

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



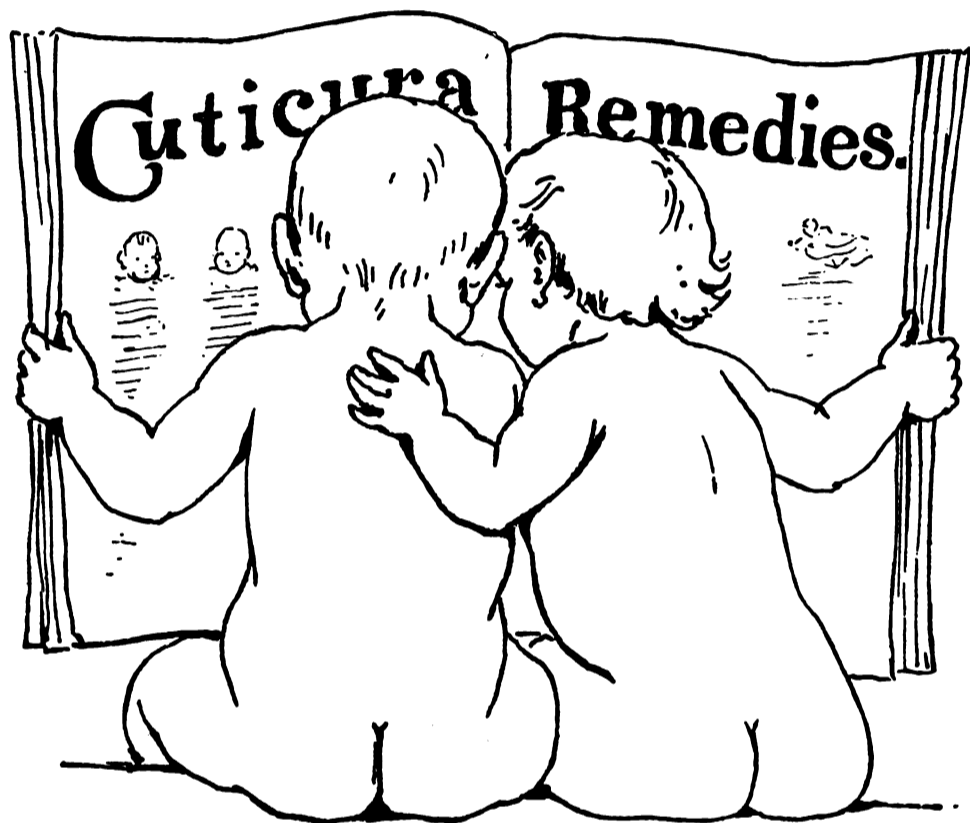
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MADEMOISELLE ANGELIQUE

By J. Macdonald Oxley



It was in those merry days of a quarter of a century ago, still recalled with many a pang of regret by the gay people of Montreal, when Her Gracious Majesty's regiments brightened the streets with their brilliant uniforms, and their officers

made ball and dinner shine by their ever-welcome presence. The red-coats were in complete command of the social situation, and, according to their rank, found themselves very much at home in the drawing-rooms or basements of the mansions that climbed Beaver Hall Hill, and stretched along Sherbrooke Street. Among the regiments that took their turn at occupying the barracks on Dalhousie Square was the Royal Irish Fusiliers, one of the crack regiments of the line, and great was the rejoicing at its arrival, for anticipatory rumor had credited both officers and men with being a right royal lot of fellows, and they were not long in proving that they fully merited their reputation. From colonel to drummer-boy they seemed to abound in life and spirits, and the most attractive social qualities. The city was full of their praises, and naturally enough their fame could not be contained within the municipal boundaries, but spread throughout the land, until it extended even to Quebec, the ancient capital, perched proudly upon her mighty cliff, and holding within her gates the proudest aristocracy in the colony. There it reached the tiny ears, and pleasantly stirred the maidenly spirit, of Madlle. Angélique Laurier, the prima donna assoluta (if the term may be applied to beauty of face as well as of voice) of that picturesque city, which has always been able to boast the beauty of its women.

Angélique had come forth from the seclusion of the convent conquering and to conquer. Her path was beset by urgent suitors who, had the days of chivalry not been hopelessly past, would no doubt have been glad to enter the lists against each other, and settle the matter by a series of combats *à l'outrance*. In spite, however, of sighs and songs, of deeds and darings, of vows and protestations from lovers tall and lovers short, lovers dark and lovers fair, men of brain and men of bullion, Madlle. Angélique kept brightly on her way, granting to none the slightest ground for believing himself the object of any special favor.

The fact of the matter was they all alike failed to find the clew that revealed the way into that most puzzling of labyrinths, a beautiful woman's heart. Not only so, but their uniform failure reacted upon herself, and she began to wonder if she really had a heart to be won; if she were capable of loving as she knew some of her own companions loved. The thought troubled her not a little, for the prospect of life without love was most repellant, and all her beauty, wealth and position, were in her eyes not to be compared with an absorbing affection worthily bestowed and fully reciprocated.

So it was in this mood that she accepted an invitation from her aunt, who resided in Montreal, to spend the winter with her, and to share in the distractions of the social season. Madame Taché held a leading place in society, her luxurious home being the scene of many a brilliant gathering, and as a member of her family Angélique would find every avenue of enjoyment wide open to her.

She came with purpose fully settled to leave none of them unentered. Somehow or other the conviction had crept into her mind that a crisis in her life was drawing near; that the winter would decide whether or not she was

of the same stuff as other girls. She had left Quebec with the question unsettled. Perhaps the answer awaited her in Montreal.

Shortly after her arrival at Madame Taché's a splendid ball was given in her honor, to which came the élite of the city, and the colonel and officers of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. Angélique, even if the circumstances had not made her the central figure of the function, would have won the position for herself. Never before had she seemed more lovely. The men vied with each other in going into raptures over her multiplied perfections, and she was so charmingly naive and natural in her manner that not even the dowagers with marriageable daughters could find it in their hearts to deny that she was a remarkably attractive girl. The officers demanded to be presented almost in a body, and it took all Madame Taché's tact to prevent her niece from being fairly mobbed. As it was, she cleverly solved the situation by introducing them in order, according to rank, and Angélique derived a vast deal of amusement from her new acquaintances. Colonel Stephenson took advantage of his being a paterfamilias to

was on easy terms with the classics, had nicknamed them Damon and Pythias. Gardiner evidently enjoyed Redmond's easy joviality, and light-hearted insouciance, while Redmond no less plainly found in the Major's quiet strength of will, and clear, cool judgment the very elements his own nature lacked.

When it became clear that they were both captives at Madlle. Laurier's girdle, their brother officers and society in general began to ask of one another: "What will become of their friendship now? Will it, can it, stand such a strain as this?"

Of course all were alike skeptical as to its doing so, and some of the most eager sensation hunters discussed under their breath the possibility of an early morning meeting behind the mountains with pistols, seconds and surgeons on the programme. But the course of events, ever humorously careless of the reputations of prophets, seemed once more determined to put them at fault. Either Angélique possessed more than ordinary feminine skill in keeping two beaux on her string, or so profound was the friendship between the two men, that not even an influence so disturbing as a tender interest in the same mistress could set them at variance. The keenest observer, and the three were closely watched by many eyes, failed to detect that Madlle. Laurier betrayed the faintest preference for either of her handsome admirers, and, whatever was the understanding, if any, between the latter, they

dous snowstorm which paralyzed traffic the whole province through. The next event was an intense frost, and in forty-eight hours the waters were hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep was frozen. For weeks thereafter no more snow fell, and there was such skating on the river as there had not been before within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Day after day the ice was dotted over with swift-speeding figures, and a mania for the delightful sport took possession of the city, and business being then in the very depths of its customary midwinter stagnation nearly everybody that wished to do so was free to go skating. Not a day passed that Major Gardiner and Captain Redmond did not spend some portion of it upon the ice. They were both good skaters, Gardiner being the stronger and swifter, Redmond the more expert and graceful.

Having thus indulged his grateful subjects with an unparalleled period of open-air skating, the frost king near the end of February further bewildered the oldest inhabitant by suddenly withdrawing his presence, and a thaw set in which threatened to turn winter into spring most prematurely. Pools and ponds of water shimmered all over the surface of the St. Lawrence, the roads were reduced to an endless series of cahots, the air was heavy with moisture and exceedingly enervating.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Redmond, vigorously, one morning, as he and Gardiner were walking back to their quarters from parade. "this is too beastly bad. How are we ever to get to Quebec if this sort of thing keeps up? The roads are simply awful, everybody says. Nothing but bump-bump-bump every yard of the way. You can't get to Quebec under two days."

"Are you so very anxious to go?" asked Gardiner, with a quiet, roguish smile.

"Of course I am," replied Redmond promptly. "I'm not only anxious to go, but I'm bound to do it, if I have to walk there. I imagine you're in pretty much the same box, aren't you, old fellow?" and it was now his turn to smile as he regarded his companion with a quizzical, inquiring glance.

Gardiner made no answer but his silence was of a kind that implies assent, and another officer joining them at that moment, nothing more was said before they separated.

Their desire to go to Quebec arose from the same cause. Madlle. Laurier had arranged to give a splendid ball before the Lenten season would put a veto on such gaiety, and very cordial invitations had come to both the Major and the Captain. These invitations were eagerly accepted, and although not a word of mutual explanation had passed between the two men, there was a tacit understanding that this ball would decide their fate so far as Madlle. Angélique af-

ected it. The situation was a very strange one. They both loved the lovely brunette, and each thought the other enjoyed her preference, yet was not certain of the matter, and instead of harboring jealousy, they were magnanimous enough to leave the issue in the hands of the lady herself, in the meantime permitting no discord to mar the harmony of their long-established friendship.

The thaw continued up to within three days of the ball, and then, as suddenly as he had departed, the frost king reappeared, in a single night freezing everything into cast-iron solidity. When Gardiner and Redmond met the next morning at breakfast the former was radiant.

"Hurrah! old chap. Isn't this splendid? No trouble about getting to Quebec now," he exclaimed.

Redmond, who bethought himself at once of icy roads torn by ragged ruts, and broken up into innumerable cahots, far worse now than they had been during the thaw, looked a little puzzled, and murmured something about "frightful roads," and "probability of broken necks," whereat Gardiner burst out laughing.

"My dear fellow, I don't mean to go by coach; our portmanteaus can go that way. The bumps won't hurt them. My plan is to skate down."

"Skate down!" cried Redmond in surprise. "Are you in earnest? Why, man, the distance is fully a hundred and fifty miles!"



"Mademoiselle Angélique greeted the officers with scrupulously impartial warmth."

pay her all sorts of straight-from-the-shoulder compliments that she deftly turned aside, while little Ensign O'Toole was so bashful and nervous that he positively could get out little more than that it was "a monstrous fine ball," and that Madame Taché always did "do the handsome thing."

Out of the rank of them she instinctively selected two as appealing most strongly to her sense of congeniality. These were Major Gardiner and Captain Redmond. Aside from their both being tall and symmetrical of figure, two men more dissimilar in physical characteristics could hardly be imagined. The Major was dark of hair, eyes and complexion, and on his strongly marked features were plainly written the qualities of energy, determination and promptitude. The Captain, on the other hand, was a decided blonde as to appearance, and a jovial dilettante as to disposition, though capable enough of heroic action should occasion demand.

That ball marked the beginning of an episode which presently attracted the interest of society in an unusual degree. The circumstances certainly were not a little peculiar, as the two officers, who ere long came to be accepted as the recognized rivals for Angélique's favors, with whom it was mere waste of time for any others to contend, had previous to her appearance upon the scene been such intimate friends that little Lieutenant O'Gorman, always glad of an opportunity to show that he

undeniably showed not the slightest sign of making her a *casus belli*. It certainly was a curious affair, and aroused abundant speculation, but as the three principals kept their own counsel, despite every attempt to sound them, the gossips got nothing for their pains, and, when about a fortnight before the advent of the Lenten season, Angélique was unexpectedly called back to Quebec, she left them in quite a pathetic state of ignorance and bewilderment.

Had she accepted one of the gallant officers, or had she rejected them both? Had they indeed given her the opportunity to either accept or reject? No one, not even Madame Taché, could tell. The Major and the Captain were alike inscrutable, the gay humor of one proving quite as effective a barrier to curious inquiry as the quiet reserve of the other. This much only seemed clear—that no cloud had fallen upon their friendship, and the coming and the passing of the bewitching brunette would appear to have not even ruffled the steadfast serenity of their amity.

II

THE frost king had been acting very oddly that winter. The days had slipped by and Christmas drew near, and still the ground was bare and brown, and the great river, unprotected by its accustomed icy breastplate, ran wonderingly on to the ocean. The coming of Christmas was signaled by a tremen-

"I never was more in earnest in my life," answered Gardiner, seriously. "The ice will be in grand condition along the north shore, and I'm sure it would be infinitely better skating down than being bumped over those awful roads for two days."

Redmond, realizing that his friend fully meant what he said, took a little while to reflect before he made answer. Then, with a face that betokened that his mind was made up also, he said:

"Look here, Gardiner, I'll make a bargain with you. You may be equal to a tremendous long skate like that. I'm not. I'll take my chances on the road. We'll make a race of it, and the man that reaches Quebec first will have the privilege of speaking first to la belle Angélique. Do you agree?"

For answer Major Gardiner held out his hand. The Captain grasped it, and the covenant was made.

III

BRIGHT and early on the following morning their unique race was entered upon. The day broke as fine as heart could wish. The sun shone from a cloudless sky, the thermometer stood about fifteen degrees above zero, the air was the purest, clearest and most exhilarating in the world, and not a breath of wind disturbed it. Attired in a close-fitting reefer, trim knickerbockers, and a sealskin cap, and carrying nothing but a stout stick, Major Gardiner set forth on his long spin down the great river, at the same minute that Captain Redmond drove away from the barracks in a stout pung behind two sturdy French-Canadian ponies.

Gardiner had spent the preceding evening studying a chart of the river with the assistance of a friend, who knew every bend and reach of the mighty stream, and they had planned out his course in this fashion: Lanoraie, nearly fifty miles away, ought to be reached soon after mid-day. There he would have lunch and a brief rest, and thence set out for Three Rivers, forty miles further on, where, by dint of steady skating, he might be by dusk. Then, should the night be fine and clear, he could after dinner take advantage of the moon, which was in full splendor, to push on to Portneuf, thus leaving little more than forty miles to be finished the next morning.

Exulting in his strength and skill, and confident that, barring accidents, he would have no difficulty in outstripping Redmond, the Major sped over the ice with long, steady strokes, that soon caused Longue Point to vanish in the distance, and brought him into the midst of the maze of islets which often hid altogether from sight the low, flat shores that hemmed in the great river. Keeping carefully to the course decided upon, Point aux Trembles, Repentigny and Lavaltrie were one after another sighted and passed as the hours slipped by, the solitary skater pausing only to refill his pipe, and draw breath from time to time as occasion demanded.

He was very glad when the long chain of islands at last came to an end, and dashing out into the broad reach of river, he presently descried the clustered roofs of Lanoraie showing dark amidst the snow-banks, for he was beginning to feel very weary, and desperately hungry.

It was a little after mid-day when he drew up at Lanoraie, with appetite keen as a razor. A good lunch, an hour's lounge in the hotel parlor, and he buckled on his skates and was off again with Three Rivers as his objective point. The bewildering maze of islands, which fills the western end of Lake St. Peter, bothered him not a little, and he lost some time by not sticking to the main channel, but at length, keeping well toward the north shore, he pegged away steadily, and ere the dusk began to gather he reached and passed Point du Lac, and was thus assured of getting to Three Rivers in good time for dinner. This he accomplished by dint of extra speed, but he was pretty well done out when shortly after six o'clock the lights of Three Rivers flashed out over the sparkling ice their welcome to the weary wayfarer, who, gladly unstrapping his skates, made haste to find the best hotel.

He was, of course, the subject of all sorts of inquiries, which he answered pleasantly enough as he disposed of a good dinner, and afterward rested for an hour before resuming his journey. The landlord did his best to dissuade him from going any farther that night, telling him that he was more than half way already, and could do the remainder of the distance much better after a good night's rest; but he was not to be moved. The river between Three Rivers and Portneuf was free from difficulties. There were no islands nor rapids to bother him, and the moon, whose ruddy sphere was already rising above the river's lofty bank, would make every step of his way plain. So soon after eight o'clock he fared forth into the brilliant moonlight, feeling by no means in the mood for spurring, yet undaunted in his determination to make Portneuf ere laying aside his skates for the night.

The evening was glorious beyond description, and he was in the midst of fairyland. All about him the flawless ice gleamed and glistened like a mighty mirror, stretching away, before and behind, until lost in the dim distance, while on either hand rose the dark lines of the river banks, their sombre shadows relieved ever and anon by the welcome flash of lights that sent their yellow rays out from cozy homes wherein the inhabitants were gathered around their warm firesides. Very welcome were those cheery lights to the tired skater, toiling resolutely onward, and as he passed by Champlain, Batisseau, Pierre des Becquets, St. Jean des Chaillons and Lotbinière he was glad that his route lay along a river upon whose shores the homes of men followed one another in almost unbroken succession.

The distance to Portneuf seemed double what he calculated, and his rate of progress grew steadily slower as his weariness told more and more upon him. Dauntless and

determined of spirit as he was, he began to regret not yielding to the persuasions of the landlord at Three Rivers; but with head bent forward and his arms swinging steadily in stroke with his feet he forced himself onward, although every yard gained cost him increased effort.

One by one the lights went out in the cottages, their disappearance deepening his oppressive sense of loneliness. A less resolute man would have given up going any farther, and become a suppliant for a night's lodging at one of the many farmhouses, but he knew right well that one mile then would be as good as two the following morning, and, inspiring himself with the thought of reaching Quebec before his friend and rival, he stuck doggedly to his work until at last, as eleven o'clock drew near, it brought him to his goal. So thoroughly exhausted was he that he scarce had strength to take off his skates, and dragging himself ashore at Portneuf he sought out the hotel and flung himself down in the first bed he could find, where he slept like a log until long after sunrise.

It is safe to say that in all Canada there was not a sorer, stiffer man than Major Gardiner when he woke that morning at Portneuf. Every nerve and muscle protested against any further exertion. He fairly groaned with pain while getting into his clothes, and but for his covenant with Redmond would certainly have secured a sleigh wherein to complete his journey. To have done so, however, would have been to confess defeat, and this was not to be thought of, so, unheeding his poor body's appeals for consideration, as soon as he had finished breakfast he strapped on his skates and once more set his face toward Quebec.

The fine weather still held, and as he slowly made his way along, the stiffened muscles gradually relaxed, until by the time five miles had been accomplished, they ceased their protests and did their work almost as well as the day before. There was no need to press them very hard, as he had but forty miles to go, and the whole day to do it in, provided, of course, he were sure that Captain Redmond would not outstrip him, and of this he felt pretty confident. He knew the difficulties of the road between Montreal and Quebec, and he calculated that with the best of luck his rival could hardly be ahead of him.

On he went past Cape Santé, Les Ecureuil, Pointe aux Trembles, St. Agustin and point after point of the sinuous stream that was ever broadening as it hastened oceanward. At last, sweeping around a bend, his eager eyes were gladdened by the welcome sight of the rock of Quebec thrusting its vast bulk, not unlike the form of a stupendous lion couchant, out into the mighty river.

"Hurrah!" he shouted in his joy at the sight, swinging his cap about his head. "There's the winning post. I'd give ten pounds to know where Redmond is."

He forgot his well-nigh intolerable weariness for the moment, and put on a bit of a spurt which carried him on toward Wolfe's Cove, when he halted for a few minutes to take breath before making a final dash for Quebec. As he looked around he noticed a sleigh coming down the river nearly a mile behind him. It was evidently being driven at top speed, judging by the quick jingle of bells that came to him over the ice in the still morning air. Moreover, the driver, not content with the road laid out on the ice, was trying to shorten it by cutting across the curves, regardless of the fact that these little detours were usually made in order to avoid dangerous spots in the ice, which was not to be implicitly trusted in that locality.

As he watched the rapidly approaching sleigh the thought flashed into Gardiner's mind:

"By jove! Perhaps that's Redmond, and he'll be giving a 'view hallo' in another minute."

Gathering himself together for a vigorous burst of speed, he had just made a swift stroke when there reached his ears a shout as of one in peril, and wheeling round again he saw, to his horror, that the sleigh had disappeared.

"My God!" he cried. "He's broken through. I must go to his help, whoever he is."

Back he darted with all his might, and reached the gaping hole just as a head appeared out of its black depths. One glance sufficed for identification. It was no other than Redmond, looking pitifully bedraggled and distressed, as he strove to pull himself up on the splintering ice.

Catching sight of Gardiner, a curious look of mingled relief and amusement came into his face.

"Is that you, old man?" he panted. "Help us out of this beastly hole like a good fellow, unless"—and here a quizzical smile played about his pale lips—"you'd rather have me out of the way altogether."

The ice was so much cracked that Gardiner could not get near enough to Redmond to grasp his hand, but his quick wit suggested an expedient. Pulling off his coat he held it by one sleeve, and venturing as close as he dared threw it toward his friend. After a couple of misses Redmond succeeded in grasping the other sleeve, and thus was drawn safely out upon the sound ice.

"There you are, my boy," exclaimed Gardiner, with a vast sigh of relief. "And now how am I to get you to Quebec?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Redmond ruefully. "Unless you can pull my horse and sleigh out also."

But alas! there was no chance of that, as they had both already vanished—carried away by the remorseless current to a fate that their reckless driver would inevitably have shared but for his friend's timely succor.

Happily, as the two men were considering what was to be done, a large sleigh with only one occupant came into sight. Gardiner went in pursuit of it, and without difficulty persuaded the driver to take Redmond as a passenger. Wrapped in the warm fur robes he would be safe from further chill, and could be driven direct to the hotel.

Having arranged this, and tucked Redmond snugly in, the Major was about to start off again on his skates when the Captain exclaimed, in lively surprise:

"Say, old chap, aren't you going to get in, too?"

"No, sir," was the decided answer. "I'm going to finish in the way I started, even though you get there first," and so saying the Major, feeling a good deal rested by the unexpected halt, went skimming on toward the city at a rate that quickly left the sleigh behind.

Instead of urging the man to quicken his speed Captain Redmond begged him to drive slowly, pretending that it suited him better, consequently when Major Gardiner reached the wharves the sleigh still had some distance to go, and he was the undoubted winner of the curious contest.

Both men appeared at the ball in brilliant uniform, their portmanteaus, which had been sent on ahead by the mail sledge, arriving in the nick of time. It was a splendid fête. The Laurier mansion pulsed with light and music, and glowed with beautiful flowers and lovely women. Mlle. Angélique greeted the officers with scrupulously impartial warmth. Whichever had the advantage neither certainly could tell from any perceptible difference of welcome. They both begged for as many dances as she would grant them, but, oddly enough, they were in the same predicament as to being unable to dance a step, the tremendous exertion of the one having no less disabling an effect than the involuntary icy bath of the other. They therefore had to sit out their numbers, but Major Gardiner's opportunity came late in the evening, when the dim, cool depths of the conservatory looked particularly inviting. He had been describing some of the incidents of his long skate to his fair companion, who listened with lively interest.

"And so you skated all the way from Montreal in order to be present at my ball?" murmured Mlle. Angélique, an entrancing blush suffusing her exquisite cheek as she added: "Truly you are *un preux chevalier*."

Whatever other qualities Gardiner may have lacked, he was not deficient in either penetration or promptitude, and there surely can be no necessity to detail the events immediately succeeding the utterance of those six slight but inspiring significant words.

Major Gardiner outstayed all the other guests that night, yet on his return to the hotel he found his friend still up, and evidently awaiting him. He had hardly entered the room before the latter's searching glance read his happy secret in his countenance. Redmond seemed to shiver for a moment as though a spasm of pain had seized his heart, but almost instantly, by a splendid effort, he regained his self-control, and holding out his hand, said in a voice so firm that he wondered at it himself:

"You need not tell me, old man. I congratulate you with all my heart. You'll let me be your best man, won't you?"

A "FOUR SEASONS" LUNCHEON

BY MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND



It is sometimes a problem how to show special attention to a number of friends without being obliged to give a "series of entertainments," which seems a somewhat formidable undertaking.

The most graceful and elegant solution of the matter is a luncheon served at little tables. The trouble is minimized, and to many its novelty lends an added charm.

I think the prettiest entertainment I ever gave was such a luncheon, where twenty ladies were served at four small round tables.

Each table represented one of the four seasons, and, decorated in a different color, covered profusely with flowers, and bathed in the soft light of many wax candles, my friends exclaimed that the scene was like a glimpse of fairyland. In the dressing-room the ladies had found their names written on four cards, each about twelve inches long, and six in width, placed conspicuously, and tied with bows of satin ribbon, which, the maid explained, indicated by their color the table to which each lady was assigned. This greatly facilitated the finding of places where there were so many guests.

Two round tables, each accommodating five persons, were in the dining-room, and two more in the middle room adjoining. As congenial friends could be thus grouped by themselves, it had all the coziness of a small gathering, while, at the same time, the numerous guests gave it the brilliancy of a large one.

THE "spring table" was decorated in pale greens and lilacs. The centre-piece was a soft mass of maiden-hair fern and violets. The flower stems were supplemented artificially to enable them to be more effective, and the modest blossoms in luscious generous bunches looked "right royal" in their exalted position. The dish containing them was encircled with a wide lilac satin ribbon, tied at one side.

Two silver candelabra held ten pale green candles, their shades of the same color, made of tissue paper all crinkled into shape, and tied within an inch of the top by a narrow green satin ribbon. The bonbons, little cakes, etc., were lilac, as were also the bonbonnières at each place. These were simple, square, lilac boxes, upon which were tied, with narrow ribbons of the same shade, bunches of fine, artificial violets, their stems encased in tin foil, which greatly helped to the belief of their being natural flowers.

The name-cards had each a tiny bunch of violets, painted in one corner, which was more novel in effect than a spray or single flowers. The stems were apparently tied together by a

lilac ribbon, caught by a passing breeze, and waving in artistic carelessness over the card, while the ladies' names were written in violet ink, every one different in some slight particular, if only in the direction of the painted ribbon, or the position of the flowers. On the reverse side was written upon each a different quotation, appropriate to, or descriptive of, spring. For instance:

"Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness come!"

"The apple trees in May,
Whose green leaves make a little, tender night,
With flowers for stars!"

The painting of all the cards, choosing the quotations, and fashioning the bonbonnières, had charmed away several otherwise tedious hours during the preceding summer. The ice cream was in the form of a bunch of asparagus.

THE "summer table" was a mass of roses; even the little crimped paper shades over the pink candles looked like some new and gorgeous variety at a little distance. Everything here was soft, blushing pink. The name-cards were rose leaves delicately tinted—no longer new, since one may buy them almost anywhere now—but looking very appropriate at this table. The names were printed with a brush, in odd-shaped gilt letters, and on the backs were written:

"The radiant summer, with her azure eyes
And flower-crowned head."

"It is the time when lilies blow
And clouds are highest up in air."

The favors were round pink bonbonnières, crowned with tiny wreaths of roses, the flowers following the outline of the boxes. The ice cream was moulded to represent flowers, pink roses predominating, and held in a broad garden hat, made of pink candy, braided to look like straw, and shining like spun glass, from which the flowers seemed to be tumbling. The hat was garlanded with natural roses about the crown.

THE "autumn table" was a golden glory of chrysanthemums, the month being November. All the decorations, bonbons, candles, shades, etc., were pale yellow. The name-cards were natural autumn leaves, very slightly varnished, their stems tied with narrow yellow ribbons, and the names boldly written with a brush across them in broad, gilt lines. The surface was not favorable to any elaborate writing of quotations. So, on the under side of the leaf, was merely the word, "Welcome," in gilt lettering.

The ice cream was in the form of various fruits, held in an oblong basket of braided straw-colored candy, the small handles at the ends tied with satin ribbon of the same shade. The bonbonnières of this table were intended to represent yellow chrysanthemums. They were the only ones that at all presented any difficulty in the construction, and I was earnestly assured that they gave no hint of home manufacture by any carelessness of execution. They were round boxes of pale yellow, about the size of the palm of the hand, and surmounted by a little mound of cotton, covered with soft yellow silk. In the centre of this downy cushion was deeply sunk a small artificial yellow chrysanthemum, which merely made the heart of the flower, while innumerable loops of very narrow yellow ribbon, graduated in length, formed the petals. The loops of ribbon were sewn thickly all over the little cushiony surface, and the outer ones were long enough to conceal the box.

THE "winter table" was all white in decoration, with the exception of its centre-piece of holly, the dish concealed by a wide white satin ribbon. Many thought this the prettiest table of all in its chaste simplicity.

The name-cards were white, glistening apparently with frost work, the effect produced by mica, and painted in one corner of each was a sprig of bright holly berries. On the backs were quotations about the season, for instance:

"Fair winter, clad in bridal white
Chaste virgin of the year!"

"Bluff old winter, brisk and jolly,
Bringing Christmas in his train;
Crowned with spruce and fir and holly
Welcome back again!"

The ice cream represented snow-balls, perfectly round, and coated on the outside with colorless lemon ice.

The favors were round boxes, white and glistening, surmounted with sprigs of artificial holly.

After luncheon, the ladies adjourned to a large second-story sitting-room, where they formed themselves into new combinations, and over their coffee discussed the rival merits of the different tables, and chatted animatedly for an hour or more.

The expense of this entertainment was much less than two luncheons of ten covers would have been. The cook's charges did not exceed those made for a fine dinner for twelve persons. It was served by two men hired for the occasion, assisted by two of the household servants. The extra amount of china, glass and silver were borrowed from that "banker provided by Nature"—a mother; but all these things may be hired, at but small cost, as were some of the candelabra and the round tops for the tables, at the time that I am recalling.

The flowers were all arranged at home with the exception of the centre-piece of violets, which required a florist's ingenuity.

With the invaluable help of an ox-muzzle over each dish, to hold the flowers in place, it was the work of not more than an hour and a half to complete the other three.

The dishes holding the flowers were the ordinary tins, made for the round jardinières called "ferneries," and concealed by the wide satin ribbons matching the blossoms in color.

It was not an elaborate luncheon, calculated to impress one with magnificence, but a pleasant, friendly gathering, with a background of "sweetness and light!"



My Father As I Recall Him

By Mamie Dickens

IN SIX PAPERS FOURTH PAPER

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As a child my father was prevented from any active participation in the sports and amusements of his boyish companions by his extreme delicacy and frequent illnesses, so that until his manhood his knowledge of games was gained merely from long hours of watching others while lying upon the grass. With manhood, however, came the strength and activity which enabled him to take part in all kinds of outdoor exercise and sports, and it seemed that in his passionate enjoyment and participation in those later years he was recompensed for the weary childhood years of suffering and inability. Athletic sports were a passion with him in his manhood, as I have said. In 1839 he rented a cottage at Petersham, not far from London, "where," to quote from Mr. Forster, "the extensive garden grounds admitted of much athletic competition, in which Dickens, for the most part, held his own against even such accomplished athletes as Maclise and Mr. Beard. Bar leaping, bowling and quoits were among the games carried on with the greatest ardor, and in sustained energy Dickens certainly distanced every competitor. Even the lighter recreations of battledore and bagatelle were pursued with relentless activity. At such amusements as the Petersham races, in those days rather celebrated, and which he visited daily while they lasted, he worked much harder than the running horses did."

FONDNESS FOR ATHLETIC SPORTS

DRIVING was a favorite recreation at all times with my father, and he was constantly inviting one or another of his friends to bear him company on these excursions. Always fond, in his leisure hours, of companions, he seemed to find his drives and walks quite incomplete if made alone. He writes on one occasion: "What think you of a fifteen-mile drive out, ditto in, and a lunch on the road, with a wind-up of six o'clock dinner in Doughty Street?" And again: "Not knowing whether my head was off or on, it became so addled with work, I have gone driving over the old road, and shall be truly delighted to meet or be overtaken by you." As a young man he was extremely fond of riding, but as I never remember seeing him on horseback I think he must have deprived himself of this pastime soon after his marriage.

But walking was, perhaps, his chiefest pleasure, and the country lanes and city streets alike found him a close observer of their beauties and interests. He was a rapid walker, his usual pace being four miles an hour, and to keep step with him required energy and activity similar to his own. In many of his letters he speaks with most evident enjoyment of this pastime. In one he writes: "What a brilliant morning for a country walk! I start precisely—precisely, mind—at half-past one. Come, come, come and walk in the green lanes!" Again: "You don't feel disposed, do you, to muffle yourself up and start off with me for a good, brisk walk over Hempstead Heath?"

Outdoor games of the simpler kinds delighted him. Battledore and shuttlecock was played constantly in the garden at Devonshire Terrace, though I do not remember my father ever playing it elsewhere. The American game of bowls pleased him, and rounders found him more than expert. Croquet he disliked, but cricket he enjoyed intensely as a spectator, always keeping one of the scores during the matches at "Gad's Hill."

HIS LOVE OF BATHING

HE was a firm believer in the hygiene of bathing, and cold baths, sea baths and shower baths were among his most constant



"GAD'S HILL" PLACE (front view)

practices. In those days scientific ablution was not very generally practiced, and I am sure that in many places during his travels my father was looked upon as an amiable maniac with a penchant for washing.

During his first visit to America, while he was making some journey in a rather rough and uncomfortable canal boat, he wrote: "I am considered very hardy in the morning, for I run up barenecked and plunge my head into the half-frozen water by half-past five o'clock. I am respected for my activity, inasmuch as I jump from the boat to the towing path, and walk five or six miles before breakfast, keeping up with the horses all the time." And from Broadstairs: "In a bay window sits, from nine o'clock to one, a gentleman with rather long hair and no neckcloth, who writes and grins as if he thought he were very funny, indeed. At one o'clock he disappears, presently emerges from a bathing machine, and may be seen a kind of salmon-colored porpoise, splashing about in the ocean. After that, he may be viewed in another bay window on the ground floor, eating a good lunch; and after that, walking a dozen miles or so, or lying on his back on the sand reading. Nobody bothers him, unless they know he is



MISS MAMIE DICKENS WITH HER KITTEN "WILLIAMINA" AND DOG "MRS. BOUNCER"

disposed to be talked to; and I am told he is very comfortable, indeed."

During the hottest summer months of our year's residence in Italy, we lived at a little seaport of the Mediterranean called Albaro. The bathing here was of the most primitive kind, one division of the clear, dark-blue pools among the rocks being reserved for women, the other for men, and as we children were as much at home in the water as any known variety of fish, we used to look with wonder at the so-called bathing of the Italian women. They would come in swarms, beautifully dressed, and with most elaborately arranged heads of hair, but the slightest of wettings with them was the equivalent of a bath. In the open bay at Albaro the current was very strong, and the bathing most dangerous to even an experienced swimmer. I remember one morning the terrible fright we were given by an uncle of ours; he swam out into the bay, was caught by the current of an ebb tide and borne out of reach of our eyes. A fishing boat picked him up still alive, though greatly exhausted. "It was a world of horror and anguish crowded into four or five minutes of dreadful agitation," wrote my father, "and to complete the terror of it the entire family, including the children, were on the rock in full view of it all, crying like mad creatures."

HIS STUDY OF THE RAVEN

HE loved animals, flowers and birds, his fondness for the latter being shown nowhere more strongly than in his devotion to his ravens at Devonshire Terrace. He writes characteristically of the death of "Grip," the first raven: "You will be greatly shocked and grieved to hear that the raven is no more. He expired to-day at a few minutes after twelve o'clock, at noon. He had been ailing for a few days, but we anticipated no serious result, conjecturing that a portion of the white paint he swallowed last summer might be lingering about his vitals. Yesterday afternoon he was taken so much worse that I sent an express for the medical gentleman, who promptly attended and administered a powerful dose of castor oil. Under the influence of this medicine he recovered so far as to be able, at eight o'clock, p. m., to bite Topping (the coachman). His night was peaceful. This morning, at daybreak, he appeared better, and partook plentifully of some warm gruel, the flavor of which he appeared to relish. Toward eleven o'clock he was so much worse that it was found necessary to muffle the stable knocker. At half-past, or thereabouts, he was heard talking to himself about the horse and Topping's family, and to add some incoherent expressions which are supposed to have been either a foreboding of his approaching dissolution or some wishes relative to the disposal of his little property, consisting chiefly of halfpence which he had buried in different parts of the garden. On the clock striking twelve he appeared slightly agitated, but he soon recovered, walked twice or thrice along the coach house, stopped to

MY FATHER WITH OUR DOGS

BUT I think his strongest love, among animals, was for dogs. I find a delightful anecdote told by him of a dog belonging to a lady whom he knew well, "Of," an immense,



DICKENS AND HIS DOG "TURK"

black, good-humored, Newfoundland dog. He came from Oxford and had lived all his life in a brewery. Instructions were given with him that if he were let out every morning alone he would immediately find out the river, regularly take a swim and come gravely home again. This he did with the greatest punctuality, but after a little while was observed to smell of beer. His owner was so sure that he smelled of beer that she resolved to watch him. He was seen to come back from his swim round the usual corner and to go up a flight of steps into a beer shop. Being instantly followed, the beer shop-keeper is seen to take down a pot (pewter-pot) and is heard to say: "Well, old chap, come for your beer as usual, have you?" Upon which he draws a pint and puts it down and the dog drinks it. Being required to explain how this comes to pass the man says: "Yes, ma'am. I know he's your dog, ma'am, but I didn't when he first came. He looked in, ma'am, as a brick-maker might, and then he come in, as a brick-maker might, and he wagged his tail at the pots, and he giv a sniff round and conveyed to me as he was used to beer. So I draw'd him a drop, and he drunk it up. Next morning he come agen by the clock and I draw'd him a pint, and ever since he has took his pint reg'lar."

THE CATS OF "GAD'S HILL"

ON account of our birds cats were not allowed in the house; but from a friend in London I received a present of a white kitten—Williamina—and she and her numerous offspring had a happy home at "Gad's Hill." She became a favorite with all the household, and showed particular devotion to my father. I remember on one occasion when she had presented us with a family of kittens, she selected a corner of father's study for their home. She brought them one by one from the kitchen and deposited them in her chosen corner. My father called to me to remove them, saying that he could not allow the kittens to remain in his room. I did so, but Williamina brought them back again, one by one. Again they were removed. The third time, instead of putting them in the corner, she placed them all, and herself beside them, at my father's feet, and gave him such an imploring glance that he could resist no longer, and they were allowed to remain. As the kittens grew older they became more and more frolicsome, swarming up the curtains, playing about on the writing table and scampering behind the book shelves. But they were never complained of and lived happily in the study until the time came for finding them other homes. One of these kittens was kept, who, as he was quite deaf, was left unnamed, and became known by the servants as "the master's cat," because of his devotion to my father. He was always with him, and used to follow him about the garden like a dog, and sit with him while he wrote. One evening we were all, except father, going to a ball, and when we started, left "the master" and his cat in the drawing-room together. "The master" was reading at a small table, on which a lighted candle was placed. Suddenly the candle went out. My father, who was much interested in his book, relighted the candle, stroked the cat, who was looking at him pathetically he noticed, and continued his reading. A few minutes later, as the light became dim, he looked up just in time to see

bark, staggered, and exclaimed 'Halloa, old girl!' (his favorite expression) and died. He behaved throughout with decent fortitude, equanimity and self-possession. I deeply regret that, being in ignorance of his danger, I did not attend to receive his last instructions.

CALLING THE DOCTOR IN

SOMETHING remarkable about his eyes occasioned Topping to run for the doctor at twelve. When they returned together, our friend was gone. It was the medical gentleman who informed me of his decease. He did it with caution and delicacy, preparing me by the remark that 'a jolly queer start had taken place.' I am not wholly free from suspicions of poison. A malicious butcher has been heard to say that he would 'do' for him. His plea was that he would not be molested in taking orders down the news by any bird that wore a tail. Were they ravens who took manna to somebody in the wilderness? At times I hope they were, and at others I fear they were not, or they would certainly have stolen it by the way. Kate is as well as can be expected. The children seem rather glad of it. He bit their ankles, but that was in play." As my father was writing "Barnaby Rudge" at this time, and wished to continue his study of raven nature, another and a larger "Grip" took the place of "our friend" but it was he whose talking, tricks and comical ways gave my father the idea of making a raven one of the characters in this book. My father's fondness for "Grip" was, however, never transferred to any other raven, and none of us ever forgot him, nor ever forgave the butcher whom we all held in some way responsible for his untimely taking off.



DICKENS READING IN HIS FAVORITE NOOK

puss deliberately put out the candle with his paw, and then look appealingly toward him. This second and unmistakable hint was not disregarded, and puss was given the petting

he craved. Father was full of this anecdote when all met at breakfast the next morning.

"BUMBLE" AND "MRS. BOUNCER"

AMONG our dogs were "Turk" and "Linda," the former a beautiful mastiff and the latter a soft-eyed, gentle, good-tempered St. Bernard. "Mrs. Bouncer," a Pomeranian, came next, a tiny ball of white fluffy fur, who came as a special gift to me, and speedily won her way by her grace and daintiness into the affections of every member of the household. My father became her special slave, and had a peculiar voice for her—as he had for us, when we were children—to which she would respond at once by running to him from any part of the house when she heard his call. He delighted to see her with the large dogs, with whom she gave herself great airs, "because," as he said, "she looks so preposterously small." A few years later came "Don," a Newfoundland, and then "Bumble," his son, named after "Oliver Twist's" beadle, because of "a peculiarly pompous and overbearing manner he had of appearing to mount guard over the yard when he was an absolute infant." Lastly came "Sultan," an Irish bloodhound, who had a bitter experience with his life at "God's Hill." One evening, having broken his chain, he fell upon a little girl who was passing and bit her so severely that my father considered it necessary to have him shot, although this decision cost him a great deal of sorrow.

For a short time I had the care of a mongrel called "Gipsy." She was not allowed to enter any of the family rooms, and used to spend her time lying contentedly on the rug outside the drawing-room. One afternoon a friend came from Chatham bringing with her a wonderful poodle who had been specially invited to perform all his tricks for my father's enjoyment. On his arrival, "Mrs. Bouncer" became furious, and when he began his tricks she went deliberately into the hall and escorted "Gipsy" into the drawing-room, as much as to say: "I can't stand this. If strange dogs are to be made much of, surely the dogs in the house may be at least permitted to enter the room." She would not look at "Fosco," the poodle, but sat throughout his performance with her back toward him, the picture of offended dignity. Just as soon, however, as he was fairly out of the house, and not until then, she escorted "Gipsy" back to her rug. My father was intensely amused by this behavior of "Bouncer's" and delighted in telling this story about her.

"Mrs. Bouncer" was honored by many messages from her master during his absences from home. Here is one written as I was convalescing from a serious illness: "In my mind's eye I behold 'Mrs. Bouncer,' still with some traces of anxiety on her faithful countenance, balancing herself a little unequally on her forelegs, pricking up her ears with her head on one side, and slightly opening her intellectual nostrils. I send my loving and respectful duty to her." Again: "Think of my dreaming of 'Mrs. Bouncer,' each night!!!"

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP

MY father's love for dogs led him into a strange friendship during our stay at Boulogne. There lived in a cottage on the street which led from our house to the town, a cobbler who used to sit at his window working all day with his dog—a Pomeranian—on the table beside him. The cobbler, in whom my father became very much interested because of the intelligence of his poodle, was taken ill and for many months was unable to work. My father writes: "The cobbler has been ill these many months. The little dog sits at the door so unhappy and anxious to help that I every day expect to see him beginning a pair of top boots." Another time father writes in telling the history of this little animal: "A cobbler at Boulogne, who had the nicest of little dogs that always sat in his sunny window watching him at his work, asked me if I would bring the dog home as he couldn't afford to pay the tax for him. The cobbler and the dog being both my particular friends I complied. The cobbler parted with the dog heartbroken. When the dog got home here, my man, like an idiot as he is, tied him up and then untied him. The moment the gate was open, the dog (on the very day after his arrival) ran out. Next day Georgy and I saw him lying all covered with mud, dead, outside the neighboring church. How am I ever to tell the cobbler? He is too poor to come to England, so I feel that I must lie to him for life, and say that the dog is fat and happy."

Of horses and ponies we possessed but few during our childhood, and these were not of very choice breed. I remember, however, one pretty pony which was our delight, and dear old "Toby," the good sturdy horse which for many years we used at "God's Hill." My father, however, was very fond of horses, and I recall hearing him comment on the strange fact that an animal "so noble in its qualities should be the cause of so much villainy."

EDITORIAL NOTE—Owing to the great popularity of Miss Dickens' reminiscence articles and the general demand that the series be as complete as possible, the editor has secured sufficient material from Miss Dickens for six papers instead of five, as originally planned.

In the next (March) JOURNAL, Miss Dickens will, in her fifth paper, give some further anecdotes of her father's great fondness for birds and animals, and will reach the sad but interesting portions of her story of his last public appearances, both in the United States and England.

* * * In announcing this series of articles, the JOURNAL was led into an unfortunate error in its reference to Miss Dickens as her father's "favorite daughter." As Miss Dickens disclaims the right to such a relation, the editor is glad to accede to her wish that this explanation be made.

THE WELL-BRED GIRL IN SOCIETY

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

FOURTH PAPER—SOCIAL LAWS AT OPERA, THEATRE AND PUBLIC PLACES



HAVE elsewhere depicted the well-bred debutante under the ordeal of the ball-room glare, but even more stringent are the social laws that govern her at opera and theatre. American cities are so divided against themselves in the matter of privileges allowed to unmarried women, that it is hard to generalize in suggestions that will be applicable to all. But the foreign custom that makes a chaperone indispensable where young people are gathered together at places of public entertainment, has long obtained in the cities of the East, where the girl of the present generation would not venture to combat it without the risk of sharp, criticism from alien tongues. Nor does it occur to a young man desiring to escort the object of his attentions to opera or play, that he may attempt to dispense with the woman chaperone or male guardian who, without the addition of a fourth member to the party, establishes the proverbially dull number called "trumpery" in schoolgirl doggerel. This necessity in numbers entailing as it would upon the youth of average fortune a tax of considerable weight, invitations to the play come oftener from, and places are taken by, the young lady's chaperone herself, by whom it is considered entirely proper to send tickets to the young men, their friends, bidding them to meet her party at the theatre. A more lively and popular method is to assemble the party chosen under the roof of the lady inviting them. The little dinner before the play is charming when the company consists of four or six persons, a manageable number that may be fed and marshaled into place with some regard to the rising of the curtain. Large theatre parties, including all the way from twenty to fifty souls, such as have been seen in recent winters, are convened at the house of the giver and conveyed to the scene in omnibuses (kept on hire for the purpose in all large cities)—glorified vehicles, low-swung, easy-rolling, resplendent with paint, shellac and plush; buses that pause not till they reach the spot where one desires to go; buses in which there are no dislocating jerks, no trodden toes, no herding throng, a sort of dream of possible Twentieth Century consideration for public travelers.

AFTER THE PLAY IS OVER

RETURNING in the same fashion to the house after the play, a supper is served, and the carriages of the guests await them at their hostess' door. This, within reasonable limits, seems to be the most rational way of giving a theatre party. It is in better taste than the attempt to entertain numbers at a public restaurant after the play, a species of festivity in which one cannot wonder that many parents object to allowing their young daughters to participate, no matter how "select" the chosen spot. Under no circumstances does a heedless girl expose herself to more adverse criticism than when appearing as one of a disturbing influx of gay, self-absorbed newcomers in a theatre full of already seated people. It is inconceivable why women who, under no circumstances, when alone, would risk drawing down public comment on themselves, become so reckless in talking and laughing together, and taking outsiders into their confidence, at such a time. The bustle of seating themselves, of loosening wraps, of consulting programmes and adjusting glasses; the jests, exchanged audibly, the titters that run along the line—and this generally after the play is under way—are lamentably familiar to frequenters of our best theatres. If a party cannot be so controlled as to arrive in time, it is the a, b, c of good manners that they should slip in silence into their seats. When placed in boxes, they are a little removed from the audience, and may be endured with greater equanimity by the disturbed; but here the conspicuousness of their position identifies the offenders more clearly in the public mind. Loud talking, much laughter with little cause, the misuse of an opera glass to survey the audience, posturing for the display of gowns or bonnets or pretty faces in a box, stamp the girls who indulge in these weaknesses or feminine nature in a way not desirable, if they could only hear the verdict of lookers-on.

THEATRE HATS AND BONNETS

ONE feels tempted to leave to the industrious protest of the daily press the question of high hats and bonnets worn in the parquet of a theatre. But in this season of extraordinary wings and rampant bows, the nuisance has sprung up with redoubled force. A distinguished actor recently remarked that, during the first act of a play New York was flocking to see in its first week, he was so transfixed by a bonnet that appeared in the seats behind the orchestra as to well-nigh forget his part. To illustrate, he took possession of the folding fan of the lady with whom he was talking, and held it at full width upon his head. "I give you my word," he headed, "the bow on top of her head was about this size and shape." A little, a very little, consideration among women on this score would bring about reform. To leave off a bunch of ribbons here, a cluster of feathers or flowers there, surely would not impair the brightness of the eyes and cheeks beneath the headgear. And the consciousness of having won the gratitude of scores of seat-holders, ought, in any case, to console the wearer of the milliner's nightmare so abbreviated. The custom universally prev-

alent in England of going to the theatre without bonnets, or of leaving them in the dressing-room of the theatre, has not yet, in spite of stringent efforts on the part of some leading managers of the best play-houses of the metropolis, obtained in America. Therefore, greatly to be admired and commended as it is, one can hardly recommend its adoption by women without escort, or by isolated parties in the house who would succeed only in calling down upon themselves public comment without altering the accepted habit of their community. Neither is it desirable, and for the same reason, to sit without bonnets in the boxes of our theatres. As I have said, a small close-fitting theatre bonnet, which may be charmingly becoming, should form part of the wardrobe of one who frequents either orchestra chairs or the boxes. Such a bonnet may be made to harmonize with any pretty house dress, or with any one of the variety of jaunty bodices worn in these latter days.

THEATRE GOWN AND OPERA CLOAK

IT is safe to say that no young woman of any pretense to knowledge of the world will ever choose to appear at a theatre, public concert, or lecture in a public hall with a gown cut open at the throat, or with uncovered arms. A long cloak, which may be loosened and thrown back or carried on the arm in entering the theatre, is the most satisfactory wrap; but many well-dressed women appear there in street costume, equipped as for afternoon teas, merely removing the outside jacket after they are placed.

And, just here, a word as to the addenda of theatre costume—fans, smelling bottles and bonbonnières. All such things have been vulgarized by exaggerated display. They should be kept in concealment, and applied only to their legitimate uses. Flowers are no longer carried to the theatre, except in the form of a modest cluster worn in the corsage.

As to the practice of handing boxes of confections between the members of a theatre party, it has been driven to the wall by conspicuously daring and determined exhibitors, who have at least accomplished this reform!

DEPARTURE FROM GOOD FORM

THE same reasoning must apply to the vexed question of whether or not it is a departure from good form for a young girl to accompany a young man to the theatre alone. In New York, among the people whose customs I set out to describe, this is not done, though a visitor in the city from another locality might do it, even in New York, and pass unchallenged by social criticism. In so many parts of America the custom is so much a thing of course, that to placard as a general social law for them in such matters, the rigid formula of the fashion New York has adopted from Old World conventionalities in good society, would be an injustice to numbers of perfectly well-bred and well-intentioned girls, who have never had a thought of impropriety in following a practice their good mothers and grandmothers accepted without question.

The Darwinian theory of "Variation from Environment" applies also to the practice of girls driving out alone with young men, a custom so common in most American communities that disapproval of it is expressed by comparatively few. In places of summer resort, particularly, conventionalities seem to relax their rigor in favor of liberty as to this; and many young women who are tutored to decline invitations to drive alone with young men elsewhere, enjoy the license there with the zest aroused by a picnic. But American conservatism, even upon the farthest frontier of our country, is not prepared to accept the conception of some foreign romancers by whom the typical American Jenny and Jessamy are supposed to indulge in one continuous pastime of "buggy-driving," varied by stops at "saloons" to eat "ice cream"; and there certainly are circles of society among us which decry a pleasure drive by a girl alone with a man as a thing not to be allowed at all.

TO ART GALLERIES AND CONCERTS

TO the question last arising, whether a girl may be accompanied by a man to church services, picture galleries, afternoon concerts, etc., or on calls at the houses of their common friends, the reiterated answer must be given: It depends entirely upon the custom of the place where she may be. By most young Americans, the unmarried are considered to be hedged about by too much restrictive and unreasonable observance, and the chaperone-at-large is looked upon as a bugbear imported from communities that cannot trust their women, which should be excluded by a beneficent prohibitive tariff. But a few years more of our present march of progress may lead them to see for themselves that such guardians are in reality the corner stone upon which will arise the edifice of a perfected American civilization. Occasionally the protest against chaperons takes a form of delicious naiveté, as in the case of a rattling young Southerner: This alert youngster, having been egged on by one of the girls of a pleasure-party at a summer resort to "pay some attention" to the matron in nominal charge—a charming woman of thirty, a power in the circles of her society—replied with pleasing candor: "I'd like to, ever so much, if 'twould oblige you, Miss —; but you see, she's pretty old for me, and down our way we never know what to say to a lady after she's been married, anyhow," which confession, afterward going the rounds, brought its originator into a prominence of notice he had not hitherto attained.

WHAT IS THE OPEN SESAME

IN conclusion, let me say: How a young girl shall bear herself to win most regard in society is, in general, a problem that women in all the ages have been endeavoring to solve. Beauty, the all-powerful, oftenest furnishes the key. But beauty in the rushing, jostling, peering, criticising life we call society to-day, brings with it many penalties. The young woman advertised by the press in her first season as a budding belle, has often cause, before the end of it, to rue the hour her charms become newspaper property, to be hawked in weekly columns. A name thus established before the public, has the changes rung upon it with a persistence frequently without justification in fact. She finds herself announced as present at places where she has not dreamed of going, dressed in imaginary costumes startling in their eccentricity. She is called upon by urgent reporters to reveal her movements, opinions, plans, costumes; and, in the nervous effort to escape the snare, finds her words of excuse later misrepresented or twisted into published statements for which she blushes to find herself made responsible. Worse than all, she is often made the recipient of anonymous or impertinent letters, a mode of attack from which no championship of father or brother can protect her. If her complexion is unusually good, she has the pleasure of reading doubts of its genuineness in common print, and of receiving advertisements of paints and powders for the skin. If she is seen more than once walking in the street with a man recognized by the chronicler, their names are liable to be recklessly bracketed and set adrift down the tide of gossip without defense to her from the annoyance. All this is a common experience in the lot of a so-called "beauty" in American society, and robs the situation of its exhilarating charm; but there seems no help for the victim in the fierce light that beats about her temporary throne. Popularity, in the worldly sense, is largely dependent upon material elements.

THE NECESSARY CHARACTERISTICS

A GREEABILITY, facility in conversation, tact, graciousness in accosting acquaintances, are no insignificant aids to the popularity to be desired. The real queen-rose of the rosebud garden of girls, is she who takes time in the search for pleasure to scatter kind words, kind smiles, trifling courtesies, along the way; who remembers her friends at all seasons with equal cordiality; who is not enthusiastic at the moment of receiving social favors and vaguely indifferent when there is nothing more to get; who does not begrudge a word or thought of civility to those people in, but not of, her own circle of society—the makeweights, the undesirables, the less favored by Nature and Fortune than herself. Perfect politeness is perhaps as rare as perfection in any other department of human progress. But politeness, like hospitality, exists among us Americans in a very marked degree; and let us be long in renouncing it for the cult of an imagined reserve that is to stamp us as belonging to some other, higher plane of civilization than our own. There has of recent years been assumed, by certain of our country people aspiring to social elevation, a manner that has come to mark a distinct epoch in the ascent of their kind. It is generally noticed at the time when, having put away the old house with the old furniture, and shaken off the old acquaintances that cling like burrs to the sweep of a silken train, they quote leaders better known to society at large than to them, punish themselves by giving dull entertainments to people they hardly know and, when invited in return, preserve a cold solemnity of demeanor that plainly covers their uncertainty as to the right thing to do. Consideration for others, civility, retention of the names and faces of those presented to them, are part of the lesson of life taught to the girls of older civilizations.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

CLEVER talkers, and in what department of American society are they not encountered, are sometimes disagreeably surprised at finding the men whom they have dazzled by their wit during a first conversation slow to return to seek them. After a season or two, it may be, they will lament with nimble-tongued Beatrice: "There goes every one to the world but I; I may sit in a corner, and cry, Heigh-ho! for a husband!" They see girls distanced by them at school, slow of wit, not always beautiful, chosen and led away before them—and this by men whom they respect. The truth is, the average man prefers mental repose rather than mental titillation in the companionship of woman. The witty mocker, the cynic, the clever critic of folly as it flies, may serve to amuse a passing hour, but for an enduring diet men crave the essentially feminine qualities of forbearance, sympathy, gentleness, readiness to condone offense. It is these qualities only that will ease the strain of the life-struggle almost sure to come, and sweeten the cup of disappointment or reverse. Even the most inexperienced youth in dreaming of his future has an instinctive feeling that he cannot afford to dispense with them. Happy he who in the woman of his choice shall be able to combine with such essentials the intelligence and cultivation, and the refreshing sense of humor, that lend salt to the daily banquet of his life.

EDITORIAL NOTE—Mrs. Harrison's articles on "The Well-Bred Girl in Society," of which the above is the conclusion, were commenced in the JOURNAL for November, 1892, and a complete set of the issues containing them can be had by sending forty (40) cents to the office of the JOURNAL. The subjects treated were:

November, 1892 - THE GIRL IN THE BALL-ROOM
December, " - A GIRL'S DRESS IN SOCIETY
January, 1893 - ATTITUDE TOWARD YOUNG MEN
February, " - LAWS AT OPERA AND THEATRE
Copies of any one of the above single issues, 10 cents each.

THE COAST OF BOHEMIA

By William Dean Howells

[Commenced in the December, 1892, JOURNAL]

X

THE night began to fall an hour before Cornelia's train reached New York, and it drew in to the station through the whirl and dance of parti-colored lights everywhere.

The black porter of the sleeping car caught up her bag and carried it out for her, as if he were going to carry it indefinitely; and outside she stood, letting him hold it, while she looked about her, scared and bewildered, and the passengers hurrying by pushed and bumped against her. When she collected her wits sufficiently to take it from him she pressed on with the rest up toward the front of the station, where the crowd frayed out in different directions. At the open doorway, giving on the street, she stopped and stood holding her bag, and gazed fearfully out on a line of wild men on the curbstone; they all seemed to be stretching their hands out to her, and they rattled and clamored: "Keb? A keb, a keb, a keb? Want a keb? Keb here! Keb? A keb, a keb, a keb?" They were kept back by a policeman, who prevented them from falling upon the passengers, and restored them to order, when they yielded by the half dozen to the fancy that some one had ordered a cab, and started off in the direction of their vehicles, and then rushed back so as not to lose other chances. The sight of Cornelia standing bag in hand there seemed to drive them into a frenzy of hope. Several newsboys, eager to share their prosperity, rushed up and offered her the evening papers.

Cornelia strained forward from the doorway, and tried to make out, in the kaleidoscopic pattern of lights, which was the Fourth Avenue car; the street was full of cars and carts and carriages, all going every which way, with a din of bells and wheels and hoofs that was as if crushed to one clangorous mass by the superior uproar of the railroad trains coming and going on a sort of street roof overhead. A sickening odor came from the mud of the gutters and the horses and people, and as if a wave of repulsion had struck against every sense in her, the girl turned and fled from the sight and sound and smell of it all into the ladies' waiting-room at her right.

She knew about that room from Mrs. Burton, who had said she could go in there and fix her hair if it had got tumbled, when she came off the train. But it had been so easy to keep everything just right in the nice dressing-room on the sleeper that she had expected to step out of the station and take a Fourth Avenue car without going into the ladies' room. She found herself the only person in it except a comfortable, friendly-looking, middle-aged woman, who seemed to be in charge of the place, and was going about with a dust cloth in her hand. She had such a home-like air, and it was so peaceful there, after all that uproar outside, that Cornelia could hardly keep back the tears, though she knew it was silly, and kept saying so, to herself under her breath.

She put her hand-bag down, and went and stood at one of the windows trying to make up her mind to venture out; and then she began to move back and forth, from one window to the other. It must have been this effect of restlessness and anxiety that made the janitress speak to her at last: "Expecting friends to meet you?"

Cornelia turned round and took a good look at the janitress. She decided from her official as well as her personal appearance, that she might be trusted, at least provisionally. It had been going through her mind there at the window what a fool she was to refuse to let Mr. Ludlow come to meet her with that friend of his, and she had been helplessly feigning that she had not refused, and that he was really coming, but was a little late. She was in the act of accepting his apology for the delay when the janitress spoke to her, and she said: "I don't know whether I'd better wait any longer. I was looking for a Fourth Avenue car."

"Well, you couldn't hardly miss one," said the janitress. "They're going all the time. Stranger in the city?"

"Yes, I am," Cornelia admitted; she thought she had better admit it.

"Well," said the janitress. "If I was you I'd wait for my friends a while longer. It's after dark, now, and if they come here and find you gone, they'll be uneasy, won't they?"

"Well," said Cornelia, and she sank submissively into a seat.

The janitress sat down, too. "Not but what it's safe enough, and you needn't be troubled if they don't come. You can go half an hour later just as well. My! I've had people sit here all day and wait. The things I've seen here, well, if they were put into a story you couldn't hardly believe them. I had a poor woman come in here one morning last week with a baby in her arms, and three little children hanging round her, to wait for her husband; and she waited till midnight, and he didn't come. I could have told her first as well as last that he wasn't ever coming; I knew it from the kind of a letter he wrote her, and that she fished up out of her pocket to show me, so as to find whether she had come to the right place to wait or not, but I couldn't bear to do it; and I did for her and the children as well as I could, and when it came to it, about twelve, I coaxed her to go home and come again in the morning. She didn't come back again; I guess she began to suspect something herself."

"Why, don't you suppose he ever meant to come?" Cornelia asked, tremulously.

"I don't know," said the janitress. "I didn't tell her so. I've had all kinds of homeless folks come in here that had lost their pocketbooks, or never had any, and little tots of children with papers pinned on to tell me who they were expecting, and I've had 'em here till I had to shut up at night."

which she was so foolish to keep postponing. She had written to the landlady of her boarding-house that she should arrive on such a day, at such an hour; and here was the day, and she was letting the hour go by, and very likely the landlady would give her room to some one else. Or, if the expressman who took her check on the train should get there with her trunk first, the landlady might refuse to take it. Cornelia did not know how people acted about such things in New York. She ought to go, and she tried to rise; but she was morally so unable that it was as if she were physically unable.

People came and went; some of them more than once, and Cornelia began to feel that they noticed her, and recognized her, but still she could not move. Suddenly a figure appeared at the door, the sight of which armed her with the power of flight. She knew that it was Ludlow from the photograph he had lately sent Mrs. Burton, with the pointed beard and the branching moustache which he had grown since they met last, and she jumped up to rush past him where he stood peering sharply round at the different faces in the room, and finally letting his eyes rest in eager question on hers.

He came toward her, and then it was too late to escape. "Miss Saunders? Oh, I'm so glad! I've been out of town, and I've only just got Mrs. Burton's telegram. Have I kept you waiting long?"

"Not very," said Cornelia. She might have said that he had not kept her waiting at all. The time that she had waited, without being kept by him, was now like no time at all; but she could not say anything more, and she wished to cry, she felt so glad and safe in his keeping. He caught up her bag, and she followed him out with a blush over her shoulder for the janitress, who smiled after her with mistaken knowingness. But this was at least her self-delusion, and Cornelia had an instant

A clear, gay voice rose from the corner of the board diagonally opposite: "The candles haven't begun to burn their shades yet; so you are still early, Mr. Ludlow."

The others laughed with the joy people feel in having a familiar fact noted for the first time. They had all seen candle shades weakly topple down on the flames and take fire at dinner.

The gay voice went on, rendered a little over-bold, perhaps, by success: "If you see the men rising to put them out, you may be sure that they've been seated exactly an hour."

Ludlow looked across the bed of roses which filled two-thirds of the table, across the glitter of glass and the waver of light and shadow, and said: "Oh, you're there!"

The wit that had inspired the voice before gave out; the owner tried to make a pout do duty for it. "Of course I'm there," she said; then pending another inspiration she was silent. Everybody waited for her to rise again to the level of her reputation for clever things, and the general expectation expressed itself in a subdued creaking of stiff linen above the board, and the low murmur of silken skirts under the table.

Finally one of the men said: "Well, it's bad enough to come late, but it's a good deal worse to come too early. I'd rather come late, any time."

"Mr. Wetmore wants you to ask him why, Mrs. Westley," said Ludlow.

Mrs. Westley entreated: "Oh, why, Mr. Wetmore?" and everyone laughed.

"All right, Ludlow," said the gentleman, in friendly menace. Then he answered Mrs. Westley: "Well, one thing, your hostess respects you more. If you come too early you bring reproach and you meet contempt; reproach that she shouldn't have been ready to receive you, and contempt that you should have supposed her capable of dining at the hour she fixed in her invitation."

It was a Mrs. Rangely who had launched the first shaft at Ludlow; she now fitted another little arrow to her string, under cover of the laugh that followed Mr. Wetmore's reasons. "I shouldn't object to anyone's coming late, unless I were giving the dinner; but what I can't bear is wondering what it was kept them."

Again she had given a touch that reminded the company of their common humanity and their unity of emotion, and the laugh that responded was without any of that reservation or uncertainty which a subtle observer may often detect in the enjoyment of brilliant things said at dinner. But the great charm of the Westley dinners was that people generally did understand each other there. If you made a joke, as Wetmore said, you were not often required to spell it. He celebrated the Westleys as ideal hosts; Mrs. Westley had the youth and beauty befitting a second wife; her social ambition had as yet not developed into the passion for millionaires; she was simply content with painters, like himself and Ludlow, literary men, lawyers, doctors and their several wives.

General Westley was in what Wetmore called the bloom of age. He might be depended upon for the unexpected, like

fate. He occasionally did it, he occasionally said it, from the passive hospitality that characterized him.

"I believe I share that impatience of yours, Mrs. Rangeley," he now remarked; "though in the present case I think we ought to leave everything to Mr. Ludlow's conscience."

"Oh, do you think that would be quite safe?" she asked, with burlesque seriousness. "Well! If we must!"

Ludlow said: "Why, I think Mrs. Rangeley is right. I would much rather yield to compulsion. I don't mind telling what kept me, if I'm obliged to."

"Oh, I almost hate to have you, now!" Mrs. Rangeley bubbled back. "Your willingness, somehow, makes it awful. You may be going to boast of it!"

"No, no!" Wetmore interposed. "I don't believe it's anything to boast of."

"Now, you see, you must speak," said Mrs. Westley.

Ludlow fell back in his chair, and dreamily crumbled his bread. "I don't see how I can, exactly."

Wetmore leaned forward and looked at Ludlow round the snowy shoulder of a tall lady next him.

"Is there any particular form of words in which you like to be prompted, when you get to this point?"

"Dr. Brayton might hypnotize him," suggested the lady whose shoulder Wetmore was looking round.

The doctor answered across the table: "In these cases of the inverted or prostrated will, there is not volition enough to cooperate with the hypnotizer. I don't believe I could do anything with Mr. Ludlow."

"How much," sighed Mrs. Rangeley, "I should like to be the centre of universal interest like that!"

"It's a good pose," said Wetmore: "but, really, I think Ludlow is working it too hard."



"I don't mind telling what kept me, if I'm obliged to" said Ludlow.

"And what did you do then?" Cornelia began to be anxious about her own fate in case she should not get away before the janitress had to shut up.

"Well, some I had to put into the street, them that were used to it; and then there are homes of all kinds for most of 'em; old ladies' homes and young girls' homes and destitute females' homes and children's homes, where they can go for the night, and all I've got to do is to give an order. It isn't as bad as you'd think when you first come to the city; I came here from Connecticut."

Cornelia thought she might respond so far as to say: "I'm from Ohio," and the janitress seemed to appreciate the confidence.

She said: "Not on your way to the White House, I suppose? There are so many Presidents from your State. Well, I knew you were not from near New York, anywhere. I do have so many different sorts of folks coming in here, and I have to get acquainted with so many of 'em, whether or no. Lots of foreigners, for one thing, and men blundering in as well as women. They think it's a ticket office, and want to buy tickets of me, and I have to direct 'em where. It's surprising how bright they are, oftentimes. The Irish are the hardest to get pointed right; the Italians are quick; and the Chinese! My! they're the brightest of all. If a Chinaman comes in for a ticket up the Harlem road, all I've got to do is to set my handso, and so!" She faced south, and set her hand westward; then she faced west and set her hand northward. "They understand in a minute."

As if she had done now all that sympathy demanded for Cornelia, the janitress went about some work in another part of the room and left the girl to herself. But Cornelia knew that she was keeping a friendly eye on her, and in the shelter of her presence she tried to gather courage to make that start into the street alone which she must finally make, and

in the confusion when it seemed as if Ludlow's coming had somehow annulled the tacit deceit she had practiced in letting the janitress suppose she expected some one.

Ludlow kept talking to her all the way in the horse car, but she could find only the briefest and driest answers to his friendly questions about her mother and the Burtons and all Pymantoning; and she could not blame him for taking such a hasty leave of her at her boarding-house that he almost flew down the steps before the door closed upon her.

She knew that she had disgusted him; and she hinted at this in the letter of scolding gratitude which she wrote to Mrs. Burton, before she slept, for the trick she had played her. After all, though, she reasoned, she need not be so much troubled; he had done it for Mrs. Burton and not for her, and he had not thought it worth while to bring a chaperon. To be sure, he had no time for that; but there was something in it all which put Cornelia back to the mere child she was when they first met in the Fair House at Pymantoning. She kept seeing herself angry and ill-mannered and cross to her mother, and it was as if he saw her so, too. She resented that, for she knew that she was another person now, and she tingled with vexation that she had done nothing to make him realize it.

XI

LUDLOW caught a cab in the street and drove furiously to his lodging, where he dressed in ten minutes, so that he was not more than fifteen minutes late at the dinner he had risked missing for Cornelia's sake.

"I'm afraid I'm very late," he said, from his place at the left of his hostess. He pulled his napkin across his lap and began to attack his oysters at once.

"Oh, not at all," said the lady, but he knew that she would have said much the same if he had come as they were rising from table.

I don't approve of mob violence, as the papers say when they're going to; but if he keeps this up much longer I won't be answerable for the consequences. I feel that we are getting beyond the control of our leaders."

Ludlow was tempted to exploit the little incident with Cornelia, for he felt sure that it would win the dinner-table success which he all like to achieve. Her coming to study art in New York, and her arriving in that way was a pretty romance; prettier than it would have been if she were plainer, and he knew that he could give the whole situation so that she should appear charming, and should appeal to everybody's sympathy. If he could show her stiff and blunt, as she was, so much the better. He would go back to their first meeting and bring in a sketch of the Pymantoning County Fair, and of the village and its social conditions, with studies of Burton and his wife. Every point would tell, for, though his commensals were now all well-to-do New Yorkers, he knew that the time had been with them when they lived closer to the ground, in simple country towns, as most prosperous and eminent Americans have done.

"Well," said Wetmore, "how long are you going to make us wait?"

"Oh, you mustn't wait for me," said Ludlow. "Once is enough to-night. I'm not going to say what kept me."

This also was a success in its way. It drew cries of protest and reproach from the ladies, and laughter from the men. Wetmore made himself heard above the rest. "Mrs. Westley, I know this man, and I can't let you be made the victim of one of his shameless fakes. There was really nothing kept him. He either forgot the time, or, what is more probable, he deliberately put off coming so as to give himself a little momentary importance by arriving late. I don't wish to be hard upon him, but that is the truth."

"No, no," said the hostess in the applause which recognized Wetmore's mischievous intent. "I'll not believe anything of the kind." From her this had the effect of repartee, and when she asked, with the single-heartedness which Wetmore had praised among her friends as her strongest point, and advised her keeping up as long as she possibly could: "It isn't so, is it, Mr. Ludlow?" the finest wit could not have done more for her. The General beamed upon her over the length of the table. Mrs. Rangeley said at his elbow: "She's always more charming than any one else, simply because she is," and he made no effort to turn the compliment upon her as she thought he might very well have done.

Under cover of what the others now began saying about different matters, Ludlow murmured to Mrs. Westley: "I don't mind telling you. You know that young girl you said you would go with me to meet when I should ask you?"

"The little schoolmistress?"

"Yes," Ludlow smiled. "She isn't so very little any more. It was she who kept me. I found a dispatch at my place when I got home to-day, telling me she was coming, and would arrive at six, and there was no time to trouble you; it was half-past when I got it."

"She's actually come, then?" asked Mrs. Westley. "Nothing you could say would stop her?"

"No," said Ludlow, with a shrug. He added, after a moment: "But I don't know that I blame her. Nothing would have stopped me."

"And is there anything else I can do? Has she a pleasant place to stay?"

"Good enough, I fancy. It's a boarding-house where several people I know have been. She must be left to her own devices, now. That's the best thing for her. It's the only thing."

XII

IN spite of his theory as to what was best for her, in some ways Ludlow rather expected that Cornelia would apply to him for advice as to how and where she should begin work. He forgot how fully he had already given it; but she had not. She remembered what she had overheard him say to her mother, that day in the Fair House, about the superiority of the Synthesis of Studies, and she had since confirmed her faith in his judgment by much silent inquiry of the newspapers. They had the Sunday edition of the "Lakeland Light" at Pymantoning, and Cornelia had kept herself informed of the "Gossip of the Ateliers," and concerning "Women and Artists," "Artists' Summer Homes," "Phases of Studio Life," "The Ladies Who Are Organizing Ceramic Clubs," "Women Art Students," "Glimpses of the Dens of New York Women Artists," and other esthetic interests which the Sunday edition of the "Light" purveyed with the newspaper syndicate's generous and indiscriminate abundance. She did not believe it all; much of it seemed to her very silly; but she nourished her ambition upon it all the same.

The lady writers who celebrated the lady artists, and who mostly preferred to swim in seas of personal float, did now and then offer their readers a basis of solid fact; and they all agreed that the Synthesis of Art Studies was the place for a girl if she were in earnest and wished to work.

As these ladies described them the conditions were of the exacting sort which Cornelia's nature craved, and she had her sex-pride in the Synthesis, too, because she had read that women had borne an important part in founding it; the strictest technical training and the freest spirit of artistic endeavor prevailed in a school that owed its existence so largely to them. That was a great point, even if every one of the instructors was a man. She supposed that Mr. Ludlow would have sheltered himself behind this fact if she had used the other to justify herself in going on with art after he had urged that as a woman she had better not do so. But the last thing Cornelia intended was to justify herself to Mr. Ludlow, and she vehemently wished he would not try to do anything more for her, now. After

sleeping upon the facts of their meeting she felt sure that he would not try. She approved of herself for not having asked him to call in parting. She was almost glad that he hardly had given her a chance to do so.

It was Saturday night when Cornelia arrived, and she spent Sunday writing home a full account of her adventures to her mother, whom she asked to give Mrs. Burton the note she inclosed, and in looking over her drawings, and trying to decide which she should take to the Synthesis with her. She had a good deal of tacit argument about them with Mr. Ludlow, who persisted in her thoughts after several definite dismissals. And Monday morning she presented herself, with some drawings she had chosen as less ridiculous than some of the others, and hovered with a haughty humility at the door of the little office, till the janitor asked her if she would not come in and sit down. He had, apparently, had official experience of cases like hers; he refused without surprise the drawings which she offered him as her credentials, and said the secretary would be in directly. He did not go so far as to declare his own quality, but he hospitably did what he could to make her feel at home.

Numbers of young people began to appear, singly and in twos and threes, and then go out again, and go on up the stairs which led crookedly to and from the corner the office was cramped into. Some of them went upstairs after merely glancing into the office; others found letters there, and stayed chatting awhile. They looked at Cornelia with merely an identifying eye, at first, as if they perceived that she was a new girl, but as if new girls were such an old story that they could not linger long over one girl of the kind. Certain of the young ladies after they went upstairs came down in long, dismal calico aprons that covered them to the throat, and with an air of being so much absorbed in their work that they did not know what they had on. They looked at Cornelia again, those who had seen her before, and those who had not made up for it by looking at her twice, and Cornelia began to wonder if there were anything peculiar about her, as she sat upright, stiffening with resentment and faintly blushing under their scrutiny. She wore her best dress, which was a street dress, as the best dress of a village girl usually is; her mother had fitted it, and they had made it themselves, and agreed that it was very becoming; Mrs. Burton had said so, too. The fashion of her hat was not so sure about, but it was a pretty hat, and unless she had got it on skewy, and she did not believe she had, there was nothing about it to make people stare so. There was one of these girls, whom Cornelia felt to be as tall as herself, and of much her figure; she was as dark as Cornelia, but of a different darkness. Instead of the red that always lurked under the dusk in Cornelia's cheeks, and that now burned richly through it, her face was of one olive pallor, except her crimson lips; her long eyes were black, with level brows, and with a heavy fringe of lustrous black hair cut straight above them; her nose was straight, at first glance, but showed a slight arch in profile; her mouth was a little too full, and her chin slightly retreated. She came in late, and stopped at the door of the office, and bent upon Cornelia a look at once prehistoric and fin de siècle, which lighted up with astonishment, interest and sympathy, successively; then she went trailing herself on upstairs, with her strange, Sphinx-face over her shoulder, and turned upon Cornelia as long as she could see her.

At last a gentleman came in and sat down behind the table in the corner, and Cornelia found a hoarse voice to ask him if he were the secretary. He answered, in the friendly way that she afterward found went all through the Synthesis, that he was, and she said, with her country bluntness, that she wished to study at the Synthesis, and she had brought some of her drawings with her, if he wanted to look at them. He took them, but either he did not want to look at them, or else it was not his affair to do so. He said she would have to fill out a form, and he gave her a blank which asked her in print a number of questions she had not thought of asking herself till then. It obliged her to confess that she had never studied under any one before, and to say which master in the Synthesis she would like to study under now. She had to choose between life and still-life, and the antique, and she chose the antique. She was not governed by any knowledge or desire in her choice more definite than such as come from her having read somewhere that the instructor in the antique was the severest of all the Synthesis instructors, and the most dreaded in his criticisms by the students. She did not forget, even in the presence of the secretary, and with that bewildering blank before her, that she wished to be treated with severity, and that the criticism she needed was the criticism that every one dreaded.

When the secretary fastened her application to her drawings, she asked if she should wait to learn whether it were accepted or not; but he said that he would send her application to the Members' Room, and the instructor would see it there in the morning. She would have liked to have asked him if she should come back there to find out, but she was afraid to do it; he might say no, and then she should not know what to do. She determined to come without his leave, and the next morning she found that the master whom they had been submitted to had so far approved her drawings as to have scrawled upon her application: "Recommended to the Preparatory." The secretary said the instructor in the Preparatory would tell her which grade to enter there. Cornelia's heart danced, but she governed herself outwardly, and asked through her set teeth: "Can I begin at once?" She had lost one day already, and she was not going to lose another if she could help it.

The secretary smiled. "If the instructor in the Preparatory will place you,"

Before noon she had passed the criticism needed for this, and was in the lowest grade

of the Preparatory. But she was a student at the Synthesis, and she was there to work in the way that those who knew best bade her. She wished to endure hardness, and the more hardness the better.

XIII

CORNELIA found herself in the last of a long line of sections or stalls which flanked a narrow corridor dividing the girl students from the young men, who were often indeed hardly more than boys. There was a table stretching down this corridor to a window looking down on the roofs of some carpenter shops and stables; on the board before her lay the elementary shape of a hand in plaster, which she was trying to draw. At her side that odd-looking girl, who had stared so at her on the stairs the day before, was working at a block foot, and not getting it very well. She had, in fact, given it up for the present and was watching Cornelia's work and watching her face, and talking to her.

"What is your name?" she broke off to ask, in the midst of a monologue upon the social customs and characteristics of the Synthesis.

Cornelia always frowned, and drew her breath in long sibilations, when she was trying hard to get a thing right. She now turned a knotted forehead on her companion, but stopped her hissing to ask: "What?" Then she came to herself and said: "Oh! Saunders."

"I don't mean your last name," said the other. "I mean your first name."

"Cornelia," said the owner of it, as briefly as before.

"I should have thought it would have been Gladys," the other suggested.

Cornelia looked up in astonishment and some resentment. "Why in the world should my name be Gladys?" she demanded.

"I don't know," the other explained. "But the first moment I saw you in the office I said to myself: 'Of course her name is Gladys.' Mine is Charmian."

"Is it?" said Cornelia, not so much with preoccupation, perhaps, as with indifference. She thought it rather a nice name, but she did not know what she had to do with it.

"Yes," the other said, as if she had somehow expected to be doubted. "My last name's Maybough." Cornelia kept on at her work without remark, and Miss Maybough pursued, as if it were a branch of autobiography: "I'm going to have lunch; aren't you?"

Cornelia sighed dreamily, as she drew back for an effect of her drawing, which she held up on the table before her. "Is it time?"

"Do you suppose they would be letting me talk so to you if it weren't? The monitor would have been down on me long ago."

Cornelia had noticed a girl who seemed to be in authority, and who sat where she could oversee and overhear all that went on.

"Is she one of the students?" she asked.

Miss Maybough nodded. "Elected every month. She's awful. You can't do anything with her when she's on duty, but she's a little dear when she isn't. You'll like her." Miss Maybough leaned toward her, and joined Cornelia in a study of her drawing. "How splendidly you're getting it. It's very chic. Oh, anybody can see that you've got genius!"

Her admiration made no visible impression upon Cornelia, and for a moment she looked a little disappointed; then she took a basket from under the table, and drew from it a bottle of some yellowish liquid, an orange and a bit of sponge cake. "Are you going to have yours here?" she asked, as Cornelia opened a paper with a modest sandwich in it which she had made at breakfast, and fetched from her boarding-house. "Oh, I'm so glad you haven't brought anything to drink with you! I felt almost sure you hadn't, and now you've got to share mine." She took a cup from her basket, and in spite of Cornelia's protest that she never drank anything but water at dinner, she poured it full of tea for her. "I'll drink out of the bottle," she said. "I like to. Some of the girls bring chocolate, but I think there's nothing like cold tea for the brain. Chocolate's so clogging; so's milk; but sometimes I bring that; it's glorious drinking it out of the can." She tilted the bottle to her lips, and half drained it at a draught. "I always feel that I'm working with inspiration after I've had my cold tea. Of course they won't let you stay here long," she added.

"Why?" Cornelia fluttered back in alarm.

"When they see your work they'll see that you're fit for still-life, at least."

"Oh!" said Cornelia, vexed at having been scared for nothing. "I guess they won't be in any great hurry about it."

"How magnificent!" said Miss Maybough. "Of course, with that calm of yours, you can wait as if you had eternity before you. Do you know that you are terribly calm?"

Cornelia turned and gave her a long stare. Miss Maybough broke her bit of cake in two, and offered her half, and Cornelia took it mechanically, but ate her sandwich. "I feel as if I had eternity behind me, I've been in the Preparatory so long."

On the common footing this drop to the solid ground gave, Cornelia asked her how long.

"Well, it's the beginning of my second year now. If they don't let me go to round hands pretty soon, I shall have to see if I can't get the form by modeling. That's the best way. I suppose it's my imagination; it carries me away so, and I don't see the thing as it is before me; that's what they say. But with the clay, I'll have to, don't you know. Well, you know some of the French painters model their whole picture in clay and paint it before they touch the canvas, any way. I shall try it here a while longer, and then if I can't get to the round in any other way, I'll take to the clay. If sculpture concentrates you more, perhaps I may stick to it altogether. Art is one, anyhow, and the great thing is to live it. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know," said Cornelia. "I'm not certain I know what you mean."

"You will," said Miss Maybough. "after

you've been here a while, and get used to the atmosphere. I don't believe I really knew what life meant before I came to the Synthesis. When you get to realizing the standards of the Synthesis then you begin to breathe freely for the first time. I expect to pass the rest of my days here. I shouldn't care if I stayed till I was thirty. How old are you?"

"I'm going on twenty," said Cornelia. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing. You can't begin too young; though some people think you oughtn't come before you're eighteen. I look upon my days before I came here as simply wasted. Don't you want to go out and sit on the stairs a while?"

"I don't believe I do," said Cornelia, taking up her drawing again, as if she were going on with it.

"Horrors!" Miss Maybough put her hand over the sketch. "You don't mean that you're going to carry it any farther?"

"Why, it isn't finished yet," Cornelia began.

"Of course it isn't, and it never ought to be! I hope you're not going to turn out a niggler! Please don't! I couldn't bear to have you. Nobody will respect you if you finish. Don't! If you won't come out with me and get a breath of fresh air, do start a new drawing! I want them to see this in the rough. It's so bold."

Miss Maybough had left her own drawing in the rough, but it could not be called bold; though if she had seen the block hand with a faltering eye, she seemed to have had a fearless vision of many other things, and she had covered her paper with a fantastic medley of grotesque shapes, out of that imagination which she had given Cornelia to know was so fatally mischievous to her in its uninvited activities. "Don't look at them!" she pleaded, when Cornelia involuntarily glanced at her study. "My only hope is to hate them. I almost pray to be delivered from them. Let's talk of something else." She turned the sheet over. "Do you mind my having said that about your drawing?"

"No!" said Cornelia, provoked to laughter by the solemnity of the demand. "Why should I?"

"Oh, I don't know. Do you think you shall like me? I mean, do you care if I like you—very, very much?"

"I don't suppose I could stop it if I did, could I?" asked Cornelia.

The Sphinx seemed to find heart to smile. "Of course I'm ridiculous. But I do hope we're going to be friends. Tell me about yourself. Or, have some more tea!"

(Continuation in March JOURNAL)

WRITERS' CRAMP AND ITS CURE

BY LEONARD S. RAC, M. D.



UNDER this title we understand an affection which is quite common among those persons who, by the nature of their occupations, are compelled to write for many consecutive hours. It consists of a spasmodic contraction of the muscles of the thumb and fingers, rendering them stiff and useless, and causing in some cases a considerable amount of pain. It comes on gradually, rarely affecting those in robust health, but usually attacking nervous and excitable persons.

As soon as the person affected stops writing, the cramp ceases, but returns as soon as he again attempts it, whereas any other use of the hand fails to bring it back. People suffering from this trouble try to effect a cure by moving the wrist and fore-arm in writing, when it extends to these muscles. The left hand is often brought into use, but after a short time becomes similarly affected. Strenuous efforts are often made when the cramp sets in, to overcome it by muscular effort, and sometimes the person is able to write for a few moments, but the result is a miserable specimen of penmanship, and is often illegible. In a short time, however, even the power to hold the pen becomes impossible.

The disease is unknown in childhood, seldom coming on before the twenty-fifth year, affecting men more frequently than women. Writing with pencils or the stylographic pen is not as liable to produce writers' cramp as is the sharp-pointed steel pen, the reason being that there is less resistance. Tobacco and alcohol in excess are said to be causative agents. There is also a certain hereditary tendency to cramp. Injuries to the fingers and arm sometimes act as predisposing causes.

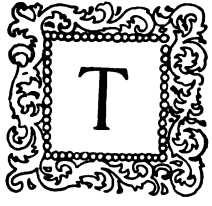
There are two classes of muscular action concerned which are important causes in the disease. The steady contraction of the muscles that poise the hand and hold the pen, and the intermittent contractions of the muscles concerned in moving it.

A cramp of a similar nature sometimes attacks pianists, violin players, seamstresses, milkmaids, telegraph operators, etc. If the disease has existed but a short time a cure can almost positively be expected; but where it has been of long standing, treatment, though carried out conscientiously and extending over a very long period, often yields little or no results.

As regards prevention, a soft stub pen, smooth paper, a desk of convenient height with ample room to allow the arm full swing, loose sleeves, using the muscles of the arm to form the letters, changing the manner of holding the pen, using the type-writer, etc., all form important factors in preventing the disease, especially in those who experience such premonitory symptoms as slight weakness of the muscles, slight pain and sudden contractions and spasms of the fingers.

The best and quickest results may be obtained by the use of electricity, massage and gymnastics. Absolute rest, tonic treatment, and change of climate are advisable. When all methods fail, the only alternative is to change one's occupation, that the muscles may have no cause for spasmodic contraction.

THE BEAUTY OF BATTENBURG LACE
By Sara Hadley



THIS page of artistic designs in Battenburg lace is presented to the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL with the earnest hope and desire that those needlewomen to whom it is new or only slightly known, will make a

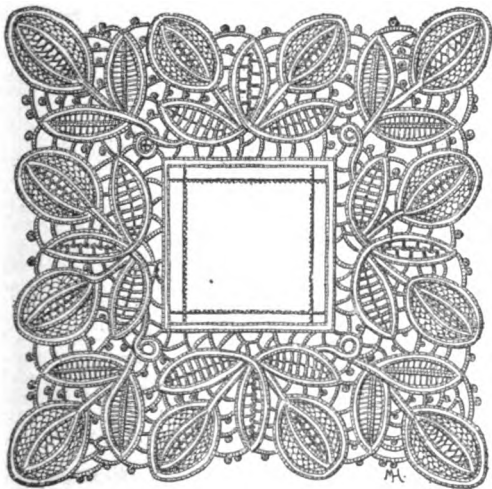
trial of the work for themselves, since the result cannot fail to be extremely satisfactory. This style of lace is a modern development of the kind known under the title of renaissance lace, which originated in France about the sixteenth century. Its distinguishing characteristic is the employment of heavy linen braids and threads for the rendering of designs in point lace stitches, thus obtaining handsome and effective results with comparatively little labor, and requiring less skill to produce



A SIMPLE DESSERT DOILY (Illus. No. 1)

than the finer and more delicate point lace, which not only demands considerable dexterity and much time in its execution, but is a tax on any but the strongest eyesight. In one sense the two kinds of work cannot be compared. In beauty and value point lace admits no rival. For many practical purposes, and by the average worker, Battenburg lace may be more confidently undertaken if the object be personally to execute the work. Moreover, whether purchased ready made or manufactured at home, this lace, as far as price is concerned, comes within the reach of many who might justly consider that the acquisition of some of the finer lace would entail more expense than they could rightly afford.

Although it is now some few years since this work was first made in its present form, it is comparatively little known to the public, but has been hitherto principally executed by professional hands for private customers; the specimens have thus been but little seen, since they have been for the most part sent direct to the homes of the wealthy for whom they were specially designed, being chiefly owned by women who, able to afford the purchase of whatever their taste might fancy in the way of household possessions, yet appreciate the beauty and appropriate character of this entirely modern departure in lace making for many of our present re-



A SQUARE DOILY DESIGN (Illus. No. 2)

quirements in table and other home decoration. In many cases pieces in this style have been designed in order to accord with valuable old laces already possessed.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Any readers of this article who may wish for further particulars as to the requisite patterns and materials for carrying out the work may obtain the desired information by writing to the author in care of the JOURNAL, at the same time inclosing a stamp for reply.

USEFUL QUALITIES OF BATTENBURG

BEYOND the fact that this style of work lends itself to the representation of the most beautiful designs, either new in idea or imitated from ancient models, a secondary, but by no means inferior recommendation, is that of its extreme durability, all the materials, the braid, cord, rings or other forms, as well as the working thread, being of pure linen, and therefore very strong and capable of being repeatedly washed without fear of injury. The heavy braids and thread, which are all specially imported for the work, come in various shades, namely—white, cream and several tones of écu. Lace needles Nos. 3, 4 and 5 are the most useful sizes in rendering the designs shown on this page. Various grades of linen are employed for the centres of the pieces intended for the table, and different fabrics, such as terry cloth, satin and satin damask are used for other decorative purposes. The cords, rings and buttons can be purchased all ready to be applied; they are of solid linen thread. No edgings are employed in this work, the edge of the braid forming in itself a sufficient finish.

HOW TO START THE WORK

THE method of starting the work is in many ways precisely identical with that in many kinds of lace making. The designs are drawn upon paper muslin, blue being usually employed as not trying to the eyes. To this the braid is firmly tacked, following with care the exact lines of the pattern. Where turns or curves come in the design, the braid must either be folded over or else drawn into tiny pleats or gathers on the inner sides, and securely but neatly sewn together. For the convenience of beginners, or those who prefer to be saved the trouble of this preliminary work, the pieces can be bought all ready prepared, and where necessary for the benefit of the inexperienced, the filling in of the stitches is commenced in order to serve as a guide. The work is done on the wrong side. This is a fact which must be remembered by a novice. When the pattern is entirely finished the braid should be released from the pattern, and the pieces finally completed by sewing on, upon the right side, the raised cord or rings if any be included in the design.

A SIMPLE DESSERT DOILY

TO any one who wishes to experiment for herself and to personally test the merits of the work, and whether it prove as attractive as it is represented to be, it is recommended that some small and simple piece should at first be undertaken. For this purpose the little dessert doily shown in Illustration No. 1 is particularly suited. Although very effective, it involves in its execution nothing more elaborate than the buttonhole bars with picots in bullion stitch, some of the bars, where the larger spaces have to be filled, being what is technically termed as "branched." The bars are formed by a foundation of several threads carried backward and forward and then covered with buttonhole stitches. A good authority recommends that in the buttonholing the needle be held the reverse way, the eye and not the point passing first under the threads. The picot employed in this design is made as follows: Put the needle partly through the loops of the last buttonhole stitch, pass the thread ten or twelve times around it; then drawing the needle completely through, tighten the thread until the stitch assumes a semi-circular form and the picot is made, after which the buttonholing is continued to the end of the bar. Another form of picot frequently employed is made thus: Draw a loop of thread out through the last buttonhole stitch, the length the picot is to be, pin it in place and cover the foundation threads thus formed with buttonhole stitching worked very closely.

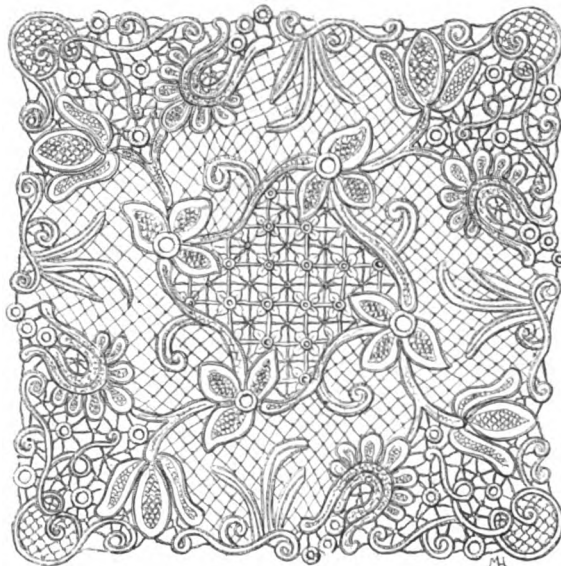
A BATTENBURG CENTRE-PIECE

THE centre-piece shown in Illustration No. 5 is intended, as may be readily seen, to go with the doily just described. It is larger in size, and therefore would take longer to execute; otherwise it presents but little more difficulty than the smaller piece of work. The rings to which the bars are attached are tacked to the pattern in preparing the design to be worked, but the four rings forming the centres of the flower forms are sewn on last upon the right side, after the work is finished and released from the pattern, in the manner previously referred to. As will be seen, another stitch is in this piece introduced, to fill in the bow knot forms. It is one that is well known to lace workers, being short bars in buttonhole stitch, set slantwise in rows.

A SQUARE DOILY DESIGN

THE pomegranate design for a square doily pictured in Illustration No. 2 works out very effectively, and since, although quite a small piece, it includes a variety of stitches, it will serve as an excellent lesson and be good practice for a beginner who has already made some progress. The arrangement of the design, while extremely simple, is good in idea. The forms, of which there are practically only two, variously disposed, are connected by bars with picots in bullion stitch, and filled in with different lace stitches, which will be easily recognizable to those accustomed to working other kinds of needle-made laces. Beginners are recommended to procure a clearly illustrated handbook, and to spend a little time in practicing them separately until facility has been acquired. From the very first, each pattern, device or stitch attempted should be made as carefully and perfectly as possible. If this be made an invariable rule, every new one undertaken will be found easier to manage than the last, while those workers who are not content to patiently advance step by step, carry their unconquered difficulties into every fresh undertaking. When a few of the principal stitches can be faultlessly rendered, the power of executing needle-made lace in any style is acquired, because in effect these few form the foundation of an almost unlimited number of different devices and patterns.

The two doilies here shown are both in the Battenburg style, but it may be mentioned that in many cases the doilies and other small belongings of the table are rendered in point lace, the heavier lace being used only for the table-cloth and larger mats. An entire set made in this way of lace, choosing designs that accord, and contrasting the heavy, handsome work with that of the more delicate kind, proves extremely effective, and is a most valuable and enviable possession. It is perhaps hardly necessary to mention that all



A TIDY, OR PILLOW SHAM, (Illus. No. 3)

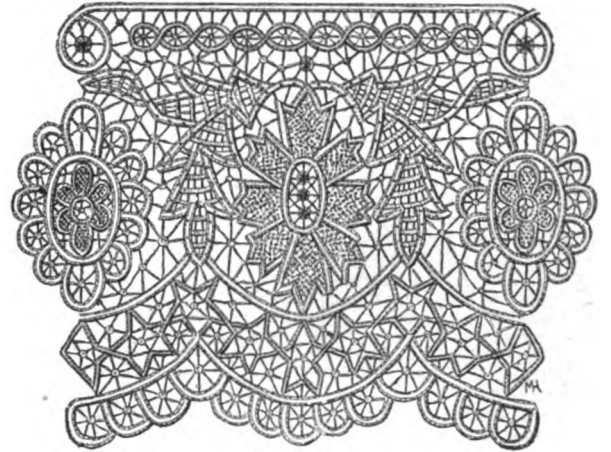
pieces intended for table service should be rendered in pure white.

FOR A TIDY OR PILLOW SHAM

ILLUSTRATION No. 3 shows a design suitable for a tidy or for pillow shams. The same style of pattern is carried out in several sizes for various purposes, and is most effective. There is not space here to give minute directions for its execution, but with the aid of the working pattern, this drawing and a previous experience in the work, it could certainly be successfully carried out, since it does not present any special difficulty. The use in this design of many rings in various sizes, together with the introduction in parts of the heavy cord outline, make it particularly characteristic. The forms and general treatment shown in the drawing will be found extremely useful for adaptation in many different ways. Portions of it were recently used with great success as an insertion for a tea-cloth upon a square table; the plain linen centre instead of being round was a square having rounded corners, and might be of any desired fanciful shape, the irregular spaces thus left upon the surface of the table being filled in with lace, the edges of the cloth falling over the sides of the table being also trimmed with lace. Another idea for a tea-cloth upon a handsomely carved or decorated table is to have it shaped and designed like a large centre-piece just to cover the surface of the table.

FOR A DEEP EDGING

ILLUSTRATION No. 4 gives a design for a deep edging that is comparatively easy of execution and yet very good in design. It is lighter and more delicate in effect than the other pieces illustrated. The stars, wheels and spiders familiar to those accustomed to drawn-work patterns, are employed in this and many other designs, being in reality lace stitches. In working out or copying lace patterns, difficulty is complained of sometimes by needlewomen conversant with but few stitches, who are unable to manage some of the more intricate fillings. A little study and thought may



FOR A DEEP EDGING (Illus. No. 4)

show how the most beautiful designs may be adapted to simple execution. The foundation lines, indicating the main forms of the pattern, are made in this style of work by the braid. When this is sewn in place the connecting lines and the fillings can be rendered in any manner suited to the capacity of the worker, simpler stitches or devices being substituted for the more difficult ones in the original piece.

FOR A TABLE-CLOTH

A FAVORITE method of decoration for a table-cloth, for which the material should be a good quality of round thread French linen, is to have an insertion of the lace let in so as to lay upon the table some twelve inches from the edge, thus leaving space for the covers to be set upon the plain part of the cloth, and allowing the beauty of the lace to show off beyond to the best advantage. Where the cloth is to be used for a dinner party the edges are left untrimmed, being simply turned under and finished with a hemstitch. If, however, it is intended for a reception or a stand-up supper then a deep edging of the lace can be employed, with, if desired, another insertion let in a few inches above the edging. The lace may be laid over a colored lining, or, if preferred, over the polished wood of the table. Where a table-cloth is dispensed with, a set of table linen in this style, including large-sized cover doilies, is particularly effective, and displays the lace to advantage.

USES OF BATTENBURG LACE

THE uses to which this lace may be put are many, and it is, as before indicated, specially suitable where heavy, rich and handsome effects are desired. Besides being employed for the table, it is much used and liked for curtains both for windows and for vestibule doors. It is also popular for the bedroom. Lovely bedspreads are made in linen, the lace insertion being frequently laid over a colored lining. In the library or dining-room, table covers are used on polished tables, made in French shades of écu with terry cloth or other fabric as the centre. They are extremely artistic in tone, and with certain patterns, bold and effective results can be readily obtained. In the finer and more delicate materials, handsome dress trimmings can also be made if suitable designs be employed. The demand for the work is greatly on the increase, and as it becomes better known it is certain to grow more popular, while on the other side it can never become common in one sense of the word, being all hand-made and therefore in every sense of the word as much "real" as point lace itself.



A BATTENBURG CENTRE-PIECE (Illus. No. 5)

THAT MAN: YOUR HUSBAND

By Octave Thanet



SINCE the world began, women have influenced men. Yet it is as easy to overrate the influence of the sex as to underrate it, as the girl who marries a man to reform him generally discovers. It is a vitally important question that women have pondered with tears and prayers: How shall a wife keep her influence over the man who has won her?

EVERY bride knows her power; every wife comes to know her weakness. A good proportion of the heartbreak of early married life is due to the ferment of this knowledge. The poor child whose lover gave up his cigars and his club with such angelic meekness, finds that her husband can smoke like a chimney, and leaves her alone nights in order to spend the evening with his men friends. She imagines that he cares less for her than he did, which is a mistake, in most cases; seven out of ten men love their wives better than their sweethearts. It is simply that her presence is not the absorbing excitement that it was when love was new. The chances are that the wife is become a dozen times more necessary to the man than ever the sweetheart could have been. He would feel her death far more keenly, but he does not need to adjure his heart to "sit still" whenever his fancy summons her image. In short, she is become the bread of existence in place of the elixir. Now, most of us who have sense would prefer to be bread rather than elixir; but there is no question that more fuss is made over the elixir.

The heart of woman turns with a homesick yearning to the delicate courtesy, the tenderness, the thousand endearments of that enchanted time when her husband was her lover. How keep him her lover?

THERE is only one halfway house where Love, on his swift progress from intoxication to indifference, may be arrested and so happily entertained that he will rest contented until Death come to summon him; that resting place for Love is Friendship.

You remember Chateaubriand's dreary description of a lover's letters—so dreary because so real? "Lo! one morning, something almost imperceptible steals on the beauty of this passion, like the first wrinkle on the front of an adored woman." I will not go on with the bitter sentences, you know how they end: "I love you" is merely an expression of habit, a necessary form, the "I have the honor to be" of the love letter. * * * The post day, no longer anticipated, is rather dreaded; writing has become a fatigue. * * * What has happened? Is it a new attachment that begins when an old one ends? No; it is love dying in advance of the object beloved. We are forced to own that the sentiments of man are subjected to the effects of a hidden process; the fever of time that creates lassitude, also dissipates illusion, undermines our passions, withers our love, and changes our hearts even as it changes our locks and our years. There is but one exception to this human infirmity. Sometimes in a strong soul there occurs a love firm enough to transform itself into an impassioned friendship. * * * Then neutralizing the weakness of Nature it acquires the immortality of a principle!

Chateaubriand, whose absorbing friendship for one woman lasted all his life, may be called a competent witness. He was over seventy years old when he wrote to Madame Recamier as complete a sentiment as ever a lover of twenty penned: "All other things are old stories; you are all I want to see."

BUT how shall a woman make her husband her friend?

There is one indispensable quality of a happy friendship that many women neglect—interest. Assume that the wife has her husband's respect, assume, further, that she makes him comfortable (a matter of vast importance), all the same, the poor fellow, when home, may be bored to death. The house is delightful, the dinner has aroused all his virtuous instincts by its excellence; Madame, his wife, possessor of all the virtues, looks very pretty over her embroidery; but—but—after she has told him about the baby's stretching out its little arms, and Tommy's wonderful cleverness in the kindergarten and the stupidity of Emma, the waitress, and the "perfectly awful way" the new furnace consumes coal, there falls a pause like a wet blanket. He cannot spend a whole evening over the newspapers, even the folios that we so name. Madame does not care a rap for politics, she does not understand business (and after certain memorable efforts to enlighten her, he feels that he does not want the martyr's crown enough to continue her financial education), she is not fond of games, and he is not fond of books, so, after a while, he kisses her, and goes off down "town" on business—at the club.

How many women hate that impersonal rival and, in their minds, teacher of all the small vices—the club. They honestly believe that if their particular naturally virtuous Tom, Dick or Harry were not lured away by that detestable club, he would spend every evening in the week at home. It is in vain to point out to such women that some of the most devoted husbands belong to clubs, or that, in general, the respectable clubs distinctly discourage high play; or that innumerable times they take the burden of hospitality off her shoulders. She is sure that all clubs are wicked; the only distinction is that some clubs are wicked than others!

WERE she as wise a woman as she often is good, she would look about her to discover among her friends what women most successfully hold their own against the outside tempters of their husbands. She would throw her theories into the waste basket, and make a fresh set of facts seen by her own eyes. I think she would discover—this, at least, is what one humble observer has discovered—that unless a woman is interesting to a man, she cannot permanently hold him.

I once knew a distinguished politician whose wife was his private secretary and best helper. Do you imagine they were bored if left alone for an evening? As a matter of fact their mutual affection was envied by other couples.

Many men, however, like to be distracted, amused, soothed. I even know one noble woman that became an amateur photographer to help her husband.

But a wise woman, again, has another quality, quite as necessary in friendship as interest: the quality that some one has called the oil of the machinery of life—tact. Such a woman is aware that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and that her husband will love her and value her all the more for occasional losses of her society. "Let him go to his club, now and then," said the wife of the most devoted husband I know, "he always hears something amusing, and he likes to tell it to me as much as I like to hear!" When we have said everything, is not tact nine parts sympathy and one part shrewdness? A woman who has a sensitive sympathy, is not likely to blunder over her husband's weak points, any more than a shrewd woman is likely to be blind to them.

In the successful friends of their husbands, this same humble-minded observer has sometimes discovered a third valuable quality, formerly not considered a property of the feminine mind: that is, magnanimity, by which the aforesaid observer understands a large-minded and tranquil habit of viewing things and a generosity that is no respecter of persons. The larger life of the women of today has fostered this quality. A modern woman, for instance, has a keener notion of honor than her equally virtuous grandmother. She has no less principle but much fewer prejudices. In a word, she has more self-control about her moralities. And to borrow the painter's phrase, she knows how to appreciate values.

IN the "Fairy Queen," there is a striking scene where Britomart enters the wizard's palace to rescue Amoret.

"And as she looked about, she did behold
How over that same door was likewise writ,
Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold;
That such she mused, yet could not construe it
By any riddling skill or common wit.
At last she spied, at that room's upper end,
Another iron door, on which was writ
Be not too bold."

To those brave dames that would wreat their husbands from evil habits, the advice to Britomart is commended: "Be bold" and "Everywhere, be bold," but "Be not too bold." Leave to erring man some few, rather harmless vices. Be satisfied if he be a sober man; do not ask him to give up his cigar and his cup of coffee as well. Indeed, it is always well to have modest expectations, if only for the surprising pleasure that comes when they are exceeded.

The observer, so far, has not found a "nagging" lady among the good comrades of their husbands nor, so far, to the observer's knowledge, has any husband been reformed by nagging.

"Oh gentle dames! I grieve me greet
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthened, sage advices
The husband frae the wife despises."

To the three good qualities mentioned, one may add—sense. Men care little enough, it is true, for sense in their sweethearts; but there is nothing they so unflinchingly demand of their wives. And it is only just to admit that they generally recognize its presence, although respect for their own dignity may force them to snub its assertion. But the sensible woman is content if her husband follow her advice—after he has shown her its ridiculous impracticability.

Many a husband and wife find themselves constantly on the verge of a tragic dispute because their virtues are incompatible. How much misery and disappointment on both sides might have been avoided had the wife considered that her conscience was not necessarily infallible.

Besides these essential qualities, the observer, from experience, has learned to value a few of a lighter cast. A sense of humor in a woman is more enduring than beauty, and when it is kindly, as charming as grace. It is also the observer's firm belief that it is the duty of every woman contemplating marriage, to learn how to cook. She has, in the observer's opinion, no right to marry unless she either has the money to hire a skilled housekeeper or understands free-hand cooking, herself. By free-hand cooking is meant cooking without a recipe book in one hand.

The observer is positively awestruck by the rashness with which an ignorant woman will order her almost equally ignorant cook to advance on the darkest problems in gastronomy like the conduct of yeast! I know of no business except housekeeping where one expects to teach something that one does not know.

There is one advantage in a woman being past-mistress of housekeeping in all its branches: the best housekeepers have the least to say about their servants. For one reason, their servants do not try them so much, because they are not such trials to their servants.

WHEREFORE the observer earnestly advises all wives who desire to influence their husbands for good, to give those husbands daintily cooked and daintily served meals and to let them show their friends how well their wives cater for them. They will be grateful. There are many things for which a man is not grateful; but the man that is allowed to bring his friends home to dinner without warning or with only a word over a telephone, who can have a quiet card party or supper at reasonable intervals, and does not appreciate his mercies, would be hooted out of court by all the decent of his sex.

Perhaps, however, some one asks what is required of the husband of this interesting, tactful, magnanimous, sensible creature who gives her husband an adorable table and no curtain lectures?

As to him—why, as Mr. Kipling says: "that is another story."

AMERICAN GIRLS AND TITLES

By VERA BERNARDIERE



THERE is, no doubt, something fascinating about a foreign courtship to the romance-loving mind of the American girl. And if the foreigner own the title of duke, prince, count or baron he at once becomes invested with the attributes of a hero. The girl's imagination portrays to her an ideal Lohengrin, and she longs to transform possibility into reality, by taking the step, which shall land her from the free arena of Republicanism into the gilded chambers of the Aristocracy.

AMERICAN girls have most of them found out that the "almighty dollar" is the motive power which impels foreigners in the majority of cases to wed them. While acknowledged, even by European critics, to be among the foremost in the ranks of attractive, intelligent, well-educated and beautiful women in the civilized world, yet, when it comes to matrimony, the foreigner changes his tactics, and makes exorbitant demands and conditions ere he bestow the honor of his hand, his name, on a freeborn American girl—for the heart is, with him, often but a secondary consideration. It is not exaggeration to say that in nine cases out of ten, the American girl who weds a foreigner is apt to reap a harvest of disillusion, discontentment and unhappiness.

For a close observer of human nature, and of the logic of facts, this is but a natural sequence of her action. The American girl receives, on the whole, a broad, liberal training, a superior education, and at an early age becomes impressed with her own value and rights, and her mind becomes imbued with independent ideas. With this training, which has little or nothing in common with that of the young girl on the Continent, she goes abroad; and whether she be beautiful or plain, rich or poor, she is always sure to receive attention, for there is "just a spice about her—a stimulating something," said a French society man to me not long ago, "unknown in our young girls." If this finishing touch to her education, which a comprehensive European tour alone can give, but increase her patriotism, and better fit her to be an ornament in her own social circles at home, as well as in the home of some worthy man who is able to appreciate her mental and moral value, then it is a wise course to pursue, for nothing extends our mental and even our moral horizon more than traveling. But if she fall into the trap of Hymen, disguised in so many alluring forms, she puts practical sense and forethought temporarily aside, and is willing to take her chances in the great lottery, where so many women, in her position, draw blanks.

WHEN an American girl marries a foreigner, especially if he be a nobleman bankrupt in purse and health, she must be resigned to sacrifice her independence, have her American ideas, views and customs set at naught, and accept her position, as the inferior, not the equal, of man. In Europe, woman is not regarded as she is in America, where she realizes and embodies the great factor of equivalence in the social forces, and where she is regarded as the mental equal or companion of man. Of course, there are American women who are wedded to Europeans who have been happy. I know several such. They seem to be as happy as any woman who has married at home. But their husbands were not ruined noblemen, and they were exceptions to the great and tested rule. It is by no means impossible for a foreigner and an American woman to be happy together; but she risks more and has fewer chances of happiness than another. In the case of the girl who has married an "aristocrat" the situation is worse. As such marriages are almost invariably based on gold, it is more especially to these that I refer. The husband makes a point of controlling his wife's fortune, and considers himself—according to national custom—free to spend it as he pleases, without even consulting her. If extravagant, it is not long before he has run through with it, and she soon learns, to her sorrow, that the devoted cavalier of a few months before, has developed into a selfish, unsympathetic companion, from whom she can neither expect, nor exact consideration. He seldom fails to gratify all his personal caprices, pleasures and even vices. Self-denial and unselfishness are nothing but names to him. Any remonstrance on the part of the wife is in vain; if the husband chooses, he has a right to ill-treat her. She can appeal to no one for redress against this; and a woman who complains of her husband, or his vices and extravagances, especially if she be an American, evokes little genuine sympathy in foreign society.

I KNOW of one charming American woman, who had been petted and spoiled, and surrounded by all that heart could desire at home; but at an early age, with her mother's full and free consent, she sacrificed everything to marry an Englishman of high family; and it was not long afterward that she awoke from her dream to find out that her handsome and fascinating husband possessed little or no moral value; and in addition to ill treatment and neglect, he deserted his home, his wife and children, to lead a life of recklessness and pleasure. The canker of cruel disappointment ate into her very life and heart; and she is doomed to lifelong grief, perhaps. In the prime of young womanhood she sits alone at her fireside, eating the bread of sorrow, and all this for a lord! Another nobleman, who was about to marry a young girl whom I knew, declined to have both the civil and the religious marriage ceremony performed (the former being obligatory to make a marriage valid abroad), and would only consent to one ceremony, unless she placed her entire fortune under his control. This the young lady and her family declined to do, thereby saving her from much probable woe. This same man, who is seen in the best society of Paris, has endeavored to entrap all American girls with money that came across his path, making light of their affections and then casting them off when he finds that they will not comply with his matrimonial conditions. A number of instances have come to my notice—some of them being well-known persons, whose names delicacy forbids mentioning—and in all of which the proud, sensitive American wife, who had made all the sacrifices, became a victim of the husband's brutality, neglect and even insult, and in some cases, not receiving a full support; but this martyrdom on the altars of rank, title or foreign birth, is compensated in aristocratic style by that magic combination of a few letters of the alphabet, to which the high-minded, freeborn American woman chooses to sacrifice her independence, her money, her happiness, her all. Is the compensation adequate? "Does it pay?" American women, answer for yourselves. Here is a lesson which observation has taught to many, but which just as many fail to learn in any other way than through bitter experience. And no lessons are so hard, so cruel, but so effective, and so far-reaching, as those which experience teaches.

IT has been said recently that if American women continue to marry foreigners at the rate they have been doing, that not only will the British peerage soon be Americanized, but the nobility of every other European country as well. Have American girls no higher ambition than this? Ambition is a grand motive power, when directed in right channels, but when it leads the American girl to abandon her own country and people, rights, privileges and ideas, besides all the chances to make some deserving man in her own country happy, this so-called ambition is misplaced, and both she and her family should be made to realize that it is the most probable road to matrimonial woe. American women are so sensible, so practical in many things, but in this very marriage question—both as mothers, who have the sacred care of their daughters' interests, and as young women, ambitious to fill an important niche in society and in the world—they evince a lack of judgment and foresight. And these two qualifications are indispensable in all questions of vital importance. Parents have enough experience and knowledge of men and things, as they are in general, to know what young girls cannot know, and should therefore exercise their authority in all matters pertaining to the highest interests of their children. Young girls, who marry against the will of reasonable and loving parents, can make up their minds that disappointment, if not something worse, will be their lot. As far as the foreigner is concerned, he may be dazzled, captivated by the beauty, grace, intellect and independent ideas and manners in the American woman, but this very independence which he seemingly admires in her while she is his friend or his betrothed, he will not tolerate in his wife.

And the young girl, who sees but the varnished exterior of elegant manners, the persuasive and subtle compliment, will soon learn, to her own disappointment, that there lies a substance of a very realistic and unpleasant nature beneath this highly colored rainbow tissue of her romantic imagination! There are but two courses to pursue—to learn from the experience of others, or from our own. Those who do the former are like the five wise virgins, the latter are worse than the five foolish ones!

The American girl need look no further than her own country to find the noblest, the grandest type of manhood on earth! Here, man respects and honors her womanhood, is willing to labor and make sacrifices for her happiness, bids her cheerfully to be a co-worker, an honored guest of public life, when occasion demands, and loves her, not for what she has, but for what she is.

The Journal's New Home

When this issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL shall reach its readers, the magazine will have moved into its new six-story building, built especially for its use and occupied exclusively by its own offices. The JOURNAL'S new address is 421-427 Arch Street, Philadelphia, to which all communications should be directed.

THE STAR AND THE WAVE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

A FAR on the ocean a billow was born—
A waif of the wind and the sea.
A star up in heaven shone brightly at morn—
A spark of eternity.

And the beautiful star loved the wave, from afar,
And paled in its mute despair;
But the wave on its bosom caught up the star,
And died as it held it there.



* IV—THE WIFE OF BAYARD TAYLOR

BY ALICE GRAHAM MCCOLLIN

FEW, indeed, outside of the immediate circle of her home and intimate friends know much either of the life or character of the gentle, lovely woman, who for twenty years and more, shared the life and labors of America's "well-beloved poet," Bayard Taylor. Retiring and diffident by nature Mrs. Taylor has kept her life, as the wife of so good a man, and so great a poet, hidden from the signs of the public and it is almost as an entire stranger that she is now presented to her adopted sisters.

Marie Hansen Taylor was born at Seeberg, a high, isolated hill near the town of Gotha in Thuringia, Germany, where the Ducal obser-



MRS. TAYLOR

vatory, at which her father, Peter A. Hansen, the renowned astronomer, was professor, was situated. She received her education at a school for young ladies in Gotha, until she reached the age of fourteen, when she was given private instruction in languages, history, drawing and literature. She herself claims that the best part of her education was that which she received incidentally during a two years' visit to Rome, when she was twenty-two years of age. She visited there her uncle and his English wife, and under their care studied and became versed in all that was highest of ancient art and best in modern literature. Larger views of life became possible to the young girl and under the broadening and ennobling influences of her hosts she became fitted for her future calling, the wife and companion of a poet.

In the latter part of 1851 Bayard Taylor went to Egypt as correspondent for the "New York Tribune," with which paper he was then connected, and while journeying from Smyrna to Alexandria he met on the steamer Mr. August Bufleb, an uncle of Miss Hansen. A short preliminary acquaintance ripened into an ardent friendship, and it was while on a visit to Mr. Bufleb at Gotha that Mr. Taylor and Miss Hansen met. In 1856 Mr. Taylor went abroad again, taking with him his two sisters and his youngest brother, and again was he a guest at Gotha, where Mr. Bufleb had prepared for him, and his party, a charming house adjoining his own residence.

Leaving Gotha and his delightful surroundings there, Mr. Taylor took his party to Switzerland and Italy, and later, leaving the latter at Lausanne, returned to Gotha for a month's visit. He returned for the fourth time the following May, when he became engaged to Miss Hansen. He wrote to his mother at the time: "I hope you will be satisfied with a step which makes us all so happy and my future so bright." On the twenty-seventh of October, 1857, the marriage was solemnized at the Court Chapel at Gotha, and on the same day the event was celebrated by Mr. Taylor's friends in New York by a dinner to which the bridegroom had invited them by letter. A journey to London preceded a winter's residence in Athens.

* In this series of "Faces We Seldom See" the following sketches, each accompanied with portrait, have been printed:

KATE GREENAWAY	February 1892
ANNE FREEMAN PALMER	May "
MRS. DOUGLASS	October "
"	November "

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

In the spring of 1858 Mr. and Mrs. Taylor returned to Gotha by way of Constantinople and the Danube, and here Mr. Taylor left his wife while he went for a hurried trip through Russia. In August their only child, Lillian, was born at Mrs. Taylor's old home. In writing to his friend Richard Henry Stoddard of this event, Mr. Taylor said: "I, too, am a father. I look at the little thing with a sort of childish delight and wonder, and continually ask myself: Is this helpless being really sprung from my loins? I see my own brown eyes in its face, my hair on its head, my 'three-cent-piece of a mouth,' and wonder how much of my soul goes with these features. It is ugly, as all newly-born babies are, yet to me it is as divinely beautiful as the Child-Christ of Raphael. I never cared for such fresh existences; but now all its blind motions, shrill cries, and semi-stupid signs of wonderment at finding itself in the world, inspire me with the profoundest interest."

In October of the same year the family came to America, reaching the Taylor homestead at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, on the twenty-fourth of that month. The following two years were devoted to the planning and building of "Cedarcroft," the famous and lovely home of the poet. Their daughter, Lillian, was educated at home until her fifteenth year when she entered a fashionable school in New York, preparatory to a term of instruction at Vassar College. In August, 1887, she was married to Dr. Kiliani, of Munich, and is the mother of two children, a boy and a girl. Dr. and Mrs. Kiliani make their home on Gramercy Square, New York City, and Mrs. Taylor resides with them.

When "Cedarcroft" was completed Mr. Taylor found the house so much to his taste that he decided to remain in New York only three months during the winter, spending the rest of his time at Kennett Square. In the autumn of 1874, however, the Taylors took up their residence permanently in New York, except for occasional short residences abroad.

One of these residences was as Secretary of the Legation to Russia, a post which Mr. Taylor accepted in 1862, and which soon merged into the Charges des Affaires, which he held until June, 1863. In 1878 also, Mr. Taylor represented the United States diplomatically at the Court of Germany, as Minister, which position he held until the time of his death. Mrs. Taylor was of invaluable assistance to her husband in both these appointments, aiding him by her gentle breeding and lovely manners in his social relations.

Mrs. Taylor, it is quite unnecessary to state, is essentially literary in her tastes and amusements. She was of almost invaluable assistance to her husband in his literary labors, translating many of his articles, letters and novels into German. She claims to possess an old-fashioned taste in reading, but it is a taste which is worthy of imitation by our rising generation. Thackeray, Shelley and Keats are her favorite English authors, and Goethe, Freytag and Gregorovius her favorite German writers. She is a seldom attendant at the theatre, though she confesses to have had a fondness for the representations of what was best in the dramatic art, which she indulged freely in her younger years. The critical faculty, which develops so strongly in maturity, makes her enjoyment much less keen and more seldom felt. Classical music she enjoys greatly, though possessing no musical accomplishments in herself. She is a fine horse-woman, and accompanied Mr. Taylor on many of his mountain trips on horseback. Her endurance was great and aided much in making her a successful traveler on the many journeys which formed so important a part of her married life.

In appearance Mrs. Taylor is gentle and refined. Her eyes are blue and her hair blonde streaked with white. She dresses entirely in black since her widowhood, though in her earlier years she wore blue a great deal, as it was the color which was supposed to be especially becoming. Her voice is charmingly soft and low, and the very slight foreign accent which is perceptible but adds to its pleasant tones.

Mrs. Taylor's abilities as a hostess have received frequent and notable tests. During her married life, her home, whether at "Cedarcroft," in New York, St. Petersburg, or Berlin, was always the gathering place of whatever literary and artistically eminent persons might be within its radius. She has entertained Richard Henry Stoddard, Edmund Clarence Stedman, R. Swain Gifford, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Horace Greeley, General Grant and many others, and it is safe to say that the many habitues of the Taylors' home have found in the cordial welcome of the hostess as much pleasure as in the charming conversation of the host.

THE JOURNAL'S MUSICAL PRIZES

IT was the hope of the editor to be able to announce in this issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL the awards in the series of prizes offered by the JOURNAL, in its last September number, for the best musical compositions by composers resident in America, which closed on November 1, 1892. The enormous amount of detail work imposed upon the judges by the receipt of over three thousand compositions, however, makes this impossible. Any one conversant with the work which the examination of such a large number of compositions calls for will appreciate, we are sure, the request of the judges that a longer time be accorded them for careful examination. The editor will endeavor, however, to print the awards in the next issue of the JOURNAL. The successful composers will, of course, be advised immediately upon the decision of the judges.

This delay naturally necessitates a postponement of the publication of musical compositions in the JOURNAL beyond the original plan. The JOURNAL will, however, inaugurate the series in its pages at the earliest possible moment.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

BY HARRY ROMAINE

WITH frescos and costly gildings;
With tapestries soft and rare,
I have furnished those noble buildings—
My Castles in the Air.

But I turn from the halls that glitter,
And sparkle with every gem,
For I know that his lot is bitter,
Who tries to live in them.



* VII—HAWTHORNE'S DAUGHTER

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

IKE all women of intense personal charm, Mrs. Lathrop is extremely difficult to present in her character to the readers of this magazine. Her attainments in the way of practical accomplishments are more easily enumerated, her person more easily described than is possible any accurate presentation of the womanly character and charm of manner that are so peculiarly her own possession. But hopeless as the author of this brief sketch is of showing the woman precisely as she is, she is glad of an opportunity of introducing, even through an inadequate description, one more of the clever women of this nation to the myriads of her father's admirers.



MRS. LATHROP

Rose Hawthorne, the youngest child and second daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, was born at Lenox, Mass., in May, 1851, whither her parents had removed from Salem, their birthplace and long-time home. Mrs. Hawthorne was before her marriage Sophia Peabody, sister of the Elizabeth Peabody who has taken so important a part in the development of the Kindergarten system in America, and daughter of an eminent New England physician. She first met her future husband when she was twenty-nine years of age, he being some five years older. Although an invalid from her childhood, she had devoted her life to study and reading, and cultivated a natural talent for drawing and painting. Her strength of character and practical good sense, which were only excelled by her wisdom and refinement, made her a most fitting mate for such a man as Hawthorne. After a long engagement, during which Miss Peabody's health materially improved, the couple were married in July, 1842, by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, to whom Hawthorne sent the following note:

"MY DEAR SIR:
"Though personally a stranger to you, I am about to request of you the greatest favor which I can receive from any man. I am to be married to Miss Sophia Peabody, and it is our mutual desire that you should perform the ceremony. Unless it should be decidedly a rainy day, a carriage will call for you at half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon.
"Very respectfully yours,
"NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE."

The wedding took place quietly, and the Hawthornes went to Concord where they lived until October, 1845, when they returned to Salem. In May, 1850, they removed, as has been said, to Lenox, where, in a small, red, wooden cottage, surrounded by mountains and overlooking the beautiful valley of the Housatonic, Rose was born. Her father wrote to one of his friends when the child was two months old: "She is a very bright and healthy child, and I think I feel more interest in her than I did in either Una or Julian at the same age, from the consideration that she is to be the daughter of my age—the comfort of my declining years."

* In this series of pen-portraits of "Clever Daughters of Clever Men," commenced in the November, 1891, JOURNAL, the following, each accompanied with portrait, have been printed:

RACHEL SHERMAN	November 1891
"WINNIE" DAVIS	December "
ETHEL INGALLS	January 1892
HORACE GREELEY'S DAUGHTER	March "
HELEN GLADSTONE	April "
AIMÉE RAYMOND, M. D.	October "

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At six months of age the little girl was taken to Concord, Mass., where Hawthorne had taken possession of Bronson Alcott's one-time home, and which he speedily christened "The Wayside." This house was made the scene, by its owner, of his novel "Septimus Felton," the idea of which he secured from a story which Thoreau told him, that one of its earliest inhabitants had been a man who believed that he should never die.

In 1853 Hawthorne was appointed Consul to Liverpool by his old classmate and then President, Franklin Pierce, and a four years' residence in England followed. These four years spent in sunny English fields and pastures, and in the charming suburban home at Rockferry, near Liverpool, strengthened in Rose that intense love of nature which was part of her birthright. Her first conscious impression dates from the discovery of a daisy in the grass of the garden at Rockferry.

Italy, with its revelations in art, the child saw at seven, and so much did they impress her that when at the age of seventeen she went with her mother, then a widow, to Dresden, she, the youngest of the children, cared for no distraction that would take her from her study of music and painting. All day and every day she drew and painted in the studio of Herr Wagner, unwilling to stop for a mouthful of food and indifferent to the fatigue of standing six hours at a time. Again at the South Kensington Art School (Mrs. Hawthorne during the Franco-Prussian War, had, with her children, left Dresden for Kensington in England) the child devoted all her time to painting. This almost passionate love for art which the young girl displayed was a very direct inheritance, her mother, before her marriage, having sketched and painted remarkably well for an amateur, and having also displayed considerable skill in sculpture. A bust of Laura Bridgman, the famous blind mute, and a medallion portrait in relief of Charles Emerson, executed from memory, are among the more important of the excellent pieces of work which Mrs. Hawthorne accomplished.

But in spite of the love for art Rose evidenced and the long hours of study which she devoted to it, the serious work of her later years has been done in the field of literature. To write, indeed, had been from the days when she could spell at all, an ever present desire in the heart of the child. At twelve years of age she had attempted to write a novel. "I felt," as she expresses it, "that I must write out the scenes I had imagined." At twenty-one this object did not seem so easy of fulfillment, as nothing satisfied her in her work, for the effort was always toward stories of the highest moral and philosophical import, that should be composed with an artistic touch and an impressiveness no whit less than that of George Eliot. Over these efforts the child would kneel in prayerful agony, all her efforts concentrated on some scene that was to portray the wonderful depths of feminine self-abnegation. Yet she never wrote without remembering her father's look of amazed displeasure when he by chance discovered she had written a so-called novel of some thousand words. In regard to her stories Mrs. Lathrop says that at almost any time she can imagine people in certain scenes so vividly that the not writing is an effort. Her best verse is written without any mental picture or "fancying." She sees the image at the instant her hand frames it. The mood is so full of charm for her that she prefers the writing of verse, to prose.

At twenty Mrs. Lathrop married, her husband being George Parsons Lathrop, editor of the "Atlantic," the writer of many works, a man of exquisite literary finish, a poet and a critic. The marriage took place in England. After a few months' residence abroad they returned to this country and Mrs. Lathrop began to become an American. Everything about English life had charmed her; England had become to her her veritable home, and the longing for its verdure, when once more among the rocks of New England, gave place only after considerable time, with the growth of many and new interests, to a deeper love for her own country, which replaced that other one for the garden and fields of her babyhood, and later of her girlhood.

In 1881, Mrs. Lathrop's only child, Francis Hawthorne, a boy of great beauty and unusual promise, died at Boston of diphtheria, making as Mrs. Lathrop said: "the next world more real than this." In 1891 she embraced Roman Catholicism and is a devout adherent of that faith.

In appearance Mrs. Lathrop is charming. Auburn hair and deep gray eyes give tone to her lovely face and aid her in making most beautiful and unconscious pictures of herself. Her favorite color and most becoming dress is yellow.

Her taste in literature is for the best of all countries and ages. "The Lives of the Saints," "The Marble Faun," "The Wonder Book" and the others of her father's tales, Shakspeare, Thackeray, Fenelon, Scott's novels and poems, and Browning are to be found on her shelf of favorite books.

Dramatic representations she delights in, and music finds her an enthusiastic listener always. Her favorite composer she says "could only be represented by a composite photograph, but Wagner's face would have to be in it."

But in studying Mrs. Lathrop there is something more even than the charm of personality to distract one. Mrs. Lathrop has no pose nor is she content to assume one for you. She is moreover constantly leading you away from herself, suggesting to you other pictures she has seen, till for the time being you forget even the woman before you in your own delight at seeing with her eyes. She has set the wings of your own fancy free, in other words. This is her peculiar ability, a rare one among men or women of any class, and one which, in the power which such inspiration brings to others, does so much to add to the beauty and happiness of "the world we live in."

THE SAINT AND THE SINNER

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES

HEART-WORN and weary the woman sat
Her baby sleeping across her knee,
And the work her fingers were toiling at
Seemed a pitiful task for such as she.
Mending shoes for the little feet
That pattered over the cabin floor,
While the bells of the Sabbath day rang sweet,
And the neighbors passed by the open door.

The children played, and the baby slept.
And the busy needle went and came,
When, lo, on the threshold stone there stept
A priestly figure, and named her name:
"What shrift is this for the Sabbath day,
When bells are calling, and far and near
The people gather to praise and pray.
Woman, why are you toiling here?"

Like one in a dream she answered low:
"Father, my days are work-days all;
I know not Sabbath. I dare not go
Where the beautiful bells ring out and call
For who would look to the meat and drink
And tend the children and keep the place?
I pray in silence, and try to think
For God's love can listen, and give me grace."

The years passed on, and with fast and prayer
The good priest climbed to the gate of rest,
And a tired woman stood waiting there.
Her work-worn hands to her bosom pressed:
"Oh, saint, thrice blessed, mount thou on high,"
He heard the welcoming angels say.
When meekly, gently, she passed him by,
Who had mended shoes on the Sabbath day.

DESTROYERS OF DOMESTIC EDENS

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

MORE Edens are destroyed by mosquitoes than by serpents. Since satan gained such notoriety by assuming the form of a serpent ever so long ago, and entered the garden of Eden, he has become even more wily and cautious, and assumed all sorts of shapes to deceive mankind.

Almost every day we can see by looking about us that he infests nine Edens in every ten in some lesser guise. The buzzing, tormenting insects of ill temper, and misdirected, uncontrolled dispositions, are his most frequent "make-ups."

He is always lurking around the gates of the new Edens, where brides and grooms enter, and one of his favorite occupations is assuming an invisible form and whispering in the ear of a bride that she must be exacting in her demands, and act as her husband's keeper, and insist on his giving up all his old freedom and all his old pleasures. Then he goes to the husband and whispers in his ear that the wife is the husband's property, the same as horse, gun, or dog, and that he must so regard her. That he must hold the pursestrings and compel her to ask for every cent she uses, and that he must laugh or sneer down all her little efforts at culture and progress, and that he must always make her feel that her duties are mere child's play compared to his labors, and that she has no right to be tired with so little to do.

In a very little while the air of that Eden is buzzing with the insects of discord. The husband is restive under the irritating needle-thrusts of their sharpened bills, and the wife's veins are swollen with the poison they have injected. The wife keeps such constant surveillance over her husband's actions and tries to turn him from partaking of any pleasures without her, that he becomes rebellious and often deceitful. She finds herself restricted in the use of money, and unsympathized with in her hopes, aims and trials. There is no third party who interferes with their happiness, no serpent tempting them to do wrong, but the atmosphere of their Eden seems to be thick with mosquitoes which destroy all comfort.

The husband and wife both know that their troubles are "small ones" compared with those of many of their friends, yet they find it impossible to be happy. She knows that the man across the street is intemperate, and she is thankful that her husband does not drink. Yet when she thinks how unsympathetic he is, how close he holds the pursestrings, how he laughs at her ambition to study or paint, she weeps hot tears of discontent. The husband sees his neighbor's wife indulging in a foolish, compromising flirtation, or sending her husband into bankruptcy, and he realizes that he is very fortunate in having a wife who does not mortify his pride and self-respect, yet—for all that he is not happy. She nags him so unmercifully about small matters; she gives him no freedom; she puts on such an air of martyrdom if he goes out for an hour without her, or comes home half an hour late. She talks about his shortcomings before his friends and mortifies him. He is in a constant state of irritation.

His Eden is destroyed. Not by serpents, but by buzzing, biting mosquitoes. A tincture of liberality on the part of the wife, and a mixture of sympathy and appreciation on the part of the husband will form a lotion which, if sprinkled about the garden, would forever drive away these pests. It is the little foxes that spoil the vines, and the little insects that spoil the Edens.

Irritable tempers ruin many a Paradise. Not the tempers that are like great cyclones, hurling devastation all about and then dying out as suddenly as they were aroused, to be followed by great calm and amiability. Such tempers are the result of a lack of proper training and control, and if allowed to rule the brain, lead to insanity.

Bad as they are, they are not so bad to live with as the disagreeable temper, which never gets beyond petulance and irritability, and which never subsides so completely that it may not be aroused by the mislaying of a book, or the accidental slamming of a door.

It is like living in a den of snarling animals to live with a person who has this sort of temper. Many an Eden is destroyed by it, while the possessor prides himself upon being a good Christian, and doing his whole duty by his family. Yet if the soup lacks a little salt, or contains a little too much pepper, if a meal is a moment delayed, if a child is noisy in its mirth, if a drawer sticks, or a door slams, or a chair creaks, each trifle calls forth an exhibition of disagreeable temper which ruins the comfort and peace of the household for an hour. Many a woman is addicted to this sort of temper and calls it "her nerves," and considers herself the most devoted wife and mother in the world. Yet if she is obliged to delay her dinner for any member of the family, if she is called from one task to perform another, if the children scatter their playthings, or leave their schoolbooks in the parlor, she indulges in such petulant scolding that a gloom settles over the whole household. She would consider it no difficult thing to die for that household if it were demanded of her. But to control her irritable temper is a task too great to demand of her. And so the Eden is destroyed and the children grow up eager to get out of the home where everything is uncomfortable, and the parents wonder why all their sacrifices are so poorly appreciated, why their children, for whom they have toiled and saved, seem to care so little about their home, and why they seem so anxious to seek pleasures elsewhere. Who does not know of the household where the children hush their play and mirth, and the wife becomes nervous and anxious at the sound of the husband and father's footsteps? They all fear him, rather than love him, for he is sure to notice their faults and shortcomings rather than their virtues and achievements, when he comes in. He is tired and worried with business, and he makes his home a place wherein to vent all his spleen. His wife may have worked and planned the whole day for his comfort, but he is sure to notice the small thing that is left undone, and to ignore all that has been done. The children think of him as a master and tyrant rather than as a parent. They shout with delight the moment the door closes behind him, and are cowed with fear when it opens to admit him. Yet he is an excellent provider and a good church member, and he is immensely proud of his family. But he destroys his Eden by his selfishly disagreeable temper. He prides himself on having no vices, yet his faults of temper are the little foxes that ruin the vines of affection and love in his Paradise.

The mother who is always complaining of the hardships of housekeeping is another good-intentioned and kind-hearted person, who thoroughly destroys her Eden. We have all known her, heard her, suffered in her cause. She sets her house in order with the most scrupulous care; she takes pride in having everything as neat as wax; she is an expert cook, and her husband and children gather about the table with hearty appetites and keen appreciation of the dishes she has prepared. But the groan with which she seats herself, the weary expression she assumes takes the edge off their appetites.

"I am too tired to eat," she says, and if a dish is praised she replies, "Well, it ought to be good—it was hard enough to prepare it." The husband feels like a brute for having enjoyed his dinner at such a cost to her, and the children feel ashamed to be happy at the table when "mother is tired." They grow to feel a hatred for the neat parlor and orderly rooms when they hear her say, "Now, don't litter up the house, for I have half killed myself to-day setting it in order."

Alas, for the homes so often made unhappy by this manner of woman. Far better had she been idle and amiable, and given her husband and children the memory of a less orderly, but more cheerful home. I would rather beg my bread from door to door, or eat crusts sitting in a dark corner surrounded by amiable and cheerful souls, than to dine off dishes of gold and feast on sumptuous fare, and hear the sighs and groans of those who prepared it.

Many a wife and mother, however, is driven into this habit of complaint by the thoughtlessness of her husband and children. Housework, with its ever-recurring duties, is the most exasperating toil on earth if not lightened by the appreciation of those for whom it is done. Many a husband might rebuild his Eden destroyed by a complaining wife if he would say to her once in a while, "Dear, you are very tired, are you not? Your work is very irritating, but you give me so much comfort that I hope you feel repaid for it. I appreciate all you do;" and if the children would say "All our lives we shall remember with gratitude the happy, orderly home you have made for us," the mother's sighs and groans would turn into happy smiles, and her work would no longer seem hard. But husband and children too often take all these things as a matter of course, and the wife and mother feels forced to groan and sigh to make them realize her value. But she always misses her aim.

Jealousy and selfish feelings among the children in a family are great destroyers of Edens. Even if the feelings are hidden and not expressed in words, they fill the atmosphere with a sort of mental miasma, and bring spiritual maladies and discontent.

Thoughts do not need the wings of words
To fly to any goal;
Like subtle lightning, not like birds,
They speed from soul to soul.

and whatever your hidden thought, toward any one, it is as sure to reach that person as if you sent a telegram. You can ruin an Eden by merely thinking jealous, and selfish, and mean thoughts of those about you, and you can create a Paradise of your own by constantly thinking sweet and helpful thoughts of everyone near you.

THE PERFECT BLOOM

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE

'TIS not the bud, though wondrous fair,
Nor yet the full-blown, regal rose;
But that rare charm, half seen, half guessed,
Unfolding from her spicy breast
A subtle fragrance on the air;
A pink flush where her sweets repose,
And slow unveil in modest bliss,
Wooded by the sun's warm, loving kiss.

'Tis not the child, though dimpled fair,
Nor yet the woman's thoughtful face
That wins most hearts. 'Tis that sweet flush
On girlhood's cheek like sunset's blush.
The bloom of heaven that lingers there,
And crowns her with angelic grace.
Her clear, pure eyes behold afar
The glory of Hope's gate ajar.

God grant this perfect opening flower,
May blossom full without a blight;
May wear her crown of womanhood
As something noble, grand and good;
May spend her strength in righteous power,
With heart-strings ever tuned aright.
Then shall God's presence, like a dove,
O'ershadow her with wings of love.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY FETES

BY MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

THE average American of middle age hardly knows what to do with a holiday when he has one. An exhaustive perusal of the morning papers, a walk or drive in the park, or possibly a horseback ride is, in the large cities, his usual programme. He has almost forgotten how to "have a good time," and, like his English cousin, "takes his pleasure sadly." In the evening, perhaps, he may attend a fine dinner, or go to the theatre, but why might it not be a pleasant thing to invite him to a luncheon? It would be a novelty to most business men to meet a few choice spirits of both sexes at that pleasant and informal meal, and Washington's Birthday might furnish the pretext for such an occasion. Every one is on the alert to provide entertainment for the young people, but the good husbands and fathers are generally counted out of most of the pleasures of life.

Leaving St. Valentine's Day to the young folks, let us claim the fête day of America's greatest hero for the men who are bearing the burdens and carrying the responsibilities of the country.

I would suggest a thoroughly national menu, and anything in the way of table decoration that may be suggestive of the man in whose honor the day has been set apart.

CHERRY TREE AND HATCHET

THERE is a species of miniature palm called the "ardecia" which though not two feet high makes a very creditable imitation of a cherry tree. They are plentiful in February, and are not costly. The little trunk is about two inches in diameter and the leaves long and pointed like those of the tree so famous in the history of the Father of his Country. Such an one might form the centre piece at the table. The pot placed on a tray and banked with moss so as to conceal it, the tree would merely look as though growing on an elevation. A toy hatchet at its foot might aid the imagination, and removing the natural berries, which grow in clusters, a kind of preserved cherry, retaining the natural stem, dipped in red candy, and known to confectioners as "caramel cherries" might be profusely tied among the little branches. The flowers for the ladies should be red, white and blue. Flowers, red and white, may be had in profusion, but nature has been most chary of blue in coloring her blossoms. The "bluet" or "ragged sailor" is the only one whose tint recalls the exact shade of the starry corner of our banner. These, with red and white carnations, make an effective "nosegay," as the flowers are about the same size. Two or three prominent florists have assured me that the bluets may be procured in February, but where one cannot command their resources a blue ribbon, tying the red and white blossoms together, makes a fair substitute, and the ladies' names may be written in gilt upon one end.

WASHINGTON'S COAT-OF-ARMS

IF the hostess has a little skill in the use of water colors, a name-card for each guest may be fashioned which shall recall and emphasize the day we honor. A bit of Bristol board, cut in the shape of an heraldic shield, may be decorated with but little outlay of time or trouble to represent the Washington coat-of-arms. In the language of heraldry it is described as "two bars gules and in chief three mullets of the second," which being interpreted, is simply a white shield crossed horizontally by two red bars, and above these three red stars. This is surmounted by a coronet, out of which rises the head and wings of a nondescript bird remotely resembling an eagle. Almost any attempt at drawing our national bird could not fail to equal the one forming the Washington crest. The coronet might be gilded and the bird's plumage slightly indicated by a few touches of the brush. The guest's name and the year date should be written diagonally across the shield in gilt letters. These dainty cards will also serve as souvenirs of the occasion.

On the reverse side, in quaint lettering, might be given the motto of the Washington family, "Exitus Acta Probat," and for variety upon each card a quotation may be given from some well-known writer who has delighted to honor the hero of our country.

QUOTATIONS AND MENU

The following quotations will be both applicable and appropriate: "In a gallery of sculpture, were I asked whose form would best grace the tallest pedestal I should name that of Washington."—Gladstone.

"Washington hath left
His awful memory
A light for after times!"

Southey.

"This hand to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
For Freedom only deals the deadly blow,
Then, sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
For gentle peace, in Freedom's hallowed shade."
John Quincy Adams.

"To the memory of the Man, first in war,
first in peace, and first in the hearts of his
countrymen."—General Henry Lee.

"Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm."
Canning.

For the menu I would suggest only such dishes as are notably American. Such are oysters (blue points) clam bouillon, broiled shad, terrapin, canvas-backs (or other game ducks), celery salad, whortleberry and pumpkin pies. These latter may be more dainty in appearance, and none the less toothsome, if made in the little pastry forms that are used for patties. Each one laid upon a round fringed doily, on a pretty plate, may cause one to forget its homely traditions if it be thought desirable.

AFTER LUNCHEON IS OVER

AFTER luncheon, while sipping the coffee in another room, a game of some kind is often productive of much fun, even to those for whom the heyday of youth is past. The human heart is not so very different at forty-five from the same organ at twenty, and a frolic "doeth good like a medicine."

There is a game that was popular at the Court of Charlemagne in which the learned Alcuin himself did not disdain to take part. Some things are so old as to appear new. The game of "consequences" is one of its very degenerate forms. In France it is known as "le jeu des petits papiers." It is played under the happiest conditions of success when the company is not too large readily to unite in a general interest, where all are well acquainted, and where the minds are sufficiently mature to be either thoughtful or witty.

Each person is furnished with a pencil and a slip of paper, upon which he writes a question, leaving room for the answer. These are tossed promiscuously into a covered basket, from which they are withdrawn haphazard, each person being obliged to answer the question that has fallen to his lot. They are then returned to the basket, from which they are taken by the hostess and read aloud.

The source of both question and answer is kept invariably secret unless the appreciation of the company demands the revelation of the incognito. Thus only the successful are known. A party of friends in Paris were so enthusiastic in their enjoyment of the game that they published a little volume for private circulation, containing the report of a series of reunions during one winter. I cannot give a better idea of the game than to quote a few examples from that book by way of illustration:

What is ambition? The search for a pedestal.

Who is the most charming person in the world? The one who persuades me that it is I.

How long does youth last? Every one thinks it will last until next year.

What is love? Heart disease.

Does love come through the eyes or through the ears? He knows all the ways.

What is happiness? To-morrow.

What is "ennui"? Idleness punished by itself.

What is the most absorbing love affair? The present one.

What are the moments in life that we never forget? Those in which we forget ourselves.

What is coquetry? The sacrifice of the love of another to the love of self.

How do you recognize a friend? He speaks of my faults only to myself.

What is a good intention? A ladder that is too short.

When does one wish to be alone? When one is "playing third."

Are you always of your own opinion? Yes, when I begin to talk.

A number of friends nearer home evolved some clever answers, among which were:

What is pluck? Fighting with the scabbard when the sword is broken.

How may one get rid of a bore? By talking of one's self.

The best answers are voted upon by writing one's choice upon a bit of paper, and the hostess awards a prize.

If it be desired to give a more national character to the game on Washington's Birthday, the questions may turn upon subjects affecting America and Americans. Such a game was played a short time ago, when the following questions were asked and answered.

What was the first American flag? An English "Union-Jack" was hastily prepared for its new character by sewing strips of white cotton cloth across the red surface, thus forming the stripes. The stars afterward snuplanted the cross in the corner of the English flag.

What is the origin of the term "Brother Jonathan?" In a little volume by Southwick, it is said that the term occurs in a pamphlet published in England about 1700, when speaking of the monument of Queen Elizabeth. It reads: "Our brother Jonathan wrote her epitaph in a loyal poem before he had a thought of New England."

What is the origin of the word "yankee?" It is said to have been originally an imitation of the manner in which the Indians pronounced the word "English."

An appropriate prize might be a copy of Irving's "Life of Washington," and after such an entertainment the friends would, I think, take leave of each other with mutual congratulations that they were Americans.

THE BROWNIES 'ROUND THE WORLD

By Palmer Cox

IN TWELVE STAGES: THIRD STAGE

THE BROWNIES IN IRELAND



Brownie band
stopped for awhile
To ramble through
the Emerald Isle.

Said one: "This land from shore to shore
Is noted for its fairy lore.
There's not a child, or type of age
How'er unlearned in lettered page,
But can relate some legend queer
About the fairies' doings here.
Old women, with a shaking head,
Can mumble stories dark and dread
Of midnight cries by window sill
Or chimney top that boded ill;
Or in a lighter mood can tell
How fairies wish young couples well,
And mounted on a nodding weed,
They ride before to clear the way
Of dangers on their wedding day.
No horse will stumble on the road,
No wheel come off and dump its load,
But light of heart, and undismayed
They travel through the fairies' aid."
Ere long each Brownie in the band
Bore a shillalah in his hand
That blackthorn bushes did provide,
Which flourished thick on every side,
Such sticks as men oft carried there
To use at faction fight or fair,
And through their fall on tender crowns
Of timid folk soon cleared the towns.



A happy band, they took the road,
Enjoying scenes the country showed.
At times they paused upon the way
In verdant fields to run and play.
Some gathered shamrocks—well they could,
For thick on every side they stood.
Said one: "This plant so widely known
Has quite a history of its own,
For we are told that long ago,
Ere Erin did religion know,
The good old saint with one, in brief,
Brought to his knees a barbarous chief.
He plucked a shamrock from the ground
And proved to him, with logic sound,
That three in one, and one in three,
It symbolized the Trinity."

They thought to ride to Mullingar
From Bantry in a jaunting car,
But it was hardly fit to hold
So large a band of Brownies bold,
And trouble came around to mar
Their pleasure ere they journeyed far.
They might have made the trip complete
And all have kept their place or seat
Did not a linch-pin break or bend
And give the wheel a chance to end
A partnership existing long
Between itself and axle strong.

And soon that dissolution showed
A pile of Brownies on the road,
And others who were forced to slide
Into a ditch with mud supplied.
Some to the donkey shouted "Whoa!"
But he was not in shape to go.
The creature, that was none too sure
Upon his feet, could not endure
The unexpected shock and shake,
That came when things began to break;
So feeling that his days were told
He with the Brownies helpless rolled.

Some left the cultivated sod,
And on the untilled hillocks trod—
Those mounds that rise in certain lands,
Built up 'tis said by fairy hands,
And still held sacred to the fay
And leprechaun at present day.
Some ran upon the springy bogs,
Or looked in vain for snakes and frogs.
Said one: "St. Patrick, sure enough,
As legends tell us, used them rough;
First launched upon the rogues a curse,
And then, to make their feelings worse,
With blackthorn stick and brogue combined
Made short work of the reptile kind.
The serpents wriggled from the shore
To hiss upon the soil no more;
The frogs jumped off in frightened bands
To tune their pipes in other lands,
And Erin, to this day you see,
From every one of them is free."
They sailed upon Killarney's lakes,
Where every wave in silver breaks,
And all the hills around so green
Reflected in the floods are seen.
Then in the Druids' temple old



They stood, and many a story told
About the people's rites and style

Who once inhabited the Isle.
One night they saw a dozen spats
Between some large Kilkenny cats,
That to the old tradition true
Fought till the hair in patches flew.
Provoked to see a trait so wild,
In pets that should be meek and mild,
The Brownies broke upon the fray



And scattered them in every way.
Said one: "Not often are we found
Thus waging war on things around.
But here's a case that does demand
Some special treatment from the band,
And we should exercise our power
So folk may have a peaceful hour.
As for ourselves, we little care,
A wakeful night
we well
can bear,
But those who
labor hard
all day
Their bread
to win,
or rent
to pay,
Should have a
chance to
sleep at night
And rise
refreshed at
morning
light."

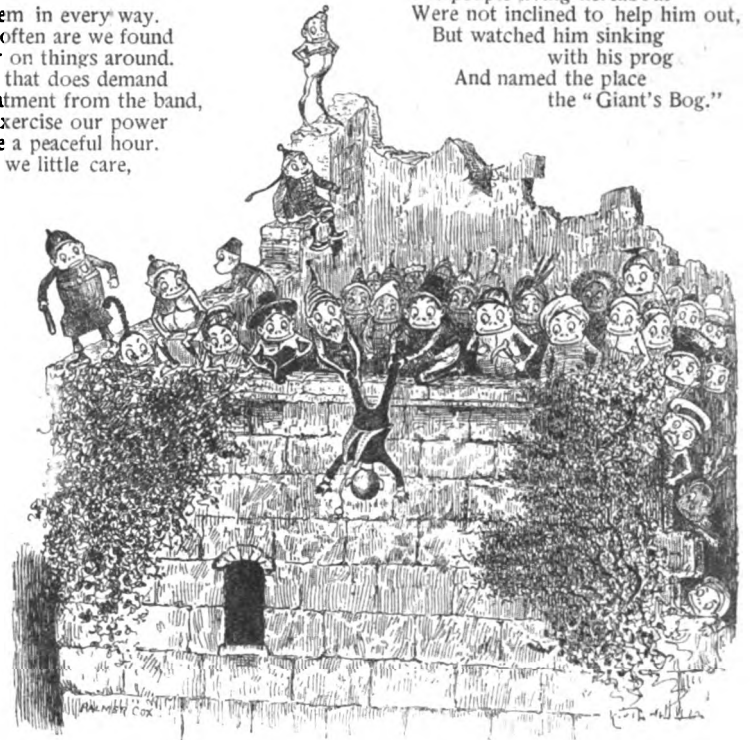
To Cork they traveled from
Athlone
And hunted for the
Blarney
stone.
At length
they found
it in its
place
And kissed it with becoming grace.
From first to last they didn't rest
Till each his lips against it pressed.
It did their nerve and courage try
As every one could testify.
Twas had enough like owls to hold
A footing on
the ruins old,
Where all
the stones
seemed
ripe to go
In showers
to the lawn
below.
But
worse than
clinging
vines,
and all
The dangers
of the
crumbling
wall,
To find
the stone
there at
the tip
So incon-
venient to
the lip.
No
wonder
then
the heart
beat fast
And
through
the head
misgivings
passed,
While
hanging
o'er the
parapet
To reach
the stone
so
strangely
set.
But willing hands assistance gave
To the ambitious and the brave,
Or favors might have gone amiss
On stones unworthy of the kiss.
And then in pleasant frame of mind
They started off again to find
The Giant's Causeway, high and grand,
The greatest wonder in the land.
Around the place the Brownies stayed
And freely thus some comments made:
"This way, that does so strangely rise
Like organ pipes of monster size,
All turned to stone, once formed a road

On which the giants often strode.
The story goes that long ago

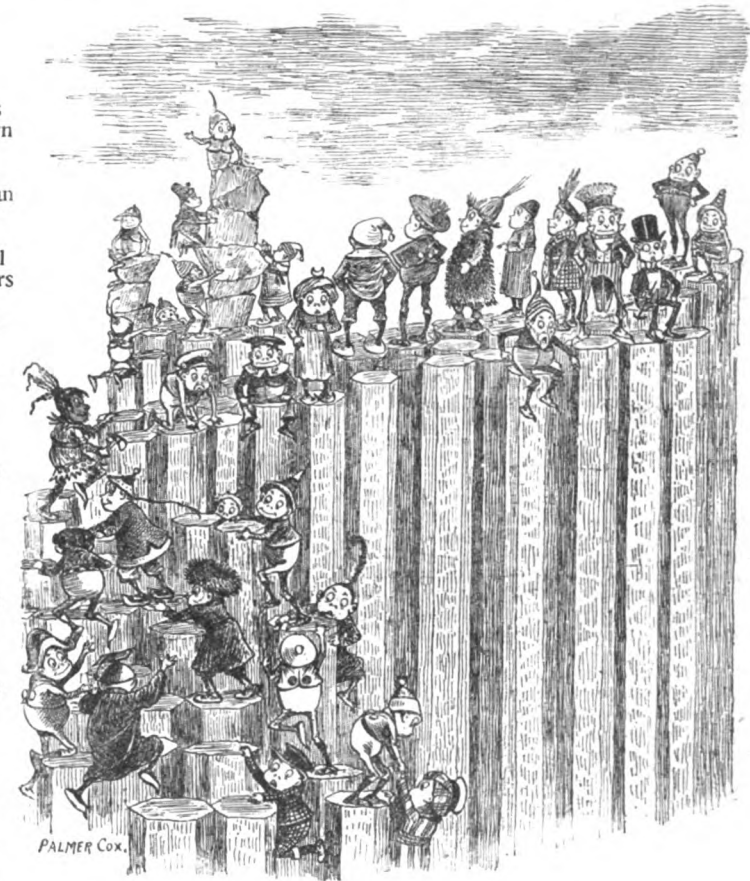


They traveled boldly to and fro,
And thus passed o'er the marshy ground
That did their castle walls surround,
The last one of the giant race
'Tis said here found a resting-place,
For here the giant, with a sack
Of plunder bundled on his back,
Fell off the road one stormy night,
And in the bog sank out of sight.

The people living hereabout
Were not inclined to help him out,
But watched him sinking
with his prog
And named the place
the "Giant's Bog."



Another said: "'Tis strange, I hold,
No searcher after relics old
Has ever brought around a spade
And here an excavation made
To bring the giant's bones to light,
And have them set on wires right,



So people for all time might stare
Upon a skeleton so rare."
So thus they talked and rambled free,
The wonders of the land to see.



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AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR



WOMAN has ever been an attractive subject in literature. Without her our reading would be indeed bare, and I often wonder what some of our writers would do if woman should happen to grow so perfect that there remained nothing more to be said of her.

Our magazines and newspapers fairly bristle with articles about her at the present time. Now it is woman's this and then it is woman's that. First she is lauded up to the skies, and then she is pulled down again in a hurry. As a whole, the sight is quite an interesting one, but it would have more interest if the owners of the pens who write these articles had a little clearer conception of their subject. A witty French writer has said that a man always writes best on a subject of which he knows the least, but even this is untrue of some of the articles on woman which I have read within the past few weeks.

IT is possible that the large increase in absolutely nonsensical articles written about woman nowadays is due to the growing desire among periodicals of all classes to "cater to woman and the home." A periodical of the present day is no longer complete without a "woman's column," a "woman's page," a "woman's department," or some "feature" which will have the feminine air about it, and bring that paper into the home and enable the business department to tell its advertisers that the paper has "a home circulation." The consequence is that more pens are writing about woman and her interests to-day than ever before. In one respect this is an excellent tendency, for the more woman is written about intelligently, the more will her worth be appreciated by the world-at-large. But mark, I say "intelligently." To discuss her life and interests in the manner done in scores of cases to-day, is simply to bring upon the paper printing the stuff the ridicule and condemnation of the sex to which it is catering. Women can bear criticism, and bear it bravely, when they realize that the criticism is a fair one. They bear it far better than do men. But they resent, and justly so, many of the imputations which are allowed to be printed in some of the best periodicals of to-day. If these lapses of accuracy were simple errors, women might forgive them. But willful misinterpretation vies with absolute ignorance. The most amateur girl writers would not make the assertions that are advanced by men supposed to be logical and of good mental capacity. I will, with a few illustrations, point out more clearly my meaning.

ONE of our most carefully edited reviews, in a recent issue, printed an article on "Tendencies of the Modern Woman," and the writer therein chose to make the following statement: "The most careful search among authoritative statistics plainly points to one condition, and proves it: that the true source of more than three-quarters of all the great commercial defalcations and failures during the past twenty years was woman's extravagance." Now, this statement is made by one of the most careful writers of the day, a man who is accepted in the world of thought as an erudite scholar and an authority on the questions he discusses. Yet no statement is more utterly false on its face. I have taken the pains to gain access to precisely the same "authoritative statistics" from which this writer formulated his opinion, and this is the phrase used, which he has chosen to twist into an accusation against woman: "Our conviction is that when the great commercial disasters of the past twenty years in America are traced to their true source, it will be found that they are due, principally and almost entirely, to a false position sustained in the home." Whether such a deduction is justified by the facts is not the present aim of these comments, except that I am quite ready and willing to question its accuracy. But to put "a false position sustained in the home" entirely upon the shoulders of woman, and parade her before the world as a willful breaker of business interests, is as silly as it is unjust.

IT is true that the world has a right, in a measure, to look to the woman in a home for what goes on in that home, and hold her accountable therefor. But only in a measure, so long as the present conditions of society exist. It is an actual truth that one-third of the wives of this country to-day have no idea of the incomes of their husbands. The husband achieves a certain success in business. His commercial ascendancy seems to require of him that he shall sustain a higher social position. "My dear," says the husband to his wife, "now that I am more prosperous we must live a little better." The wife acquiesces, for what woman does not desire to "live better" when she can? But the husband does not tell her how much more "prosperous" he is, or how much "better" her establishment must be. She is supposed to guess and define what he actually knows. She is supposed to be perfectly cognizant of a state of affairs which are never explained to her. Let a wife ask for figures, and the husband is apt to say: "Now, my dear, don't you worry about figures; let me do that. It is enough for you to know that I am making a sufficient income to keep you and your children in good style. Don't be extravagant, but let us live easily, you know." Live easily, you know! That's what some men call being definite. Now, I ask, in all fairness, how is a woman to steer a ship when she has no idea whether the rudder touches the water or not? And yet this is precisely what scores of wives in this country are doing every day of their lives. With the husband's prosperity his tastes expand, and the wife strives to meet them. She orders without the slightest idea whether her husband has sufficient means to pay the amount of the bills she contracts. She is told to "dress a little better," so that "you can receive my friends in a way more becoming to your better position, you know." And she purchases better dresses than before. She dresses her children more prettily. When the bills come in the husband frowns a little, but they are paid. And so the domestic pantomime goes on. Suddenly a crash comes. The "street" shrugs its shoulders and points "up town" over the shoulders. The insinuation of "keeping an expensive establishment" is met by the husband in silence, which very silence colors the suspicion, and another calamity is added to the list of those caused by woman's extravagance. Logical, isn't it? So just to the wife, too!

NEVER is there a hint in catastrophes of this kind as to possible mismanagement of business, unwise investments, incapable assistance, lack of judgment on the part of the husband. Certainly not! He was all right; he did all he could. "But, don't you see," says some wise-acre, "it's the old story of a wife living beyond her husband's means!" Of course! The wife, too, knew all about "her husband's means!" Why, certainly! "Wanted to dress extravagantly, you know, and her husband couldn't afford it, but he, good fellow, didn't have the heart to tell her so!" says another. Model husband! I have absolutely no use for men who are always ready to hide another man behind the skirts of his wife. Only towards resort to that, and the biggest coward of all is the man who permits himself to be so hidden. Why cannot husbands give their wives a truer idea of their incomes? "Then, I suppose," says some cynic, "business calamities will be unknown." Well, my good friend, let me tell you one good, square, hard truth: Business calamities may not be unknown, but they will be fewer in number. Some men have a way of sneering at woman's powers at financing, but the fact remains that out of a little list I have just made on a pad beside me, of eighteen wealthy men in America to-day, sixteen of them allow their wives to financier for them. And their securities are far stronger, and their money is far better invested, they have repeatedly acknowledged to me, than if they had handled the reins themselves. Women know a thing or two, my good friend, although you may not choose to give them credit for their knowledge. We men are pretty clever—too clever for our own good sometimes. But the Lord didn't give us all the wisdom He had for distribution. Man hasn't a "corner" on intelligence. Woman managed to get a little just as well. And when a few men that you know, and I know, arrive at this conception of things, their homes will be the better for it, and so will their bank accounts, and incidentally, their own peace of mind.

A MAN is always safe when he abides by one hard, practical truth: that the woman who loves him always acts for his best interests, and she will never willfully misapply or misappropriate one penny of his means. "Yes," wrote a skeptic to me recently, "I believe that, but a woman has no practical judgment in such things. Her heart may be right, but she acts from impulse, and not on the clear, logical lines along which a man reaches a wise decision." Not impulse, my friend; instinct is better. And as between the instinct of woman and the clear, deliberate judgment of man, give me the instinct in nine cases out of ten. A woman often sees in a moment what it takes a man a year to find out. It is true that she jumps to such a conclusion, and it is rare that she can explain it or give her reasons therefor, but it is likewise true that she will be closer to the truth than will a man after all his deliberate thinking on "clear, logical lines." Woman has a certain intuitive power, the value of which is all too little recognized by the majority of men. In finances, while a man is making up his mind as to the best way to economize, his wife has already put by a snug little sum. Woman knows true economy; man is a stranger to it. There is a sweet little member of my family who always smiles when I announce, as I occasionally do, that "I am going to be very economical this week." I suppose she quietly wonders what's going to happen the week after. When a man starts to economize, you may depend upon it that a big expenditure of some sort is not far off. To a man going down in the maelstrom of business trouble, the right kind of a wife is a staying power.

ANOTHER wise sage, in a prominent magazine, discusses the question of woman's dress, and concludes his deductions by telling his readers that "America is the most overdressed nation on the globe," and that "American women were never more outrageously overdressed than at the present day." Indeed! Strange how some writers have a way of acquiring exclusive information withheld from the rest of the craft! Now, the simple fact is, as every woman knows, that not for the past twenty years has there been a time when the fashions were more simple, more artistic, more picturesque and more serviceable, than at this very day. It was only a week since that one of the most prominent women's tailors in New York was bewailing to me the fact that the simplicity of the immediate styles allowed of so few "extras," and consequently a decrease in his profits. "I confess," he said, "that women have never, within my experience, dressed more sensibly. But our harvest is in the fancy modes and what you term the 'far-fetched,' and of this class of dressing there has not for years been so little as there is this season." And yet, the writer whom I have quoted bewails the very thing which the best authorities concede does not exist.

THE timeliness of this writer's information also appealed very strongly to me. The article in question was written, as I ascertained, in December, 1892, and printed in January, 1893, and yet this critic of the fashions was still bewailing the "bell skirt" and the "box coat." He says: "These filth-accumulators and grotesquely-hideous garments are to be seen on every promenade." Are they? Where, pray? Then he says: "There was a beauty about the Empire styles when they were worn so largely a few years ago." A few years ago! Then the present Empire rage is only a delusion! Again, this writer enlightens us: "Black, always woman's most becoming and dignified color, is no longer worn, and has been exchanged for the offensive red!" So black is no longer worn by women! Dear, dear, what a pity! Everything is red! How dazzling! But this writer's concluding statement is perhaps the best: "The American women have actually become so possessed with a desire for riotous extravagance in their costume that their stockings are embellished with costly hand-painted designs, which are, of course, lost after each laundering, and must be renewed, but never with the same pattern." Now, isn't that just startling! What a success as a fashion editor that man would make! How well-informed some men are!

And all this is written in sober earnestness, and printed in a periodical of unquestioned literary standing.

STILL another writer, also in a magazine which generally commands respect for its accuracy of statement, ardently bemoans the fact that "our girls are becoming more and more frivolous," and bases this observation upon some wagers made upon the recent election by a few silly girls. "One girl," he says, "allowed her face to be decorated with lather and was shaved; another walked a mile bare-footed around the village where she lives; another rode a mule in man fashion, while the fourth wore a false mustache to school." And these instances are cited to show that American girls are "becoming more and more frivolous!" If this is so then the American men are fast becoming idiots, if we are to believe the character of some of the wagers which they laid upon the election. For one man to trundle a wheelbarrow of apples for one hundred and fifteen miles; for a well-known banker to be car conductor for a day; for an artist to hire a hand organ and play around the streets of one of our largest cities; for a business man to stand as a target for two dozen eggs of uncertain age—are these the performances of sane and well-balanced men? Yet they were all carried out during the week after November 8 last. Because a dozen girls make geese of themselves, must four millions of American girls be called frivolous? Am I to be written down an idiot because a dozen men, who unfortunately belong to my sex, show all the signs of lunacy, and choose to make public spectacles of their mental decline?

A VERY considerate writer in still another article, recently published, says: "Man is too polite to say what he thinks of woman." Is he? Well, my friend, there are women who are too polite to say what they think of some men in general, and you in particular. "Most women," says this polite gentleman, "are either angels or devils, with the latter predominating." Do the latter predominate indeed? I do not envy your acquaintance among women, then. "Only twenty-five per cent. of femininity of to-day," he goes on to say, "are good, fit and worthy associates of man!" How good man has grown! But what per cent. of masculinity "are good, fit and worthy associates" of woman? Seventy-five, I presume! "To be mean and cruel—these are woman's especial traits," again breaks out this man of massive intellect. He must have an interesting home life, forsooth! "Never has woman from the beginning of creation taken the initiative step in any great movement." No? That may be, my friend, because you have never read the Bible nor the world's history. "But there are women of high types who are worthy of all respect and esteem," is his conciliatory conclusion. Are there now? Who would have thought it? How good of you to find it out, and then tell us all about it! And how complimentary to womankind for an editor to print your rubbish, especially the editor of a paper which has "a daily page for woman and her best interests." How pleasant it must be to women to have their "best interests" discussed by such "able pens!"

BUT some one will say, reading what precedes this, "Why do you notice all this nonsense?" Simply because I believe the time has come for some one to call the attention of the literary purveyors of to-day to the mass of rubbish about women which they are constantly allowing—unconsciously, I believe, in a great many cases—to be printed in their channels of information to the public. Not that I think these words of mine will stop certain imbecile tongues from wagging, or a type of untruthful pens from writing, but it may set some one who stands at the head of one of our newspapers or periodicals, to thinking. If I accomplish that, my words will not have been in vain. Then, too, I have wished to demonstrate to some of those among my readers who constantly write me to attack "woman's frailties" and "man's brutalities" how unworthy all this senseless discussion and abuse of the sexes really is. My good friends, there is absolutely nothing in it. There are, and there will always exist, a certain class of men who cannot and will not understand women, just as there are, and ever will be, women incapable of comprehending men. All this criticism of the one sex by the other is of no avail. A man gains nothing in promiscuously pointing out woman's faults, unless he has an honest motive in so doing. This the average writer has not. An attack upon woman or the marriage institution always has in it the qualities of a sensation, and scores of writers, with no principle nor conscience in the matter, write their screeds with only that aim in view.

MEN and women are too closely allied in their interests to make any discussion of their relative claims to superiority or inferiority, useful or profitable. If a man believes he is superior to a woman let him make himself happy in the belief, but let the only outer sign be a striving for a superiority of love for the woman closest to him. Men are superior to women in some things, just as women are by far the superior of men in other things. The capabilities wisest for each have been evenly divided, each given those most essential for what it is necessary for them to accomplish. We may sometimes think we could improve upon the creation, but we are wisest, I think, when we accept what has been created for us. The happiest people in the world are those who accept things as they find them; the unhappiest, those who always have an itching desire to change things. Make yourself happy by seeing the best in the people with whom you are thrown, and let others pick the flaws. If a wife finds certain little qualities in a husband which she might wish he did not possess, let her remember that he may, from his side, see certain qualities in her just as distasteful to him. None of us are perfect. Women may be more gentle than men, but masculine force is sometimes needed where woman's softer words have failed. Men may not be as thoughtful of little things as women would like them to be, but men, on the other hand, think women quite as unappreciative of the importance and significance of the big things. And thus it is easy, all too easy, to find faults if we choose to look for them, and the more we look the more we find.

LET us, my friends, you of my own sex who may read these words, try and pick all the flaws we choose in woman, and what good does it do? We always come back to her, and glad we are of the privilege, too! Nervous? But yet how calm and steady when the right time comes. Illogical? But yet how certain the intuition, how unerring the instinct! Without judgment? But yet how safe her counsel, how sure her guidance! Never a leader? But what a helper! Timid? But yet what a sweetheart! Unsystematic? But yet with what neat precision is marked the training of her children! Dressed? But yet how she can wear her gowns! Never ready? Rarely for the theatre, but yet how ever ready with her sweet womanly sympathy in time of trouble. Fond of pretty things? But yet how they become her person, her room, her house! Expensive? Well, bless her, yes! But the cheapest article for the money ever created! And long may we love her to brighten our homes, make wise our children, make men better than they are, and life the better worth the living! And we'll love her, too, for the enemies she has made.



A VALENTINE

BY EUGENE FIELD

ACCEPT, dear wife, this little token,
And, if between the lines you seek,
You'll find the love I've often spoken—
The love I'll always love to speak.

Our little ones are making merry
With unco ditties rhymed in jest,
But in these lines, though awkward very,
The genuine article's expressed!

You are so fair and sweet and tender,
Dear, brown-eyed little sweetheart mine,
As when, a callow youth, and slender
I asked to be your valentine.

What though these years of ours be fleeting?
What though the years of youth be flown?
I'll mock old Kronos with repeating:
"I love my love, and her alone!"

And when I fall before His reaping,
And when my stuttering speech is done,
Think not my love is dead or sleeping,
But that it waits for you to come.

So take, dear love, this little token,
And if there speaks in any line
The sentiment I'll fain have spoken,
Say, will you kiss your valentine?

THE ORIGIN OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

BY FLORENCE WILSON

AMONG the many names of saints who have been canonized by the Church in past ages, two stand out prominently as having received the wider canonization of the human heart: St. Nicholas, the patron of childhood, and St. Valentine, the patron of lovers. Yet in the case of the latter it is difficult, if not impossible, to trace any connection between the good bishop of the third century and the rites that have been so widely celebrated in his name.

St. Valentine was an Italian priest who suffered martyrdom at Rome in 270, or at Terni in 306. Historians differ as to the date. Legend amplifies, by dwelling on the virtues of his life and the manner of his death, and tells how he was brought before the Emperor Claudius II, who asked why he did not cultivate his friendship by honoring his gods. As Valentine pleaded the cause of the one true God earnestly, Calphurnius, the priest cried out that he was seducing the Emperor, whereupon he was sent to Asterius to be judged. To him Valentine spoke of Christ, the light of the world, and Asterius said: "If He be the light of the world, He will restore the light to my daughter, who has been blind for two years." The maiden was brought, and after Valentine prayed and laid hands on her she received her sight. Then Asterius asked that he and his household might be baptized, whereat the Emperor being enraged, caused all to be imprisoned, and Valentine to be beaten with clubs. He was beheaded a year later at Rome on February 14, 270.

History having little to tell concerning the man, makes amends by dwelling at length on the ceremonies observed on his day. They trace the origin of these to the Roman Lupercalia, celebrated in February, at which one practice was to put the names of women in a box to be drawn by the men, each being bound to serve and honor the woman whose name he had drawn.

The Church tried to turn the existing custom to religious ends by substituting the name of saints, to whom a year's devotion would be paid. Possibly the change may have been instituted on the day made sacred by the martyrdom of the Roman saint, hence his connection with these observances.

But changes came, and dead saints were neglected, for living sinners perhaps, and the old Roman custom somehow was transplanted to merrie England, where lads and lasses met on the day of the Italian priest's martyrdom to choose their valentine by lot or otherwise. An old custom was to throw open the window early in the morning, and the first person seen would be your valentine for the year. The eager swain would insure the right man being in the right place on that morning.

But it is historically and physiologically true that the man clung more to the maid he had chosen than to her who had chosen him, if the persons were not identical. To meet this difficulty a gift canceled the obligation of personal service.

A modern legend tells that in this nineteenth century the good St. Valentine, with Peter's leave, revisited the earth, thinking to find youth and life and love the same as in days of yore. But he found the girls too busy with music and science and philanthropy to receive him, and he came to the conclusion that they were "nothing if not pedantic," and "anything but romantic." Yet the spirit of St. Valentine will linger, for love is never out of date, and his fidelity marks him as the fitting patron and pattern of lovers for all time.

VALENTINES OF TO-DAY

BY FRANCES E. LANIGAN

ANNUALLY the cry is raised that the celebration of St. Valentine's Day has become a thing of the past, and that the dainty missives and love tokens which are the symbols of the festal season will be seen no more, and annually is the assertion disproved. The one-time fashion of deluging all classes and kinds of people with lace paper frivolities or hideous caricatures has worn itself out, because of the lack of any real meaning in its observance, but the custom of exchanging dainty messages and gifts between lovers is likely to come to an end at about the same time that love itself is banished from the material universe. Valentine gifts, therefore, will be sent this year quite as generally as in former years, and the choice is even less restricted.

FLOWERS make, of course, the most usual offering, the only objection which can be found against them being their perishability. Loose clusters of single kinds of blossoms, roses, lilies of the valley, daffodils or white lilacs will be much used. Set pieces in the form of horseshoes, hearts or baskets of fancy shapes are filled with smaller blossoms and tied with satin ribbons of harmonizing colors. With these, and indeed with any valentine gift, must be sent not only the donor's card, but a love message inscribed thereon, which will do quite as much as the beautiful gift itself to gladden the eyes and heart of the happy Valentine. Bonbons will also be sent in fancy boxes and baskets, and dainty booklets ornamented with ribbons, laces and flowers. The hackneyed "sweets to the sweet" is but one of the many quotations found attached to these pretty favors. A few others are: "Love has found the way," "My love is deep, the more I give to thee," "A wilderness of sweets," "Love, thou art every day my Valentine." Fans make very beautiful, useful and usual gifts for valentine purposes. Last year they were used for this purpose more extensively than any other feminine article. They are made of gauze, silk, satin or feathers and are decorated with hand painting, embroidery, lace and spangles, the sticks and handles being of ivory, sandalwood, silver or ebony. A pretty conceit for a valentine fan is made with fourteen sticks, with which is to be sent a fourteen-line acrostic made from the words Saint Valentine, in which the dainty maiden's three initials are interwoven. Sachets for holding fans are also to be found.

BOOKS and pictures are favorite valentine selections, and may be purchased at any and all prices. Of course, volumes of poems and love stories lend themselves more readily as appropriate to the season than essays or histories, but any favorite book cannot fail to please. Photographs, etchings, engravings and water colors are framed daintily in white and gold or white and silver, and make charming offerings at the shrine of St. Valentine. Frames of silver for card photographs are heart shaped, and come singly or in pairs. Many are engraved with mottoes. Owen Meredith's: "Do not think that years leave us and find us the same," is for a double frame, and a line from the old Scotch ballad: "Fine pictures suit in frames as fine," surround the picture of the maiden who sends this gift to her "Valentine." Jewelry will always be in vogue for valentine presents. Rings, pendants and pins are the most usual of selection; jewelers also show an endless variety of purses, cardcases, bonbonnières and vinaigrettes in shining silver. Pincushions come also in many shapes; a novelty in these is made from two large silver hearts joining a cushion of velvet, which is intended as a receptacle for bonnet pins. Writing tablets, portfolios for stationery, glove boxes, photograph cases are all welcome gifts to any girl sweetheart, as they may be kept in daily use as reminders of the absent fiancé. Sachets for handkerchiefs, veils, laces and gloves are extensively used. They are made from gauze, bolting cloth, silk, satin or leather and embroidered with appropriate designs. They range in price as high as twenty dollars, and many of them are hand painted.

VALENTINE cards are of innumerable styles and prices. Parchment and celluloid are the materials used for the covers of these dainty emblems, and have very largely supplanted the silks and satins formerly used. Hearts, roses, loveknots, Cupids and bows and arrows are used as decorations, and the shorter lyrics of the old English poets are selected for the messages:

Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," and "Bid me to live."
Heywood's "Pack clouds away."
Waller's "Go, lovely rose."
Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee."
Dryden's "When beauty fires the blood how love exalts the mind."
Ottway's "Angels are painted fair to look like you. There's in you all that we believe of heaven."
Tickell's "The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid," are all found on these cards.

A VALENTINE LUNCHEON

BY MRS. HAMILTON MOTT

LET everything be rose-colored; let your decorations be of hearts, loveknots and horseshoes, and let your guest cards and menus in their quoted allusions be redolent of the happiness which is the reason for your entertainment, and you have observed the necessary and important qualifications for success in your undertaking. Purchase for the purpose—and you will find use for it if you entertain frequently—a heart-shaped adjustable table-top, which can be clamped to your dining-table, and will add much to the effect of your luncheon. If this be made of pine, or any unpolished wood, you will have to exert a little ingenuity in laying your tablecloth of heavy white linen, so that the curves and indentations of the circumference will be smoothly covered. But if you are fortunate enough to have a polished surface, use only place doilies and a centerpiece of white, embroidered in bowknots and wild roses of pale pink. Have in the centre of the table a low heart-shaped basket of drooping La France roses, and at each place three long-stemmed buds of the same variety tied loosely together with wide pink satin ribbon, in which is fastened a pink enameled stick pin in the form of a heart, as a souvenir. Pink candles, with paper shades in the form of roses, and pink fairy lamps in the same shape, cast a faint rose-color glow over the table. Small cut-glass dishes, containing olives, salted nuts, pink bonbons and candy straws are placed about in profusion. At each place, in addition to the necessary silver, china and glass (if possible, use rose-colored dishes), a horseshoe roll should rest on the folded embroidered napkin. A large heart of parchment paper, tinted in pink and lettered in gold, should serve the double purpose of guest card and menu at each place. Across the face of each let the name of the guest and the quotation: "Blest be Saint Valentyne, hys day!" with the year 1893, be done in gold lettering. Beneath this let a quotation peculiarly appropriate to each guest be placed. A choice of eight of these is given, the first applicable to the person for whom the luncheon is given:

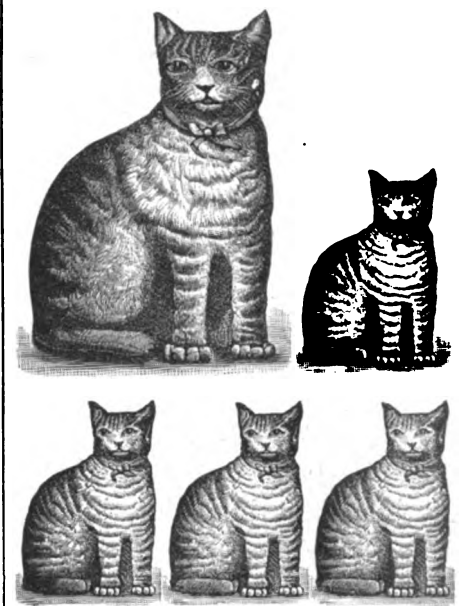
- "Here's our chief guest." *Shakespeare.*
- and the second
- "Come, quench your blushes and present yourself, That which you are, the mistress of the feast!" *Shakespeare.*
- to the hostess.
- The other six can be adjusted to any guest.
- "None knew thee but to love thee, None name thee but to praise!" *Halleck.*
- "Now I am in a holiday humor." *Shakespeare.*
- "But to see her was to love her, Love but her, and her forever." *Burns.*
- "Good luck go with thee!" *Shakespeare.*
- "She was good as she was fair, None, none on earth above her. As pure in thought as angels are To know her was to love her!" *Rogers.*
- "A guest that well becomes the table." *Shakespeare.*

On the reverse side let your menu be set forth as follows.

- MENU
- CREAMED OYSTERS
- "Now, if you're ready, oysters dear, We will begin to feed." *Lewis Carroll.*
- SPRING LAMB CHOPS
- "Chops! Gracious heavens! What does this mean?" *Dickens.*
- FRESH GREEN PEAS
- "Like each other as are peas!" *Horace.*
- RICE CROQUETTES
- "A little grain shall not be split." *Tennyson.*
- JELLY
- "All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest." *Moore.*
- QUAIL
- "Ah! nut-brown partridges!" *Byron.*
- Served on
- CHEESE STRAWS
- "And prove they're not made of green cheese!" *Butler.*
- TOMATO SALAD
- MAYONNAISE DRESSING
- "Love apples served among the leaves, With golden sauce." *With apologies to Longfellow.*
- MERINGUES GLACE
- "Shrine of the mighty! can it be That this is all remains of thee?" *Byron.*
- FANCY CAKES
- "Would'st thou both eat thy cake and have it?" *Herbert.*
- COFFEE
- "Drink, pretty creature, drink!" *Wordsworth.*
- BONBONS
- STRAWBERRIES GLACE
- "I sing the sweets!" *Barlow.*

Serve the oysters in small, pink heart-shaped paper cases, on pink plates. The croquettes can be as easily molded—if you will secure a mold for the purpose—into small hearts, as cones, and if you will serve tiny individual heart-shaped forms of white currant jelly, colored a delicate pink, your second course will be in thorough keeping. The custom has become quite usual of serving the game and salad at the same time, so the menu given provides for this. The meringues glacé can be purchased from any large caterer in the shape of hearts pierced by a ribbon-decorated arrow. The cakes which are served will, of course, be iced with pink icing and confined in shapes to hearts, lady fingers, horseshoes and straws.

Tabby's Kittens



Patented July 5th and Oct. 4th, 1892

This Happy Family

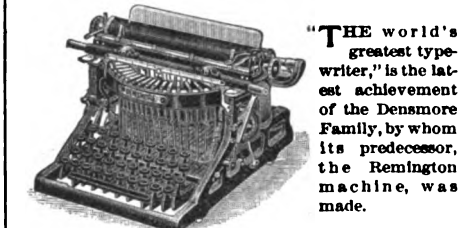
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THE CURIOSITY OF EVE

By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.



It is the first Saturday afternoon in the world's existence. Ever since sunrise Adam has been watching the brilliant pageantry of wings and scales and clouds, and in his first lessons in zoölogy and ornithology and ichthyology he has noticed that the robins fly the air in twos, and that the fish swim the water in twos, and that the lions walk the field in twos, and in the warm redolence of that Saturday afternoon he falls off into slumber; and, as if by allegory, to teach all ages that the greatest of earthly blessings is sound sleep, this paradisaical somnolence ends with the discovery on the part of Adam of a corresponding intelligence just landed on the new planet. Of the mother of all the living I shall this month write—Eve, the first, the fairest and the best.

THE HOME OF THE FIRST WOMAN

MAKE a garden. I inlay the paths with mountain moss, and I border them with pearls from Ceylon and diamonds from Golconda. Here and there are fountains tossing in the sunlight and ponds that ripple under the paddling of the swans. I gather lilies from the Amazon and orange groves from the tropics and tamarinds from Goyaz. There are woodbine and honeysuckle climbing over the wall and starred spaniels sprawling themselves on the grass. I invite amid these trees the larks and the brown thrushes and the robins and all the brightest birds of heaven, and they stir the air with infinite chirp and carol. And yet the place is a desert filled with darkness and death as compared with the residence of the woman of my story. Never since have such skies looked down through such leaves into such waters! Never has river wave had such curve and sheen and bank as adorned the Pison, the Havilah, the Gihon and the Hiddakel, even the pebbles being bdellium and onyx stone. What fruits, with no curculio to sting the rind! What flowers, with no slug to gnaw the root! What atmosphere, with no frost to chill and with no heat to consume! Bright colors tangled in grass; perfume in air; music in the sky!

Right there, under a bower of leaf and vine and shrub, occurred the first marriage. Adam took the hand of this immaculate daughter of God and pronounced the ceremony when he said: "Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." In the midst of that exquisite park a forbidden tree stood. Eve sauntering out one day alone looks up at the tree and sees the beautiful fruit, and wonders if it is sweet, and wonders if it is sour, and standing there, says: "I think I will just put my hand upon the fruit; it will do no damage to the tree. I will not take the fruit to eat, but I will just take it down to examine it." She examined the fruit. She said: "I do not think there can be any harm in my just breaking the rind of it." She put the fruit in her teeth; she tasted; she invited Adam also to taste it. The door of the world opened, and the monster Sin entered. The heavens gathered blackness; the winds sighed on the bosom of the hills; beasts that before were harmless and full of play, put forth claw and sting and tooth and tusk; birds whetted their beak for prey; clouds trooped in the sky; sharp thorns shot up through the soft grass; blastings came on the leaves. All the chords of that great harmony were snapped.

THE BIRTH OF CURIOSITY

EVE wanted to know how the fruit tasted. She found out, but six thousand years have deplored that unhealthful curiosity. Healthy curiosity has done a great deal for letters, for art, for science and for religion. It has gone down into the depths of the earth with the geologist and seen the first chapter of Genesis, written in the book of nature, illustrated with engraving on rock, and it stood with the antiquarian while he blew the trumpet of resurrection over buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, until from their sepulchre there came up shaft and terrace and amphitheatre. Healthful curiosity has enlarged the telescopic vision of the astronomer until worlds hidden in the distant heavens have trooped forth and have joined the choir praising the Lord. Planet weighed against planet and wildest comet lassoed with resplendent law. Healthful curiosity has gone down and found the tracks of the eternal God in the polypi and the starfish under the sea, and the majesty of the great Jehovah encamped under the gorgeous curtains of the dahlia. It has studied the spots on the sun, the larva in a beach leaf and the light under the firefly's wing. It has studied the myriads of animalcules that make up the phosphorescence in the ship's wake and the mighty maze of suns and spheres and constellations and galaxies that blaze on in the march of God. Healthful curiosity has stood by the inventor until forces that were hidden for ages came to wheels and levers and shafts and shuttles—forces that fly the air, or swim the sea, or cleave the mountain until the earth jars and roars and rings, and crackles, and booms with strange mechanism, and ships with nostrils of hot steam and yokes of fire draw the continents together.

I say nothing against healthful curiosity. But we must admit that unhealthful inquisitiveness has rushed thousands into ruin.

THE GODDESS OF SPLUTTER

EVE just tasted the fruit. She was curious. Her curiosity blasted her and blasted all nations. So there are clergy in this day inspired by unhealthful inquisitiveness, who have tried to look through the keyhole of God's mysteries—mysteries that were barred and bolted from all human inspection, and they have wrenched their whole moral nature out of joint by trying to pluck fruit from branches beyond their reach, or have come out on limbs of the tree from which they have tumbled into ruin without remedy. There are a thousand trees of religious knowledge from which we may eat and get advantage, but from certain trees of mystery how many have plucked their ruin! Election, free agency, trinity, resurrection! In the discussion of these subjects hundreds and thousands of people ruin the soul. There are men who have actually been kept out of the kingdom of heaven because they could not understand why Melchisedec was not! Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unhealthful inquisitiveness. It is seen in all directions. There are those who stand with the eye-stare and mouth-gape of curiosity. They are the first to hear a falsehood, build it another story high with two wings to it. About other people's apparel, about other people's business, about other people's financial condition, about other people's affairs, they are over-anxious. Every nice piece of gossip stops at their door, and they fatten and luxuriate in the endless round of the great world of tittle-tattle. They invite and sumptuously entertain at their house Captain Twaddel and Colonel Chitchat and Governor Small-talk. Whoever hath an innuendo, whoever hath a scandal, whoever hath a valuable secret, let him come and sacrifice it to this goddess of splutter. Thousands of Adams and Eves, who do nothing but eat fruit that does not belong to them; men quite well known as mathematicians failing in this computation of moral algebra; good sense plus good breeding, minus curiosity, equals minding your own affairs! Then, how many young women, through curiosity, go through the whole realm of French novels to see whether they are really as bad as moralists have pronounced them! They come near the verge of the precipice just to look off. They want to see how far down it really is, but they lose their balance while they look and fall into remediless ruin; or, catching themselves, clamber up, bleeding and ghastly, on the rock. By all means encourage healthful inquisitiveness, but discourage illy-regulated curiosity.

TREACHEROUS FRUIT

FRUITS that are sweet to the taste may afterward produce great agony. Forbidden fruit for Eve was so pleasant that she invited her husband also to take of it; but her banishment from Paradise, and six thousand years of sorrow and wretchedness, and war and woe paid for that luxury. Sin may be very sweet at the start, and it may induce great wretchedness afterward. The cup of sin is sparkling at the top, but there is death at the bottom. Intoxication has great exhilaration for a while, and it fills the blood, and it makes a man see five stars where others can see only one star, and it makes the poor man rich, and turns his cheeks, which are white, as red as roses; but what about the dreams that come after, when he seems falling from great heights, or is prostrated by other fancy disasters, and the perspiration stands on the forehead, the night dew of everlasting darkness, and he is ground under the horrible roof of nightmares, shrieking with lips that crackle with all-consuming torture?

THE FALL OF A PERFECT WOMAN

HOW repelling sin is when appended to great attractiveness! Since Eve's death there has been no such perfection of womanhood. You could not suggest an attractiveness to the body, nor suggest any refinement to the manner; you could add no grace to the gait, no lustre to the eye, no sweetness to the voice. A perfect God made her a perfect woman, to be the companion of a perfect man, in a perfect home, and her entire nature vibrated in accord with the beauty and song of Paradise. But she rebelled against God's government, and with the same hand with which she plucked the fruit she launched upon the world the crimes, the wars, the tumults, that have set the universe a-wailing. What an offset to all her attractiveness! We are not surprised when we find men and women naturally vulgar going into transgression. We expect that people who live in the ditch shall have the manners of the ditch; but how shocking when we find sin appended to superior education and to the refinements of social life. The accomplishments of Mary, Queen of Scots, made her patronage of Darnley, the profligate, the more appalling. The genius of Catherine II. of Russia, only sets forth in more powerful contrast her unappeasable ambition. The translations from the Greek and the Latin by Elizabeth, and her qualifications for a queen, made the more disgusting her capriciousness and temper.

Let no one who reads these words think that refinement of manner, nor exquisiteness of taste, nor superiority of education can, in any way, apologize for ill-temper, for an oppressive spirit, for unkindness, or for any kind of sin. Disobedience Godward and transgression manward can give no excuse.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN

WHEN I see Eve with this powerful influence over Adam, and over the generations that have followed, it suggests to me the great power all women have for good or for evil. I have no sympathy, nor have you, with the hollow flatteries showered upon woman from the platform and stage. They mean nothing; they are accepted as nothing. Woman's nobility consists in the exercise of a Christian influence, and when I see this powerful influence of Eve upon her husband, and upon the whole human race, I make up my mind that the frail arm of woman can strike a blow which will resound through all eternity, down among the dungeons, or up among the thrones. Of course, I am not referring to representative women—of Eve, who ruined the race by one fruit picking; of Jael, who drove a spike through the head of Sisera, the warrior; of Esther, who overcame royalty; of Abigail, who stopped a host by her own beautiful prowess; of Mary, who nursed the world's Saviour; of grandmother Lois, immortalized in her grandson Timothy; of Charlotte Corday, who drove the dagger through the heart of the assassin of her lover. I write not of these extraordinary persons, but of those who, unambitious for political power, as wives and mothers, and sisters and daughters, attend to the sweet offices of home.

When at last we come to calculate the forces that decided the destiny of all nations, it will be found that the mightiest and grandest influence came from home, where the wife cheered up despondency, and fatigue, and sorrow by her own sympathy, and the mother trained her child for heaven, starting the little feet on the path to the celestial city; and the sisters, by their gentleness, refined the manners of the brother; and the daughters were diligent in their kindness to the aged, throwing wreaths of blessing on the road that leads father and mother down the steep of years. Need I go into history to find you illustrations? Ah, no! In your own memory there is at least one such.

THE MODEL OF MY HEART

WHEN I come to write of womanly influence, my mind always wanders off to one model—the aged one who, twenty years ago, we put away for the resurrection. Have I written of her to you before? Ah well! my mind is ever full of her! About eighty years ago, and just before their marriage day, my father and mother stood up in the old meeting-house at Somerville, New Jersey, and took upon them the vows of the Christian. Through a long life of vicissitude she lived harmlessly and usefully, and came to her end in peace. No child of want ever came to her door and was turned empty away; no one in sorrow came to her but was comforted; no one asked her the way to be saved but she pointed him to the cross. When the angel of life came to a neighbor's dwelling she was there to rejoice at the incarnation. When the angel of death came to a neighbor's dwelling she was there to robe the departed for the burial. We had often heard her, when leading family prayers in the absence of my father, say: "O Lord, I ask not for my children wealth or honor, but I do ask that they all may be the subjects of Thy comforting grace!" Her eleven children brought into the kingdom of God, she had but one more wish, and that was that she might see her long-absent missionary son. And when the ship from China anchored in New York harbor, and the long-absent one passed over the threshold of his paternal home, she said: "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." The prayer was soon answered.

It was an autumnal day when we gathered from afar and found only the house from which the soul had fled forever. She looked very natural, the hands very much as when they were employed in kindness for her children. Whatever else we forget, we never forget the look of mother's hands. As we stood there by the casket, we could not help but say: "Doesn't she look beautiful?" It was a cloudless day when, with heavy hearts, we carried her out to the last resting-place. The withered leaves crumbled under hoof and wheel as we passed, and the sun shone on the Raritan River until it looked like fire; but more calm and beautiful and radiant was the setting sun of that aged pilgrim's life. No more toil, no more tears, no more sickness! Dear mother! Beautiful mother!

To be with Talmage



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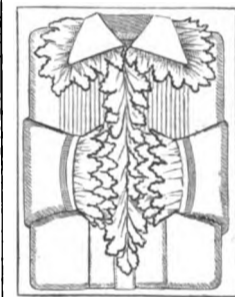
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DIVISION OF THE FAMILY INCOME

IN TWO ARTICLES—FIRST ARTICLE

By Maria Parloa

MANY a young man of moderate salary, who wishes to marry, is deterred from taking this step because of doubt of his ability to support a family on his limited means. It certainly is better that he should hesitate rather than plunge blindly into responsibilities that he cannot fully meet. But the size of the income is not all that must be taken into consideration; for two people who are sensible, capable and independent could marry with safety on a thousand a year, where two others, who lack these qualities, and wish always to make as good an appearance as their rich neighbors, would come to grief within a year or so on two thousand. In a country town one can live comfortably on a thousand, rents, vegetables, butter, milk, eggs, etc., all being cheaper, as a rule, than in the city. Then, too, there is not the constant drain for car fares, nor the endless temptation to spend money that there is in the city. In a large city, however, a thousand dollars a year means that the family must live in small quarters, be industrious, and practice self-denial. The rocks upon which a great many homes are wrecked, are the desire on the part of both husband and wife to live in a style far beyond their means, and, on the part of the wife, an utter ignorance of the details of household management and economy. A bright and conscientious woman can learn all these things if she will patiently persevere in the effort. The young woman who contemplates marrying a poor man should be skillful with her needle, else the matter of dress, as well as that of household expenses, will often trouble her.

FRANK TALKS BEFORE MARRIAGE

NO man should become engaged to a woman without having a perfectly frank talk with her in regard to his means, and the woman should be quite as honest in telling of her qualifications and willingness to undertake to master the problem of making a home on the income that seems assured to them both. More than this, they both should go over this question deliberately, looking at all sides of it. The changed mode of living, the self-denials, the added expense of sickness, if it should come, all should be carefully considered. The man who for years has spent his income upon himself, living, perhaps, like his neighbor, who has a fortune back of him, will often be frightened at the picture of the future, which this careful weighing of the subject presents to him, and he may decide either to wait a few years or else do what, unfortunately, a great many young married people think they must do—go to a boarding-house. The woman may have lived an aimless, careless life, her father being able to support her in comfort and, perhaps, elegance. The picture may have a little charm for her as for the man who has asked her to marry him, and she, too, is glad to settle upon the boarding-house as promising more style and ease for less money than can the simple home. This is one solution of the problem. Another common happening is that either one or the other finds—or, perhaps, both the man and woman do—that they have not the independence and moral courage to be willing to live in such a simple, unfashionable manner as their means would compel them to. When two people feel that way it would be better for them and the world at large that they remain single; for we have to-day too many people who are trying to live as if they had an income of many thousands, when, in fact, it is often the case that they have less than two thousand.

LIVING ON ONE THOUSAND A YEAR

LET it be assumed that there are two people in the family, and that the home is in the city or in the suburbs of a large city, the man's business being in the city. Rents near the business part of a city, in a respectable locality, are, of course, much higher than in good locations away from the centre of trade. But if one be near his shop or office he saves time and car fares; the latter going to pay for the higher rent. If the hours of work be long it would be better for a man to be within reasonable distance of his business, unless he can avail himself of rapid transit. If a man's labors do not begin until eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and end about five at night, he will be all the better for the extra time and exertion that he must expend in reaching an up-town or suburban home. In a large city the man of limited means has not much choice in the matter of house or flat. It must always be a flat, unless he be willing to live in the suburbs. There is, it is true, one other alternative: he can hire a house of good size, and let the greater part of it to people needing furnished rooms. Many people do this, thus securing a home in a more desirable locality; and being able to control the whole house, they can make it as choice as they please in regard to the inmates. It is not safe to hope to make more than one's rent on such a house, if one would keep enough rooms for a comfortable home.

Editor's Note—Miss Parloa's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Everything About the Home," will be found in this issue of the JOURNAL on page 31.

THE ART OF ECONOMICAL DIVISION

ASSUMING that the young couple have taken a small flat of four rooms, at a distance from the business centre where rents are cheap, it may be estimated that they pay fifteen dollars a month. Being so far away from his work, the man uses for car fares sixty cents a week. Then there must be an allowance of twenty-five cents a week for the car fares used in trips for shopping, visits or amusements, making the weekly expense for transportation about eighty-five cents, or thirty-five dollars a year. In such small quarters, the kitchen range and a small parlor stove will be sufficient to heat all the rooms, even in the coldest weather, and thirty-five dollars will pay for their fuel. Twelve dollars will buy kerosene for the lamps for twelve months, lighting the home generously. For fifty cents a woman can be hired a few hours each week to wash, the wife doing the ironing herself. This will amount to twenty-five dollars a year. Household furnishings will get out of repair and wear out, so it is well to allow twelve dollars for replenishing. Our young people must have one paper and at least one magazine and a few books, so that twenty dollars is none too much to spend for food for the mind. Amusements must be provided, and ten dollars is not a large sum for two people. The home where no provision is made for little charities and acts of kindness to others, will lack one of its finest elements. Five dollars is a small sum, but used in the right way it will yield a good deal of comfort and happiness.

WHAT THE TABLE COSTS

NOW we come to a most important item in the expenses of the young couple—the table. This item will always seem all out of proportion in a small income. Still, it must be remembered that while the expense of rent, fuel, light, etc., can be reduced, it people will be satisfied with small quarters, and in a somewhat out-of-the-way place, the human engine must be supplied with enough fuel to keep it in good running condition, no matter where it may be. Upon the young housekeeper, then, comes the responsibility of keeping these two human beings in a healthy physical and mental condition. If means be limited, as in this case, it will require all her skill, patience and love to do this so that it shall not tell upon her temper or her generous womanly impulses. It is narrowing to have to count the cost of every mouthful of food that one eats; it does tell upon a woman's mental condition to have to solve the problem of ways and means each day. If it be only for a year or two it may be an excellent training, but if it be for a lifetime, I for one, would not like to be responsible for influencing her to assume such a task. Few men realize what these duties mean to a woman, and to make the matter harder, the majority do not treat their wives properly in regard to the household expenses and their own personal expenses. If there were a perfect understanding between husband and wife, and the wife had a monthly allowance for household and personal expenses, an inestimable amount of unhappiness and injustice would disappear. Cash payments should be the rule with our young people. If they cannot pay for a thing, let them do without it for a while. In the matter of the table there is always the temptation to get things one cannot afford. There certainly should be enough good, plain food to keep the body in a perfectly healthy condition. In making my estimate it was not possible, with the small sum at my command, to give luxuries, but all the food is supposed to be of good quality. Eggs and milk are supplied generously, because one gets in these two articles more food for the amount of money expended than in any other material in common use. Here are the estimates for one week: Meat, fish, eggs, two dollars and forty-five cents; vegetables, one dollar and twenty-five cents; groceries, one dollar and twenty-five cents; butter, fifty cents; milk, forty-five cents; fruit, twenty-five cents; incidentals, fifteen cents; total, six dollars and thirty cents. Multiply this by fifty-two and you have three hundred and twenty-five dollars for the year.

HOW THESE ESTIMATES ARE MADE

TO get these figures, I made these estimates: A four-pound roast, eighty cents; three meals; first, hot; second, cold; third, finished in a stew with vegetables and dumplings. Three pounds of fresh fish, thirty cents, served boiled, with a sauce, and what is left over, to be served as fish au gratin. Baked beans, twenty cents; served twice. Something like chops, steak, or cutlets, twenty-five cents. Sausages, liver and bacon, tripe, forty cents; served for three meals. Eggs for three breakfasts, and others for cooking purposes, fifty cents. The total is two dollars and forty-five cents. Two vegetables a day are allowed, besides mush and milk every morning, as well as rolls and coffee and eggs, or some such dishes as liver and bacon, tripe, sausages, fish-balls, meat-hash, etc., together with potatoes in some form. Either the luncheon or tea is to be light. If the husband's business compel him to take a mid-day meal down town, there must be a little retrenchment at home. Not too much, however, for the wife must not get into the way of thinking that anything will do for her. No one, man or woman, can be at his or her best and do good work for any length of time, if the food be insufficient, not of good quality and not eaten regularly.

AN INTERESTING SUMMING-UP

NOW to sum up the yearly expenses: Rent, one hundred and eighty dollars; table, three hundred and twenty-five dollars; fuel, thirty-five dollars; light, twelve dollars; replenishing, twelve dollars; car fares, thirty-five dollars; service, twenty-five dollars; literature, twenty dollars; amusements, ten dollars; charities, five dollars; total, six hundred and fifty-nine dollars. This leaves three hundred and forty-one dollars for clothing, sickness and a little saving.

It will be seen from the foregoing that it is possible to live comfortably on one thousand a year in a large city, but to do it both husband and wife must each do his or her part cheerfully, and help each other to live a broad, useful life.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED OR MORE A YEAR

A MAN who has an income of fifteen hundred a year can live in a much more comfortable manner than he who has but ten. It is for the young people to decide whether they shall keep within the limits set for one thousand a year and save the extra five hundred for investment and a future when they may need it more. Certainly, this would be the wiser course. For those who prefer to use the greater part of this income in living expenses, the following table may be helpful: Rent, three hundred dollars; table, four hundred dollars; fuel, fifty dollars; light, fifteen dollars; service, seventy-five dollars; car fares, forty-five dollars; replenishing, twenty dollars; literature, thirty dollars; amusements, fifteen dollars; charities, ten dollars; total, nine hundred and sixty dollars, leaving five hundred and forty dollars for clothing and incidental expenses.

Now look for a moment at the possibilities with an income of two thousand: Rent, three hundred and fifty dollars; table, four hundred and twenty-five; fuel, sixty; light, twenty; service, two hundred; replenishing, twenty-five; car fare, fifty; literature, thirty; charities, fifteen; amusements, fifteen; total, one thousand one hundred and ninety dollars, leaving eight hundred and ten dollars for dress and incidental expenses.

If one does not feel the necessity for saving a part of this income, it is possible to live very prettily on twenty-five hundred a year, either in a flat in a large city or in a comfortable house in the suburbs. It must be remembered that the larger the house, the greater will be the expense of heating and lighting it and also the expense of servants. The income of twenty-five hundred a year, might be divided in this manner: Rent, five hundred dollars; table, six hundred; fuel, one hundred; light, thirty; service, two hundred and fifty; car fare, sixty; literature, fifty; amusements, twenty-five; charities, twenty-five; replenishing, fifty; total, one thousand six hundred and ninety dollars, leaving more than eight hundred dollars for dress and other things.

WHAT THEY MAY SAVE

IF the various incomes that have been considered represent a man's salary, and he has no property, it would be not only unwise, but wicked, for him to spend, in living expenses, the proportions which I have given. With only a thousand a year in a large city it is a great problem to live and save a little, but a little certainly should be saved, even if it amount to no more than twenty-five dollars a year. As long as a woman can do her own work, she can keep her household expenses down and yet have her table and home satisfactory; that is, of course, provided she be capable and industrious. But as soon as a servant enters the house all is changed. It is almost impossible for the most conscientious servant to be dainty, careful and saving like the mistress of the house. The girl who has never had a knowledge of the cost of anything except her own clothes, cannot easily be made to understand the value of the small left-overs which the housekeeper would make into appetizing dishes. Nor is this all; the breakage in china, kitchen utensils, etc., cannot always be replaced by the sum which one has set aside for this purpose; so that in taking a servant into the family is not only a question of wages and board, but of waste.

BASIS OF THESE ESTIMATES

IT must be understood that in getting at estimates the places used for basis were Philadelphia, New York and Boston. The suburbs of Boston afford delightful homes to the people of limited means as well as to the rich. Philadelphia has in her city limits and her suburbs small houses that come within the limits of people of small means. New York can only offer flats, or a long trip out of town, and not always through a pleasant region. All through the old parts of New York City there are spots where one now and then finds a small house, or some roomy old mansion changed into two or three flats. Some of these are charming; so desirable, indeed, that people who secure them remain in them indefinitely. The elevated roads make it possible to live in the upper part of New York without any great inconvenience or hardship. Harlem is reached by elevated and surface roads and the suburbs beyond have frequent trains from the Grand Central Station. The cost of provisions is slightly in advance of those at the down-town markets, making the expense of the table a trifle more than if one live down town.

It may be thought strange that I have not appropriated any sum for religious purposes. Each one must decide for himself in this matter. Even in fine churches it is possible to get seats at a moderate price. Although a young couple have no deep religious feelings, they should decide upon a religious home. Their influence for good depends somewhat upon the example they set in this particular.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Parloa's second article on "The Division of the Family Income" will appear in the next (March) JOURNAL and will discuss the "Choice of a Home," "Pleasures of Hospitality," "Homes That Really are Homes," and the incidental taxes upon an income which repairs, moving, breakage and extra service entail.

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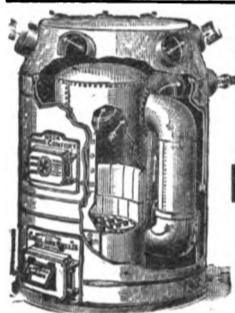
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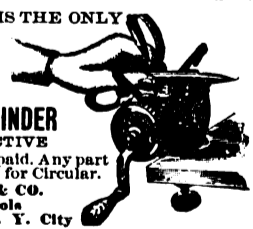
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HER LETTER AND MY ANSWER

By Ruth Asbmore

HIS is her letter:

TIt has become necessary for me to earn my own living. I have been delicately reared and well educated, but I am not very strong physically. People say I am pretty. From my earliest childhood I have had a great desire to go on the stage. I think of making it my life work. What would you advise me to do?"

My answer is this: Take up any honest employment in preference to becoming an actress. You come from the South, where women are tenderly brought up, where great care is taken of their surroundings, of the mode of speech used to them, and where consideration is the keynote of a man's attitude to women. You are imaginative and ambitious, you believe in yourself, and although you have in a vague way a slight idea of the temptations of the stage, you think you are strong enough to withstand them. Suppose you did, suppose you were as pure as snow, you would not escape calumny. Do you think that your work would be sufficient reward for the innuendoes, the shrugs, and, in many instances, the outspoken words of contempt? I am going to speak to you very plainly. I am going to tell you what I know to be true, because I have many friends on the stage, and yet among them there is not one to whom, when I have put the question: "If you had our life to go over would you go on the stage?" has not answered "No; most positively no."

THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS

WHAT is the life of an actress? Unlike every other woman she has no home, for in this great country there are not more than five or six stock companies, and naturally the number of actors in them is limited. A woman wants the protective influence, the regular living and the deferences paid to moral laws only possible in an established place of living. To-day you are in the north, next week in the south, the week after in the west, and you never have the time to make for yourself an abiding place, to surround yourself with friends, or to think about the advisability of living regularly. You arrive in a strange town at three o'clock in the morning; the advance agent has not notified you about the hotels, and it is possible that if you wish to go to a respectable one you have to pay more than you can afford, because you cannot take any chances at that time in the morning. In a large city there may be a hotel carriage, or a cab at the station, in a small one you may look about in vain for any such accommodation. You have no maid: shall you go hunting for a hotel in a strange place by yourself? Some man in the company who sees your plight kindly takes your bag, goes to the hotel with you, speaks to the clerk about your room. As you say good-night you thank him, oh! so heartily, and as you lay your head on your pillow you think to yourself how untrue it is that actors are not gentlemen. The days go on, the kindness continues, for it is meant as kindness; you know, poor little soul, that you are going to be looked after, and after a while, quite unconsciously, you rely on this care. Very soon you and he are calling each other by your first names, then one night when you go back to the hotel tired and hungry your escort suggests that he buy some supper, bring it to your room and you have it together. You are very particular to keep your door open, and it is all proper. But just stop and think, my dear little girl; the end is always disastrous, it is the first little step that counts. What is the end of it? Think it out for yourself.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS

YOU think it will not be different from any other, but it will, and it is. It seems to cause the growth of envy, and a good deal of uncharitableness. Your friend of yesterday, when you wondered how you would get along, is your enemy of to-day. Why? Because you had a round of applause, and a line of approbation in the morning paper. The stage director orders you at a certain time to take the centre of the stage, the leading man is indignant at your being pushed forward; he revenges himself at night by moving his face in such a way, "mugging" is the stage slang, that the audience is attracted to him, and from you. The next day he is reprimanded before the whole company, and the result of it all is that you have made a bitter enemy, innocently enough, and one who does not speak to you the entire season, but who is only too ready to speak against you. You think men do not do this off the stage? My dear, they do it on. This is not the worst. When two or three or four or five members of the theatrical profession meet, what do they talk about? The successes and failures and follies of each other, and you hear what will shock you at first, though you get to think nothing after a while of the absolute lack of reverence shown for anything that is good. The woman who tries to lead a good life is laughed at. I do not mean by this that there are not good women on the stage. But I do know that in almost every case their goodness, instead of being a subject for praise, is treated not only by the fraternity, but by the newspapers, as a subject of half scorn.

THE WAYS AND MANNERS

YOU do not expect to find stage hands with the manners and courtesy of properly trained servants, but do you expect to find the greatest familiarity existing and also to hear some profane language? "To swear like a stage carpenter" is an ordinary comparison. What effect is it going to have on you in time? It is possible you may not grow equally profane, but you will become so accustomed to it that it will no longer shock you. Long, tiresome rides, with little or no food, a lunch usually being that gotten at a railroad station, makes it easy for you to learn to take a little something to strengthen you, and after you have been assured again and again that there is no harm and a great amount of consolation in a cigarette, you try one. Who can blame you? Not I for what you do, but I am telling you this to keep you from putting yourself in a position where such temptations may come to you. Let me tell you what a manager said to me the other day. He was talking of one woman who had been in his company, and who had been discharged. On my asking him the reason, he said: "Her great charm was her womanliness. She called it personal magnetism; it was because she was such a real woman that she held an audience. Now, after two seasons on the road she may be a better actress, but she is not as attractive, she has gotten like all the rest of them, and her charm is gone." Was it her fault? I cannot say. I only know if she had been living out a more protected life she would have remained her own sweet self much longer.

THE QUESTION OF WAGES

BUT you claim that women make more money on the stage. Do they? Have you ever counted it up? Have you ever thought out the number of rich actresses? The salary offered seems large to you; there are few professions in which you would get, as a beginner, twenty-five, thirty-five or possibly fifty dollars a week. But in what other profession is the outlay so great? Few companies are on the road more than nine months during the year, many of them not that long. So even if you are re-engaged there are three months when you earn nothing at all. Then during the long, busy days of the rehearsal you receive no salary. During that time your clothes have to be gotten, and unless you have been provident and saved some money you are obliged to go in debt for them, and this means paying more for them than you would if you could give ready money. It is necessary for you when traveling to go to a respectable hotel, and these are seldom cheap; of course, in some of the large cities you may find some less expensive place, but when you are only going to be in a town for a few days you have not the time to hunt up a boarding-house. You are obliged to look well, and the wear and tear on your clothes is very hard. It is possible that one of your stage costumes is an elaborate evening dress—the average dressing-room is a dirty, uncarpeted place, that in your own home you would not offer to the lowest servant. From the dressing-room to the stage the walk is dirty and dusty, and the stage itself is too often covered by a carpet, when it has one at all, that is heavy with dust. The expensive gown is soon soiled, a new one has to be gotten, and even though you do have your gowns cleaned, this process is expensive. When the outlay is considered I do not think the average actress, the average one, remember, earns much more money than the girl who stands behind the counter in a good shop.

HOPES OF THE GIRL IN FRONT

YOU have an idea that as traveling improves most people, the going through the country will do the same for you. How many actresses know anything about the places where they have been? Thoroughly tired out after the night's performance they sleep until late the next day, and then, if there is not a rehearsal, seem to find more pleasure in staying in their rooms, reading or playing cards until it is time to go to the theatre again. Too often all they know about a place is the distance from the station to the hotel and from the hotel to the theatre itself. I am not stating this as a surmise; I absolutely know it to be true. The life inclines one to indolence, and the thought of going out to take a walk or to see the places of interest never seems to enter the head of the average actress. You think she talks well and is versatile. She talks easily—her profession has given her control of words; it is to her advantage to be able to sing a little, play a little and dance well, but most of her accomplishments are superficial. She has neither the time nor the inclination to take up studies, or to think out questions that are not of immediate use to her.

You had hoped by going to that well of English undefiled, the works of Shakespeare, to improve yourself so much mentally, that you would stand out as an intellectual woman as well as an actress. My dear child, the average actress in reading Shakespeare looks for the "business" that it will give and does not trouble herself about the meaning of the words, or the subtlety of the character as painted by the great writer. After you have been laughed at, you will in a little while get like the rest of them, for, as on the stage, you imitate somebody else, so off it, you unconsciously exercise your mimetic power.

THE ACTRESS AND THE WOMAN

YOU think I am severe. You think that you can live your own life as you wish it without giving a thought to the people about you. My child, this is impossible. Unconsciously, we are impressed by our environment, and people with whom we are thrown in contact, day by day, are each doing something for or against us. They may never know it. I do not like to think any human being would willfully set a bad example, and yet the mere lives of some people make the difference between good and evil seem less. You imagine you can keep to yourself. You might if you were the star of the company, but as you are not, as you dress in the room with some one else, you are forced, if only for your own comfort, to be civil to all those around you. And civility and familiarity are almost synonymous back of the footlights. A very curious habit increases this familiarity—somebody wants a little rouge, somebody wants a little powder; "would you mind lending a pair of stockings to somebody else?" At first you resent this lack of recognition as to mine and thine, but after a while you get to be like the rest.

At first—and now I am going to say something, that because I am a woman I can say—at first, you bit your lip and blushed at the freedom with which words were used—words that you had never heard before; you lost your opportunity to stop such conversation when it began, and you will be surprised to discover later on, how first you listen and then indulge in it yourself. I do not know why it is, that back of the painted curtain there seems to crop up, like weeds, most of the small vices. You cannot get out of it by isolating yourself. I will prove this by telling you something.

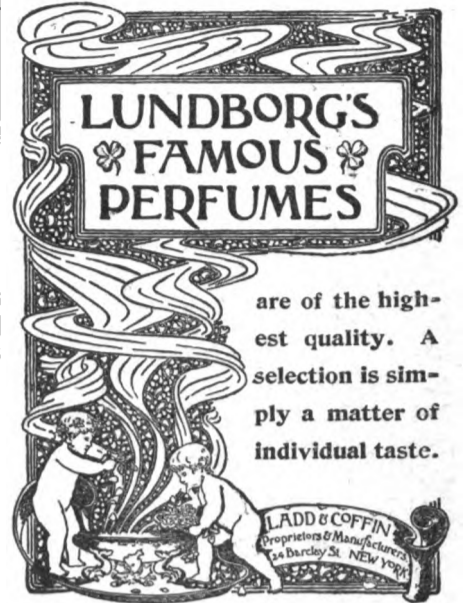
FROM PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

A WOMAN, a young woman and a pretty woman, who has managed to keep herself free from reproach, and who is a well-known actress, never mingles with the company. Between the acts she sits in her room, and after she is dressed, usually reads. When she is waiting for her cue, her maid stands beside her, and she speaks to her in French. Not one of her fellow actors ever comes near her. She bows when she meets them, and does her own work regularly and religiously. She never says one word against the people; she simply never discusses them, and the consequence is, she is one of the most thoroughly disliked women in the profession by the profession. They do not forgive her her success, and they are ready, only too ready, to find fault with her. She has told me that she knows she is credited with being disagreeable and haughty, and she adds: "I prefer they should think that, to being very popular and being forced to be one of them." Her safeguard consists in being disliked. Do you think that is pleasant? Do you think that any woman with a heart likes to know that the men and women around her do not forgive her her successes, begrudge her her happiness and are glad if she has sorrows? I cannot explain this to you. I can only say that I know it to be true, and that this dislike sometimes takes the form of acts as well as of words. You give a shrug of your pretty shoulders, and doubt this. But you have not as yet lived on the other side of the footlights, and so I will tell you something I saw myself. I went one afternoon to visit a young girl in her dressing-room; there was great excitement all around. Since the night before some one had entered the dressing-room of another actress, had taken the scissors and maliciously slit up in strips the dress which she wore in the play. There was not time to get another one. It was a peculiar dress, and she had to be out of the bill for the afternoon. I asked if they did not think somebody crazy had done it, and I was told confidentially that it was undoubtedly a member of the company, a girl who was the rival in singing and dancing of the other. It was hard to believe this, but my friend assured me it was true. It is possible that you think I am severe, my dear girl, but I want you to see the other side and to realize that the applause, the gaiety, the brightness belong to the audience, and that there is very little of it behind the curtain. Among my own friends I number women who are on the stage, good women, honest women and true women, but not one of them wishes a sister or a daughter of hers to follow in her footsteps.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

ALTHOUGH you do need to earn your own living, you think that some day Prince Charming will appear and make you his wife. Suppose he happens to be an actor, suppose you are true to each other, what kind of a life will you have? You will not in reality be a helpmate and companion to the man you love, you will only bear his name. And he? Is it surprising when you two are so far apart that he should not always make you first in his thoughts? He will be away from you many months in the year. Few managers care to employ husband and wife, so if you remain on the stage you may be in one part of the country while your husband is in another, and when the vacation time comes, you just "stay some place" until the season begins again. When you were created it was intended that you should lead the life of a woman, and living the life of a woman means having a home of your own, and making out of your life a sweet fragrance that will rise and be accepted as tribute by Him who created you. It will not be easy to do this if you lead the wandering life that the stage demands, and the very fact of your being young and pretty will tend to lessen your chance rather than to increase it. My dear, I beg of you to select any work rather than that which the stage offers you. The player's life is not calculated to bring out the virtues of a woman.

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



Boiled baby

was the preference of Charles Lamb

A lady asked him: "How do you like babies?" He replied: "Boiled, madam." This bachelor sarcasm perhaps arose from the idea of some fond parents that fine clothes make a fine baby; they don't. It is the little fellow inside of the clothes, who has only one tooth and a spectacular smile, dimpling off at the ends of his toes. Pretty dress completes the charm—as it does with everything. Even a watch should have a handsome outside; but the main point is the time it keeps. You find all this in the new, quick-winding Waterbury.

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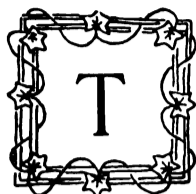
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THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF DRESS

By Isabel A. Mallon



THE woman to whom the world caters is not the millionaire, nor is she the beggar, but she is, instead, the wife or daughter of the man in medium circumstances. She wishes to look well, and she has not an enormous sum of money to

spend for this purpose. She teaches herself to be observant, and notes exactly the style of gown that is suited to her, and, by close study of the fashion illustrations, she sees how the materials in her possession can be utilized, and veritable new gowns made out of old ones. She realizes the value of exquisite cleanliness, and every speck of dust, every piece of thread is brushed off whatever is to be used. She has, to be successful in her dressing, studied what I call the practical side of dress.

WHAT FABRICS TO BUY

ONLY the woman who has plenty of money can afford to buy cheap materials; for when one has to wear a gown often the cotton will show through the wool, the linen-back velvet will grow cottony and the cheap silk flimsy and shiny. Personally, I would rather buy only one gown every two years, and have that of good material, than buy four cheap ones every year; and the reason for this is that as long as the good material holds together just so long can it be utilized, while that which is cheap and nasty soon announces its right to these adjectives, to which, if it sounds contradictory, can truthfully be added another one, expensive.

On a new gown, the woman who understands the practical side of dress does not put many trimmings. She uses, as far as possible, the material itself; and then, when the gown



MADE FROM AN OLD GOWN (Illus. No. 1)

is to be re-created, it is possible for her to add decorations of contrasting fabrics that will give it an entirely different air. In buying cloth, wool, or silk, the color which happens to be most conspicuous at the time ought not to be selected, nor should the gown be cut in a manner that is most in vogue, for that will certainly have its day, and that day will be a short one. Instead, colors that are standards, and designs that are quiet, should be chosen. Last season, and the season before, saw frocks that were the acme of simplicity. Now, every dressmaker, amateur or otherwise, knows that an undecorated frock must be made of entirely fresh material, for trimmings hide defects and look out of place where perfect simplicity obtains. This season the styles are likewise so simple that a woman who wishes to make over her frocks can compass it very easily, for she can utilize her material as seems best, and then, if she chooses, bring other and more fanciful fabrics to its assistance. The proof of the pudding is said to lie in the eating; consequently the best evidence I can give of the possibilities of the season will be in showing exactly how a gown was made over.

A NEW GOWN FROM AN OLD ONE

THE gown from which this very smart-looking dress was made (Illustration No. 1) was a dark blue cloth, having a medium full skirt and a postillion basque. The skirt, after being sponged and pressed, was entirely remade; that is, it was fitted as shown in the figure, and only the fullness, now in vogue, allowed at the back. The skirt decorations consisted of three ruffles of three-inch wide black gros-grain ribbon; the basque, after its collar was removed and the sleeves taken out, was sewed up in front and split down the back, where eyelets were worked in it so that it might be laced. The lower portion of it was let alone, and when the skirt band went over it, not only was it hidden, but if, by any chance, the belt should slip, only more blue cloth would be visible. A yoke of coarse black lace was fitted about the neck and outlined by a cape-like decoration of black velvet, said black velvet having at one time formed part of another gown, but as it was good velvet it stood steaming, and came out in first-class condition for a garniture. The sleeves are decidedly unique, the full, high puffs are of the blue cloth, the material gained from the skirt forming them; the lower part, which fits the arm, is of the black velvet, overlaid with black lace. The belt is a full Empire one of velvet, fastening in the back. With this is worn a blue felt hat decorated with two black velvet rosettes and some black tips; the gloves are of black undressed kid.

The very general use of velvet, lace or jet makes it possible to transform a very simple frock into one quite as elaborate as this appears. Of course, the economical woman has quantities of all kinds of fabrics and trimmings to turn to, but even where one has not, there need only be spent a small amount of money to get a new fabric to go with the old one, for it may always be taken for granted that the old is possible for the skirt. Almost all of the skirts are made to wear with round waists, and for that reason the girdle becomes a matter of great importance, and whether it is full or plain, pointed or straight, narrow or wide must, of course, be decided by the figure of the wearer.

POSSIBILITIES OF A BLACK GOWN

ALL of us, that is, all of us who are wise, possess a black gown. Of course, as long as possible, it is worn in its dead blackness, but there comes a time when it is united with something else, and appears as a combination. Such a time in its history is pictured at Illustration No. 2. The skirt is one of black camel's hair that, having been taken all apart and freshened, is remade in the received Empire style. The bodice, for which new material is gotten, is a soft, full blouse or plaid silk, showing in its colors black, golden brown and bright red; over this is arranged a square Zouave jacket of brown velvet, edged with a band of brown fur. The sleeves, rather full, not extravagantly so, are of the velvet, shaping to the wrist, where they have as a finish a band of fur. A somewhat narrow belt of brown velvet is worn, and it is fitted close in to the figure. About the throat, over the silk collar, is a cravat of mink fur. The gloves are of tan undressed kid, and a mink muff is carried. The bonnet is of brown velvet, bent in soft curves, with a mink's head on one side and loops of black ribbon just above it. The ties are of black velvet ribbon, and are fastened up at each side with glittering pins.

If it were preferred, the blouse could be of plain, rather than plaid, silk, and if one were very slender, flaring epaulettes of velvet could be put on the shoulder in preference to the jacket fronts. However, the design shown is one calculated to be becoming to a woman who is a little more than fairylike in her figure. In making over a black gown, white silk can very frequently be used in combination. For instance, instead of the full blouse, a flat silk waistcoat may be introduced, and the jacket fronts may be of black velvet, while the sleeves may have black velvet puffs, with deep white cuffs, overlaid with coarse black lace or passementerie; or, if one has it, handsome cut jet will show to good advantage against the white background. I said "handsome jet" because cheap jet against this ground will simply show what it is, and look tawdry and mean.



ELEGANCE AND ECONOMY (Illus. No. 2)

her own household and her own wardrobe, who can afford to give, and give generously. To achieve a good effect in one's toilette, at a comparatively slight expense, is a pleasure to most women, and usually evokes, as it should, the admiration of most men. And yet the mind of a man is sufficiently practical in its workings to see the value of buying good materials to begin with. I want the general woman to learn to think about these things in the right way. I want her to look always well dressed, and yet I do not want to think



HARMONY OF CLOTH AND VELVET (Illus. No. 3)

that all of her money goes to pay for her clothes, and that because she does not understand the practical side of dress she cannot make as good an appearance as the woman who knows how to spend her money judiciously, and to utilize her materials effectively.

USES OF VELVET

THEY are many. And the wise woman does not throw away even the small and somewhat worn pieces of velvet that remain after she has gotten from a coat or frock all of it that she wants. A French fancy and, by-the-by, a very sensible one, makes the use of the velvet pieces possible. This fancy is the having a scant ruffle of velvet on the inside of the skirt: the ruffle is cut on the bias, and is about three inches deep, and gives the whole gown an air of decided elegance. For this ruffle, velvet that has been worn may be pieced together, and if it be carefully done, and the ruffle sewed daintily in position, you will be surprised to find how good a result is obtained.

CLOTH AND VELVET IN HARMONY

THE costume here shown (Illustration No. 3) is a mixed cheviot, the bodice having been originally made as the simplest of basques. In the design the fine plaid shows blue, black and light brown lines on a creamy background. The skirt is quite plain, the bodice is hooked straight down from the bust line to the end of its point, a narrow, double piping of blue velvet being on each side; above the line are broad revers of blue velvet that show between them a blue cloth waistcoat with tiny white figures upon it. The high collar is of the same material. The sleeves are of cloth, full on the upper part, while shaping into the lower part of the arm, a narrow blue velvet cuff being at the wrist. A girdle of blue velvet ribbon starts from each side, and is knotted just in front, the long ends falling far down on the skirt.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

I CANNOT but urge again, as I have so many times before, the necessity of carefully keeping velvets, laces or whatever may be taken off a gown when it is undergoing the ripping process. I see no economy in keeping worn or soiled linings, but I do see the advantage of keeping, until they are called for, all the pretty decorations that cost so much, and which, with care, may be used so many times. American women are learning slowly, but surely, that economy and stinginess are not synonymous, and it is the economical woman, the one who looks well after

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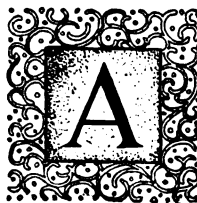


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THE BEST READING FOR CHILDREN

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil



ALMOST all children love a story. They will listen entranced to one they have heard a hundred times before, seeming to find a distinct pleasure in the very fact of the repetition. This trait of childhood has been compared to the eagerness with which we listen to a familiar strain of music, experiencing fresh delight every time it falls upon our ears. If one note is altered, or one chord omitted, it spoils the melody for us. We all know the dissatisfied feeling with which we hear the words of a favorite hymn sung to some unfamiliar air. There is an unpleasant shock of surprise, and an involuntary mental protest, as if a dear friend had addressed us in a voice not his own. It is a little wearying to the elders to be obliged to repeat the same thing indefinitely for the benefit of their youthful audience, but these severe critics show no mercy. Every incident must be given with unerring fidelity to the original. The celebrated comedian, Foote, when he was reproached for forgetting some lines of the "Beggars' Opera," on the one hundred and first night of its performance, replied: "A man cannot be expected to remember a thing forever." But if the patient mother, a little worn with the monotony of the often told tale, ventures to vary it she is speedily brought to book with: "No, mother, that's not right; it's so and so." No wanderings from the beaten path are allowed; the auditors are quick to detect and resent any departure from it. Comparing their feelings with our own in the case of music we can understand and sympathize with this apparent unreasonableness.

THE wise mother will take advantage of this idiosyncrasy to teach her children, without their suspecting that they are learning lessons. The charm of "Little Red Riding Hood" and "The Three Bears" may be equaled by true stories of the wonders that lie all about us. These have revealed themselves to many patient, sympathetic observers who have recorded their observations for our benefit, so that we have only to profit by their labors. The fairyland of science has domains as fascinating as anything in the realms of fiction. Why not make the children free of it? Tell them of the habits of birds and plants and animals, of the wonderful snow crystals and the black diamonds of the coal. It is not difficult to begin, it is only difficult to know where to stop; the supply of subjects is inexhaustible. As we watch the development of the active, intelligent minds we feel the importance of supplying them with food that shall nourish as well as amuse them. It seems a pity that the retentive memories, on which it is now so easy to make an indelible impression, should not have imprinted upon them facts of real interest and value. These may be told at first in the simplest language, and illustrated by reference to familiar things. Children are full of curiosity, all their surroundings are new and strange. They are constantly asking questions and inquiring into the reason of everything that strikes them as being unusual. They should receive intelligent answers; explanations that will satisfy them as far as possible, when the subject is really beyond their grasp. Nothing is more exasperating to the inquiring mind than to be told, "You cannot understand that now, you must wait until you are older," or given one of the other time-honored excuses that serve to conceal the ignorance of the elders.

WE can all recall this baffled feeling with sufficient distinctness to make us wish to spare the children under our care a similar experience. An attempt should be made to solve the problem, or explain the phenomenon, that is puzzling them in a way that is suited to their childish capacity. Even if they catch only a glimmer of the real meaning much has been gained. They feel intuitively, although they cannot formulate their thoughts, that they have been treated as reasonable beings. The habit of inquiry, of seeking for knowledge, is encouraged instead of being rudely checked. The eager interest in all about them, the intense desire to know, which characterizes so many children, should be cultivated, guided into proper channels instead of being repressed by indifference or ridicule. When this interest is languid it should be stimulated, this is the fundamental idea of the kindergarten method. The child is taught to observe, to exercise his own powers, to prove his own ability to see and do. This training should be commenced at home; it can hardly be begun too early, and as the child grows mentally the mother must keep pace with his demands. It is tiresome to answer so many questions, particularly when one is not very sure of the right answers and has to take some trouble to find them. Busy mothers with hearts and hands over filled with the cares and labors of the day may feel it almost too great a task upon them. It is easy to say: "Let something else go," but we know that many of the imperative claims cannot be neglected without destroying the comfort of the home. Still, the effort must be made, for what the children learn in these early days is seldom forgotten, and it is the duty of both parents to see that it is something worth remembering.

EVENING brings a little leisure, even to the busiest; if the mother can devote ten or fifteen minutes to talking with the children, or reading to them at bedtime, she will accomplish a good deal in the course of a year. If this habit can be kept up, choosing always the best books, a love for good literature will be established. Boys who have shared in the stirring scenes through which Mr. Henty conducts his boy heroes, or Howard Pyle leads his, will have their love for adventure so fully satisfied they will not crave the unhealthy stimulus of "The Five-Cent Library." Girls who have lived with "Little Women," or wept over "The Story of a Short Life" will not be attracted by sensational romances.

MANY mothers desire assistance in choosing books that will tempt their children and help them to train the minds that are unfolding day by day beside them. There is such a multitude of useful and fascinating ones to recommend that the only difficulty is to know where to begin. The price of each book here given has been added, because this is often an important factor in the choice, and in order to make this article have in every respect the sense of completeness. Naturally, the books here referred to have been chosen from many sources, and these may not be accessible to the average mother. For this reason—and simply for her convenience—I have been privileged to say that the Book Department of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will undertake to secure any book here mentioned at the prices given; there will be no charge for forwarding or postage. As a book of general reference "The Young Folks' Cyclopedia of Common Things," is very valuable, and can be made a constant source of pleasure to the young. The work is in three volumes, price \$2.50 per volume. "The Story Mother Nature Told Her Children," by Jane Andrews, price 75 cents, is another excellent book. "What Shall We Talk About?" price \$1.00, includes stories about animal life, as well as simple scientific facts. "The Fairy Land of Science," by Arabella Buckley, price \$1.50, is a charming book on natural science. "Gleanings in Science," by Gerald Melloy, price \$1.75, is a series of lectures on electricity, etc., that are very interesting to older children, as is "Light Science for Leisure Hours," by Richard A. Proctor, at the same price. "The Illustrated Library of Wonders" contains many fascinating books. There are three series: "The Wonders of Man and Nature," "The Wonders of Science," and "The Wonders of Art and Archaeology"; the price is \$1.00 per volume, and they are admirable for older children. They include such subjects as the wonders of Heat, Optics, Acoustics, Water and Thunder and Lightning; the Wonders of Glass Making, of Architecture, of Engraving and Sculpture; "Egypt 3,300 Years Ago," "The Wonders of Pompeii," of European Art and Italian Art. Each volume is complete in itself. The price is \$1.00 per volume.

CHILDREN are always interested in the stars. "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" is a popular nursery rhyme, and when they discover that the "diamonds in the sky" are worlds, they are eager to learn more about them. Agnes Gibberne's "Sun, Moon and Stars," price \$1.25, and later "The Sun," "The Wonders of the Moon," "Meteors, Aerolites, Storms and Atmospheric Phenomena," in the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," will help to satisfy this curiosity; price \$1.00 per volume. "Through Magic Glasses," by Arabella Buckley, price \$1.50, shows the wonders that may be seen through the telescope and microscope. The mother who wishes to tell her children the mythological stories connected with the different constellations, will find the material in Smith's "Smaller Classical Dictionary." Fairy tales appeal to the love of the marvelous which is inherent in most children. A few do not appreciate them, but it is usually those whose imaginative faculties need cultivating, and if the stories are judiciously chosen, their charm will assert itself in time. After the nursery legends are outgrown, there is nothing better than two volumes from the "Classics for Children" series, "Æsop's Fables," illustrated, price 50 cents, and Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales," price 45 cents. Next may come Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," price 50 cents; Grimm's "Household Fairy Tales," price 45 cents. "English Fairy Tales," collected by Joseph Jacobs, price \$1.75; "Norse Stories," by Hamilton W. Mabie, price \$1.00; Andrew Lang's Blue and Red Fairy Books, price \$2.00 each. Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Old-Fashioned Fairy Book," price \$1.25, and Frank Stockton's "Ting-a-Ling Tales," price \$1.00. "The Arabian Nights," by Edward Everett Hale, price 60 cents, leaves nothing to be desired in the presentation of these immortal tales. Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," price \$2.50, gives the familiar mythological stories. Charles Lamb's "Adventures of Ulysses," price 40 cents, and de la Motte Fouque's "Undine," "Sintram," and "Paul and Virginia," bound in one volume, price 75 cents, in the Modern Classics Series, should be read by the older children. Mrs. Whitney's delightful "Mother Goose for Grown Folks," price \$1.50, is inimitable in its way. Some of F. Anstey's droll stories, "Vice Versa," price \$1.00, for instance, are thoroughly enjoyed by children of a larger growth.

WHEN there is an aptitude for any branch of science, or natural history, it should be encouraged to the utmost. Children love to make collections; anything that they can see and handle, invariably appeals to them. Flowers, leaves, grasses, ferns, butterflies, moths, beetles, any natural object that will rouse their interest and stimulate it into enthusiasm, may be utilized in this way. "The Fairy Land of Flowers," by Maria L. Pratt, price \$1.00, is an excellent introduction to the study of botany for the little ones. "Little Flower People," price 50 cents, by Gertrude E. Hale, is another book they will like. Gray's "How Plants Grow," price 90 cents, is an excellent successor to these. Rocks and stones are not as attractive as leaves and flowers, yet geology can be made interesting to children if it is presented to them in a picturesque way. "The Earth in Past Ages," by Sophia Herrick, price 75 cents, tells the story of the action of fire, ice, water and air in making Mother Earth what she is. "The First Book in Geology," by N. S. Shaler, price \$1.35, describes the same period very attractively. "Madam How and Lady Why," by Charles Kingsley, price 70 cents, has special reference to volcanoes, coral reefs, etc. "Town Geology," by the same author, price \$1.50, and "Coal and the Coal Mines," by Homer Greene, price 75 cents, are helpful.

LIVING creatures, whether birds, insects or animals, are of absorbing interest to children when once their attention is directed to them. The wonderful facts that can be told about them are as enchanting as any fairy tale. The only difficulty is to choose between the books that will help the mother in her task of telling them. "Four Feet, Two Feet and No Feet," by Laura E. Richards, illustrated, price \$1.75, begins with the simplest lessons. "Little Folks in Feathers and Fur," by Olive Thorne Miller, price \$1.75, and "Queer Little People," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, price \$1.25, are stories about animals and insects that delight the younger children. "Popular Natural History," by the Rev. J. G. Wood, price 75 cents, is a most entertaining book. "Marvels of Animal Life," by Charles F. Holder, price \$1.75, describes some strange creatures, and tells of his own adventures while pursuing them. "The Ivory King," by the same author, is a charming book about elephants, and "Living Lights" is an account of phosphorescent animals and vegetables; the three volumes together cost \$5.00. "Animal Intelligence," by George J. Romanes, price \$1.75, is a book for older readers, but the mother can gather from it many facts of interest to relate to the children.

THE study of birds is particularly fascinating, because they are so attractive in themselves. "Our Feathered Friends," price \$1.25, is a good introduction to it. "Our Common Birds and How to Know Them," by John B. Grant, price \$1.50, is an accurate description by which they may be recognized; and "Birds Through an Opera-Glass," price 75 cents, describes an interesting and profitable way of studying them which has proved to be practicable. "Egg Check List and Key to Nests and Eggs of North American Birds," by O. Davie, price \$1.00, is an excellent book for reference. Insect life is full of interest to children when it is properly explained to them. Here too, there is an embarrassment of riches in the literature, so many charming books have been written about them. "Fairy Frisquet," by C. M. Tucker, price 80 cents, is a story of the habits and lives of insects, intended for little children. "A World of Little People" treats of ants and bees; the price is 75 cents. "Among the Moths and Butterflies," by Julia P. Ballard, price \$1.50 is beautifully illustrated, and accurate as well as interesting. "Little People," by Stella L. Hook, price \$1.50, is also illustrated, and is most entertaining. "Tenants of an Old Farm," by Howard C. M. Cook, price \$1.50, describes spiders and other insects that inhabit such regions, and is a very delightful book. "Up and Down the Brooks," by Mary L. Bamford, price 75 cents, tells of frogs, water-lizards and other inhabitants of the water world. "An Introduction to Entomology," by A. B. Comstock, price \$2.00, and "Entomology for Beginners," by A. S. Packard, price \$1.75, are rather more formally scientific. The mother will find Sir John Lubbock's "Ants, Bees and Wasps," price \$2.00, a book of absorbing interest for her own reading in this connection.

PROFESSOR G. STANLEY HALL recently examined a large number of children old enough to enter school. He found that ninety per cent. of the whole had no idea of the situation of the heart or the ribs, and eighty-one per cent. knew nothing about the lungs. Children should be taught something of the structure of their own wonderful bodies, and how to take care of them as they grow older. "Physiology for Little Folks," price 50 cents, by Albert F. Blaisdell, is an excellent introduction to the study, to be followed by "Our Bodies and How We Live," price 75 cents, by the same author. "The New Physiology," by Worthington Hooker, M. D., has admirable illustrations, and explains the processes of digestion, circulation, etc., most clearly and in sufficient detail; price \$1.60. "The History of a Mouthful of Bread," by Jean Macé, price \$1.75, is letters translated from the French, describing the effects of food and the changes it undergoes before it can be absorbed by the tissues of the body.

The wise mother will use books as a means of stimulating her children to use their own faculties and powers of observation. One fact that a child observes and verifies is of more value from an educational point of view than ten which he receives on hearsay. When a child is given information he should be encouraged to repeat it in his own words. It is not really his until he can re-tell it in his own fashion.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Scovil's former column of "Mothers' Council," hereafter to be treated under the title of "Suggestions for Mothers," will be found on Page 34 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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A SET OF DRAWN-WORK DOILIES

By Mrs. Barnes-Bruce

THE art of drawn-work is one which in its simplest forms, at least, should be included among the useful accomplishments to be acquired during the progress of every young woman's education. If, after leaving school, or in later life, she should be fortunate enough in our busy age either to have the leisure or to be able to make the time to devote to the finer and more elaborate branches of this exquisite

used, if desired, for finger-bowl doilies or other fine work which is required to be very sleek and gauzy in effect. As a matter of fact it is wiser, with the view of obtaining great delicacy, however, to withdraw more threads and by introducing a delicate tracery of open-work stitches to give the requisite lace-like texture. The patterns should be worked in nuns' thread, either white or ecru, the latter being very much liked as giving a certain richness of effect and emphasizing the design very prettily. White embroidery silk is much used, and is greatly in favor with its admirers, but the work, although effective, is not nearly so durable as when worked entirely in thread; neither is it, as is very justly asserted on the other hand, nearly so suitable for the purpose, being entirely a modern innovation and scarcely a desirable one.

The process of drawing the threads is naturally of considerable importance. Contrary to the advice so frequently given, I always suggest that the threads should not be counted for this operation, but that, instead, the spaces should be measured with the utmost accuracy. Most designs seen by a worker can be adapted to any required use and made finer or coarser, according to taste, it only being necessary to carefully calculate and space out the whole design before commencing to actually draw the threads. A great many designs are built up on squares, equal or unequal in size, as the case may be, giving as a foundation for the pattern groups of threads, open spaces and solid squares of the linen itself. In others, again, as in the case of Nos. 4 and 6 of the doilies illustrated on this page, the greater number of the threads are altogether withdrawn, leaving the very slightest foundation possible whereupon to form the design. Where so much work is not considered necessary nor desirable, a more or less elaborate border design is used for the decoration of doilies, sometimes the centre of plain linen left being of considerable size, but sometimes so small that the choice of this form for the pattern is obviously rather to enhance the design than to economize work, more especially as such cases handsome and elaborate borders are frequently chosen, involving infinitely more labor than the all-over patterns shown upon this page. Since each piece is separately wrought by hand, no two designs in a set of doilies should ever be made alike, but the variety of stitches introduced need only be limited by the ingenuity of the worker, provided the general proportions as to size are preserved throughout the same set. The doilies pictured here measure seven inches and a half when finished, including the fringe, which is an inch and a quarter deep. This, leaving a quarter of an inch for the narrow border of feather-stitching, gives four inches and a half for the central portion containing each individual design.

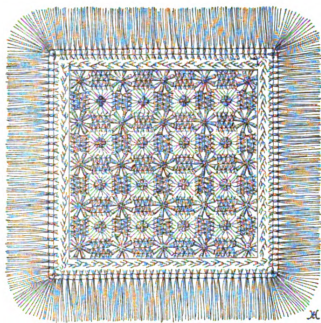
The threads being cut and withdrawn, it is necessary to preserve the raw edges from raveling as quickly as possible, by means either of buttonholing, or with an over-and-over stitch in the thread to be used in working the design. If the latter method is chosen it is well to insert two or three threads as a cording to give sufficient firmness to the edges. The forming of the pattern is commenced by putting in all the diagonal threads, securing them firmly at the requisite points by means of the knot-stitch, which is justly termed the foundation of all drawn-work, and should, therefore, be diligently practiced by the beginner until great facility is acquired in making it evenly and firmly. The method is simply to pass the needle under the threads to be tied, afterward looping the working threads around the needle, which is then drawn through to fasten the knot securely in place. The operation sounds easy, the operation looks absurdly simple in the hands of an expert, and the pupil will find that having once thoroughly mastered this process of tying the threads firmly and accurately in position the success of the work henceforth will simply depend upon the patient perseverance of the needlewoman, and her skill in copying or adapting designs. In order to do the work properly, it must be stretched, various methods being adopted, according to the size and style of the piece in hand. In many cases the embroidery hoop, to be procured from any dealer in materials for art needlework, will be found to answer the purpose. A sufficiently firm frame can be improvised for a small piece of work from a stiff sheet of cardboard, or even by cutting up and making use of the lid of a strong paste-board box, but a woman who is likely to do much of this kind of work will be wise to procure one or more of the regular embroidery frames, which can be adjusted to any size desired by means of movable pins. For a very large piece a portion of the work only may be prepared and stretched at first, and then when

finished, this can be taken off, the linen stretched and the pattern continued. Judgment must be exercised as to how many of the threads shall be cut and withdrawn before the work is begun. In some patterns it is best, after marking out the pattern, perhaps by the drawing of single threads in various directions, to only cut and draw out the main threads little by little, securing them and working in at least the principal lines of the design gradually as the work progresses. In very elaborate and complicated border and other designs, it would otherwise be impossible to prevent the work from becoming pulled irretrievably out of shape. The majority of the fancy or lace stitches used are simply made by passing the working thread in and out the

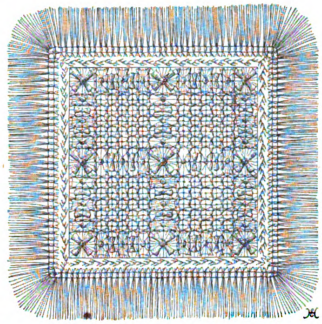


NUMBER ONE

handicraft, she will find herself capable, if possessed of the requisite taste and imagination, of making out for herself, and gradually learning to create the most beautiful and intricate designs when once the rudiments of the art are learned, its first principles being mastered by the understanding and dexterity in the simpler stitches acquired by the fingers. For those who desire to learn without the aid of personal instruction, the best possible method in the beginning is to procure some good samples of drawn-work, and to copy them. As soon as some amount of practice and experience has been gained, it will be found that ideas for new designs, and for the elaboration of those already known, will be suggested constantly to the mind, and particularly in studying good specimens not only of old or modern drawn-work, but also of all kinds of lace-work, adapting the stitches and patterns to one's own requirements. For this object, photographs or other illustrations of fine needlework will also prove helpful, provided the artist has, as before indicated, already sufficient knowledge to enable her to make use of them with judgment and discrimination. The term drawn-work covers all kinds of work of which the foundation is the drawing of threads, whether the pattern be rendered merely by the knotting of the remaining threads in various devices, or whether they be made the foundation of the most elaborate designs in darning, lace, or any fancy stitches.

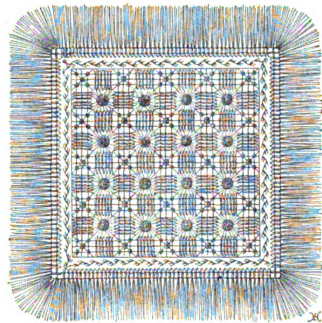


NUMBER TWO



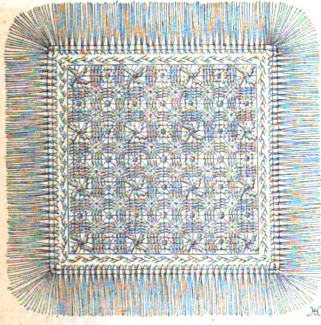
NUMBER FOUR

single threads or strands, either backward and forward, or around, being as a matter of fact merely the ordinary darning stitch, adapted to the various patterns required. For instance, the different stars and crosses employed in the doilies here illustrated are formed, as indicated in the drawings, solely in this manner, upon the foundation threads previously inserted. The wheels, spiders and knots are likewise so made, sometimes by simply passing the thread in and out, drawing it around in a circular fashion, and in other cases, where a more raised effect is desired for the wheels, the working thread is instead carried back and looped around each thread, this method being adopted for the rosettes, commonly termed "spiders," employed in designs Nos. 1 and 5. The prettiest finish is undoubtedly a fringe with pin-stitch heading, as shown in the illus-



NUMBER FIVE

trations. The raveling of the fringe must not be done until the rest of the work is finished. The corners should be filled in with strands of the linen withdrawn from a spare piece of the material. There need be no difficulty with a round mat; the circle should be marked carefully, then the tiny open spaces, simulating those formed in a square mat by withdrawing threads, can be forced by means of a large needle, or—but not in the finest kind of work—marked with a sewing machine by means of the unthreaded needle. Then proceed as in making the heading to an ordinary single fringe on a square mat, and finally separate the threads, which will form a handsome and thick fringe after having been carefully trimmed with a sharp pair of scissors. In order to keep it even, the size of the circle can be lightly penciled on the threads.



NUMBER THREE

Any suitable stitches or needlework devices may be legitimately employed in drawn-work. The best and really only suitable fabric for drawn-work intended for ordinary table use is a good quality of round thread linen, although the finer grades of linen lawn may be

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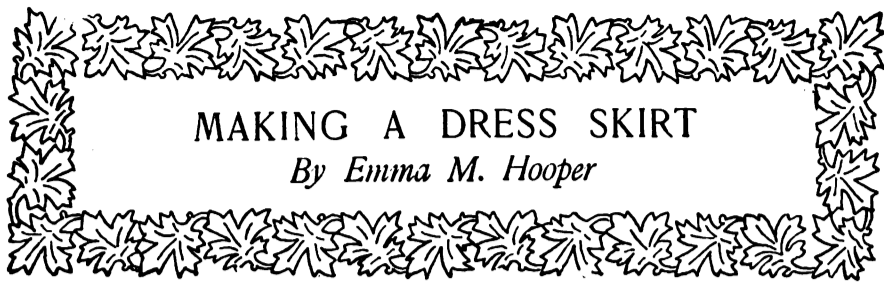
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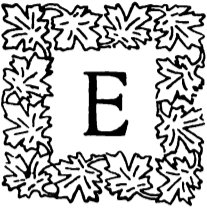
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MAKING A DRESS SKIRT

By Emma M. Hooper



EVERY one acknowledges that the making of a skirt is easier than the fitting and finishing of the waist, but at the same time to get just the right "hang" to a skirt requires art and patience. This probably accounts for the

undisputed fact that about one skirt in fifty hangs evenly, though it may be cut by a high-priced modiste, who, like her humbler sisters, rushes through with this part of the making of a gown. At present we have the genuine and modified bell skirts, the gored back design, one seam shape, Empire skirt, demi and long trains and the sensible short walking skirt that clears the floor, back and front. Walking and traveling dresses are made to clear the floor, while the visiting, church and matinee costumes have a tiny demi-train of four inches. Full reception and dinner toilettes admit of a train fully two yards long, while theatre, home, evening and semi-dress occasions require a demi-train only or the short dip of four or five inches. The immense three-yard trains are now obsolete except for Court presentation dresses and English wedding gowns, for the brides of Merrie England dearly love a long train, while the French brides are more moderate in their inclinations.

CUTTING THE SKIRT

A WALKING skirt should hang perfectly even all around, so, in order to secure this much-to-be-desired appearance, have some one take your measures from the waist line to the floor at the centre front, centre back and at the middle of each hip. This will give an inch extra length for turning up at the bottom and taking in at the belt. If you wish more than an inch between the bottom of the skirt and the floor, shorten each measure just that much. If the abdomen is remarkably prominent secure the extra length by rounding the centre front upward at the waist line, which will prevent the drawn-up or, as women generally put it, "hiked" appearance of the skirt front, which spoils any dress. Sometimes one hip is larger or lower than the other, and thus the sides cannot be cut alike. Or why not make the hips even by using a small pad of silesia and basted inside of the corsets? If totally devoid of hips this harmless addition will improve the figure, and fit of the dress as well, but like all improvements it may be carried to excess if the pads are made too large and thick, thus overheating that portion of the body. When you set out to improve nature avoid all extremes and move slowly. If a tiny bustle is worn, just sufficient to round out the figure where it invariably sinks in, allow half an inch extra length at the centre back for this, slightly rounding it up at the top edge. The placket opening is generally at the right side and should be twelve or thirteen inches deep. The pocket has become obsolete and exists only in the imagination of the newspaper "funny man" or car conductor, who have described the vain attempt of the woman of to-day in trying to find her pocketbook placed in some unknown, ungettable cavity called a pocket, which has been most successfully concealed in her skirt by the dressmaker. Personally I would not wear a dress without a pocket, and if determined to have one a way will be found of putting it in where it will prove of use; as an ornament it was never anything but unsightly and absurd.

THE SKIRT LININGS

TAFFETA and grosgrain silk, sateen, percaline, soft-finished cambric and sleazy silesia are all suitable for this purpose. The cambric is light in weight, and requires from five to six yards, according to the length and style of the skirt. Many like silesia, thinking it will wear better, but the outside is always ready for remaking before the lining is worn. Of silesia four to five yards may be needed and a yard of linen canvas—a medium quality—for the bias facing about six inches deep for the bottom, and may be had already cut bias and wound on a large roll if preferred. Velveteen is now universally used for the bottom of a skirt in place of the long-worn skirt braid, and comes in inch-wide rolls of three yards each, or may be had in quarter-of-a-yard pieces cut bias from the piece goods. As skirts are now from three yards and a half to four yards in width one roll of velveteen is not sufficient and two make it quite expensive, but it wears well and the manufacturers are busy on longer rolls that will soon be in the retail market. Skirt linings are sewed up on the machine with cotton, but the velveteen should be stitched on with silk and hemmed down with twist, as it gets a constant strain and wear. A silesia facing outside of the canvas gives a neat appearance but adds to the weight, and the lighter a skirt can be made the more comfort the wearer will certainly have. When making a skirt, baste each portion as carefully as though it were a waist, and try it on before some one having critical eyes. When you secure a perfect fitting skirt cut the pattern of it in wrapping paper and care for it zealously.

THE BELL SKIRTS

THIS design has had a long season of prosperity and is still the pattern most in demand, though it has undergone many variations since it first came out. The bias seam down the back has fallen into disfavor unless the wearer wishes a decided "dip" at that point, but the seamless back is laid in the plaits to give the same effect with the sides and front like the first bell shape. There are many excellent bell skirt patterns and my advice to the home dressmaker is to get one, apply your measures to it, alter where necessary and keep it, as you do the camphor bottle, for all emergencies. The genuine bell has the front and sides fitted by eight darts at the belt, which must be pinned upon the wearer of the skirt, making this part or it set closely, but not sufficiently tight to draw or show the shape of the leg when walking. There is a wide line between stylish and immodest dressing, even in bell skirts. The plaits at the back are thickly overlapped into the space of an inch at the top, spreading out toward the bottom, with the opening on the right side finished with a safety hook half way down to keep it from showing the lining. The side and front seams are sharply gored. The modified bell skirt is especially adapted to wear with round waists or for stout figures. The seams are gored as in the other bell, but in place of darts there are gathers fitting the front and sides to the figure, while the back width is plaited as usual or gathered into a space of three inches, using French gathers in two rows an inch apart, with one long and one short stitch alternately. The third bell has but one seam and is fashioned of goods wide enough to make up crosswise. The seam is gored or straight, is at the left side near the back, and is usually trimmed with a band of the velvet, passementerie, fur or folds that forms the finish to the bottom of the skirt, turning it at the seam and continuing it to the belt. This shape has the plaited or gathered back and the eight darts in front, fitting it to the form. The lining in all cases is cut exactly like the outside.

THE EMPIRE SKIRT

THIS pattern has become a favorite in Paris and has much of the bell effect, though looser to wear. It requires three lengths of material from forty-two to forty-six inches in width, making the bottom of the skirt from 3 1/2 to 3 3/4 yards wide. The front, as well as the back width, is perfectly straight, while each side is just half a width at the bottom and gored up each seam to a width of only three inches at the top. The front and sides are fitted with scanty gathers, and the back has the French gathers described for the bell skirts. This skirt looks especially well in light and medium weight materials, and when worn with a round or Empire waist it should escape the floor.

The so-called Watteau skirt is a bell fitted with darts or gathers in front and having the centre back in a bias seam, which is laid in a graduated box-plait three inches wide at the top and eight inches wide at the bottom; it is pressed, but not caught into shape, and forms a slight flaring dip suitable for a tiny demi-train. A new 1830 bell skirt, of English origin, measures five yards around the bottom and has a bias seam in the back, being made up crosswise of the goods, fitted with darts in front and plaits in the back, and faced up nearly half way with light-weight canvas to make it round like a bell, as were the full skirts of the 1830 period. The corset skirt is of the bell order, with darts or gathers in front, having the back laid in three round, not pressed down, box-plaits that are not over an inch and a half wide at the top and tapering to twice that width at the bottom.

PUTTING THE LINING IN

THE neatest manner of lining a skirt is naturally the most troublesome, but if the lining and outside are seamed up, put together with the raw seams meeting and caught together at the seams here and there, with the canvas facing in between, it will look like a French-finished skirt. The lower edge is turned in, one edge of the velveteen sewed in with it and the edge stitched. To do this the lining and skirt are turned wrong-side out; then turn them back and hem the velveteen down on the lining. Be careful that neither the material nor lining sag down when putting the two together. In basting or sewing seams hold the bias one toward you and ease it as you work along. The belt, which is of the dress material on the right side, must lap at the back the width of the gathers or plaits, the placket being on the side. Fasten with large bent hooks, and at the exact centre front put a few colored stitches in the belt to guide the eyes when putting the skirt on, as it should never be worn otherwise than exactly straight. Sew a loop of tape on either side by which to hang the skirt up. An easier plan or lining a skirt is to sew both materials together up each seam, then put on the bias canvas facing, sew the velveteen on the right side of the skirt, catching the three pieces of goods, turn it over, press flatly and hem it down. Turn the top edge of the canvas down and hem it to the lining. Sew a skirt protector across the back, being careful that it does not extend below the dress.

ODDS AND ENDS

SOME of the skirts worn over a round waist are simply corded at the top in place of a belt, and trimmed with a band of fur or passementerie to answer in place of an extra girle, Empire belt, etc. Changeable surah silk ruffles gathered to a narrow band, are sold at forty-eight cents a yard to sew inside of a skirt to act as a finish and protection, or what the French call a balayuse. This does not show on the outside, unless the skirt is picked up hastily, but is one of the modern ideas of luxury in the linings and finishings of a dress. These silk ruffles now take the place of the white Swiss plaitings formerly worn in evening and ball gowns. Some dress-makers advise laying skirts in a long drawer without any folding, but this is apt to wrinkle the trimming, and if they are hung with the loops on different hooks they will keep their shape and freshness, unless the closet is unduly crowded. Where the busques are also hung up it is an orderly and convenient plan to hang the busque of a costume over the skirt belonging to it. Make a pocket just large enough for a handkerchief, face it with the dress material and sew it in one of the side back seams where it will remain in oblivion until needed, but such pockets must not be crowded or they will gape open and ruin the appearance of any skirt.

SKIRT TRIMMINGS

THE garnitures of a skirt are simply legion, though they have one feature in common, as all are on the border order. Velvet lined with silk, is applied as a ruche, ruffle bias overlapping folds, and also as folds separated by a space as wide as the fold, and as a flat border. Often it is headed with passementerie or fur, or may be formed into three rolls, each as large as your little finger, which are used like the fur rolls without other trimming. Bengaline and other repped silks are used in a similar manner to velvet, and both also appear as a twist or torsade, which is of a bias piece, say nine inches wide, loosely twisted around with narrow gimp or ribbon and placed just above the bottom of the skirt. A finger roll of velvet below a soft puff of silk is another French trimming noticed. Passementerie and fur are put on alone in two or three rows, from one to two inches in width, or are used to head other trimmings of the dress material, either of silk or velvet. Fur bands, rolls and edgings appear, and fur tails of mink have been strung together to form a band trimming. Ribbon on evening dresses forms plaited frills, windmill bows, and is run in silk muslin and lace flounces at the top to draw them up, tying in a large bow where they end at the front seams, leaving the centre front untrimmed. Bias piece velvet is also used to make a bow of two loops, each three inches wide and six inches long when doubled, and a knot, which is used where flounces end and also to head ruffles, etc., arranging the loops upward and outspreading. Trimmings of the material of the dress are made into a two-inch box-plaiting headed by two bias folds, a cluster of three bias doubled overlapping folds, each an inch wide when done, or may form a finger roll at the top of contrasting folds. Bias folds an inch wide are stitched down and piped with velvet, braid or silk on mixed goods, and some fancy woolen and silk braids have appeared on tailor-like gowns. In any case the skirts of all costumes are trimmed.

TRAINED SKIRTS

A LONG or demi-trained skirt is lined and finished in the manner described before this. Long trains must have a silk balayuse and a deep interlining half way up of canvas, or better still of cross-barred crinoline, which gives the stiffness without the weight of canvas. The full trains for very ceremonious occasions, are trimmed independently of the front of the skirt, or to correspond with it. Full trains require four widths of silk, which are gathered to the belt, or nowadays, the two centre ones often are extended to the top of the low neck, whence they fall in Watteau plaits or gathers. Demi-trains, like longer ones, are cut rounding on the lower edge. The trains of white satin wedding dresses, if the silk is of an inferior quality, are lined with a light weight of Canton flannel between the silk and cotton lining to give them a rich appearance. A stylish demi-train lies on the floor from twelve to eighteen inches.

OTHER SKIRT DESIGNS

THE latest gored design has eight or ten gores, fitting the front and sides without darts or gathers and leaving only a little fullness at the back, which is gathered into a small space of three to four inches, depending upon the breadth of the figure. The gored skirt may be made to clear the floor or to trail slightly in the back, but the effect remains the same—to make the figure look taller and more slender. This is a remarkably becoming model for short or stout figures, and cuts with excellent effect when of a brocaded or plain stripe, making V's or chevrons at each seam. The trimming should be a flat passementerie or border of fur, placed on the seams from two to three on either side of the centre front. In some cases the trimming is down only the first side seam, with a trimming around the bottom of the skirt to the seams, but a border only all around the skirt is not to be put upon such a shape. The seamless skirt is made without any shaping, except from eight darts across the front and sides; the goods are sufficiently wide to make up crosswise, and the end crosses the back and laps slightly over on the left side, with gathers at the centre back of the belt. The trimming should form a border all around the bottom and turn at the lapped end, continuing up to the belt. The lining is shaped like the outside, only need not lap over on the left side. Some very elegant costumes have the skirts trimmed with a fur roll on the edge, headed with passementerie from one to three inches in width. Narrow gored fronts, and vests to correspond, of a contrasting material, will be next in order.

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SOME TYPES IN DRESS

By Isabel A. Mallon

It has always been a favorite cry of the dress reformer that Fashion and Nature do not go hand in hand. This is not true. Any woman who troubles herself to think out the gowns of other people will very soon discover that the nature of the woman and her surroundings express themselves in the dress she wears quite as much as in her manner of speech. There is a type of woman so positively erect, so absolutely exact, that nothing appeals to her but the severe simplicity of the tailor-made gown, and for her opposite there is the woman whose every line is grace, and who, because it is quite natural, wears soft, full draperies, finds pleasure in the pile of velvet, the fluff of fur, the shimmer of silk, and the web of lace. Each but expresses herself in her mode of gowning, and all the art in the world could not make the one at ease in an elaborate dress, nor the other in a severe toilette.

Fashion just now caters to each and every taste, but always with the proviso that the gown suit the woman, that it be of good stuff and properly made, so each type may wear just what she pleases. Mademoiselle, whose straight lines are her delight, may find a desirable dress in one of cloth decorated with a flat fur and yet having about it, by its broad revers and the disposition of its trimming, a distinct suggestion of some historic style.

THE DESIRABLE CLOTH GOWN

The woman who, walking through, does not like to feel burdened by her clothes, is many. She chooses, just now, the severely made tailor gown, and to her surprise she is told by the tailor himself that while the cloth gown is most proper, "we are, madame, making them a little more feminine." The tailor, by-the-by, has solved the difficulty; he has found exactly what fabrics may be put upon cloth that, while they do not take away from its individuality, yet will soften and make feminine what before seemed straight up and down. He shows her, as a most desirable dress for her, that illustrated at Figure No. 1.

THE IDEAL TAILOR DRESS

It is made of golden brown cloth, the skirt being plain across the front and falling in straight folds at the back, being, in fact, what is called an Empire skirt. Around the edge is a five-inch border of black Persian lamb. The bodice is around one of the cloth made quite smooth in the back, but being laid in soft folds in front, so that between very broad revers of black Persian lamb the cloth folds show like a vest. About the waist is a folded belt of black moiré ribbon which is in a four-loop bow at one side near the front and has two long ends that reach almost to the edge of the skirt. The high collar is of black moiré, and there is to wear outside it a cravat of the little Persian lamb himself. The sleeves are close fitting ones of the cloth, having at the top very high puffs of black moiré drawn in just above the elbows under bands of the fur. The small hat is a toque of brown cloth trimmed with black Persian, and having a bunch of black quills and loops of black velvet at the back.

The woman who delights in simplicity has it in this gown, for the revers and sleeve puffs, which really take a way from the extreme of plainness that is almost masculine, are not fluffy enough to make their wearer feel as if she were given over to trimmings and all the dainty rag-tag that delight the souls of some women and most artists. The combination of fabrics is smart, the sombre contrast of the golden brown and black is distinguished, and yet the wearer does not feel as frivolous as if she were indulging in blue and lavender, green and blue, or brightest and happiest of contrasts—red and blue.



THE DRESSY RUSSIAN CLOAK (Illus. No. 2)

THE VERY FEMINE TYPE

That woman is feminine to her finger tips who finds keen delight in the long, rich cloak, made more elegant with trimmings of velvet and lace, or jet; who chooses to accompany it a small bonnet, and who selects as one of its adjuncts a muff in which the tiny hands may be kept warm. This woman lacks the independent air of her sister in cloth, but she seems to have gained a pretty something that makes everybody near her want to do something for her pleasure, and convinces each one who looks at her of her entire femininity. She would never be governed by isms, and yet it is just such womanly-looking women who, when the necessity comes, are equal to it, and never flinch as their stronger sisters are apt to; they do not make great demands on their strength at all times and it is ready to answer their call when required. The long cloak, rather than the jaunty jacket, is the choice of the very feminine type, for she has an idea that it protects her not only from the material cold winds, but from the mental ones.

THE DRESSY RUSSIAN CLOAK

As she starts out to pay visits, or to go to a matinee. The gown under her long cloak is a very simple one of black silk, kept especially for wear of this sort because nothing about it is crushed by the outer garment. The cloak itself is of very heavy black velvet made with a deep yoke, from which it falls rather full in the back, but fitted slightly to the figure in front; over the velvet and from the yoke, both in the back and front, there comes a fringe of cut jet beads which reaches close to the edge of the cloak only to touch there against the band of black ostrich tips that is the foot trimming. The sleeves are full and drawn in at the wrist under bands of cut jet; the yoke is overlaid by a guimpe of white Genoese point, a rosette of jet being high up on the left shoulder as if to hold it in position; about the throat is a band of feathers. The bonnet is a small, close-fitting one, made entirely of jet and having two rosettes of pink velvet placed just in front. Black velvet ties come from the back and are knotted under the chin. The muff is of black velvet lined with pink, and trimmed with a fan of lace and three small black tips. With every motion of the body the long jet trimming waves to and fro and rings occasionally like sweet bells in tune with their owner. Elaborate? Of course it is elaborate, but it is the type of cloak selected by the very feminine woman who loves rich belongings, and who never looks so entirely a woman as when she is robed in them. Sometimes there may be a long cloak of red or blue serge with a broad flaring collar of velvet or fur and having full sleeves, but of whatever it is, the long cloak seems always to be elaborate and to give to its wearers what people call a very distinguished air.

WHEN AT HOME

She will tell you that she adores pretty house dresses. She has a hundred ways of utilizing bits and ends of stuffs and trimmings to achieve these house dresses, but she is never quite so happy as when she really appears in an entirely new one, and it is then that she tells you that she adores house gowns, and you look at her and make up your mind that you can quite understand how easy it would be to adore her. I have an immense respect for the woman who looks pretty in her own home, and thinks that it is of the most importance for her to look well to those who care for her.

You know it is a fad of mine to believe that untidy women, ill-dressed women, and women who fail to see the necessity of catering to the home eyes, are the women who do not succeed in keeping people at home, but who drive them out to look for pastures new.

A POEM OF A DRESS

A DRESS that is a perfect poem might likewise be illustrated if its quaint richness were capable of being reproduced by the artist's brush. The petticoat is of very pale green satin, having across the front a foot border of gold passementerie. It trains just enough to be graceful, and if the train should turn in the back it will display as a balayouse a scant ruffle of pale pink velvet, which is the French dressmaker's last idea. Over this is worn a long jacket, reaching below the knees, made of pale rose and green striped satin. In the back it is arranged in a double Watteau, but



AN IDEAL TAILOR DRESS (Illus. No. 1)

The front is quite loose. A deep hem is the edge finish, the material itself being sufficiently handsome to need no trimming except about the neck; this is cut out in the round English fashion, and a fall of white lace outlines it. On the left shoulder is a rosette of green velvet ribbon, and long green velvet ribbons fall from it and are caught up under another rosette, which is on the right side near the waist line. The sleeves are full drawn in at the elbow under bands of green velvet, and have as their finish full frills of white lace that are gathered in at the wrists and caught by tiny rosettes of velvet ribbon. This gown is essentially a picturesque one, and has the great advantage that it can be made simple and inexpensive as well as costly and elaborate. As an addition to this lovely and picturesque gown, a small bonnet composed of velvet, matching that used in the dress, may be worn, showing tiny glimpses of the pale pink in the facing. The crown may be surmounted with a soft knot of velvet and tips of the green, with additional aigrettes of pale pink, or with tips alone and a handsome gold ornament. Strings of velvet ribbon should, of course, be added.

A FEW LAST WORDS

I WISH I could make all women understand how unconsciously they express themselves in what they wear, and how, if they cultivate the finer part of them, it will show itself in their gowns. A woman nowadays does not need to be beautiful, the styles of dress in vogue are so artistic that there can be no excuse for her appearing anything but attractive. Above all things, however, must she aim to be consistent in her attire, having the small belongings of her dress in accord with the larger, and remembering always, to paraphrase Thackeray the person is best dressed whose dress no one observes. Refinement may announce itself in a cotton frock, and vulgarity in a velvet one, but it is when they are worn out of place, when the velvet is cotton, or the cotton ridiculously trimmed. The woman who dresses to attract attention, and to gain the approbation of the mob, is the one who might just as well wear a ticket announcing her vanity and her lack of sense, for her clothes and her manner tell this. The woman who dresses richly and quietly, who wears the right gown at the right time and the right place, is the one who tells of her knowledge of right and wrong, of her respect for herself and the consideration she shows her friends. I use the word "elegant" when, perhaps, "suitability" would better describe what I mean, for elegance and expense are not synonymous. Just think this out, won't you, and cultivate the great art of dressing to suit your type and make yourself of so good a type that you will be cited as the best-dressed woman in the country.

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DOMESTIC HELPS AND CULINARY HINTS

Helpful Suggestions from Experienced Minds

SOME LENTEN DISHES

BY MARGARET HILL

FO make a good green pea soup boil in your farina kettle one quart of sweet milk, which thicken with one-half teaspoonful of cornstarch, and one tablespoonful of flour, mixed to a smooth paste, with a heaping tablespoonful of butter; season with a tiny piece of onion, a little white pepper and a saltspoon of salt. In another kettle have the contents of a can of green peas which have been boiled until they can be easily crushed through a colander into the boiling milk; stir all well together, and serve with tiny blocks of toasted white bread.

DELICIOUS DEVILED CRABS

BREAK the claws from twelve crabs, after having boiled them forty-five minutes. Take out the stomachs and spongy parts and pick off the meat. Stir an ounce of butter and two ounces of flour together. Heat a half pint of cream and add to it the flour and butter, stirring slowly until it forms a smooth sauce. Boil four eggs fifteen minutes, mash the yolks and make of them a thin paste with a small portion of the sauce; put into a saucepan and stir. Scatter over the crab meat a teaspoonful of salt, a grain of cayenne, a pinch of white pepper and a tablespoonful of parsley chopped fine. Clean and rinse the shells in cold water, and after filling them with the mixture add to the top a beaten egg to which has been added a tablespoonful of water, and after sprinkling with bread crumbs fry in hot lard. Care should be taken to cover the edges where the meat and shells come together. Serve garnished with parsley.

CREAMED WHITE FISH

BOIL the fish fifteen or twenty minutes, and take out the bones. Season with pepper, salt and a few drops of lemon juice. To each pint of this add a sauce made from four tablespoonfuls of butter, two of flour, a speck of cayenne pepper and a pint of rich milk in which a tiny bit of onion has been boiled. Mix the sauce with the fish gently, taking care that the flakes are not broken. Place in a baking dish, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake from twenty to thirty minutes in a hot oven.

BROILED PERCH, CREAM DRESSING

CLEAN, wash and wipe the perch, and if thick split them lengthwise. Squeeze lemon juice over them and add a sprinkling of salt and pepper and dip in melted butter. Broil at first quickly, then more slowly, allowing ten minutes for each inch of thickness. The sauce to be served with them is made by adding to creamed butter, salt, cayenne, lemon juice and vinegar. For each small fish a teaspoonful of butter will be sufficient. Season with a dash of cayenne and salt, and one-half a teaspoonful each of vinegar and lemon juice. This may be served in a little ball on a butter plate, or spread over the fish. Parsley, pickles or olives, chopped fine, may be added to the sauce.

FISH CROQUETTES

ALMOST any kind of cold fish may be used in making croquettes. Chop fine and fry brown half an onion in a tablespoonful of butter. Season a cup of white stock with salt and pepper (cayenne if desired), and add the onion, a pint of cold fish, and two eggs, stirring over the fire two minutes. When cold, shape into the croquette cones, roll in the yolks of egg and bread crumbs, and fry brown in boiling lard. When taken out of the pan lay them for a moment or two on a sheet of white paper and then with a broad-bladed knife transfer them to a platter on which a dainty fringed napkin has been laid. Garnish with parsley or cress.

SAVORY CHEESE PIE

PUT a small cup of grated cheese into a saucepan with a cup of milk and a small piece of butter. When melted, add a cup of bread crumbs, two beaten eggs and a little salt. Pour into a buttered pie plate and bake until brown.

FRICASSEE OF OYSTERS

MAKE a thick white sauce from a pint of cream and two tablespoonfuls of flour, creamed with two of butter. Season with mace, cayenne pepper and salt; to this sauce, which should be of good consistency, add two dozen oysters that have been chopped fine and scalded in their own liquor. Serve in heated paté dishes.

ESCALLOPED LOBSTER

SELECT lobsters that are rather above the medium size; plunge them in boiling water for half an hour. When cool enough to handle, split in two and remove the entrails. Cut the meat into dice, being careful to pick out all the meat from the claws. Prepare in a farina kettle a pint of rich gravy, made from equal parts of cream and milk, thickened with a heaping tablespoonful of flour, creamed with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Season well with salt, cayenne pepper and a tiny pinch of grated nutmeg. Add the lobster to the sauce thus made, place in a buttered baking dish, cover with bread crumbs. Place in a hot oven for ten minutes to brown.

GOOD WINTER DESSERTS

BY MARY P. HORSLEY

FOR baked apple dumplings use tart apples. If free from blemishes, use whole; if not, they may be sliced. Make a paste, using one quart of flour, into which two heaping teaspoonfuls of any good baking powder, or two of cream of tartar and one of soda have been sifted, one-quarter of a pound of butter or lard (or one-eighth of a pound each), adding some salt to the latter. Rub well together the flour and shortening, wet up quickly with water enough to make a stiff paste. Roll out into sheets less than half an inch thick, and cut into squares large enough to cover the apple. Put with it, before covering, a heaping teaspoonful each of butter and sugar, adding, also, three cloves to each apple. Bring the corners of the squares together, pinching them slightly. Arrange the dumplings in a baking pan, half filled with water, into which melt one-third of a teacup of butter and one teacup of sugar, seasoned with cinnamon. Do not allow the dumplings to touch in the pan, as they need room to swell. Baste frequently with the water from the pan.

BOILED APPLE DUMPLING

PREPARE your paste. Cut into squares, and fill as for baked dumplings, chopping finely the apples that they may cook more readily. Put each dumpling into a bag or cloth and tie, leaving room for it to swell. Drop the bags into boiling water, and boil steadily for an hour. Serve the dumplings hot, with sauce. A good sauce is made by mixing together butter, brown sugar and finely ground cinnamon.

APPLE MERINGUE PIE

PARE, slice thin and stew juicy apples, with about a teacup of cold water in the bottom of a kettle to prevent burning. When done, mash smoothly, sweeten to taste, and flavor slightly with lemon juice. Cover the pie plates with delicate rich paste, and fill with the apples, leaving one-quarter of an inch at the top. Bake by a steady moderate fire until the paste is brown, then fill with a meringue made from the whites of two eggs, and one light tablespoonful of sugar. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff before adding the sugar, and add a little vanilla. Return to the oven, and allow them to brown. Serve cold. The paste for the above is made as follows: One quart of flour, one-half of a pound of fresh butter, one-quarter of a pound of lard, with enough ice-cold water to make a very stiff paste. Into the sifted flour cut the lard with a broad-bladed steel knife, until the mixture is as fine as sand. Add to this just enough ice-cold water to make the paste stick sufficiently to enable you to remove it from the mixing bowl to a perfectly clean biscuit board. Roll in short, quick strokes from you. Put on one-third of the butter in bits one-quarter of an inch thick. Roll the paste up, and then flat as before, spreading on the same amount of butter. Roll up and out again, until the butter is used, lastly lining the plates with one-quarter inch sheet.

ROYAL DIPLOMATIC PUDDING

SOAK one-half box of gelatine in half a cup of cold water for two hours; to this add two-thirds of a pint of boiling water, adding the juice of one lemon, one-half pint of cider and one cup of granulated sugar, stirred together and strained through a flannel bag. Have ready two pudding moulds, one holding two and the other one quart, and wet the inside of the former with cold water, putting a layer of the jelly in the bottom, and placing the mould in a pan containing chopped ice. Sprinkle candied cherries over the jelly when hard, adding another layer of jelly over these and when this also hardens place the smaller mould which has been wet, inside the larger, filling in the space around it with alternate layers of jelly and cherries, and setting away the whole to harden, after putting chopped ice in the small mould. Soak the other half box of gelatine in half a cup of water, and after boiling one cup of milk in a double boiler beat three eggs thoroughly, adding half a cup of sugar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla, stirring this mixture into the boiling milk; when the custard begins to thicken add to it one-half pint of sweet cream whipped to a stiff froth. Remove the ice from the small mould, substituting warm water for a moment, then take out the mould and fill the space with the custard. When cold, turn all into a pretty dish and serve with whipped cream.

SOFT CUSTARD PUDDING

LINE a pudding-dish with lady-fingers or slices of sponge-cake. Make a soft custard of one quart milk, yolks of four eggs and pour over the whole; beat the whites to a stiff froth with one-half cup of fine sugar, spread over the top, set in the oven and brown slightly. The custard should be flavored with vanilla.

BAKED INDIAN MEAL PUDDING

BOIL one quart of milk, add one-half cup of cornmeal, and stir well; add one-half cup of chopped beef suet, one-half cup of molasses, half a cup of raisins, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon and one egg. Put in a pudding-dish and bake in a hot oven until brown.

USES OF PLASTER-OF-PARIS

BY NANNIE CABELL



PLASTER-OF-PARIS is a thing of very trifling cost considering the many uses to which it can be put, and the expense that its use will save.

It is not at all an uncommon event in households where lamps are used, for the brass top which is fastened on the lamp in which the burner screws, to come unfastened. With the smallest quantity of plaster-of-Paris wet to a thick paste with cold water, and enough put in this brass top to fill up the space in which it was first, then fit down quickly (for it hardens rapidly) on the lamp, and the lamp will soon be as good as new. As soon as you fit the top on, press it down firmly and evenly with a soft, damp rag, wipe off all the plaster that oozes out, and set your lamp where it will not be disturbed until dry, which will generally be in far less time than an hour.

Last summer a piece was broken from the side of my stone churn at the top, and it not being convenient to get another just then, I was subjected to the annoyance of having the milk slushed out in the churning, which made a greasy spot, besides wasting the milk. I experimented with plaster-of-Paris, and found that by making as stiff a paste of it as I could handle readily, I could easily fit it into the broken place in the rim, and by holding it a few minutes until it began to harden, I soon had my churn as good as ever, only not so slightly. Before it became very hard I wiped it all over with a wet rag, smoothing away all rough places. Then I made some jars, that had cracks in them, of use again by filling the cracks with the soft plaster, which soon hardened. Nail holes in plaster can be quickly mended with this, and should be done before re-whitewashing or repapering the walls.

Every one who cares for fowls knows what a trouble it is to keep nest eggs if you depend on the added eggs, or good eggs either, for they become added in time.

Then, too, you may, by mistake, gather in added eggs with the good. Plaster-of-Paris eggs answer the purpose, and hens not being particular as to shape, you can shape them in oblong balls about the size of a hen egg, and when they are dry you have as good nest eggs as you need for winter or summer.

A pretty use to put the plaster to is to make paper weights of it by putting it either in a round or square paper box, and while soft press down into the plaster either a leaf, or spray of leaves or a flower, anything with large veins, to make a distinct impression, and when dry and firm you can remove the leaf, leaving a perfect impress of itself. Ten cents worth of the plaster will do much work. I always keep some, although it loses its strength with age.

FIVE NEW CAKE RECEIPTS



DELIGHTFUL sponge cake is made by beating the yolks of six eggs and two cups of sugar together and adding the beaten whites. Add to this mixture one cup of flour and ten tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Then a second cupful of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Essence to taste; bake in a moderately hot oven.

GOOD PLAIN CAKE

CREAM together half a cupful of butter and two of sugar, add the beaten yolks of three eggs, half a cupful of milk and three cupfuls of flour into which has been sifted three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and lastly the whites of the eggs, beaten until light and frothy. Stir briskly, pour into buttered baking tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

COVENTRY FRUIT CAKE

ONE-HALF pound of butter and one pound of sugar creamed together. Add one pound of eggs, one pound of carefully prepared currants, one pound of stoned raisins, one-quarter of a pound of citron and lemon peel, a little cinnamon, allspice and cloves, and a few sweet and bitter almonds blanched and pounded. Mix with one pound of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and bake in a moderate oven.

DELICIOUS ALMOND CAKES

TAKE the whites of six eggs, one pound of pulverized sugar, an ounce of ground cinnamon, a pound of almonds, blanched and chopped fine, and the grated rind of one lemon. Mix all together until quite stiff; roll moderately thin, using as little flour as possible; cut in the shape of stars, and bake in a very slow oven.

TUTTI FRUTTI CAKE

BEAT to a cream half a cup of fresh butter and two cups of powdered sugar, to which add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, a cup of sweet milk, a tablespoonful of cold water, the well-beaten whites of two eggs, and last of all three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted with an extra half cup of flour. Bake in jelly cake tins in a hot oven, being careful to have the tins well greased and slightly warmed before pouring the batter into them. When cold, spread between each layer of cake the following mixture: The well-beaten whites of two eggs, enough pulverized sugar to make a soft icing, a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, half a cupful of the best raisins carefully stoned and chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of currants, well washed, dried and picked, and an equal quantity of orange marmalade. This quantity will make two good-sized layer cakes, which may be iced and otherwise ornamented, as fancy dictates.



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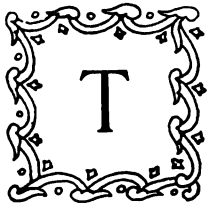
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THE NEW MOULD CROCHET

By Margaret Sims



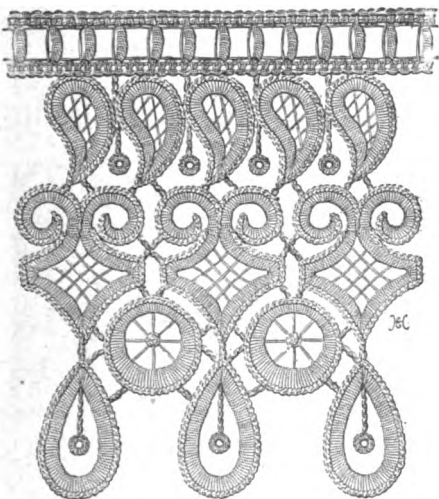
THE almost unprecedented response that the introduction of the latest novelty in crochet has met with from our readers induces me to believe that another full page of patterns and suggestions will be found acceptable, indeed the design for a mantel lambrequin has been prepared especially to meet the requirements of a large number of our correspondents.

The remaining illustrations give evidence that mould crochet is extending beyond its natural limits, and finding its way into the hands of the skilled embroideress, who has not been slow to recognize the great possibilities it offers in connection with embroidery for quick and effective work, not only for borderings and edgings, but for appliquéd work of all kinds. The manufacturers of specially prepared cardboard moulds, recognizing this new feature opening up before them, have brought out a large variety of forms especially fitted for this purpose. Many of the newest moulds are so shaped that they are found more suitable for overcasting than crocheting.

BEAUTIFUL AND RICH EFFECTS

DESIGNS can be drawn out and stamped on any given material. Exceedingly rich effects are obtainable on velvet or plush. Flax velour curtains, with a dado and frieze of appliquéd mould crochet in bold relief, are very handsome, quickly made, and exceedingly moderate in expense when compared with the richness of their appearance.

Lap robes for the carriage, of fine cloth or serge cloth, with the corners thus appliquéd, are extremely popular. Table covers, sofa cushions, foot-stools, piano covers and other articles of a like nature, are each and all of them good ground to work upon, while for open-work designs entirely of crochet, connected by bars only, as shown in the lambrequin illustration, a transom, either for a door or window, offers an unusual opportunity for beautiful and rich effects, equally good viewed either from the outer or the inner side. Yet another very pretty and unique idea presents itself in the working of short blinds for windows, where it is desirable to be able to see through them, and yet be entirely screened from observation from without.



A LAMBREQUIN DESIGN (Illus. No. 1)

A pattern for this purpose can be carried out to imitate the style of design used in stained glass, the leadings being simulated by lines of close crochet in black silk twist over a cord. Solid moulds are made in oblong, square and round shapes that might present the appearance of jewels covered with ruby, emerald green or sapphire blue silk twist. The jewels thus made should be set in the centre of the conventional forms selected for the pattern in place of the usual filling with drawn-work stitches. The jewels can be affixed on both sides of the work so as to look equally well viewed from within or without.

Fire screens would be charming made in the same way. If an effectual screening from the heat is necessary, the work can be backed with clear glass. For such uses mould forms covered with coarse thread are far more effective and rich looking than finer work, and take much less time. The finer make of moulds comes in use more especially for dress and mantle trimmings. When it is desired to cover them in black or pure white, coarse silk crochet twist is preferable to any other material; moreover, the lustrous thread does not come in black at all. Appliquéd crochet can be used on dresses and cloaks with happy effect; indeed while following the present fashions it may be found even more useful than edgings, because suited to neck and sleeve trimmings, or for waistcoats or skirt panelings.

Since the November issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, in which we first introduced mould crochet, the demand for it has been so great that, in view of a rapidly increasing trade, a larger assortment of materials has been imported, so that forms of all kinds, for every purpose, are easily obtainable.

A LAMBREQUIN DESIGN

THE design shown in Illustration No. 1, when finished, measures close upon twelve inches. It is intended for a mantel, but will be found equally suitable for a window valance. If desirable, it can be easily adapted for purposes calling for less depth, by omitting the row of pine pattern forms immediately beneath the heading; this omission will reduce the depth by about three inches. Yet another plan can be followed with the same end in view. The moulds that depend from the lower edge can be left out without material injury to the design.

The method for working is to cover the forms first with a close row of double crochet, using the coarse, lustrous thread. It is well to snip the extreme sharp points of the moulds off in every instance. Into each stitch of the row covering the moulds work a single stitch in gold thread. It may be noted that on the row of moulds beneath the pine forms the top edge of the crochet is reversed from where the mould turns over. For working, the mould can be divided with the scissors where it joins for convenience in covering, and caught together again at the back. The centres are filled in with gold thread, exactly as shown in the drawing. They are worked with an ordinary embroidery needle, the wheels being made precisely as in drawn-work. When all the moulds are covered and edged with gold, they should be basted, face downward, in position, on any piece of firm material, then they should be joined with chain stitch bars in gold or thread, or both together, according to taste. The heading is made separately, and caught to the moulds in working the outside under row of double crochet, making the reverse side of the stitches to show on the front.

Begin the heading with a row of chain, turn, work one treble, one chain, miss one, work a bullion stitch into the next chain, one chain, miss one and repeat from the beginning all along the row, thus making a treble and a bullion stitch alternately. Finish both sides with a row of double crochet. A band of flat gold braid is then run through the insertion, leaving the bullion stitches only to show on the front. The small circles that depend from rows of chain should be covered with gold.

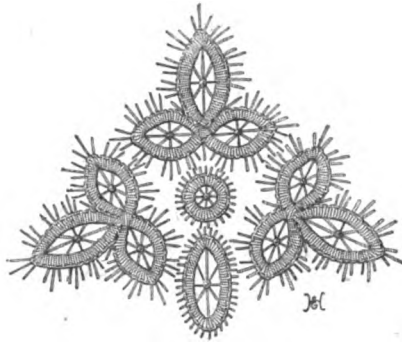
The coloring of the lambrequin is entirely a matter of taste; it should be made to suit its surroundings, and may be worked in two or more colors. The design looks equally well in dark, rich tones, or in light and delicate shades. The lustrous thread comes in a choice of artistic tints. In working, be careful to use a hook of the proper size. Ordinary crochet hooks are suitable for mould crochet. Care must, however, be exercised in their selection. They should be only just large enough to carry the thread without risk of slipping; if too large the stitches will be loose and uneven at the top. Great neatness in this respect is essential to good results, particularly in patterns with a plain edge like the lambrequin design. Steel hooks without handles are best to carry the coarse thread. Bone needles are too clumsy for thread, however coarse, being made more especially for woolen work.

HANDSOME WALL POCKET

ILLUSTRATIONS Nos. 2 and 3, together form a most elegant wall pocket. The design is appliquéd on silk, satin, cloth or velvet, being secured firmly at the back, so that the embroidered long and short stitches around the forms need not be worked over the edge of the crocheted stitches. This would spoil the effect of buttonholing, which gives an added appearance of value to the work. The centres of all the forms are cut away before working the wheels in gold thread. A charming effect can be gained by making the foundation of soft, sage-green velvet, covering the larger moulds with pale terra cotta and the circles with old gold. The same thread or silk used for covering the moulds is to be employed for the stitches around them. For the buttonhole stitching at the upper edge of the pocket use the same gold thread employed for the wheels. The lower edge may be ornamented with a simple lace crochet edging in gold thread, or with a tasseled fringe, combining all the colors used in making the pocket, and intermixing them with gold thread. Should the moulds not set as flat as desired, take a very fine sewing silk, matching the crochet thread exactly, and sew the edges down on the front after the embroidery is completed.

A dainty terra cotta satin bow should be affixed to the top, and to one side of the pocket, just where it joins the back. The pattern for ornamenting the back of the pocket might be utilized for cornering a table mat.

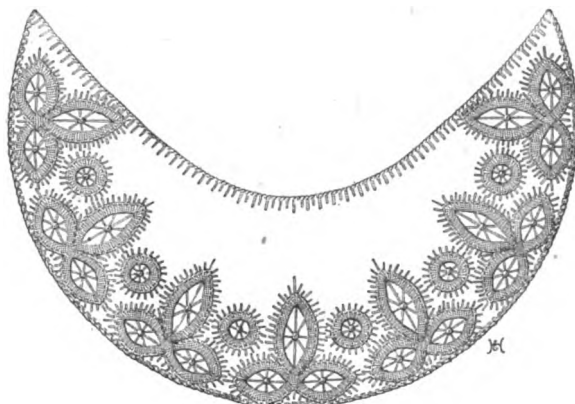
The triple leaf mould selected for this design makes a charming straight edging, the wide space between each form being filled in with a fancy tassel. Just such an edging is illustrated in the January number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL on page 9. It forms a finish for the ends of the cover for a square grand piano. This particular mould measures two and a half inches wide by two and a quarter deep. The connecting bars are attached to a heading of plain crochet if sewn on to the back of the material, otherwise a heading can be made with a row of trebles surmounted by picots to match the picots around the moulds.



WALL POCKET (Illus. No. 2)

The style of this mould is so adaptable for a variety of purposes that many others are made resembling it in its trefoil form. Although the curves vary considerably, almost all of these make good dress trimmings. For a wide insertion in passementerie any of these trefoil moulds look well with the straight edge placed on either side of a plain row of circles, or circles alternated with oblong forms similar to that shown in Illus. No. 2.

A very pretty round crown for a hat or bonnet can be made with black or colored silk crochet twist over circular moulds of graduated size. The centres can be filled with lace stitches in the same silk or in gold. A square crown can be made with small diamonds or circles of equal size.

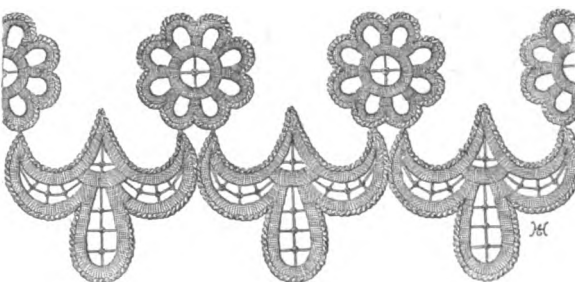


FRONT OF WALL-POCKET (Illus. No. 3)

GRACEFUL ECCLESIASTICAL DESIGN

A BEAUTIFUL and appropriate ecclesiastical design is shown in Illustration No. 4, representing the conventional forms of the rose and lily, emblems of the Virgin Mary. It will be seen at a glance that very rich and solid effects can be gained for this particular branch of art needlework at moderate expense and a nominal cost of labor, compared with the tedious, although most beautiful, methods usually employed. An entire design for a frontal in suitable emblems could easily be evolved from the cardboard shapes at command. It would probably be necessary to harmonize, accentuate and connect the design with some bold embroidery.

The design given was originated for bordering an altar frontal in a private oratory. It would serve equally well for the high altar in a church. It will be seen that the forms are appliquéd on the edge of the cloth, which is afterward cut away as far as the upper edge of the lower forms. The centres of the roses are also cut away and filled in with gold thread worked in wheels, on crossed bars



BORDER FOR ALTAR FRONTAL (Illus. No. 4)

similar to the fillings in the petals of the lilies. The forms can be covered entirely with gold thread for an extra rich effect, if desired, otherwise they look exceedingly well on any of the ecclesiastical colors worked in deep, soft old gold, with the coarse, lustrous linen thread, or very thick silk crochet twist. The roses and upper edge of the lily forms, are first fastened on at the back and afterward sewn down on the front with very fine sewing silk, which exactly matches the crochet thread used.

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JUST AMONG OURSELVES
 EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

A Department devoted to a sociable interchange of ideas among JOURNAL readers. Address all letters to MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 421-427 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SURELY no one wishes to cherish a deformity. We are ready to take any pains to rid ourselves of a physical defect, we resort to all manner of devices to cover it from sight. Many peculiar fashions have found their origin in this desire to hide from view something which the person felt would be unsightly. A woman in high position has an ugly ear, and she dresses her hair low over it, thereupon all the women follow the fashion. But why is it that a defect of character, an ill-temper, an ugly jealousy we rather flaunt than hide? "It is my way to be quick," says one, and tells it as if it were a beauty instead of a blemish. "I never feel any interest in these things," a woman will say, as if she were proud of her inability to appreciate goodness and wisdom. Charity, that is love, is said to cover a multitude of sins. Let us wear that mantle, so that it may keep our own faults from view, and while they are hidden, we may employ the surgeon's knife, if need be, that we may become "without spot, or wrinkle, or blemish, or any such thing."

AN inquiry was made of me as to the name of the Quaker lady who is credited with originating the lovely saying: "I shall pass through this world but once; if, therefore, there is any good I may do a fellow man, or any human sorrow I may relieve, let me do it now, for I shall never pass this way again." I have received, from one who is in a position to know the author, if she could be found, the following letter:

"Respected Friend: After further thorough search, I now feel quite satisfied that the extract on the printed card you sent us two months ago was not written, as it stands, by a Quaker. In a book published in this city by a member of the Society of Friends, consisting of old extracts, etc., there are some messages from a Friend of a past generation in which he quotes the language, he states, of a Presbyterian, which is somewhat similar to the language on the card, but not the same.

"**B**LISHED be drudgery," says William C. Gannett. Probably, when one gets his point of view. Doubtless the orderings of all our lives are most beneficent. Some time we shall see to have been so. Now, we drudges, worn and weary, carrying our various loads cannot always discern the blessedness of them. But there is much we can do to lighten them. And I want to speak of one way that does something in this direction for us who have to do our own housework single handed. I do not presume to address the many robust, capable women who need no hints as to their management. My words are for the delicate drudges of nervous organization, who are easily worried by small matters beyond the possibility of their stronger sisters to imagine. In the unbroken round of daily drudgery that fall to our lot, we probably find each of us segments that are exceptionally distasteful. These are too apt to postpone until the last moment, coming to them then with aching bodies and discouraged minds. In illustration let me speak of a much burdened woman to whom the care of her lamps was a daily recurring cross hard to be borne. She never attended to them until late in the day when most of her vitality had been used up in other ways. They had helped to exhaust it because she remembered them as a disagreeable inevitable something that must be done. To her overtaxed spirit they grew to seem like so many persistent imps that winked at her wickedly from their waiting places. I understood her feeling entirely, though from pure shame over it she tried to hide it from me. Finally she broke down and confessed to it with tears. Then, with sincerest sympathy, I made her promise to "do those lamps directly after breakfast," even before the dishes were washed and in place. At first I was obliged to use all the severity of friendship with her. Habit was strong, and she had been so long used to regard this task as one to be shovelled into the border land of each day's work that the time seemed wasted when taken out of the best part of the morning. I insisted however; and at the end of a week, when the new habit had begun to be established, she frankly owned that the change had brought her the greatest relief. "It is such a comfort to have that hateful job off my mind while I am doing the rest," she said. "As I go about, the things seem to smile at me like so many bright comfortable friends. To tell you the truth I'm getting to enjoy the care of them, now that I come to it before I'm all tired out." So, dear tired drudges, the point I want to make is this: See what you most dislike to do, and be sure to attend to it as soon as possible after taking up your daily routine. Be determined, persistent. Let nothing short of the inevitable make you postpone the distasteful task. So shall you gain a relief and lightness of spirit out of all proportion, apparently, to the thing done; and ten to one you will come to enjoy the thing you now dislike.

A DRUDGE WHO HAS TRIED IT AND KNOWS.

Excellent advice for us all, for who does not have some distasteful task to perform? We multiply our miseries thinking of them over and over again, and do disagreeable duties a hundred times in imagination before we really do them once. And what is worst of all, we force our friends to share the fruitless discomfort.

NOT being a universal genius, but having the eighty-seven relatives for whom to make Christmas presents, I would like to ask Miss Brown (who wrote in the May issue) some of her ideas for making pretty things out of nothing. I am supplied with nothing, and have no idea what to make.

We begin too late to prepare our Christmas gifts. Now, while pretty and useful gifts are fresh in our minds, suppose we make a scrapbook of suggestions. You have seen something pretty and resolve you will copy it next Christmas for a friend, but by the time you are ready to begin it next fall, you will have forgotten all about it, and will be puzzling over what you can make. Let us see how much we can do to prevent waste of time and money on mere flimsy ornaments, which spoil in a very little time. Occasionally we see a useful thing made up so daintily as to be a pleasure to look at, as well as a convenience to use, and we wonder why we never thought of it before.

I READ so many helpful letters in the JOURNAL. May I not write one? It is to the woman who is bearing her cross, and to the woman whose cross has fallen from her. I am young, not thirty, but I have been married eleven years. Four of these saw my husband's business fearfully involved, saw me almost doing my own work, sewing, teaching from daylight to darkness. It's all past now, and I want to tell you some of the lessons my experiences have taught me. When my friends lose their money I do not run my pencil through their names on my calling list. When I am shopping and I see a weary woman carrying many bundles I do not stop her to talk. I say, "Let me take you home and we can visit on the way." Oh, I have had a great many bows and smiles from carriages when my feet ached so I could hardly step. When my children's clothing begins to wear, I mend it nicely and give it away by my own clothes too. I never destroy nor keep what is useless to me. So many do for charities in memory of the dead. I try to do because I am allowed to keep my little ones. I want to brighten other lives because mine is bright, not to wait until it is sad. I give my luncheons and teas not for the belles who have one given for them each week, but for that dear girl who never can afford one herself and so, of course, will be counted out in the giving. I send a remembrance, if it be but a rose, to the sick-room. I send a remembrance, if it be only a note, to the absent friend on her anniversary. I try in all ways to do as my four years of hardship made me want to be done by. Dear, rich sisters, can't you do the kindnesses without having to learn the lesson in poverty's schoolroom? BERTHA W. L.

It would be worth while to go to poverty's school if such lessons could be learned. I often wonder as I see the empty carriages rolling by why the owners have not thought that there are many to whom a drive of a half dozen blocks, even on the rough city streets, would be a pleasure which would rest the body and cheer the mind. I heard of a woman to whom such pleasures had been granted, who thanked the Lord for "carriage mercies," and prayed for those through whom they came to her, that the Lord would "cushion the chariots of Heaven soft" for them. There was an expressman who looked out when he had a light load for some "housed body" to ride with him. His wagon springs were not of the best, and his horse did not go very briskly, but he brightened the life of many a tired woman and lonely child, and he considered himself "in luck" if he got hold of a poor man recovering from sickness and could bundle him up for his first airing.

WE are divided in opinion in our society about the use of the kindergarten methods. This one says: "It is not good, but decidedly bad, to put a child into a place where it absorbs so much attention; it grows selfish." That one says: "The kindergarten is constantly impressing selfishness upon the children." We want to do the best thing ourselves, and we want to do the best thing for the dwellers in the lower wards where we are trying to "lend a hand." What do you say about it?"

Mothers are often perplexed by the question of the first school for the child. The kindergarten seems only a place where the little ones are kept out of mischief for three or four hours a day, and many parents do not feel sure that they are there well prepared for study in later schools. From a family where the methods are entirely out of harmony with Froebel's ideas, a child is sent to the kindergarten, and, however perfect it may be, its purpose cannot be carried out because there has been no foundation laid by the mother. In order to secure successful kindergarten training the work should begin with the mothers and the babies at home. But it is rare to find a well-trained kindergarten who realizes this, and who is capable of inspiring in the mothers, whether rich or poor, the noble ideas which the kindergarten assumes the child to have already imbibed in the home. In our tenement house work in the cities there is, thus far, a great lack of appreciation of the opportunity which is offered for teaching the young mothers how to begin with their little ones. Of course, Froebel's ideas cannot be fully carried out where there is no leisure, but the spirit he has so beautifully embodied in the many details too elaborate for use in a tenement house can be wrought into the busy mother's life, and will find ways for expression amidst all the distractions and perplexities of poverty.

Is it well for women to have many duties outside their own homes? O. F.

It is not well for a woman to have duties outside her own house which prevent her proper attention to those first duties which apply to her as priestess of the home. It has been well said that "a woman may not do anything outside which will not enrich her home, and she may do anything that will."

HOW can I make some money? Can you suggest any way by which a woman in her own home can earn something? My husband is not very strong and I should like to be able to lessen his cares and increase his comforts by adding to our income and thereby taking some of the responsibilities of the household from his shoulders. R.

This question comes to me constantly in various forms. Much as I wish to answer it favorably, I cannot. Thousands of women under most disadvantageous circumstances, crippled in body, without influential friends, have solved this question for themselves. Thousands of other women have been aided in every way and have failed. Common sense and ingenuity are important qualities. Pluck—a good old word—and perseverance are essential, and these cannot, by any possibility, be found for you. You must find them within yourself. Your desire is a good one, and I trust that the way may be opened for you.

I AM a young Methodist minister's wife, and through the winter months I shall be compelled to stay at home on account of my little year-and-a-half-old boy. I would like to do something to help pass away the time and make a little money as well. Now there is one thing that I can do. I can make fine confectionery. Can you give me a suggestion as to how to dispose of it? Would like to get orders. What prices could I get? C. B. E.

You should make some candy for samples and send them to persons in your neighborhood likely to buy. Calculate the cost of materials, the value of your time and fix your price accordingly. If you can make nicer candy than your neighbors can buy at that price elsewhere, you will succeed in your undertaking. It would not be worth while to seek customers far from you. Candy is sold everywhere. But with a home and a little child in it, a minister to help in his pastoral work, much of which can be done in your own home, how can you be seeking for something to pass the time?

THE communication of "X. T." and your remarks on the same, recalled an experience of my own in the training of my children, and my successful treatment and cure in my own child of the very same fault. My first personal recollection in this line was the theft of a half cent; my first lie to prevent—which it did not—a threat and whipping as a punishment. The same thing came up subsequently in my personal experience in the training of my own boys, and thanks to my own faulty training I was enabled to meet it successfully. My third boy in the line of succession (I had four) was suspected of putting money from one of his sisters. Being charged with it he, as was naturally to be expected, promptly denied it. What was to be done? It was his first theft, his first lie. Mentally my thoughts ranged over the years as to its probable and terrible consequences. I remembered my own experience in my early boyhood, and the lamentable after, as well as my consciousness and thoughtless mismanagement. I was shocked more by his lying than I was by his stealing. After due consideration of the matter, I decided on the following as the best course to pursue. I took him alone. I endeavored earnestly to impress upon him the great wrong of the theft, as well as the greater of the lie to himself, and his self as its purpose being to awaken his understanding, and to arouse his conscience as to the terrible evil of both. I then said to him that the family would have no communication with him until he confessed, and from his own earnings made restitution of the amount he had stolen. My family were prohibited from any intercourse with him except in the case of an accident, and I spoke to him. The results were what, from my knowledge of human nature, I expected and hoped for. For a week he refused to give in; and then, unable by the terrible pressure upon him to resist longer, he confessed and made the required restitution. How many, many children, alas! have been ruined by parental harshness and hasty action. Any other and different treatment would presumably have confirmed him in his thievishness and lying, as I remember with pain it did me. Show the child first, privately, the dreadful nature of the offense as God and man see it, and then act as required in the particular case, remembering that human nature ever responds to honest, conscientious earnestness, and that the coaxing and whatever may be the exceptions that call for the latter. And my word for it, if it should not succeed, the case will be an exceptionally hopeless and incurable one, or the fault, as is the more likely, will rest with the parent. W. T. C.

It is really a generous thing to give for the help of others such a personal experience, and doubtless many will join me in thanking you for it. But is a whipping more severe than the isolation you describe? Upon a sensitive child the effect of a week's solitariness would be indeed a great pressure. Is there not danger of bringing too great a pressure upon a child, and could a confession wrung from him by so severe a method be always advantageous? And suppose there were a mistake and the suspicion were unfounded—circumstances have often been very misleading—what would be the effect on the child? I have known a boy, put under great pressure, to confess a suspected fault, who did so, although it was afterward discovered he had not done the wrong. Although your tact and firmness resulted so well with your boy, I should not dare to recommend your treatment to every one. But all you say of the ruin which follows hastiness and harshness in dealing with children is none too strong.

SHOULD a mother in a house where several servants are kept, encourage the children to attend to certain things about the house? Should she allow them to dust, sweep and superintend the arrangement of certain rooms, and if she does will it spoil the servants? QUERRY.

It is not so much matter to her whether the servants are spoiled as whether her own children are spoiled, and if the spoiling must come at all it had better be the former than the latter, but if the duties of the servants are laid down for them with the understanding that certain work will be performed by the children in the family, there is no reason why the servant would not be the better for seeing good and wise training given to the children.

A LADY says in a recent JOURNAL that she learns to poems as she washes her dishes. I presume she is young now, and often repeat to myself as I work, poems I learned in youth from my school readers, and others gathered since. Mrs. Custer relates in her book called "Boots and Saddles" that she repeated hymns and poems to herself in the nights of waiting and suffering. I have in a scrapbook which I have been making for seventeen years, one poem called "The Gathering Place" which is often in my mind. Sometimes a proverb may strengthen us. "A wise man keeps his own counsel" is good to study. We change our opinion as time goes on, and our wants are different, and finally we, too, are different. There will be no day nor hour when we stand still. I think it is a good way to ask oneself, when the work is unpleasant, "What would I do if I were obliged to do nothing—absolutely nothing?" Why do women dislike to wash dishes? Is it not as pleasant as being a clerk? There is no position that holds greater trust in it than the place of wife and mother. Those who lament over their duties cannot be fitted for the place they assumed by their own choice. If it is a lack of time that is felt, allow me to ask if there is not a waste of time and strength in useless talking. There are mothers, too, who waste time and strength in writing to the newspapers to tell "How I raise my baby," while the baby is not raised many months. Take the matter altogether we must bear our own burdens, and not speak too much of them. There are ten who wish to speak, where one is ready to listen. M. J. K.

There are several hints here worth considering. Filling the mind with wise and beautiful thoughts is good, especially when one is young. We should change for the better daily. Homely service is honorable. Time is wasted in useless talking. Advice should be sparingly offered. Counsel unasked is rarely valued. One should not assume wisdom from too brief experience. Our burdens should be borne without making "a hue and cry" about them.

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HEART TO HEART TALKS

I AM visiting, while writing this, at the home of a friend who has just passed the twenty-fifth anniversary of her wedding. When I said to her: "Why did you not let me know of your silver wedding?" she replied: "We tried not to have any one know." So, on the table where are costly gifts in silver, only the names of the immediate family appear. My friend is greatly beloved by a very large circle. Why could they not have entered into her joy and have been allowed the privilege of sending a word of congratulation? Because of a fashion that has become oppressive. She knew she could not invite her friends on the happy occasion without their thinking that they must present her with a piece of silver, and, of course, she would only be one of a numerous circle that would either have a silver wedding, or some other wedding, at each of which a present must be given. I felt, in looking at my friend's silver table, that the wretched fashion of overdoing, to put it in the kindest way, had robbed me of a pleasure I might have had. I am sure there is need for calling a halt in this direction. I met a young friend of mine on the street in the spring-time, and asked her where she intended to go during the summer. She replied sadly that she had to remain in the city during the summer, as so many weddings of friends of hers took place in the autumn, and it would take all the money that she had thought to use in going into the country to get presents for her friends, "for" she added, "the presents will have to be costly." Now just here comes the mistake—"will have to be costly."



APPROPRIATE GIFTS

IS nothing valuable but what costs money? Emerson said: "A gift, to be perfect, ought to be a part of the person." A letter that I received on my wedding day was among my choicest gifts. I admired the Christian independence of one of our Circle who, a short time ago, was invited to the silver wedding of one who had more than her share of this world's goods. My friend told me afterward that she wanted to give something to her friend—love always wants to give. She said that she knew that the house would be full of flowers, still she determined to do what she could. Money she had not to spend in the way of a costly gift, so she sat down and wrote a heart letter, and then bought a few white roses and sent them with her letter, and she had the pleasure of seeing her white roses near the heart of the woman who had everything money could buy, and a look from the bride that said as plainly as words: "Your letter will outlive all the rest." If we could only keep to appropriateness! Of course, the immediate family will want to give gifts for a lifetime of service, but why should those who do not come near the inner circle feel that they ought to give in the same way? I have even heard such words as "Oh, you know there will be a wedding in our family soon, and then it will all come back!" It is really dreadful, the absence of real sentiment!



IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE

I HAVE only skimmed the surface of this evil. It is deteriorating to character; gifts are sent without a particle of love, in some cases almost with a curse, perhaps, from some young man who cannot afford to give anything costly, but he is expected to do it, and so must do it. I shrink from writing what I might on this subject. I turn with such refreshing to some of the most beautiful marriages of our real Daughters, where, instead of thinking of what they would receive, they made special gifts on the happy day of the bridal. I know of one who gave a rolling chair to her Circle of "shut ins," and the beautiful letters she sent to each of her Circle, with a valuable book to mark the happiest day in her life, would bring tears to your eyes. No wonder there was a beauty beyond all her natural beauty, as she stood in her bridal dress, with the silver cross on the brilliant white. Oh, believe me, there is glory that is more costly than anything that comes under the head of money value. I do not know who will take the lead in this reform, and go to the rescue of sentiment in our gifts, but it must be done. At least we can do what is right ourselves! As I heard a man once say: "I am responsible for only one man—myself." We must get rid of the thought: *they expect it of me.* Do not higher and consult your conscience. It is your duty to make a friend of your conscience in all matters as well as great.

RAINBOWS DISAPPEARING

IN the heading of an editorial in one of the daily papers before the election, the writer said both parties were perplexed, and the rainbows were disappearing, as the day of election drew near. I thought, as I read it, how many rainbows I had seen disappear. Faber said at one time: "My joy in saints are blossoms that have died." Only think of being disappointed in saints! But others beside Faber have had such an experience. I have seen beautiful rainbows disappear in regard to myself. I think we are often so disappointing to ourselves. There is much of promise and so little of fulfillment in us, so that one comes at last to ask if all rainbows do not disappear. The Psalmist told his sons to hope in God, that the rainbow would not disappear. It is impossible to hope too much—expect too much from God. I once stood at the famous falls of Giesbeck, in Switzerland, and above me and below me on either side were rainbows. So can we stand and look up and down, and on every side, and hope in God, and thus have a never disappearing rainbow. The only trouble with us is that we do not apprehend the love wherewith we are loved. We must get among the everlasting, for sooner or later there will be a wonderful disappearing of earth's rainbows, unless we come in sight of eternal things, and get a grip on them, and see the rainbow of hope spanning the grave.

We shall certainly see earth's rainbows disappear, and the gloom will gather around, but we must not have such an experience. As we grow older, as earth begins to disappear, we must see that Christ is our hope. Oh, what a rainbow He is! I wish I could save you from disappointments. I wish I could tell you that your friends will never change; but though I hope they will not, I cannot speak with certainty except about one Friend. I know He will never change. He is just the same as when Mary sat at His feet, as when He washed the disciples' feet. I am sure of this unchanging Friend, and so I want you to set your love upon Him. I have a wonderful inheritance that I hope you mothers will leave your children; I can hear my mother now, as she rocked her babies to sleep, singing:

"This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end."

Choose this Friend for your King, your Life, your eternal Friend.



OUR LATEST BIRTHDAY

ALL my Circle have passed a birthday this year, and it marks the increase of years. As I was approaching mine, I happened to take up Whittier's "My Birthday." Perhaps it had a special interest to me as his birthday must have been in the same time of the year as mine, because he says:

"Beneath the moonlight and the snow,
Lies dead my latest year."

As I read on I had the same peculiar fellowship of feeling I have so often had with Whittier's poems. How many times have I done what he said. "All the windows of my soul I open to the sun." I know of nothing more lovely than this poem of his on "My Birthday" for those who are on the western slope. Perhaps you think only the young read this page. You are mistaken. One member of our Circle has passed her 90th birthday, and she writes: "My son takes many magazines, but I love the JOURNAL more than any other, and I always look on your page feeling sure that there will be something for me." Dear soul, she told me to tell the girls to be kind to the aged, for they were very lonely. Maybe I told you (I tell you so much I forget what I have said) but it will not hurt you to hear it again. "Be kind to the aged." Whittier was going down the western slope when he wrote:

"And if the eye must fail of sight,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's light,
More fine the inward ear."

I have known people who as we say were hard of hearing, to become very sensitive and quite unhappy if they did not hear everything that was going on, and there is a tendency in deafness to make people thus afflicted suspicious. Ah, if the inward ear, as Whittier writes, can become more quick of hearing, so that the voices outside are not to be compared to the still small voice of the spirit, where nothing outward is missed because of the fullness within, what a beautiful old age that would be! If you have the opportunity, read this poem of Whittier's. You are not so young as you used to be, and I am sure you will join the dear Quaker poet in the last verse of "My Birthday":

"Be near me in my hours of need,
To soothe, or cheer or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead,
As up the hills of Morn."

WHY WEAR THE CROSS?

I ASKED one young man, a medical student, why he wanted to wear the cross? "Well," he said, "I can neither join a Circle nor form one—medical studies take all my time—but I want to let people see to whom I belong." The dear old words came back, "Whose I am and whom I serve." I find that some have a wrong notion about wearing a badge, they shrink from it. Surely, they say, you do not wish me to proclaim that "I am The King's Daughter!" When objection is made to the wearing of the badge, I go back in memory to the hour when I paced the deck of one of the Atlantic steamers, and wished for a sisterhood with a simple badge that should say, "I am ready to serve in any way I can," for a young man had died the day before, and I was told he died calling for his mother, and no woman's hand had ministered to him in his last sickness. Surely one could not object to the wearing of a badge that means service in Christ's name. Then I do not think we take in sufficiently the feeling of fellowship that comes when we see the badge. I remember an awful night I spent on Long Island Sound, when the wind rose to a hurricane. I was entirely alone. As I sat at the supper table, a lady dressed in deep mourning came in with her husband. I shall never forget the gleam of the silver cross on that dark background. I shall never know who she was, and she will never know what she did for me that dreadful night. I said: "Well, there is one on this boat that will pray that we will be brought safe to land." We must not forget either how much joy we give to the many Daughters who stand behind the counters all day, as they see on the favored Daughters who stand on the other side of the counter the badge that tells that in the presence of that cross all earth's poor distinctions vanish. We are sisters, though some are poor and others rich. There is great need of making the great gulf that separates the rich from the poor lessen in width. The emblem looks lovely on the beautiful dress; it is more touching to see it on the more poorly clad.



THE ASSOCIATIONS OF THE BADGE

I AM often touched by the private reasons many have for wearing the cross, and sometimes for the forming of Circles. After speaking in one place, a lovely looking woman came to me and said: "The Order is unsectarian, I understand?" I replied, "It is." "Well, I belong to the Society of Friends, and all our family are Friends. Our mother has recently left us for the better land, and we would like to form a memorial Circle, calling ourselves the 'Olive Branch.'" Our mother's name was Olive, and the Circle will be composed of her children and grandchildren." I have often thought of the "Olive Branch Circle," but I never saw the Friend again. Then I know of a Circle called the "Daisy Circle." The sweet girl who bore the name of Daisy formed the Circle, but the next summer she took the typhoid fever and was brought home from the Adirondacks to meet her Circle no more, and then they changed their name and called it after the beautiful Christian girl that gathered them around her, and a beautiful Circle it is. Then the private reasons for wearing the emblem of self-sacrifice: To be patient under privations because He was; the not speaking, when to speak would stir up strife because it is written, "He opened not his mouth." It is all so touching and so beautiful to me, and while in no way would I underrate the work of any society, yet I am often so glad of all the poetical that is associated with our Order—our names, our watchword, our beautiful Psalm, the 45th, so full of Oriental imagery. I love to say our Order came out of the 45th Psalm, and as I read of the exquisitely beautiful dress of the King's Daughter, it seems so natural to think of the spiritual dress symbolized by a dress of wrought gold and raiment of needlework. This world needs to see beautiful Christians, full of faith, hope and love. May we all be such daughters and sons.



PERFECT HARMONY

I VISITED a house a short time ago, where I saw what I wanted in my own soul, and want every soul in my Circle to have: perfect harmony. The shades of colors blended so beautifully, nothing out of place. To be sure others had contributed toward the decorations. My friend had brought such lovely dainty draperies from the old country. I could see that the house was not by any means a new house, and the fascination to me was in the making so beautiful a home out of an old house. As I expressed my pleasure, she said: "We bought the house six months ago, and it was simply hopeless. I never could have imagined anything more dreadful looking. The paint and paper were hideous. Of course, it had to be painted and papered to get the delicate tints, and my husband said the walls never could be decent, but I was determined they should be. I selected nearly everything myself, though, of course, I consulted a decorator." I will not attempt a description of the beautiful rooms. I only want to tell you that I saw as in a picture all we might become if we really allowed Christ to have possession of our entire being. The house was hopeless, my friend said, when they bought it, and yet out of such a hopeless affair she made the perfection of beauty. Now, dear ones, you must pass over the house (yourself) to Him; the house that to-day looks so hopeless. The walls may be discolored, but He can cleanse and make beautiful.

Margaret Bottome

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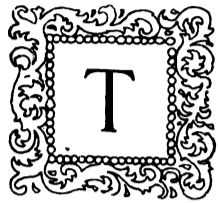
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CORRECT SERVICE AT TABLE

By Mrs. Van Koert Schuyler



TO be of good cheer, one must partake of good cheer," says an English writer, but the very masterpieces of the culinary art fail to give pleasure if they be not daintily and appropriately served. Judging by my observation at the tables of others—however reluctantly and under protest my eyes took note of the fact—and a long experience of the most "professed" servants at my own, I have come to the conclusion that to serve a table with propriety is a matter by no means as generally understood as is by many supposed.

There are certain rules to be observed, the infringement of which jars upon one's nerves as does a discord in music. These rules are few and simple and are followed in good society, alike in England, France, Russia and America. I cannot speak from experience of other lands, but I have no doubt that the same conventional ideas as widely obtain in this matter, as in woman's dress, and I understand that Worth's "creations" find their way to Patagonia.

THE TABLE AND THE GUESTS

IN setting a table, the dishes should be placed with regularity, that the eye may not be "teased" by anything out of line.

All elaborate folding of napkins is out of date, and they are now simply laid at the right of each plate, and rolls, or pieces of bread cut two inches thick, laid upon them. All the knives and forks to be used throughout the meal, may be placed upon the table.

At a formal dinner or luncheon nothing is admissible upon the table but the flowers, fruit, bonbons, cakes, salted almonds, olives and other relishes, while at a family dinner the meats and vegetables, of course, occupy the prominent places. The custom of scattering ornamental spoons about a table, for which there is no use, is certainly not in the best taste.

A bell may summon the members of a household together at meal times, but when guests are present, a dinner or luncheon should be formally announced by the words—honorable from long use and association—"Madame, dinner is served."

Going in to dinner the host leads the way with the lady he desires most to distinguish, while the hostess closes the procession with the gentleman whom she intends seating at her right hand. It has been customary, of late years, for the gentlemen to find in their dressing-room tiny envelopes addressed to them, containing cards upon which are written the names of the ladies whom they are expected to take in to dinner. It saves some trouble to the hostess, as each gentleman cooperates with her in finding his way to the lady designed for his special attention.

At a luncheon the hostess asks her friends to follow her to the dining-room, without formality.

SERVING THE DINNER

TO serve a la Russe, which is at once the simplest and most elegant manner when guests are present, it is only necessary to pass the dishes of each course in rotation, beginning alternately at the right and left of the host, and going in opposite directions. Some think it more courteous to serve all the ladies first, but it is not now considered a breach of strict etiquette to serve in regular order.

The old French custom required that the dishes, elaborately garnished, and the meats, sometimes stabbed with silver skewers, like crossed swords, should be placed upon the table before the host and hostess alternately, for a moment, to give the guests an opportunity of admiring them previous to their being carved, but this formality has gone out of fashion, even among the French themselves.

Oysters are usually at each place when the company assembles, having been kept very cold, on ice and salt, up to the moment of serving. A quarter of a lemon and very thin slices of brown bread, buttered, are the usual concomitants.

No person should ever be left without a plate before him, except at the time of the clearing of the table preparatory to the introduction of the sweet course. This is one of the primary rules of serving.

Under each oyster plate it is customary to have a dinner plate, upon which afterward the one containing the soup is placed. A dinner can hardly be served with elegance by less than two persons, although attention to the prescribed rules greatly simplifies the matter.

The soup should be served from a side table—behind a screen—a ladleful to each plate. These are then carried one by one to their destination.

It is probably superfluous to mention that all plates should be previously well-warmed upon which anything hot is to be eaten, but it is a most important detail to be observed.

Fashion decrees that a thin, clear soup should be served at a dinner of many courses, that one may be the more able to appreciate the delicacies that follow. If it be thought desirable to relax the stringency of this rule, and serve a more hearty soup, the dinner itself should be composed of fewer courses or the dishes be lighter in character. It is usual to pass red pepper with the soup course.

REMOVING THE COURSES

IN changing from one course to another, it is against all rules of "the proprieties" to remove more than one plate at a time. An assistant in the servant's pantry or in the adjoining room to receive the plates and transmit others, is of great advantage in expediting matters, for nothing reveals incompetency more than a table draggingly served.

After the soup, the "hors-d'oeuvres," or relishes, are passed, and the plate which has been retained under those used for the oysters and soup, now comes into requisition. In Europe, these relishes are often very numerous, including the Russian "caviare," sardines and a variety of things unknown to us, but we generally content ourselves in America with olives, radishes and celery. The fish comes next, after which follows the "entrée" or "made dish."

The roast is naturally next in order. All the carving should be done "behind the scenes," and the pieces of meat laid daintily upon the platter with fork and spoon at one end. Carving scissors may be had that cut poultry and game with such nicety that the pieces may be rearranged upon the platter in the original form of the fowl or bird.

It is a custom borrowed from the French, to serve after the roast a single vegetable like asparagus or artichokes, with its appropriate sauce, after which comes the game.

In serving salad with game, in order that its crispness may be preserved, a small cold plate should be placed at the left of each person at the moment the salad is offered, being "better form" than to set the plates around the table in advance. After the game the table is cleared for the sweet course. The servants should remove the salts, peppers, etc., on a serving waiter, covered with a doily to prevent the slightest noise. At every course, upon removing each soiled plate, a clean one should be substituted.

OTHER IMPORTANT DETAILS

THE more quietly a table is served the more it appears to be well served. The butler or waitress should be "shod with silence," and all rattling of silver or dishes carefully avoided. The crumbs are next brushed, or rather scraped from the table, as a silver crumb scraper does its work better than a brush.

The plates are then set for the "sweets," which in America may be almost universally interpreted to mean, ice cream of some kind, which is passed, followed by the cakes and bonbons.

Salted almonds and olives which are offered between every course after the fish, usually remain upon the table from the beginning until the end of the dinner. As they are served in dishes of either cut glass or silver they add to the attractiveness of the table.

A side table provided with extra knives, forks, spoons, etc., is a necessity. Upon this, the finger-bowls ready filled, and each containing its slice of lemon or geranium leaf, should be placed. These now come into requisition for the fruit course, set upon as handsome plates as the hostess may possess with a dainty doily between the bowl and plate. The fashion still prevails of having a different set of plates for every course, where the purse will permit such a display, and the choicest are usually reserved for the fruit. If but one set of plates different from the entire dinner service be used, it is customary to introduce it at this time.

There has been an effort on the part of some to do away with the custom of the ladies' withdrawal from the scene leaving the gentlemen to their coffee and cigars, but it has only been adopted spasmodically. The opportunity the old custom offers for less formality constitutes its popularity. After the coffee has been served to the ladies, in the drawing-room; some serve liqueurs as well, but it seems to me that apollinaris or clysmic waters are more appropriate and are generally preferred.

WHEN CLEARING THE TABLE

IN clearing a table, the plates are first taken away one by one, but not until all have finished, lest one, eating more slowly than the rest, or blessed with a better appetite, feel hurried or unpleasantly conspicuous. There is one impropriety often practiced, that cannot be too strongly reprehended. It is that of putting one plate on top of another in clearing a table. It is the commonest mistake, and I think it the very worst possible blunder. On the stage, when "Lord Broadacres" is entertaining his friends, the old family butler, in dress and appearance the very flower of dignified propriety, in clearing the table piles up the plates with the same sublime disregard of "les convenances" as a waitress at an Adirondack boarding-house, and the case cannot be more strongly put.

I think no expression of condemnation too strong to apply to the servant who piles one soiled plate upon another, in order to save his steps.

The feeling of fatigue or lassitude after a long dinner is generally due to the fact that the air has become impure, especially is this noticeable when gas has been used. For this reason, if no other, candles are preferable for lighting a table, and we are further reinforced in commending them by no less an authority than Dame Fashion herself, whose right to dictate in such matters is not to be disputed.

MENUS AND NAME-CARDS

MENUS are no longer in vogue at a private dinner unless they may be made to contribute to the artistic or amusing features of the meal, when a hostess is always privileged to assert her independence of conventional usage. Name-cards offer inexhaustible opportunity for the play of wit, fancy or taste, and if cleverly gotten up may add much to the enjoyment of the guests at the table. Care should be taken to have them as small and as dainty as possible, and to have them agree well in color with whatever other colors may be used for decoration. Sometimes guest cards and menu cards are combined, the face of the cards bearing the name and some quotation applicable to the guest, and the reverse side bearing the menu. College colors are sometimes used for these cards, but oftener they are of pure white with gilt lettering.

SERVING A FAMILY DINNER

IT is a more difficult and complicated thing to serve well a plain "home dinner" than the most elaborate entertainment. There are more details to be remembered, and the attention of the servant is more constantly distracted by the oft-recurring wants of a family party. One's only hope of success lies in the consent of all to abide by certain fixed rules of serving, which, if observed, will surely result in the general satisfaction. It is not necessary to premise that the table be neatly set. A table-cloth should be spotless, whatever its quality, and the napkins changed whenever their freshness is lost. Economy in this department might better be transferred to some other. The "fernery" in the centre of the table has become almost universal, but lacking this, a dish of fruit replaces it acceptably.

A dinner plate, a thickly cut piece of bread, a glass freshly filled with iced water, but without ice, napkin, knives, forks and tablespoon, should be at each place.

When the soup tureen is set before the lady of the house, it is extremely inelegant to pile the plates up in front of her. They should be left on the side table, from which the servant takes one and places before her. When one is filled, he substitutes another, which the lady proceeds to supply, while he carries the first one to its destination, setting it upon the dinner plate already there, and so on, until all are served. The soiled soup plates should be removed one by one, leaving the under plate, which may now be used for the "hors-d'oeuvres," if such be on the table. If not, it is still in accordance with conventional rules that such a plate should remain until exchanged for a hot one, for fish or roast. Before the meat is brought in it is customary to put the vegetables on the table.

The fish and roast are each in turn placed before the carver, and the servant exchanges the cold plate heretofore in front of him for a hot one which he supplies. As this one is removed, another hot one is instantly substituted, and the sauce or gravy is added by the servant from the side table. It is extremely "provincial" to set plates all around a table before the serving or carving is done. In clearing the table at a family dinner, the soiled plates are, of course, first removed, then the meat, as the carver is generally glad to be relieved from the proximity of a steaming joint, and lastly, the vegetables.

The service of the remaining courses offers no difficulties other than those spoken of as incidental to a formal dinner.

There are many tasteful little touches that may be added to the home table to render it more dainty. Such, for instance, is the use of round fringed doilies, just the size of the plate, whereon the bread or biscuits are laid. In the berry season nothing so enhances the lusciousness of their appearance as to be laid among their own fresh leaves, lining the dish. Radishes may be peeled so as to resemble orchids, and bits of cracked ice add to their crispness as well as to their vividness of color.

A LITTLE WHOLESOME FEAR

IT is unreasonable to expect that a meal should be well served when friends are present, if it be not the habit of the family to exact the same care and attention when they are alone. It is well for the lady of the house to have the reputation of being very particular, and never to overlook the slightest deviation from her explicit directions. I believe in using the greatest patience and kindness in fault-finding, but if a servant appear indifferent, I have found a threatened reprimand in presence of the master of the house, exceedingly effective in the case of women-servants. No matter how kindly the nature of that gentleman, he may be made a very convenient "bugbear," if his name be held "in terrorem" over the offender.

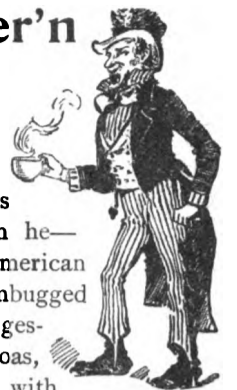
THE WAITRESS SHOULD ANTICIPATE

I WILL merely add that it should not be necessary for a servant to be asked for anything. One who understands his duties will anticipate the wants of those he is serving, or at least, be ready to act upon a look of suggestion from his mistress. I have found waitresses more proficient in this respect than butlers. A woman's perceptions are quicker, she is more sympathetic, and if good will and the desire to please be not wanting, she is, in my opinion, superior to a man for service at table. Strength is not needed, but deft handling, quick movement, light stepping and quick wits.

Of course, it is universally conceded that one serving a table should never speak unless spoken to, and the English impose the further obligation of never smiling, however strong be the provocation. There is something almost depressing in the preternatural gravity of an English butler, while a Frenchman is apt to "bustle" too much and thus draw attention to himself.

So long a dissertation on a subject might lead one to think that a complicated matter which is really most simple. Fortunately, habit is so strong that a little attention in the beginning will insure an almost automatic ease and precision.

"It's better'n
pie, I
reckon!"



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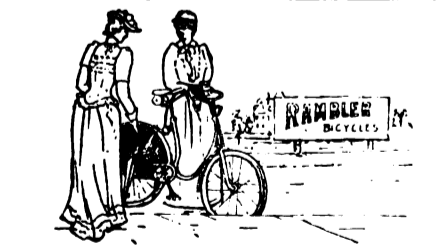
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THE ART OF BEING ENTERTAINED

BY HELEN JAY



SOcial success depends quite as much upon knowing how to be entertained as upon knowing how to entertain, and the debutante who desires to become a valued addition to desirable circles should carefully avoid five undesirable traits: Pretension, reckless speech, lack of punctuality, disloyalty and selfishness. The spirit which leads a young girl to depend solely upon her material ability to meet social demands often works her undoing. Wealth is a helpful factor in the desired result, but not the end itself.

Money, in this age of culture, is becoming less and less an open sesame. People of the highest standing often affect less than the maid servant within their gates. It is, therefore, a safe rule for a girl to see in every stranger a possible friend and to acknowledge introductions cordially without either effusiveness or hauteur. If the person to whom she is presented shows no evidence of distinction in either dress, name or manner, it is hardly safe to show rudeness or indifference, as such conduct is not only insulting to the stranger but also to the hostess, who naturally resents the implication that she has invited to her house any one who is beneath the demands of ordinary civility. Money is an unstable anchor in an age where fortunes are made and lost in a day, and the girl who is snubbed on account of her poverty may some time be able to return payment in similar coin.

The child of pretension is intolerance. False standards of value lead to girlish prejudices and whims, and the girl who permits herself to indulge in them meets life armed with boomerangs.

In making lists for luncheons, dinners or theatre parties, a hostess naturally desires to bring together congenial people. The fact that a person is likely to take violent dislikes will cause her name to be frequently omitted, while the unaffected girl who never criticises, but who aims to discover good in others, treating every one with uniform kindness, is always a welcome addition to any circle.

Reckless speech is especially to be avoided; the guest who assures her hostess that she caught a terrible cold in her chilly dining-room has probably paid her last visit to that apartment, and the frankness which leads a girl to exclaim when a literary salad is served, that she considers quotations a bore, will doubtless win for herself the contempt of all hearers. People like appreciative guests; those who show by word and deed that they are mindful of the efforts made for their entertainment.

Punctuality at meals, and in the keeping of engagements should be specially cultivated, for the person who willfully or carelessly wastes the time of others is always an undesirable member of society.

The problem of domestic service enters largely into the question of hospitality. The guest, however charming, who keeps breakfast waiting until the coffee and beefsteak are ruined will not be likely to be invited a second time. The mistress suffers as well as the maid, as her plans for the entire day have been disarranged, while the good man of the house goes to business in an unenviable frame of mind.

Loyalty is, perhaps, a more desirable trait than any other in a guest. That love of admiration which tempts a girl to make witty speeches at the expense of those whose salt she has eaten, carries with it its own punishment. Listeners may apparently enjoy hearing the skeleton dragged from its hiding place, but they will mentally label the narrator dangerous, and will be careful to give her no opportunity to expose the secrets of their own homes.

Selfishness brings many a hapless girl to grief. It is hardly pleasant to have as a guest one who talks of edibles that are disagreeable to her palate, and punctuates all her sentences with the personal pronoun. Nothing is more oppressive than the sighs of those who were too tired to come out, excepting the reports of those who consider their ailments matters of public interest. People are not always thinking of others, and by remembering this and striving to become a good listener, a girl will win more esteem than by a brilliant display of conversational ability.

The private theatrical or musicale often proves the open door to pleasant circles. The busy, worried matron who is superintending the affair will always have a kindly feeling for the girl who, instead of consulting her own preferences, without regard for the general good, enters heartily into the part assigned to her, and is more anxious to do good work than to display her own accomplishments.

It may be hard to wear the unbecoming wig and to disguise a cultured accent with brogue or dialect, but the unselfish spirit that prompted the assuming of an undesirable role will make her, if not the star of the programme, a favorite with those behind the scenes. The demand for her services will increase and advancement will come; for willingness to lose sight of self and fidelity to one's hostess are the hand maids of success.

Second the efforts of your hostess instead of making demands upon her. Help her to entertain her other guests, and in time your presence will be considered one of the essentials of a successful social event. Never appear bored. Nothing is so gratifying as the sight of a happy animated guest. There is such a thing as cultivating a spirit so truly sweet that it calls out the best in others and so always finds something to enjoy. In brief, by being more anxious to entertain than to be entertained, you will find your way to the front and become a social power, and a delight to all who may meet you.

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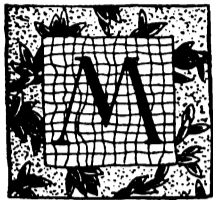
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GROWING PLANTS FOR THE TABLE

By Eben E. Rexford



More and more each year, the use of growing plants for the decoration of the dinner table increases, and I am glad it is so, for it has a tendency to develop better taste, and a keener appreciation of all that is beautiful in Nature. Many persons seem to think that nothing but flowers will answer the purpose, but once let them see a table tastefully ornamented with a beautiful plant on which there is not a single flower and they will have to admit their mistake. The fact is, some plants furnish a more beautiful decoration than any amount of cut flowers can, and the reason is there is nothing artificial about it if it has been allowed to grow naturally, and natural arrangements are always in the best of taste, while any arrangement of cut flowers must be more or less unnatural when the habits of the plant from which they were taken are considered. But few persons have the "knack" of arranging cut flowers gracefully. They give them a stiff, prim, formal appearance which is wholly unsatisfactory, although the hostess, or whoever it is that has arranged them, cannot tell why they are so. One explanation is, lack of practice in making up bouquets. Another is, a failure to catch Nature's trick of doing things, something in which nearly all of us are sadly deficient.

The successful maker up of bouquets, whether for the table, the corsage, or the buttonhole, must be, like the poet, "born, not made." It is a natural "gift." The study of flowers, their habits, colors, and so forth, may enable us to overcome a lack of this "gift" to a certain extent, but it can never make us do these things as some persons can who have the instinct for it.

ARRANGING THE TABLE FOR THE PLANTS

The use of growing plants on the table enables us to do away with the annoyance which generally results from an attempt to arrange flowers gracefully.

Before naming some of the best plants for table decoration, let me tell how to fit the table for their use. We will suppose that you have an extension table. Have the carpenter make a leaf of pine to take the place of one of the leaves which come with the table. In the centre have a hole cut ten inches in diameter. This will allow you to use a larger pot than you would ever find use for, perhaps, but then you might want to use such a size, and it is best to be able to do so without obliging some one to take the leaf to the carpenter to have the hole made larger. In order to make it easy to use a pot of smaller size on this leaf, have the tinsmith cut you some "rimmers" from galvanized iron. These "rimmers" should be eleven or twelve inches across. In the centre of each one have a hole cut to admit the pot containing a plant. You will want four of them, one fitted for each size of pot between six and ten inches. The iron from which they should be cut is sufficiently strong to hold the weight of the pots safely and without sagging as tin would. It does not make a ridge to show under the table linen as a wooden "rimmer" would. By substituting the leaf with a hole in it for the original table-leaf, you have your table ready for the reception of a pot-plant with very little trouble. Some may think it just as well to place the pot on the table. Not so. The plant in such a case generally stands too high, and the plant is too prominent. Drop the pot into the place prepared for it in the table-leaf, and your plant has the appearance of growing out of the table, and the effect is very fine. It is well to have these leaves fitted in the manner described, so that in case you give a large dinner party you can have one large plant for the centre of the table and a smaller one toward each end. Of course, the use of plants in this manner necessitates the cutting of table linen, but if the practice of decorating the table is frequent, a set of cloths can be made to use with each style of decoration. This matter the women who read this article can arrange for themselves.

One of the most beautiful and fragrant plants that can be selected for table decoration is the lily of the valley, which can be forced at home, if one has a green-house, or bought very cheaply of the florist. Its cool green leaves form a most charming bit of color, against which the sprays of drooping flowers are most effectively displayed. Its fragrance is ideal, being delicate yet pervading, but never overpowering, as is sometimes the case where other plants are used.

The coleus is an excellent plant where strong effects of color are desired. It is a plant that can be grown in any warm green-house, and is often found in ordinary window collections. If this be used no flowers will be needed, as its leaves are almost as richly colored as blossoms are. The dark, rich, velvety crimson sorts light up strikingly, and are most effective when surrounded by golden yellow varieties; young, compact, well-shaped plants are required. They should not be large specimens, with the exception of the central plant, and that ought not to be over eighteen inches tall.

THE DELICATE AND GRACEFUL FERN

One of the most beautiful of all plants for the decoration of the table is the fern. I doubt if such graceful results can be secured with any other plant. Take a fine specimen of *Adiantum cuneatum*, or *farleyense*, and see what a charming effect it has against spotless linen, and among the sparkle of cut glass and the glitter of silver. It is simply exquisite. There is the perfection of delicacy and grace in the curve of every frond. The pot should be covered with lycopodium, which should extend far enough over its edge to effectually conceal the junction of pot and table. Perhaps some think pretty nearly the same results might be secured by cutting the fern and arranging the fronds in some low vessel. Not so. The fern withers so rapidly, after cutting, that it is comparatively worthless for table decoration when used in that way. In the use of a living plant you guard against such a result. And the same plant can be made useful all through the season, while, if you were to cut from it, you would destroy its usefulness in a short time. And another argument against the use of cut ferns is the great difficulty of arranging them in low or shallow vessels without almost destroying their individuality, and, as a natural consequence, their beauty. A fern must never be crowded if you want it to look well, and in using cut ferns you must either crowd them somewhat in arranging them, if you would have them keep in place, or you must use something else with them, and that is a dangerous thing to do, as they combine well with nothing but themselves.

TO BRIGHTEN THE TABLE

If you want to brighten the table scatter a few roses about the pot of fern in the centre. Or a low arrangement of short-stemmed flowers can be used on each side of the plant in the centre. Roman hyacinths are charming to use in this way. So are pink bouvardias. Parma violets form a fitting accompaniment to ferns. A most beautiful effect can be secured by using a yellow chrysanthemum which has been made to branch low. This will give you a mass of bloom which lights up well, and over which the guests can look at each other, something they could not do if the same plant were used with its pot standing on the table. The pink chrysanthemums, as a general thing, do not light up well; they are too dull and cold in tone. Some of the dark Indian reds give a rich but somewhat sombre effect, and a few yellow ones must be used with them to relieve their dull tones. Rex begonias can be made available for table decoration when growing plants are used, but when cut the foliage is almost worthless, as it cannot be arranged satisfactorily, owing to the shortness of leaf-stem. Those who have never seen one of these magnificent plants used as an ornament to the table will be surprised to see what charming results can be attained with them. There are many excellent varieties; one of the best is Louis Chretien. It has very dark bronzy foliage banded with a rich crimson and violet, and these markings have a peculiar metallic glitter which comes out most effectively under lamplight. If anything is wanted to relieve its color, use a few vivid yellow flowers.

Other begonias make excellent plants for table decoration. For an informal party, where simple delicacy, beauty and lightness of effect are more desirable than elaboration, few plants are better than a plant of *B. Wiltonensis* in bloom. Its rich green foliage has a satiny lustre under gaslight, and its delicate, almost transparent, pink clusters, show with exceeding grace against the white napery and among the other accessories of the well-arranged table.

AZALEAS OF WHITE, PINK AND CRIMSON

Another most effective plant, in its season, is the azalea. There are so many varieties of this beautiful flower that all tastes can be suited as to color. Some are of the purest white, and the effect of a fine plant of the white varieties, covered, as it literally will be, with flowers, is exquisite in its delicacy. It is purity itself. If you prefer a brighter color, use the pink varieties. These brighten up a table wonderfully. A plant twelve or eighteen inches high will, if properly trained, have a head as many inches across, and such a plant, well grown, will often have a hundred expanded flowers at a time, and as each flower will be from two to three inches across, the effect can be imagined. The dark crimson varieties give a richer tone of color, and will be found very fine under proper light. As nearly all azaleas are trained to one stem, and grown in miniature tree form, it will be necessary to cover the pot. For this, if the pot is let down into the table, there is nothing better than lycopodium. If the pot is simply placed upon the table, foliage of some sort can be used to cover it, or an ornamental pot cover can be used. White silk of thin texture can be crumpled about the pot with good results. Lace can be used with dainty and delicate effect among and about maiden-hair ferns, with which plants it seems to have something in common. Not long ago I saw *Siselia* used for this purpose, and with the fronds of the ferns drooping over it and half concealing it, it had quite the glimmer of silk.

ALLAMANDA AND HELIOTROPE

One of the most beautiful of flowering plants for the table is the allamanda. It has very rich, shining foliage, and flowers of the most beautiful shade of golden yellow. They light up like stars. The heliotrope is a good plant for table use, if grown in compact, bushy form. Its flowers are not showy, being mostly of a pale lavender, but they are deliciously sweet, and some brighter flowers can be used with them to relieve the lack of tone. For decorating a low table *Primula obconica* is excellent. It throws out ample masses of foliage which cover the surface of the pot completely, thus making it unnecessary to use anything with it. Above the pretty green leaves it lifts its dainty clusters of flowers on slender stems which display them most gracefully. No other flower grown in green-house or window garden has such suggestions of spring flowers about it. It is almost as beautiful as the hepatica, which it resembles somewhat in form. This plant can be grown by any one. A green-house is not necessary for its culture. A stately effect is secured by using an *amaryllis* in full bloom. The broad, curving foliage, the tall flower stalk crowned with its cluster of scarlet lily-like flowers, all combine to give the table an air of aristocratic dignity which harmonizes with the elaboration characterizing a large dinner party. A plant of Easter or Bermuda lily in full bloom is a regal decoration for the table of any one. The great trumpet-shaped flowers, in their waxen purity, shine out above the green of the foliage in such a manner as to charm every beholder. Use nothing with them, or you will spoil the effect of them. Pots of Roman hyacinths are very delightful ornaments for the table. Their fragrant blossoms are much more graceful than those of the older double sorts, because they are less formal. To grow these plants for use on the table, plant three or four bulbs in a six-inch pot. There are four colors—white, pink, blue and yellow. It is well to have several pots of each color, so that the color-scheme of decoration can be varied as desired. The white kinds combine beautifully with all the other colors.

LESS EXPENSIVE PLANTS

Because one does not happen to have any of the plants I have named growing in the home conservatory or sitting-room window, it does not necessarily follow that there are none there which can be used on the table. The fact is, almost any plant, if it has had proper training, will prove useful for table decoration. Take the ordinary geranium, for instance; it may lack somewhat in grace and delicacy, but it gives you a wealth of pleasing green foliage, and if it happens to have several clusters of flowers on it, it forms an ornament by no means to be despised. It is so with almost any plant grown in the window. The principal thing to do to make it attractive is to cover the pot, for the ordinary pot is always an ugly thing to look at. The ingenuity of the women of the family can be brought into requisition in the manufacture of something that shall hide the pot's unsightliness without being so obtrusive as to detract from the plant's charms. Remember that the plant is of more importance than the covering you give its pot, and let that be simple but tasteful, whether of cardboard, cloth, or wood. Of course, a plant for table use should be as clean as it is possible to make it, with every yellow leaf removed and all unsightly sticks or strings disposed of.

ECONOMY IN USE OF GROWING PLANTS

It will be seen that there is great economy in using growing plants instead of buying cut flowers. You can use the same plant over and over again, while cut flowers are worthless after once using. The amount of money that you would pay for a few roses at the florist's would purchase a magnificent fern or azalea, and these, if you have a little home green-house—and that is what all persons who love flowers ought to have—can be made to do duty many times during the season. There is no reason why any one who grows flowers in the house during winter should not grow plants with which to make her table attractive whenever she desires that it shall be so. Once get into the habit of using growing plants for this purpose, and you will take great pleasure in training plants in such a manner as to make them most satisfactory for this use. A plant of fuchsias, with its slender branches drooping beneath the weight of the dainty flowers, would make a charming decoration for any table, and any one can grow a fuchsia who cares to. A bushy plant of fragrant rose geranium is always sure to be admired, and this plant will grow in any sitting-room with very little care. So will nearly all the flowering begonias, heliotropes and such plants as Chinese primrose and *Primula obconica*. If you have a green-house you can grow the choicer ferns, azaleas and similar plants.

Although, at first sight, it may seem to those who have had little or no experience, that given plenty of flowering plants any one may decorate a table, the task will not be found an easy one, when the desire for novel table decorations that exist in these days is taken into account. But matters will be simplified if we disabuse ourselves of the idea that cut flowers, and nothing but cut flowers, are absolute necessities for the decoration of the table. Plants, with or without flowers, are quite as beautiful, quite as appropriate, vastly cheaper, and more easily obtainable, and in many ways more valuable, especially from an artistic standpoint. And we want to get rid of the idea that in order to make a table look well it is necessary to have a large quantity of either flowers or foliage. Such is not the case. It is not so much a question of quantity as of good taste in the arrangement of what we happen to have. Without the exercise of good taste it is impossible to give the table that dainty, graceful effect which all admire. But frequently persons having excellent taste in other things, fail here, so that, after all, there may be a "knack" about it.

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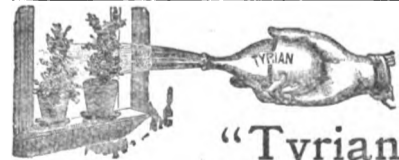
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Is all head and always sure to head. Very uniform in size, firm and fine in texture, excellent in quality, and a remarkable good keeper. Alfred Ross, of Penn Yan, N. Y., grow a head which weighed 6 1/2 to 7 pounds.

FINCH'S PERFECTION LETTUCE

The finest variety in the world. Does not head like some varieties, but forms huge, compact bush-like plants which are always very crisp and tender.

FIVE CINNAMON VINES FREE

This rapid growing Vine, with its beautiful heart-shaped leaves, glossy green peculiar foliage, and delicate white blossoms, emitting a delicious cinnamon fragrance, will grow from 10 to 30 feet in a single season, and for covering Arbors, Screens or Verandas is without a rival.

FRANK FINCH (Box B) CLYDE, N. Y.

Every person sending for the above Tree Tomato Collection will receive a certificate which will entitle them to 75 cents worth of Choice Seeds (their own selection from my list) which will be sent free of charge and postpaid. This is the greatest offer ever made by a RELIABLE firm in this or any other country.

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Why not use a few choice Tropical Plants, especially when they cost no more than common plants, and are just as easy to grow?

We have thousands of testimonials from our many customers, expressing their appreciation of our plants; can we not add your name to our list? To that end we make the following SPECIAL OFFERS, any or all of which will be sent postpaid: An Orange Tree that will bear sweet, edible fruit. Pineapple Plant, and a Red and Yellow Chinese Guava, the four plants for only \$1. Orchids and Air-Plants are unique and attractive when suspended among other plants; we will send a collection of these, five plants in all, for only 40 cents.

Palms and Dracenas are among the most elegant of decorative plants, and we offer to send 2 Palms and 2 Dracenas of the handsomest sorts for only 60 cents. In Spring blooming bulbs, we have the Giant Spider Lily, the great Crinum Noble, Crinum Americanum, and the lovely Amaryllis Kathire; all four of these bulbs, wrapped in the beautiful gray Spanish Moss that is so much prized for decorating, will be sent for 75 cents, or less than the price of a single Crinum if purchased at the North. Our elegant catalogue of Tropical Plants and Seeds will be sent free to all applicants mentioning this JOURNAL.

THE AMERICAN EXOTIC NURSERY. Address R. D. HOYT, Mgr., Seven Oaks, Fla.

LOVELY NEW VARIEGATED TUBEROSE

The leaves of this grand variety are bordered with creamy white; flowers very large and of exquisite fragrance. Bulbs continue to grow and bloom year after year. It makes a most magnificent plant. It blooms several weeks earlier than the other sorts, which greatly adds to its value. For only 25c. we will send by mail, postpaid, all of the following: 1 bulb of the Lovely New Variegated Tuberoses; 1 bulb of the Kexlor Pearl Tuberoses; 1 bulb New Seeding Gladiol; 2 bulbs Oxalis free bloomers; 1 pkt. Fuller's Perfection Pansy seed; 1 pkt. Snow Queen Pansy seed; 1 pkt. New King Balm; 1 pkt. Floral Park Giant Phlox; 1 pkt. Lovely Margaret Carnation; 1 pkt. Fuller's New Rose Aster, double flowers of great beauty. These rare bulbs and seeds will all flower this season and we send them for only 25c. Order at once. Catalogue sent free.

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FLOWERING BULBS

Send 10c, and I will mail to you 2 Tuberoses Bulbs (1 new variegated and 1 orange flow'd) and 10 Bulbs in two new varieties Summer Oxalis. For 25c. 3 large Tuberoses Bulbs (1 dbl. Pearl, 1 new var., 1 orange fl'd.) and 15 Bulbs in two new varieties, Summer Oxalis. For 50c. 12 Grand Bulbs, Double Pearl Tuberoses, Zephyrus Roses, a new summer flowering rose colored Amaryllis, splendid bulb for 2c., 3 for 5c.

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Two hundred choice varieties. Price list free. **Wm. G. WETTER** Princeton, New Jersey

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

Mrs. C. H.—The small tubers of the dahlias, if sound, are worth just as much for next season's use as the larger ones. Success with dahlias does not depend on the size of the tuber planted.

L. E. W.—Roses can be grown from seed. Florists grow them in that way, and obtain new varieties, but I would not advise the amateur to attempt it, as the process is a long and difficult one. You would not be likely to grow anything resembling the Jacquemont you have, as it is very seldom that a seedling resembles its parent.

Mrs. E. B.—The wisteria can be propagated from cuttings, or by layering. Clematis by layering, or division of the roots. Althea by cutting. Hydrangea also. Rose cuttings are most likely to grow, in the hands of an amateur, if put, in the spring, in clear sand which should be kept damp and warm. It is better to increase the stock of choice roses by layering in summer.

Mrs. THOMAS P.—Hyacinths need not be taken from the ground in winter, but tuberoses and dahlias will not stand the slightest freezing. If the tuberoses bloomed they are worth nothing after, and will not do so a second time. Growing young tuberoses bulbs is more trouble than they are worth, since you can get strong bulbs of flowering size from any florist at a reasonable price.

C. H. H.—Tuberous rooted begonias have a tuber something like that of the gloxinia, from which the branches are sent up, while other begonias have thick, fleshy roots, which can be divided in such a manner, in most cases, as to secure a portion of root with branch attached. The tuberous section need never be confused with the rex or ordinary flowering classes, as the habit is quite different.

Mrs. W. W. J.—The helleborus, or Christmas rose, should be planted in the fall, if it is not good for house culture. The reason that your begonia does not do well is owing to the fact that it has had no time to get established since it was potted. If it bloomed all summer it cannot be expected to do much until it has had a rest. Give no fertilizer of any kind until it has begun to grow, and do not water it much while standing still.

Mrs. W. H. S.—Brown and black spots appearing on the young leaves of the ficus or rubber plant may come from an insect. Examine it carefully, and if the red spider is found, shower freely each day. The plant probably needs re-potting, for if the roots are cramped, or the soil is poor, this is often the result. The remedy is fresh soil and more room. Put chrysanthemums in the cellar until spring, keeping them quite dry.

A. K.—One of the plants best adapted to a shady window is the aspidistra, which flourishes in rooms devoid of sunshine and is not affected by dry air. It requires a deep pot and a moderate quantity of water, as evaporation takes place slowly in the shade—and does well in any good soil. It has no stalk, and its leaves shoot up from the soil. They are about a foot in length and six inches across, borne on six-inch stems. The foliage is a rich dark green.

Miss M. G.—Roses can be grown from seed, but you can never depend on getting plants like those from which the seed was gathered. The chances are that among a hundred seedlings you would not get one plant worth keeping. If you simply care to experiment, you would find it very interesting to grow seedling roses, but if you wish to increase your stock of fine varieties, it would be advisable for you to purchase plants from some reliable firm, or procure them from friends.

M. R.—The best method of rooting slips of plants is to put them into clean, sharp sand in a moderately deep dish. Enough water should be given to wet the sand thoroughly. If too much is given it will settle in the bottom of the dish and become stagnant. The sand is in a proper condition when it contains enough moisture to be worked into any shape. Pack it well around the cuttings, placing the dish in a light, warm place. The more vigorous plants, such as the geranium, fuchsia or heliotrope, take root more easily when exposed to the sun.

M. E. L.—Amateurs sometimes grow the common variety of palm from seed, but we would advise you to buy a palm from a florist, as they are slow growers, and one is obliged to wait a long time before getting any satisfactory results from them. I would advise phoenix reclinata for a spreading variety having long leaves. For a low-growing, large-leaved variety, get satania borbonica. This is the true fan palm, while for an erect graceful variety get areca lutescens. Give palms a deep, rather than wide, pot, and have the soil of loam and sand. Keep in the shade, and shower the foliage frequently. Be careful to keep down scale, and avoid giving too much water.

A. E. W.—Pansies are not adapted to house culture. They like a cool, moist, airy place, and such conditions are not obtainable in the house, as they make a rapid, but weak, growth, but almost always fail to bloom. The ordinary geranium, two or three years of age, requires a ten-inch pot. It is seldom advisable to use one of larger size. The plants should be allowed to bloom after reaching a proper stage of development in form, if trained as advised in the article referred to in your letter, and not before. If left to grow in the usual form, year-old plants can be allowed to bloom all they want to, except during summer, when you want them to rest and gain strength for winter work.

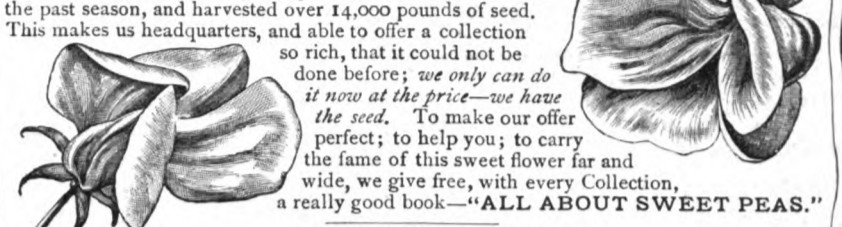
E.—The vines most desirable for rapid growth are the morning-glory and the ampelopsis, or Virginia creeper. The former is an annual, the latter a shrubby vine living year after year. Both are beautiful, and both do well in a dry, light, dusty soil. Sow seed for the morning-glory in May, and plant the ampelopsis any time after the frost is out of the ground. Plant lilacs any time in spring. Furnace heat is very harmful to plants, and few kinds will live in it, because it is too dry. If you can contrive in some way to keep the air moist, you can grow such plants as the geranium and some of the harder, more robust, varieties of begonias in rooms heated by a furnace. Perhaps some members of the cactus family would do well in such an atmosphere.

G. E. W.—When the leaves of the climbing fern turn black before developing fully, the plant is probably receiving too much water. No plant requires daily watering except in summer, and those kept out of the sunshine in a north window do not need water oftener than twice a week, except in the very hottest weather. It is probable that the red spider may be the cause. If so, the only remedy would be to apply water copiously to the plant. I think, however, that the earth may be sours from too much water, and probably the roots are in a diseased condition. Re-pot the plants, and do not water until the soil looks dry on the surface. Freesias should be potted in September or October. Put several in a five or six inch pot, and keep in a sunny, warm place until well started, keeping in comparative shade when ready to bloom. Water freely when you should keep the soil moist until the foliage turns yellow; then withhold water, and when the soil gets dry set the pots away until next season. In September re-pot and start into growth again.

J. W.—Young calla plants should be potted in small pots at first, say four-inch ones, and kept in them for perhaps six months, then shift to six-inch ones. Use a compost of loam and muck, or well-rotted manure. Leaf-mold does not seem to suit this plant as well as a heavier soil. I always provide perfect drainage, and keep the soil moist while the young plants are growing, but never wet, as many advise. When the second pot is filled with white roots to the outside of the ball of earth—this may be ascertained by turning the plant out of the pot—give it an eight-inch pot. Older plants seldom require a large one to bloom well in. Give a weekly watering with liquid manure, which can be made warm before applying. Never allow the plant to stand in water, as some advise, but keep the soil very moist by frequent applications of water. Standing in water has a tendency to sour the soil, and this almost always brings on a disease of the young roots, reaching out from the tubers, which prevents blooming. This treatment ought to make a blooming plant of a young one in a year.

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Fragrant Loveliness Has Won. Foreseeing their destiny, we planted acres of Sweet Peas the past season, and harvested over 14,000 pounds of seed. This makes us headquarters, and able to offer a collection so rich, that it could not be done before; we only can do it now at the price—we have the seed. To make our offer perfect; to help you; to carry the fame of this sweet flower far and wide, we give free, with every Collection, a really good book—"ALL ABOUT SWEET PEAS."



THE VARIETIES ARE
BOREATTON.—A grand variety, with very large flowers borne in threes upon long stems. Color deep maroon.
LOTTE ECKFORD.—Clusters of three; standard and wings clear white delicately shaded porcelain blue.
QUEEN OF ENGLAND.—This grand variety is much admired for its pure white flowers of large size and good substance.
ORANGE PRINCE.—Splendid long-stemmed flowers of bright orange-pink, flushed with scarlet. Very distinct.
ECKFORD'S GILT EDGE, OR SURPASSING SWEET PEAS.—This mixture of all the new Sweet Peas is unequalled. Mr. Eckford, who makes it for us, is the most expert professional grower in the world.

THE BOOK IS "All About Sweet Peas,"

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Can you realize the work and foresight necessary to make this Collection and book within the reach of all? As our reward, confidence and custom should come our way. At any rate, you should plant Sweet Peas this year.

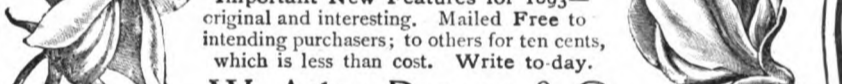
we will mail securely packed—to any address, the complete Collection of Sweet Peas described above—one packet of each, together with our book—"ALL ABOUT SWEET PEAS." Five Collections, with five books for \$1.00. Ten Collections with ten books for \$2.00.

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Burpee's Farm Annual for 1893,—

BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE. A handsome book of 172 pages. It tells all about the BEST SEEDS that grow, including rare NOVELTIES of real merit. Honest descriptions, hundreds of illustrations, with beautiful colored plates painted from nature. Important New Features for 1893—original and interesting. Mailed Free to intending purchasers; to others for ten cents, which is less than cost. Write to-day.

W. Atlee Burpee & Co., PHILADELPHIA, PA.



\$100 FOR 4 EARLY TOMATOES!

—THIS WONDERFUL—"EARLIEST TOMATO in the WORLD" is just what everyone wants. It has proved the earliest and best by the side of every variety. It bears abundantly of large bright red tomatoes, very smooth, of excellent quality, extremely solid all through, with only a few seeds and free from rot. My plants set in garden last of May produced full size ripe tomatoes July 2nd, and was pronounced a perfect wonder by all who saw them growing. After you test them you will grow no others for they grow so rapidly. Seed was sown in hot bed in April. I want a B.G. record for this tomato in 1893, and will pay \$500 in cash to a person growing a ripe tomato in 75 days from the date the seed is sown. Also \$400 to the person growing a ripe tomato in the least number of days from day seed is sown; \$125 for next and \$75 for next. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS for I am introducer and own all the seed. Never offered before.

SURE HEAD CABBAGE is all head and sure to head, very uniform, of large size, firm and fine in texture, excellent quality, and a good keeper. I will pay \$100 for the heaviest head grown from my seed in 1893 and \$50 for the next heaviest. Single heads have weighed over 60 lbs. **GIANT SILVER QUEEN ONION** is the largest and handsomest ever offered. Single specimens under white and handsome. I will pay \$100 for the heaviest onion grown from my seed in 1893, and \$50 for next heaviest.

ALICE PANSY has created a sensation everywhere. They are the largest and contain the greatest number of colors (many never seen before in pansies) of any pansy ever offered. I offer \$500 in cash to a person growing a Blossom of the "Alice Pansy" in 1893, from my seed, 4 1/2 inches in diameter, and \$300 for the largest blossom grown, \$100 for second, \$50 for third, \$50 for fourth, and \$50 for sixth. Try this and get some beauties. Full particulars of all prizes in my catalogue. **MY CATALOGUE** is full of bargains. \$4,500 offered in premiums; \$900 is by July 1st, \$500 for the largest club orders, \$100 for the largest farmer's order; and every one will be paid July 1st. Mrs. T. B. Young, Rock City, Ill., sent largest club order in 1892 and I paid her \$500. Her photograph is in catalogue. Don't buy a seed until you see it. Prices low. \$1 customers get 50 cents extra of their selection FREE. **MY OFFER** I will send a package each of "Earliest Tomato in the World," Sure Head Cabbage, Giant Silver Queen Onion and Alice Pansy with my Catalogue for only 25c. Every person sending silver, P. N. or M. O. for the above collection will receive free a package Mammoth Prize Tomato which grows over 14 in. high, and this year I will pay \$500 to any person growing one weighing 4 lbs. It CAN be done. If 2 persons send for two collections together each will receive Free a package of "Wonder of the World" Beans. They originated among a tribe of Indians, stalks grow large as broom handle and pods 18 in. long. Beans white. It is a wonder, and such a curiosity was never heard of before. Address: **F. B. Mills, Rose Hill, N. Y.**

sworn testimony, have weighed over 5 lbs. They are of mild and delicate flavor, grow rapidly, ripen early, flesh white and handsome. I will pay \$100 for the heaviest onion grown from my seed in 1893, and \$50 for next heaviest.

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ALICE

THE ALICE PANSY

ALICE

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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

BY RUTH ASHMORE

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

S. B. L.—Kismet means fate.

LITERARY—Lawrence Barrett is dead; Edwin Booth is living.

G. P.—The tendency this season is toward long, rather than short cloaks.

M. A. B.—I do not think it proper for young girls to be out after dark alone.

JULIET—I do not think there is any objection to the marriage of third cousins.

A. J.—White silk and wool Henrietta cloth will make a pretty and inexpensive wedding dress.

EDITH and OTHERS—I do not think it proper for a young girl to ask a man friend for his picture.

R. L. T.—The people who have been invited to the wedding or reception are the ones who call on the bride.

EMELINE—A good-looking man is spoken of as "handsome," "manly," or "fine-looking," but not as "pretty."

SCHOOL GIRL and OTHERS—An article on the care of the complexion was published in the January JOURNAL.

VIOLKT—A gentleman does not offer his arm to a lady in the day-time unless she is quite old, or infirm from illness.

C. A. S.—You should not begin a letter to a man with "My Dear Friend," instead, it should read "My Dear Mr. Brown."

E. M.—I have never said that I would send deplorative to any one, as I think all of them are more or less dangerous.

AGNES—I do think there is such a thing as friendship between men and women, but not between extremely young ones.

AN INTERESTED READER—A note of thanks should be sent to the friend who has been kind enough to remember you with a basket of flowers.

C. S.—Have your intimate friends invited either to tea or dinner, and announce your engagement to them; in this way it will soon become known.

EVA—A pure olive complexion is considered very beautiful, and I think you will be very foolish to do anything to make your complexion pink.

S. K.—Your hostess did all that was necessary in rising to bid you good-by; it is not requisite for a hostess to accompany her guest to the front door.

BEATRIX—I do not think the wearing of pearls would bring you bad luck, although there is an old superstition that pearls are the tears of mermaids.

H. F. W.—Your prospective mother-in-law should call upon you, or, if this is impossible, she should write you a note appointing a time for you to visit her.

STUPID—After you are served at the table it is proper to begin to eat. When a dish is passed it should be offered to the guest first and the hostess last of all.

MARY—As a book is seen by so many persons, I should write nothing on the fly leaf, but put instead your good wishes on one of your own visiting cards.

CHARLOTTE—I do think it very improper for a girl of fifteen to correspond with a young man. (2) I cannot recommend any preparation that will make the hair curl.

MOLLIE—I cannot express any opinion in regard to the marriage of people who have been divorced; the right or wrong must be decided by the people themselves.

MAGGIE—In introducing the young men to your mother it is not necessary to mention their first names, simply present them as "Mr. Brown" and "Mr. Smith."

GLADYS—I do think it undesirable for girls of sixteen to give their photographs to young men, and I think it equally undesirable for young girls to receive men visitors.

E. S. C.—If your complexion is good, though pale, do not interfere with it. The added color will certainly show, and a clear, pale skin is often as beautiful as a rosy one.

PERPLEXED—An unmarried lady does not leave a card for her host, but a married one leaves her husband's card for him. (2) Cards are sent by mail when personal visits are not made.

G. K.—As your face is round, braid your hair and loop it, tying it with a narrow black ribbon; wear a short, fluffy bang on your forehead. I do not think girls of sixteen should wear their hair high.

N. M. P.—I would suggest putting cold cream on your face whenever you go out; this will do much to keep it from chapping; only a little is necessary, but this little should be well rubbed in the skin.

LEAH—No matter how long an acquaintance may have lasted, there is no excuse for familiarity on the part of a man friend, and a woman who respects herself will not permit it even from an old friend.

PERSIAN—When an engagement is broken, the presents that have been received in honor of it should be packed and returned to their givers, each one being accompanied by a short note of explanation.

WEST NORTHFIELD—One only wears full dress to a church wedding when there is to be a reception afterward to which one is going. (2) With evening dress a man may wear pale pearl or white kid gloves.

GALVESTON—I am not a believer in the letting of pews in churches. I think the seats should all be free, so that the rich and poor may meet together in the presence of God who is the maker of them all.

W. A. C. K.—If you have met the young man at your dancing class and have danced with him you should certainly bow to him when you meet him on the street. (2) Gloves should be worn on the street at all times.

PANSY—It will be proper for you to pay for any entertainment which you may suggest for the pleasure of your guest. If you wish to take him to theatre or concert, have your father or brother buy the tickets for you.

FLORA—Dabble the toilet vinegar on your face and let it dry there; when you wish to use soap, all that is necessary is to first give your face a thorough bathing with warm water and then it will be in condition to receive the soap.

Miss M. N.—I do think it in very bad taste for you to accept presents of jewelry from a man to whom you are not engaged to be married. (2) Suggestions as to suitable presents are given in the December number of the JOURNAL.

N. A. E.—A brown cashmere dress would look very well with a coat of brown cloth having for its collar and cuffs some brown fur. Save a piece of the cloth to make yourself a small bonnet and have a mink head for its decoration.

AMELIA—In writing your acceptance say that you accept with pleasure; this is more grammatical than "will" or "shall," for you are doing it at the time. In writing, it is always better to spell out the words than to abbreviate them.

MISS MOWCHER—There is no impropriety in a brother and sister keeping house together. (2) If an intimate friend tells you a great deal about the friend whom she is visiting, it would be graceful for you to send some pleasant message to her.

M. G. B.—It is in perfectly good taste, and a mark of respect, to say "Yes, Sir" and "No, Madam," to those who are much older than we are, but it is only necessary to say, "Yes, Mr. Brown," or "No, Mrs. Brown," to those of about your own age.

E. E. B. and OTHERS—If your hair is turning gray prematurely I would advise your letting it alone, as it will tend to make your face look younger. I cannot and will not recommend any hair dyes, and must request that my girls do not ask me to do so.

MARIE and OTHERS—I must request that in writing to me my girls will put their questions as plainly as possible, and write them in black ink. After one has read two or three hundred letters, the eyes refuse to do their duty when pale ink is before them.

MAID MARIAN—I am not a believer either in very long or very short engagements; I think, however, that a girl ought to know a man for more than a month before she consents to marry him. An attraction may exist at first sight, but I doubt if love can.

LASSIE—A note of thanks should be sent as soon after the receipt of the present as possible; it is not necessary to wait until after the wedding, though this is frequently done. Written thanks should be sent for each article, thanks by word of mouth not being sufficient.

DAPHNE—The right and loving thing for you to do is to tell your father about your sweetheart. Do not deceive him in any way. Remember that he has loved and cared for you many years, while this love is a new one. Take my advice and tell him of it at once.

MASCOTTE—If your hair is naturally curly you are very foolish to attempt to straighten it out, as curly hair is always fashionable. (2) I think you are doing wrong to answer the letter of a man whom you met in the cars, even if he did happen to know some of your friends.

L. A. L.—On sheets and table cloths the initials are usually embroidered in the centre, about a half a yard from the end. On napkins they are embroidered either in one corner, or in the middle of one side, according to their size and the manner in which they are to be folded.

FRIEND and OTHERS—It makes me very happy and proud to think that some of my girls' boys are interested in my work, and have written to tell me so. If they continue to encourage me I may do as one of them suggest—have a special "Side Talk" with the boys.

R. L. F.—In mourning, that is when crape is worn, the visiting cards should have a very narrow black border; an extremely deep one is considered in very bad taste. Perfectly plain white paper may be used, or that having a border of the same width which is selected for the cards.

AGNES—Cold meats, salads, ices, sandwiches, bride's cake, lemonade, coffee and chocolate form a suitable wedding breakfast. There is a preference for having one's husband's full name on one's visiting card. "Mrs. John Lawrence Smith" looks better than "Mrs. John L. Smith."

A SUBSCRIBER—At a quiet home wedding where the bride is dressed in white it would be in good taste for her to wear a veil; this is not removed until she changes her wedding dress for her going-away gown. When going into the wedding supper, the bride and bridegroom usually lead the way.

INTERROGATION POINT—Stained floors with rugs upon them are liked for parlors, libraries or dining-rooms. (2) Bread should be broken in small pieces and eaten from the fingers; to eat bread and gravy as you describe is permitted in the nursery for very small children, but not outside of it.

E. B. C.—A lady's maid is supposed to know how to dress hair, how to take care of a wardrobe, how to dress a lady, and how to make everything easy and comfortable for her. She must learn her employer's habits. A good lady's maid almost knows what her employer wants before a request is made.

L. T.—When one has made a mistake in that most important step in life—marriage—the best thing to do is to pray for help to try and do what is right and to be patient. I know this sounds easy to say, and that it is hard to do, but, my dear child, it is right, and you must make the doing of the right your object in life.

LILLIAN and OTHERS—Silver sand is ordinary scrubbing sand taken through a strainer so that all the large bits are removed from it and the sand itself made as fine as possible. Where druggists do not sell it, it can usually be gotten at a grocer's, and if it is not fine enough any one can prepare it without difficulty.

WEST CLEVELAND—Thank you very much for your kind words. I can quite understand your desire to be loved, but as you are not yet twenty years old there is plenty of time for the man who is to rule your heart to make his appearance. In the meantime be as cheerful and bright as possible, and be very sure that he will come.

M. N.—It would not be proper for you to take your visitor to the wedding to which she is not invited; as you all have arranged to go, make your excuses to her and think out some way for her to spend her time pleasantly while you are absent. (2) Unless the gentleman's mother should ask his betrothed to visit her, she should not go; her fiancé's invitation is not sufficient.

STUDENT—At a supper given by a party of students to some young ladies, one or two chaperones would be proper, though it would not be necessary to have more than one. A simple evening dress would be in good taste. Your gloves should be removed before supper, and you yourself care for them. (2) A girl of eighteen wears skirts of the same length as her sister of twenty.

N. M.—In advising you not to eat greasy meats, I mean meat like pork, and meats which have been fried. Properly roasted, broiled or boiled meat does not affect the complexion, although one must eat with it a suitable quantity of vegetable food, for it is the lettuce, spinach and kindred vegetables that tend to keep the system in good condition, and make the skin clear and wholesome to look at.

M. A. S.—It is almost impossible for me to give my opinion in regard to marrying a divorced man, for I am not a believer in divorces at all. When two people cannot live happily together then perhaps a separation may be necessary, but as much as God himself has ordained that a marriage lasts "until death them do part," I can see no reason for either divorce or the marriage of divorced people.

DEWITT—A young girl of twenty who has an older sister unmarried would have "Miss Mary Brown Smith" engraved on her visiting cards. When her sister marries she becomes "Miss Smith," but until that happens her full name, prefaced by "Miss," should be on her cards, and all invitations should be addressed to her in the same fashion. (2) Veils should not be worn in the evening at a concert or the theatre.

BERTHA L.—The sending of a wedding present should be governed entirely by your kindly feeling toward the bride and not depend on whether you are simply invited to the wedding at the church and not to the reception which follows it. Very often all of one's friends cannot be invited to the house for various reasons. If you are an old friend of the bride, it would be a pretty act for you to remember her with a little gift.

LOTTY—If you are not naturally long-waisted the best that you can do is to wear a bodice that will give you a long-waisted look. (2) Plenty of exercise and care as to the diet is all that I can advise for reducing the flesh. (3) A good tooth powder is one formed of equal parts of orris and chalk; after using this, wash your teeth well with soap and water, being careful that none of the powder remains between them.

MAUD—The bridal procession, as it enters the church is led by the ushers, who come two by two; then follow the bridesmaids, after them the maid of honor, and then the bride on her father's arm. The bridegroom and best man are waiting at the altar; coming out, the bride comes first on the arm of the bridegroom, the maid of honor on the arm of the best man, each bridesmaid with an usher, and last of all the father and mother of the bride.

WESTERN GIRL—There is no impropriety in two girls going to church in the evening without an escort. Indeed, they may go almost any place they wish, provided always, that they are quiet in dress and manner. I do not advise riding, even with an intimate man friend, late in the evening. In this world due respect must be paid to the conventionalities, and no matter how innocent one may be, thought must be given as to what the world will think.

GERALDINE—If you know that the girl who has written to you is an undesirable acquaintance the best thing to do is simply to leave her letter unanswered. You ask what you can do to make yourself more agreeable; try and say pleasant things to people and do not permit yourself to discuss your friends or their weaknesses; try to see good in your fellow creatures, and never hesitate to speak a good word for any one who may be under discussion. Talk about things, rather than people, and do not permit yourself to think that you are being criticised, and then you will lose the self-consciousness which is a burden to so many young girls.



SINCE CONQUERS PRINTERS' INK

Desiring to give the admirers of Ivory Soap an opportunity to contribute to its literature, the manufacturers offered prizes for the best twelve verses suitable for use as advertisements. 27,388 contributions were received. To the following was awarded the

SECOND PRIZE.

THE printer's "devil," for a joke,
The office towel put to soak.
With Ivory Soap he rubbed it well,
And hung it where the sunlight fell;
So clean, so white, so fair to see,
The ghost of what it used to be.
The editor threw wide the door,
Then almost sank unto the floor,
Aghast at that unusual sight—
An office towel pure and bright!
"Explain you mystery," he said,
The guilty "devil" hung his head
And cried, "'Twas only for some fun,
With Ivory Soap the deed was done."
The editor his sanctum sought
And penned this editorial thought:
"It ne'er has been our policy
To give a reading notice free.
We break the rule for Ivory Soap;
What other one can with it cope?
Our office-towel, black as night,
By Ivory Soap grew pure and white.
Its rivals all before it sink,
Since Ivory conquers printers' Ink."

ELIZABETH STRONG BAKER, Malden, Mass.
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A perfect plaster nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort, on demand.

DID you ever read the names of some of those who vouch for ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS? Mrs. Beecher says it is the only plaster she ever indorsed. These are the names of people who live to do good.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER
RUSSELL SAGE
MARION HARLAND
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HENRY A. MOTT, Jr.
JAMES W. HUSTED

Some of them say that ALLCOCK'S Porous Plaster has been a member of the family for thirty years. They know it is good for pains in the chest, weak back, and for sprains, cold on the ache. Several thousand other people you have heard of say the same.

"Tasting is Believing"

We believe that our Soups are unequalled for flavor, strength and purity. Tasting them will make a believer of you. We make

PEA,	MULLIGATAWNEY,	TERRAPIN,
BEEF,	FRENCH BOULLON,	MOCK TURTLE,
OXTAIL,	PEARL TAPIOCA,	MUTTON BROTH,
TOMATO,	PUREE OF GAME,	VEGETABLE,
CHICKEN,	CHICKEN GUMBO,	CONSOMME,
JULIENNE,	GREEN TURTLE,	VERMICELLI.

A trial can, same as used on Pullman Buffet Cars, with address of dealer keeping our goods in your city, will be sent on receipt of fourteen cents in stamps.

The National Pure Food Co., Cincinnati, O.

LITERARY QUERIES

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS—All books mentioned in this column of "Literary Queries" will be supplied to any address, postage free, by the Book Department of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

E. W.—Hamlin Garland is that author's real name.

A. M. D.—I know of no English translation of Bjornson Bjornston's "En Hamske."

TWIN SISTER—Lawrence Sterne was the author of "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb."

ELLA—Knickerbocker was the nom de plume used by Washington Irving in his "History of New York."

ROSE McC.—The historical poem, "Edinburg After Flodden," was written by William Edmondstoune Aytoun.

D. C. F.—"The Wayside Inn," celebrated by Longfellow, was an actual tavern in the town of Sudbury, Massachusetts.

TALBOT—Robert Louis Stevenson, the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," is authority for the statement that Jekyll is pronounced Jee-kill.

MATTIE—"Ingomar, the Barbarian" was written in the German by Von Munchs Bellinghauser, and translated into English by Maria Lovell.

Y. C.—If you have been awarded a prize for your essay, and the prize has not come, there is but one thing to do: Write to the parties in charge, and ask the reason.

JESSIE—"Ten per cent. royalty" on a book means ten cents on the dollar; thus, if the retail price of a novel is one dollar, the author receives ten cents on every copy sold.

RUTH S.—Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth is still living and writing, although she has, in a measure, retired from active literary life. The JOURNAL will forward your letter to her.

IGNOLA—The copyright law is too lengthy to be reproduced here. For any information concerning it address the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., who has charge of all copyright matters.

No. 27—If you will write to the Secretaries of the "Authors' Club" and "Societies Club" of New York City, they will doubtless give you the information you desire concerning their respective clubs.

DULUTH—"The Anglomaniacs" was written by Mrs. Burton Harrison; it was printed anonymously in "The Century," and it was not until the story was complete that the name of the author was disclosed.

S. N. Y.—There is no absolute rule which calls for an acknowledgment of the remittance made for an accepted manuscript; but it is more business-like, and certainly more courteous, to make such acknowledgment.

B. J. M.—The warrant creating Tennyson Poet Laureate of England was issued in November, 1850. The salary attached to the office is very small. Tennyson's life was irreproachable. His wife and two sons survive him.

M. C. D. A.—I cannot tell where you can dispose of any newspapers of ancient date. As a rule, they have but little value. Your best means to ascertain is to place yourself in communication with some old book store.

K. M. A.—A type-written manuscript is always preferred by an editor, and it is unquestionably the best way for an author to submit her material. (2) Any letter addressed to Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, in our care, will be forwarded.

STELLA—Robert Louis Stevenson is not the pioneer in South Sea literature; that distinction belongs to Herman Melville. The latter's books of "Omoo" and "Typee," published years ago, portray life and customs in the Marquesas Islands.

G. M.—The editor of "Harper's Magazine" is Henry M. Alden; of "The Century," Richard Watson Gilder; of the "North American Review," Lloyd Brice; of "Scribner's," Edward L. Burlingame; of the "Cosmopolitan," John Brisben Walker.

Mrs. B. D. H.—Soule's "Synonyms" is considered to be the best modern work of synonyms. The price is \$2.25, and 10 cents postage. (2) You cannot do better than to apply to the Librarian of Congress at Washington on all points relating to copyright.

C. R. O.—The New York "Sun" is, in the estimation of the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, the best, most reliable and most intelligently conducted newspaper in the United States. I believe this to be, also, the opinion of all intelligent journalists.

M. C.—Probably the best series of the history of the United States, in States, is given in the volumes of the "Story of the States" (\$1.50 per volume) in which a separate volume is devoted to each State. (2) There is a separate "History of Tennessee," \$2.00.

A CANADIAN GIRL—A manuscript too heavy to be sent by mail should be sent by express, of course. How else? (2) See answer to "S. N. Y." (3) There is no "duty" payable on manuscript sent either by mail or express passing from Canada to the United States.

E. F. R.—I cannot tell the meaning of the "numeral in blue penell" mark appearing on your manuscript when it came back to you. It may mean the amount of postage you inclosed for its return, or it may signify its entry number on the magazine's manuscript record.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER—The quickest way to learn the names, addresses and literary specialties of the different periodicals is through Eleanor Kirk Ames' book "Periodicals That Pay Contributors." This is as complete as any book of the kind can be made. Its price is \$1.00.

S. R. D.—The women referred to in Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women" were Helen of Troy, Iphigenia, Cleopatra, Jephtha's daughter, Fair Rosamond, Margaret Hoper (Sir Thomas More's daughter); Joan of Arc and Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I, of England.

A BOOKWORM—Mr. Elwell, the sculptor, has made a bust of Louisa Alcott, and he may have made one of one of the characters in her story of "Little Men," but of this I am not certain. (2) Miss Alcott died some years since. Her father's demise occurred previous to her death.

L. P. W.—I cannot give subjects for debate: everything depends upon the character of the debating society. Read the newspapers and periodicals, my young woman, and you will find plenty of debatable topics, more than you can debate for the next ten years.

D. C. C.—"The Phonographic Dictionary" (\$2.50) is probably among the best works for the phrasing of words in shorthand. Other good books are Ben Pitman's "Manual of Phonography" (80 cents, and 10 cents postage) and Isaac Pitman's book of the same name (\$5 cents).

TAB—If by saying "Has Charles Dickens style?" you mean whether his works have literary style, I should certainly answer in the affirmative, although Thackeray, for example, in my estimation, shows more literary finish. It is well to read Dickens for his marvelous delineation of character.

JESSIE—THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has a larger circulation than any single periodical, daily, weekly, or monthly, in the world. It prints seven hundred thousand copies each month, and sells all with the exception of five thousand copies each issue, which are reserved for bound volumes.

Mrs. D.—While "Edelweiss" is a pretty name, I should discard it in your case, as it has been used not only as a nom de plume, but as the title of a book as well as a play. While it seems an appropriate name for a character who rises to heights in authorship, there are other names equally as apt.

AJAX—If you have the genius for writing good jokes, it will pay you well to write them. The more humorous matter you can send to the greater number of editors, the better. There is always a demand for such matter; a glance at the current periodicals should teach you the length to which you should limit your compositions.

LORA—A certain style of writing verse cannot be copyrighted; poets like James Whitcomb Riley, Will Carleton and others might wish such protection possible. (2) When a book is copyrighted, it means that the entire contents are protected, illustrations as well as text. (3) A poet has a perfect right to choose any metre for his poems.

REX VEX—I certainly believe in reading clubs and literary societies, if they are conducted wisely. Organizations of this character can have much influence in defining the best reading and developing literary talent. Magazine clubs, that is, clubs where the current magazines are read aloud one evening each week, are also admirable.

EUNICE—Publishers either buy a manuscript outright, or pay a royalty on each copy of a book sold, or publish a book entirely at the expense of the author. This latter method is, however, not followed by all the houses. Submit your manuscript to one of the large houses, and await results. If they want the book they will tell you upon what terms.

J. W. H.—Articles intended for publication by the syndicates should be popular, and have a timely interest. (2) If an article has been syndicated it cannot, of course, be again submitted for publication unless, together with others, it should be reprinted in book form. (3) "The Art of Securing Attention" is 15 cents; "The Art of Questioning" is also 15 cents.

SOME INQUIRIES ANSWERED—Each mail brings me inquiries about whether manuscripts should be mailed flat or folded, what paper should be used, upon what basis publishers accept manuscripts, etc. These questions have all been answered in full by special articles published in back numbers of the JOURNAL, and to these articles I can only refer inquiries of this character.

Mrs. H. T. H. and OTHERS—You must really excuse me from finding the authors of the quotations you send. "Literary Queries" is not for that purpose; its aim is to answer the questions of people who are literary workers. There are so many good books of quotations, and they are so cheap in price, that there can be no excuse for any one asking the source of either prose or verse lines.

J. C. G.—Good books of recitations for private or public purposes are many. Among the best are "Shoemaker's Best Selections" in two numbers, 30 cents each; "The Overton Reciter," 50 cents; the "Browning Reciter," 50 cents; Wilbur's "Delsarte Recitation Book," \$1.25. The JOURNAL will supply any of these at prices quoted, and send them, postage free, to any address.

L. S.—In setting a poem to music, it is proper and courteous to ask the permission of its author beforehand, which is generally accorded. (2) It is always best to copyright a piece of music, but this your publishers will generally do for you. (3) Submit your song to any of the music publishing houses of either New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Chicago. The profit derived depends upon the merit and popularity of the song.

CORNWALL—The new copyright law prevents the republication of an English copyrighted book in America, except with approval of author or English publisher. (2) An inquiry of author or publisher will reveal the fact whether the book is already copyrighted in America. (3) A royalty on each copy of a reprinted book should be paid to a foreign author, unless a total sum is fixed upon when permission for reprinting is obtained.

DICKENS'S FAVORITE BOOK—The preference which Charles Dickens showed for "David Copperfield" is contained in the preface to the later editions: "Of all my books, I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent of every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them. But, like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child, and his name is 'David Copperfield!'"

WITCH HAZEL—"Susan Coolidge" is the nom de plume of Miss Sarah C. Woolsey. Both she and Mrs. Whitney came to the attention of THE JOURNAL. (2) Charlotte M. Yonge is an English writer who resides abroad. (3) The price of "Periodicals That Pay Contributors" is \$1.00, postage free, if ordered through the JOURNAL. (4) "A Golden Gossip" is Mrs. Whitney's last piece of work. She will write for the JOURNAL during this year.

"THE DEATH OF THE OLD SQUIRE"—If the correspondent, "B. S. D.," who desired a copy of the poem, "The Death of the Old Squire," will send her or his address to me I will send, with pleasure, one of the many copies of the poem which have reached me. And in this connection I desire to thank the many readers of "Literary Queries" for their kindness in this matter. It is easy now to recall the poem as one of Charlotte Cushman's most electrifying recitations.

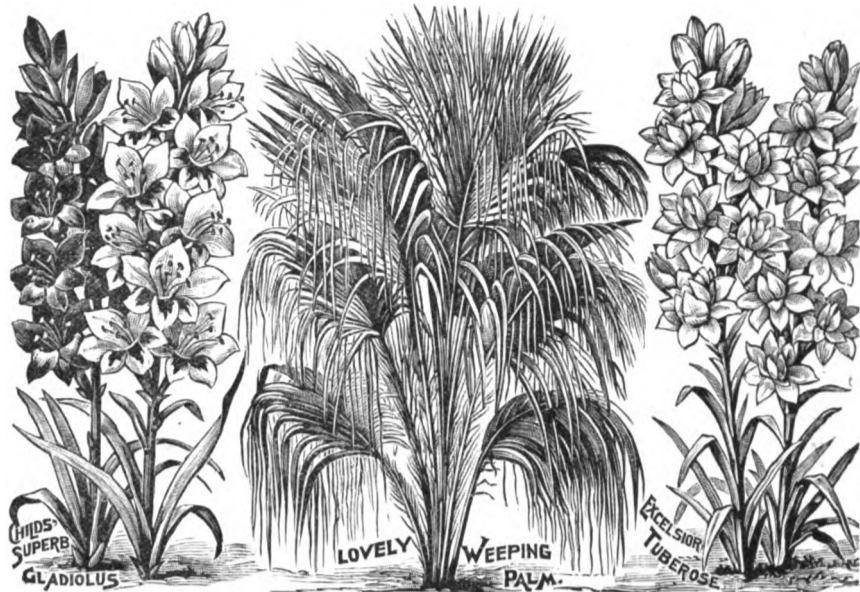
LIZZIE P.—After a careful investigation, I have come to the conclusion that the idea so often tried, of a "literary bureau" standing between the author and the editor, is not destined to be successful. The principle thus far adopted. Thus far success has not met the attempts made. You had far better study the periodicals of the day yourself, get acquainted with their policies and needs, and adapt your manuscript to the magazines which you think, from the character of their contents, will most likely accept it. This is the best and surest way.

HERMAN—It is an open question whether or not the publication of a serial story in the newspapers on the syndicate system affects its after sale in book form. My personal opinion is that it does not. Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Black Forest" was syndicated, and over thirty thousand copies were sold in book form, and there are other examples. Some stories are helped by syndicate publication, others are injured; everything depends upon the story, and something depends upon the position of the author. What one author can stand another cannot. There is no safe rule which can be applied to all cases.

L. B.—"George Elliot" was the nom de plume of Marlan C. Evans. She died December 22, 1880. (2) William Black, the novelist, was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1841, where he received an education at a Government school, with the idea of becoming a landscape painter. He, however, changed his plans, and became a journalist. He removed to London, England, in 1864, and joined the staff of the "Morning Star" as special war correspondent during the war of 1866. He was also assistant editor of "The Daily News" for several years. He abandoned journalism in 1874. He visited the United States two years later. "A Princess of Thule" is considered his best novel.

YOUNG READER—The Brook Farm experiment was started in 1841 by a number of intellectual men in the United States for the study of co-operative social organizations. In Massachusetts, George Ripley and his wife took the lead, and concluded, after several meetings of their friends, to try the experiment of democracy in social life, and to that end established the community at Brook Farm, about eight miles from Boston. "The business of a business man" was the motto of the community. It cannot properly be said that the experiment was successful, although its failure was entirely attributed to financial difficulties. Many famous people were members of the community, among others, Charles A. Dana, John S. Dwight, Margaret Fuller and Theodore Parker. If I mistake not, Nathaniel Hawthorne was also greatly interested, and spent some time at Brook Farm.

CONAN—I believe that every business letter should be answered, and I cannot do better, in this connection, than to print an admirable summary of this question, which I wish every woman might pin on her secretary. These are the words of a very successful business man: "I make it a point to reply to every communication of a business nature addressed to me. It doesn't matter what it is about, provided only that it is couched in civil language. I do this because courtesy requires that I should; but, aside from that, I find also that it is good policy. Time and again in my life I have been reminded by newly-acquired customers that I was remembered through correspondence opened with me years before, and many orders have come through this passing and pleasing acquaintance with people. On the other hand, I have known plenty of business men whose disrespectful treatment of correspondence has been bitterly remembered and repaid with compound interest. Silence is the meanest and most contemptuous way of treating anybody who wishes to be heard, or to hear, and resentment is its answer every time."



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8 Bulbs GLADIOLUS, beautiful named sorts, 1 white, 1 pink, 1 scarlet, all superb varieties.
1 Bulb TUBEROSE, DOUBLE DWARF EXCELSIOR PEARL, enormous spikes of elegant waxy blossoms.
1 Bulb ZEPHYR FLOWER, lovely free bloomer; large blossoms of exquisite beauty.
1 Bulb CINNAMON VINE, fine hardy climber, and our superb BRONZE BLUE, Catalogue of 156 pages and 7 Magnificent Large Colored Plates. All the above for only 30 cts. postpaid. These rare bulbs and seeds (worth \$1.25) will all flower this season, and we send them for 30c., only to introduce our superior stock. Get your neighbors to send with you, and we will send four of these collections for \$1. Order at once, as this offer may not appear again.

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5 GRAND FLOWERING CACTUS, 5 sorts named, including Night-Blooming Cereus.....30c
8 CHRYSANTHEMUMS, new giant flowered, including pink Ostrich Plume and Cactus flowered.....50c

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N. B.—Each person who orders anything from this advertisement is entitled to our great painting of GLADIOLUS CHILDSI free, if they send 10 cents to pay postage. Size, 16x33 inches in 12 colors, showing several spikes of bloom. It is well worth a dollar as it is the finest thing ever produced in floral art.

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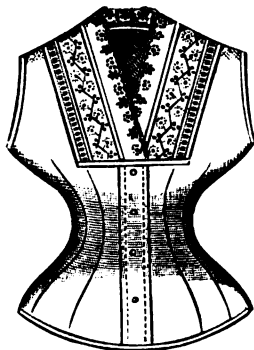
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HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

EMMA M. HOOPER

L. E.—Kindly read answer to "Miss G. J." and "Etta C."

Mrs. J. A. F.—Addresses cannot be given in this column. Write me personally, inclosing stamp for a reply.

Mrs. BESSIE H.—A personal letter sent you October 27 was returned as "not called for." No doubt it is now too late to repeat the advice given.

Mrs. M. F.—Celebrate your third wedding day with a linen wedding; the gifts will include linen for use and decoration for the house and personal wear.

ELOISE—Red crepon in Empire fashion, with broad belt and tiny yoke of jet; red hose, black ties and red gloves. Red ribbon band and bow in the hair.

CHRISTINE—Use tan-colored ladies' cloth for full sleeve puffs to the elbows, a draped or "stock" collar, and Empire belt, girdle or corset, with the green corduroy for a round waist, bell skirt and deep cuffs.

BRIDE—Black stockings are certainly the most worn at all seasons. (2) White suede gloves should be worn with evening toilettes; lace or suede for church and calling; plique for traveling and shopping, and suede for the theatre.

Mrs. M. E. S.—Send your broadcloth to a French dyer, as it is too handsome to have it ruined at home. (2) The cost varies with the locality, but two dollars and fifty cents is the general city price for dyeing a woolen gown.

SARAH H.—Violet is very unbecoming at night to all complexions, but a clear blonde may wear it for a day gown combining it with green velvet, according to the present fashion, though the combination jars at first upon one's eyes.

ETTA C.—A simple evening cloak of tan broadcloth should be lined with pink silk or plush, edged around the neck and down the fronts with tan Mongolian fur, having the yoke of velvet or trimmed with passementerie in tan and gold.

ABBY—Silver jewelry forms a pretty present for a silver wedding restricted to the relatives, and can be worn by the bride during the evening. A hair pin, knot brooch, lace or bonnet pins, chatelaine, etc., are all suitable gifts for such occasions.

LOTTA V.—You are very kind in expressing so much confidence in my skill, but it is utterly impossible for me to tell you how to make use of a silk skirt that is "literally in rags." Either it should be in the ragbag or you have exaggerated in describing its condition.

MISS FLORA—I regret your long wait, but you cannot have an answer in the next JOURNAL. I have said this many times before, yet correspondents are constantly asking for a personal answer by return mail or one in the next JOURNAL. It is not possible for me to assent to either request.

MISS G. J.—Dress systems, paper patterns or any other articles are not recommended in this column. (2) A faced glove is better for a fleshy wrist, and dark color, less the size of the hand, apparently, although a No. 7 kid glove is not too large for a person weighing 175 pounds and five feet nine inches high.

MISS R. B.—A rage for silver and glass toilet articles will give you an opportunity to deck out your dressing table with the heliolums. (2) A black mask is more becoming than a white one, but the color of the costume must regulate this. (3) Lisle thread hose the color of the costume will look like silk at night with the sandal slippers.

BLONDE—Pink or yellow will not add to your size, but the former is not becoming to a florid complexion. Try turquoise blue, water green, clear lavender or cream. (2) Do not attempt the genuine Empire styles, as they are only suitable for long-waisted and, at least, mediocrity slender figures. (3) Wear white suede gloves with any of the colors mentioned above, for evening gowns.

Mrs. B. D. E.—Bedford cord for a cap and cloak is newer than cashmere and wears as well. (2) From neck to bottom of hem have the infants' dresses not over a yard in length. (3) What is called "baby" flannel for skirts is one-fourth cotton to prevent undue shrinking with frequent washing. (4) Germans do not believe in rocking infants and as a nation their babies are quiet and healthy.

Mrs. GILKERSON—Letter and samples sent you as requested were returned as "not called for"; they were sent the second time with the same result. This is the fate of about one letter in twenty that I send out, and correspondents will save themselves disappointment and me trouble if they write their addresses fully and plainly and also call for their letters promptly at the post-office when not well known in the town.

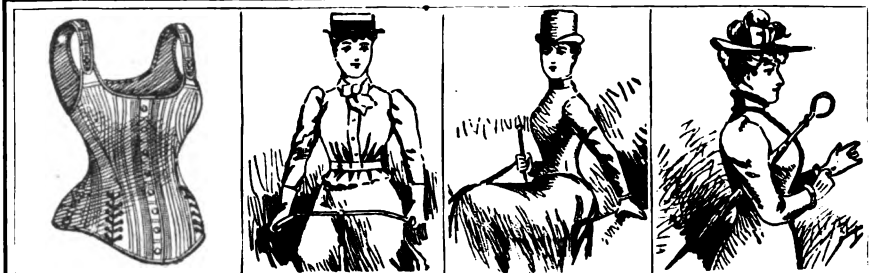
E. B. R.—Have a Bengalline, Japanese silk or crepon for a modified bell skirt, a ruffle, and half-high full waist; immense puffs to elbows; large bows of two outspreading, upward loops and an Empire belt of yellow piece velvet; ruffle of guipure lace sleeves and ether a bertha ruffle or bib collar of lace for the round waist. If high in the neck have a draped velvet collar and Empire ruffle of lace over the shoulders.

M. P.—To make a stout figure look slender is attempted by many, and you may readily assure that nothing comes nearer to success than a black dress, with the wrists, revers and collar trimmed with narrow jet. Have a basque pointed in front, with a deep, narrow coat-tail back cut in two toothpick points; sleeves moderately full, and a bell skirt having the fullness in front necessary for your form, given by a few gathers, in place of the usual eight darts worn.

GRITCHEN—You cannot at any time have an answer in the next JOURNAL, as I have explained several times. When hurried, send a stamp for a personal reply. (2) Finish the neck of your evening dress with a bib collar of white guipure lace, sufficiently deep in front to fall nearly to the waist-line and continuing over the shoulders as it grows narrower, or have a bertha ruffle of lace, which grows deep and fuller over the shoulders in the Empire fashion; putting passementerie around the slightly V-shaped neck.

A SUBSCRIBER—Make a bell skirt of the velveteen and line it with undressed cambric of a slate gray shade. You can wear a colored silk waist, plain, striped, plaid or figured, with it, which should be worn under the skirt belt, with a girdle of the skirt fabric, a fancy silk belt like the waist or one of ribbon. The newest waist of this kind is the Empire, with a one-piece back, no darts in front, drawing string at waist-line and two long scarfs, one gathered in each shoulder seam, which are crossed in surplice fashion after the waist is hooked up, the ends carried to the back, crossed there and brought around to the left side of the waist where they tie in. Directoire bow; full leg-of-mutton sleeves and a high collar of bias folds, fastening under a rosette in front.

JEF.—There are two well-known receipts for cleaning white silk lace. One is to wind it around a piece of wood, like a piece of a broom handle, or a glass bottle, and to soak it all night in warm castile soap suds and milk, rinse in warm water, soak in soap and warm water, rinse again without rubbing, bleach in the sun and dry. The second method recommends that the lace be spread out upon white paper, covered with calcined magnesia; another sheet of paper placed upon it and laid away for three days between the pages of a large book; then shake off the powder and the lace will be clean and white. (2) Cloth or crocheted or shetland shawl by washing it in white cornmeal or magnesia, after letting it remain covered in it for a day, a dry wash, as it is called. A second plan is to make a thin lather of castile soap and warm water and wash the shawl in it without wringing or rubbing it, except through the hands; rinse in clear water and pin down on a sheet to keep it in shape while drying, which should be done quickly in the sun or by a fire.



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THE SMALL BELONGINGS OF DRESS

BY ISABEL A. MALLON

M. L. T.—A dainty little cape for the theatre is a triple one made of black velvet lined with pink satin and with each cape outlined with black fur.

S. M.—People who have tired of the plain gold hearts as pendants are choosing those that have an outlining of small pearls, and a forget-me-not of turquoises in the centre.

SOUTHERN GIRL.—Blue or green velvet bodices should have plaid silk sleeves, high on the shoulder, and finished with deep cuffs of the velvet. Revers to match may or may not be used as is fancied.

A. H. W.—The round, double-breasted Directoire jacket of velvet may be worn with a skirt of any material, but must have on it for its decoration revers of fur, and gilt buttons for its closing. It is cut straight off at the back and must not terminate in a point as does the Eton jacket.

SISTER.—Fashionable dressmakers regularly tie bows of velvet ribbon and then appliqué them as flatly as possible on different parts of a skirt or bodice, so that a very decorative effect is produced. These garnitures are considered much more elegant than those woven into the material.

FROM THE COUNTRY.—A number of bangles are no longer in fashion; one or two pretty bracelets that have a distinctive style of their own are considered best form. A broad band of silver with either a name or a sentiment engraved upon it in letters of black enamel, is a present in good taste for a bridesmaid.

N. B.—Marie Stuart bonnets, that is those outlining the pointed shape, have for some curious reason grown so narrow and so high that they would have delighted Mother Goose. In almost every instance straps of gold or silver are about these crowns and are fastened at the side with tiny gilt or silver ornaments.

A. L. T.—A very pretty bracelet is a narrow bangle of gold, having three pearls and two diamonds set upon it; that is, they are set up and from each other with so light a framing that for a minute one thinks they have just dropped into the position they occupy and have really nothing to hold them in place.

R. L. S.—Even for an elderly lady, a gown made entirely of black silk is seldom seen; cuffs, collars and revers of white, blue, gray or mauve bengaline being almost invariably used upon the bodice. Where much decoration is not fancied there is a high collar of white satin with a rich lace jabot for its finish.

A. B. C.—A fancy for combining different materials is best shown in a long cloak of light brown cloth over which are triple capes. The lowest one, reaching to the waist, is of dark brown velvet, the one above it is a lighter shade and is of bengaline, and the upper one is of the cloth; each of these is bordered with brown fur.

T. R. S.—The wearing of a black crape veil off the bonnet and of the round net, bordered with crape, over the face is very general. The fancy shown for trimming skirts with folds has increased the use of crape in that way. Indeed, it may be said that in mourning, crape as a trimming was never used as extensively as it is now.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The narrow ribbon belt, or rather belts, for that is what they are in front, is called after Princess Marie of Edinburgh. A circle of gold is on each strap in front, and then the numerous ribbons, drawn together at each side, are fastened together under a single ribbon that is hooked at the back under a rosette.

READER.—Undoubtedly the tartans will remain in vogue for some time. It is said that Queen Victoria, who always likes to give to her grandchildren for their trousseaux, something that can be worn, has presented to Princess Marie of Edinburgh two tartan dresses, one of velvet, the other of moire antique. The clans represented in these rich stuffs are the Stuart and Balmoral.

A. B. L.—Petunia, the new crimson shade, is only suited to brunettes; indeed, it may be said that it is first cousin to sofferino, a color calculated to make a blonde look like a corpse. The shades of red possible to blondes are what the dyers know as the "purple ones," that is, a bright, clear red, deep cardinal and garnet. A blonde can always wear clear pink, but not one of the shrill pink shades.

C. R. P.—If one has been careful and saved one's fine lace it can now be shown at its best by being the finish to an English round neck. This pretty cutting away of the bodice, which just displays the throat, is becoming to all women, and it may be added, tends to improve the shape and color of the throat, as taking from it the trammels of the ordinary gown it gives it a rest and makes freedom of motion possible to it.

L. M.—A very dainty Marie Stuart bonnet is made of emerald green velvet and outlined with fine jet; just in the point are two upright tips of pale blue, and the ties are of pale blue ribbon. The contrast is very decided, but it is one much fancied in Paris. Another dainty bonnet is one of the close fitting toques of mauve velvet, bordered with milk and having two milk heads just in front. The ties are of brown velvet ribbon.

FLORENCE S.—The favorite pin cushion is a small one made of satin and having upon it a little lace cover; it is fastened in the centre of a basket tray, that has ribbon bows, matching the satin, tied at each corner. The tray is much larger than the cushion, and so the pins or brooches that do not get stuck in firmly are not missing for days and then discovered on the floor, but fall into the basket and are protected by the little fence about it.

LAURA W.—Sashes now form a very important part of evening toilettes. Broad ribbons are used, the belt portion not being folded down flat, but drawn round in soft folds like an Empire belt. The ribbon is then cut in long loops and ends, considerable deftness being required to arrange it gracefully. White sashes are especially liked. Mrs. Langtry produced a good effect by wearing a broad white ribbon sash over a coral pink dress when she appeared in her latest play.

QUESTION.—With a plain cloth skirt and loose double-breasted jacket worn suit of fancy cloth is worn simply buttoned, like that famous coat of Old Grimes, all down before. The material chosen for these waistcoats is generally either blue cloth with white or red figures upon it, a deep red cloth with white, blue or black figures upon it, a mode cloth with white figures upon it, or white cloth with red figures upon it. The buttons match the figures in color, and are small ones of the regulation bullet shape.

BRUNETTE.—A pretty style, only possible, however, for a brunette, is the wearing of dainty white satin strings, somewhat broad, on small black velvet evening bonnets; the ties are long and are looped in broad bows and ends. When a narrower tie is fancied, the ends are drawn down under the chin, crossed over to the back on the hair and fastened there with a fancy pin. These white ribbons, which would tend to make a blonde look faded, have the effect of bringing out the rich deep coloring of a brunette to the best advantage.

MARIE.—Bridal veils of tulle are, of course, the most becoming, but a bridal veil of lace will last not only a lifetime, but serve for many brides. The veil of the Princess Margaretha of Prussia was made at a small town in Silesia, five hundred hands working at it. It was made of five hundred different pieces, each one about the size of a plate, that is, a teaplate. It took ten days to make each piece, and after they were all done it required double that time to join them together. Fancy the pleasant and the sorrowful thoughts that must have been sewed in that veil, for you understand, of course, that it was all made by hand.

L. M. AND OTHERS.—Some time ago in this column, I spoke of the demand for hand sewing. Since that time I have received innumerable letters from all parts of the world asking me where such work was required. Now, it is impossible for me to give addresses in San Francisco or Germany, and it is impossible to know of them in some small town, or even in the large one in which I live. Everywhere there are shops where a specialty is made of fine underclothes, and to these shops the women who can do fine hand work should apply. People who wish to earn money must seek employment for themselves, and not wish to ask where their work can be done. This is simply common sense, and though that which is practical may sound a little severe, it is true, and the women who wish to earn money by their needles must realize it.



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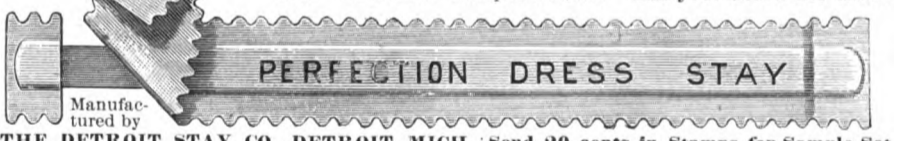
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ART HELPS FOR ART WORKERS BY MAUDE HAYWOOD

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

L. E. M.—Write to the Premium Department in regard to stamping outfits.

AMY—The address of the Cooper Institute is Fourth Avenue and Eighth Street, New York City.

Mrs. S. J. P.—The centre-piece of sweet peas would look handsomer if the flowers were embroidered solidly.

Mrs. A. V.—Your request is entirely against the rules of the JOURNAL in regard to the correspondence column.

L. D.—Use Cooley's tinting oil for laying flat tints on china in the La Croix colors, in accordance with the advice given in the articles you refer to.

Mrs. E. M. C.—Glaze the color with Ivory black, after it is dry, instead of attempting to apply it mixed. (2) A deep red shadow tint may be obtained with raw umber and crimson lake.

Mrs. J. T. M.—Lay the shellacs you would any other varnish, thinning, if necessary, with a little alcohol. Cleanse the brushes, also, after use, with alcohol, for on no account must spirits of turpentine ever be used with any spirit varnish.

A FRIEND OF THE JOURNAL—Conté's crayons are generally conceded to be the best. Nos. 1 and 2 are the most useful for ordinary work. (2) For general work in pencil drawing the best artist's pencils H, HB and B are the most serviceable.

A. N. AND OTHERS—The Editor of the Art Department cannot print addresses in this column, nor undertake to give personal replies to requests either to recommend private teachers, or to discuss the merit of goods advertised in the JOURNAL.

E. M. H.—A little ox gall, used with the water colors, will usually make them lay well on a greasy surface. Delicate painting on celluloid is best done in water color, but rapid and effective work is rendered in oils with Japan gold size used as a drier.

CONSTANT READER—To clean alabaster, mix together slaked lime and water in the proportion of half a pint of lime to one quart of water. Let the alabaster ornaments lie in this for several hours; then wash in clean water, and when dry, dust them lightly with French chalk.

E. D.—Of the two styles of illustrations, the one kind, such as those in "An Evening Musicale" are reproductions from wash drawings, (see answer to "Fred") and the others are by the photo-engraving process, the originals being pen drawings, for information with regard to which read the article published on the subject in the January JOURNAL.

PSYCHE—The highest lights, in a sunny scene such as you describe, would probably be successfully obtained with pale lemon yellow, loaded on, carefully preserving the drawing of the foliage forms. In places where the lights are too cold, warmth can be obtained by glazing them with a little pure aureolin, which is a beautiful, clear, transparent yellow.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS—Pencil drawings, as such, can be of no possible use to the editor of this magazine. The only conditions under which they might prove acceptable, would be when they presented such strikingly new and original ideas that it would be worth while to hand them over to an artist to be put into proper shape for reproduction.

A. F. L.—The following are reliable works on the ceramic art: "History of Ceramic Art," by Jacquemart; "Pottery and Porcelain," by W. C. Pringle; "Pottery and Porcelain," by C. W. Elliott (containing a synopsis of works on the ceramic art) and "Ceramic Art of Great Britain," by Jewitt. You can consult these and other works on the subject at the Astor Library, which is within easy reach of the address from which you write.

Mrs. N. H.—During the past two years articles containing hints for students unable to have the advantages of personal teaching have, from time to time, been published. There are one or two good art monthlies that give a large share of their space in each issue to lessons and studies suitable for use in self-instruction. By subscribing to such a magazine your daughter might find the detailed help which a beginner requires at the outset.

B. P. W.—I cannot undertake to say which may be considered the most remunerative of the branches of designing referred to. It depends so entirely upon the ability of the designer, and upon the opportunities she may personally have of bringing her work into notice. There is always room for really good and original designs, but a very poor chance for third or fourth rate work. In taking up such a profession a woman must be prepared to face many difficulties, and to meet with much disappointment by the way. A great success comes only to the few who possess both talent and perseverance.

A READER—Unless, in exceptional cases, the canvas sold by dealers ready primed for oil painting is the best to use. This may be purchased stretched upon frames of various sizes. If sufficient work is contemplated to make it likely that the canvas will be put up to advantage, it may be purchased by the yard and stretched by the artist. This plan is frequently followed by students who do not wish the expense of buying many stretchers, and thus make a few do duty for many successive pictures. In stretching canvas, nail first one side, not driving the nails fully home if they are to be taken out again, then that which is opposite, carefully keeping the fabric straight and true; after the whole is fastened, the canvas is rendered completely taut by driving in the wedges at each corner of the stretcher with a hammer.

S. E. F.—The size referred to is the ordinary kind, which may be procured from any dealer in painter's supplies. For your purpose canvas would be the best ground to paint upon. It is sold ready primed, and most dealers keep on hand a supply of canvases ready stretched on frames of the sizes most frequently in demand. "Minute directions" for painting the heads in question would require the space of a whole article, and I think, on reflection, that you will agree that it is hardly reasonable to ask me to give so lengthy directions personally. If you cannot have lessons, procure a hand-book (Winsor and Newton's series can be relied on). I am quite willing to criticise your pencil drawings in this column if you like to send me a few for that purpose.

ELIZABETH—In china painting, with La Croix colors, the loveliest violet tones are obtainable with the violets of gold, and a very good color can be more cheaply obtained by the mixture of purple No. 2 with a little ultramarine. Deep blue-green, with some brown-green in the shadows, makes a good, clear-blue color. For pink roses, either rose pompadour or carnation No. 1 may be used for the first laying in. A gray obtained by mixing silver yellow with black, gives a soft shadow color, which can be made warmer in places by over-casting it when dry with yellow ochre. Deeper pink touches are obtained where necessary with more carnation No. 1. Use the color named turquoise-blue for the blue background. If you are an old subscriber you will find in the back numbers of the JOURNAL this information more fully given; the method of painting roses in April and May, 1891, and of laying tints in June, 1891.

O. B.—The method of using the water colors sold in dry cakes, is to rub off the colors as they are required, onto a china palette, moistening the paint with a little water. Where very little color is needed for the work in hand, as in miniature painting, the dry cakes are often considered preferable, but for ordinary purposes it is best to procure the moist colors. The dry cakes may be converted into moist paints in the following manner: Break up each cake of dry color separately, and send it into powder. Put this into a china pan, moisten thoroughly with water, add one or two drops of glycerine, and let it stand for a day or two, stirring it once or twice at first, and gradually allowing the color to harden sufficiently to become manageable. Be particularly careful to avoid grittiness, which may arise either from the paint not being properly ground, or from its not being thoroughly mixed with the glycerine and water.

EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE BY MARIA PARLOA

MISS PARLOA will cheerfully answer, in this column, any question of a general domestic nature sent by her readers.

Mrs. O. K. J.—The stained and matted fur should be taken to a fur store to be renovated. I am sorry to be unable to help you with information in regard to sand hand-warmers.

Mrs. W. M. B.—I would advise you to send your silk curtains to a cleaning establishment. The cost will not be much more than if done at home, and the result will be more satisfactory.

MICHIGAN—To protect the dining-table from being marked by hot dishes a subscriber writes that she has a thin sheet of asbestos spread over the table before the cotton flannel cloth is put on.

CONSTANT READER—No cooking receipts are given in this column. If you will send me an addressed and stamped envelope I will mail you the programme of the lecture you attended at Madison Square Garden.

Mrs. A. M. G.—Your best course will be to address several kitchen-furnishing stores, asking about the price of mangles, sizes, etc. It would not be possible to advertise such goods in this column by giving names of particular dealers.

M. E. B.—It would be impossible for me to tell you how long your groceries should last, that depends wholly upon how you have your cooking done and how generously you serve your food. You can get an estimate yourself by taking notes for one or two weeks. This means a good deal of head work, but if you are in this business it will pay you to do it. A pound of butter a week is a generous estimate. One pound of coffee will suffice for thirty-two people; a quarter of a pound of tea for about twenty-four people.

A. A. B.—To remove grease spots from straw matting, fill a bowl with boiling water and have some cold water, slightly salted, in another bowl. Dip an old nail-brush or tooth-brush in the boiling water, and rub castle soap upon it. Rub the spots with the soaped brush; then dip in the hot water, and continue brushing the spot until the grease disappears. Now wash with a clean cloth, and use a dry brush until the matting is nearly dry. The castle soap will not turn the matting yellow, as would a common soap.

H. H. M.—A pineapple or Edam cheese should have one end cut in a manner that it will form a cap. The knob is served into this, forming a handle. The cheese may be placed on a plate or be put into a holder—a silver stand with three fingers that can be drawn back to admit the cheese. A scoop is used for serving the cheese, as a knife is used to serve butter. The three articles mentioned above are both ornamental and useful. If finger-bowls are used at all, one should be placed for each person at the table.

WRITER—Raisins should not be used in a cake where the batter is thin. To prevent them from falling to the bottom sprinkle them well with flour and stir them lightly in the batter. (2) Where eggs are used, baked rice pudding, have the rice and milk cooked together thoroughly. Beat the eggs and sugar together and pour the hot rice and milk upon them. Stir well, and bake in a slow oven. (3) Use fine breakfast hominy. Wash it well and stir it into four times its volume of boiling water. Add a teaspoonful of salt for every quart of water, and boil gently for one hour.

MINISTER'S WIFE—It is not necessary to serve refreshments on your receiving day, but it certainly adds to the sociability to offer a warm drink in the form of a cup of tea, cocoa or chocolate. Tea is the most convenient and the most commonly served. Bread and butter or little fancy crackers are all that it is necessary to serve with the tea. With a low, five o'clock tea-table of good size it is possible to serve a great many callers and with very little trouble. A cozy or one of the Chinese tea baskets enables one to keep the tea hot for a long time. You will find your question in regard to window draperies answered in a reply to "E. F. H."

A SUBSCRIBER—If the white coral be simply dusted, wash it in strong soapsuds and use a brush to remove the dirt from every part. Rinse in clear water and drain in the sun. If the coral requires to be cleaned and bleached, another process must be used. Put half a pint of washing soda into an old saucapan, add three quarts of hot water and place over the fire—tie up the coral and fasten to it a strong stick. Place the stick across the saucapan and let the coral hang in the water. It should not touch the bottom of the pan. Boil it in the soda water for about three hours; then rinse well, and place in the sun to dry. Instead of the soda two ounces of oxalic acid may be used.

Mrs. J. H. B.—To drive away ants, strew fresh pennyroyal where the insects gather. If the fresh herb be not available, a poison if taken in any but the most minute quantities, and therefore, the bottle must be labeled "Poison" and be placed out of the reach of children. There is no danger with the herb.

COLORADO—To prevent a lamp from smelling offensively and from leaking over, trim the wick and clean the burner thoroughly each day. Do not have the reservoir quite full. Always turn the wick well down into the wick tube before blowing out. After the lamp is trimmed in the morning, turn the wick well down into the tube. Wash the burners in soap and water once a week. The offensive odor comes from particles of charred wick which remain in the burners, and the leakage comes from having the lamp too full or having the wick come to the top of the tube. If these directions are followed with all kinds of lamps there need be no trouble as to odor or leakage. In duplex lamps, with extinguishers, open the extinguishers after putting out the lamp.

E. F. H.—Yes, it would be wise to cover the parlor, hall and stairs with the same kind of carpet. Small designs and neutral colors are best in this case. The portières for parlor and sitting-room may be different, but since they both show in the hall, it would be quite as well to have them alike. They may be draped over the poles or hung on rings. The latter mode is more convenient, if the portières are to be drawn frequently, but the effect is much more pleasing when they are thrown over the poles. Write to some good house for samples and information in regard to curtains and portières, stating clearly what the style of house and furnishing is to be, and about what you wish to pay. White lace of some kind is largely used in parlors and muslins in the sitting and sleeping rooms, but there are a great many other fabrics, both cheap and expensive, from which to select.

NASHVILLE—If the floor of your reception hall is painted or polished, spread a large rug in the centre of the room. If the floor is covered with Brussels of small, close pattern. The colors should be rather light. The furniture should be plain and substantial. A hall piece combining box-seat mirror, rack and umbrella stand is necessary, unless there be a closet in which the outside garments can be hung. In that case a mirror hung over a long narrow table will be better. A broad wooden seat with box cushion covered with leather or any plain rich stuff, may be fitted to this seat. Several handsome chairs in wood, andirons, fender, shovel, tongs, etc., and some pictures will complete the furnishing. Parlor sets are no longer used. It would be impossible for me to tell you how to furnish your parlor, since I know nothing about your means, your house, or your taste. Look through several furniture stores and you will get an idea of what there is in the market. Make your selection according to the style and size of your house, rooms and purse. Keep in mind that "light furnishings" are the prevailing styles, paint and wall paper being in white and cream and gold, and the carpets being light to match the walls and woodwork. Here in the East several houses are being painted in all shades of yellow with lighter darker trimmings. I would advise you to consult your painter and your surroundings before deciding upon a color. If you get a color or shade that you do not like it will be a source of annoyance to you for several years.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

Questions of interest to mothers will be cheerfully answered in this column whenever possible—ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

A SAND BOX

HAVE any of the mothers ever tried a sand box for the children? A box three or four inches deep full of clean sand will afford amusement for many an hour. Put in a shady corner of the back porch in summer, or under a tree, or a sunny corner of the porch in winter. A tin, little bucket and some shovels, and he was a summer visitor to the seashore. When old enough a little water in the sand allowed me to show him about the mountains, lakes and rivers, and he would make bridges and tunnels, and build cities of blocks and chips. His little dresses were not much harmed by the contact with the sand. YOUNG MOTHER.

LUNCHEON BOXES

WHEN going on a journey, instead of carrying a large lunch basket, prepare pasteboard boxes with food necessary for each day. These can be thrown away at night, and a sense of freedom is experienced as one opens the packages as he proceeds. The freshly opened box each morning is appetizing. In this way the most perishable articles of food can be eaten first. T. R.

BEDTIME TALKS

SOMETIMES I talk to the children of the month. December is easily remembered, for that is Santa Claus' month.

January is Janus' month. Janus is the double-faced god. He took care of all gates, and since gates face two ways he had two faces.

February is interesting because it brings Valentine's Day and Washington's Birthday. St. Valentine is, of course, always popular, and the Washington stories must be very warm for they never fail to please the wee folk. Longfellow's birthday comes on the twenty-seventh of this month. He delights from our earliest years to the grave.

Mr. Finney's Turnip, and that happy stroke of the pen, "There was a little girl and she had a little curl," please at first, but soon the little folks grow to appreciate his best work. Many are the tales of the reaches the hearts of both old and young as does the "Children's Hour." That opens the way to talk of Longfellow's family life and his love of children. Reference to the Bishop of Bingen in his mouse tower on the Rhine, calls out the old German legend. So we have fixed February.

March is Mars' month. There is the planet Mars in the sky to be pointed out at some suitable time. There are some good stories of Mars himself, but better are stories of his charming son, Cupid. Cupid is so prominent in modern literature, in our art galleries, even in our chromos, that all children should learn about him.

April is remembered because it gives us All Fools' Day; this year it also brings Easter. Apart from the religious significance of that day, there is the gathering of the children in the White House grounds, and their merry-making with their baskets of eggs forms a pretty holiday. There is an old custom of letting the three girls on Easter eve and of rekindling them the next morning. The children may not understand the symbolism but they enjoy the fact.

April is also the month when seeds are planted, when buds on the trees swell, and the long sunny days give a happy release from the house.

May is an easy word to remember and a pleasant month to talk about. The trees are in leaf and blossom, the seeds that tiny hands sowed are up, and all Nature holds a jubilee.

The twenty-fourth of May is the queen's birthday, and there is much to be told of England's good queen and her numerous children. Then comes our saddest holiday, the birthday of Mr. May. Many are the tales of heroism the day calls forth. "Uncle Abe" is the chief figure. How children love to hear of his kindness and humor.

June, the month of roses, is Juno's month. Juno was the pretty goddess with a bad temper. So troublesome was she at one time that Jupiter tied her hands together, put heavy anvils in her feet and hung her up between sky and earth. Her husband, the good god, Juno may also be remembered as the month which brings the longest day in the year.

So we go on as the months pass by trying to fix each one with facts that are not only pleasant now but that will be useful hereafter. F. M.

READING FOR CHILDREN

THE August JOURNAL contained an article advising mothers to read ten minutes a day, on some branch of science, to their children. That is good theory. But too many of us do not know what to read. Will not some one give a list of books, not all scientific, for a child from four to twenty? The same list would not do for all, but it would be a guide to many mothers. H. W. B.

SUCKING THE THUMB

I AM a young mother with three little children, and I want to tell you about the last one, a little girl, now in her fifth year. From the hour of her birth she was taught to lie in her bassinet, with only the necessary nursing, every two hours. She would lie contentedly sucking her thumb until she was hungry. It was a pleasure to have such a baby, especially as I was very delicate at the time. At night I would nurse her, see that she was comfortable and let her lie in bed and sleep while I was entertaining company in the parlor. Now, what shall I do to break her of the habit she has had since birth of sucking her thumb?

HINTS FOR MOTHERS

I HAVE two children whom others call bright and pretty, and naturally I am not at all contradicted in that statement. I know of no other cause for their children until my own home was made happy and blessed by their presence. Thinking that what experience has taught me may aid some anxious young mother, I mention a few of the things necessary to keep baby well. For colic, deny yourself fatty foods and beans for a few months. Give little medicine. Regulate the bowels. Keep the baby warm. Supply fresh air and give a daily bath. Use common sense in nursing; have regular hours, if possible. Don't nurse too often; a delicate child may need to nurse more often than a strong one, as it takes less. The best and easiest way to break a child of frequent nursing is to allow a third person to amuse it when it gets restless for dinner. The mother reminds it of food. Watch carefully. Indigestion and pain from over-nursing. When weaned, give plenty of wholesome food at meal times, and between meals a baked apple or a little milk gruel or clear soup, and when two years old many of the fresh fruits and vegetables, also tender meat. When three years old, a hearty meal at meal times should answer. Don't allow it to play in water. Give barley water for looseness, and avoid prunes or oatmeal. For constipation give plenty of prunes and oatmeal strained, milk and little sugar; rub gently the abdomen with olive oil, occasionally, at night. For a child over a year a small part of pure glycerine suppository or an occasional warm water injection is a help to constipation. Avoid breads unless either try to regulate by careful and suitable diet. Watch carefully. Lastly, remember, no one can fill a mother's place though the highest wages may be paid. No one can fill a father's place in the heart and training of his little ones if he neglect his duty. No one can bless them as He who said: "Feed my lambs." MRS. A.

1,000,000 TIRED OUT PEOPLE are thinking to-day, that all they need to make them feel well is "a little rest." It is true that the rest cure is often the best cure, but it is also true that a great many people cannot afford to rest indefinitely. Worse still, the very knowledge that they cannot afford it, seriously interferes with the best use of the rest they have. Too often going to the doctor means that the patient shall stop short, while cares, duties and expenses keep right on. It is highly desirable then that some treatment be found for this numerous class—something that will neither interfere with their business nor pleasure. In this respect nothing in the world can compare with Drs. Starkey & Paxon's Compound Oxygen. For more than twenty years this well-known agent has made multitudes of run-down, over-worked, nervous and sick people as good as new, and that right at their own homes and occupations. From the 60,000 cases which these physicians have carefully recorded they can give you incontestable proof of this, doubtless in your own neighborhood. If in need of better health, write them. That is better than "rainbow-chasing" after rest which never comes. Drs. STARKEY & PAXON, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, or Chicago, San Francisco, New York and Toronto, Ont.



POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER Is a delicate and refined preparation that the most fastidious ladies do not hesitate to use. It is fragrant and refreshing and is never unpleasantly noticeable. The test of time is perhaps most assuring, and Pozzoni's Complexion Powder has steadily gained in popularity for thirty years. Try it.

For Sale Everywhere

"WHERE AM I AT!"



Have you a comfortable bed? If not, send for one of our AIR MATTRESSES. The only MATTRESS made that affords absolute rest and perfect health; no aches or pains upon rising. Combines cleanliness and durability. Requires no springs. Indorsed by physicians. Write for testimonials and price list.

METROPOLITAN AIR GOODS CO., 7 Temple Place, Boston.

Advertisement for Dr. Hales' Toothache Remedy, including an illustration of the product and text describing its benefits for toothaches and dental issues.

Advertisement for Brown's Bronchial Troches, describing it as a world-renowned remedy for coughs, hoarseness, and throat troubles.

Advertisement for The Rocker Washer, highlighting its effectiveness for washing clothes and its ease of use.

Advertisement for Witch Hazel Jelly, noting its benefits for skin care and its non-sticky, non-greasy nature.

Advertisement for piano and organ sales, offering direct pricing to families and highlighting the quality of the instruments.

Advertisement for Rouse, Hazard & Co. bicycles, offering a wide range of models and prices.

Advertisement for ornamental hardwood floors and borders, showcasing various designs and materials.

Advertisement for the interior hardwood company, located in Indianapolis, Indiana, specializing in high-quality wood products.

A NEW ENGLAND MIRACLE

A RAILROAD ENGINEER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE

The Wonderful Story Told by Fred C. Vose and his Mother-in-law to a Reporter of the Boston Herald—Both Are Restored After Years of Agony

Boston Herald.

The vast health-giving results already attributed by the newspapers throughout this country and Canada to Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills for Pale People" have been recently supplemented by the wonderful cures wrought in the cases of two confirmed invalids in one household in a New England town. The radical improvement in the physical condition of these two people from the use of this great medicine is vouched for, not only by the eager testimony of the patients themselves, gladly given for the benefit of other sufferers, but also by the indubitable assurances of disinterested relatives and friends who had been cognizant of the years of pain and distress endured by the two invalids, and who now witness their restoration to health, vigor and capacity.

The names of these people, the latest to testify from their own experience to the marvelous restorative, tonic and healing qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, are Fred C. Vose and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Oliver C. Holt, of Peterboro, members of the same household, which is composed of Mr. and Mrs. Holt, and Mr. and Mrs. Vose, the latter a daughter of the Holts. The home occupied by the family is a cozy and neat looking two-storied house, situated on the top of a hill and surrounded by many of the natural attractions of a residence in the country. Mr. Holt is employed in the Crowell shoe manufactory of Peterboro, and Mr. Vose has for many years run the engine on the Fitchburg railroad trains between Winchendon and Peterboro.

Before entering upon an account of the long illnesses of Mr. Vose and his mother-in-law, which shall be given in their own words as taken by a reporter of the BOSTON HERALD it will be well to give the exact reason for the coming together under one roof of the two families, as this fact has everything to do with the manner in which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills first came to the notice of Mr. Vose and the reason of their introduction into the family as a medical remedy.

Mr. Vose's wife had been in failing health for a number of years, her illness finally developing into a brain trouble, accompanied by intermittent paralysis of the tongue and lower limbs. Death had taken all her children, and the heavy affliction increased her bodily and mental infirmities to such an extent that her husband, himself an invalid, was compelled to take some means toward securing for her complete rest and freedom from all household care. To this end he gave up housekeeping, and took his wife to her parents' home, where her mother might care for her in her ailments. Mrs. Holt was herself suffering from various complaints brought on by complete nervous prostration several years ago, but her daughter's severer and more hopeless condition was the more urgent and more appealing case of the two, and so Mrs. Holt for several years has tried to forget her own disabilities in tenderly ministering to her stricken daughter.

In February last Mr. Vose was reading the weekly paper, when his attention was attracted by the account of a case of paralysis cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The similarity of the case described to that of his wife at once aroused the deep interest of Mr. Vose, and he called his mother-in-law's attention to the published article. After long consultation they decided to send for the pills. The beneficial effect they had upon Mrs. Vose was marked. From being unable to stand she was so materially strengthened that she could walk without difficulty, and in other respects her condition was much improved. The beneficent results noticed in Mrs. Vose's condition from a trial of the pills caused both her husband and mother to consider trying them for their own complaints. They tried them on the principle that "if they don't cure they can't hurt," but before each had finished their first box they had felt such relief that they came to believe that the pills, not only could not hurt, but were actually and speedily curing them.

To THE HERALD reporter who was sent to investigate his remarkable cure, Mr. Vose gave

a detailed account of his long illness and subsequent recovery. He began his narrative by saying:

"I am not anxious to get into the papers in this or any other connection, but, as I wrote the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., I have felt such happy results from the taking of Pink Pills that I am willing, if my experience will help any one else, to state how they benefited me. I am 37 years old, and fifteen years of this time I have spent in railroading for the Fitchburg railroad on the Winchendon and Peterboro branch. For the past three years I have been engineer of the train which connects with the Boston trains at Winchendon. I have been troubled with a weak stomach from my boyhood. In fact, there never was a time in my remembrance when I was not more or less troubled from that source.

"Seven years ago, however, the complaint became greatly aggravated from the nature of my work and other causes, and I suffered greatly from it. My stomach would not retain food, my head ached constantly, there was a dimness, or blur, before my eyes most of the time, and my head used to become so dizzy I could scarcely stand. On getting up in the morning my head swam so I was frequently obliged to lie down again. I had a most disagreeable heartburn, a continuous belching of gas from the stomach, a nasty coating of the mouth and tongue, and my breath was most offensive. I consulted physicians in Peterboro, and took their medicines for two years, but was helped so slightly by them that at the end of that time I gave up in discouragement, and let the disease take care of itself for a long time. I grew worse as time went on. I have been obliged to give up work many a time for a week or two, and have worked at other times when I ought to have been at home in bed. I have lost many months during the past seven years and would have lost more only for the fact that I stuck it out and would not give up until I had to.

"My appetite then failed me, and about four years ago I began to notice a fluttering of my heart, which grew so bad after a while that I could not walk any distance without a violent palpitation and complete loss of breath. The pains in my stomach, from indigestion, lasted two and three days at a time. I lost considerable flesh, and before long I noticed that my kidneys were affected. This came from my work on the engine, I know, as many railroad men are troubled in the same way. I had awful pains in the small of my back, and was obliged to make water many times during the day.

"I resolved to go back to the doctors again, though their treatment had done me no good before. I was told that medicine was no good for me, that what I needed was a long rest. I could not take too long a vacation, being compelled to work for my living, and so I kept along, taking what stuff the doctors prescribed, but feeling no better, except for a day or two at a time.

"Finally my legs and hands began to ache and swell with rheumatic pains, and I found I couldn't sleep at night. If I lay down, my heart would go pit-a-pat at a great rate, and many nights I did not close my eyes at all.

"I was broken down in body and discouraged in spirit, when, some time in February last, I was reading in the "Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star," which we take every week, of the great cures made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I got a couple of boxes for my wife to see if she would be helped any by them, and then I tried them myself. I did not put much stock in them at first, but before I had finished the first box I noticed that I was feeling better. The palpitation of my heart, which had bothered me so that I couldn't breathe at times, began to improve. I saw that in going to my home on the hill from the depot, which was previously an awful task, my heart did not beat so violently and I had more breath when I reached the house. After the second and third boxes I grew better in every other respect. My stomach became stronger, the gas belching was not so bad, my appetite and digestion improved, and my sleep became nearly natural and undisturbed. I have continued taking the pills three times a day ever since last March, and to-day I am feeling better than at any time during the last eight years.

"I can confidently and conscientiously say that they have done me more good, and their good effects are more permanent, than any medicine I have ever taken. My rheumatic pains in legs and hands are all gone. The pains in the small of my back, which were so bad at

times that I couldn't stand up straight, have nearly all vanished, and I find my kidneys are well regulated by them. This is an effect not claimed for the pills in the circular, but in my case they brought it about. I can now go up any hill without the slightest distress or palpitation or loss of breath, and am feeling 100 per cent. better in every shape and manner.

"They have been a saving of money to me, for since I began their use I have not been obliged to lose much time away from work. I am still taking the pills, and mean to continue them until I am certain my cure is a thorough and lasting one."

After talking with Mr. Vose at the depot, where his engine was in waiting, the reporter went to the house, where Mrs. Holt, the other patient for whom the pills have done so much, received him and gave an extended account of her experience with them. Mrs. Holt said:

"I am 57 years old, and for fourteen years past I have had an intermittent heart trouble. Three years ago I had nervous prostration, which left me with a number of ailments, for which I have been doctoring unsuccessfully ever since. My heart trouble was increased so badly by the nervous prostration that I had to lie down most of the time. My stomach also gave out, and I had continual and intense pain from the back of my neck to the end of my backbone. I went to physicians in Jeffrey, Newport, Alsted, Acton and here in Peterboro, but my health continued so miserable that I gave up doctors in despair and lost faith in medicine altogether. I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last winter, more from curiosity than because I believed they could help me, but the first box made me feel ever so much better. I have taken the pills since February last and they have made me feel like a new woman. The terrible pains in my spinal column and in the region of my liver are gone, and I believe for good. My palpitation has only troubled me three times since I commenced using the pills, and my stomach now performs its functions without giving me the great distress which formerly followed everything I ate. The pills have acted differently from any medicine I ever took in my life. I have tried everything—doctors' medicines, patent medicines, sarsaparillas, and homeopathic doses. In fourteen weeks, three years ago, I spent \$300 for doctors' bills and medicines, and since then have put out as much more money, but the relief I obtained, if any, was only temporary.

"With these pills, however, the effects are different. They are not cathartic like other pills I have taken, but seem to act directly upon the stomach and liver without any loosening of the bowels. My sleep, too, has wonderfully improved since I began their use. For a long time before I took these pills I lost sleep night after night with my heart and pains in my back.

"My improvement in health is a source of remark on the part of those who have known how sick I was. My husband, who didn't know I was taking the pills, is delighted at the noticeable betterment in my health, and upon learning the cause of it urged me to continue the use of the pills. This impulse, however, is not necessary, as I have been too sick in the past not to fully appreciate the value of a remedy that has done me so much good. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are certainly a grand medicine, and from my experience with them I can cheerfully and cordially recommend them to any one who is troubled with heart palpitation, indigestion, liver complaint, and the many ills consequent upon nervous prostration."

A CANADIAN MIRACLE

A STORY CONTAINING A LESSON FOR PARENTS

The Restoration of a Young Girl Whose Condition Finds a Parallel in Thousands of American Homes—Not Through Willful Neglect, but in Ignorance of the Terrible Consequences

Brockville Times.

The great frequency with which pale, sallow, listless and enfeebled girls are met with nowadays is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present day are not the healthy, robust, rosy-cheeked lassies their mothers and grandmothers were before them. On all sides one sees girls budding into womanhood, who

should be bright of eye, light in step, and joyous in spirits; but, alas, how far from this is their condition. Their complexion is pale, sallow or waxy in appearance, they are victims of heart palpitation, ringing noises in the head, cold hands and feet, often fainting spells, racking headaches, backaches, shortness of breath, and often distressing symptoms. All these conditions betoken chlorosis or anæmia—or in other words a watery and impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform the functions required of it by nature. When in this condition, unless immediate resort is had to those natural remedies which give richness and redness to the blood corpuscles, organic disease and an early grave are the inevitable result. It was in a condition closely resembling the above that a young lady in Addison, Leeds County, was when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People came to her rescue, and undoubtedly saved her from premature death. This case was recently brought to the notice of THE TIMES by H. S. Moffatt, general merchant and postmaster at Addison, of which family the young lady in question is a member. Mr. Moffatt had read the numerous articles in THE TIMES regarding what are admitted on all sides to be marvelous cures by the use of the popular remedy above named, after all other remedies had failed, and felt it his duty to make public for the benefit of sufferers, the wonderful restoration to health and strength that had taken place in his own household. The young lady in question is his adopted daughter, and is some 16 years of age, a very critical period in the life of all young women. She had been declining in health for some time, and the family became very much alarmed that serious results would ensue. Medical advice was sought, and everything done for her that could be thought of, but without avail; the treatment did her no good and she gradually grew worse and worse. Her face was pale and almost bloodless, she was oppressed by constant headaches, and her appetite completely failed. When her friends had almost despaired of a cure, some person who had purchased Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at Mr. Moffatt's store, and tested their virtues, advised their use in the young lady's case. The advice was acted upon and Mr. Moffatt says the results were marvelous. In a short time after beginning their use a decided improvement was noticed. The color began to return to her cheeks, her appetite was improved, and there was every indication of a marked improvement of the system. After taking a few boxes she was completely cured, and is now as well as ever she was. In his business Mr. Moffatt deals in various kinds of proprietary medicines, but says he has never handled any medicine that has given such universal satisfaction as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The demand is large and is constantly increasing, thus affording the most satisfactory evidence that they are what is claimed for them, a blood builder, nerve tonic and general restorer, curing diseases hitherto held to be incurable, and restoring health where all other remedies had failed.

In view of these statements a grave responsibility rests upon parents—upon mothers especially. If your daughters are suffering from any of the troubles indicated above, or from any of the irregularities incident to a critical period in life, do not, as you value their lives, delay in procuring a remedy that will save them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remedy that never fails in such cases, and is a certain specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, whether young or old. They act directly upon the blood and nerves and never fail in any case arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing trade mark on wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.



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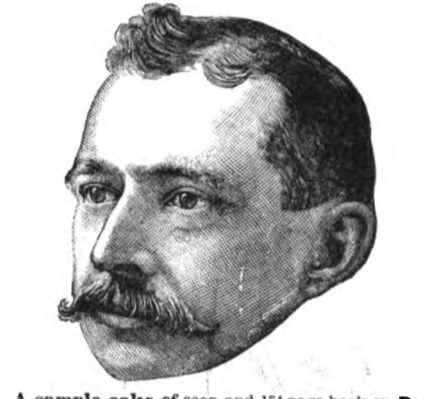
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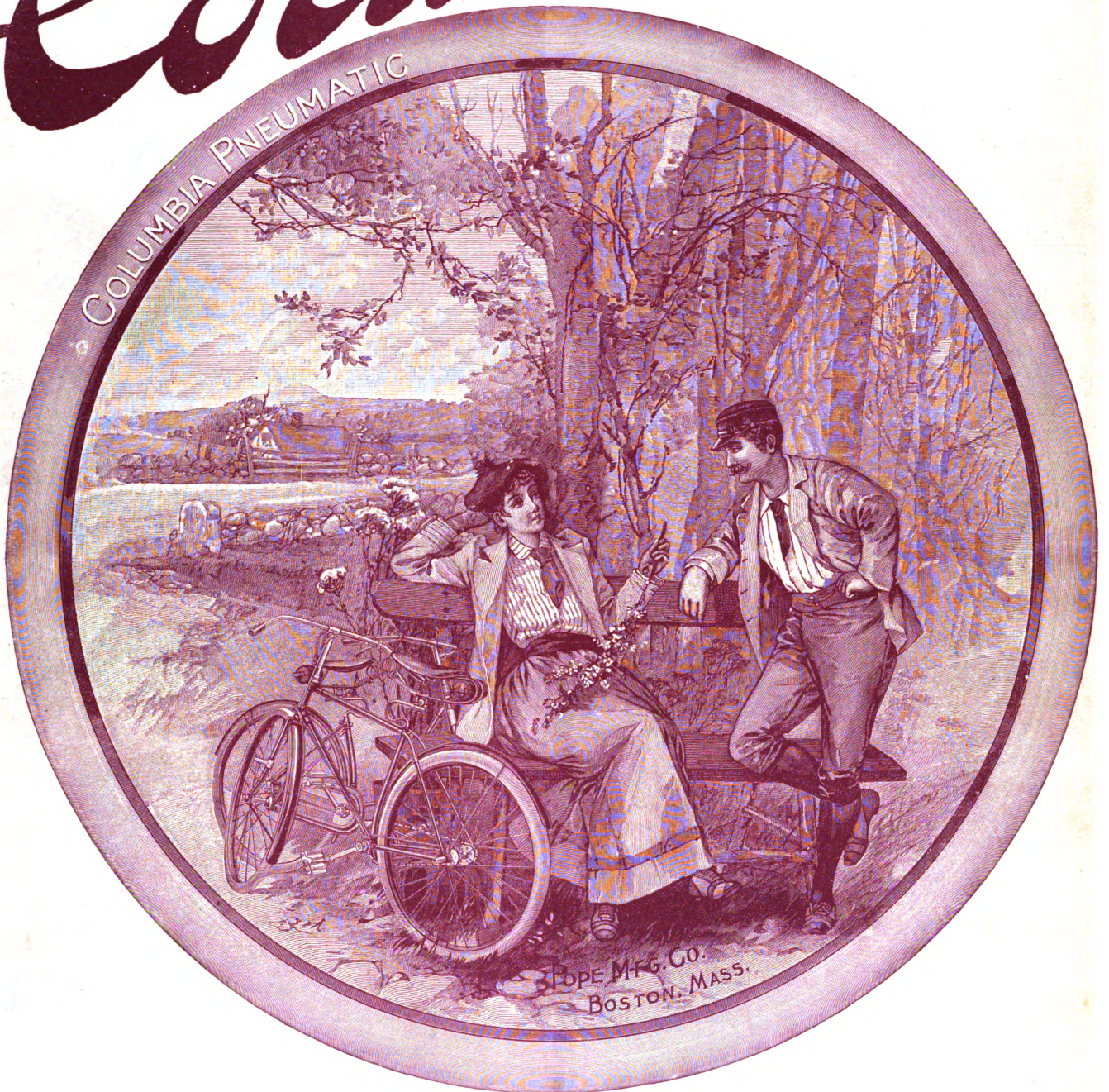
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