; I shall send for you. But about that silver heart. Did you ever learn anything more than you wrote me?"

"Mamma still has it," Esther answered.

Miss Trent pressed the subject no further. "Well," she said pleasantly, "I must not keep a busy girl too long away from the field of her labors."

Esther returned home very tired and very hungry. She had not said a word to Miss Trent about the mortgage, but her anxiety was relieved by the assurance of a friendship so hearty—"and so far beyond my deserts," she reminded herself—and so chastened was her spirit by this reflection that she quite forgot Mrs. Hackett. Arthur Hackett, however, dwelt in her thoughts—not actively, indeed, yet none the less potently.

The little gold hammer with its commemorative date was hidden away in a box of trifles which Esther seldom explored, but that evening she was moved to look upon the witness of her heart's secret—a secret unconfessed, even to herself.

"I suppose he is very glad, now, that I said no," she mused. "He can marry some rich girl. As for me, I have other things to think of." But she put the little token away only the more carefully.

Though still devoted to her garden, Esther held herself in readiness to answer Miss Trent's summons any day; but before that summons came, some strange experiences were decreed for the Pendenings. Lemuel Hardy sent a message one morning, by Roger, to say that he wished to see Mrs. Pendenning on particular business.

"It is about that silver heart," predicted Esther; and Esther was right.

Lem was miserably embarrassed: he blushed and hesitated; but at last he succeeded in stammering forth the words:

"Mrs. Pendenning, ma'am, the—person that silver heart belongs to—"

"Lem," said Mrs. Pendenning with mild severity, "I think this is very silly. I know whom that trinket belongs to, and you know that I know."

"Yes-m," sighed Lem; "but you see, he has notions beyond me, and his name ain't to be named."

"Very well. What is it you wish?"

"Well, ma'am, as you mentioned, it's valuable. You see, he lost it that time of the fire as I told you of, but by good luck, after about a week, it was found, and he was able to prove property. He might have sold it for a pile, but he wouldn't part with it; and he don't want to sell it now, but he wants to borrow money on it."

"I will bring it for you," Mrs. Pendenning said, rising; but Lem checked her.

"No, ma'am, no," he entreated, with great earnestness; "that ain't his meaning. If him or me tried to borrow money on it, it might bring about inquiries."

"I understand," said Mrs. Pendenning a little stiffly. "He wishes me to borrow the money?"

"Yes-m, that's it," Lem assented.

"What does he want with money?"

"Indeed, ma'am, he ain't told me. It's a matter for trustin'—so he says."

"I shall inquire no further," Mrs. Pendenning promised graciously; "but I think he might place some trust in me."

"Ma'am, ma'am," said Lem, in great perturbation, "I tell you, most solemn, there ain't a mite o' wrong. And he is that believin' in you as never was."

Mrs. Pendenning had no doubt of this, "Tell him I will do what I can to serve him," she said.

But when Esther heard of this promise she was not pleased.

Esther was, indeed, much more disturbed about that persistent mystery than she felt disposed to acknowledge, but something happened to herself in the course of the same morning that for a time consigned the silver heart to oblivion.

(To be concluded in November JOURNAL)



# THE STRIKE IN THE CHOIR

By Robert J. Burdette

DRAWINGS BY B. WEST CLINEDINST



WHEN I was a boy, away back in the years when the days were so short that it took fourteen or fifteen of them to make a week, I attended divine service with my parents in an old Baptist church in Peoria. My legs were short and the pew was high, and while I listened to the sermon and swung my feet, shackled by the unwonted and cruel shoon of the Sabbath Day, I often wondered how many hundred years it would be ere I could reach the floor with my feet as my father did. There were two footstools in the pew, but it was considered wicked for a boy to put his feet on one of them. They were made exclusively for grown-up people who did not need them. They were also used to trap the unwary stranger who came sliding softly and sideways into the pew without an invitation. He fell over one and kicked the other. That notified the worshippers in the front pews that there was a stranger within our gates and they could turn around and look at him. But for this automatic system of signaling, many a devout woman would have gone home without knowing the particular kind of clothing the stranger wore.

Straight across the rear of the church, high above the congregation, ran a long gallery. Here was the melodeon, which was the pipe-organ of our day; here sat the choir, literally and musically "out of sight." I remember we had an odd custom, originating in some idea so old that nobody could remember it, and the rest of us never knew it. When the congregation rose to sing the closing hymn, it about-faced and looked at the choir. Then at the end of the hymn we faced about once more and received the benediction. I supposed this was done to give the congregational opportunity to see who was in the choir and what they had on, and also to enable the singers to complete their inventory of the congregational adornments. It must have been tantalizing to look at the backs of heads all through the service and guess at the face trimming of every new bonnet in the house. Because in those days you had to walk all the way around a bonnet to take in the entire pattern. Your mother, dear, did not wear a postage stamp with two horns on it, and call it a bonnet. Men talk about the big hat you wear in the opera house. I wish your critic might have stood behind your grandmother at a baptism out in Peoria back in the fifties. He couldn't have seen the lake, nor very much of the woods on the opposite shore. He might have caught a glimpse of the sky if the day was fair and your grand-



mother stood still. But when she rose on her tip-toes to reach "E" in "Coronation," he could see her bonnet and that was all. And that was enough. In that day a bonnet was built to cover the wearer's head. And neck. And a section of the shoulders. And to overshadow the face. And a flower-garden in full bloom blazed and shone and clustered around, above and beneath it. None of your buds and grasses in those days.

And our choir! Well, now, there was a choir that could sing! When they felt in good voice, which was every time they stood up, you couldn't hear the melodeon. They read music at sight as a proof-reader reads print. And they sang in a way that made everybody else sing. Everybody would sing anyhow, therefore it was useless for the leader—nobody called him the chorister then—to select new tunes and spring them upon the audience suddenly. The congregation would join in with all confidence just the same, on the second word, and sing right along, only a syllable or two behind. If the hymn was of the usual length, by the time they sang through the third stanza they knew the tune as well as the choir did, and carried the remaining four or five stanzas through with splendid

spirit. You see we weren't given to short services in those days. There was no reason why we should be. The singing was never wearisome, because we did it all ourselves, and would as soon have thought of hiring our Sunday-school teachers as our singers. I never but once heard our minister chop a hymn up into cutlets and have us omit the first and last stanzas and hop over the third and fifth, singing it as though we were playing a game of musical hop-scotch, and that was because he objected to some faulty doctrine in one of the verses. When he preached he said what he had to say without the least regard for the clock. As he always had something to say which we either wanted or needed to hear, or both, it never occurred to the congregation that there was a great, round-faced clock on the front of the gallery softly ticking its subdued "amens" all through the service. Our preacher has been down East a great many years teaching preachers how to preach, so we may get back to the life-size sermons and whole hymns again.



Well, that choir was so praised and lauded, and deservedly so, that at last it exalted its horn "like the horn of an unicorn," and decided to take entire charge of the musical portion of the service. The leader, a young man with sublime confidence, a splendid voice, long, curling hair tucked under at the ends, as was the fashion with young men of that day, like the Jack of spades, if you know what that is, and a wealth of bear's grease, flavored with bergamot, came to the preacher and said: "Mr. Seekpeace, I must have the hymns for Sunday service on Friday morning hereafter. I have changed rehearsal from Saturday to Friday evening."

"But I can't let you have them Friday morning," the preacher said, "because I do not always know at that time what I will preach about on the Sunday following. You may have them Saturday morning, as usual."

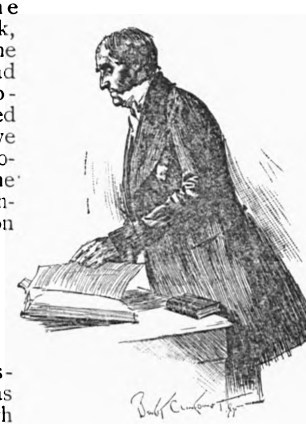
But the leader would not have it that way, and he said so. The preacher was a man not given to controversy in small matters. He said what he had to say on the subject in a few words selected from the English language, principally monosyllables, and went his way, as also did the leader, their ways beginning at the same point and running respectively east by east and due west. The preacher sent the leader the numbers of the hymns on the morning of the Saturday following.

Sunday morning dawned. The congregation, painfully arrayed in stiff and starched and rustling garments sacred

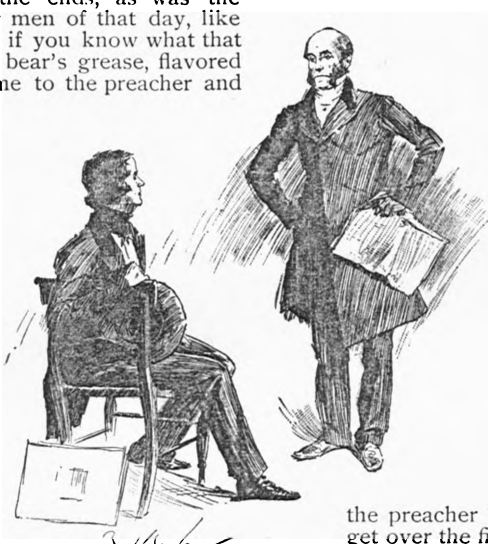


to the day and the place, assembled with customary decorum. One by one the deacons walked up the aisles to their places, timing their steps with mournful squeaks that deepened the solemnity of the hour and awakened mirth only in the breasts of the younger children, who were promptly thumped to respectful silence by the catapult of some adult finger.

The hymn was given out, and all the hymn-books in the pews rustled open. We listened for the usual little muffled commotion of the choir getting into position with its little fussiness of small affectations, but there was a most fearsome silence. We turned our heads, looked up, and saw a gallery as empty as the Foreign Mission treasury at the close of the year. The presence of the singers scattered here and there among the congregation was explained. Some light-hearted members of the choir tittered, but the rest of us were a little bit frightened. The preacher looked up quickly and understood. He quietly closed the hymn-book, opened the Bible, read the Scripture, offered prayer, gave out the notices for the week, preached his sermon and pronounced the benediction. Calm and unruffled and undisturbed was he, as though that had been the order of service for a hundred years. The evening service was conducted in like manner. No hymns were given out, no reference was made to the subject. He was so quiet and natural that we began to wonder if that hadn't been the way we always worshiped, and had only dreamed that we used to have a choir and sang hymns of praise.



Of course, that wouldn't do. The deacons came together, investigated the trouble and proffered their services as arbitrators. The leader was firm, the preacher was adamant. Finally the latter said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I will give the choir the hymns for the next six months, and the leader may have rehearsal any time that best suits him."



The deacons carried the proposition to the choir; it was accepted; the gallery and the pulpit were reconciled; the preacher was meekly submissive, the leader was radiantly triumphant. But being disposed to be gracious and magnanimous, he gave the preacher two or three days to get over the first sharp humiliation and pang of defeat, then called on him for the hymns. The preacher sat down and wrote a long column of numbers, beginning at 1 and running in regular progression—2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, etc., up to 156.

"There," he said, with the air of a defeated man, "sing them as they come." The leader bowed as he took the list with the kindly condescension of a big-hearted conqueror, and retired.

The Sunday morning after the treaty of peace was made the church meeting-house was crowded. In his pew, far up in front of all others, sat Deacon Robert Standfast. He was a prosperous cattle man, a very Jacob, and had been out on the prairies with his flocks and herds when all this trouble occurred. He loved his pastor with all the tenderness of a big man. Deacon Standfast fairly blazed with indignation when he heard how his pastor had been treated. He declared that it should never happen so again. He reached town late Saturday night and had heard only about the war. He knew nothing of the declaration of peace, or rather, knew nothing of the armistice of six months.

So, when the first hymn was given out, the choir made that pause of a little minute fluttering its wings and smoothing its plumage before it broke into song. The silence smote upon the heart of Deacon Standfast, still rankling with a sense of the indignity put upon his beloved pastor. He arose to his feet, drew up his muscular figure until he loomed up like Saul among his brethren—"from his shoulders and upward higher than any of the people"—filled his lungs, and in a mighty voice that had echoed over the surging backs of many a horned herd on the storm-swept prairies, a resounding shout of far-reaching cadences that was

qualified to paralyze a stampeded steer into forgetfulness of the terror that was driving him to frenzy, he "raised the tune." Alas, for the service of the sanctuary, out of that strength came forth no sweetness, for Deacon Standfast could not distinguish a funeral dirge from a college yell. And he roared off the first verse of that hymn by himself. But he was enough. He needed no reinforcement. With open mouths, dumb with amazement, that choir stood in its silent place waiting for him to reach the end of the stanza, intending to waylay him and head him off on the second. Vain hope. They did not know his powers of endurance. He drew but one long, deep breath at the end of the closing line, and went right on with the next verse, developing cumulative power with the exhilaration of his work, until he wound up the long hymn with a long-drawn halloo that sounded like a cross between a war-whoop and a hallelujah. One by one the silent choir sat down as that tuneless hymn progressed, but the congregation, although not venturing to "assist," stood by most nobly while Deacon Standfast lustily sang his first and last solo in that church. I believe he never sang again; not even in chorus.

After that break, however, all went fairly well for several weeks, maybe a month. Then the congregation stood up at eight o'clock one Sunday night and sang,

"Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes."

And once the morning service opened with the hymn,

"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing."

But as not more than one singer in a hundred, perhaps, sings a hymn with any thought of its meaning, simply considering the words as rather useless necessities, merely put in to vocalize the music, the incongruity of the selections did not strike more than three or four people beside the preacher, and they were not present. But the Sunday morning following that, the leader came to the preacher before service, with a troubled face and said:

"Look here, Mr. Seekpeace, this will never do at all."

"Well, what is the matter now?"

"Why," said the leader, "this opening hymn. It is:

"Brother, thou wast mild and lovely,  
Gentle as the summer breeze,  
Pleasant as the air of evening  
When it floats among the trees."

Now, there has been but one death in this church in the past six weeks, and that was old Dodd Swearinger, who got so mad yesterday while he was beating his horse with a pick handle that he fell down in a fit and died in two minutes—a man with the worst temper in the State of Illinois. We can't sing that, Mr. Seekpeace."

The preacher melted at the sight of the leader's appealing face. He smiled, a pleasant smile that might have had two shades of meaning in it. He may have been pleased to meet a man who recognized the fact that a hymn without appropriate words is about as virile and strong as a human body without a skeleton. Or he may have been pleased about something else. Anyhow, he smiled without permitting a gleam of triumph to shine across his face. He said,

"Very well," and selected hymns for morning and evening service.

There was never again the shadow of trouble between the choir and the pulpit in that church. Other leaders came and went. The choir changed, as choirs do; changing voices drove out the boys who sang soprano or alto-soprano—we used to call it "tribble," didn't we? Marriage closed the mouths of the girls who, womanlike, appeared to consider it a solemn, religious duty to "forget their music" and "never touch the piano" after the first baby was

born. Bassos and tenors came and went. But so long as that preacher was pastor the choir in that church sang the hymns appointed them, and it was generally understood, although nothing was ever said about it, that the head of that church was on its shoulders, and not on the neck of a music-rack stand.





## THE PARADISE CLUB

By John Kendrick Bangs

—A HANDBOOK PUBLISHING COMPANY



"GOT a scheme," said the Irresponsible Person, as the coffee was served.

"Stay out of it then," said the Cynic. "More men have been ruined by schemes than by bad company."

"True enough," said the Married Man with a sigh as he thought of the vanished prospects he had once looked forward to. "I've gone into schemes myself and that is why madame uses trolley-cars instead of carriages."

"The trouble with you," retorted the Irresponsible Person, "is that you aren't careful in selecting your schemes. Take your steam bicycle arrangement. Anybody can see that a bicycle can be made to go by steam, but nobody would have put money into a venture which provided for the manufacture of a bicycle with a boiler placed directly under the saddle. Your old machine could go like the wind, but I never found a man who could sit on it two minutes with the steam up."

"I admit that was foolish," said the Married Man. "But you know I didn't know anything about bicycles."

"Precisely. That's just why people lose money in schemes," said the Irresponsible Person. "They go into things that they don't know anything about. Now the schemes I go into are things I know all about, and, while I've never made a fortune out of any of them, I've never lost anything. There was my patent Prince-Albert-Evening-Dress-Tuxedo-Coat, for instance. That was a great scheme and consisted merely of an ingenious arrangement of buttons and detachable coat-tails. The main coat was an ordinary Tuxedo coat. With it came a pair of tails which could be buttoned on the back of the Tuxedo, making a first-rate full-dress, swallow-tail coat. Then another set of tails running all the way round was provided; these when buttoned on to the Tuxedo, transformed it into a Prince Albert, so that for about sixty dollars a man could purchase the equivalent of three coats, which on the ruling market prices now cost him one hundred and fifty dollars—forty for the Tuxedo, sixty for the Prince Albert and fifty for the claw-hammer. It was a simple scheme and full of prospective profit and it cost me just three dollars to have a paper model of my invention made, but no tailor could be found who would take it up."

"Then you did lose something by it," said the Married Man triumphantly.

"No, I didn't," said the Irresponsible Person. "I made about seven dollars out of it. I wrote a humorous article about it for a Sunday newspaper and got ten dollars for the article and I still have the model besides."

"I had no idea you were such an inventive genius," said the Philosopher. "I think I shall have to make another analysis of your character."

"I shall be very glad to receive a copy of your estimate of my table of contents," returned the Irresponsible Person. "I may wish to marry some day, and it may happen that I shall find it necessary to advertise for a wife. It would be a good thing to include your analysis in that advertisement just as the patent-medicine-makers print letters from chemists who have analyzed their nostrums."

"I'll give it to you with an affidavit," said the Philosopher, "though I am by no means certain that when you have seen it you will care to print it. But you haven't let us into the secret of your new scheme yet," he added. "I, for one, am quite anxious to hear what it is. I find after paying my September bills that I have a balance of about seven dollars in bank. Possibly I might invest that in your scheme and thereby gain a controlling interest in the enterprise."

"All right," replied the Irresponsible Person. "Give me the seven dollars and we'll talk about the controlling interest later. The scheme is, briefly, to start a publishing company to issue handbooks for young women. It has never been done before. Books are published telling children how to play games and make dolls and things of that sort, and other books have been published for women of mature years, instructing them in the art of making a large number of soups, in the science of constructing three dozen different kinds of pie, in the business of bringing up children—"

"Why art, science and business?" queried the Cynic.

"The making of good soup is an art; the construction of a pie is a science, and

so far as I have been able to find out the bringing up of children is a business, and a mighty exacting kind of business—that's why," explained the Irresponsible Person. "I can testify to the truth of all that," said the Married Man.

"I was about to say when the diversion occurred," said the Irresponsible Person, "that so far as I know no attention is paid to the needs of the young woman of to-day, to distinguish from the mere girl and the woman of mature years, and yet there is probably no class of persons who stand more in need of a series of handbooks than this same young woman. If you will read the correspondence column of our society papers you will find thousands of young women asking questions which a well-written series of handbooks could answer in a minute. If a young woman wants to know, for instance, if it is proper for her to kiss her best young man good-night on the front porch, she has to sit down and write to her society paper. If she asks the question in August the chances are she will find the reply printed about Christmas. Now I submit that that is not fair to the young woman or to her best young man. If it is proper for her to kiss him good-night on the front porch she doesn't know it for four months and is deprived of all the sweets she might have had during that period. If it isn't proper for her to do it she is kept in a state of uncertainty during that period and the chances are that this uncertainty will so affect her nerves that she will be unable to put the young man off until the answer comes."

"She needn't wait," said the Philosopher. "She can ask some one of her elderly friends at home."

The Irresponsible Person laughed. "It is quite evident," said he, "that you've never stood in need of information of that kind yourself. If you had you'd have known that that kind of a question is the last you'd think of asking anybody you knew. Why, a girl who'd ask an elderly friend a question like that would never hear the last of it. The society paper with its etiquette column is her only refuge, and while the reply is public the name of the applicant is held as sacredly confidential as the secrets of the confessional."

"She might ask the young man," said the Married Man, with a twinkle in his eye.

"She might," smiled the Irresponsible Person, "but I guess she has sense enough, as a rule, to know that she'd better not. And so there is only one way out of her difficulties and that is to provide her with a handbook. I'd take all the information that has been given to anxious inquirers in the society papers for ten years, from how to make a waste-basket out of an old beaver hat, to front porch etiquette, and classify it under such general headings as 'New Things Made from Old Things,' 'Parlor Etiquette for Two,' 'The Ethics of the Front Stoop,' 'What is Not Proper, and When,' 'Rules and Regulations for Buggy-Riding,' and so on. I haven't a doubt that the correspondence columns of our society papers for the past decade will be found to have covered every possible complication that may arise in a girl's life, from being cast away on a raft at sea with a man to whom she has not been introduced, to how to jilt an undesirable fiancé in sixty different ways. As it is, the information is inaccessible. I propose to overcome this and place it within the reach of every young woman in the land."

"I dare say there is something in the idea," said the Cynic. "It resolves itself now into how much?"

"Exactly," said the Philosopher, "and I can ascertain my dividend to a cent. I'll stay out of it and save my seven dollars."

"Well, I'm certain it would be a good thing," said the Married Man. "I remember before we were married my wife used to have all sorts of puzzling problems to vex her mind, and no one could solve them for her but the editor of her favorite paper. But it was when our cards were out and the wedding gifts began to pour in that her real vexation came. If this company you propose to start would publish a little volume of 'Letters of Acknowledgment for Brides-elect' it would fill a long-felt want. I got a letter from a young woman last week who was married three weeks ago. I'd sent her a clock at the last minute and she didn't have time to answer before. Here is her reply."

The Married Man fumbled in his pocket and drew forth a daintily-addressed envelope from which he extracted a letter.

"Listen to this," he said. "My Dear Mr. Married Man: I thank you ever so much for the lovely clock you so kindly sent me. It is now on our mantelpiece where we hope to see you often. Yours

sincerely, So-and-So.' I'd look well on a mantelpiece, now wouldn't I?"

"You would," said the Cynic. "A pair of you, one at each end, would be a very handsome ornament."

"I got a most insulting acknowledgment once," continued the Cynic. "I might have been spared if there'd been a book like that in existence. A young friend of mine was married and I sent the bride a picture of the homeliest pug dog you ever saw. She was fond of pugs and I thought it would be appropriate. Three or four days later she wrote something like this: 'My Dear Mr. Cynic: How can I thank you for your picture? I never look at it without being reminded of you. Thanking you again for your kindness in sending it to me, I am, yours sincerely, Ethel V. Blank.' I've never sent a wedding gift out since."

"Oh, they lose their self-possession entirely," said the Philosopher. "This funny letter of acknowledgment business is no new thing. Why, I got a letter once from a girl in response to a little silver vase I sent her with a note of regret that absence from town would prevent my congratulating her in person at her reception to which I was invited. Her reply was quite on a par with those you have given us. 'You have so pleased me with this olive dish that I hardly know how to thank you,' she wrote. 'I am sorry that we shall not see you to thank you at the wedding. However, we shall hope for better luck next time.' She didn't know what she was writing—that was all. She was so mixed up that she couldn't tell the difference between a silver vase and an olive dish, and as for the better-luck-next-time sentence, she was probably thinking of something else entirely when she wrote it. All of which goes to prove that the Married Man's idea is a good one. I approve of such a book and I'll write a quarter of the letters myself as my contribution to a worthy cause. What's more, I'll invest my seven dollars in buying copies of the book after it is published so as to guarantee some sale for it anyhow."

"I've got a better scheme," said the Irresponsible Person, "so I can't indorse the book. My 'blank form for brides' renders such a work entirely unnecessary."

"How did you happen to get it up?" asked the Cynic, with an anxious glance at the Married Man. They had not yet forgotten their fear that the Irresponsible Person had succumbed to the wiles of a summer girl.

"I did it for—for a friend of mine who is soon to become a bride," was the reply. "This is it. It is to be engraved on a square card something like this:

*Miss  
presents her compliments to M  
and begs to thank  
for the very beautiful  
which arrived this  
It may please M  
to hear that it has  
always been one of Miss  
most ardent desires to  
become the possessor of a  
, which desire is  
now gratified.*

"That," continued the Irresponsible Person, "I venture to say fills the bill completely. On receipt of a present it could be filled out at once and mailed, either by the bride-elect or by some one deputed to act in her behalf."

"She might have a rubber stamp for lamps and coffee-spoons," suggested the Married Man, whose mind reverted to certain duplicates in his wife's souvenirs of their marriage.

"She might," said the Irresponsible Person. "But a woman as lazy as all that has no business to be married."

Here the meeting adjourned, and the Cynic and the Married Man went home more firmly of the belief than ever that the Irresponsible Person was contemplating matrimony, which was why the Cynic was more cynical than ever that evening while the Married Man was in an unusually joyous frame of mind.

As for the Philosopher, he went away without thinking anything about it. His mind was too absorbed in the fifteenth chapter of the sixth part of his great philosophical work bearing the taking title of "Why," which a humorous advocate of an opposing philosophical school later replied to with equal terseness by saying "Because."

To relieve any possible misgivings in the mind of the reader as to the young man's matrimonial projects, I feel that I would better say here that he had had intentions of that nature; he had proposed to and been accepted by a summer girl as his friends suspected, but had ultimately changed his mind on receiving from her fair hands an engraved announcement of her marriage to another, which he regarded as a fortunate escape.

"For," said he, "a woman who would do that sort of thing is not the kind of woman I'd like for a wife."

\* \* \* In the next issue of the JOURNAL Mr. Bangs will report the final meeting of "The Paradise Club."

## THE EVIL OF OVER-EATING

BY REV. F. S. ROOT

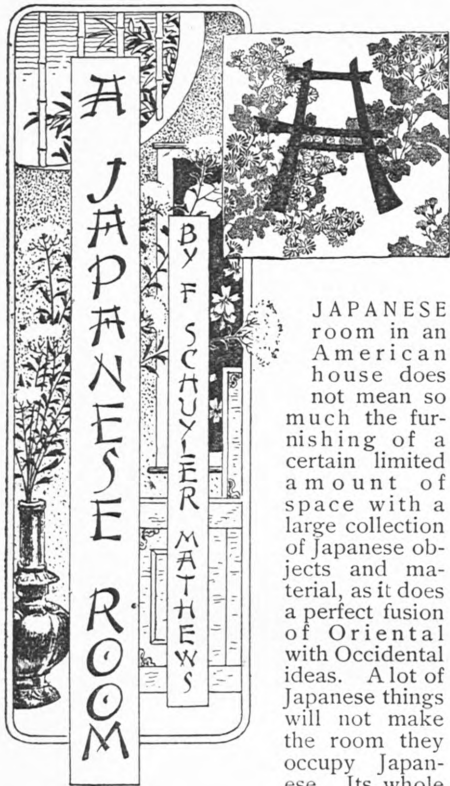
THE excesses in the use of food and drink of some men are almost beyond belief, and yet, in a few instances, the facts are well authenticated. Brillat-Savarin, himself a famous epicure, relates the following anecdote: A friend expressed the despair of his life that he could never get his "fill of oysters." "Come, dine with me and you shall have enough," said the epicure. The friend did, and ate thirty-one dozen oysters as a prelude to the excellent dinner which was served. Downright gluttony is not given frequent exhibition at the tables of gentle people in these days. It is considered rather nearer correct to affect a small appetite, such as requires the temptation of dainty dishes. This is, however, very frequently a small bit of deception, but it has merit, even though it leads those who resort to it to supplement meals taken in public, in the privacy of their own pantries. For this there is a very distinguished precedent, as Rogers, in his "Table Talk," says of Lord Byron: "When he sat down to dinner I asked him if he would take soup. 'No, I never take soup.' Would he eat some fish? 'No, I never eat fish.' Mutton? 'No, I never eat mutton.' Wine? 'No, I never drink wine.' 'What do you eat?' 'Nothing but hard biscuits and soda.' Neither were at hand, and Byron dined on potatoes drenched with vinegar. I did not then know that the poet after leaving my house had gone to a club in St. James Street and partaken of a hearty meat supper."

IN regard to this whole matter of gluttony I assert that it is the duty of the good housewife to keep down the appetite of her husband. Particularly is this necessary in the cases of well-to-do professional and business men. In the families of mechanics earning low wages such a warning is almost wholly unnecessary, but it may be said of most men in good circumstances that they eat too freely of rich food. If men would begin careful and systematic physical culture in early youth and continue the practice through life, good health would be the result. Beyond the age of forty—at a period when so many are physically lazy—the superior value of exercise is apparent; but ordinarily, this is just the time when the hygiene of athletics is neglected. There is no reason why a punching-bag, rowing-machine, pulley-weights and other apparatus should be relegated to college boys and clerks. But having done a good deal of work in his time it is almost impossible to persuade a business or professional man, turning forty, to give any sort of attention to physical culture if such training has been previously neglected. Hence, I say it is the duty of a woman to keep from her husband all rich compounds that will ultimately ruin his digestion. High feeding is occasionally neutralized by hard exercise; but in the absence of the latter it is mischievous in the extreme. If your husband will stand the treatment, begin by switching off from the heavy breakfast of steak, hot rolls, potatoes, etc., and set before him eggs-on-toast, oatmeal and coffee.

THE effects of over-eating—or what is equally bad, injudicious eating—are clearly perceived in the case of a man who trains for some athletic event. In really fine condition indigestion is great loss of power. A strong member of a college crew, "hard as nails," was utterly unfit to pull his oar-blade through the water on the four-mile journey down the Thames River at New London, simply because of indiscretion in eating a few nights before. This shows the importance of diet. Napoleon is said to have lost the battle of Leipsic because of a fit of indigestion brought on by unusual indulgence. It is conceivable that a business man may lose a tempting contract, or a professional man an important cause for the same reason. Nor is this all. The financial aspect of the case is worthy of our consideration. By taking off a little here and a little there; by reducing condiments and sauces, expensive desserts and creamy compounds to a minimum, the grocer's account will be a complete surprise at the end of the month, while the husband's health as well as his pocket-book will show gratifying results. I know of a family whose members almost unconsciously fitted into this simpler way of living, until eventually the butcher and the baker received barely two-thirds of their former dividends. And each inmate of the household could almost have taken an oath that nothing had been subtracted from the menu, so gradual had been the shrinkage. Let some of the women who are brain-weary with devising tempting dishes for the good man of the house take this matter to heart, and if they are able to change their husbands from gourmands to athletes a ripe old age is not unlikely.

On the other hand, those of full habit who give unchecked and hearty indulgence to their appetites, should always keep in mind the words Shakespeare puts into the mouth of sweet "Portia's" wise maid: "They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing."





JAPANESE room in an American house does not mean so much the furnishing of a certain limited amount of space with a large collection of Japanese objects and material, as it does a perfect fusion of Oriental with Occidental ideas. A lot of Japanese things will not make the room they occupy Japanese. Its whole arrangement

and character must undergo a complete change. For instance, a chair is a thing quite foreign to the Oriental idea of a seat. There are no chairs in Japan. Divan and stool are both Oriental, and conform with our ideas of comfortable seats. Indeed, they often prove quite as luxurious as the conventional American rocking-chair.

Whatever is Japanese that will adapt itself to the requirements of our American civilization, we may apply to our needs in the furnishing of such a room. I do not think that a plentiful supply of fans, lanterns, vases, umbrellas and screens will properly meet these requirements. A room furnished in good taste must not look like a museum. The Japanese room should look like one we might see in a house in Tokio, the character of the furnishings of which is marked by plainness and entire simplicity.

In Japan they take off their shoes on entering a house. Sir Edwin Arnold, who lived in Tokio when he wrote "The Light of the World," conformed to the custom, saying he did not believe in making a street of his own home.

As a matter of fact, the Japanese mats are entirely too white and fine for heavy, dusty shoes. The rooms are usually planned to accommodate just so many mats laid close together over the floor. These are thick, soft, and black-bordered, three feet by six feet in size, and about two inches thick. It is by no means necessary that we should conform to a Japanese custom or cover our floors with straw matting in sections, but the softness of the mat we can easily copy by using several thicknesses of carpet-paper lining. It would be well to make the floor covering at least half an inch thick. A blue and white cotton rug before the entrance door, and possibly one of white goat's hair in front of the fireplace are sufficient for all needs. The plainer the floor appears the better.

The walls ought to be perfectly plain also; not a figure nor a suggestion of one is necessary. I would cover the surface with a dead-finish coat of light ochre-brown color, or use cartridge paper of the same tint or neutral gray in tone. A pretty wainscoting may be made of figured straw matting finished with a two-inch moulding at the top. For a frieze we may use some

figured Japanese paper about sixteen inches wide, which comes for the purpose, or ordinary wall paper with the strictly conventional wheel pattern (the chrysanthemum) in gold. I should dispense with the usual picture moulding. In its place, and wherever the framing lines appear in my sketch of the room, I would employ slats two inches wide and one-half an inch thick, which may be obtained at any planing mill. Clear pine or spruce slats are best for the purpose. It would be well to obtain quite a quantity of this material as it will form the basis of the joinery work employed in fitting the room.

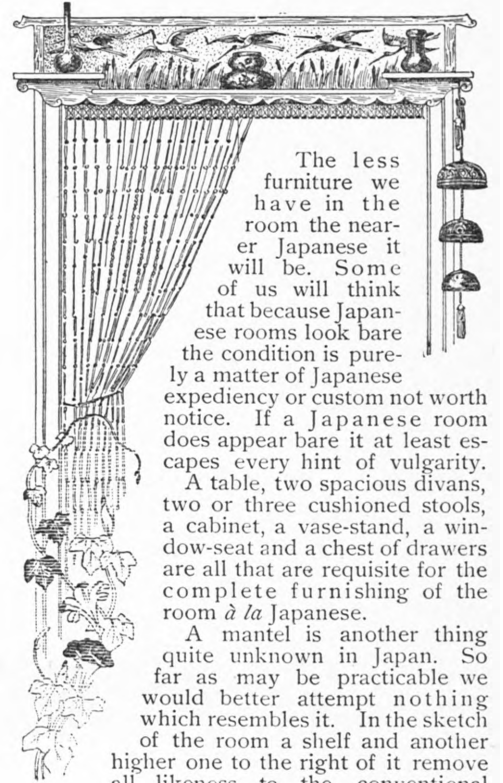
The ceiling may be covered with an ochre or a cream-colored paper on which the chrysanthemum figures are printed in gold. The slats, which are placed over the paper regardless of the figures, are one and a quarter inches thick and two inches deep, set on edge, with spaces between about sixteen inches wide; the narrower, crossing ones are one and a half inches wide and one-half an inch thick, spaced twenty-five inches apart. The effect of this woodwork on the ceiling is quite pretty as well as distinctly Japanese. Before the wood is put up I should cover it with a little varnish and oil mixed and rubbed in with a rag, or stain it teakwood color. This method applies to all the other woodwork in the room except the Japanese lattice-work, which I should allow to remain in its natural condition.

In nine cases out of ten our room will have two windows exactly alike in size and style. This will not do. The Japanese have no respect for senseless repetition, and we must destroy the balance of these windows at once. My sketch of a window shows how one of them may be treated.

There is an extra framing extending out into the room about ten inches or so, which gives width enough for a divan below and a shelf above for a vase or two of Wandering Jew. In an opaque win-

dow, which carries out an essentially Japanese idea. The vase filled with not more than one or two kinds of flowers must always occupy some prominent position in the room. I cannot imagine a more striking one for the flowers than this which the window affords. In daytime they would get the full benefit of the light from the circular opening, and at evening a lighted lantern hung over the recess would produce a charming effect.

Regarding the kinds of Japanese pottery which are obtainable to-day with a moderate outlay of money, I might draw attention to the following: Owari, blue and white; Tokonabe, terra-cotta with modeled decoration; Imari, blue, red and white; Kaga, red, white and gold; Tokio, alabaster-like white, decoration in all colors; Tysan, usually dark colors on the ground with raised white floral decorations; Kioto, recent kinds resemble Tysan, but have painted instead of raised decoration, all colors; Idzuma, plain glaze in various colors. I might add to the list modern so-called Satsuma, but the genuine pottery of this name is infinitely more beautiful than its imitation, and is correspondingly expensive. There is a great deal of the coarse and showy modern imitation Satsuma seen nowadays in our Japanese stores, some of which is passably good, but I would rather possess a modest piece of a different sort of pottery and thus avoid something which might prove just a bit vulgar. A charming little piece of the real Satsuma about three inches high may be obtained for five dollars. But for the same sum a vase certainly fourteen inches high of Imari ware can be picked



The less furniture we have in the room the nearer Japanese it will be. Some of us will think that because Japanese rooms look bare the condition is purely a matter of Japanese expediency or custom not worth notice. If a Japanese room does appear bare it at least escapes every hint of vulgarity.

A table, two spacious divans, two or three cushioned stools, a cabinet, a vase-stand, a window-seat and a chest of drawers are all that are requisite for the complete furnishing of the room à la Japanese.

A mantel is another thing quite unknown in Japan. So far as may be practicable we would better attempt nothing which resembles it. In the sketch of the room a shelf and another higher one to the right of it remove all likeness to the conventional

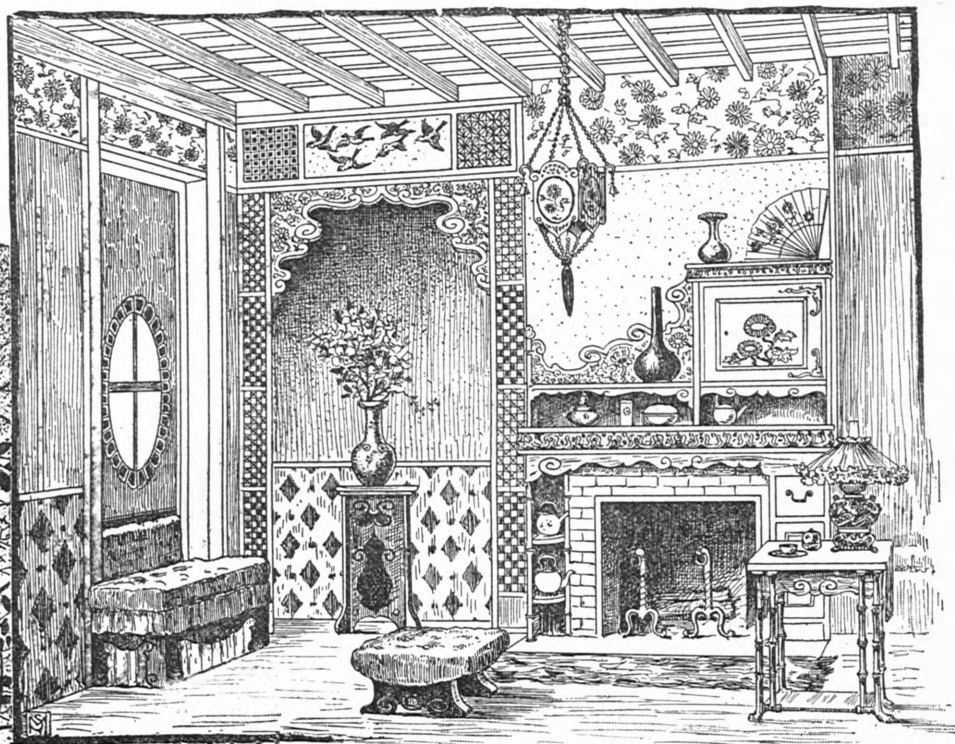
mantel by the absence of the usual symmetry. The Japanese are firm believers in asymmetry, and nothing which they do is characterized by monotonous balance or uninteresting repetition. They will manufacture vases in pairs for others who admire the duplication of objects of art, but for themselves they prefer to see no two exactly alike. The mantel, therefore, may be dispensed with altogether, or it may be revolutionized until above the shelf it takes the form of the cupboard affair, which may be seen in my sketch. On the left and below the cupboard, a couple of narrow shelves should occupy the space between it and the floor. On the right the fireplace, surrounded with plain tiles or brick set in cement (as is shown around the fireplace in

the sketch of room), may hold the larger space directly beneath the cupboard. In fact, any irregular combination of shelves and drawers will furnish the best substitute for the mantel in a Japanese room.

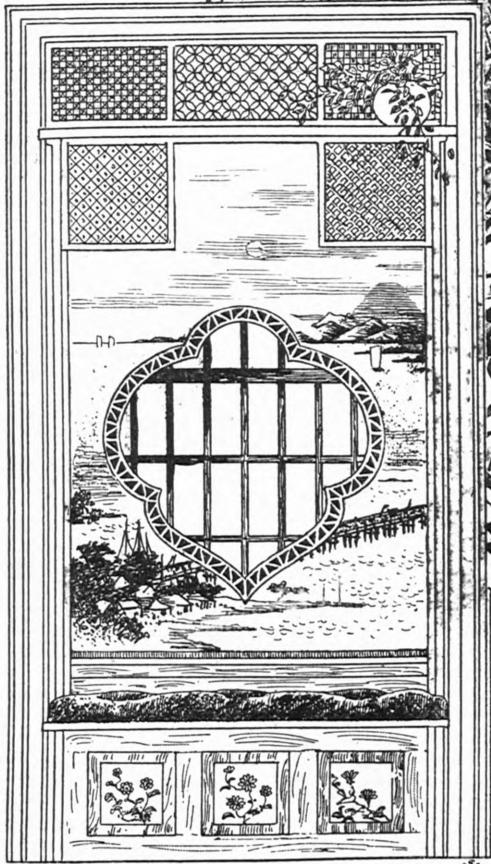
In conclusion I might suggest that fans and umbrellas decoratively arranged will not serve any sensible purpose in our Japanese room. They may appear artistic to us, and they are, but the Japanese do not decorate their rooms with such material, not regarding them as decorative.

The sketch of a lantern shows what may be done with a three-dollar hanging lamp, such as one may find at any of the house-furnishing goods stores. This is a step beyond the glass bead lamp and the paper lantern seen in the sketch of the room, and is really much more artistic. The octagonal pieces of glass may be bound with book-binder's cloth, and pretty Japanese pictures can be pasted on them. Beads strung on fine wire, and a pair of silk tassels will make the affair artistic in every sense of the word. The lamp will give a bright light, provided the pictures on the glass are sufficiently delicate in color.

My sketch of the upper part of the doorway suggests a shelf and over it a screen on which a flight of birds is strongly drawn. The bead and bamboo curtain is quite in place here, as a peep through it into the room may attract one inside; certainly a woven fabric seems less desirable in such a position, and one might like their friends to have a distant glance into the picturesque Japanese interior.



A JAPANESE ROOM



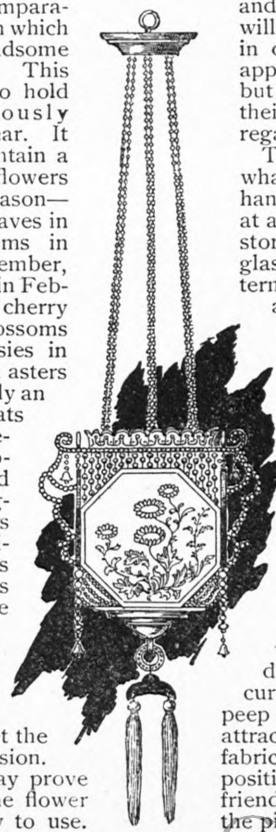
A JAPANESE WINDOW

dow shade a hole can be cut like that my sketch suggests, and the edge ornamented with a Japanese border, using bronze paint. Another cream-colored shade will also be convenient. The Japanese lattice at the top of the win-

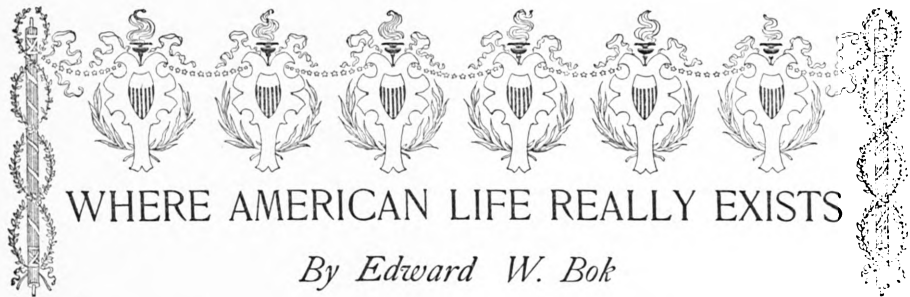
dow comes in sections one foot square and costs fifty cents each. The old sashes may be replaced by new ones like my drawing for about two dollars and a half each window; but it is not my idea that even the sashes should be alike in the two windows. The drawing of the room shows the second window furnished with a swinging-in shutter, in the centre of which is a circular opening. The old sash, whatever its pattern, will do here. This corner of the room is very carefully arranged. In it a handsome vase with a carved wood base holds a position of

up without an extended search.

It seems essential that a Japanese room should possess, at the expense of anything else, a rich but simple cabinet stand, which can be secured of furniture dealers at comparatively small cost, on which should sit a handsome large jar or vase. This vase is intended to hold flowers continuously through the year. It should always contain a spray or bunch of flowers appropriate to the season—for instance, autumn leaves in October, chrysanthemums in November, holly in December, pine boughs in January, fir in February, daffodils in March, cherry blossoms in April, apple blossoms in May, roses in June, daisies in July, gladioli in August, and asters in September. This is simply an idea which in principle repeats a Japanese custom. The selection of the flowers is optional with any one, and therefore the foregoing suggestion of certain flowers must not be considered arbitrary in any respect. It is only essential that the colors of the vase should harmonize with those of the flowers, and that not more than two kinds of bloom should be used at a time. Neither is it necessary that this same vase should be forced to meet the requirements of every occasion. Another, now and then, may prove more harmonious with some flower which it becomes necessary to use.







## WHERE AMERICAN LIFE REALLY EXISTS

By Edward W. Bok



OME one has said that people are very much like sheep: where one goes the others follow. And this truism seems to be particularly applicable to our own times when we note the marvelous attraction which large cities have for the people of the present day. Not that the attraction of the great city is something peculiar to this generation. For going back as much as two thousand years we find the life of the Greeks and the history of Greece all centered around Athens. If we read the history of Rome we know the history of the Roman Empire. The history of Asia Minor is practically all told in the history of Babylon, of Jerusalem and of Troy. Egyptian history is told in the marvelous stories of Alexandria and Thebes. In our own times we need speak only of France, when Paris rises before us, and yet in no city in the world is life less typical of the French than in Paris. No Frenchman with any regard for his country will allow a visitor to form his impressions of French life from what he sees in Paris. We speak of England, and London comes before the mind. And yet the great commercial and political strength of England lies not in London, but in such cities as Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and other, what the English call, "provincial towns."

OUR own country is best known to other nations by New York; in fact, thousands of foreigners knew of no other American city until the World's Fair sent the fame of Chicago from one end of the world to the other. And now even the intelligent foreigner knows only of our New York, our Chicago, our Boston, our Philadelphia, our San Francisco and a few other great cities. The average foreigner comes over here, sees these cities and one or two others, perhaps, and he feels that he has seen America and has come into touch with our American life. Only at rare intervals have we such a careful and discriminating visitor as was Madame Blanc—perhaps one of the brightest women in the French Republic to-day—who, after her thorough American tour of a year ago, declared that the most cultivated social coterie which she found anywhere in America was in Galesburg, Illinois. "Galesburg!" says some one in surprise, "of all places!" And yet this is not a white more strange to the average ear than will be the declaration of a famous English author who said to me that nowhere in America did he find more charming social life than in Elizabeth, New Jersey. One of the most widely-traveled women in England told me last summer that if she were to settle in America she would choose Springfield, Massachusetts, of all the places in our country. All this sounds strange, and yet it means simply that in our day in America we are repeating history in the notion that the only places to live are the great centres of population.

THE fact of the matter is that as Americans we know precious little of our own country. And to a very large extent we are responsible for the false impressions of American life which come to us from other countries. No tendency in our American life is so unfortunate as this growing feeling of snobbishness which is developing so fast on the part of the people of certain of our cities toward the people of other cities, large and small. This exaggerated prejudice of the East toward the West, and *vice versa*, is both silly and senseless. And it is all due to the fact that the average American travels so little. This statement may seem rather in contradiction of the popular belief that Americans are great travelers. Yet recently-computed statistics, based upon the returns of the business done by the railroad and steamboat lines during 1894, show very clearly that of our immense population of nearly sixty-nine millions not more than three per cent. of the people go fifty miles away from their homes during a year. And of this average one and one-half per cent. leave their homes only in the summer time to go to the country. Hence, less than two out of every hundred people in these United States manage to see places fifty miles away from the city where choice or circumstances have fixed their lot in life. This is not so strange when one considers how busy a people we really are. The vast majority of us are too busy to travel, and cannot spare the time; others, again, cannot afford the expense.

THE World's Fair was an immense educator in this respect. It induced thousands of people to leave their homes and become even casually acquainted with the country lying between their homes and Chicago. But, at the best, it gave such people only a small idea of the vastness of America, and brought them into actual touch with the life of only one city. Yet it was better than nothing. There are few things which Americans can more sincerely deplore than this unfortunate hindrance to travel through our country. And were the power given me to extend the chance for travel to a thousand people in this country, I would incline, I think, to make my selection not from those living in the smaller communities, but from those living in the larger cities. For, just as the keenest sense of loneliness which a mortal can experience is to be lonely in a great city, so the most lamentable ignorance of our American cities is to-day to be found among the people living in our great centres of population. It is the most lamentable ignorance in the sense that it is the ignorance which displays itself. We need only talk with untraveled men or women living in our large cities to see how really dense is this ignorance, and yet how loudly it is proclaimed. The New York man who never leaves his city, for example, is absolutely intolerant of anything outside of it. All other cities are provincial to him. He will concede, perhaps, that Chicago is a great city, but that is simply because circumstances have compelled him to recognize the fact. Philadelphia to him is "slow," Boston "uppish," the West "uncouth," "unfinished," the South "way, way behind," and cities such as Buffalo, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, New Orleans are places which simply exist on the map, or perhaps for the purpose that New York may have an outlet for what it produces. The social life of all the cities in America is regulated by what New York does, thinks this man; all fashions, all modes, all fads, come to them from his city. Nor is the Chicago man any the less tolerant of other cities. And in a lesser degree, perhaps, but yet equally so in a sense, the man of Philadelphia, Boston or San Francisco turns up his nose at smaller communities adjacent to his city. This is the spirit which runs riot in our large cities, and it is at once not only an un-American spirit but one born of ignorance. It is the narrow-mindedness of the untraveled man. I never hear a man glorify his own city and refuse to concede anything to any other city or nation but I make up my mind that I am listening to a man who has never traveled a hundred miles away from his home. And, as a general thing, I find that I am correct in my surmises.

IT is perfectly right that those of us who live in the large cities should believe and feel that our lines have been cast in pleasant places. No city can become great if its citizens refuse to impart an interest to its affairs, or fail to feel a sense of pride in what it possesses. It is the feeling which its citizens extend to the welfare of a city that makes it great or small, that means its success or its failure. Local interest, local pride, is the very life of a city. It is that which has made Chicago what it is to-day; it is the lack of it which is relegating so many of our once powerful cities to minor positions in the table of American cities. It is not only the privilege, but it is the duty of every man and woman to feel a pride, and the very highest pride, in the city in which he or she lives. The pride of its citizens is the life-blood of a city. It is rather the spirit of intolerance toward other cities which I seek to rebuke in these words, the refusal to concede anything in the way of merit to other communities, and more particularly to the smaller American cities. Our great cities are beehives of industry; they are the commercial veins of the country, and are rapidly becoming the pulses of the world, for we have the whole globe for our market. But to give everything to them, and refuse to concede anything to the smaller communities, is unjust—more than that, it is directly against reason and facts.

Our great centres are not our typical American communities. They cannot be, of necessity. The true American life does not exist within them. We need only to visit New York or Chicago to see how thoroughly cosmopolitan and restless, and unlike our ideas of what they should be, these large cities are. Their populations are shifting; the life there is fleeting. No two days are alike upon their streets.

EVERYTHING in our large American cities is hustle and bustle; electricity is in the very air, and only in the older and more remote parts of such cities is there to be found anything even approaching true American life. Domesticity is almost an unknown element in the life of our great American cities; nearly everybody keeps open house. Privacy is at a premium, and where it is desired it is only to be found in the numerous dormitories—suburbs, we Americans call them—which lie adjacent to these centres. The life of a man in a great city is that of business; the life of a woman is mostly that of society or amusements of one kind and another. True domesticity, that contentment which is born of quiet living, is almost an unknown quantity in our great cities, except in certain spots and byways, but these are few and becoming fewer each year as the cities are reaching out, commercial buildings occupying every nook and corner. The great American centres are for business, not for living purposes.

IT is when we go into the smaller cities of our country that we find the real American life, the truest phases of American living. One need only go into such charming and delightful home cities as Albany, Troy, Syracuse, Binghamton, Rochester and Buffalo in New York State, or in such spots of charming intellectuality as New Haven or Hartford in Connecticut, or Springfield, Worcester or Lowell in Massachusetts, to see how far removed from the truest and happiest way of living are the people of the larger cities. American home life and everything that is uplifting in American domesticity are perfectly fragrant in such cities as Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Louisville, Cleveland or Cincinnati. People live in these cities as if they enjoyed living. The very exteriors of homes in these cities breathe forth a wholesome domestic atmosphere. A man of fair income in any of these cities lives like a human being in a home in which the sunshine visits each side of his house during a day. For less money he has a house with ground around it than his brother of greater means who lives in a larger city and has only a brown-stone chest of drawers in a closely-built block into which the sun penetrates only through one side of his house. The man of the smaller community is, necessarily, happier with such living, and his wife and children are the healthier for it. Life means something to a man living in this way: it means contentment and comfort. His place of business and his home are in the same city, and he goes from one to the other independent of crowded trolleys or ill-ventilated railroad cars or worsely-odored ferry-boats. The wear upon his nerves is less, and if his interests are not as great as the man in the larger community his happiness is greater.

IF the young men of the present day who are starting out in life would combat the modern tendency to go to the great centres of population, and cast their lines in some of the smaller cities which I have mentioned, it would be better for the country and it would be better for them. I know of no young man whom I envy more to-day than he who, having energy and ability, has the wisdom and the determination to remain in one of these smaller cities, or go to one of them, and start upon a business career with any sort of prospective success. The happiest kind of a life is before him. With a more limited field before him than in a vaster and to him more meaningless city, he can concentrate his efforts and cement his connections in a way that is impossible in a large city. With honest dealing as his watchword every step he takes is noticed. Every advance counts just so much for him. He is in direct touch with the people who make up the life of his community; his acts are known of all men. He grows with the community, and in time becomes part of its best life, and the degree of his success depends entirely upon his own efforts and opportunities. In a few years he is an employer, where in New York, Chicago or Boston he would simply have been an employee, with a sea of people around him as meaningless to him as the Atlantic Ocean. But young men do not seem to see the greater advantages held out to them by the smaller communities. The glitter of life in the larger cities attracts them away from the very places where they might and could make their best successes and live their happiest lives. And yet the fact remains that the surest and best chances for success and happy living for thousands of our young men lie in the smaller cities, and not in the greater centres, where the successes of the few are heard of but where the failures of the thousands are never talked of. And some of the very happiest women in the United States are in its smaller cities. Life seems to be more fully rounded out: to have a truer, a deeper significance. Friendships in these smaller communities mean something where people have time to know and see each other. There are no hosts of friends where the one has simply a nodding or a speaking acquaintance with the other. The women enter into each other's lives, their enjoyments and their studies.

THE quality of intellectual life of the smaller American cities astonishes one who finds it for the first time. And the secret of it lies in the simple fact that people in these cities have more time for the cultivation of the mind, for the gratification of mental tastes. Literary clubs and neighborhood guilds have a deeper meaning than in the great centres. A woman's social life is absolutely refreshing and stimulating in these cities, and in direct contrast to the exhaustion of social gayeties of the large cities. But people come closer to each other, and their amusements are more satisfying, more harmonious. Something more than the material instinct enters into their lives. A social gathering in those communities is as natural and free from conventionalities as a similar gathering in large cities is obnoxious in its superficiality and formality. A wife's friends are the friends of her husband, and they are one in their social and religious life, which is not always the case in families of the larger centres. The husband is the man of the home, and he spends there the time away from his business. If his outside diversions are fewer his inner pleasures are greater, and he lives the life of a husband and of a father: he knows his wife and his children. He is a part of the social life of his wife, and the playmate and companion of his children. Their interests are one; their pleasures are the same, and the clearest atmosphere of domestic happiness is found in these homes.

THEN, too, the church comes closer in the fulfillment of its mission in our smaller American communities. The religious life is truer than in the large centres. But the church is not merely a sanctuary which the people attend on Sunday morning, absent themselves at evening service, and never come near it during the week. The church is taken into the lives of its people, and its interests are their interests, spiritual and material. The minister is a pastor and a close friend of the families of his church, frequently in the home and always a part of its social life. The women interest themselves in church work, and through them the men become factors in it as well. Men are conspicuous for their presence and not by their absence at church services, and not only are the leading men of these communities to be found in their pews at Sunday services, but they are a personal part of the church workings and a factor in its success. The churches of our smaller cities are what churches should be, and what they so largely fail in being in our larger cities: neighborhood altars. With the interest of its members alive to every phase of church work, the most cheerful and best religious atmosphere is to be found in these churches. During the week the social life of the church is looked after, and men and women alike are factors in it, with the women as leaders and the men as hearty coöperatives. In other words, church life is made part of the home life.

OUR great cities will always have an attraction for thousands, and, as in the olden times, the tendency of mankind will be to gather in great centres, and this is not distinctive of our age any more than it was distinctive of the ages that are past. A vast metropolis has a marvelous drawing power. The excitement of its life is unquestionably alluring. The chances of great successes will also serve as a magnet to draw the young. Our great American cities will continue to charm, and thousands will go to them and chase the pot at the end of the rainbow there. It is inevitable that this should be so. But all these things do not lessen the fact that the surest chances for business success and for domestic happiness lie in our smaller cities. It is not encouraging to them to see their best blood and energy taken away by the larger centres. At the same time there is much food for thought in the fact that the majority of the greatest industries of America are located outside of the great centres, and that the millionaires of New York, more especially, are beginning to build their houses outside of the city. These facts, as we grow older as a nation, will become more and more apparent to the young and rising generation, upon whom we must depend for the future of our nation. And we will be wise if we cease in our empty boast that nothing good exists or can come out of our smaller communities. It is high time that we should make known the truth which, when we are serious, we are all willing enough to acknowledge: that the real life-blood of our country lies not in the great centres, that the truest living is not to be found within their borders, and that the best chances for success are not a monopoly of the metropolis. The truth is just the reverse. To the smaller American cities must we turn the eyes of the rising young man, and not only must we be honest and tell him that there his chances for commercial success are better, but we must impress upon him the great truth that it is in our smaller communities, and not in our great cities, that the truest and best phases of American life exist; that they are, in reality, the true seats of our American men, our American women, our American industries and the American life of which we can be most proud.



RELIGION IN THE FAMILY  
By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.

THE ground I have to traverse here is as necessary as it is delicate. All that has been said in my previous paper regarding moral training lacks support save as the matter is carried down to that underlying stratum of experience where are deposited the child's religious sensibilities. It may never be possible to state with exactness where the frontier lies between the related territories of morality and religion, yet we all of us, probably, have the feeling that the two are not quite identical, and should very likely agree with one another that while morality concerns itself with rules of duty, and is therefore apt to become rather uninteresting and irksome, religion brings us into relation with a Personal Something which lies back of those rules, asserts itself through them, and helps to communicate to them warmth and pressure.

A SIMPLE illustration will best serve my purpose here, for while I do not want to embarrass the matter by fine distinctions, I know there will be a very practical advantage in being able to see clearly the way in which moral training can bring religious reality to its own aid and quickening. I can suppose a child to have a task set before it requiring to be performed. Now there are two ways in which the child can address itself to that task. There can be on its part merely the feeling of something that is to be done, a necessity that has to be met. Under those circumstances the duty stands to the child in a relation that is purely impersonal, and is therefore absolutely barren of impulse and zest. Doing duty because it is duty has had a great many pleasant things said in its behalf, and it is doubtless heroic, but there is nothing about it that is either mellow or beautiful; and when work has been pursued along that line for a certain length of time it can be confidently expected to issue in weariness and a break-down. Or the child can undertake its task in quite a different spirit. Its duty can be felt by it, not as an impersonal necessity, but as being the expression of the wish or will of its own mother. This translates performance into a distinct sphere. The child's movement now is in a region of personality. Not only is the child itself personal but the pressure telling upon it is personal likewise; and according to the measure in which the relation between that child and its mother is a filial and affectionate one, that maternal pressure becomes to it a quickener and an inspiration. That gives us in a small way, but with considerable accuracy, I venture to think, the difference between morality and religion. In the one case the ethical compulsions which dominate us are felt by us as full of impact but void of soul. We do not so much obey them, for obedience involves the recognition on our part of a personal element in the authority to which our obedience is rendered; we rather succumb to them, as a driven vessel succumbs to the blast that is pursuing it, or as an exposed Swiss hamlet goes down under the avalanche.

Let me now turn aside for a moment and see in what an easy, practical way this principle will work in our particular matter of child religion. Children generally have more or less said to them about conscience. They are instructed to do what their conscience tells them to do and to refrain from doing what their conscience forbids them to do. All of this is good, but how good will depend on the notion that in their minds is attached to the word conscience. If the expression just used is allowed to mean to them simply that they must do what they feel they ought to do, and must leave undone what it seems to them wrong to do, the lugging in of that word conscience may amplify their vocabulary a little but will hardly contribute to aid or beautify their behavior. But let them understand that the whispered compulsion working within them that puts its gentle restraints and constraints upon them is the still, small voice of God, and they will feel themselves placed instantly in the Divine Presence, and the holiness and solemnity of their circumstance will, to the degree in which it is experienced by them, procure in them an obedience which will be both easy and reverent.

From the illustration just used, which I think will easily appeal both to the heart and the intelligence of any parent, it would be easy to go on and define religion as being the loyal sense of God's nearness to us in all the relations of life.

THIS definition is too transparent to ever be credited with being profound, something possibly as water is never thought to be deep if it is so clear that one can see the bottom. However that may be, it is a way of putting the matter that will be extremely serviceable in dealing religiously with the children. It is a remarkable thing in regard to little people that it is almost never too early to approach them with religious suggestion. It is not what we say to them that makes them religious; it is the religious instinct already in them that makes intelligible to them whatever of a religious kind we say to them. The best that a child can become in this, as in every other respect, accrues from wisely handling and fostering some impulse already contained in the child's original dowry. If the beginnings of individual religion were not an implant no method of treatment, no ingenuity of culture, could suffice to establish such a beginning. Religion can be immanent in the child, and even be a part of his experience, without his being able yet to know it as religion, or being able to comprehend the allusions made to it by his elders. There is an interesting suggestion along that line in what occurred in the history of little Samuel. Divine influences, we are told, began to be operative in him and to make themselves very distinctly felt by him before he was far enough along to be able to discriminate intellectually between what is human and what is divine. God's voice he took to be Eli's till Eli set him right. It holds in the twilight of life what is true in each dawning, that it begins to be morning a good while before there is sunshine enough in the air for the sun-dial to be able to tell us what o'clock it is.

IT is in keeping with the foregoing to say that the initial mistake which, as parents and teachers, we are continually making with the children, is in withholding from them religious suggestion till we are sure the way has been prepared for it by their advancing mental development. The fact is that the susceptibility to divine things antedates the appreciation of things human and finite. Whether in the life of the individual or in that of the race at large religion is older than science. In all this it needs to be clearly understood that I am not talking about theology, but about religion,—about the loyal sense of God's nearness to us in all the relations of life, which is as distinct from theology as vision is distinct from the science of optics. A remarkable commentary upon the truth we have just now in hand is found in the fact that when Christ wanted to discourse upon the text, "God is a spirit," He selected as His auditor an ignorant Samaritan water-carrier. He could hardly have chosen a profounder theme, and hardly could He have chosen a hearer that from an intellectual standpoint would have been more imperfectly equipped for the suggestions He had to offer her. The infant's eyes are full of light waiting to be greeted by the light of the sun so soon as its lids are lifted. The heart of the child is tuned to the things of God, and its strings are ready to become musical so soon as they are touched by a hand that knows how to stir them into resonance. It is a good while before the child and the earth come very close to one another, but on the contrary "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." So soon as we understand that religion begins in a child as a native tendency, a holy possibility, it is but a step to the conclusion that its unfolding will be first of all a matter of the atmosphere with which it is invested and overlaid. It is not in the first instance an affair of learning Sunday-school lessons, committing hymns or even reading the Bible. The growths of the soul, like the growths of the ground, depend primarily upon climate. It is the religion that is constitutively present and inherent in the home life that has to be relied upon first of all, and more than all else as the means of leading out into vigor and grace the religious possibilities of the little dwellers in the home. And when I say "religion that is constitutively present and inherent in the home life" I mean religion that is so interiorly wrought into the fibre of the home life that it never occurs to one to try to draw out the religious thread from the rest of the web and view it apart. Religion taken by itself is not a nice thing any more than the artist's pigment taken by itself is a nice thing, however exquisite in its effects that pigment may become when it has been diffused and wrought into the tissue of the canvas. That is one particular reason why

children often do not like religion and do not come under its power; it is exhibited to them in bulk; it is too palpable; it is bunched instead of becoming a diffusive presence by being an organic constituent in the entire life of the home. There are families, a great many of them—would that there were more—where the religious effect wrought upon one is very much like the effect which the light produces upon us on a bright day, which is so distributed, and so hides itself in the various complexion which it puts upon all the objects of nature standing in its pathway, that although wondrously brightened ourselves by the splendid revelation we can go about in the midst of it all without a single distinct thought, perhaps, of the sunshine which has made all this splendor possible.

FAMILY religion of the kind now being considered is one in which everything which occurs and everything which exists is thought of, and frankly and pleasantly spoken of, as interwoven with threads of divine power, love and intention. I have instanced this in my reference to conscience. The same thing may be accomplished in another way by accustoming the child to think of the events in nature, such as the leafing out of the trees in spring, their growth during the summer, the falling of the rain, the coming out of the stars at evening, as being parts of the ways in which God is wisely and kindly at work in the great and beautiful world that He has made and that He is taking care of. Religion is to a considerable extent nothing more nor less than the habit of associating God with whatever is and with whatever transpires, and the little, susceptible heart of the child is perfectly ready to be guided along the track of such a habit. One of the finishing features of this mode of religious training is that it is so exquisitely simple. There is no straining after effects, and yet by this process the child easily learns to snuggle up to what is, after all, the real heart of all this religious matter.

IT may be wise, although perhaps not necessary, to say that this is not to be taken as a plea against distinct acts or services of religion. I am not trying to preclude prayer nor the stated reading and study of the scriptures, and the like. But family religion falls short of the holy reality it admits of being, so long as distinctive "religious exercises" are conceived of as being, not its expression and outcome, but its very substance. Domestic religion, in order to be genuinely such, is a part of the home's permanent condition, a continuous ingredient in its life. Periodic family devotions, for instance, are not family religion, but, provided they are sincere, one method which that religion takes of asserting and evincing itself, something as the blossoms on a tree, more or less regular in the time of their appearing and in the mode of their distribution, are not that tree's life, but one of the forms under which that life, which is an unintermittent thing, comes to its manifestation. Now the important thing to notice is that only that religion-in-the-home, which is felt to be a pervasive and permanent reality, is calculated to induce in the children a religion which shall be a constituent (and therefore ineradicable) element of their personality. I am arguing for a religion that is so wrought into the structure of the child's being that the religion cannot stop till the child stops. We hear a good deal in these days about young people losing their religious faith, and becoming skeptical, agnostic, or even atheistic. I have now reached the point in my discussion where I am able to put a firm hand on the very root of the difficulty. Any man or woman, young or old, is liable to lose his or her religion if that religion is anything other than a constituent part of his or her own personal being. You never hear of a person's losing his backbone. Backbone cannot disappear except as the man disappears. Backbone cannot die except as the man dies. It is a constituent and therefore an indestructible part. It is in such manner a part of the whole that the whole depends upon it for its own integrity and continuity. But while a man cannot lose his backbone he can lose his baggage. One is an ingredient, the other is nothing but an accident. Now that illustrates, as distinctly as any reader will require, the difference between religion that is ingrained and religion that is adopted. The latter is principally an affair of holding certain doctrines and performing certain religious exercises. As to the religious exercises, change of surroundings is easily able to work their discontinuance, and as to doctrinal opinions, if one intellectual atmosphere induces them, a contrary intellectual atmosphere can just as readily wither and dissipate them. The only religion that can be counted upon with absolute confidence to stay is the religion whose fibres were delicately woven in among the tender threads of the young life, mutually intertwined, fostered by a home atmosphere intrinsically religious, and as sure of its future as it is established in its grounds.



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C. H. Parkhurst



# UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

## AN OCTOBER SONG

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

**T**HERE'S a flush on the cheek of the pippin and peach,  
And the first glint of gold on the bough of the beech;  
The bloom from the stem of the buckwheat is cut,  
And there'll soon be a gap in the burr of the nut.

The grape has a gleam like the breast of a dove,  
And the haw is as red as the lips of my love;  
While the hue of her eyes the blue gentian doth wear,  
And the goldenrod glows like the gloss of her hair.

Like bubbles of amber the hours float away  
As I search in my heart for regrets for the May;  
Alas! for the spring and the glamour thereof;  
The autumn has won me, the autumn and love.

## THE GRAPEVINE ROUND THE PORCH

By CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON

**T**he clapboards are stained by the tempests of years,  
The wind whistles in where no cold came of yore;  
Though comfortless now, one sweet vision appears—  
The grapevine that garlands the porch by the door.

The weeds have grown lusty where furrows were run,  
The pole by the well shall do service no more,  
But fresh with the morning there rises the sun  
On the grapevine that garlands the porch by the door.

The cows that came lowing at night to the barn,  
The chickens that followed the steps of the sower,  
Give place to the quiet of woodland and tarn,  
But the grapevine still garlands the porch by the door.

The footstep shall come not at closing of day,  
With greeting and laughter that welcomed before,  
But back troop the years as I stand and survey  
The grapevine that garlands the porch by the door.

## SOMEBODY'S BABY

By WALDRON W. ANDERSON

**I** SEE each morning as I pass  
A tiny house that's on my way  
A pretty picture through the glass,  
A face that haunts me through the day.

'Tis some one's baby there who crows  
And stretches out his hands to me;  
He thinks I'm some one that he knows,  
I'm not, but I should like to be.

I'm not the only man who goes  
Along that street and glances in,  
But I'm the only one he shows  
The very slightest interest in.

He's taught me one thing that I'd missed.  
His winning ways a seed have sown.  
I'd give my freedom to be kissed  
By such a baby of my own.

## A HANDFUL OF LACONICS

By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE

**S**UCCESS often spoils common people,  
but it mellows those of a higher order.

A woman's momentary intuition is often worth far more than years of a man's experience.

If the dead could read their own obituaries they would pity the world that had lost them.

No woman should expect true friendship when she is incompetent to give such friendship to others.

From persons who don't "mean to," we often suffer more actual harm than from our worst enemies.

To listen with apparent interest is what draws the best from us and is the silent eloquence that moves the minds of men.

A young woman, attractive of person, but vain and selfish, is, to persons of discrimination, the least interesting and inspiring of her sex.

## LOVE'S MILLIONAIRE

By FRANK L. STANTON

**I** SAY: "The world is lonely;  
The hearth at home is cold,  
And sad is life to child and wife  
When life hath little gold."  
But soft her arms steal round my neck—  
My comforter so dear;  
And "How much do you love me?"  
And her sweet voice answers clear:

"I love you, I love you  
A hundred million—there!"  
And then I'm poor no more—no more,  
For I'm Love's millionaire!

Then sweeter seems the breaking  
Of Poverty's sad bread,  
And roses bloom from out the gloom  
And crown her curly head.  
And if sometimes a thankful tear  
My dreaming eyes will fill,  
Her soft arms steal around me,  
And she whispers sweetly still:

"I love you, I love you  
A hundred million—there!"  
I weep no more: God help the poor!  
I'm Love's own millionaire!

## A BROWN LEAF

By FRANK H. SWEET

**I**N the woods to-day a leaf fluttered down,  
It was wrinkled and old and bent and brown,  
But it met the wind and began to play,  
And I watched it until it whirled away.

And I could but wonder, when time and grief  
Should have made me old and bent as the leaf,  
Would my heart be as young and full of glee  
As the brown leaf playing in front of me?

## CONTENT

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

**T**HE red deer hies to his leafy glade,  
The goat to its mountain steep,  
The grayling gambols beneath the shade,  
Where the brook runs still and deep.  
The hawk flies home to its mountain nest,  
The lark to her longsome lea—  
My baby lies on its mother's breast,  
And the mother is here with me.

Oh, fair is the sea and the sky above,  
And sweet is the summer land,  
But what is the world to a woman's love  
And the feel of a dimpled hand?  
And what do I care for the land—the land,  
And what do I care for the sea,  
When I feel the touch of a baby's hand  
And the mother is here by me?

The gray old world goes on and on,  
Its labors shall never cease,  
But here is the blush of creation's dawn  
And the blossoming rose of peace.  
And what do I care for the mountain's crest,  
And what for the lonesome lea?  
My baby lies on its mother's breast,  
And the mother is here with me.

## EVE'S TWIN

By MADELINE S. BRIDGES

**T**HOUGH she's discussed by every tongue  
A novel theme, as we believe,  
Yet, the new woman isn't young—  
She's just about as old as Eve!

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SUGGESTIONS FOR EVENING PARTIES

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A NOVEL BIRTHDAY PARTY

BY MRS. A. G. LEWIS

HERE is an ancient Polish superstition that claims for each month a particular jewel, which every person born in that month ought to wear in order to avert calamity and attain the highest possible degree of good fortune. And it has of late become quite a fad among young people to regard this superstition in the choice of jewelry, also when offering birthday gifts to select something containing the gem which belongs to their friend's birth month. The birth-month ring is worn upon the first finger of either hand—the left preferred. Modern jewelers' calendars vary somewhat from the ancient Polish calendar, but the meaning of the gem is always precisely the same.

FROM an ancient English calendar of flowers we get a list of month flowers. In the old days when superstitions ruled the lives of people, the birth-month flower was worn either fresh or its dried leaves were sewed in a tiny bag, fastened about the neck by a red silk cord, and regarded as a safety charm. Then, again, tradition gave to each month a presiding genius who ruled over the fortunes of each person born in that month, also that astrologists accorded special importance to the signs of the zodiac which rule the months. It is pleasant to recall these traditions. And in suggesting a novel idea for a home fête given in honor of the birthday of a friend, all these interesting facts present themselves as peculiarly significant and suitable.

There ought to be just twelve persons, or twice twelve, at table, the group being selected to represent each month of the entire year. Each guest should wear his or her birth-month jewel in some form or other, and at each plate the birth-month flower should be placed.

THE following calendar gives the four special items above mentioned, also the names and characters of the zodiac for the respective months:

Divinity	Month	stone	Month flower	Zodiac sign
Jan. Gabriel	Garnet	Snowdrop	Aquarius	
Feb. Barchiel	Pearl	Primrose	Pisces	
Mar. Malchediel	Bloodstone	Violet	Aries	
Apr. Ashmodel	Diamond	Daisy	Taurus	
May Amriel	Emerald	Hawthorn	Gemini	
June Muriel	{Agate or Cat's-eye}	Honeysuckle	Cancer	
July Verchiel	Ruby	Water-Lily	Leo	
Aug. Hamatiel	Sardonyx	Poppy	Virgo	
Sept. Tsuriel	{Sapphire or Chrysolite}	Morning-glory	Libra	
Oct. Bariel	Opal	Hops	Scorpio	
Nov. Adnachiell	Topaz	{Chrysanthemum}	Sagitarius	
Dec. Humiel	Turquoise	Holly	{Capricornus}	

THE following couplets may be used in decorating the menu card:

- BIRTH-MONTH COUPLETS
- January  
Gabriel as thy true divinity  
Brings consolation and gives constancy.
- February  
Barchiel guards thy early youthful days,  
And checks th' imperious will which passion sways.
- March  
Malchediel divines thy modest power,  
But knows thy courage in a dangerous hour.
- April  
Though oft repentant, thou art innocent.  
Ashmodel knoweth of thy good intent.
- May  
In love successful, Amriel doth declare  
That Hope will give of blessing thy full share.
- June  
In bonds of love great Muriel decrees  
For thee long life of luxury and ease.
- July  
Verchiel invests thy speech with eloquence,  
And from disloyal friends is thy defense.
- August  
Console thyself, Hamatiel shall be  
True guardian of thy heart's felicity.
- September  
May Tsuriel preserve thy life from care  
And give of happiness a well-earned share.
- October  
Injustice and misfortune may distress,  
But Bariel will give thee happiness.
- November  
Adnachiell sends friends both wise and true;  
Guard well the favors that they bring to you.
- December  
With forethought wise Humiel brings success  
That crowns thy life with highest happiness.

A BIRTHDAY brooch containing the zodiac sign, month flower or jewel, or all combined, is a beautiful and suitable gift from the twelve friends assembled at table to the person whose birthday is being celebrated. Pillows, cushions and sachet-bags of various patterns and toilet-boxes in variety, all stuffed either wholly or in part with the dry leaves of their special month flower, may serve as novelties in the way of birthday gifts. If covered with silk they may be painted in heraldic designs which combine the monogram or initial, the zodiac signs and characters, also the birth-month flower of the recipient. The donor's card may be fastened to the gift by a tiny pin containing the month gem. This same idea is suited to the making of wedding gifts.

The following gems in literature are suggested as a post-prandial offering, each guest reading or reciting his or her own month offering:

January	"St. Agnes Eve"	Tennyson
February	"Afternoon in February"	Longfellow
March	"A Morning in March"	Wordsworth
April	"Welcome to April"	Tennyson
May	"An Evening in May"	Walton
June	"A Day in June"	Longfellow
July	"Rain in Summer"	Longfellow
August	"Forest Hymn"	Bryant
September	"Hymn for September"	Geo. Herbert
October	"Pleasures of Autumn"	Keats
November	"Death of the Flowers"	Bryant
December	"The Holly Tree"	Southey

GAME OF THE FIVE SENSES

BY MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

ALL the guests are seated around a large table, and the master or mistress of ceremonies informs them that their five senses are to be tested and prizes given to those who can prove theirs to be the keenest.

First comes the test of sight or observation. All are blindfolded and a number of articles are thrown haphazard upon the table—gloves, handkerchiefs, penwipers—anything and everything will serve the purpose. The bandages are then lifted for a single moment by the clock, when the order is given to pull them over the eyes again. The table is swept clean of all the things, the bandages are then removed and each guest is provided with pencil and paper and must write a list of the articles noticed during the momentary glimpse permitted. The one whose list is the longest receives a prize for the best sight or quickest power of observation.

Next comes the test of smell. The bandages are resumed, and in turn, vinegar, cologne, kerosene, lavender water, bay rum, orris-root, smelling salts, oranges, camphor, paregoric and apples are presented to the noses of the company, who may write down the names without looking on, making the list more legible when the bandages are removed.

In testing the taste, allspice, raw oatmeal, horseradish, chocolate—almost anything may be offered that is not too unpalatable. It is well to have many familiar things and only a puzzling one now and then, since pleasure, and not perplexity, is the chief object of the game.

For the hearing, different notes on the piano may be struck and the music-loving ones will readily name them correctly. The finger dipped in water and passed around the rim of a glass makes familiar music. The ringing of a silver and of a brass bell, the tinkle of ice in a glass of ordinary water and the dull click it makes in a glass of sparkling mineral water, the sound of metal on metal, of glass on glass and wood against wood—these and numberless others are easily provided if musical instruments are not within reach.

The sense of feeling may be tested by passing quickly from hand to hand a variety of things that cause a little surprise and so put one off guard. A glove filled with wet sand gives one an uncanny feeling if grasped unexpectedly; a harmless bit of cotton wool following after this is almost as unpleasant, and a bristling brush for cleaning lamp chimneys is a most puzzling object when held but for an instant before being claimed by one's neighbor. Even a raw potato and a handful of gelatine are puzzling objects to name, when deprived of those invaluable auxiliaries, our eyes, for all the tests are made while the company is blindfolded.

The prizes need be but the merest trifles. They will provoke nothing but pleasure if they are simple and there are an abundance of them.

A MUSICAL EVENING

BY ALICE C. WILLARD

HERE is an old idea which has often been used at church socials and small parties, which with a slight variation might be used again as a novel and easy way of entertaining a small or medium sized party of more or less musically-inclined people. The idea referred to is that of the "Art Gallery," which contains "Study of Fish," in oils, represented by a box of sardines; "A Bridal Scene," represented by a bride hung up; "The Flower of the Family," a sifter full of flour, etc., etc. The variation of the idea would be to have musical terms and phrases represented in the same way.

A SMALL musical club worked this out with great success at one of its meetings not long ago. As we came into the room each lady was given half of a card, jaggedly cut, on which was written the name of some familiar musical work or composition, as, for instance, the "Messiah," the "Spring Song," the "Melody in F," the "Fifth Symphony," etc., and each gentleman was given a similar half-card on which the name of a composer was written. Then the search for partners began. Sometimes composer and composition would match, but the jagged edges of the cards would not; sometimes the cards fitted together, but the composer and his work were not properly mated; so the hunt for partners was not as simple as it appeared to be at first. As soon as the companion for the evening was found the couples went, three or four at a time, into an adjoining room, where each person was handed a sheet of foolscap on which were twenty-eight numbers, one on each line, and a lead pencil. In the centre of the room was a large table on which there was a motley collection of objects numbered from one to twenty-eight. No one was allowed to remain in the room over ten minutes, and no talking was permitted; so every one set to work at once to guess what musical terms or phrases the articles on the table represented, and to write down his guesses on the paper in his hand, opposite the corresponding numbers.

The ten minutes up, we gave our papers to the doorkeeper, keeping our fancy pencils as souvenirs, and went back into the parlors. But before reëntering them each one had a name pinned upon his back, and spent part of the evening trying to find out what musical celebrity he or she was—for Patti, Paderewski, Aus der Ohe, Nordica, Maurel, Tamagno, De Lussan, Emma Eames, Melba and Maud Morgan, several noted violinists, singers and composers, besides a number of local musicians, choral and orchestral leaders well known to the young people present, wandered about the rooms, trying to discover who they were by the remarks made to them and about them by the assembled company who attempted to be very mystical and very learned in their conversation anent the musical celebrities present.

WHEN all had returned their papers to the doorkeeper there was a wait of a few minutes and then the judges announced the names of the prize-winners. Copies of a well-known musical work were given to the young lady and the young man who had made out the most complete lists of the objects on the table. During the evening an informal musical programme had been rendered, and, of course, some dainty refreshments were served, with the accompaniment of instrumental music.

- The articles on the table were:
- 1 A quire of paper.
  - 2 Three little dolls dressed alike and looking alike.
  - 3 A carpenter's brace.
  - 4 A watch.
  - 5 A razor.
  - 6 The chin rest from a violin.
  - 7 A card on which was written XL.
  - 8 A name written on a sheet of paper.
  - 9 A pair of apothecary's scales.
  - 10 The base taken from a table bell.
  - 11 A peck measure containing two beets.
  - 12 A heavy string.
  - 13 A flatiron with the letter B on its face.
  - 14 A cardboard letter C hung from the gas fixture.
  - 15 A lump of tar.
  - 16 A pipe stem.
  - 17 A large half-tone engraving.
  - 18 A bank note.
  - 19 A baby's shoe with an O on the sole.
  - 20 A stout cane.
  - 21 A love-letter which starts out bravely, but has a large blot half way down the page.
  - 22 A necktie.
  - 23 A bar of iron.
  - 24 A door key.
  - 25 A pocket rule.
  - 26 A twenty-five-cent-piece with a black court-plaster dot pasted on it.
  - 27 A small bunch of flowers and a lock of hair tied with a ribbon.
  - 28 A circular piece of cardboard cut into three equal pieces.

The musical terms these things were supposed to represent were:

- |                            |                    |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 A choir.                 | 15 Pitch.          |
| 2 Triplets.                | 16 Stem.           |
| 3 Brace.                   | 17 Half-tone.      |
| 4 Time.                    | 18 Note.           |
| 5 A sharp.                 | 19 Solo.           |
| 6 A rest.                  | 20 Staff.          |
| 7 Forte.                   | 21 Accidental.     |
| 8 Signature.               | 22 Tie.            |
| 9 Scales.                  | 23 Bar.            |
| 10 Bass.                   | 24 Key.            |
| 11 Two beats in a measure. | 25 Measure.        |
| 12 Chord.                  | 26 Dotted quarter. |
| 13 B flat.                 | 27 Natural.        |
| 14 High C.                 | 28 Thirds.         |





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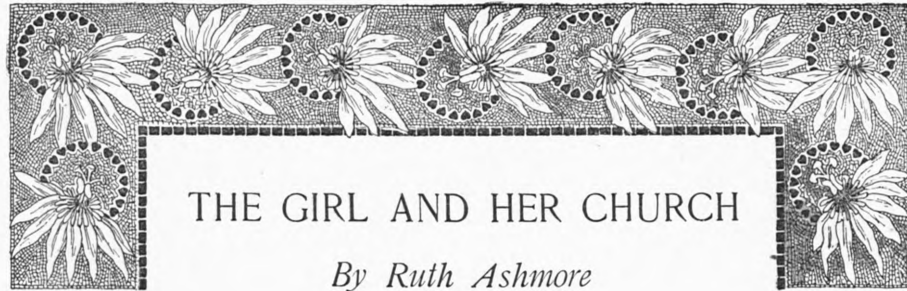
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## THE GIRL AND HER CHURCH

By Ruth Ashmore

**M**Y girl is, I am always sure, a good one. But, sometimes, I fear that there are some ideas in her mind that are not quite straight. She is a little young to take up a serious question and consider it, and so she drifts along in her own way and does the best she can, and too often gets false impressions. A year or two ago she first knew, this dear girl of mine, that she wanted to dedicate her life to God, and so she publicly told of her allegiance and united herself to the church in which she had been educated, which she believed to be right, or which satisfied her best. At that time she was in a condition best described by a French word—*exaltée*. This means that, inspired with noble thoughts, her heart and soul were lifted up, and for a little while she gave no thought to the duties of life, but only to its beauties. She was entirely spiritual. Then came the day, such an unhappy one, when life in its barest aspect presented itself to her and she discovered that it meant work all the time, of one kind or another, and that to offer God beautiful thoughts and prayers was not enough.

For awhile her faith wavered, but as she was a good girl this was only for a little time. Still she had to learn that to be one of God's children her life in the church and her life in the world must be harmonious. What do I mean? Well, here is an instance. Do you suppose that it was pleasing to God, after she had lifted up her voice in song to praise Him, for her to find fault with another singer, lose her temper and declare that "never again, unless things are better, will I sing in that choir"? This made the beautiful song worthless, and the angels in Heaven shuddered at its false notes when the singer's heart was laid bare to them. I know, like my girls, how this time came in my own life, and I thought I had been selected to live a beautiful spiritual life and nothing else. If I gave a thought to the other side it was only to be thankful that somebody else would have the more material part, but that to me would come the beautiful dream-life of goodness that expressed itself in prayer, in lovely flowers and in sweet words. So I know just how hard it is to waken and face the realities, but, my dear, they are there and you have given nothing of any worth to God unless you offer up your every-day life, with its faults and its virtues, its failings and its successes. Do you remember these lines:

"I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty,  
I woke, and found that life was Duty?"

Now that is what you want to be, wide awake and eager to combine beauty and duty so that it makes a perfect harmony.

### THE GIRL AT CHURCH

**Y**OU pride yourself on your politeness. You count yourself a well-mannered girl and would be very indignant if you were told that you were lacking in ordinary politeness. When you are invited out you are careful not only to be prompt but to be considerate of your hostess. What consideration do you show God when you go to His house? Too often you come in late, seat yourself with a little noise and do not hesitate to turn and twist until you feel that your skirt is arranged exactly right and you are quite comfortable. Then you give a sigh as you look at the preacher. He is one whose sermons you do not admire, so while he is trying to do his duty you coolly read your prayer-book or hymnal, or look around the congregation, and catching the eye of a friend, give a shrug of disgust. When the sermon is over you give vent to a sigh of thankfulness, and you never seem to realize that this bad behavior on your part is bad behavior not only to the clergyman, but to that God whose representative he is.

When the collection is taken up you look here and there and everywhere to see who is depositing a bank-note. Before the benediction is said you crane yourself like a bird with its plumage so that you will be ready to start out the very minute it is ended. I do not suppose you realize for a moment how dreadful this is. How it is giving an opportunity to an unbeliever to say, "What can these Christians think of their God when they are so impolite to Him?" Then you do something else. In your church the pews are rented. When you enter you close the door and give no poor sinner an opportunity to sit beside you, and yet, in the sight of God you are all alike, and before Him the rich and the poor stand together to be judged.

### IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

**Y**OU are either in a class or teach a class. Possibly you do the latter, and when you go home you say, "Oh, it is so nice having children who belong to good families; their manners are so polite and they think of all sorts of little things. One brings me a bouquet of flowers, and another got up a contribution at Easter, and the class gave me a lovely book. It is so pleasant having really nice children to teach." Well, my dear girl, I suppose it is. But sit down and think about it. Suppose, when Christ came to Jerusalem, He selected the "really nice" to teach. Where in His class would have been Peter, the fisherman? Would He have only spoken to Luke, who was a doctor? Would He have only given of His great gifts to those who could offer something to Him? My dear girl, in teaching God's word, it is not the "really nice" that you must seek out, but those who are hungry for help, those who are starved spiritually and who reach out and ask for bread. And you offer too often, because you want to keep your class "really nice," a stone.

Then, perhaps, you are not teaching; you are in the Bible class. With a shrug of your shoulders and an irritated expression you say to your mother, "I had to sit next to a horridly stupid girl; I don't know who she is, but I don't think she is in the same set that we are." "The same set!" Will that be the set to whom at the last day will be said: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joys prepared for you"? Only God knows this. And the girl who seemed to you stupid, whose gown you described as common, and who had not the prestige of your "set," may have the great joy of being in God's set. I tell you you can afford to offend none, and if you are worthy of studying God's word you must extend to every one in the class the gentleness and consideration that the real gentlewoman, who is the perfect Christian, would not only show but live.

### IN GOOD SOCIETY

**T**HERE is a church in one of our large cities about which it is said that the pews are only occupied by people "in good society." When a pew is to be let, which happens very seldom, a large crowd collects, and the bidding, for a professional auctioneer attends to it, is very exciting; and rich men and women are most anxious to give their money to obtain a seat among the elect of this world. Sometimes I go there, and I wonder who it was that first started the idea that the church was a social ladder leading to companionship among the wealthy and the great. Do I believe that a rich woman can be a Christian? Most certainly. But I believe that it is more difficult for her to live the life approved by Christ than it is for the poorer woman. Her obligations are greater, and she must show more care in the giving of her alms and bestow more thought as to her appearance and conduct because she may be judged by even the least of these. Now I want my girl to remember that all the churches are God's houses; that it is not "my church," nor "your church," but God's church, and that when she is eager to go where all the people are in good society, she is too often electing for herself a position in the very poorest of society in the hereafter.

Not long ago I heard a woman say very brusquely: "The charity racket is played out; no woman can get into a set simply because she is on a hospital board with some howling swells." Of course, this speech was unkind but it reflected an honest spirit of indignation on the speaker's part, and I am human enough to hope that every woman who does a good deed simply because she hopes she will gain social position thereby will be disappointed. Did Mary and Martha, when they ministered to the gentle Teacher, look forward to being high in Jewish society? Did Saint Paul, when he knew who was the true God, hope that socially he would gain by his work? Oh, my dear, it is all so poor and so mean when you do your duty with even a thought as to what the world will give you, or what the world will think. And I do not want you to be that kind of a girl. I want you to do right because it is right, not hoping for a reward.

It is pleasant to work among congenial people, but you can, if you will try, find the best in those who, just at first, did not seem quite what you like your friends to be. There are hidden jewels of great beauty in each soul, waiting, maybe, for you to discover and enjoy.

### THE CHURCH COSTUME

**I**T is most correct that a respect should be shown to God's house by one's appearance. But it must also be remembered that the church is not the proper place to display finery. Who among us has not seen a girl rustle in with her silk frock, devote much time to its arrangement, cause a commotion by the jingling of her numerous bangles, and contrive to fasten upon herself the eyes of the congregation as the plumes in her bonnet nod first this way and then that? Often this is done in ignorance of the right and wrong. Decency in apparel, quietness and cleanliness in appearance are the necessities for church-going. In the very large cities many women are following a very proper French fashion, which elects that ladies shall wear to church a quiet black stuff gown and a hat or bonnet not in the least conspicuous. There are other places for the silk frocks and plumes, and I beg of my girl, wherever she may be, to constitute herself a leader by wearing to service her simplest gowns, omitting all her jewelry and putting on a very modest hat.

A girl who is conscious of her clothes can never be interested either in sermon or prayer. Almost unconsciously, she will look around the church to see how the other girls are dressed, and in time her going to church will only be a couple of hours devoted to finding out all about the frocks possessed by her neighbors. Think this over and save your frills and frivols, which I do not say you ought not to have, for some other time than that hour or two on Sunday which should be dedicated to God.

### THE MATERIAL LIFE

**I**T must be lived out well. All the hymns, all the prayers, all the scripture readings are as nothing unless you make their beauty come into your daily life. Take some of the care off the shoulders of the busy mother; make life seem more pleasant by your gracious thought of that father who toils all day long. Make it easier for a sister to dislike the wrong and do the right; show a brother the rosy side of the cross and so make it lighter for him to carry. And do all this, not with loud protestations, but quietly and gently, letting God's name be whispered in your heart, and being only the sister and daughter without forcing the knowledge that you are the Christian. Then, very soon, some one will realize that your beautiful life is lived for Christ's sake, and then you will represent Him as all women should, not by speaking from the pulpit, not by giving commands, but by living every day the life that He would wish should be yours.

To you it may seem a bit difficult, and you may long to do great things, but if you dedicate all the littleness of life to Him you will be surprised to find that the great deeds are as nothing. Did you ever look closely at an India shawl? The curious pattern is formed of so many little pieces, all different in color, but all in harmony. Each is carefully sewed to the other with a bit of thread suited to both, and so it represents a life work. The tiny cares come, are borne bravely, fastened to those other burdens by the thread of belief until, in the sight of God, so well is the life's work done, that what seemed a care becomes a beautiful virtue, and all go to make up the complete story of yourself: the harmony you introduced by your willingness to make the best of whatever comes, and so it is all lovely in the sight of Him who knows just how hard it is to live. I should like you to think about this, and to realize that the smallest burden, carried on willing shoulders and made the best of, becomes a great beauty in the sight of God.

### A COMMONPLACE LIFE

**Y**OU see the trouble is with you, my dear girl, that you count little things as of no worth. Where we have one great renunciation to make we have a thousand little ones, and life, which you are inclined to call commonplace, is not so, for every day can be made rich in beautiful deeds. God, who is just, is merciful, and when temptation comes to you, even if you fail, He remembers that you tried to do what was right, and so is tender in His thought of you. There is not one of us who achieves, even for one day, what we long to. But, my dear, we can always try for it. We can be ready for the trouble that is before us and equip ourselves by prayer and good thoughts so that we can meet it bravely, and, possibly, overcome it. Of course, that is what we wish to do, and yet if we are not strong enough, if we fall by the wayside, we must get up and try again, and keep on trying. That, in itself, will give us strength. And as the years go on and youth belongs to the past, it will always, because of this trying, be easier to do that which is right and merit "that peace which passeth all understanding." And when the day comes for our eyes to be closed to this world we can say:

"Not what I did, but what I strove to do;  
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few  
Thou wilt accept my sheaves."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 29 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



A 200-YEAR CALENDAR By Charles W. Frost

MANY people have an interest in knowing upon what day of the week they were born. Others like to ascertain upon what particular day of the week fell a date of some event in the past, or upon what day of the week some occasion in the future will occur.

Directions—Look for the year you want in one of the columns of the Index headed "Yr." Opposite the year is the number of the Calendar for that year. The Calendar itself, with the number over it, will be found below.

Example—A person born on the 16th of June, 1825, wishes to find what day of the week his birthday occurred. He finds 1825 in one of the columns headed "Yr." in the Index. Opposite 1825 in the column headed "No." is the number 7. He consults Calendar No. 7 and finds the 16th of June came on Thursday.

Calendar No. 4. Grid showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

Calendar No. 5. Grid showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

Calendar No. 6. Grid showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

Calendar No. 7. Grid showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

Calendar No. 8. Grid showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

Calendar No. 9. Grid showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

Calendar No. 10. Grid showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

Calendar No. 11. Grid showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

Calendar No. 12. Grid showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

Calendar No. 13. Grid showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

Calendar No. 14. Grid showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

INDEX. Table listing years and corresponding calendar numbers for reference.

Calendar No. 1. Grid showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

Calendar No. 2. Grid showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

Calendar No. 3. Grid showing months from January to December with days of the week and dates.

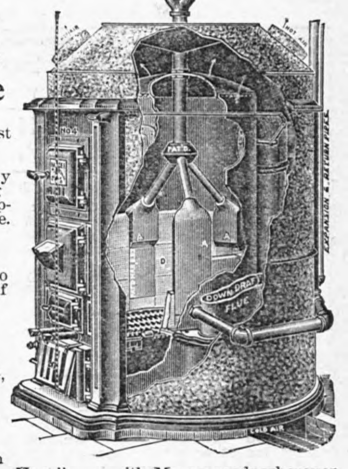
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# NOVELTIES IN AUTUMN DESIGNS

By Emma M. Hooper

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ABBY E. UNDERWOOD



THE popular round waists, full sleeves and flaring skirts will continue with us this autumn save for little differences that make styles now vary slightly from those worn last spring. The revival in Paris of Marie Antoinette styles in midsummer has affected the latest designs in silken goods: the millinery and the gowns as well. One thing is settled, and that is that we are not going to carry around skirts of immense weight, as we have been doing. The most fashionable skirts are now only interlined to the knees, and in consequence are much less of a burden to the wearer. In width they remain from five to six yards. The sleeves are also softer in effect, though quite as large and pronounced in appearance as ever. It is in the little things, instead, that the styles have changed. Belts, collars and cuffs have all proved themselves capable of an infinite variety of form and arrangement, and by their effects change the old gown into the new, and make the new ones so attractive.

### NEW SLEEVES AND COLLAR

TWO novelties in sleeves have quite hidden the leg-of-mutton design. One is a puff to the elbow, which is forty-five to fifty inches wide and sufficiently deep to fall to the elbow. After gathering the lower edge and sewing it to the lining four inches above the elbow, the top is shirred twice if of ordinary goods or laid in two triple box-plaits if of a heavy fabric like broadcloth or velvet. The lower part of the sleeve is close in fit and the only stiffening needed is four plaitings of grasscloth on the upper part of the lining sleeve from the shoulder to the elbow. When the goods are very slimy an interlining of thin cambric, crinoline, fibre, etc., is used the same shape and size as the outside fabric. The other sleeve is one that appeared last winter, but it did not take then; now it is revived in Paris with immense success; for all but very heavy materials it is stylish if the drooping shoulder effect is liked. This sleeve has something of the leg-of-mutton style, with the lower part close-fitting, the upper part very full and continuing as a tab or elongated piece to the collar in a double box-plait or several single plaits. The upper edge finishes under a rosette, ribbon bow, frill made by the end of the plait or a large fancy button. This sleeve should be interlined according to directions given above. Velvet and silk or satin sleeves will be worn in woolen gowns. Plaid silk sleeves, crush belt and collar will prettily remodel many last year gowns. Plaids that are French, rather than Scotch, in design, are worn, and are considered stylish. The plain high collar is seen on a few tailor-made gowns, but it cannot be called of general use like the full crush collar. A new idea is a genuine stock of satin cut bias, eight inches wide, hemmed, the ends pointed and passed from the front to the back of the neck and then brought to the front again, where they are tied in a



"THAT END IN TWO POINTS AT THE BELT"

smart little bow. Underneath is a collar an inch and a half high of canvas, lined and covered with the satin or silk on the outside.

### FASHIONABLE SKIRTS

THREE godet plaits at the back and two on each side form a stylish skirt. Others have three plaits at the back and a gored front and sides. For a stout figure a narrow front is liked, and a pretty style has the sides apparently lapped over on the front and held down by three clusters of three large buttons in each. Since dressmakers have discovered that godet skirts do not need to be entirely interlined they are in higher favor than ever. Three

tiny overlapping ruffles cut bias and invisibly hemmed are seen again on silk or light-weight woolen gowns. They are especially effective on silken skirts with a velvet or woolen godet redingote in Louis XVI style. Circular skirts are very stylish and very aggravating, as they will sag on the sides. The seams must be run with a narrow cotton tape, and some dressmakers add a straight width of cambric down each side where the large bias curve comes, so as to hold it in place. Quite a fad exists for godet skirts lined with moreen and no other lining, binding every seam. Hair-cloth skirts are also much worn. The lightest-weight haircloth is the best French, twenty-four inches wide, pliable, never out of shape and ninety-eight cents a yard. A few model French skirts have plaits on the sides from the belt falling loosely below, but they are cumbersome and seem to be only a flitting fancy of modistes. Skirts are finished on the lower edge with bias velveteen, mohair braid or leather, cord, etc., bindings or pipings. Skirts should clear the ground and not drop at the centre



MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHUS

back. Some are darted at the top, while others are gathered slightly across the front. It is now possible to put a pocket in every skirt.

### WAISTS TO BE

A SHORT, round waist front cut with godets on the sides and back is the only thing approaching a basque that is seen. The short corsage, pointed back and front, is always worn by stout figures. Round waists are cut with a close-fitting back, though the front is in the blouse form, with a box-plait three inches wide to the collar or five inches in width and extending only to a yoke, forming a deep point back and front and one over each shoulder. This is edged with jet, fancy braid, lace appliques, etc. Short revers are worn, also large sailor collars of silk or velvet that end in two points at the belt. Buttons trim the centre box-plait, also fasten belts and are put near the shoulders and belt of ribbon braces that end in fluffy bows on the shoulders. Small dull gilt buttons are very pretty in a plait of silk on the front of a waist, using six like a row of studs. Jet buttons edged with Rhinestones are worn on black gowns for ornament as they are no longer an article of utility. Short jacket fronts, having godet basques or an Eton back fitted under a shaped belt, open over a full gathered or box-plaited Fedora or "pouch" front of silk,

with a crush collar to match; a large sailor collar covers the shoulders and is of the dress material, velvet or figured silk. These large collars must be interlined with crinoline. Girlish waists are laid in two box-plaits in front to a yoke and to the collar at the back. Jet garnitures, especially adapted to wear over yoked or plaited



SHORT JACKET FRONTS

waists, are shown, crush belts are only three inches wide when done, and black ribbon belts fastened with two buttons are very fashionable. Crush belts of bias-cut silk or satin are tied on the left side.

### MARIE ANTOINETTE STYLES

THE revived Louis XVI designs include the elbow sleeve in a large puff finished with a ruffle of lace for evening wear and the pointed front to a waist, but this is given a modern turn by a round belt. The fichu named after the ill-starred Queen is applied on woolen or silk dresses. This is of the shaded chameleon or figured taffeta, forming a kerchief sufficiently large to cover the shoulder and knotting in front over the bust, with two or three narrow knife-plaited ruffles around the edge. Quaint home dresses of crepon or other woolen goods are trimmed with three ruffles on the skirt, a Marie Antoinette fichu and soft belt of silk; the neck is left in a tiny V shape. Other fichus are sufficiently long to cross the slender ends in front and tie loosely at the back. These are of lace, mousseline, gauze, chiffon, etc., and form a dressy addition to an evening, theatre or home toilette. Another idea coined from the days of Louis Seize is a godet redingote, which has appeared in striped woolen dress goods and will be handsome for velvet, velveteen and broadcloth. The redingote is cut in princesse form with five godet plaits on the sides and back and just escapes the floor. The fronts open over a silk skirt

having three narrow bias gathered ruffles on the edge, and a pointed silk vest or full box-plaited plastron. Crush collar of the same silk and a small lace jabot at the throat. A large fancy button is at the waist-line on each side of the redingote. For a slender person a silk fichu is sometimes added and knotted over the bust. The fichu is an excellent idea for remodeling old waists, also the box-plaited plastron. Plaid taffeta will offer a useful material for combinations and for making old clothes look "almost as well as new."

Princesse gowns and effects are worn fastened in the back by young ladies; others have them hooked up the front or left side. These dresses have godet plaits, large collars, full plastrons, vests, tiny yokes, etc. Woolen skirts are worn with a silk waist, the front of the skirt being cut in one piece, with a bib plastron; this has a low neck, and fastens on the shoulders with a large button. The silk belt ends at the princesse front with similar buttons. The sleeves may be of either the figured silk or wool.



A NEW IDEA



TWO NOVELTIES IN SLEEVES



THE EARLY AUTUMN COSTUMES

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ABBY E. UNDERWOOD

THE material counted the newest among those intended for the early autumn costumes is the mohair or alpaca. It is shown in all the dark shades and in a number of the light ones, while there is also displayed the plain ground with a figure in contrasting color printed upon it. A special vogue is given to this pattern by the French dress-makers as it permits contrasting trimmings and allows a bit of color that is most artistic. Dark blue with a scarlet figure upon it, golden brown with dark blue, white with black, black with emerald green, and bottle green with golden brown are some of the contrasts shown in the printed mohairs.

Crépons will be worn all during the season, but have not the very heavy curve fancied in the past. Light-weight cloths with a smooth surface bid fair to be popular, and as they drape easily the extreme tailor effect is not dedicated to them as it was a few seasons ago. The silk and wool mixtures in two colors are liked for street wear, but can scarcely be cited as new. Soft woolen suitings in the blue and green plaids obtain, and really make very smart-looking street dresses, provided, of course, that the wearer has a tall, slender figure.

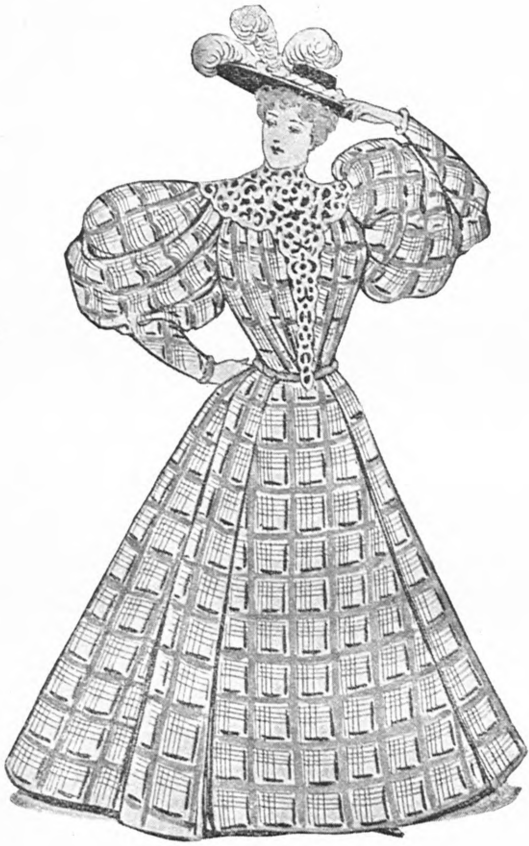
SOME OF THE TRIMMINGS

VELVET ribbons are given a special vogue on the winter gowns, the widths used varying from number nine up to that which seems almost like a sash ribbon. Coarse black laces are frequently noted in combination with black velvet ribbon on gowns of solid color that stand black as a contrast. Jet in special pieces to be set on

bodices, and invariably differ in color from their background, so that the beauty of the design is well brought out. Each dress-maker tries to arrange her trimmings in an individual way, so that on a frock it is not so much what the garniture is as how it is disposed.

A PLAID GOWN

IN Illustration No. 1 is shown a plaid gown in which the favored blue and green contrast is seen. The skirt has a box-plait on each side of the front and three godets in the back. The bodice has, for its upper portion, a round yoke of green passementerie overlaid on dark blue silk. Just in the centre of the front and the back the passementerie extends so that it forms a point reaching below the waist-line in front and at the back. The



BLUE AND GREEN PLAID GOWN (Illus. No. 1)

plaid material is put on full where the passementerie does not come, and then has the fullness drawn toward the front and the back at the waist-line in the usual manner. The edge finish is a soft narrow twist of green velvet. The collar is a high one of blue silk overlaid with green passementerie. The sleeves are large, full ones of plaid that shape in to the arms, and while they are stiffened they stand out rather than up. A finish of velvet like that about the waist is put at the wrists. With this is worn a large dark blue felt hat decorated with a twist of green velvet and green feathers. The plaid costume is smart-looking, but that it should only be worn by the woman of exceptionally good figure is a certainty. The material itself is so soft and pretty that it is most tempting, but she who is plump must avoid the temptation and choose, instead, one of the pretty plain cloths that will make her curves more artistic than would the historic plaid.

WOOL AND VELVET

THE combination of wool and velvet is the smart one of the season—that is, in the fabric contrasts. A special prestige is given to velvet bodices, indeed to velvet wraps or coats of any kind. In Illustration No. 2 is shown, in one of the dainty golden browns, a fashionable development of the two pretty materials. The skirt is of cloth and has, flaring from the front on each side, two plaits so skillfully caught by rubber straps that they are quite pronounced although they flare almost as much as the three godets in the back. The bodice is of brown velvet fitting the figure, while just below the waist it has a five-inch skirt with a very full flare. Broad revers of the cloth with smaller ones of the velvet extend far over on the full sleeves which are of the velvet. These revers are outlined by a narrow beading almost the color of the velvet.



AN EFFECTIVE COSTUME (Illus. No. 2)

the bodice, or in stripes to trim it lengthwise, comes in fine designs. Silk net and chiffon are draped over bodices intended for house wear, the soft, full vest fronts retaining their popularity. Flaring bows are oftener noted at each side of the collar than the rosettes. Whether the collar be a folded one or a turn-over one it must be very high, and the maker thereof must know how to give it the necessary air of perfection, else the bodice itself will be a failure. Silk passementeries in round and square yokes, in side forms and in jacket fronts are fancied on wool



A HANDSOME VELVET COAT

All black in wool, silk, crépon or velvet has a special vogue given it this season. Decorations of ribbon, velvet, jet and fancy buttons are liked, and some very elaborate effects are achieved by skillful disposition of these decorations. A crépon costume intended for visiting or wear at places of amusement that is specially smart is shown at Illustration No. 3. The skirt is a flaring one with three godets at the back and having six seams, three at each side, piped with narrow jet passementerie. The bodice is a draped one with nine rows of the jet piping down the front, the fullness of which is apparently held in by a rather broad satin belt almost covered with tiny jets. The sleeves are made with a puff and deep cuff; five rows of the jet are over each puff and five more go around each cuff. At one side the satin belt is caught under two large flaring loops and there are two long ends of broad satin ribbon. A bonnet made entirely of jet is worn with this costume, and when a wrap is needed a tight-fitting coat of black satin with a long flaring skirt is assumed.

This design could be used for any of the soft wool fabrics or for black silk. A white mohair evening gown made after this design has black lace insertion used instead of the jet piping on the bodice, while the seams of the skirt have black lace beading with narrow white satin ribbon run through it to take the place of the jet. Dark blue alpaca bids fair to be as popular for gowns that are to have general wear as blue serge was in the past. It may be said for the alpaca that it wears well, does not easily wrinkle and is not a burden to carry. Then, too, it can be made as simply or as elaborately as is fancied, and its trimming may be silk or velvet, passementerie, lace or ribbon.



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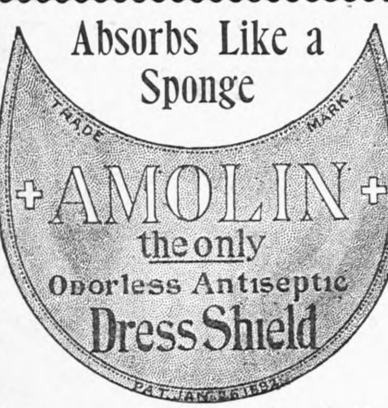
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HERE has been so much said in criticism of the "Puritan conscience" that we are, in some sense, losing respect for sturdy, unvarying adherence to a "sense of duty." It is thought, not without a great deal of truth, that too much stress has been laid on obedience to law and too little on the impelling force of a spirit of love. To be made to do right without a desire to do it is of temporary and uncertain value, for when the restraining or propelling force is removed there is sure to be a rush or a relapse into evil ways. And yet without a habit of conformity to some standard of conduct the character is likely to become weak and vacillating. To every serious parent come sooner or later the questions: "Is my training preparing my child for real life? Am I making him a puppet to be moved hither and yon by circumstance, or a man to control himself?" As one looks about upon parents and children, teachers and pupils, the problem becomes more complicated. Here, a child who seems to have had no "bringing up" develops into a strong, noble person, and there, a child having been reared under every good precept and influence proves to be a wayward and wicked youth.

ONE who by reason of age is somewhat removed from the immediate responsibility of training children, is, perhaps, able to see more clearly the relative values of different kinds of dealing with children than those can do who are, so to speak, in the thick of the battle. The methods of government practiced by those whom the summer outings throw together are strangely varied and afford abundant material for physiological study, from which it may not be amiss at this period of the year, when school and domestic life make a new start, to draw a few conclusions and suggest some principles which seem to be neglected.

First, there should surround the child from the hour of his birth an atmosphere of cheerful acceptance of this life as worth living and worth living happily—an atmosphere of welcome to the newcomer as one who is to contribute something of his own to the comfort and value of his home, and who is, in no sense, an intruder or a burden. It should be expected that so far as is compatible with his years he should share the advantages and disadvantages of his home, adding to the former and lessening the latter as rapidly as his age and strength admit. This proper and natural loyalty to home is often destroyed by self-consciousness, unwittingly fostered by parents. The child is thus prevented from deriving benefit from association with comrades of greater wealth and social position and becomes a prey to the miseries of envy and jealousy. Very early these faults are at work like the "little foxes spoiling the vines."

Obedience is a virtue much talked about, and judging by the exhibitions of family government in public places, but little practiced. A bright boy swimming about in the water while his mother sat on the bank admiring his skill, said, after he had heard a dozen times or more, "Come, come in now, you've been long enough in the water," "Oh, you don't mean it, mamma, I can tell you don't by the way you look," and away he went with his companions for another turn. The proud smile on the mother's face as she said to her friends, "Oh, what shall I do with him? He ought to come out of the water, the doctor says he must not stay in so long, but he does enjoy it so much and I can't make him mind," indicated that the disobedience was not troubling her seriously. Perhaps no great apparent harm will come of this boy's too long stay in the water, but an irreparable harm is done to him by reiterating a command which is never obeyed—it breeds a contempt for authority. To "break a child's will" or to give despotical orders simply to gratify a whim, is as destructive of true obedience as omitting commands altogether. Appeals to a love of approbation and to mercenary motives, such as "Come and you shall have some candy," "Do this and people will say what a good boy," are pernicious methods of securing temporary acquiescence in the will of the parent or guardian. They do not teach real obedience. A command should never be given unneces-

sarily; when it is given it should receive instant obedience; when disobeyed there should be some speedy penalty.

Respect for authority, self-control, regard for the rights of others, are qualities which need to be wrought into the character, and none too early can the work begin. A child soon understands that some things are to be done because they are right, without regard to the agreeableness of doing them. The very fact that there is no question about likes and dislikes takes away much that disturbs and frets the poor little mortal. He goes to bed, he is dressed, he picks up his playthings because these duties are inevitable, and he does them without the friction of trying to accommodate the act to his temporary mood. But to secure this sense of inevitableness requires a sharp-eyed, calm, firm, loving parent, one who can foresee an evil and avoid it, who can put her own strength of purpose into the heart of her child without giving him the feeling of being governed, at the same time establishing in his mind the justice of her authority so that he believes in it, even when he momentarily rebels and when for the rebellion he receives a merited penalty.

IS it general that mothers have preferences for children? That is, is it so, for example, that parents generally love better children of the opposite sex? So many mothers seem to have their hearts bound up in their sons more than in their daughters, while the fathers, on the other hand, seem to be more proud and loving of their daughters than of their sons. What are the actual facts so far as your observation has brought you in touch with this question?

A. M.

So far as my observation goes there is no general rule of preference. The tie between fathers and daughters is often a very strong one, as is also the tie between mothers and sons. It is very natural that it should be so; all that in her husband won her admiration especially attracts a woman in her sons. She feels strong in their strength; her pride in their manliness, their success in the great struggle for place and power, is a different pride from that which her daughters inspire. Yet the love she feels for her daughters is not less because it is different. I think the element of anxiety enters more largely into the feelings of a father for his sons and into those of a mother for her daughters, and in each case lessens a little the restfulness of love. The greater feeling of responsibility in the father for his sons and in the mother for her daughters sometimes leads, perhaps, to a critical attitude which stands in the way of perfect comfort in companionship. It should not be so, and there are thousands of instances where sympathy is as unhindered between a son and his father as between the son and his mother. The bond between parent and child is a mysterious one—broken sometimes by a word, yet sometimes strong enough to hold against terrible brutality and neglect. What was it lodged in "Davy Crockett's" heart that drew the boy back, over hundreds of weary miles through the wilderness, to a home revolting in its degradation from which he had been sent at twelve years of age by a cruel father to endure hardships unfit even for a strong man? Strange filial love.

We cannot put love on the dissecting table or in the crucible—when we try to analyze it we destroy it. We fail to see it when it is really there and judge it feeble when it is really deep and strong. The father may respond to some need in the child which the mother cannot understand, and the converse is equally true. One child shows his love by constantly demonstrating it, another keeps it welling in his heart till some unusual event breaks down the reserve and the torrent is outpoured. One child without spoken acceptance heeds the wish of the parent and is unrecognized in his fidelity. Another vibrates between devotion and disregard, always winning free forgiveness for his many falls by his ardent expressions of penitence and love. Each child is a distinct creation, no two in a family are alike and no two should be judged alike. One, Quaker-like, is silent; another, like the Methodist, is voluble; one is ready with his own words of affection, like the non-Ritualist; another can only express himself in borrowed words and set phrases. And sometimes the mother answers best to one nature and sometimes it is the father.

If this were always understood there would be less jealousy and heart-burning in the family. Children would not feel they were misunderstood and parents would realize that neither one can be everything to the child.

CAN you suggest a course of reading for a family of adults who must be very much by themselves at home this winter? We have thought of spending an hour or so every morning in some serious study-reading, probably historical, and in the evening, when our company would be enlarged by the addition of two or three younger persons, taking something lighter and more entertaining. You may not be able to comprehend the position of men and women living in this hurrying, steaming age in such a condition of leisure as ours. We are not idlers by choice, but temporarily (we hope) are bid to "stand and wait." We intend to do it cheerfully and shall try not to wholly waste the days which are allotted to us. Perhaps I ought to say that there are busy and deft fingers among us that will, in our measurable seclusion, keep doing good while the reading cheers them on.

For your morning hour you will find Francis Parkman's histories of French colonization in America almost as interesting as fiction and quite as trustworthy as the driest history. If you wish to come nearer home, turn to John Fiske's "Discovery of America," "Beginnings of New England," "American Revolution" and "Critical Period of American History." If English history attract you more, read John Richard Green's "Larger History of the English People."

For evening reading you will find entertaining, Stevenson's "Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey"; Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush"; Weyman's "A Gentleman of France" and "My Lady Rotha"; Jane Austin's "Emma" and "Pride and Prejudice"; Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden," and Crawford's "Cigarette-Maker's Romance," "Roman Singer" and "Marigold's Crucifix."

If you wish your evening reading to be closely connected with your morning, you will find in Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables" and "Scarlet Letter," in Cooper's "Spy" and "Pilot," interesting side-lights on early American history, and in Kingsley's "Hereward," laid in the time of William the Conqueror; "Ivanhoe," the "Last of the Barons," laid in the time of the Plantagenets; "Westward Ho" and "Kenilworth," of the time of Elizabeth; "Lorna Doone" and "Old Mortality," of the time of the Stuarts, and "Henry Esmond," of the Georgian period, interesting side-lights on English history.

RETURNING home in the latter part of last September from a long sojourn in the most beautiful part of New England, the one where each of my readers no doubt spent her holiday season—for where is New England not beautiful?—I watched regretfully the fading away of the noble mountains, of the broad stretches of meadow, the picturesque farm buildings, as their place was filled by the passing trains of cars, by all the sights and sounds that crowd the avenues of approach to the busy towns and cities we seemed almost to have forgotten. In our drives about the country we had been so accustomed to see every little door yard, no matter how small, gay with flowers, the small windows full of potted plants, even where paint was an unknown quantity and the open door showed a bare floor with the inevitable but necessary cooking stove in the middle of the room. The flowers were as sure to be there as the row of milk-pans outside. Now as the cars rushed on, passing rapidly from town to town, it seemed one long lane of poverty and neglect. Everybody's back yard was presented to the railroad. No doubt the house fronts faced a clean-looking street, and the windows had pretty curtains, and there was a bell at the front door, and though they were not stately mansions, from that side they were comfortable homes, and not without many refinements and adornments inside. But to the public, as it was hurried past, it was a forlorn picture enough. And what emphasized it to my mind was one single little plot of ground, the only one seen for miles, gay and trim with all the late glorious colors of marigold and aster and dahlia and salvia, and everything golden and scarlet. Everything was clean and trim and bright and cheery. Instantly we saw it in fancy as we believe it was in fact, presided over by a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked young matron, with chubby children and a good husband who prized her according to her worth. "Why," said I to myself, "don't some of these nice young girls who want to help on the world, and form so many clubs and teas, why don't they form neighborhood clubs, and see what can be done by judicious work—not by interfering, but by stirring up their neighbors to beautify the outside as well as the inside, the rear as well as the front of their houses, particularly when they lie along the railroad?" Bury the tin cans, rake up the unsightly debris, tie up the vines if there are any, and plant them if there are not, and take care where Bridget pours her pail of soapsuds. It would make home-coming for the traveler easier when he must leave the country for the city, and it would make it so much pleasanter for the tired father when he comes home, to sit down with his pipe, and in the clean premises of the home he has provided for his family, recognize that he has a helpmate.

Something might be done, too, for those who have to stay in the city in the summer and look out upon the neglected back yards of the neighbors gone into the country. A society for the amelioration of the discomforts of left-behind neighbors would find plenty of work to do. The cries of abandoned cats would be quieted, wind-swept debris from neglected sidewalks would cease to disfigure the sidewalks that are swept, passers-by would not be tempted by the general degeneracy to throw refuse indiscriminately in the streets, and other abuses would be abated. There might be a public fund provided to pay faithful caretakers for keeping things in endurable order. It would cost each householder but a small sum if, in the absence of such public provision, he would assume the expense himself. There is no need of having unsightly back yards anywhere in town or country. The possibility of living without them has been demonstrated by both rich and poor; the poor by cleanliness and order can avoid absolute unsightliness—the rich can give real pleasure by the addition of fine turf, shrubs, flowers, vines and similar bounties of nature.

A. F. A. Abbott





HEART TO HEART TALKS

**H**AD an experience in crossing the ocean last summer that helped me along more than one line. I wanted to see the machinery and my wish was granted me, and down among the machinery, for the first time, I realized that at last the ocean is no longer master but servant, and the old feeling that I had had that we were at the mercy of the sea, left me completely. What lessons I learned in those moments. Yes! there was power enough in that engine-room with the fire to run it, to carry us safely through; and the word power, as it occurs in our New Testament, had an increased fascination for me. "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Ah, the wonderful power is in the divine machinery—as it is the fire that moves the machinery. Where would we have been if the fire had given out, and where will we be if there is no divine fire to move us, to take us through the waves of this tempestuous sea of life?

THE OIL OF SYMPATHY

**A**NOTHER lesson I learned while standing among the machinery was the need of oil. There were men whose sole business it was to keep oiling the machinery—and this is the great need in so many families. The home machinery needs much oil, and so we have the figure of oil so often used to denote the Holy Spirit. The Spirit in us will be the oil of sympathy. Can you not remember some one in your family who used to oil the machinery? Perhaps she is not with you now—maybe it was a mother who always had the oil on hand and was always pouring it in; just a little sweet word, a little tenderness, a little consideration, a little charity. Do you not know homes where as the husband enters he calls the name that is sweetest to him, the name of his wife? I can hear my father's voice now, after half a lifetime, saying as soon as he met one of us children in the hall, "Where's your mother?" I am glad they are together now!

THE LESSON OF THE FOG HORN

**A**FRIEND of mine crossed in the steamer ahead of me. She dreaded the voyage because she was always ill. She thought the best stateroom had been selected for her, but to her great disappointment she found the room was just where the machinery was the loudest, and she said, "What shall I do?" And sure enough she was too ill for days to leave her stateroom, but she said to herself, "There is a lesson in it." Presently she said the machinery seemed to say in each movement, "I'm taking you home! I'm taking you home!" and it kept saying it and at last it seemed to say, "Home, sweet home," and so the machinery helped her. As she told me I thought what a pity it was we did not convert all the machinery of life which is sometimes painful into a messenger saying to us, "I'm taking you home. Certainly it was the machinery that was taking her home. I remember one voyage over the Atlantic we had such dreadful fogs, and fogs necessitate fog horns, and it seems to me they used to be more dreadful than they are now, so I thought I would take that time to pray. I did hate that fog horn so, that I had to remind myself that our safety was undoubtedly in that fog horn, and at last I said I will try to pray for loved ones I am separated from and pray for patience for myself while it is blowing. Whether I made out much I do not remember but I do remember what I said to myself afterward. Now there are various kinds of fog horns: sometimes the father in a family is a sort of fog horn; he storms about something or other—everybody is glad when he's gone. Now it may be some other member of the family; a scold, for instance, is a sort of unnecessary fog horn, and the mother can be a scold as well as the father, and if it is the mother, of course the father gets out of the house as quickly as possible. No one wants to hear a fog horn—only at sea is it a thing for safety—but if there is a fog horn in a family the very best thing to do while it is blowing is to give yourself to prayer. There is no use whatever in talking—just wait patiently and quietly until it stops. It would be such a blessed thing if we could in some way use the painful machinery of life and get the refrain from it my friend hit upon.

THIS SIDE OR THE OTHER SIDE?

**I**T would be an interesting study to mark the difference in the lives of the same men when on one side or the other of Pentecost. Peter stands out a striking figure on both sides. On the "other side" so uncertain—declaring one day that he will never forsake Christ; no matter if all forsake Him he will be true. Then to find him so shortly after this afraid of the opinion of a servant girl, and unwilling to stand by his Master when public opinion was against him. Then so curious as to what John should do—and what shall this man do?—he is so uncomfortably like so many of us on the other side of Pentecost. Ah, but on this side of the Pentecost how is it with him? His courage is in such striking contrast to his cowardice on the "other side," his love, his utter humility, his marvelous power make us ask, "Is this, indeed, the same Peter?" Yes, the same and not the same, and all the "not the same" had dated from the Pentecost. The question so naturally arises, "How is it with me? Am I on this side or the other side of Pentecost?" And we look at ourselves and at a large part of the Christian church and we are constrained to acknowledge we feel and act far more like the disciples did on the other side of Pentecost. You never find the question, "Who shall be greatest?" on this side of Pentecost! They seemed in honor to prefer one another. They only provoked one another to love and good works. And can it be that we have never had our Pentecost—that we have never been filled with the Spirit? Has no one ever suspected because of our marvelous joy that something more than ordinary had happened to us, that perhaps we were under the influence of some stimulant? Ah! me! nothing like that has happened to some of us. We may not be able to say we have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost, but though we know we have the Spirit of God we as certainly know we are not filled with the Spirit. Now must this go on? Yes, it will go on; we shall go right on living, as we sing "At this poor dying rate," unless we come to a real decision that we simply will not go on any longer at this rate—that if the command is to us, "Be filled with the Spirit" (and it is), then we will be filled!

FILLED WITH THE HOLY SPIRIT

**O**NCE in awhile I see a sign with the words, "moved" to such and such a place. After giving a "talk" some time ago on tropical spiritual life a lady came to me and said, "I feel as if I lived in the arctic regions; how can I ever get to the spiritual Florida you speak of?" I answered, "I was invited to Florida and I accepted the invitation. I did not think of what it would cost me to go, for the invitation meant a gift, so I began to anticipate and make my arrangements." Now I think in regard to our being filled with the Spirit, of course, it is a gift. The command, "Be filled," implies the willingness of God to give the Spirit, so we must begin to anticipate. Why the hope of it will lift you up. So Charles Wesley wrote: "It lifts me up to things above, it bears on eagle's wings." This whole matter looks very serious to me. Our old men will not dream dreams, and where is the use of living when the dreams are over? The beautiful saint who wrote, "I would not live away," when an old man urged upon the church a new charity and when they said to him, "Doctor, it is all a dream," he so sweetly replied, "We read—'Your old men shall dream dreams'—and without being filled with the Spirit our young men will not see visions. Alas for the church when no visions dawn on our young men. And what about our daughters? For upon our daughters, as well as upon our sons, the Spirit is to be poured out, and they are to teach. I do not say in public, but the teaching is required in the homes, in the social circles, in our society life, a speaking to edification. How much of the opposite of this do we hear—how much do you get from the ordinary conversation of many of our young women? Oh, how often does the beautiful woman to whom more than to any other we owe our Young Women's Christian Association, the ever-to-be-remembered Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, a leading society woman of New York "filled with the Spirit"—how often does she come up before my mind in all her spiritual beauty; one could not look at her without wanting to be nobler. At the most fashionable receptions one winter in Washington she won more than one man to Christ.

THE MANY PROCESSES

**I** SHALL not soon forget my visit to a large cotton mill in a town in Rhode Island. The night before I had met one hundred and fifty of the young girls who work in the mills and who all seemed to know me through the JOURNAL, as they do everywhere else I go. I had anticipated seeing them at their work in the mills, but as I passed from room to room I saw my own real self and the past and future of my own life and the lives of the girls around me. I had never been in a factory where I had not learned lessons, but in seeing the fine muslin mills it seemed to me I saw the various processes through which we must pass to have character made, as I had never seen them. As I entered into the mill I saw the huge bales of cotton as they had come from the cotton fields of the South, and then commenced the work of making the cotton into fine cloth. I caught the words from the gentleman who was taking us through again and again, "It comes out here," "It passes through this and comes out that," so that the words "comes out" seemed to stay with me. I soon noticed that all it passed through had to do with the "coming out," and I soon found myself interested, not only in how that cotton was coming out, but how I was coming out. As I passed on and learned as I went that nothing was lost, that even the black spots that I saw on the bales of cotton were not wasted, but were used to fertilize, I took comfort as I thought of the black spots in my heart and life, and I ventured to hope that somehow they, too, would not be wasted, but would work for good somehow. As I passed on and saw the machinery do so swiftly what our grandmothers did so slowly as they walked backward and forward with their spinning-wheel before them, I wondered what electricity would do for us in the twentieth century. I stood beside a young girl whose work it was to straighten out the muslin. Of course, the machinery did it, as it did everything, but her hands, too, were needed. She smiled as I said to her, "We all have to be made straight, haven't we?"—and so I passed from room to room till I entered the room where all the cloth was unbleached, and it had to be bleached and it had to be singed, I was told. There were little spots that had to come off and it had to be made smooth, and I saw the burning furnaces and the red-hot cylinders it had to pass over. I should have thought it would have been burned all to pieces, but our guide said it passed too quickly to be burned—it only took off the imperfections.

THE FINISHING PROCESS

**I** NOTICED as we went from room to room that what we heard called the finishing was taking place. There seemed to be so much more care—so many more processes to go through. The bleaching place I only glanced in—it was very uninviting. I think if the cloth could have spoken it would have said, "I have been through so much to get where I am, I think I would rather remain unbleached than go through what will make me white," but I imagined it did not feel so at the last when I took it in my fingers and said, "It is very fine, very beautiful!" And after it was bleached and measured by the yard and folded up it only had to be ticketed and packed in the box for the market. I looked at the ticket they put on it, and I saw the word I love in large letters—"Hope"—and there was the anchor and cable, and the boxes stood there for the beautiful material to be laid into, that had passed through so much. Somehow the boxes had a restful look to me. It was all over—no more furnaces, no more bleaching process. It was finished. And then the old sweet words came to my mind, "In sure and certain hope." "Hope" was on every piece, and so with one more glance at the finished muslin I passed out. I asked myself several questions; one was, "Shall I pass so quickly over the burning fires that I shall only be made smooth, not burned?" And I recalled a thought of Faber's where he says, "The one thing we so much need is desire." In the old Hebrew times God called men He loved most the men of desire, and for lack of this He fears that with some of us our wings will not carry us over the fire. Ah, when I saw how swiftly that muslin passed over the fire, I wondered if in the processes we must go through to have our characters made perfect—when the furnace is needed toward the last to remove all imperfections will our desire for God be so strong to be with Him, to be like Him? I imagine this swiftness of desire will prevent any harm from the furnace fires, and we shall see He only desires "our dress to consume and our gold to refine." I am sure that many a time before I am finished I shall see the bleaching, the singeing, the straightening, and I shall anticipate the time when the ticket can be put on of glorious hope—and I be ready to be presented without spot or blemish.

*Margaret Bottomo*

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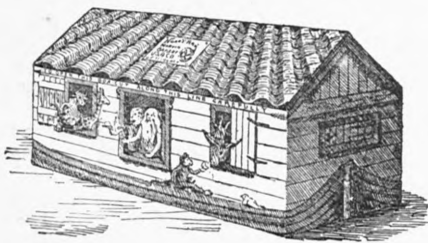
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## SCIENCE IN FRENCH COOKING

By Maria Parloa

**A** GREAT many people have an idea that the French can make good dishes out of nothing. This is certainly not true, but it is true that by careful combinations and scientific treatment they do prepare healthful and savory food from portions of meat and vegetables that are usually wasted in American kitchens.

The question is often asked: "What is the secret of the superiority of French cookery?" It is not one, but many conditions which have made the French masters in this art. But all does not depend upon the cook, for the farmer, the kitchen-garden, the butcher, etc., all do their part to have the food reach the kitchen in the most perfect condition. The vegetables and fruits also receive the greatest care, and consequently reach the market and the housekeeper in the most attractive and satisfactory condition.

### THE PREPARATION OF MEATS

**T**HE butcher's meat is prepared, divided and arranged in the shops in such a manner that it never suggests slaughter. It is a rare thing for one to see a stain on counter, bench or floor. The mode of killing the animals probably has something to do with this freedom from moisture and dripping. The animals are not bled before being killed, as might be inferred from the absence of moisture, but they are killed in such a manner that veins and arteries are emptied quickly and thoroughly. After this the animal is *bouffée*, that is, filled with wind. The large arteries are pressed open and the points of large bellows are inserted into them. While the bellows are being worked a man beats all parts of the carcass with a flat stick. This is to distribute the air in all parts of the flesh. All this work is done very rapidly. The inflating of the animal in this manner gives a fuller and firmer appearance to the meat, and, I fancy, empties the veins and arteries more effectually than they would otherwise be. The French use very little ice, and meats are kept only a few days at the most. The best of beef in France does not compare with American beef, but the veal is superior to anything we have. It is valued more highly than any other product of the butcher. But no matter what the viand, when it comes to the hands of the cook it is so prepared that she has but little to do to it except to cook it.

### ATTENTION TO DETAILS

**T**HERE seems to be an impression that in France one absorbs the knowledge of cookery with the air he breathes. Certainly good cookery is like good grammar, it is important that one should be accustomed to it to fully comprehend it. In France the living is much more frugal and simple than in America, and more attention is paid to all the little details than with us. This attention to the little things is one of the great secrets of perfection in cookery, as it is in all other sciences. Most French women have a good theoretical knowledge of the proper combination and preparation of the various food products, and there are few women, no matter what their social position may be, who cannot put their theories into successful practice. Unless it be in rich families this practical knowledge is absolutely necessary to the French housekeeper, and, indeed, one finds women among the richest and most cultivated classes who are very proud of their culinary knowledge and skill.

The great necessity for economy in fuel and food materials has done much to make the French careful, scientific cooks. Every shovelful of coal and every stick of wood must do its full duty in the preparation of the food. And every ounce of food material must be prepared in such a manner that it shall be palatable and digestible. There is little chance for any kind of waste.

The *pot-au-feu*, which may almost be called the national dish of France, is prepared in every household. One might almost say that this dish is the corner-stone of French cookery. Every cook-book devotes a generous amount of space to its preparation, and it rarely happens that the author does not enlarge upon its value to the French people and the necessity for intelligent care in preparing it. Every author lays great stress on the necessity for slow cooking. It would be almost impossible to find a woman among the poorer and middle classes who does not know that if the *pot-au-feu* is allowed to cook rapidly the soup will not be fine flavored, and the meat will become hard, dry and stringy. She knows, on the other hand, that if the soup just simmers it will be of fine flavor and that the meat will prove tender. Another reason for greater perfection in the cookery in this country is that no one attempts all branches of it; as a rule, they master only that branch of which they have constant need.

### USEFUL LESSON TO LEARN

**H**ENCE the French woman learns in the very beginning of her culinary education that all meats and other albuminous substances become hard when exposed to a high temperature, and that, on the contrary, when they are exposed to a low temperature—the boiling point—they become tender. This is one of the most useful lessons that the cook can learn, and one that it is extremely difficult to get carried out in the American kitchen. I find in France, also, that the careless domestic will often spoil by rapid cooking, a dish of meat or a soup, if she happens to be a little late in beginning the preparation of the meal. Still these breaches of the principles of slow cooking are the exception, and very much against the rules of French cookery.

In various parts of the country and in different households the pieces of meat that are used in the preparations of the *pot-au-feu* vary. Beef is the meat that is most commonly employed in preparing this dish. Cuts from the round, rump, brisket and shoulder are considered the best, as they make a nice-looking dish of meat, but all parts of the animal are used. One frequently cooks a breast of mutton or veal in two hours, in the *pot-au-feu*; this piece of meat is put away to cool and is breaded and broiled the next day. Whenever it is possible the neck and feet of a fowl are added to the *pot-au-feu*. But it matters not as to the kind or quality of the meat, the principles underlying the preparation of this dish are always the same. One will often find at the end of the receipt these admonitions: "Skim the bouillon carefully, simmer softly, see that the bouillon never ceases to bubble gently." The *pot-au-feu* is generally cooked in an earthenware pot, but a porcelain-lined or granite pot will answer the purpose as well.

### PREPARING THE POT-AU-FEU

**F**OR six persons use three pounds of beef, six quarts of water, two carrots, two small-sized white turnips, three or four leeks, one large onion, one blade of celery, one clove or garlic, one parsnip, three whole cloves, twelve pepper corns, two ounces of salt. Have the meat trussed firmly and put it into the pot with the cold water and salt. Place the pot where the contents will heat slowly. Skim carefully several times. When the liquid begins to boil set the pot back where the soup will bubble gently and uninterruptedly for four hours. Scrape and wash the vegetables. Cut each carrot lengthwise into eight pieces. Cut the turnips in the same manner. Cut the thread-like roots and the greenest part of the tops from the leeks; stick the cloves in the onion. Put all the vegetables and spice in a thin piece of netting. Tie loosely, and at the end of four hours add to the *pot-au-feu* and cook two hours longer. At serving time put small thin slices of stale bread in the tureen and pour two quarts of the bouillon over it. Serve at once. Put the meat on a dish and garnish it with the cooked vegetables. Serve one dish of any kind of vegetable you please with the meat.

Where the meat is to be served in this manner for the dinner many housekeepers cook a small piece of pork, a calf's foot or some sort of fat or gelatinous meat which will go well with the lean beef. If the neck and feet of a fowl are used, the feet must be plunged into boiling water and then rubbed briskly with a cloth, to remove the rough skin. Many people envelop the vegetables and spices in large leaves of lettuce or cabbage instead of using the netting. Some cooks add a *bouquet garni* to the *pot-au-feu*. If this is done it must be only for the last half hour in which the *pot-au-feu* is cooking. This quantity of material does not give a rich soup, nor a dark-colored one. The idea is to make enough bouillon to use for other soups and sauces, and not to have it so dark that it cannot be employed in a light-colored soup or sauce. When the soup is desired dark-colored the onion is fried slowly in a little butter, and when it has become a rich dark brown it is added to the soup.

In France butcher's meat is divided into qualities according to the location of the cuts. For example, beef is divided into four qualities, veal into two and mutton into three. In beef and mutton, of course, first and second qualities are the prime cuts. The French use very little salted meat. Those parts of the beef, which in America go into the brine barrel, are used here in ragouts, braises, soups, etc., and by long, slow cooking these coarse, tough pieces are converted into savory and economical dishes. Receipts for dishes made from these third and fourth qualities of meats would fill a small volume, but my aim is only to give some general explanations as to how French housekeepers obtain such good results from the least costly of materials.

### PLEASANT TO LOOK UPON

**E**VEN the toughest and least desirable pieces of meat are so trimmed and trussed that they are pleasant to the eye. Trussing is quite an art in France. Skewers are not much used for this purpose. With a large trussing needle the butcher puts fine cord through those parts of the poultry or meat which are to be held in place. He then winds cord round the cut, thus holding it firmly in place. The butcher does not stop at simply trimming and trussing. He dresses the meat in various ways, so that the housekeeper gets a variety with the least possible trouble to herself. For example, he will bone a breast of veal or mutton, spread over it a layer of finely-minced and well-seasoned meat (this is often sausage meat). He then rolls up the breast and trusses it firmly. The housekeeper either boils, braises or roasts this preparation. The butcher also lards pieces of beef, veal and poultry. Indeed, the cook has little to do to any piece of meat that comes from the hands of the butcher except to cook it.

### ECONOMICAL AND SAVORY DISHES

**B**Y the process of long, slow cooking all the tough and coarse pieces of the animal are converted into substantial and savory dishes. But the housekeeper does not depend upon meat, water, salt and pepper for a satisfactory result. She employs herbs and vegetables both for seasoning and, in the case of the vegetables, also to increase the size of the dish and diminish the expense. Very little spices, except whole cloves, are used in French cooking. One must always keep in mind that the French vegetables and herbs are very mild, and when using the same vegetables in America—particularly the carrot—it is necessary to soak them in cold water several hours. This modifies the flavor. Here are a few dishes that are easily prepared, if the question of slow cooking and proper seasoning be observed. Any part of the animal can be used. It is important when using mutton that the skin and the greater part of the fat should be removed.

### BEEF À LA MODE

**T**AKE three pounds of beef, one calf's foot, one large onion, one carrot (about two ounces), two cloves, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one generous tablespoonful of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one pint and a half of water. Have the beef in a solid piece; if it can be larded so much the better, but this is not essential. Clean the calf's foot carefully and cut it into several pieces. Have a rather shallow granite-ware or iron pan, which can be covered closely. Put the butter in the pan and place over the fire. When the butter is hot put in the beef and cook on one side until brown, then turn and brown the other side. Now take out the beef and add the flour. Stir until the mixture is a dark brown, then gradually add the water, stirring all the time. When the sauce boils add the beef, calf's foot, sliced carrot, the onion, in which are stuck the cloves, and the salt and pepper. Cover the saucepan and place where the contents will cook slowly for six hours. The sauce must not more than bubble faintly in that time. The cooking can be done in the oven or on top of the range. Turn the beef several times during the time it is cooking. Serve on a hot dish. Garnish with the calf's foot and strain the sauce over all.

### RAGOÛT OF MUTTON

**F**OR six persons use two pounds of mutton—the trimmings of chops or a roast, the shoulder-blade chops, or any of the tougher parts—two onions, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, two quarts of white turnips and two quarts of potatoes cut in large cubes and measured after being peeled and cut, and one quart of water. Free the mutton from all the skin and nearly all the fat. Put the butter in a stewpan and over a hot fire. When the butter is hot add the mutton and cook until it is browned on all sides. Now take the meat from the stewpan and add the flour, stirring well until it is browned, then add the water, stirring all the time. When this sauce boils add the mutton, salt, pepper and the onions, cut in thin slices. Cover the stewpan and place where the contents will simmer slowly for two hours. At the end of this time add the turnips, stirring the mixture well. Now spread the potatoes on top, cover the stewpan and place where the contents will cook a little more rapidly. It will require three-quarters of an hour longer to finish the ragoût. The turnips may be omitted and only the potatoes used, or one quart of carrots cut in thin slices may be substituted for the turnips. If carrots are used they should be first boiled in plenty of water for half an hour. Sometimes only one vegetable is used. Macaroni which has boiled in salted water for fifteen minutes, can be substituted for the other vegetables. Half the amount of meat may be used in the preparation of this dish. The French often employ veal or pork instead of the mutton. One can substitute sweet drippings for the butter. The remains of a roast or boil can be used instead of the fresh meat. The thing which one cannot change is the method of cooking, which is always done slowly.





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**A Striking New Cover**

A STRIKINGLY unique cover design will distinguish the next (November) JOURNAL. It is the work of Mr. W. T. Smedley, the well-known illustrator, and pictures, as the miniature reproduction above shows, a group of New York "fashionables" at the Horse-Show. The design is entirely unlike any that the JOURNAL has as yet presented, and is most striking.

**MR. BOK'S BOOK FOR YOUNG MEN**

THE decided success with which the writings for young men by Mr. Edward Bok, the JOURNAL's editor, have met, has induced him to write a book to be published this month by the Revells, of New York. It is called "Successward," and, as its sub-title indicates, it is "a young man's book for young men." Mr. Bok practically covers in this book the entire ground of a young man's life: his business life, the meaning of success, his social life and amusements, his religious life, the "sowing of his wild oats," his dress, his attitude toward women, and the important question of his marriage. Although the retail price of the book is one dollar, the Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL has made arrangements whereby it will be able to supply the volume to any JOURNAL reader at the special price of eighty cents, postage paid to any address.

**RUTH ASHMORE'S BOOK FOR GIRLS**

SIMULTANEOUSLY with Mr. Bok's book for young men will appear a book for girls by the popular Ruth Ashmore, of the JOURNAL's editorial staff. For a long time hundreds of girls have desired that Ruth Ashmore's best writings for girls might appear in book form, and this has now been done. The book is called "Side-Talks with Girls," and comes from the publishing house of the Scribners. The cream of Miss Ashmore's writings in the JOURNAL is in this book, and it therefore makes at once the most readable and helpful book for girls ever published. The Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL has also made arrangements whereby copies of it will be supplied to JOURNAL readers at eighty cents, postage paid to any address.

**MRS. BURTON HARRISON'S NEW STORY**

IN the next issue of the JOURNAL will begin a clever novelette by Mrs. Burton Harrison, whose popular stories of "The Anglomaniacs" and "A Bachelor Maid" are so well known. In this JOURNAL story Mrs. Harrison has chosen for her scenes of action two fields with which she is most thoroughly and happily familiar: the social whirl of New York's "Four Hundred" and the quiet atmosphere of Southern domesticity. The contrast is most delightful, especially so in a love story. Mr. W. T. Smedley has aptly and strikingly illustrated the story.



MRS. HARRISON

WITH THE READING SEASON UPON US IT is well to remember where one can buy books at the cheapest prices, and where the largest number of books can be had for the least money. This is what the Literary Bureau of the JOURNAL was organized for: to make it possible for the smallest book-buyer to receive the prices usually and only given the large and extensive purchaser. With the Literary Bureau every book has a special price for a JOURNAL reader. This the catalogue of "5000 Books" shows. No better nor simpler guide to the best books than this has ever been printed. It contains 200 pages, and has in it the portraits of 180 authors and the titles of over 5000 books in every department of reading. It cost thousands of dollars to produce this book, and yet all that the JOURNAL asks for it is ten cents, with which to cover the cost of mailing. For that small sum it will be sent at once to any address.

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THE JOURNAL gives every woman a chance to do so, with scarcely any trouble. Scores of women have, during the past year, received checks from the JOURNAL when they never expected them—checks ranging in amounts from ten to five hundred dollars. It is easier now to earn this money than at any other time of the year. A simple inquiry of the JOURNAL's Circulation Bureau will tell the plan.

**A STIRRING NEW MARCH**

SUCH as girls like to play for a "two-step" dance, full of time, "go" and dash, will be printed in its entirety in the next issue of the JOURNAL. It is called "The Constellation March" and is the work of Mr. Thomas Clark, whose "Belle of New York March" was so popular last summer. Mr. Clark's work comes very close in its excellence to the best marches of John Philip Sousa, as any one will see who plays the composition which the JOURNAL will print in its next issue.



THOMAS CLARK

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**A YOUNG GIRL'S HOME LIBRARY**

JUST what are the best books for a small library for a girl has often been asked. This question will be answered in the next JOURNAL, when Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the best authority on American books, will point out to girls the best ten, fifteen, twenty-five, fifty and one hundred books which they can read. The cost of the books will also be given. It is safe to say that, of its kind, this article is the best which has ever been written on the subject. The selection of books is singularly unbiased and good.



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**FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS**  
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Under this heading I will cheerfully answer any question relating to flowers or their culture. **EBEN E. REXFORD.**

R. F.—A double-spined Calla is not uncommon.  
 W. R. H.—Specimen sent, Bryophillum. Not a very desirable plant.  
 M. J. E.—The flowers of the Grand Duke Jasmine are short-lived, but those of the Cape Jasmine last for a long time.  
 M. H.—If your Ficus was slightly frosted it will send out branches along the stalk to take the place of the leaves it has lost.  
 M. L. K.—The Fern sent is a Pteris. It should have a soil of leafmould, with good drainage; keep in shade. Do not shower the foliage.  
 MRS. F. H. S.—Not knowing what treatment your Amaryllis has received I am unable to offer any suggestions as to what shall be done to make it bloom.  
 E. B. C.—Ferns should never be kept in strong sunshine. They, however, like a good light. Do not shower the Adiantums. If you do you will injure the foliage.  
 MRS. F. H. W.—Carnations like a somewhat strong, heavy soil, moderate amount of moisture and a sunny place. Do not keep them very warm; shower daily.  
 R. L. H.—You can rid your plants of green lice by fumigating them with Tobacco, by showering them with Tobacco tea, or by the application of sulpho-tobacco soap.  
 E. A. W.—Grow the Chinese Lily on until it ceases to develop new leaves. Then gradually dry it off, and store the bulbs away in a cool, dry place until fall, then proceed with them precisely as you did with the original bulb.  
 MRS. F. C. F.—The Poinsettia is dried off after blooming, and kept as nearly dormant as possible until spring. Then it is slowly encouraged to make new growth during the summer. Cut it back sharply to force branching.  
 X. Y. Z.—Apply lime-water to your plants, as frequently advised in this department. The little flies of which you speak are hatched from worms in the soil. The lime-water will kill these worms, and thus prevent further trouble from flies.  
 CONSTANT READER—The trouble with the plant of which you send specimen is mildew. Perhaps you keep them in a strong draught. If so, give them another position, where they can have shelter from cold winds, and dust their foliage with flower of sulphur.  
 F. E. B.—I think, from what you say about the dropping of the flowers of your Lemon Tree, that the soil requires a fertilizer. I would suggest an application of fine bonedust to the plant. It would also be a good plan to cut back the top somewhat. Be sure to see that the roots do not lack for water while the plant is making growth.

MRS. H. E. D.—The leaf sent is infested with scale. Apply sulpho-tobacco soap. Red spider is not routed by the use of insect powder. Use clear water, and use it liberally, and two or three times a day. Water does more to drive away this pest than any insecticide I have ever used, if used thoroughly and persistently. An occasional sprinkling does no good.  
 MRS. C. A. H.—The Cactus sent is generally catalogued as *Echinocactus mammillaria*. It frequently produces flowers, but is mostly grown because of its peculiar appearance. Give a soil composed of equal parts of sand and clay. When the plant is making growth water well. After the growing period is over keep it pretty dry. Give it the benefit of strong sunshine.  
 MRS. C. E. P.—I do not know of any journal wholly floricultural that can be recommended as of much help to the florist. (2) Under favorable conditions—and that means a great deal more than I can touch on here—it pays to grow flowers and plants for sale. But the amateur can hardly expect to succeed against the opposition which he must meet from professional growers.

MRS. O. P.—Rose cuttings should be taken when the wood is in the half-way stage between fresh and ripe growth. If too young, they will decay; if too old, roots will not form. Perhaps the best test is the formation of a tender bark which begins to be "stringy" when the cutting is torn away from the parent plant. With bottom heat cuttings in sand will root in a month. In the ground it may take all summer for strong roots to form. I prefer a cutting with a heel.  
 A. M. S.—I know nothing about the culture required by the Pineapple. (2) It is impossible for me to say whether your Geraniums should be watered twice a week or every day. That depends on circumstances. If in a warm room the moisture may evaporate so rapidly from the soil that it will be necessary to apply water every day. If in a cool room, twice a week may be often enough to do this. The only rule to be governed by is this: Wait till the soil looks dry, then water and do it thoroughly.

MRS. E. H. G.—If your Rubber Plant was brought from the greenhouse to your living-room the dropping of its leaves is easily accounted for. In the greenhouse the air is always moist, while in the living-room it is almost always very hot and dry. The change is almost sure to affect all plants unfavorably. When a plant becomes used to its new quarters there is generally no further trouble with it. If the roots fill the pot shift to a pot a size larger. Keep the foliage clean; water often enough to keep the soil moist all through, no more. Keep the plant in partial shade.

J. H. T.—I do not know what variety of Amaryllis you refer to as the "winter-blooming kind." This plant blooms at irregular intervals—sometimes in winter, sometimes in summer. It should be watered well as long as it keeps producing new leaves. As soon as it stops growing, withhold water, and after a little let the soil become rather dry. Keep it so until you see fresh signs of growth, then apply more water. The Valetta, which is a member of the Amaryllis family, blooms regularly each year in fall, and this sort can be wintered in the cellar. But other varieties do not do well there.

MRS. H. J. H.—I never recommend the use of a bulb which has been forced in the house a second season. Such bulbs sometimes bloom again, but not often, and they can never be depended upon. It is much more satisfactory to buy strong, fresh bulbs each fall for winter flowering. (2) Roman Hyacinths, like all other bulbs of that class, grow weaker and weaker year after year if allowed to bloom early, and it becomes necessary to replace the old stock with new, fresh, healthy plants. (3) Books are useful in giving one a knowledge of floriculture, but the knowledge thus obtained must be supplemented by personal experience and observation.

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**McMENAMIN & CO., Hampton, Va.**



# THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, each month, any reasonable question on Home Dressmaking asked me by my readers.

EMMA M. HOOPER.

MRS. D. C.—Kindly read the answer given to "Vera W."

MRS. VAL—Use an eight-gore skirt for your crêpon and read answer to "Skirtmaker."

TWINS—Dress alike if you wish, though it is rather striking to see two very tall girls dressed as exact counterparts.

ROSE X.—Black moreen petticoats are very much worn, but I cannot recommend them, as they are very heavy and by no means hygienic.

MRS. J. B.—Jacket suits are worn by boys of three years if well grown, though mothers sometimes keep boys in kilt skirts and jackets until five years of age.

DRESSMAKER—Even with a petticoat of moreen a godet skirt should be interlined with one of the numerous stiffening fabrics to a depth of fifteen inches.

LERA—Your questions were answered in the September issue. (2) White alpaca semi-evening dresses will be worn and trimmed with a bright velvet collar and belt.

ECONOMY—A black alpaca petticoat trimmed with two ruffles, nicely bound and finished with a stiffening or extender around the lower edge, is the next choice to one of silk.

SLEEVES—The puff sleeve to the elbow and close below is newer than the leg-of-mutton. Elbow-length sleeves are worn in the house and on theatre and semi-evening costumes.

MISS MAGGIE N.—Short basque backs in three or five tiny godet plaits are worn by those tiring of round waists; the front is round, pointed or double-breasted half way to the neck.

MADELLA—Henrietta is never out of style for children's frocks and ladies' tea-gowns and house dresses, and this fall it is worn by many who have tired of rough and changeable effects.

MRS. HOWARD K.—Sealskin, baby lamb, black marten for capes, and in the rotation named. Ermine is in better taste for evening wear or as a trimming for young ladies' and children's wraps.

BABY MINE—White fur carriage robes are the prettiest for winter. (2) Cover every portion of the little body with fine all-wool underwear. (3) Dress a girl in pure white for certainly two years.

DOSSIE—Redingote costumes should be made of a heavy fabric, as cloth, bouclé—rough—dress goods, velvet, etc. The skirt front must be of a contrasting material if the Parisian ideas are carried out.

M. Y.—Buttons have simply been a rage in Europe for six months, worn as a trimming, and the use of them is fast spreading here, but only as a trimming, not for use, as waists are still invisibly hooked.

SKIRTMAKER—In lining a circular skirt cut the lining straight on the sides where the round curve comes; this prevents sagging to a great degree, except for crêpon, which ought not to be cut in this style.

BLACK GOODS—A heavy weight of mohair will make a lovely skirt to wear with your plaid and changeable silk waists. Wear either a crush belt of silk or one of black ribbon fastening with a silver buckle.

T. G. F.—With plaid woolen goods combine plain satin for belt and collar and vice-versa. (2) Trim a pink taffeta waist with straps of leaf green, golden brown or black velvet and steel buckles, as described for "Brownie."

SUBSCRIBER—A bride is supposed to furnish her wardrobe for six months and all of the table and bed linen if she keeps house. Of course, where the bride is poor and the groom wealthy, matters are differently arranged.

MRS. J. S.—A princesse gown made with a blouse front will do for a maternity gown. Black always makes one look smaller and stripes add to the height. (2) The half-long golf cape will answer nicely for an every-day wrap.

UNDECIDED—Have a waist-length cape of black velvet lined with bright taffeta silk and trimmed with ostrich feather ruching on the neck and front edges. Add a square yoke of jet or merely outline one with jet insertion.

MISS—A miss is from twelve to sixteen years of age, and during that time should wear a corset-waist, not a stiffly-boned corset. Let the form expand and you will not regret it when you learn to appreciate the great blessing that health is.

ITA S.—I could not advise you or any one to come to a large city to look for employment unless you were an expert in some branch of work, possessed of friends who could aid you, or with sufficient money to pay your expenses while looking for a position.

MRS. ANNE C.—Little girls do wear white gimpes through the winter, but must also wear flannel from ankles to neck in Canada. (2) The fashionable woolen and silk plaids now written of are the fancy French plaids, not the clan tartans of Scotch extraction.

MARIE—In a city you can always order your broadcloth sponged at the merchants selling it. (2) Velvet will be very fashionable for hats, dress trimmings, capes and entire toilettes later on. (3) In furs the long-haired variety, excepting sealskin, of course, is preferred in brown and black.

DATA—To be punctual is undoubtedly an admirable trait; nevertheless letters must take their turn and cannot be answered by "return mail" or in the "next issue." This has been explained many times, also the fact that a postage stamp should be inclosed when a personal letter is requested.

TOWN AND CITY—Use tan or light blue broadcloth for a cape coming down to the hips and cut very full. Line with silk or saten, and interline if you wish it for cool weather. Finish the neck with a triple-plaited ruche of number sixteen satin ribbon, having a bow back and front with long ends.

E. S. T.—Black gloves are not fashionable except for those in mourning, and then the suede or undressed kid is preferred. (2) Sleeves of elbow length are very fashionable among stylish dresses for theatre, dinner and semi-evening waists. Gloves to meet the sleeve should be worn with them.

SISTER MARY—Nickel gray is now being worn a good deal among people who keep posted in regard to Paris fashions. It was revived in that city during the summer and worn with white or black trimmings. In velvet it does not look as well as a richer color, but is handsome in cloth, Henrietta, crêpon and mohair.

E.—Large collars and such accessories will be edged with a gimp of jet beads or spangles. (2) Three large fancy buttons are worn on the box-plait in front of waists, two fasten belts, one is set on the point of a rever, three trim the front of jackets on either side, and, in fact, they are put wherever fancy may dictate.

MRS. CHARLES P.—Little girls wear the same dress materials that their mothers do and very much the same range of colors as well. (2) A low-cut frock worn with a white gümpe is never out of fashion for a girl of five years. (3) They do wear the box-plaited effects on the front of round waists at six to twelve years.

CLARA V.—The cheapest white wedding gown of "really stylish materials" will be a skirt of crêpon, Fayette or Lansdowne, with a round waist and large elbow sleeves of chiffon; or have the entire gown of the silk and wool material, with frills on the sleeves, stock collar and draped Marie Antoinette fichu of chiffon.

ALABAMA GIRL—For a week's sightseeing in a city take your traveling suit, one fancy silk waist, extra skirt and evening bonnet. You can buy the latter there to better advantage than in a small town. (2) Wear white or very pale tan gloves in the evening and brown for traveling. (3) Do not wear thickly-dotted veils if your eyes are weak.

COUNTRY GIRL—Personally I think you would learn more of dressmaking by attending a dressmaker's school for three months than by sewing for a dressmaker for two years. In the former case you learn the trade—fitting, cutting and making, but in the latter case you are kept on one or two things, as making sleeve linings, binding skirts, etc.

VERA W.—Buy the heavy black mohair for a jacket suit, and wear with a plaid silk waist having puff sleeves, crush belt and collar, box-plaited centre front and shirings on either side of the neck. Pay a dollar and fifty cents a yard for the mohair and a dollar and twenty-five cents for the silk, in which brown, green, blue or ruby should predominate.

INVALID—Light striped flannel wrappers are sufficiently warm and wash well with care. (2) In having goods dyed the dyer cannot always bring out the exact shade that you wish; the color dyed must be several shades lighter than the color to be, and one color takes another well, like tan takes brown, and, again, will disappoint, as tan will not take a good gray.

MAMIE F.—Have a five-yard godet skirt interlined to a depth of fifteen inches; round waist having a four-inch box-plait in front and dropping in blouse fashion over the belt; sailor collar ending at belt in points, and sleeves in a large puff to the elbows and close-fitting below; crush collar and belt of bright plaid taffeta silk. Place three large steel or jet and Rhinestone buttons on the box-plait.

MRS. H.—As I have written several times before, godet skirts need not be interlined above the knees. Many of them are only interlined to a depth of twelve inches to keep them light in weight. (2) I cannot give an address in this column, neither is it allowable to recommend any special brand of goods. You must see that by so doing we would give advertisements to many manufacturers.

ESNOL—Your sample can be worn until the middle of November by trimming it with a large sailor collar, belt and crush collar of blue velvet. (2) Silk waists and dark skirts will undoubtedly be very fashionable next winter. (3) An article on dressing for the opera and theatre would only interest those living in the large cities, and our articles must be of help to a great many kinds and conditions of women.

A. V.—Russian sable is short-haired and a very dark glossy brown. A perfect skin is worth a hundred dollars, but it must be perfect in every way, so that is really not a common price. When you realize that it takes two skins for a small boa and three for a muff you can see why only a fortunate few have real Russian sable. People often wear Alaska sable and think it the Russian; a boa and muff of this are very nice at twenty dollars.

C. M.—Use a changeable figured silk taffeta showing brown prominently, with a hint of the beige like your sample and blue or green as well. Have panel of it in the skirt next to the front width, also immense sleeve puffs from shoulder to elbow, using the lower part of the old sleeves. Cut the basque into a round waist or short point, back and front, with a crush belt or merely a twist on the edge. Remove plaits on basque and add a crush collar and wide centre double box-plait of the silk, on which place three large fancy steel buttons.

A SUBSCRIBER—A Marie Antoinette fichu is a three-corner kerchief of batiste, fine silk, mousseline, gauze, net, chiffon or lace, trimmed with ruffles or knife-plaited of the goods or of lace. Usually the corner at the back is rounded and the front ends are either knotted over the bust or lengthened so that they cross over the bust and continue to the back of the waist-line where they are loosely tied. In Paris they reintroduced this garment in the summer and they are now wearing short ones of silk on a silk or fine woolen costume. They are worn with a high or low necked gown and are named after the inflated Queen who was fond of this article of attire.

BROWNIE—Short, full capes will be the preferred style. (2) Your brown sample is a silk and wool mixture, not a silk. (3) Combine your neat check with brown satin for large sleeve puffs to the elbows, a narrow crush belt and collar. Have a double box-plait four inches wide on front of round blouse waist. Place a strap of satin an inch and a half wide from each shoulder seam half way to the belt, fastening it there with a knot and two ends and a steel buckle; then put a similar strap on lower part of box-plait, with knot and buckle a trifle below those on the sides. Fasten the belt and collar to correspond at the back. Then have an extra collar of blue velvet to wear with the suit. Make skirt five yards wide, with three godets at back, and interline to a depth of fifteen inches.

C. E. C.—Have a figured taffeta waist showing navy, as navy and ruby, green or beige. (2) A sal-low skin needs warm colors, as ruby, bright pink, yellow, reddish purple, garnet, cream or brown, except the grayish and yellow browns. (3) Crush or stock collars and belts are in the highest favor for winter. (4) Have white tips dyed black to wear on a blue hat. (5) Pearl gray or light tan four-button glacé kid gloves, except for very dressy occasions; then wear white. (6) The dress depends upon what you wish it for and the money to be expended for it. A changeable mohair and wool crêpon in brown and pink would be very pretty with a godet skirt, sleeves in elbow puffs and round waist. Box-plait on front of waist holding three large Rhinestone and steel buttons, crush belt, collar of the same style and a large sailor collar of brown velvet. Edge latter with a narrow gimp of steel and brown spangles.

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#### Baby's Cloak

this winter is a marvel of dainty designing. "The Shoppers' Economist" shows many styles, each more charming than the other. The one illustrated here is of all-wool cloth in handsome checks, cape and cuffs trimmed with braid. Sizes 2 and 3 years. **\$4.75**



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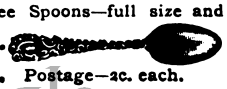
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**LITERARY QUERIES**

BY THE LITERARY EDITOR

Under this heading the Literary Editor will endeavor to answer any possible question of general interest concerning Literary matters. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

**DIETER**—Mr. Richard Harding Davis is unmarried.  
**M. A.**—Madame Adam is the editor of the "Nouvelle Revue."

**MATILDA**—Gilbert Parker was born in Canada of English parents.

**JENSEE**—Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen wrote "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

**MARY**—Robert Louis Stevenson's will gave his Samoa home to his wife.

**B. W.**—The author of Coin's "Financial School" is William Hope Harvey.

**JOLIET**—Stanley Weyman was born in England in 1855. He is a lawyer by profession.

**B. R. L.**—The Lord's Prayer was arranged in verse by the late Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

**G. S. N.**—The author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Henry Wood, is a widow. Her maiden name was Ellen Price.

**WALKER**—The Lenox Library in New York City is chiefly remarkable for its collection of Bibles and its Americana.

**GERTHA**—There is a new magazine in Chicago called "The American Jewess." It is probably just what you want.

**GALVESTON**—Rudyard Kipling married an American girl, the sister of his friend and collaborator, Wolcott Balestier.

**AURORA**—"Heaven is not reached by a single bound," you will find in a poem of J. G. Holland's called "Gradation."

**BEULAH**—Charles Kingsley was called "The Chartist Clergyman," after the appearance of his novel, "Alton Locke."

**C. L. K.**—If you want some really good criticisms of the older American poets, read Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Poets of America."

**J. F. O.**—Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") was born in Florida, Missouri, in 1835. It is said that in "Tom Sawyer" he depicted his own boyhood.

**A.**—"Penny dreadful" is a term used to designate a tale of vulgar sensationalism sold for a penny. The term is English and was used many years ago in the "Contemporary Review."

**YANKTON**—Constance Fenimore Woolson is buried in Rome, Italy. (2) "Arthur Penn" was the *nom de plume* of Mr. Brander Matthews. Mr. Matthews writes under his own name nowadays.

**QUERIST**—The editorial department of "The American University Magazine" is in charge of Rossiter Johnson. (2) The author of the novel, "A Superfluous Woman," is a Miss Emma Brooke, an English woman.

**GLADYS**—Miss Emily Faithful died in London, England, in June last. At the time of her death she was on the staff of "The Ladies' Pictorial," an English periodical. Miss Faithful had made several trips to the United States.

**R. L. S.**—There had not, up to the time of our going to press, been any successor appointed to Tennyson as Poet Laureate of England. (2) "The Father of the English Novel" was a title given to Henry Fielding by Sir Walter Scott.

**SUBSCRIBER**—Philip James Bailey is the author of the lines:  
"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

**SEVERAL READERS**—The author of "The Little Minister" is J. M. Barrie; the author of "The Stickit Minister" is the Rev. S. R. Crockett, and the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" is the Rev. John Maclaren Watson ("Ian Maclaren").

**ETTIE**—Longfellow wrote "The Bells of Lynn." (2) It was Margaret Fuller Ossoli who said, "If men look strictly to it they will find that unless their lives are domestic those of the women will not be. A house is no home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as for the body."

**GRACE L.**—The verse you inclose belongs to one of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poems:  
"Ah, sad are they who know not love,  
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,  
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond  
The silvery coasts of fairy isles."

**NEWPORT**—In George Henry Calvert's description of "The True Gentleman," you will find the sentence which you quote: "The gentleman makes manliness attractive by seamliness," he exemplifies in the words of Sidney, "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy." (2) Nathaniel Hawthorne died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, in 1864.

**SCHOOLBOY**—The following books will help you in your study of chemistry: Oldbeig's "Outlines of a Course in Pharmacy," Oldbeig's "Home Studies in Pharmacy," "Manual of Pharmacy and Pharmaceutical Chemistry," by C. F. Heebner; "Essentials of Botany," by C. E. Bessey; "Elementary Text Book of Chemistry," by W. G. Mixer. Of course, larger and more complete works will be required for advanced study and reference.

**JAMESPORT**—The first Southern magazine to attain any prominence was published in Baltimore from 1811 to 1849, and bore the name of "Niles' Register." It was supported by the cultivated people of its own vicinity, reaching very limited circulation outside of the city of Baltimore; but to its pages contributed the Pinckneys, Francis S. Key, John P. Kennedy and others less known to fame. A rival sprang up during its first years in the "Portico," started in 1816, published in Baltimore and simultaneously in Philadelphia.

**YOUNG MAIDEN**—If you are quite sure that you have an original idea in your mind sit down and write it out, then put it aside for a day or two, then read it over carefully and eliminate every superfluous word. If you are still satisfied that the public will be interested, write it all out again on single sheets of note paper in as simple and direct a style as you can command. Write only on one side of the note sheet, leaving a margin to the left, numbering each sheet carefully and writing your name and address legibly on the left-hand upper corner of the first sheet. Then send your manuscript off to the magazine which you think it will suit, inclosing sufficient postage for its return in case it should not be accepted. Do not write to the editor. Editors are busy people and appreciate nothing so much as being left alone with a manuscript which contains no other appeal than its brevity, its clearness and its suitability. The high-class magazines usually express their decisions concerning submitted manuscripts within a month of the date of their receipt.

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Wear-resisting, stainless stays, moulded to fit the figure. The most comfortable and stylish of all Corsets. In shapes to fit all figures. Prices—in Royal Jean, \$1.50; Coutil, \$2.00, and Brocaded Sateen, \$3.00.

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**Warren Featherbone Co., Three Oaks Mich.**





SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

BY RUTH ASHMORE

SPECIAL TO MY GIRLS

Often have my girls written, asking why my articles (not these answers to questions) have not been made into a book. I have wished they might, and so it is with a great sense of personal pleasure that I say such a book has been made by the Scribners, of New York, who have just brought it out. I have kept the title so familiar to you all: "Side-Talks with Girls." I think the book contains, in its two hundred and fifty pages, the best articles I have written to girls. It sells for one dollar, but the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau will supply any of my girls with it at the special price of 80 cents, postage paid. Of course, I shall like it if all my girls will send for a copy of this book—my first one.

RUTH ASHMORE.

BELLE—A bride carries roses but does not wear them.

JESSIE—An introduction in the street car is very bad form.

JULIA—It would be courteous to call after attending an afternoon reception.

KANSAS—If your friend desires it you should certainly send back his photograph.

B. M. R.—I think it would be very wrong to marry into a family where insanity is hereditary.

FRANCES—If, when calling, a gentleman is introduced to you a bow is sufficient acknowledgment.

A. F.—The finger nails are cut round, not pointed; an extremely high polish is considered in bad taste.

ALICIA—Chrysanthemums make an effective decoration for a late October or early November wedding.

M. E.—If for some special reason one is unable to return a visit in person then a card should be sent by mail.

INQUIRER—Well-bred women do not smoke cigarettes, nor appear outside of their own rooms in loose wrappers.

L. B.—It would be perfectly proper for you to be married in the church and have the reception in your new home.

ARDENT ADMIRER—"To brew the tea" is a perfectly proper phrase, but I do not think it is one in general use.

E.—There is no impropriety whatever in a woman who has passed her first youth having a house and home of her own.

CLARA—It would be courteous to invite the mother of your brother's fiancée to the reception which you give in her honor.

ETHEL—It is customary to wear mourning for at least one year for a parent, and when it is laid aside one assumes colors at once.

ELOISE N.—It would be in very bad taste for a young woman to correct young girls before other people for their bad English.

M. H.—As the gentleman went with you to the dance it would be proper for him to make an afternoon call with you on the hostess.

DOR—If a man friend offers to act as your escort, simply say, "Thank you very much, I shall be glad to have you walk home with me."

H. N.—Do not give your card to your hostess when leaving, but put it on a near-by table, or on a special place prepared for it if there is one.

INGHAM—Telepathy is supposed to be the control that a stronger mind has over a weaker one, making it conscious of what the other wishes.

G. B.—In writing a personal note to a gentleman, no matter how slight your acquaintance may be with him, it should begin "My Dear Mr. Brown."

M. F.—In writing one would address a letter "To the Reverend James Brown"; in speaking to the gentleman one would say "Mr. Brown."

THERESE—As you wish your friends to call upon the one who is visiting you write a personal note to each asking them to come and see your visitor.

RUBY—If a stranger calls when you are out the same recognition is given the card as if you were at home, and a return visit within ten days is required.

LOUISE C. C.—It would be very wrong for you to wear a ring belonging to a young man who is, you are sure, in love with you, but for whom you do not care.

C. M.—When sheets are hemstitched all four sides may receive the decoration if desired, but the upper and lower ones should have a deeper hem than the sides.

MAUDE S.—If a gentleman pays your car fare you should thank him for it. (2) It would be in very bad taste to wear anything so brilliant as a red cape to a funeral.

M. H. B.—It would be in very bad taste at an evening affair to refuse the invitation of one gentleman to take you in to supper, and then to accept that of another.

LATHROP—Your cousins are perfectly right in objecting to your eating with a knife. A knife is only to be used for cutting. (2) Care should be taken to eat soup noiselessly.

ETIQUETTE—When a gentleman calls on a lady he shakes hands with her on his arrival, but, unless he is very intimate in the house, a simple bow is sufficient when he leaves.

BRONTË—I think you are doing quite right to keep up the pleasant acquaintance, but not to ask a girl to give herself exclusively to you until you feel that you can ask her to be your wife.

JANE—A lady does not thank a gentleman for having danced with her. (2) No matter what kind of paper you write on it is proper to put, at the head of the sheet, your address and the date.

R. K. L.—If a man friend has been kind enough to lend you some books, and brings them personally, it would be proper for you to return them by messenger and accompany them with a note of thanks.

STANTON—Benzoin is frequently used in water intended for the toilette to soften it and to cause it to act upon the skin medicinally. A few drops of it makes the water milky and gives it a particularly pleasant odor.

DESPAIR—The marriage of a man of thirty-five to a girl of eighteen would be perfectly proper. (2) A schoolgirl should not be allowed to go out with young men or to any functions unless accompanied by an older woman.

FLORENCE G.—Bathe your hands in very hot water and soap, rub cold cream well into them and sleep in gloves. In the morning wash all the grease out with tepid water and soap. This treatment will certainly tend to whiten them.

A READER—It would not be good taste to wear a silver belt buckle in deep mourning. (2) In deep mourning no trimming except crape is permitted, not even deep mourning silk. Chiffon may be worn when crape is laid aside.

T. L. G.—It is not necessary to put the time on the invitations for an evening affair, as no one will appear before nine o'clock. (2) There would be no impropriety in sending a bouquet to a man friend on the day he was graduated.

W.—If your face has an inclination to swell when you are up late the evening before I would advise your rubbing it well with some cold cream when you go to bed and then giving it first a hot and then a cold bath in the morning.

R. S. G. AND OTHERS—I cannot recommend any hair dye or bleach. The use of either is not only vulgar but oftentimes injurious. Only lately I have known of three old ladies being taken to the insane asylum as the result of using hair dye.

ENDYMION—I do not think it wise for a young girl to correspond with any of her men friends no matter how well she may know them. A pleasant letter now and then from a man friend might be answered, but I cannot approve of a regular correspondence.

NEW YORK—In making an evening call a gentleman would appear about half-past eight and remain an hour. Even if his visit is to the daughter he should ask for her mother. (2) The favorite writing paper is cream white, unlined and rather heavy.

NOBE—The words "gentleman friend" and "lady friend" have been so vulgarized that most well-bred women now say "man friend" or "woman friend," it being taken for granted that they only number among their friends ladies and gentlemen.

BELL K.—It is not in good taste for a lady to meet two men friends at the station, when they are simply passing through the city in which she lives. (2) A well-bred girl does not receive presents of jewelry from a man unless he has asked her to marry him.

H. R.—In sending cards to a large family it is proper to address an invitation to each member. Economy should never be exercised when sending out wedding invitations. (2) Each letter of condolence calls for a letter of thanks for the sympathy shown.

EDWARD T.—You are perfectly right in being frank with the girl whom you wish to marry, and telling her exactly your situation in life and insisting upon a positive answer. (2) I am afraid if I had a side-talk with boys, the girls might be neglected, and that would never do.

C. R. B.—As the gifts were sent to you, your acknowledgment was sufficient. In writing thanks for a wedding present from a gentleman and his wife, write to the lady, and, after your thanks, express a hope that you and your husband will see her and Mr. Brown in the near future.

A BOY READER—If the invitation to the afternoon tea cannot be accepted a gentleman may send his card while the tea is going on, by messenger. Neither acceptance nor regret is required for such an invitation. (2) A gentleman would leave a card for each sister who is out in society.

TROUBLED—My dear girl, the best thing for you to do is to ignore the woman who has been mean enough to say untruthful things about you. If you are forced to meet her be very distant in your manner and do not converse with her, and do not recognize her when you meet on the street.

M.—It would show no disrespect to your husband if you retained your maiden name in conjunction with his while he was still living. In signing a letter you can, with perfect propriety, sign yourself, "Mary Hamilton Pegrum"; in fact, the retaining of the surname is absolutely a correct fashion.

V. V. V.—Hair-dressing is a perfectly reputable profession, well suited to a young woman, and in which I should think a good income could be made. (2) I do not think a moderate drinking of coffee would affect the skin. (3) In taking fruit seeds or stones from one's mouth the fingers should be used.

ONE—Your friend in asking you to be her bridesmaid will probably repeat her request in the simplest manner and you would answer it in the same way. A bridesmaid is expected to furnish her own costume. The bride usually gives the bridesmaids their gloves, and the bridegroom sends them their bouquets.

N. G.—I think going to a fortune-teller's is very silly, and cannot advise you under any circumstances, to believe what such persons would tell you. (2) I consider it very wrong for a young woman to lunch with a married man who is not living with his wife; neither do I approve of a young girl wearing jewelry belonging to a man friend.

KLAMATH—The gentleman who asks you to go to the opera, when you are visiting in the city in which he lives, should also invite your hostess, even though she is a stranger to him. If he does not ask her you should refuse the invitation. (2) A thick ulster made with a hood and quite loose is the most comfortable wrap for an ocean voyage.

HANNAH—As the lady has been prevented from returning your call by a death in the family it would be in good taste for you to call again. (2) In calling on a mother and daughter in a house where there are no gentlemen you would leave one of your own and one of your husband's cards for each lady. (3) A formal call should not last longer than fifteen minutes.

ANXIOUS—I think you are quite right in not being willing to permit a young girl, who does not realize what it means, to become the wife of a man who has served a term in the reformatory. However, if she insists upon it, I should advise her waiting awhile, until the man has convinced the world that he means to live an honest and good life.

LOTTIE—Vaseline will tend to make the eyelashes grow and will darken them, but much care must be taken in applying it. (2) I do not think that anything except that which is good will result from brushing the hair at night; it will make the hair glossy and healthy and develop the arms. (3) To get the shine off your face throw a little borax in the water used for bathing it.

ANXIOUS FATHER—It seems to me most dreadful that a young girl should be so willing to disobey her father. She ought to be loving and tender and endeavor to fill the place of her dead mother. From what you tell me of her I should advise your sending her to some good boarding-school, where, meeting well-mannered girls, she will realize how careless and unkind she has been in her own home, and will profit accordingly. As you have not been able to influence her at home there would seem to be great reason for placing her where she will be carefully watched and sheltered.

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Because of their extreme comfortableness, every one wearing Lewis Union Suits says "they would not go back to wearing the old-style two-piece suits for anything."



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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THESE SUITS, should he not have them do not take a substitute, but inclose stamp for 32 samples of fabrics and 32-page catalogue illustrating our many styles and the uses for which Union Suits demand preference. We will have your order filled or refer you to a dealer.

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Special Cloak Catalogue is Free

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No season for many years has presented the opportunity for so choice a line of styles in Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits, Jackets, Capes and Furs as we are now showing. Our catalogue and samples should be in the hands of every lady who values stylish and perfect-fitting garments. We make every garment to order, thus insuring the perfection of fit and finish. We pay all express charges. Our new Catalogue illustrates with descriptions and prices over 75 leading styles.

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Write now for our new Fall and Winter Catalogue. We will send it to you, together with a 48-inch Tape Measure, New Measurement Diagram, which insures a perfect fit, and more than FIFTY SAMPLES of the materials from which we make our garments to select from, on receipt of four cents postage. Our samples include a full line of materials for Tailor-Made Suits, Cloth and Plush Jackets, Cloth and Plush Capes, Ulsters, etc., together with an assortment of Fur samples. You may select any style and we will make it to order for you from any of our materials. Please mention the JOURNAL when you write.

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## MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS

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

**GRETNA**—The song, "Do they miss me at home?" is published in sheet-music form.

**G. N.**—The pressure of the violin upon the vocal chords is unnecessary as the instrument can be held so as to avoid this. It is also a harmless pressure.

**PRINCETON**—The composer of the opera, "The Lily of Killarney," was Sir Julius Benedict. (2) Reginald de Koven's opera, "The Tzigane," is Russian in subject.

**HUGH**—Rubinstein, the pianist, died at Peterhoff, Russia, in November, 1894. He visited America in 1872. His dread of seasickness probably prevented his ever making a second visit to this country.

**LOVER OF MUSIC**—The performance of the "Messiah" given in New York City last December was the fortieth public performance of that work by the Oratorio Society. The first performance was on December 26, 1874.

**P. D. M.**—A left-handed person wishing to learn to play the guitar should force himself to pick with the right hand. Both hands are used in playing this instrument; the left hand presses the strings while the right hand picks them. The same difference exists between right and left handed guitars as between right and left handed violins.

**C. C. S.**—Paderewski would probably be awarded by a majority of people the title of the first of living pianists, and Madame Patti that of the greatest living soprano vocalist. Scialchi is one of the greatest of altos; Jean de Reszke is said by authority to be the leading tenor since Mario. His brother Edouard is, perhaps, the foremost bass singer now living.

**A. R. B.**—Your questions regarding the doubling of the third of a chord, and consecutive fifths and octaves are too technical and hence not of sufficient general interest to warrant the space which would be required in answering them properly. We would refer you to Dr. Hugh A. Clarke's work on "Harmony" for a clear exposition of these matters.

**CONSTANT READER**—Many piano manufacturers use a third pedal, but scarcely any two use it in the same manner. Usually this third pedal serves much the same purpose as does the ordinary soft pedal, except that it carries the hammers still nearer to the strings. Some makers divide the dampers and have the loud pedal raise all the dampers, the third pedal raising only the bass dampers. It is not felt by most musicians that the third pedal is of great value or that it is even a necessity.

**HONEST INQUIRER**—So far as we have been able to learn there are no biographies published in book form of either Dvorak or Moszkowski, though it is said that the former is at present at work upon his autobiography. You will find excellent biographical sketches of both of these composers on pages 779 and 858 of "Famous Composers and Their Works," by Henry T. Finck. This work is published in parts at fifty cents each, and it will probably be possible to secure separately the parts containing these sketches. On page 621 of volume four of Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" there is an excellent sketch of Dvorak.

**BARYTONE**—The terms alto and contralto are now, by custom, interchangeable and synonymous. At one time, and until recent years, the term alto designated the highest voice in males, the term contralto, formed from the words contra alto, being applied to the lowest voice in women. Contra alto means against the alto, and was used to designate the voice to which in choral music the part next above or "against" the alto was given. Its abbreviated form is contralto. The term barytone is properly applied to the male voice which is intermediate to the bass and tenor. It really describes a high bass voice and cannot be correctly applied to the lowest voice in men.

**T. R.**—The appearance of rust on the tuning-pins and the steel wires of a piano is a sure indication that the piano has been exposed to moisture or dampness. The time of year or the age or quality of the piano has nothing to do with its appearance, as it may appear in a night. The fact that the room is heated by a stove just outside of it will probably account for the appearance of the rust, as the chances are that after the usual cooling of a fire over night its heating in the morning would be likely to cause condensation on the metal, and rust would immediately appear. Do not use oil or any greasy substance to remove the rust, which will probably not do any harm unless it causes the strings to break, in which case they will have to be replaced. Most pianos require tuning twice a year. The only important care to be given a piano is to keep it in an even, dry temperature.

**ROSA SPERRY**—The terms major and minor refer, in music, to the forms or values of intervals between two notes, the words being taken from the Latin, major meaning greater, and minor meaning less. For example, the interval of the second has two forms, a major second, consisting of two semi-tones, as between C and D, while a minor second consists of only one semi-tone, as between C natural and D flat. So there are major and minor thirds, sixths and sevenths, a major interval being always a semi-tone greater than its corresponding minor interval. The common scale has two forms which are distinguished from each other as major and minor, as the intervals between the key note and the third note of the scale is major or minor. The minor scale is given certain accidental variations under particular circumstances, which differ from one another as the intervals between the key note and the sixth and the key note and the seventh are major or minor, but the interval between the key note and the third is always minor and therefore defines the scale.

**INQUIRER**—The studies which make a natural succession to Czerny's Progressive Exercises, opus 453, are Czerny's Velocity Studies, opus 299, in three books, or Czerny's opus 636, also published in three books. We think it would be well to teach your pupils also a few of the simpler classics. The sonatas of Clementi, the simpler of the Haydn and Mozart sonatas, four-hand arrangements of some of the Haydn symphonies, or the easy classic editions of Haydn, Beethoven and other composers would all be suitable. "Easy Classic Piano Solos" and "Classic Piano Solos" or "Piano Classics," published by Harris, are also excellent. Schumann's "Album for the Young" is invaluable. The music dealers of any large city will furnish you with a further list of such music. (2) The turn, when placed directly over a half note, should be played rapidly, the last of the four notes of the turn being sustained until its duration is completed. (3) The abbreviation "ten," to which you refer, is a diminutive of "tenuto," meaning held or sustained, kept down for the full time. It is used to draw attention to the fact that particular notes or chords are intended to be sustained for their full value in passages where staccato notes are of such frequency that the player might fail to notice that a contrast was intended.

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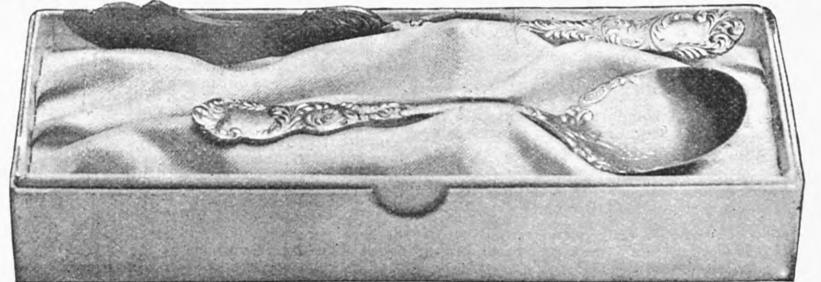
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Questions of interest to mothers will be cheerfully answered on this page whenever possible. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

**MOTHER**—Allan would meet the requirements that you mention as a name for a boy. Alan is the Scotch form of spelling. When used as a surname it is usually written Allan or Allen.

**DOROTHY Q.**—In purchasing undershirts for young children get those that button down the front. They are more easily put on and taken off than when they are partially closed, and so wear better because there is less strain upon them.

**MRS. F. L. P.**—Make inner jackets of shaker, cutting or cotton flannel to put on under your little girl's dresses in the first cool days of autumn, before it is cold enough to substitute thicker undershirts for the gauze ones worn in summer.

**ANXIOUS MOTHER**—Cut your baby's hair short in front and either brush it down smoothly as a bang, which is still worn, or part it and let it lie in a fringe on each side of the forehead. Bangs are not as long as they used to be; at least two-thirds of the forehead should be visible.

**MRS. B. C. M.**—If the baby cannot protrude her tongue beyond the teeth she is probably tongue-tied. The doctor can snip the thin membrane underneath the tongue which confines it and set it free. It is not a serious operation, although, as it may be followed by bleeding, it should not be attempted by an amateur. Have it attended to as soon as possible.

**KATIE R. S.**—A box of colored crayons or colored pencils, which can be purchased for ten cents, will afford much amusement to children from four to eight years old. They do not offer the same unlimited facilities for daubing everything within reach that can be achieved by the proud possessor of a paint-box. This peculiarity recommends them to mothers.

**L. E. M.**—Provide a low stand with a basin and pitcher of granite-ware or white enameled iron for your little girl's room. Even when filled with water the pitcher is not too heavy to be lifted by a child of five, and there is no danger of its being broken if it is accidentally dropped. Have a soap-dish of the same material, and a cup as well, if you prefer it to an earthen one.

**TWILIGHT**—It is important that children should not go to bed with cold feet. Often when the shoes are removed at night they are damp and the feet chilly and clammy. Rub them briskly with a dry towel to improve the circulation, and if they cannot be warmed at a fire fill a rubber hot-water bag with hot water, wrap it in flannel and place the feet against it. Cold feet drive away sleep.

**EDNA R.**—"Feathers, Furs and Fins" is a book of entertaining stories suitable for reading to children from five to nine years old. It is anecdotes of birds, animals and fishes, not a description of their habits, nor in any sense a natural history. "The Nursery," an illustrated book of stories and poems for little people, is very popular with a critical audience of the same age which much listening has made somewhat fastidious.

**HAPPY MOTHER**—Three little ornamental safety-pins, gold or silver, linked together with a fine chain, make the most convenient fastening for the back of a baby's dress. They obviate the necessity of working buttonholes, and as no buttons are required there are none to come off. Studs are pretty but they necessitate a double number of buttonholes, and to many persons working them is an irksome task which they are glad to escape.

**MRS. M. G. R.**—Bathe the chest with cold water morning and night, dashing it up with the hands. Rub vigorously with a rough towel afterward. Apply warm sweet oil three times a week, rubbing it in thoroughly after the bath. Drink milk and cocoa or chocolate made with milk instead of tea or coffee. Eat nourishing food, the cereals, beans, peas and as much sugar and sweets as you can digest. Drink plenty of water and avoid acids. You may not attain the full measure of your wishes but you will bring about a decided improvement.

**MRS. JAMES K.**—Navy blue flannel with a small polka dot in white makes a good cloak for a little girl of six to wear in the first cool days of autumn. Make it with a Gretchen waist and skirt reaching half-way between knee and ankle filled on it. Trim with shoulder capes of the same material, lined with plain blue, beginning at the waist-line behind and ending in points at the waist-line in front. The body of the cloak can be lined to make it warmer. A sailor hat of navy blue straw or a blue Tam o'Shanter cap with a white tassel can be worn with it.

**MARGARET H.**—Your beautiful name means pearl as well as daisy. It is said to be derived from the Persian Mervarid, child of light. Margherita is the Italian form, Marguerite the French and Gretchen the German diminutive. Madge, Margery, Greta and Meta are used as pet names, as well as the more familiar Maggie. July 20 is the day dedicated to St. Margaret. You would be interested in her legend and in the lives of some of the famous Margarets of history. It was during the wedding festivities of Marguerite de Valois and Henri IV of France that the massacre of the Huguenots took place by order of Marguerite's mother, Catherine de' Medici. She was called the Pearl of Pearls by François I, her grandfather.

**FINIS**—In choosing buttons for a boy's coat take those that are pierced with four holes; they can be sewed firmly to the cloth and will not require renewing. Buttons with metal shanks are apt to pull apart unless they are very solidly made. There is an art in sewing on a flat button. The holes should be filled with thread but the stitches not drawn too tightly. Some persons lay a pin across the button before beginning to sew it on, and withdraw it when done. This leaves the stitches loose enough to give the button a little play. The last of the needleful of thread is then wound round and round the button underneath, to form a kind of stem, and securely fastened. If you do this you will not have to complain of its coming off.

**MOTHER OF A BOY**—Do you know "Birdcraft," by Mabel Osgood Wright? It is a field book of two hundred song, game and water birds, with many illustrations. There are pictures of one hundred and twenty-eight birds in the natural colors. She has also written another very charming little book about birds and flowers in New England called "The Friendship of Nature." The more you can study with your boy the better and the happier for you both. If you take an intelligent interest in his pursuits a bond of sympathy will be established between you which will help to hold him back from many dangers. The study of any branch of natural history is so fascinating in itself you will soon need no inducement to follow it other than the pleasure you derive from it. Undertaken with such a motive as yours it will be doubly attractive and reward you far beyond your anticipations.

**MRS. B. D. L.**—I do not know of any books that would awaken the interest of a girl of fourteen in history as readily as Miss Yonge's "Comeos from English History." They are not a dry chronicle of facts but a series of pictures of persons and events extending from the descent of Rolf and the Northmen, on France, about A. D. 900, to the conclusion of the Council of Trent, 1566. The stories are charmingly told and as interesting as any work of fiction. There is as much romance in the daily happenings of the life around us as was ever imagined by the most inventive novelist. We have not the clew to the dramas that are being enacted about us, and the waits between the acts are so long we cannot follow the play understandingly. When the threads are gathered up and arranged for us by a skillful hand there is no reason why the record of the lives of real persons should not be as intensely interesting as the fortunes of imaginary characters, who at the best are only types.

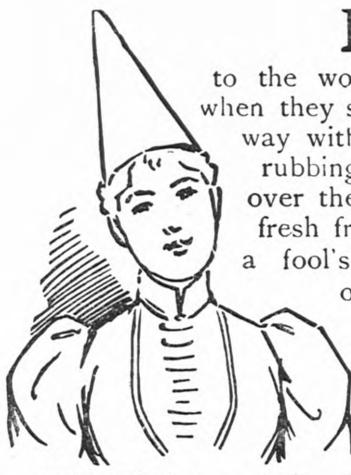
**GIRL'S MOTHER**—Personally I do not disapprove of dancing. A love of rhythmical motion seems to be deeply implanted in the human race. It is in itself a graceful, healthful exercise, well adapted to give vent to the restless activity that is a part of the nature of the young. Every good thing is liable to abuse, and this must be guarded against in dancing as well as in every other amusement. Hot rooms, late hours and over-fatigue are injurious to young people whether dancing is indulged in or not. Many of the games that are substituted for it are far more objectionable to thinking persons than this form of recreation which has given innocent delight to countless generations. If your daughter belongs to a religious society whose rules prohibit its members from dancing there is only one honest course open to her. She must relinquish her favorite pastime, or withdraw from membership in the society which forbids it. She is not compelled to stay, but while she stays she should be loyal to its requirements.

**PERPLEXITY**—It is very difficult for the mother who has had no instruction herself to know what is best and wisest to say to her children when their curiosity awakens and they come to her to solve problems which puzzle them, as they have many preceding generations of youthful humanity. You will find invaluable assistance in three little books by Dr. Mary Wood Allen, "Teaching Truth," "Almost a Man" and "Child Confidence Rewarded." They are worth their weight in gold to the puzzled mother, telling her exactly what she needs to know, and how best to present the truth to her children. Much misery would be saved if every mother knew her duty and did it. These books deal reverently with the great mystery of life, as mysterious, and almost more awful, than that of death. We try to prepare the children for the next world and teach them to care for their souls. Let us also strive, as an important means to this end, to instruct them in the great facts of their own physical nature, to enable them to pass through this world in greater safety and to make their bodies fit habitations for immortal spirits.

**MOTHER OF THREE**—Do not permit your children to speak rudely to you. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is as binding on children of the present day as it was in the time of Moses. If parents permit their children to disobey this express command of God they are guilty of neglect of duty as much as if they allowed them to steal, or swear unchecked. The first rude words sound cunning on the baby lips that are so sweet and are tacitly encouraged, or not reproofed. As the child grows older and the habit becomes fixed, what was at first amusing is painful in the boy or girl of larger growth. "Be courteous" is a Biblical injunction in the imperative mood, and parents are not excepted as objects of courtesy. It is seldom, if ever, necessary to be rude. Reproof can be administered, differences of opinion maintained, even reproaches uttered without rudeness. If this most undesirable element is absent from the daily life of the heads of the household the children will be less likely to acquire it. Should it manifest itself in them it must be promptly and firmly repressed. If verbal reproof is not sufficient the child should be deprived of some pleasure as a punishment. A boy should be made to feel that rudeness to his elders besides being unchivalrous is unprofitable; a girl, that it is incompatible with the sweetness and maidenliness of a true woman.

**AMATEUR TEACHER**—In teaching your little girl geography try to make it something more than a dry list of names to be learned by rote. Take her imaginary voyages and journeys from one country to another. Tell her something of the manners and customs of the people and anything you can learn yourself about the lives of the children. Describe to her how the Swiss boys herd their cattle under the shadow of the Alps, and the Esquimaux are made daring by being thrown into the icy water in their strange fur garments. Tell her of the stunted lives of the pit boys in the coal mines and of the German girls who learn to use their five knitting needles almost as soon as they can hold them. Books of travel will furnish you with many interesting incidents which you can turn to account. I know a little boy of three who already takes a deep interest in a large map of the United States that hangs on his nursery wall. He points to Florida, "where my oranges come from," and North Carolina, "where my rice grows," and has learned to connect other facts with the names of different States. Geography will not be a wearisome task to him. His mother's wisdom is making the first steps attractive.

**DISTRESSED MOTHER**—Stuttering and stammering in a child should never be permitted to continue unchecked. As soon as it is noticed an earnest effort should be made to correct the defect. It seems to be occasioned by the ideas forming too rapidly for the organs of speech to express them readily. Much depends upon the manner of correction. Ridicule should never be employed, nor should the child's attention be drawn to it in a way that is likely to make him shy or nervous over future attempts to speak. Without any appearance of haste stop him when he begins to stammer, tell him there is no hurry and you cannot understand him unless he speaks clearly. Encourage him by every means you can devise but do not let the fault once go uncorrected. It is plainly a want of nerve control, because when the attention is diverted speech becomes fluent. Persons who cannot speak without stuttering can sing without hesitation. Before permitting him to make a second effort direct your boy to fill his lungs, think what he wants to say and speak slowly. Give him nourishing food and try to build him up physically. If he has no appetite consult your doctor. Above all avoid speaking of his halting speech to others in his hearing. Do not be impatient if the improvement is very slow. Unlimited patience is necessary to cure a child of this defect. The efforts must not be kept up at one time and relaxed at another. Persistence is essential to success. If he has never spoken plainly have him examined by a physician to ascertain whether the organs of speech are perfect.



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to the women who wash with **Pearline** (use with-  
out soap), when they see a woman washing in the old-fashioned way with soap--rubbing the clothes to pieces, rubbing away her strength, wearing herself out over the washboard! To these **Pearline** women, fresh from easy washing, she seems to "wear a fool's cap unawares." Everything's in favor of **Pearline** (no soap)—easier work, quicker work, better work, safety, economy. There's not one thing against it. What's the use of washing in the hardest way, when it costs more money? 489 James Pyle, New York.

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They cannot be as good without infringing our patented cone and flue principle for creating and distributing heat entirely separate from the flame. It gives more heat and uses less oil than others, making it in the end the cheapest stove to buy.

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will heat a room 16 feet square in cold weather. It makes the kind of heat in which plants thrive best.

"I have carefully tested your Oil Heater, which is appropriately named the IDEAL, and find it all you claim; it is a powerful heater, and has the merit of burning without any smell, something I cannot say of any other. You have solved the problem of how to heat a small greenhouse." *Edward Rexford.*

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Requires no boiling or soaking, therefore creates no odor. 10 cents a package—of grocers.

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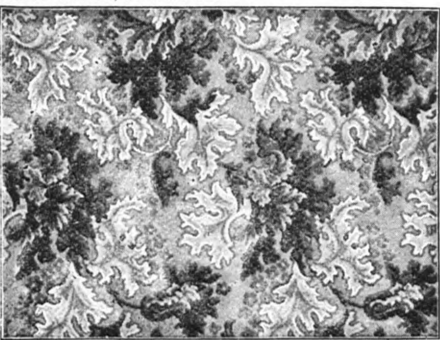
Observe the beginning and the end of the good soap question.—Ask for Copco Bathsoap at the stores and convince yourself.

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For over fifty years the favorite of Europe.

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**THE OPEN CONGRESS**

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

**WALLACE**—Lake Nicaragua is a body of fresh water.

**MALDEN**—The birthday stone for December is the turquoise.

**L. W. H.**—Louis V, of France, was nicknamed "The Stammerer."

**C. R.**—The oldest existing National colors are said to be those of Denmark.

**LENEX**—Mrs. Paran Stevens is buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge.

**J. P. N.**—Mr. Morton Frewen, the advocate of bimetalism, is an Englishman.

**NANTUCKET**—General Harrison is the only living ex-President of the United States.

**ESTHER**—The birthday stone for November is the topaz; it signifies fidelity and friendship.

**B. C.**—The rule of the road in England is "keep to the left"; in this country it is "keep to the right."

**ISABEL**—Li Hung Chang's family name is Li. In China the surname comes first, instead of last as with us.

**KANSAS**—The last census estimate of the cost of irrigation places it at seven dollars and fifty cents an acre.

**JESSAMY**—Miss M. Carey Thomas is President of Bryn Mawr College. She is a graduate of Cornell University.

**C. W. G.**—The bridegroom always provides the bouquets for the bridesmaids as well as the bouquet for the bride.

**MRS. WILL**—The President of the Board of Women Managers of the Atlanta Exposition is Mrs. Joseph Thompson, of Atlanta.

**KATE**—A money order is invalid when a year old, but a duplicate may be obtained upon application to the Post Office Department.

**J. W. C.**—Phillips Brooks is buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, at Cambridge. (2) England's gold is the standard of the world's value.

**VICTORIA**—The steamers St. Louis and St. Paul of the American Line are of about the same breadth and depth as the New York and Paris, but about ten feet longer.

**MATER**—Charlie Ross, of Germantown, Philadelphia, was stolen in 1874. His brother Walter, who was with him at the time, is alive and was married last year.

**WARWICK**—Ivan IV, of Russia, the first to assume the title of Czar, was called "Ivan, the Terrible," on account of the cruelties which he allowed to be perpetrated.

**SAINT CHARLES**—Roman Catholics claim that Christ founded their church when He said to Peter, "Thou art Peter and on this rock I will build my Church."

**H. W. C.**—The bill asking for an appropriation for the acquisition of the land comprising the battlefield of Shiloh was passed by Congress in December of last year.

**LIVINGSTON**—A French Academician has estimated the height of Adam to have been 123 feet, and of Eve 118 feet. (2) The Brooklyn Bridge was opened on May 24, 1883.

**CEPHAS**—The site selected for the Baltimore Exposition of 1897 is Clifton, the country seat of the late Johns Hopkins, the founder of Johns Hopkins University and Hospital.

**L. J. T.**—The fund raised for Dr. Parkhurst to hold in trust for the benefit and maintenance of the Vigilance League of New York City amounts, at present writing, to \$28,959.

**MILLY**—There are several vacation schools in New York City. The majority of the teachers are graduates of the Normal College, Pratt Institute and other manual training schools.

**H. W. M.**—It is generally understood that the rules in British prisons are most rigidly enforced. (2) Ex-President Harrison has two children, a son and daughter, both of whom are married.

**VETERAN**—Soldiers or sailors whose pensions from the United States Government exceed sixteen dollars a month are not eligible to admittance to any of the branches of the National Soldiers' Homes.

**C. B.**—President Cleveland and his wife are both members of the Presbyterian Church. (2) The gentleman should always be introduced to the lady, and the unmarried woman to the married woman.

**M. B.**—The distance across New York City at Battery Place is half a mile; from Twenty-third Street north to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street the width averages from two miles to two miles and a quarter.

**CAROL**—The National salute for both the Army and Navy of the United States is twenty-one guns. (2) The Nicaraguan coast-line on the Gulf of Mexico is known as the Mosquito coast because of the Mosquito Indians.

**CURIOUS ONE**—Mrs. Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, was on March 6 granted a minister's license by Judge Ferris, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The document gave Mrs. Booth the right to officiate at weddings.

**P. M. H.**—New York is generally considered the most cosmopolitan city in the world. (2) The "Venus of Milo" is so called because it was brought from the island of Milo in the Aegean Sea. It is in the Louvre.

**MURIEL**—The school of the Young Women's Christian Association at Chicago is designed to train young women for work as general secretaries, physical directors and other officers in the State, International and World's Associations.

**NELLIE**—The yellow ribbon, in the form of a decoration, in France indicates that the wearer has won a military medal instituted by Napoleon III as a minor decoration of the Legion of Honor. The red ribbon is the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

**KATHLEEN**—John Wilkes Booth escaped to Maryland, and thence into Virginia, after shooting President Lincoln. He was pursued and found in a barn near Bowling Green, where, refusing to surrender, he was shot and mortally wounded by Boston Corbett.

**GRIFFITHS**—The Justices of the Supreme Court who declared against the Income Tax Bill were Chief Justice Fuller, Associate Justices Field, Gray, Brewer and Shiras. Associate Justices Harlan, Brown, Jackson and White held the bill to be constitutional.

**MRS. V.**—The Minister of Foreign Affairs in France is, at the present writing, Monsieur Hanotaux. (2) United States Secretary of State Gresham died on May 28, 1895. (3) The Chinese have no alphabet, but, instead, have more signs than all the other alphabets combined.

**LUCETTE**—Ordinary social correspondence, when forwarded by the hands of any adult socially equal with the sender, should not be sealed. If, for any reason, a letter must be sealed, then the post or some other method of letter conveyance should be used. There is no doubt whatever about the correctness of this view.

**SEVERAL INQUIRERS**—The Dutch classify their sugars, raw and refined, by color, and their classification is generally used throughout Europe, also in this country. What is known as No. 16 Dutch standard is a dark brown raw sugar in the condition in which it is sent to the refinery to be transformed into fine white sugar.

**BURGESS**—Bouvier's Law Dictionary gives the following definition of marriage: "Marriage is a contract, made in due form of law, by which a man and woman reciprocally engage to live with each other during their joint lives, and to discharge toward each other the duties imposed by law on the relation of husband and wife."

**BACK BAY**—Mizpah or Mizpeh is a Hebrew word meaning a "place of prospect," or high, commanding point. Farewells were often spoken at such places, hence the use of the word on souvenir rings. As a motto the word is associated with the scriptural sentence, "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another."

**THERESA**—It is quite optional with a widow whether she does or does not retain her husband's initials, and it is quite proper to use them when addressing her. (2) Visiting-cards are neither as large nor as heavy as formerly, and the German text is very little used; they are now engraved either in clear script or in plain Roman capitals.

**K. L. M.**—General Grant had only one daughter. She married Mr. Algernon Sartoris, an Englishman, who died several years ago. She resided in England until his death; since that time she has made frequent visits to the United States, and is at present residing here. (2) President Arthur's only daughter is unmarried; she resides with her aunt, Mrs. McElroy.

**CHEAPSIDE**—It is in better taste to inclose your card in an envelope, which should be laid within the box, when sending flowers to a lady. The card should not be addressed with the name of the recipient but the envelope may. (2) When a gentleman calls upon a family where there are several ladies, of whom he only knows one, he should leave cards for the hostess and for the lady whom he wishes to see. The cards which announce his arrival suffice for all purposes. It is not necessary to leave any others.

**IRENE**—We can say little upon the subject of dress that has not already been said; our advice to all girls upon the subject must always be not to over-dress, nor yet to be careless in the matter. Girls should attire themselves according to their circumstances, and should, above all things, avoid all extremes of fashion, as well as all eccentricities of style. Only quiet colors should be worn either to church or on the street, and wherever they go they should endeavor to be unconscious of their personal appearance.

**MARIE**—No service of an ancestor shall be deemed as qualifying service for admission to membership in the New York Society of Colonial Dames when such ancestors through whom the descent is claimed adhered to or took protection from the enemy during the war of the Revolution, or failed to maintain an honorable record. And no person is admitted as a member except upon a written application subscribed by herself. (2) The year 1900 will not be a leap year. (3) The abbreviations A. R. A. stand for Associate of the Royal Academy.

**ANONYMOUS**—We cannot take notice of anonymous letters. Any person who objects to an answer given in this or any other department should write, giving his reason for differing with us, and inclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope, which will insure him a prompt reply, and also our authority for the answer, which, in his opinion, we have given incorrectly. Authorities sometimes differ, and it is always well to bear this in mind when entering objections. We should like to encourage criticism of this sort, but it must come to us in a straightforward manner.

**OSBORNE AND OTHERS**—M. Puvis de Chavannes, the artist who painted the large panel for the grand stairway of the new Public Library in Boston, was born at Lyons in 1824. After a journey in Italy with one of his friends, in 1848, M. Puvis de Chavannes settled in Paris and took lessons of Delacroix, and afterward of Couture. His first painting was exhibited at the Salon of 1850. When the Society of French Artists became divided in 1890, and a part of the old organization formed the National Society, M. Puvis de Chavannes was elected vice-president; he succeeded to the presidency at Meissonnier's death, four years ago.

**WINIFRED**—The President of the United States receives very little in addition to his salary of \$50,000 a year. He has to pay out of his own pocket the wages of his servants, as well as the hire of his coachman. When he gives a State dinner, which is clearly an official and not a personal affair, it is at his own expense. He has his dwelling rent free, and when he gives an entertainment the rooms wherein he receives his guests are decorated for him in the highest style of the art with plants and flowers from the great city greenhouses, supplemented by what the White House conservatories are able to supply—all free of charge. Supposing that the entertainment is a dinner, all the equipments of the table, including the nappery, silver, china, glassware, mirrors and other centrepieces, as well as the floral decorations, are provided gratis. In fact, all such household accoutrements, as well as supplies of linen and furniture of all sorts requisite, are placed at the President's disposal. When the things wear out Congress replaces them by appropriation. Although he must pay his own cook and chambermaids, a butler and housekeeper are provided by the Government. The butler is a bonded officer, known officially as the "steward," whose duty it is to look after the domestic affairs of the establishment. He sees to the heating and lighting—both of them supplied at the nation's expense—and purchases all the provisions for the President's household. The housekeeper superintends all such things as ordinarily come under the supervision of a person acting in that capacity. The Chief Executive must provide his own horses, carriages and coachman; but one strictly official turnout is given him, with a groom in addition. Also, there is appropriated each year \$8000 for White House stationery, telegrams, library books and other contingent expenses. Last, but not least, a yacht is placed at the President's disposal by the Navy Department, but this mark of courtesy is seldom availed of.

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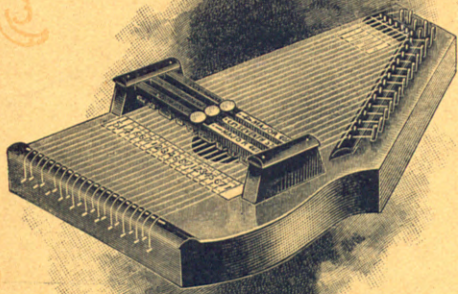
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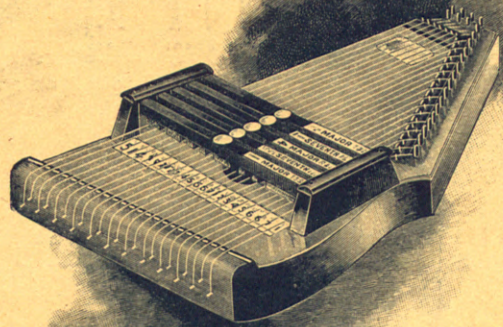
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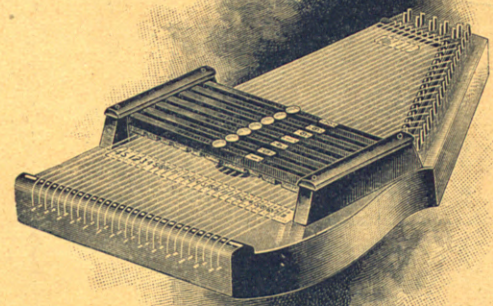
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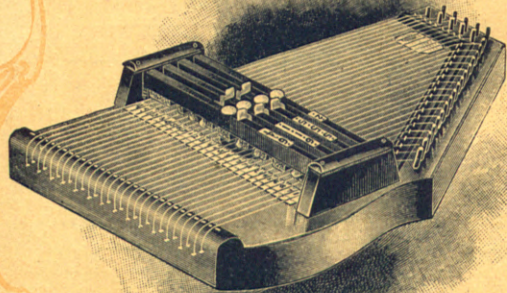
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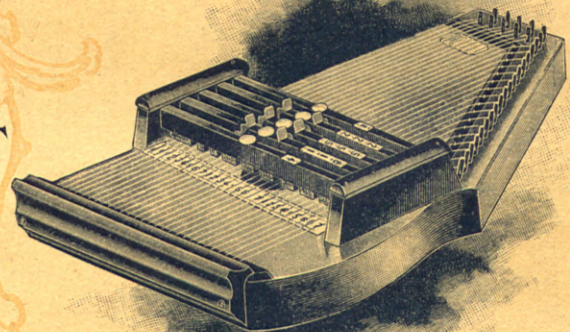
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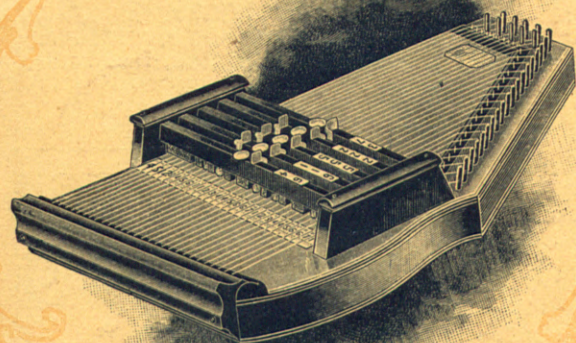
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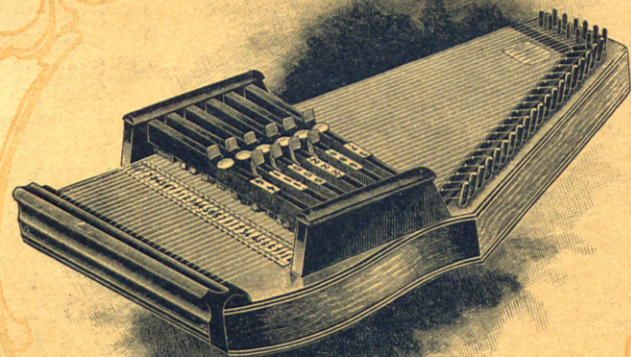
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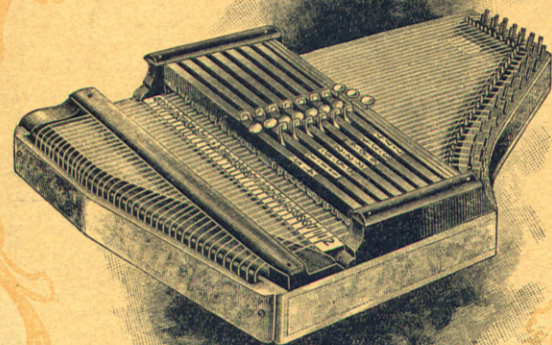
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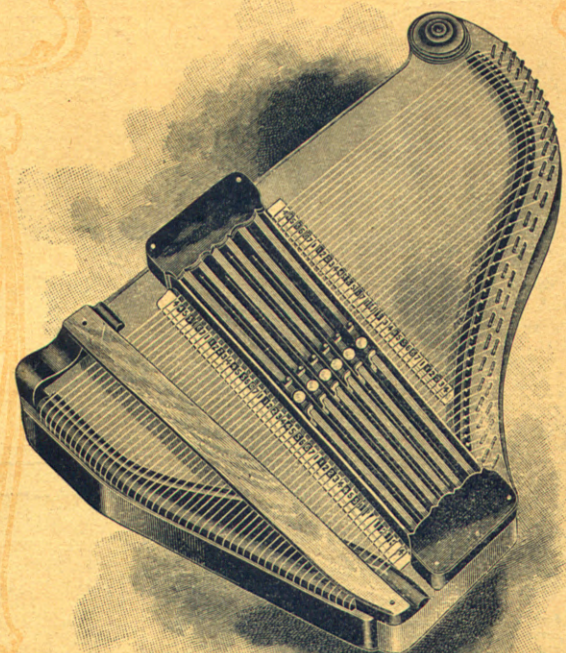
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