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DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR

LEISURELY LANE

By Virginia Woodward Cloud

IS THERE no road now to Leisurely Lane?—We traveled it long ago;
A place for the lagging of leisurely steps, sweet and shady and slow.
There were rims of restful hills beyond, and fields of dreamful wheat,
With shadows of clouds across them blown, and poppies asleep at our feet.

There lads and maids on a Sunday met and strolled them, two and two;
The leaves they laced in a roof o'erhead and only the sun peered through;
And there was time to gather a rose, and time for the wood-bird's call,
And plenty of time to sit by a stream and harken its ripple and fall.

Is there no road now to Leisurely Lane? (God knows we have hurried afar!)
There was once a lamp through the brooding dusk, and over the tree a star;
There was once a breath of the clover bloom (sweet Heaven, we have hurried so long!)
And there was a gate by a white rose clasped, and out of the dusk a song.

That song . . . the echo is strange and sweet, the voice it is weak and old;
It hath no part with this fierce, wild rush, and this hard, mad fight for gold!
It hath no part with the clamor and din and the jarring of wheel and stone!
Oh, listen, my heart, and forget—forget that we reap the bread we have sown!

Is there no road now to Leisurely Lane—where, lingering, one by one,
The summoning bells of twilight time over the meadows blown
May find us strolling our homeward way, glad of the evening star?
Is there no road now to Leisurely Lane? God knows we have hurried afar!



MISS LILIAN BELL
FROM COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY BEATRICE
TONNESEN

LILIAN BELL GOES ABROAD*

To Write Her Impressions for The Ladies' Home Journal

Training for the Trip—A Sister's Sacrifice and a Brother's Diplomacy—Breaking Home Ties—Abundance of Tears and Flowers at Leave-Taking



FIRST LETTER—ON THE WAY.

IN THIS day and generation, when everybody goes to Europe, it is difficult to discover the only person who never has been there. But I am that one, and, therefore, the stir it occasioned in the bosom of my amiable family when I announced that I, too, was about to join the vast majority, is not easy to imagine. But if you think that I at once became a person of importance it only goes to show that you do not know the family. My mother, to be sure, hovered around me the way she does when she thinks I am going into typhoid fever. I never had typhoid fever, but she is always on the watch for it, and if it ever comes it will not catch her napping. She will meet it half way. And lest it elude her watchfulness she minutely questions every pain which assails any one of us, for fear it may be her dreaded foe. Yet when my sister's blessed lamb baby had it before he was a year old, and after he had gotten well and I was not afraid he would be struck dead for my wickedness, I said to her, "Well, Mamma, you must have taken solid comfort out of the first real chance you ever had at your pet fever." She said I ought to be ashamed of myself.

MY FATHER began to explain international banking to me as his share in my preparations, but I utterly discouraged him by asking the difference between a check and a note. He said I reminded him of the jurymen who asked the difference between plaintiff and defendant. I soothed him by assuring him that I knew I would always find somebody to go to the bank with me.

"Most likely 'twill be Providence, then, as He watches over children and fools," said my cousin, with what George Eliot calls "the brutal candor of a near relation."

My brother-in-law lent me ten Baedekers, and offered his hampers and French trunks to me with such reckless generosity that I had to get my sister to stop him so that I wouldn't hurt his feelings by refusing.

My sister said, "I am perfectly sure, Mamma, that if I don't go with her, she will go about with an ecstatic smile on her face, and let herself get cheated and lost, and she would just as soon as not tell everybody that she has never been abroad before. She has no pride."

"Then you had better come along and take care of me and see that I don't disgrace you," I urged.

"Really, Mamma, I do think I had better go," said my sister. So she actually consented to leave husband and baby in order to go and take care of me. I do assure you, however, that I have bought all the tickets, and carried the common purse, and got her through the custom-houses, and arranged prices thus far. But she does pack my trunks and make out the laundry lists—I will say that for her.

MY BROTHER'S contribution to my comfort was in this wise: He said, "You must have a few more lessons on your wheel before you go, so I'll take you out for a lesson to-morrow if you'll get up and go at six o'clock in the morning—that is, if you'll wear gloves. But you mortify me half to death riding without gloves."

"Nobody sees me but milkmen," I said humbly.

"Well, what will the milkmen think?" said my brother.

"Mercy on us, I never thought of that," I said. "My gloves are all pretty tight when one has to grip one's handle bars as fiercely as I do. But I'll get large ones. What tint do you think milkmen care the most for?"

He sniffed.

"Well, I'll go and I'll wear gloves," I said, "but if I fall off, remember it will be on account of the gloves."

"You always do fall off," he said with patient resignation. "I've seen you fall off that wheel in more different directions than it has spokes."

"I don't exactly fall," I explained carefully. "I feel myself going and then I get off."

I was ready at six the next morning, and I wore gloves.

"Now, don't ride into the holes in the street"—one is obliged to give such instructions in Chicago—"and don't look at anything you see. Don't be afraid. You're all right. Now, then! You're off!"

"Oh, Teddy, don't ride so close to me," I quavered.

"I'm forty feet away from you," he said.

"Then double it," I said. "You're choking me by your proximity."

"Let's cross the railroad tracks just for practice," he said, when it was too late for me to expostulate. "Stand up on your pedals and ride fast, and—"

"Hold on, please do," I shrieked. "I'm falling off. Get out of my way. I seem to be turning—"

He scorched ahead, and I headed straight for the switchman's hut, rounded it neatly and leaned myself and my wheel against the side of it, helpless with laughter.

A RED Irish face, with a short black pipe in its mouth, thrust itself out of the tiny window just in front of me, and a voice with a rich brogue exclaimed:

"As purty a bit of riding as iver Oi see!"

"Wasn't it?" I cried. "You couldn't do it."

"Oi wouldn't thry! Oi'd rather tackle a railroad train going at full speed than wan such as ye."

"Get down from there," hissed my brother so close to my ear that it made me bite my tongue.

I obediently scrambled down. Ted's face was very red.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to enter into immediate conversation with a man like that. What do you suppose that man thought of you?"

"Oh, perhaps he saw my gloves and took me for a lady," I pleaded.

Ted grinned and assisted me to mount.

When I successfully turned the corner by making Ted fall back out of sight, we rode away along the boulevard in silence for a while, for my conversation when I am on a wheel is generally limited to shrieks and ejaculations, and snatches of prayer. I never talk to be amusing.

"I say," said my brother hesitatingly, "I wear a No. 8 glove and a No. 10 stocking."

"I've always thought you had large feet and hands," I said, ignoring the hint.

He giggled.

"No, now, really. I wish you'd write that down somewhere. You can get those things so cheap in Paris."

"Oh—oh—catch me!"

He seized my handle bar quickly and righted me before I fell off.

"I'll tell you what, Teddy," I assented gratefully, "I'll bring you some gloves and stockings."

"Oh, I say, honest? Oh, but you're the right kind of a sister! I'll never forget that as long as I live. You do look so nice on your wheel. You sit so straight and—"

I saw a milkman coming. We three were the only objects in sight, yet I headed for him.

"Get out of my way," I shrieked at him. "I'm a beginner. Turn off!"

He lashed his horse and cut down a side street.

"What a narrow escape," I sighed. "How glad I am I happened to think of that."

I looked up pleasantly at Ted. He was biting his lips and he looked raging.

"You are the most hopeless girl I ever saw!" he burst out. "I wish you didn't own a wheel."

"I don't," I said. "The wheel owns me."

"You haven't the manners of—"

"Stockings," I said, looking straight ahead. "Silk stockings with polka dots embroidered on them, No. 10."

Ted looked sheepish.

"I ride so well," I proceeded. "I sit up so straight and look so nice."

No answer.

"Gloves," I went on, still without looking at him.

"White and pearl ones for evening, and russet gloves for the street, No. 8."

"Oh, quit, won't you? I'm sorry I said that. But if you only knew how you mortify me."

"Cheer up, Tedcastle. I am going away, you know. And when I come back you will either have got over caring so much or I will be more of a lady."

"I'M SORRY you are going," said my brother. "But as you are going, perhaps you will let me use your rooms while you are gone. Your bed is the best one I ever slept in, and your study would be bully for the boys when they come to see me."

I was too stunned to reply. He went on, utterly oblivious of my consternation.

"And I am going to use your wheel while you are gone, if you don't mind, to take the girls out on. I know some awfully nice girls who can ride, but their wheels are last year's make, and they won't ride them. I'd rather like to be able to offer them a new wheel."

"I am not going to take all my party dresses. Have you any use for them?" I said.

"Why, what's the matter. Won't you let me have your rooms?"

"Merciful heavens, child! I should say not!"

"Why, I haven't asked you for much," said my small, modest brother. "You offered."

"Well, just wait till I offer the rest. But I'll tell you what I will do, Ted. If you will promise not to go into my rooms and rummage once while I am gone, and not to touch my wheel, I'll buy you a tandem, and then you can take the girls on that."

"I'd rather have you bring me some things from Europe," said my shrinking brother.

"All right. I'll do that, but let me off this thing. I am so tired I can't move. You'll have to walk it back and give me five cents to ride home on the car."

I crawled into breakfast more dead than alive.

"What's the matter, dearie? Did you ride too far?" asked mamma.

"I don't know whether I rode too far or whether it was Ted's asking if he couldn't use my rooms while I was gone, but something has made me tired. What's that? Whom is papa talking to over the telephone?"

PA PA came in fuming and fretting.

"Who was it this time?" I questioned with anticipation. Inquiries over the telephone were sure to be interesting to me just now.

"Somebody who wanted to know what train you were going on, but would not give his name. He was inquiring for a friend, he said, and wouldn't give his friend's name either."

"Didn't you tell him?" I cried in distress.

"Certainly not. I told him nobody but an idiot would withhold his name."

Papa calls such a variety of men idiots.

"Oh, but it was probably only flowers or candy. Why didn't you tell him? Have you no sentiment?"

"I won't have you receiving anonymous communications," he retorted with the liberty fathers have a little way of taking with their daughters.

"But flowers," I pleaded. "It is no harm to send flowers without a card. Don't you see?" Oh, how hard it is to explain a delicate point like that to one's father—in broad daylight! "I am supposed to know who sent them!"

"But would you know?" asked my practical ancestor.

"Not—not exactly. But it would be almost sure to be one of them."

Ted shouted. But there was nothing funny in what I said. Boys are so silly.

"Anyway I am sorry you didn't tell him," I said.

"Well, I'm not," declared papa.

THE rest of the day fairly flew. The last night came, and the baby was put to bed. I undressed him, which he regarded as such a joke that he worked himself into a fever of excitement. He loves to scrub like Josie, the cook. I had bought him a little red pail, and I gave it to him that night when he was partly undressed, and he was so enchanted with it that he scampered around hugging it, and saying, "Pile! pile," like a little Cockney. He gave such squeals of ecstasy that everybody came into the nursery to find him scrubbing his crib with a nail-brush and little red pail.

"Who gave you the pretty pail, Billy?" asked Aunt Lida, who was sitting by the crib.

"Tattah," said Billy, in a whisper. He always whispers my name.

"Then go and kiss dear auntie. She is going away on the big boat to stay such a long time."

Billy's face sobered. Then he dropped his precious pail, and came and licked my face like a little dog, which is his way of kissing.

I squeezed him until he yelled.

"Don't let him forget me," I wailed. "Talk to him about me every day. And buy him a toy out of my money often, and tell him Tattah sent it to him. Oh, oh, he'll be grown up when I come home!"

"Don't cry, dearie," said Aunt Lida, handing me her handkerchief. "I'll see that your grave is kept green."

My sister appeared at the door. She was all ready to start. She even had her veil on.

"What do you mean by exciting Billy so at this time of night?" she said. "Go out, all of you. We'll lose the train. Hush, somebody's at the telephone. Papa's talking to that same man again." I jumped up and ran out.

"Let me answer it, Papa dear! Yes, yes, yes, certainly. To-night on the Pennsylvania. You're quite welcome. Not at all." I hung up the telephone.

I could hear papa in the nursery:

"She actually told him—after all I said this morning! I never heard of anything like it."

Two or three voices were raised in my defense. Ted slipped out into the hall.

"Bully for you," he whispered. "You'll get the flowers all right at the train. Who do you s'pose they're from? Another box just came for you. Say, couldn't you leave that smallest box of violets in the silver box? I want to give them to a girl, and you've got such loads of others."

"Don't ask her for those," answered my dear sister, "they are the most precious of all!"

"I can't give you any of mine," I said, "but I'll buy you a box for her—a small box," I added hastily.

THE carriages have come, dears," quavered grand-mamma, coming out of the nursery, followed by the family, one after the other.

"Get her satchels, Teddy. Her hat is upstairs. Her flowers are in the hall. She left her ulster on my bed, and her books are on the window-sill," said mamma. She wouldn't look at me. "Remember, dearie, your medicines are all labeled, and I put needles in your work-box all threaded. Don't sit in draughts and don't read in a dim light. Have a good time and study hard and come back soon. Good-bye, my girlie. God bless you."

By this time no handkerchief would have sufficed for my tears. I reached out and Ted handed me a towel.

"I've got a sheet when you've sopped that," he said. Boys are such brutes.

Aunt Lida said, "Good-bye, my dearest. You are my favorite niece. You know I love you the best."

I giggled, for she tells my sister the same thing always.

"Nobody seems to care much that I am going," said Bee mournfully.

"But you are coming back so soon, and she is going to stay so long," exclaimed grandmamma, patting Bee.

"I'll bet she doesn't stay a year," cried Ted.

"I'll expect her home by Christmas," said papa.

"I'll bet she is here to eat Thanksgiving dinner," cried my brother-in-law.

"No, she is sure to stay as long as she has said she would," said mamma.

Mothers are the brace of the universe. The family trailed down to the front door. Everybody was carrying something. There were two carriages, for they were all going to the station with us.

"For all the world like a funeral, with loads of flowers and everybody crying," said my brother cheerfully.

I NEVER shall forget that drive to the station; nor the last few moments, when Bee and I stood on the car steps and talked to those who were on the platform of the station. Can anybody else remember how she felt at going to Europe for the first time and leaving everybody she loved at home? Bee grieved because there were no flowers at the train after all. But the next morning they appeared, a tremendous box, arranged as a surprise.

Telegrams came popping in at all the big stations along the way, enlivening our gloom, and at the steamer there were such loads of things that we might almost have set up as a florist, or fruiterer, or bookseller. Such a lapful of steamer letters and telegrams! I read a few each morning, and some of them I read every morning!

I don't like ocean travel. They sent grape-fruit and confections to my stateroom, which I tossed out of the porthole. You know there are some people who think you don't know what you want. I traveled horizontally most of the way, and now people roar when I say I wasn't ill. Well, I wasn't, you know. We—well, Teddy would not like me to be more explicit. I own to a horrible headache which never left me. I deny everything else. Let them laugh. I was there and I know.

The steamer I went on allows men to smoke on all the decks, and they all smoked in my face. It did not help me. I must say that I was unspeakably thankful to get my foot on dry ground once more. When we got to the dock a special train of toy cars took us through the greenest of green landscapes, and suddenly, almost before we knew it, we were at Waterloo station, and knew that London was at our door.

Lilian Bell

* The first of a series of European letters Miss Lilian Bell (of Chicago) is writing for the JOURNAL. They will give her impressions of the Old World and its people, also the incidents and experiences of her trip. Others will appear in future issues of the JOURNAL.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In her next letter, in the November JOURNAL, Miss Bell will give her impressions of London and of the Britishers. She will relate her experiences in a London hotel, at a theatre, and her sufferings from homesickness.

THE NEW TENANTS OF THE WHITE HOUSE



A Series of New Photographs Never Before Published



Taken by Frances Benjamin Johnston Especially for the Journal



THESE TWO PORTRAITS OF MRS. MCKINLEY ARE THE FIRST AND ONLY ONES TAKEN OF HER DURING THE PAST TEN YEARS

Mrs. McKinley in Her Room at the White House, in the gown worn by her at the Inaugural Ball, worn for this portrait at the special request of the President, who thought the gown particularly becoming.

President McKinley in His Office at the White House. This is the latest photograph taken of the President, and has never before been given to the public.

Mrs. McKinley in Her Inaugural Ball Costume. The gown is of silver and white brocade, with a court train. The high-necked waist has a yoke of pearl passementerie, with a ruffle of *point d'esprit* lace.

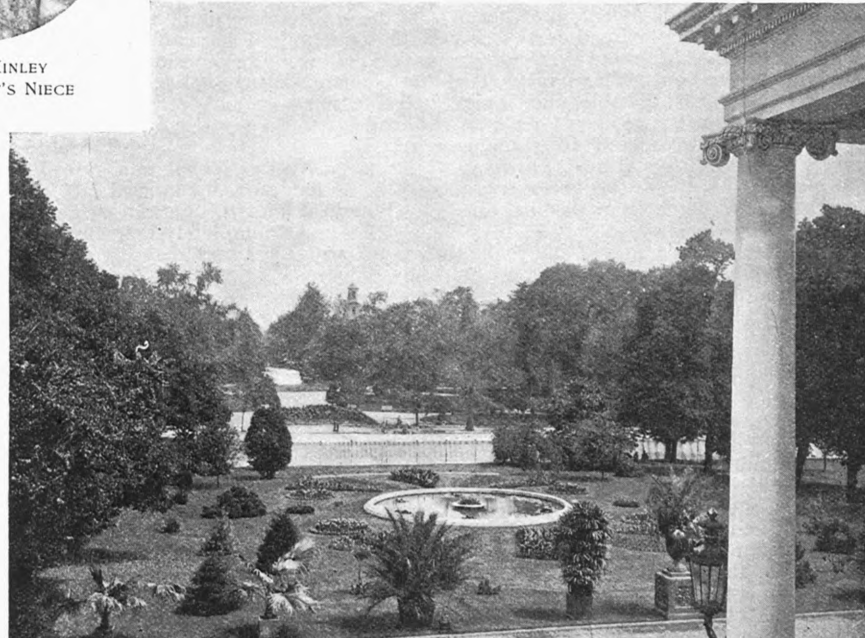
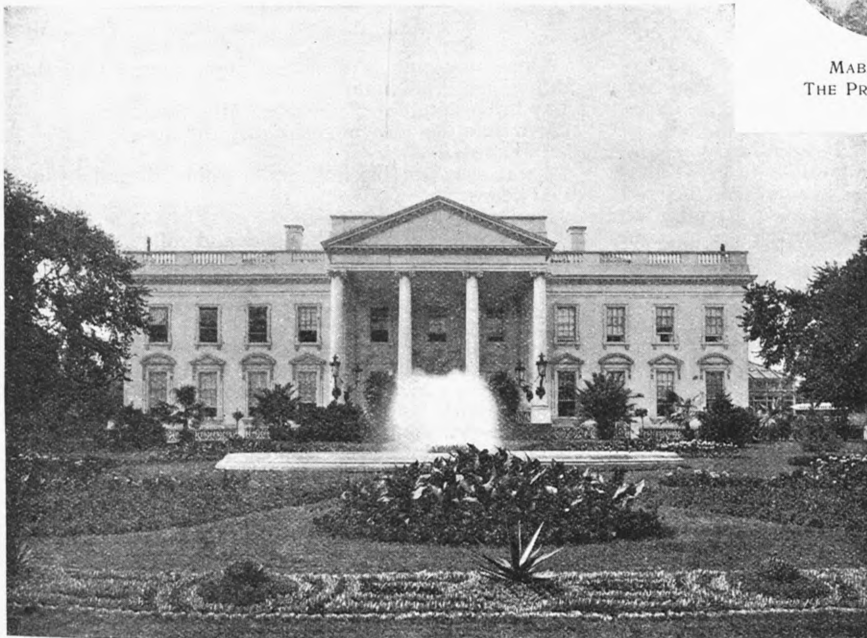


The Presidential Bedchamber at the White House, on the north front of the mansion directly west from the portico, overlooking the flower beds in front, and Lafayette Square across Pennsylvania Avenue. This room is simply and tastefully furnished. The pictures to the left of the wardrobe are of ex-President Hayes and his wife, both of whom were very close friends of President and Mrs. McKinley.

Another View of President and Mrs. McKinley's Bedroom, furnished entirely in blue, Mrs. McKinley's favorite color. Mrs. McKinley's devotion to children is shown in the photographs on and around the mantel. The horse-shoes to the left of the mantel and over the door are souvenirs of the last Presidential campaign, which were sent to the President by admirers from all over the country.



MABEL MCKINLEY THE PRESIDENT'S NIECE



The North Front of the White House facing Pennsylvania Avenue, showing the main entrance and driveway, with lawn and grounds in midsummer.

The President's Private Gardens, as Mrs. McKinley sees them from her room. No photograph has ever before been taken from this point of observation.



THE AUTOGRAPH BOOK OF BLUE

By H. W. Jakeway

SHE gave him her book to write in—
Her autograph book of blue—
And she said: "Write it straight, now, Tommy,
And something nice and true."
Stiffly and squarely he wrote a line
For his queen with the eyes of blue—
Proudly, and signed it, "Tommy"—
"Maggie, I love you true."

A youth came from a college—
A student grave and wise—
He looked at the little old autograph book;
He looked at her true blue eyes.
And he scrawled, with cynical smiling,
In the old, old book of blue,
Of the folly of love, and signed it,
"Thomas Reginald Hugh."

A man came from his labors,
Learned in the school of years;
Gazed at the little blue book, and dreamed,
And gazed, as he dreamed, through tears.
Then he looked and saw her smiling,
With tears in her eyes of blue.
And he wrote and signed it, "Tommy"—
"Maggie, I love you true."



THE STOCKWELLS' APPLE-PARING BEE

By Mary E. Wilkins

[Author of "Pembroke," "A New England Nun," "A Humble Romance," "Madelon," "Neighborhood Types," etc.]



DURING "apple years" there are always many paring bees in our village. During other years there are, of course, not so many, and people, consequently, are more eager to attend them. When Mr. Nehemiah Stockwell gave his great bee it was the only one that autumn, and, therefore, an occasion to be remembered on that account, had not so many remarkable things happened during the evening. It seemed singular, when all the other orchards yielded so little fruit, for it was an unusually "off year," that Nehemiah Stockwell's trees should have been bent to the ground and even had some of their branches broken beneath the great weight of apples, but thus matters often are with him.

The neighbors regard Nehemiah Stockwell with admiration, somewhat tinged with a curious jealousy as of his favoritism with Providence. They cannot understand why, when every other garden in the village shows blasted melon-vines, his are rampant with golden globes; when the cut-worms eat everybody's else cabbages his are left undisturbed.

To use the language of one of the bitterest dissenters against Mr. Stockwell's good fortune, "It does seem as if everybody's else "off year" was his "on year," and "he always gets double what anything is worth, because nobody else has got it."

Still, when people were invited to the paring bee they went, though many felt aggrieved and puzzled at such an unequal distribution of the fruits of the earth. Lurinda Snell said she was going anyhow, for she hadn't "eat" a good apple that year, and probably many shared her politic disposition not to slight the good things of others, because of rancor at having none of their own.

THE bee was held in the barn instead of the kitchen since it would accommodate more. The Stockwell barn is a very large one on the opposite side of the road from the house. It was as clean as a parlor, and well lighted with rows of lanterns hung from the beams and scaffolds. Mrs. Stockwell used all her own, and borrowed many of the neighbors', kitchen chairs, and there were a number of tables set out with pans and knives, and needles and strings. Bushel-baskets of apples stood around the tables, and the whole place was full of their goodly smell. There was also a woody fragrance of evergreen and pine, for Lottie Green and Zepheretta Stockwell and some other girls had been at work all day trimming the barn. It was a pretty sight, and, moreover, quite a novel one. The stanchions of the cow-stalls, the straight ladders to the scaffolds, and the posts supporting them were all wound with evergreen, and great branches of red and yellow maple, and sumach, were stuck in the shaggy fleeces of hay in the mows. Then Lottie Green, who has quite a daring invention of her own, had gone a step beyond—each mild-faced Jersey cow in the stalled row had her horns decorated with evergreens and yellow leaves, and looked out of her stanchions at the company like some queer beast of fable, and, it must be confessed, with somewhat uneasy tossing of her crowned head.

Lurinda Snell whispered to somebody that Lottie Green had called in Mr. Lucius Downey, who happened to be passing by, to tie the greens on the cows' horns when they came home from pasture, and she thought it was pretty silly work.

However, everybody agreed that the barn was a charming sight, and it became still more so when the company was seated around paring apples and stringing them.

OLD and young had come to the bee, and the lantern-light shone on silvery glancing heads and dark and golden ones. It was a very warm night for October, so warm that the great barn doors were slid apart a little for air. People could see through the opening a young maple tree full of yellow leaves, which gleamed like a torch in the light from the barn.

The girls often motioned the young men to look at it. "See how handsome that tree looks," they cried.

One young man, Jim Paine, whispered to the girl beside him, so loud that Lurinda Snell heard, that he did not need to look outside the barn to see something handsome, but all the others looked at the beautiful tree and assented. Jim Paine is, perhaps, the most gallant young man in the village, but he has had the advantage of living in Boston. He was in business there for two years, and, though he has now come home to live, and settled down

with his father, he does not lose his city polish, and he makes the other young men appear provincial. He is handsome, too, and considered a great catch by the village girls and their mothers.

People were not surprised at Jim Paine's gallant remark; they admitted that it sounded just like him, but they wondered that it should have been addressed to such a girl. Zepheretta Stockwell is a good girl, no one denies that. She is faithful and industrious, but she is not only very plain-featured, but quite lame, and none of the young men have fancied her.

The other girls were almost too scornful to be jealous, and tittered when Lurinda Snell repeated Jim's speech. As for poor Zepheretta, who had never, during her whole life, had anything like that said to her, she turned white as a sheet at first, and then looked at Jim in a sad, sharp way that she has; then she blushed so that her cheeks were as red as the apple she was paring, and she looked almost pretty. Zepheretta's hair is a common, lustreless brown, but she brushes it until it is very smooth; she never crimps it. There is a sort of patient hopelessness of attraction about Zepheretta. She does not even have her dresses trimmed much. That night she wore a plain brown cashmere with a little white ruffle in the neck, and a very fine white cambric apron beautifully hemstitched. People thought that Zepheretta was rather extravagant to wear such an apron to a paring bee, though her father was well-to-do. All the women wore aprons, but most of them were made of gingham or calico.

THE men pared the apples, some of the women pared and some strung. The stringing was regarded as rather the nicer work, and the prettiest girls, as a rule, did it. After a while Jim Paine took away Zepheretta's pan of apples and knife, and got a dish of nicely-cut quarters, and a needle and string for her. Then some of the pretty girls began to look spiteful and sober. Presently one of them, Maria Rice, cut her finger, for she was paring, and said she would not work at all; she would go home if she could not string. Then Zepheretta at once gave up her stringing to Maria and fell to paring again, while Jim Paine looked bewildered and vexed. After a little he edged over beside Maria, and pared and cut for her to string, and she was radiant. As for Zepheretta she pared away as patient as ever. She is always giving up to other people, still she looked rather sober.

All the young people were twirling apple-parings three times around their heads, and letting them fall over their left shoulders to determine the initials of their future husbands or wives. They also named apples and counted the seeds, all excepting Zepheretta. They would have been inclined to laugh if she had followed their example, for nobody thought Zepheretta would ever marry.

Finally, Jim Paine, in spite of Maria Rice's efforts to keep him, rose and sauntered over to where Zepheretta sat patiently paring. Her face lit up so when he sat down beside her that she looked almost pretty. Maria Rice looked nonplused, but only for a moment. She had enough strategic instinct for a general. She also rose promptly, followed Jim, and sat down, not beside him, as a less clever girl would have done, but on the other side, next Zepheretta. She began to admire, with great effusion, the knitted lace on Zepheretta's apron, and begged for the pattern. She took up Zepheretta's attention so completely that Jim Paine, on the other side, was quite ignored, and pared apples in silence.

PROBABLY not many people in the barn saw through Maria's manoeuvre. Our village does not rear many diplomats. Few would have even noticed it had it not been for the accident which resulted and came near changing our festivity to tragedy. Maria, in order to sit beside Zepheretta, had forced herself into a corner where no one was expected to sit, and which was occupied by a low-hung lantern. Her head came very near it when she first sat down, and some one called to her to take care. She jerked aside, with a coquettish giggle, but it was not long before she forgot and brought her head up severely against the lantern. There was a crash, a scream, then a wild flash of fire, and Zepheretta Stockwell was flying into the nearest horse-stall and dragging off the bay mare's blanket before anybody could think. Maria's apron was blazing, and if it had not been for Zepheretta she would certainly have been dangerously, if not fatally, burned. Zepheretta flung the horse blanket over Maria, and bore her down to the floor under it before any one else stirred. Then Jim Paine sprang, but Zepheretta cried to him fiercely to keep off, and crouched so closely over Maria that he could not come near.

However, there was enough to do, for a fringe of hay from the scaffold had caught fire, and if it had not been for quick work the barn would have gone. It was a narrow escape as it was, for hay burns like powder. The men tore off their coats to smother the flames; they formed a line to the well and passed buckets of water. In fifteen minutes the fire was completely under control, but that was an end of the apple paring for that night. The barn was drenched with water, the apples were swollen and dripping, and everybody was too nervous to settle down to work again under any circumstances.

MARIA RICE was not burned at all. When Zepheretta released her from the blanket she got up, looking pale and disheveled, with her apron a blackened rag, but she was quite uninjured. But poor Zepheretta's hands were burned to a blister, though she said nothing, and nobody would have known it had she not almost fainted away after the scare was over.

Mr. Nehemiah Stockwell stood up in the middle of the barn and said he guessed we had better call the paring over, and all come into the house and have supper. His voice trembled, and we could see that he was still fairly quaking with the fright.

It would have been a great loss to Nehemiah Stockwell had his barn been destroyed, for he carried only a very small insurance on it.

Well, we all went across the road to the house—those who had not fled there already in the fear of being burned alive in the barn—and there was the supper-table all laid in the sitting-room.

It was just after we entered the house that Zepheretta nearly fainted from the pain of her burns, and her Aunt Hannah, Mr. Stockwell's sister, who had been assisting Mrs. Stockwell, went with her to her own room. That was possibly the reason why we had such a singular experience with the supper. Hannah Stockwell being very calm and clear-headed, it is not probable that she would have allowed us to sit down to the table until certain matters had been differently arranged. Poor Mrs. Stockwell was almost in hysterics—tears rolling down her cheeks in spite of her frequent dabs with her apron, catching her breath, and trembling so that when she took up a cup and saucer they rattled like castanets.

WE PLACED ourselves as best we could around the table. There were not quite chairs enough; some stood all through the meal, though Mr. Stockwell and his hired man raced wildly back and forth with chairs, after the blessing had been asked.

The minister asked the blessing, and it was a very long one, including fervent thanks for deliverance from perils, from fire and flood. Then we began to eat supper, but there was very little to eat. There was really nothing but bread—and cold bread at that—and dried apple sauce, and one small pumpkin pie. There was neither tea nor coffee, even, though many were sure they could smell them. Everybody had expected a fine supper at the Stockwells', but there was such a poor repast as nobody in our village had ever been known to offer at a paring bee. However, we were all too polite, of course, to speak of it, and Mrs. Stockwell did not appear to notice anything out of the way. Lurinda Snell whispered that she acted as if she didn't know whether she was at a wedding or a funeral. Lurinda looked out that Lucius Downey had a piece of the one pumpkin pie. We all discussed the fire and tried to eat as if we enjoyed the supper, but it was hard work. The dried apple sauce was not sweetened, and there was no butter, even, on the table.

We went home soon after supper. Usually there is an after-course of flip and roasted chestnuts on these occasions, but nothing was said about it that night. We all sat around a half hour or so and discussed the fire, and then, with one accord, rose and took leave. Zepheretta had not returned, and we understood that she had gone to bed. I heard Jim Paine inquiring of Mrs. Stockwell how she was, and she replied that Hannah had put scraped potato on the burns, and they were less painful, but she guessed Zepheretta wouldn't come down again. Jim Paine had to take Maria Rice home, for she declared that she felt too weak to walk, and he was the only one who had a vacant seat in his carriage.

WE WERE all flocking out of the front gate, looking across at the barn, and saying for the hundredth time how thankful we ought to be, when we heard Hannah Stockwell's voice, and after her Mrs. Nehemiah Stockwell's, like a shrill echo.

"You haven't had a single thing that we meant to have for supper," cried Hannah Stockwell.

"No, you ain't, oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Stockwell after her.

"There was mince pies, and apple pies, and Indian pudding," said Hannah.

"And plum pudding," declared Mrs. Stockwell.

"Pumpkin pie and cranberry pie, and doughnuts."

"And cheese—"

"There was hot biscuits, and cornbread, and freshly-baked beans."

"And pork, and pickles—"

"There was a great chicken pie, and coffee."

"And tea for them that wanted it," said Mrs. Stockwell.

"I forgot everything. I was so upset. Oh, dear!"

"There was pound cake, and fruit cake, and sponge cake," Hannah Stockwell said.

"And ginger cookies, and seed cakes—oh, dear!"

The two women went on with the catalogue of that feast which we had missed. No such supper had ever been prepared for an apple-paring bee in our village. They begged us, and Mr. Stockwell begged us, to return and partake of the dainties, but it was too late, we were all more or less shaken by our exciting experience, and we all refused, though some of the men would have accepted had not their wives hindered them.

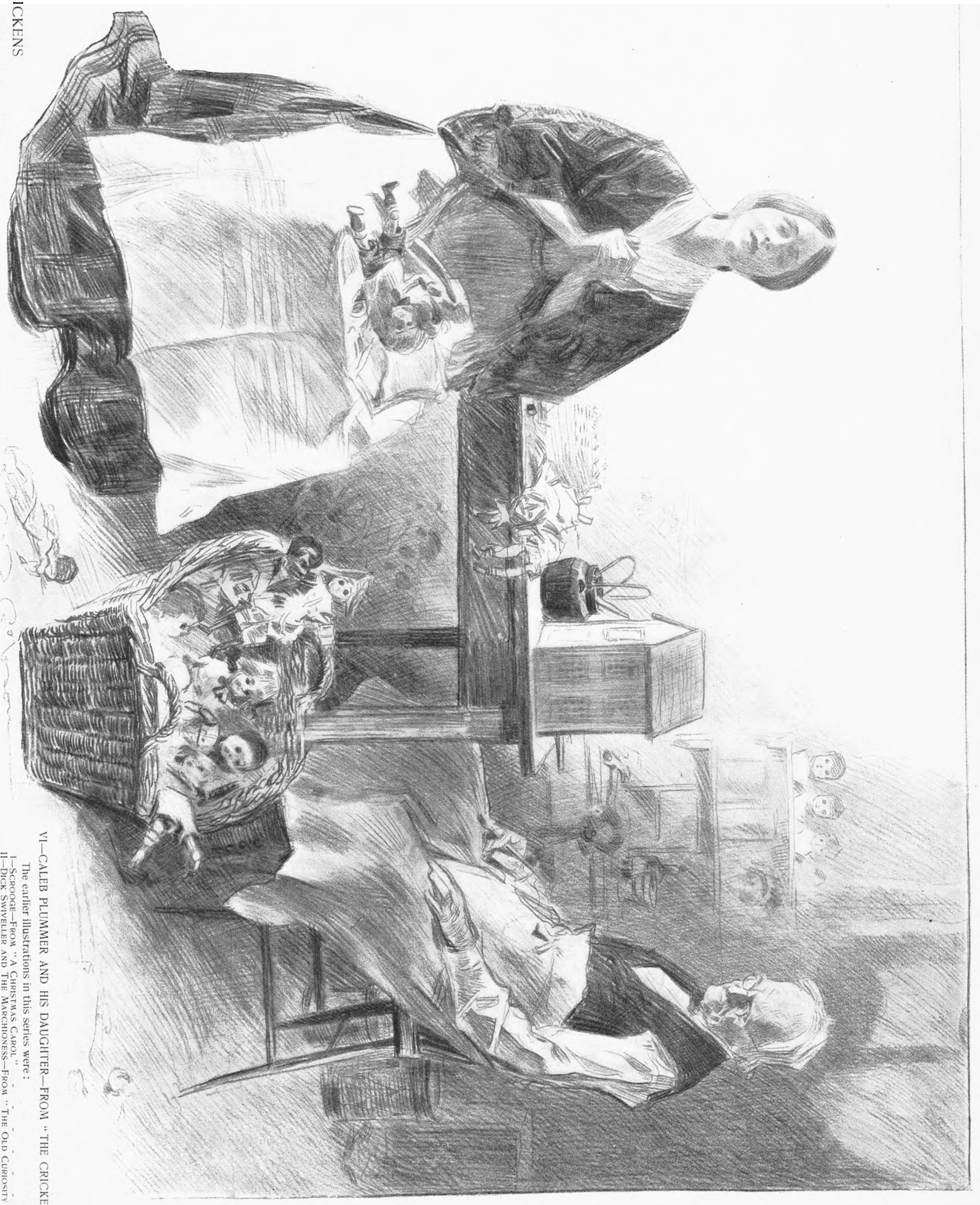
We bade the Stockwells good-night, assuring them that we had had a delightful evening, and that the supper did not signify in the least, and departed. But, as we were going down the road, we heard Hannah Stockwell's voice again:

"There were fried apple turnovers and currant jelly tarts," and Mrs. Stockwell's, feebly, but insistently,

"And peach preserves and tomato ketchup."

We went home that night feeling sure, and we have felt sure ever since, that we had never in our lives eaten, nor ever should eat, such a supper as the one we missed at the Stockwells' apple-paring bee.

*The second article of a series narrating the "Pleasures of Our Neighborhood," written by Mary E. Wilkins for the JOURNAL.



VI—CALEB PLUMMER AND HIS DAUGHTER—FROM "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"

The earlier illustrations in this series were:

- I—SCROOGE—FROM "A CHRISTMAS CAROL" DECEMBER, 1866
- II—DICK SWIVELLER AND THE MARCHIONESS—FROM "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP" FEBRUARY, 1867
- III—TOM PINCH AND HIS SISTER—FROM "MARTIN CHuzzlewit" APRIL, "
- IV—MR. AND MRS. MICAWBER, DAVID COPPERFIELD AND TRADDLES JUNE, "
- V—MR. PICKWICK DELIVERING HIS FAMOUS ORATION AUGUST, "

THE PEOPLE OF DICKENS
 A SERIES OF CHARACTER SKETCHES
 BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

INSIDE OF A HUNDRED HOMES

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

By Edward Hurst Brown

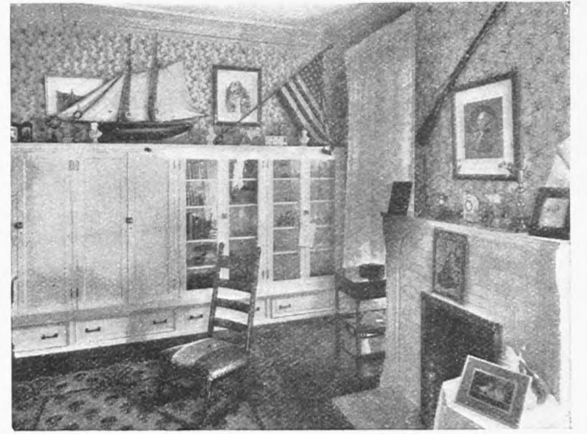
EVERY woman likes to look into the homes of other women—not so much from curiosity, but in hopes of finding therein suggestions which may aid her in making her rooms more homelike and comfortable. This desire THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will endeavor to gratify in this series. It will give, in six successive issues, glimpses into one hundred American homes: not fancy sketches of what may be done, but actual photo-

graphs of rooms which exist in homes from Maine to California. For many months hundreds of homes in every part of the country have been photographed for this series by the JOURNAL'S own photographers.

The ideas suggested are different in character: some will interest the woman who already has a home; others will appeal to the woman who intends to remodel her home; others, again, to the woman who hopes in the near future to build a home. Some ideas are architectural; some are decorative; some apply to furnishing. All the suggestions are practical.

The utmost care has been taken to select homes of people of moderate incomes, and the aim has been to secure rooms reflecting woman's taste rather than large means. Some of the ideas may seem expensive. The vast majority are not, however, though

they may look so. The few that are costly have been chosen because the suggestion is capable of being carried out in less expensive materials without sacrificing good taste or the idea. Chintz may often take the place of satin damask. White pine may be substituted for mahogany or oak. Yet the idea presented remains intact.



This Nursery in a Chicago house shows, along one side of the room, a convenient arrangement of cupboards and drawers for toys and clothing.



The Ingle Nook, the seat ends, and the low, broad window make this New England hall quaint and cozy. Expensive paneling is unnecessary; woodwork cream or pale green.



This Corner Seat in a Chicago flat cost but twelve dollars. It was built to fit the space; covered with denim and studded with furniture nails.

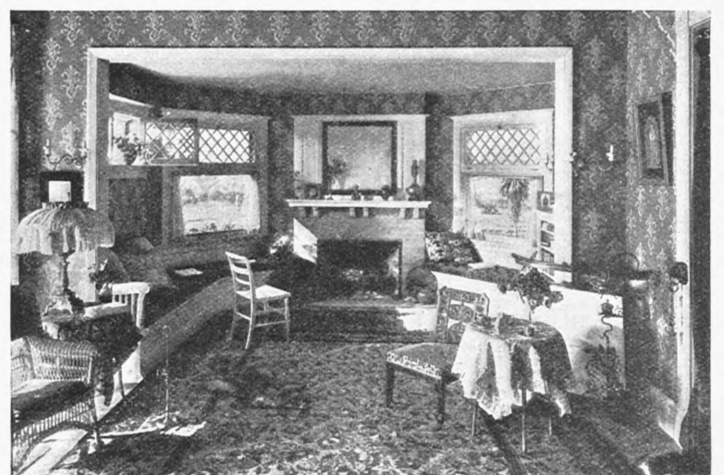


The Pretty Hall at Daylesford, Pennsylvania, shown in above picture, offers excellent suggestions in the red brick chimney-place, with a stone slab within the arch, the wainscot capped with a narrow shelf moulding. The idea of placing the piano on the broad landing of the stairs is entirely novel. The colors are quiet greens and reds. The woodwork and the floor are stained dark, and the furniture is dark green oak. The rugs are rich in color. The picture frames are of oak or black.



This Bedroom in a California house shows the advantage of simplicity in decoration. Violet and white predominate. The seats beneath the high windows on either side of the fireplace offer an idea.

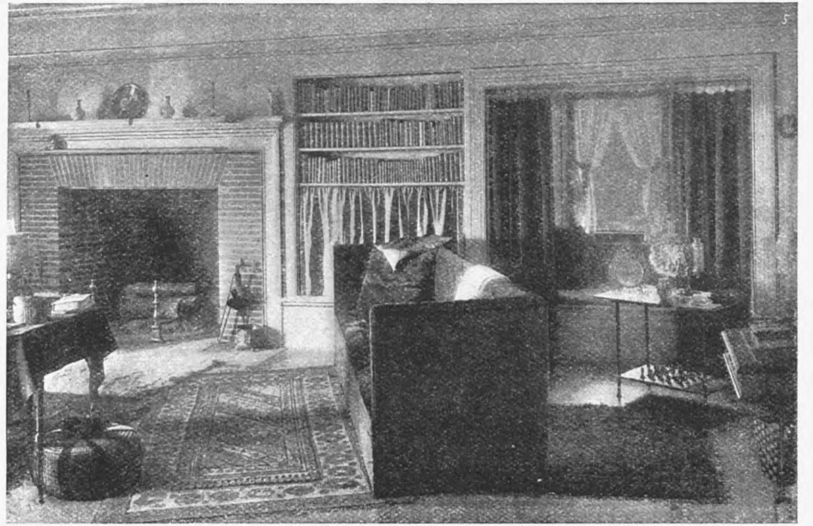
This Cozy Corner in a Detroit house is made by covering the couch with a Bagdad curtain, and draping the wall with a Roman blanket. Plenty of cushions and one or two Oriental fans complete the scheme.



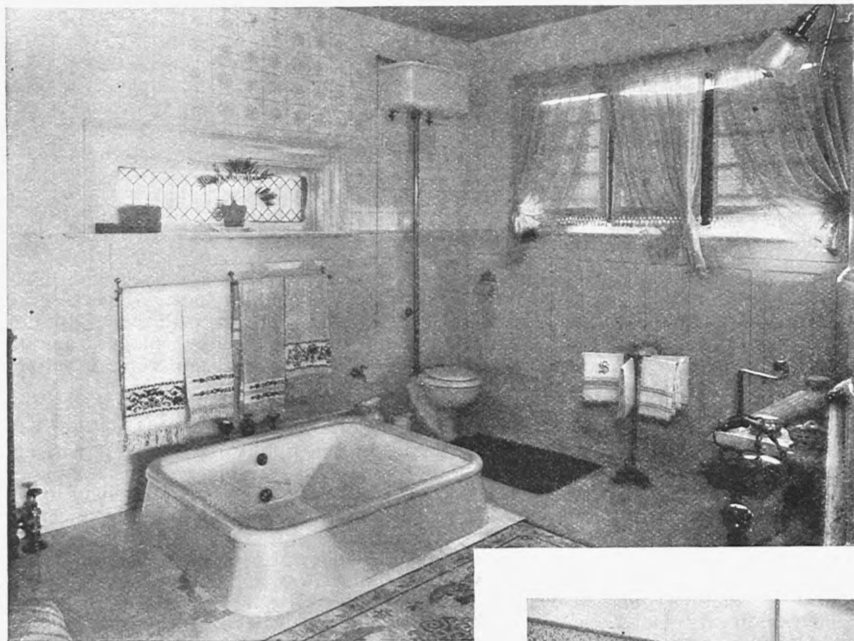
The Window Seats in this Pasadena, California, house have hinged lids, and are convenient receptacles for odds and ends.



This Dining-Room in a country house near Philadelphia is decorated in a broad and simple style, giving repose and dignity. Tan brown is the prevailing color.



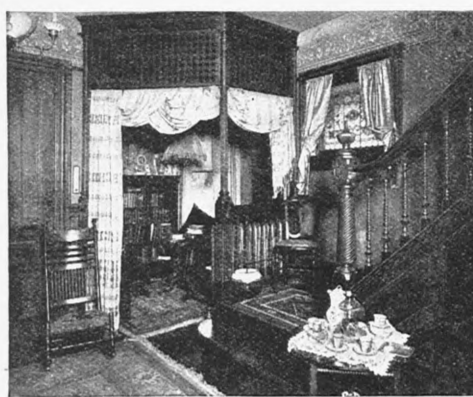
In This Living-Room at Milton, Massachusetts, the couch stands boldly out into the room; the broad fireplace; the space beside the chimney, utilized for bookshelves; and the window-seat are valuable suggestions.



This California Bathroom shows the square tub and modern sanitary plumbing. The room is both light and attractive.



A Colonial Barn in Germantown has been transformed into a residence. The cupboards under the windows are unique.



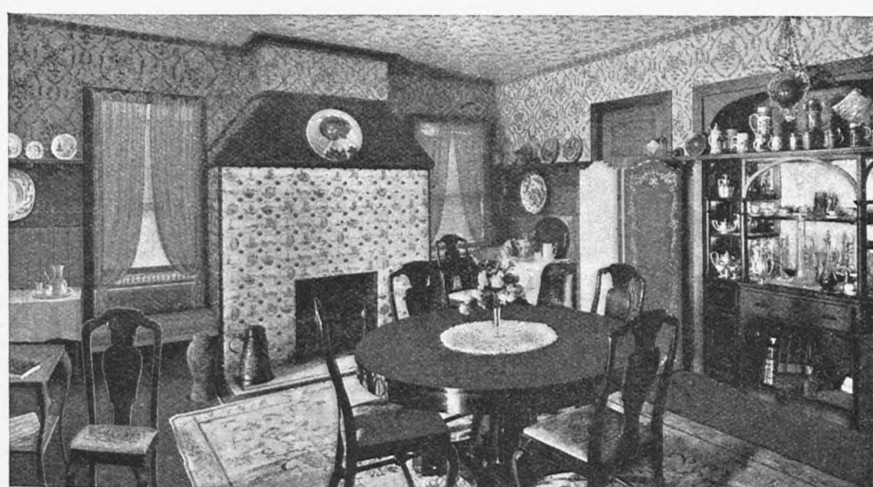
A Corner of the Hall is utilized as a library in a house at Orange, New Jersey.



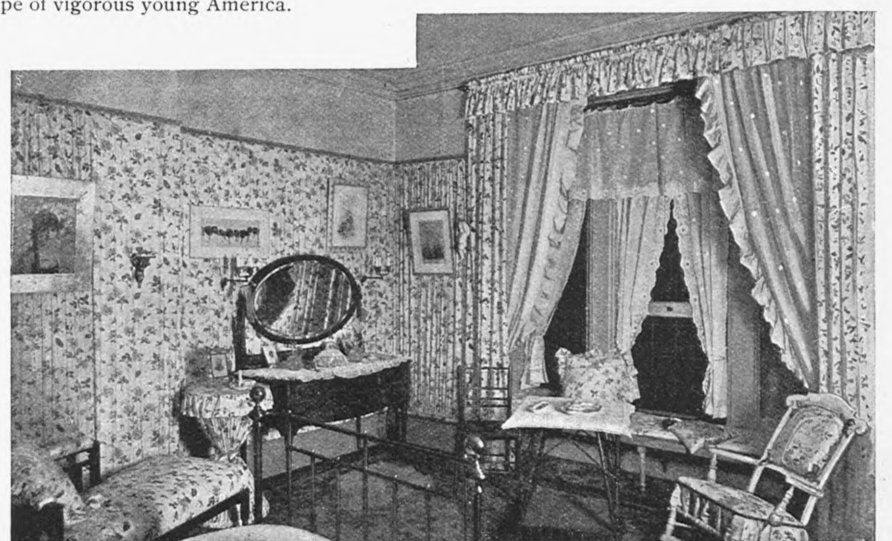
A Boy's Bedroom will always show his individual ideas. This room, which belongs to a Chicago boy, is a type of vigorous young America.



The Pantry in a Jersey City house has a dresser with sliding sash, instead of doors, and water handy for washing glassware.



In This Dining-Room at Pasadena, California, there is something attractive about the Dutch fireplace, faced with picture tiles of Delft design in blue and white.



In a Girl's Bedroom at Cleveland a pleasing effect is obtained by hanging the walls with cretonne, filled at top and bottom on brass sash curtain-rods.

WONDERS OF THE WORLD'S WASTE

By William George Jordan



NE of the signal advances made by this many-sided century has been in invention and industry. In no way has this progress been more vividly shown than in its conquest of waste. Nature, despite her marvelous prodigality, when closely studied, is seen to waste nothing, to use and to re-use all things in unending cycles of activity. At the miraculous feeding of the five thousand, when loaves and fishes were multiplied without stint, it was commanded that the people should gather up the fragments that remained, that nothing might be lost. This lesson, carried out by Science as an instructive lesson in economy, contains most interesting instances.

Marvelous Uses of Coal-Tar.—No tale in "The Arabian Nights," no story of the wondrous treasures taken by mystic power from magic nutshells, surpasses what Science is doing to-day. Science, the wizard of the century, touches with his fairy wand the black, viscid coal-tar from the gas retorts, and coal becomes not only a source of light and heat, but an arsenal of colors, a buffet of dainty tastes, a medicine-chest for suffering humanity, a storehouse of new foods and exquisite perfumes, a source of powerful explosives for war, and so many other miraculous powers that the telling challenges credence. From the one hundred and forty pounds of gas-tar in a ton of coal Science to-day makes aniline dyes, numbering over two thousand distinct shades, many of them being of exquisite delicacy, so that vegetable dyes are almost displaced. Of medicines, anti-septics, hypnotics and fever-allaying preparations it furnishes quinine, antipyrine, atropine, morphine, exalgine, somnal, salol, chloralamide, hypnol and a host of others. It furnishes perfumes—heliotropine, clove, queen of the meadows, cinnamon, bitter almonds, vanillin, camphor, wintergreen and thymol. It has given to the world belline and picrite, two powerful explosives. It supplies flavoring extracts that duplicate the taste of currants, raspberries, pepper, vanilla, etc. It is the housekeeper's ally, with benzine and naphtha, the insecticides. It supplies the farmer with ammoniacal fertilizers. It has given to the photographer his two developers, hydroquinone and likonogen. It makes the anatomist its debtor for a most wonderful stain for tissues. It contains the substance which tints the photographer's lens. It yields paraffin, creosote, pitch; material for artificial paving; saccharin, a substance three hundred times sweeter than sugar, and saccharin-amide, still sweeter; lampblack, material for red ink, lubricating oils, varnish, rosin, almost our entire supply of ammonia, and hundreds of other things—all these Science brings forth from this coal-tar. By means of its products—this waste that surpassed its uselessness only by its offensiveness—we can make preserves without either fruit or sugar, perfumes without flowers, and coloring matter without animal or vegetable aid of any description.

Old Leather in New Forms.—The beautiful embossed leather-paper covering the walls of fine libraries, and the delicate, stamped leather fire-screens may, like many social upstarts, be ashamed of their ancestry. Investigation proves them to be really nothing but thick paper covered with a layer of pressed leather pulp, made by pulverizing the leather in old boots and worn-out shoes, captured by scavengers in their raids on the ash-barrels of society. Old shoes, no matter how degraded and worn in the service of man, have a partial reincarnation. Pieces are taken from their uppers and soles, to form parts of shoes for children; the smallest pieces are used to elevate womankind by the high Louis XV heels. The steel nails leave the scraps at the suggestion of the attractive magnet, while the brass and copper nails, rescued later, pay the entire cost of the old shoes. The clippings and cuttings, transformed into a paste, reënter society as artificial leather, and the residue, even unto dust, is carefully gathered as a fertilizer for farming purposes.

Possibilities of Broken Glass.—The waste of glass furnaces is now made useful. Into a fire-resisting mould are placed fragments of glass of various colors, which are then raised to a high temperature. The coherent mass thus produced can be dressed and cut into beautiful mottled blocks and slabs, forming an artificial marble of decorative service. Designs in relief can be obtained by pressure while the material is still plastic. From broken colored glass a "stained-glass" window can be made by firing, without the ordinary slow process of "leading." A prosaic soda-water bottle, in the final fulfillment of its destiny, may dazzle the eyes as brilliant "diamonds" or other "precious stones" on the shirt fronts and fingers of wearers of cheap jewelry. These bottles are also used for chimney ornaments, inferior glass for manufacturing districts, and also for making emery-powder glass-paper. From one to two thousand tons of cullet, or broken glass, are collected in the streets of London every year.

The Many Uses of Slag.—Slag, the refuse from smelting works, accumulates at the rate of millions of tons a year—its bulk being three times that of the iron from which it was separated. For centuries it has formed mountains near furnaces, it has been dumped recklessly into ravines and rivers, it has trespassed into valuable fields and towered high in its insolence. Archaeologists, by these monuments of waste, have located the furnace fires of antiquity that smelted ores when the world was young. Slag, since it has reformed and become useful, has entered into the construction of roads, and has been made into bricks, paving-blocks, tiles and railway sleepers. In great monoliths, weighing over three tons each, it has formed breakwaters. It has proved its value as material for paint, because of the fifty-five to seventy-five per cent. of pure oxide it contains. As mineral wool, resembling asbestos, it is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and is used by architects as a filling under mansard roofs.

Value of Woolen Mills' Waste.—The waste liquids from woolen mills threatened, like Tennyson's "brook," to "run on forever," till Science came to the rescue. The recovered product called "magma" is caught in canvas bags and subjected to hydraulic pressure. It yields an oil, which, when distilled, is a combination of cloth oil (used in wool and jute spinning and in soap-making) and stearin, from which candles are made. There is also a black refuse, valuable as a fertilizer; a hard pitch, unequalled as a lubricator in iron rolling mills, and a light spirit oil, used to dissolve rubber.

What Can be Done With Cork.—Waste pieces of cork, when carefully cleaned and finely powdered, are used as an absorbent, called suberin. Burnt cork, or Spanish black, is an artists' pigment; powdered cork is used by druggists as a substitute for lycopodium, powdered rice starch, etc. Linoleum, made of linseed oil and pressed cork, forms an excellent floor carpet; when embossed and decorated it is called *Lincrusta Walton*. All cork cuttings are useful—for filling life-buoys and belt-jackets, and for packing bottles in pasteboard.

Evolved From Garbage.—The garbage of a great city is worth a fortune every year, if properly utilized. In St. Louis, Missouri, the refuse is placed in enormous vertical cylinders, surrounded by steam jackets, which evaporate the seventy-five to eighty per cent. of water in the garbage. The fatty substances are dissolved, and as the result of a number of processes a fertilizer is produced which is worth from nine dollars to twelve dollars per ton, the demand exceeding the supply. One of the purest and best soaps of the country was made of garbage grease before cotton-seed oil entered the field. It is now proposed to light London by electricity for nothing. It now costs that city \$1.08 (4s. 8d.) to get rid of a ton of garbage. A combination of boilers and other apparatus has been devised that can burn the garbage at twenty-four cents (one shilling) per ton, and generate steam sufficient to run enough dynamos to light the entire city. London can thus save 3s. 8d. on each ton, and, in addition, illuminate its city without cost. Garbage, by a machine called the "dust destructor," is converted into clinkers, which can be used for roadways, as artificial stone for sidewalks, and as sand for mortar and cement. In Paris the invisible particles of iron, worn from wheels and from the shoes of horses, are rescued by passing powerful magnets through the sweepings.

Sawdust and Shavings are not the industrial outcasts as usually believed. They have been turned to account in making a finely-powdered vegetable charcoal, excellent as a filtering medium. Sawdust is now mixed with mortar, in the place of hair. In sawmills, by a series of automatic fans and flues, the sawdust is carried to another building and fed to the engine as fuel. Sawdust is converted into oxalic acid—this method of making the chemical having by its cheapness and rapidity displaced every other method. The sawdust of hard woods, such as rosewood, ebony, etc., is by a French invention reduced to a powder, and mixed with blood into a paste, some other materials are added and it is pressed into moulds, where it receives beautiful medallion impressions.

What Science Does With the Ox.—Not many years ago when an ox was slaughtered forty per cent. of the animal was wasted; at the present time "nothing is lost but its dying breath." As but one-third of the weight of the animal consists of products that can be eaten, the question of utilizing the waste is a serious one. The blood is used in refining sugar and in sizing paper, or manufactured into door-knobs and buttons. The hide goes to the tanner; horns and hoofs are transformed into combs and buttons; thigh-bones, worth eighty dollars per ton, are cut into handles for clothes-brushes; fore-leg bones sell for thirty dollars per ton for collar buttons, parasol handles and jewelry; the water in which bones are boiled is reduced to glue; the dust from sawing the bones is food for cattle and poultry; the smallest bones are made into boneblack. Each foot yields a quarter of a pint of neat's-foot oil; the tail goes to the "soup," while the brush of hair at the end of the tail is sold to the mattress-maker. The choicer parts of the fat make the basis of butterine; the intestines are used for sausage casings or bought by gold beaters. The undigested food in the stomach, which formerly cost the packers of Chicago thirty thousand dollars a year to remove and destroy, is now made into paper. These are but a few of the products of abattoirs. All scraps unfit for any other use find welcome in the glue-pot, or they do missionary work for farmers by acting as fertilizers.

Twine From Marsh Grass.—The farmers of the Northwest have been using hemp or jute twine for binding their wheat, at a cost of from one hundred and twenty dollars to one hundred and eighty dollars per ton for the raw material which is imported. An Iowa man recently discovered that an excellent twine can be made from marsh grass to be found in every bog and slough. It can be made into rope of any size, and can be woven into coarse cloth to supersede the jute bagging for cotton bales.

Seaweed Yields Food, Drink and Medicine.—Kelp, or seaweed, usually considered one of Nature's superfluities, if properly treated is a source of wealth. One ton of good kelp will produce eight pounds of iodine, large quantities of chloride of potassium, four to ten gallons of volatile oil, three or four gallons of naphtha, and one hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds of sulphate of ammonia. It may be used as food, drink and medicine. When converted into gelose it is a vegetable isinglass. In France a gelatine or gum is made from it which is used in finishing cotton fabrics and in making artificial leather. Large crops of seaweed may be cultivated by placing large stones within tide-mark on sandy shores.

How Coal-Dust is Utilized.—About one-seventh of the coal mined in the world is lost by being broken up too finely to be burned with profit. This coal-dust accumulates at the rate of about twenty-eight million tons annually in the United Kingdom, and about twenty-two million in the United States. A prominent railway company is now mixing the dust with pitch and compressing it into blocks that burn like hard coal, with the advantage that they are entirely consumed to ashes. These "briquettes" are used on Continental railways of Europe. It is now suggested that the coal-dust may be fed to furnaces through a nozzle, as though it were gas or petroleum. The vast hills of coal-dust, or culm, in Pennsylvania have in them wondrous possibilities. Nearly all the electric power now used in lighting the city of Scranton and in running its car system comes from the culm heaps. It is now claimed that the coal-dust can be made into a cheap gas, while its success as a heating fuel for boilers has been proved. With culm-firing, a horse-power per annum will cost but three dollars and ninety-three cents, while at Niagara Falls, recently harnessed for man, the annual cost of a horse-power is fifteen dollars.

Molasses as a Fuel.—The lower grades of molasses have proved unsalable at any paying price. Many Louisiana planters dumped molasses into the bayous until the authorities forbade it. It is now used as a fuel, being sprinkled by a machine over the bagasse, or the sugar-cane from which the juice has been extracted. This, when put into the fire, burns with a strong heat. Its coal value is greater than its value for any other use, and over a hundred thousand tons were so used last year.

Seven Million Dollars in Fish Waste.—In this country our fisheries are worth about forty-five million dollars a year. The fish refuse is so economically and ingeniously utilized in the preparation of oils, glues, fertilizers, etc., that these conquests of waste realize about one-seventh, or fourteen per cent., of the total income from the fisheries.

Cotton-Seed Waste's Value and Uses.—Cotton-seed waste, which a generation ago accumulated at the gin-houses, filled up the streams, rotted in the fields, and became an irritating nuisance, is now worth about thirty million dollars a year. Every bale of cotton leaves a legacy of half a ton of seed, which, it is said, brings the planter nearly as much as his cotton. The oil is used for finer grades of soap, as a substitute for lard, and is so near olive oil that an expert can hardly detect the difference. The hulls are fed to cattle, make an excellent fuel, are valuable as paper stock, and when burned the ashes make a fertilizer which is most efficacious. It has recently been discovered that cotton-seed oil, with the addition of eighteen per cent. of crude India rubber, makes an imitation which cannot be distinguished from genuine rubber.

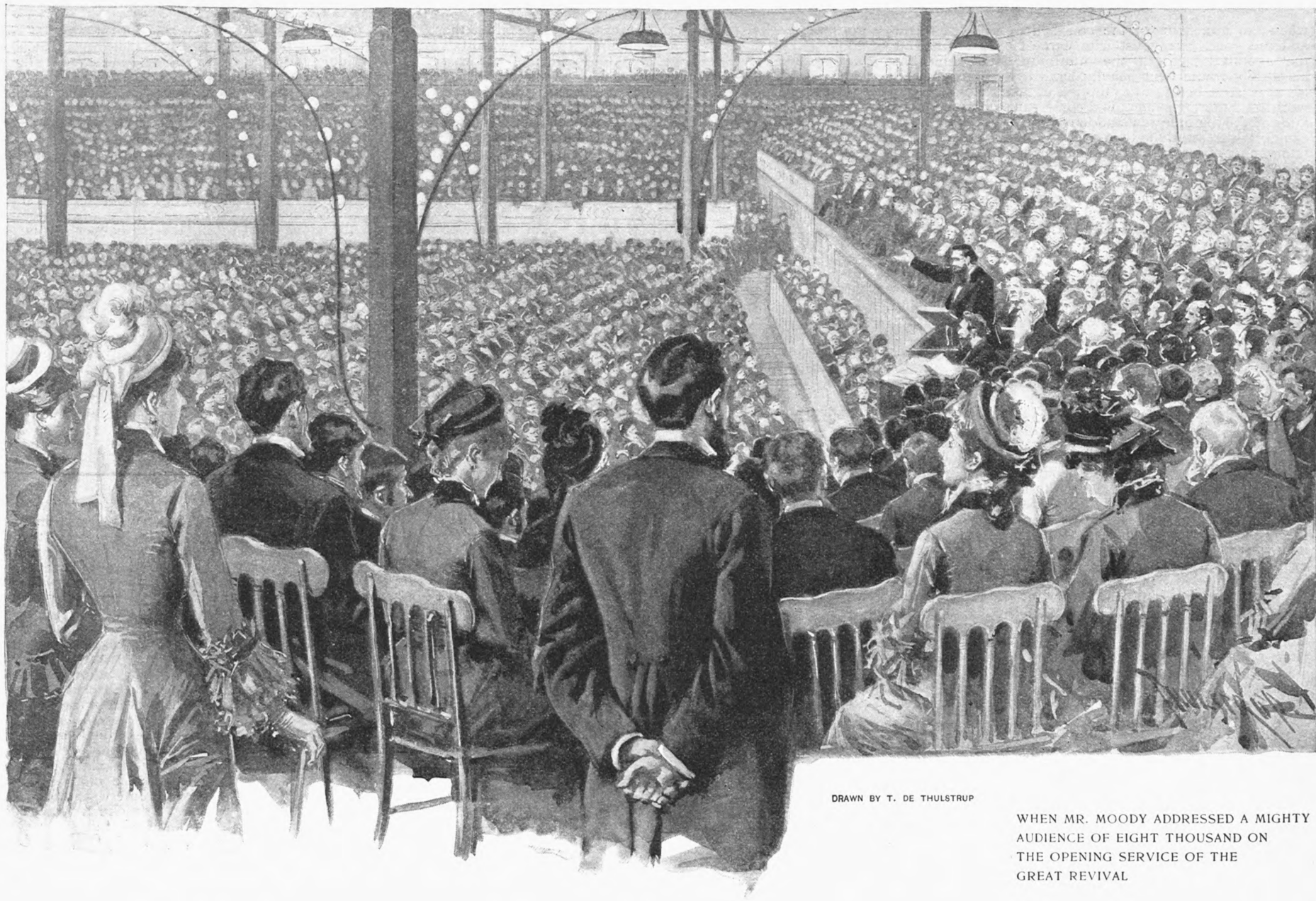
Marble Chips and Corn Cobs.—Marble chips, formerly wasted or trodden down in public roads, are now mixed with cement, and made into marble mosaics for paper-weights, urns, cornices, mantels, and may even be made into building fronts, cemetery vaults and tombstones.

Corn cobs are made into pipes, or, dried and soaked in kerosene, they form excellent fire-coaxers. Corn pith is used as a lining for war ships, and is packed in narrow slits abutting the steel packing. When a shell perforates a ship's side it tears a hole through the corn pith packing. The inrush of water saturates the pith, which enlarges enormously. It swells and quickly covers the breach, damming the flow, and perhaps saving a ship to the nation. This is an American idea, tested and approved by Chief Constructor Hichborn, of the Navy Department.

Paper Made From Anything With a Fibre.—Paper-making has redeemed more articles of waste to a useful life than any other branch of human industry. Paper can be made of anything that has a fibre. Over fifty kinds of bark are now used, while old sacking or bagging makes a good quality. It is also made from banana skins, bean stalks, pea-vines, cocoanut fibre, clover, and "timothy," hay, peat, straw, fresh-water weeds, seaweed, and more than a hundred different kinds of grass. Among the other materials that have been utilized as paper-makers are hair, fur and wool, asbestos, hop plants, and any and every kind of grain—even leaves, husks and stems of Indian corn. Nearly every kind of moss can be made into paper, as can also sawdust, shavings, thistles and thistle-down, tobacco stalks and tan-bark.

Fortunes Made From Tree Roots.—Even the roots of trees that have been felled have proved expensive in their removal, and offensive if not removed. For a long time logwood forests have been cleared of trees, but the comparatively recent discovery that even the logwood roots yielded an excellent dye has started digging up the roots of a generation of clipped logwood, and large fortunes have already been made. Michigan farmers tried to burn the stumps of the walnut trees they had cut, until it was discovered that the roots were of great value when cut and sawed and turned into costly French veneers.

Wooden Floors Worth \$67,000.—In handling so precious a metal as gold the waste problem assumes serious proportions. In gold-mining the "tailings," or refuse part of stamped ore, went into the waste-heap. The new cyanide process searches this waste and forces it to surrender its treasure. This in South Africa alone is equal to nearly five million dollars a year. In jewelry manufacturing establishments every precaution is taken to guard against waste—even the water in which workmen wash their hands and the towels they use are saved and searched. When a large watch-case-making firm went out of business in New York a few years ago, though they had throughout used every safeguard against loss, they took up three floors of the building, and with all the accumulated rubbish reduced them to ashes. From the cremation they recovered sixty-seven thousand dollars' worth of gold. When a new roof was put on the Mint at Philadelphia it was suggested that invisible fumes might have conveyed golden plunder to the ceiling, so the leaden roof was melted, and surrendered eight hundred and twenty-seven dollars' worth of gold and silver. Putting down a grated floor in the Mint saved the sum of eighty thousand dollars.

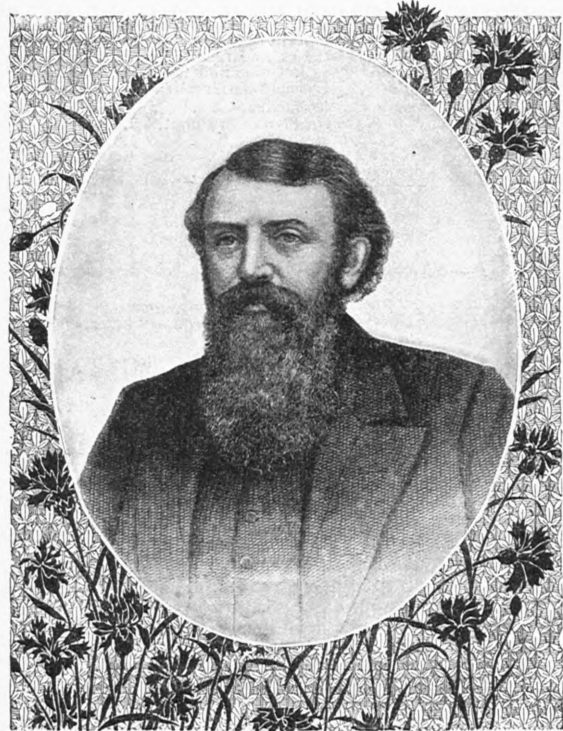


DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

WHEN MR. MOODY ADDRESSED A MIGHTY AUDIENCE OF EIGHT THOUSAND ON THE OPENING SERVICE OF THE GREAT REVIVAL

WHEN MOODY AND SANKEY STIRRED THE NATION*

By Nathaniel P. Babcock



MR. MOODY, AT THIRTY-NINE, AT THE TIME OF THE GREAT REVIVAL

undertaken the task of setting New York on fire with enthusiasm for the cause of Christ. How great was the measure of their success may be judged by the fact that there were days, between February 7, the beginning of the revival, and April 19, its close, when as many as sixty thousand persons found their way into the presence of the Evangelists—one meeting following another from noon till quite late in the evening, with almost constantly assembling audiences of seven or eight thousand at each.

What was the record of conversions during those ten weeks of daily religious services? Somebody asked this question of Moody midway in the revival's course. "Record!" he repeated. "Why, that is kept only in Heaven." Well so, for there, at least, it is immutable, whereas the walls which rang with the glad cries of converted sinners have long since been razed to the ground, and not a stone nor brick, nor joist nor girder remains to tell the story of what went on in that vast auditorium in the early dawn of our great Centennial year.

THE GREAT HIPPODROME

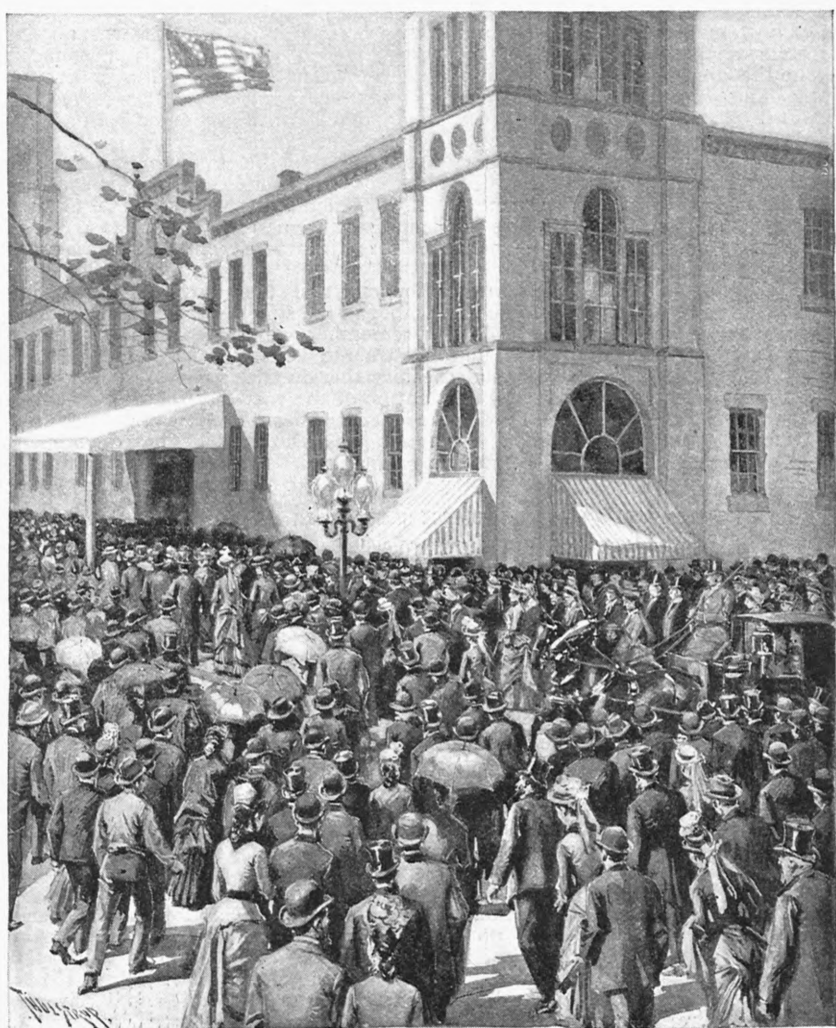
THE Hippodrome was the largest place of assemblage New York City afforded. Upon the site of a railway station, P. T. Barnum, some years before, had erected this huge but unattractive structure. It had not about it even the quasi-synagogical atmosphere of an ordinary hall. It was of the world, worldly. The aroma of sport, if not actually of the stable, clung to it. Its arched rafters were yellowed by the smoke of tobacco. When not devoted to the racing of men and beasts it had frequently been used as a concert garden. Pedestrians had also met in contests there, and the shouts of multitudes over the prowess of sturdy legs incessantly plodding for six days and nights around its oval track, were the nearest approach to Hosannas its great vaulted roof had ever echoed back.

So vast was this Hippodrome that the impracticability of any preacher's effort to make his voice audible throughout it had been recognized when it was selected for the scene of Mr. Moody's labors. It was, therefore, divided by a felt-deadened partition into two halls, the larger one being capable of seating between seven and eight thousand persons, and the lesser hall, four thousand. A monster stage or platform in the main audience room was built to hold a choir of six hundred voices, and still leave room for at least four hundred visiting clergymen or distinguished guests. Partitioned off at the extreme outer edge of this huge platform was the box—it could scarcely be called a pulpit—from which the exhorter was to speak. Strong needed to be the railing which fenced the front of this preacher's stand, for there were times

"TO THE Hippodrome!" was the cry of the Protestant religious world of New York during the early months of the year 1876. Twenty-one years ago, and yet the strangeness of those days, when over the great metropolis hung an atmosphere charged with the electricity of religious zeal, is fresh in my memory. "To the Hippodrome!" The words were uttered from the pulpits of scores of churches—first as advice, then as a command—by ministers to congregations. "To the Hippodrome!" You heard the phrase in the street cars, in the hotels, sometimes upon the busy avenues. On early morning trains steaming in from suburban points you saw women by hundreds, with luncheons in baskets, drawn to the city, not by the spring millinery of the stores, but by that shibboleth which echoed in myriad Christian hearts, "To the Hippodrome."

Moody and Sankey, aided by a multitude of local clergymen and bands of volunteer Christian workers, had

* The eleventh of a series of articles on "Great Personal Events"—retold, whenever the dates of the happenings make it possible, by eyewitnesses. These articles are intended to portray a succession of the most conspicuous popular enthusiasms which America has witnessed.



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

when the upheaving of the consciences of men began, and the great Evangelist with earnest eyes looked into the agonized faces of the multitude before him, that his strong frame bent heavily against the barrier, while his arms stretched forth as though to take the whole wide world of suffering sinners in a comforting embrace. The floor of the big hall was studded closely with immovable chairs, which grudgingly made room for the necessary intervening aisles. In a semi-circle on three sides slanting seats climbed more than half way to the roof. At the Madison Avenue end of the circle two galleries arose, and those who sat on the topmost seats of the upper gallery brushed the rafters with their heads. Such was the internal arrangement of the Hippodrome when ready for the coming of Moody and Sankey.

THE OPENING NIGHT'S MULTITUDE OF CURIOSITY-SEEKERS

THE evening of Monday, February 7, 1876, was damp. The streets were pasty with mud and slush. It was a night for umbrellas to be carried, if not actually used. As early as six o'clock the multitude began to gather, and an hour later Madison Avenue in front of the Hippodrome, for two blocks, was impassable. The crowd was attracted chiefly by curiosity. It was recruited mainly from church members. It was a well-to-do, well-behaved, well-dressed throng, such as you may see at a popular lecture or concert, but swollen to enormous proportions. It awaited the opening of the doors only with the impatience that comes from physical discomfort. It was not clamorous with the enthusiasm of disciples in a holy cause—not then, not that opening night. Such soldier-like enthusiasm, such fret at anything that delayed the privilege of joining in the battle against unrighteousness which was being waged within the old Hippodrome, came later and came quickly, but on the inaugural evening of Moody and Sankey's campaign, a desire simply to see the Evangelists had caused the multitude to assemble. Reports from other places of their enormous success in attracting the populace had made it obvious to New Yorkers that there would be a rush to see them in that city. This was the reason for the early assemblage.

Long before the main doors were opened the privileged holders of tickets to the platform, or the press tables, were allowed to pass in at side entrances. The scene within the Hippodrome at the moment before entrance was permitted to the impatient multitude on the streets, was, as I vividly recall it, extremely interesting. On the mammoth stage in even rows sat the choir, singers picked from a number of city churches, and all under command of that sweet-voiced leader, L. P. Thatcher, of Boston. The vast unoccupied amphitheatre seemed even more spacious than when, shortly afterward, it was filled with men and women. Stationed at various points in the aisles was an army of volunteer ushers and attendants. There were two chief dignitaries, who wore gold badges lettered in black. Subordinate to them were twenty superintendents, with red badges on the lapels of their coats, and eighty ushers, whose badges of authority were blue, and who held in their hands slender rods of whitewood.

WHEN THE CROWD DASHED IN LIKE STAMPEDED CATTLE

WONDERFUL were those carefully-made preparations for—what? A prayer-meeting! Remember, I had many times seen that dingy, smoke-stained Hippodrome filled with a multitude which crowded every inch of its space. That was at the finish of some stupendous athletic contest, and I had seen a cordon of policemen brace themselves to meet the rushing masses of excited men. But here were more elaborate arrangements for handling an expected crowd than ever before. Why, in a city like New York, had it been supposed that such precautions would be needed? What sign in the heavens had men seen to lead them to believe that in the great teeming metropolis, not lacking for places of amusement or entertainment, with its theatres, its clubs, its concerts, its balls, its dinners and myriad social functions, men and women in almost uncontrollable numbers would rush to hear a preacher on a week-night, or a singer of psalms? Why?—but the answer was the sudden thunder of trampling feet. The doors had been opened. From the raised platform the scene was like that of a stampeded herd of cattle, or a gigantic flock of sheep led by some crazy bell-wether. The spaciousness of the Hippodrome, and the admirably-arranged scheme of aisles and seats, however, brought about a speedy settlement. In an incredibly short space of time the seats were filled, and by a tremendous effort on the part of the police officers the doors had been closed again.

Helping to quell the confusion was the effort of the choir, which, at a signal from the leader, began the singing of some familiar hymn. I do not remember what hymn it was in which these six hundred trained voices joined, but there is vividly recalled the fact that in the midst of it, inspiring as it was, the attention of the vast audience was diverted. Even the singers lost enthusiasm, and the volume of sound died off as though the bellows of some mighty organ had been suddenly punctured.

MOODY AND SANKEY'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK

A LITTLE unpainted door at the rear of the platform had opened and a man was advancing. He was Dwight L. Moody. Mr. Moody is living as I write these lines. His aggressive work against ungodliness continues with unabated vigor. He is better, more widely, more intimately, known to his fellow-citizens than he was on this evening of his great revival. It is embarrassing to hold up to public gaze the photograph of a familiar face taken twenty-one years ago, and say, "Here is the picture of the man." The present may easily contradict the past. But this is how Mr. Moody looked, when to an eager, earnest, expectant audience he appeared through that small door at the back of the stage in the Hippodrome: A sturdy figure in a tightly-fitting frock coat; a well-shaped head, made to look smaller than its actual size, because of the broadness of the man's shoulders and the shortness of the neck on which it was poised; a much-bearded face, the black hair not only hanging down over his chest, but growing thickly up each cheek; a forehead seemingly low by reason of its projection beyond the line of the nose; keen eyes, with wrinkles running from their outer corners over ruddy cheeks, and a heavy black mustache hiding the mouth. In his hands, as he came for the first time into the presence of this mighty metropolitan audience, Mr. Moody carried a Bible. His fingers were interlaced about it, but as he passed through the narrow lane between the choir and the platform

guests, and reached the front of the stage, he shifted the book, and lifted his right hand, palm outward, toward the vast audience. It was the signal for silence, and was heeded on the instant by every one.

Following Mr. Moody through the narrow door came Ira D. Sankey. He also held a Bible. Strongly contrasted was he from his co-laborer; taller, with features more delicately chiseled; long, aquiline nose; chin sharp-cut and projecting; luxuriant side whiskers, and slight mustache, which failed to hide his white, even teeth.

IMPRESSIVE OPENING OF THE WAR AGAINST EVIL

WHEN, in obedience to Mr. Moody's signal, the music had ceased and the audience had become entirely attentive, the Evangelist said, "Let us open the meeting by silent prayer." These were the first words uttered by this remarkable man in his work in the chief city of America in that religious revival, the effects of which spread from end to end of the American continent. As he spoke he bowed his head on the railing at the platform's edge. Then among all that vast concourse heads were reverently bent, and absolute silence prevailed.

How long this mute prayer continued I do not know. What is vividly before me is the singular commotion which followed at its close when Mr. Moody gave out the opening hymn. In all that assembly there were but few who were unprovided with hymnals, for from the date of the opening service in Brooklyn, on October 24, the Moody and Sankey Song-Book had become universally popular. And now, when the command was given to "join in singing" one of those inspiring melodies, the page number of which was announced by the Evangelist, ten thousand hands began to turn the leaves of these books, making a rustling noise not unlike the wind in the trees before a storm. Meanwhile Mr. Sankey seated himself at a small organ near the front of the platform, and assumed the direction of the music.

STIRRED BY SANKEY'S SINGING OF "HOLD THE FORT"

IN THE mighty volume of sound his strong barytone voice was not conspicuous except to those who sat close by. The moment when his peculiar talents would be displayed was not, however, far distant. It was after a prayer by Bishop Janes that Mr. Moody, turning with beaming face to his fellow-worker, said, "Mr. Sankey will now sing 'Hold the Fort.'"

Who is there to-day in all America that does not know this tune? As an inspiration to religious fervor it might be less effective now because it is hackneyed. It was different then. "Hold the Fort" was on the flood tide of popularity which began in Great Britain, and its swinging, martial measures were as inseparably linked with thoughts of Moody and Sankey, as is to-day the Intermezzo of "Cavalleria Rusticana" with the name of Mascagni. And now Mr. Sankey was to sing it before this mighty audience! Expectancy, curiosity, excitement were all portrayed in the faces of the congregation. Distinctly, deliberately, with perfect enunciation and melodious tone, Mr. Sankey sang the descriptive words, and then signaled for the audience to join in the refrain, "Hold the fort, for I am coming!" Eight thousand voices thundered the message. It was the keynote of the wonderful campaign which at that moment was begun against sin in the city of New York.

In the twinkling of an eye the audience, or the greater part of it, had been changed from mere spectators into participants. Remember, this multitude was recruited almost entirely from the church-going element of the city. It is doubtful if there was a man or woman present on that opening night who did not claim to be a Christian, but the fervor of religion which seemed to exude from the platform where sat that great array of ministers of the gospel had suddenly come upon them.

THE VAST AUDIENCE MOVED TO TEARS

THERE was no longer any doubt about the purpose of this mass-meeting. Moody and Sankey had presented a short, terse resolution, "Resolved that we hereafter serve God and fight sin," and it was being adopted with a rush and with a cheer.

What is there in the words of "Hold the Fort" to so move women and men? Nevertheless, there were many moist eyes before that opening song—that magnificent prelude to the work of the hour—was finished.

On the face of Mr. Moody, as he watched the tumult of enthusiasm spread, there was a smile, not of satisfaction, but of great tenderness and joy. It could have been no novelty to him. In London, Liverpool and Dublin, and in other American cities, he had many times seen just such a spontaneous manifestation of the working of the inner man to break through the shell of self-consciousness and pride. This nakedness of emotions was not new to him. It was the never-ending, never-decreasing earnestness in the work which he had set for himself to do; the never-flagging devotion of the man to a single purpose and a single banner that lighted his features as he realized that in New York, in the centre of frivolity, in a building redolent with memories of almost barbaric sport, the cause he loved, the cause he toiled and incessantly prayed for, was not only to have a hearing, but was to win.

STRIKING MANIFESTATIONS OF MOODY'S POWER

"SURELY God is in this house." These words were uttered by Mr. Moody on the fourth day after the revival began. His eyes were glistening. It was scarcely an hour past noon—the busiest time of the day—but there was not a vacant seat in the Hippodrome. From the platform arose the strains of the hymn, "Hark! the voice of Jesus crying." Nothing that Mr. Sankey sang in those days was more tender than this.

Down from the pulpit with outstretched hands came Mr. Moody, and as he passed through the aisles here and there persons arose, and with bowed heads walked away in the direction of doors that led to the apartments known as "Inquiry-Rooms." Beyond these doors we may not follow them. I know that earnest men and women waited in those rooms to receive all whose agonized consciences led them there. I know that they knelt in prayer, and that words of love and sympathy were whispered in their ears, and I remember to have seen men come forth with countenances radiant, but of the personal experiences of converted sinners we are not speaking. It is the wonderful scene of a discourse stirred by something deeper than worldly enthusiasm, deeper than brotherly love, deeper than patriotism, that we are endeavoring to recall.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYERS FOR THE UNREPENTANT

THE Evangelist has reascended the platform. He signals to the audience to arise. The swish of rustling garments is followed by a silence that seems breathless. Look in the eager faces of the multitude! All sorts and conditions of men and women are here. The furs of a lady of fashion brush the shawl of her poorer sister; the merchant stands elbow to elbow with his porter. There are childish faces, and faces creased with the deep markings of Time. "Let us pray in silence." At the command all heads bow. The policemen at the back have inclined their heads; the pencils of the reporters are still. Outside, the jingling cars go by, and the hoofs of horses rattle on the stones, but within the Hippodrome it is as though we were on an island swept by a sailless sea. The city seems to have faded away, and it is only the sharp, quick tone of Mr. Moody's voice as he says, "We will now close the meeting," which, like a cry in a sleeper's ear, brings us back to the realities.

Three meetings a day—sometimes, though not often, five—is the work these Evangelists have laid out for themselves. In the afternoon of many days women only are admitted to the Hippodrome. They pack it solidly from the floor to the topmost seats, till their plumes brush the rafters. "Pray for my husband!" "Pray for my son!" "Pray for my brother!" are the requests they make in faltering tones. "Pray for me!" says one whose cheeks will, perhaps, never again be painted, and whose feet will walk in a better path.

FOUR THOUSAND PERSONS PROFESSING CONVERSION

AND at night the scene is still more wondrous, for ten men—old men, young men, earnest men—have taken possession of the auditorium. At those meetings Mr. Moody is at his best. Eleven thousand men have been packed in that old Hippodrome at one of these night gatherings in March and April twenty-one years ago. The gas lights shine in their eager faces. No political convention ever presented such a scene. Thousands arise and cry, "I will! I will!" when asked to enlist; "Amen!" sweep through the place like the rattling of musketry, and sometimes the ecstasy of religion becomes so manifest that long intervals of silent prayer are necessary in order to keep the sin-stricken within the bounds of needed self-restraint.

Near the close of the ten weeks' work of the Evangelists there assembled one day an audience of more than four thousand persons, each of whom admitted that he or she was a fruit of these labors. At last the closing night (April 19, 1876) came. The Hippodrome was thronged. What would Mr. Moody say? Would his voice be choked? Would he cry? And this is what he said:

"My friends, I will not say 'good-bye'; 'good-night,' I'll meet you all in the morning."

EDITOR'S NOTE—The twelfth article of the "Great Personal Events" series—

"When Dr. Whitman Added Three Stars to Our Flag"

Will be published in the November JOURNAL. It constitutes one of the most thrilling chapters in America's history; tells how Dr. Marcus Whitman, a missionary to the Indians, saved Oregon—now also the States of Washington and Idaho—from becoming a part of the British possessions. It recounts Dr. Whitman's seven-months' bridal trip across the continent in a wagon—the first woman and the first wagon to cross the Rocky Mountains—and Dr. Whitman's horseback ride from Oregon to Washington, D. C., four thousand miles, starting in midwinter and occupying four months. The perilous journey was made to apprise our statesmen of the value of Oregon, and resulted in its annexation, adding eventually three States to the Union and three stars to our flag. Articles of the "Great Personal Events" series already published are:

"When Jenny Lind Sang in Castle Garden," November, 1896

"When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit," December, "

"When the Prince of Wales was in America," January, 1897

"When Kossuth Rode Up Broadway," February, "

"When Lincoln was First Inaugurated," March, "

"When Lafayette Rode Into Philadelphia," April, "

"When General Grant Went Round the World," May, "

"When John Wesley Preached in Georgia," June, "

"When Dolly Madison Saved the Declaration of Independence," July, "

"When Henry Clay Said 'Farewell to the Senate'," September, "

A WOMAN'S MOST GRIEVOUS MISTAKE

By Alan Cameron

OME women appear to think that children do not notice the moods of their mothers. In this they are much mistaken. Children are very observant, and even the infant notes the difference between the smile and the frown on the mother's face. As children grow older, and their souls begin to expand under the influences by which they are surrounded, a child of sensitive nature will take on the hue of the mother's disposition. If that mother is a sad, sighing woman, the child will become sad and melancholy. A self-reliant, independent child-nature often becomes, in such circumstances, defiant and stubborn; then the mother sighs still more.

When childhood is left behind the evil effects of the mother's weary sighs become still more apparent. Home is a dull place—"Mother is so low-spirited"—and they remain within its walls as little as possible. Again the mother sighs, because she cannot control her family any more, and they do not enjoy her society as they should.

AT BREAKFAST-TIME her face is sad, and not "like the morning." She looks as though she had been weeping and had not endeavored to obliterate all traces of her tears. The husband and father hurries through the meal and takes himself off to his business. All seem relieved when breakfast is over.

The mother sighs as she goes about her household tasks. Everything is "such a care." Her daughters hear her, and become, in turn, depressed, and welcome going out and mingling among those who are cheerful.

As the years move on the sighing woman wonders why it is her friends are so few, why she is left so much alone. Too often she has to ask herself why such an estrangement exists between herself and her daughter—that daughter whom her sighs drove to seek brighter and more congenial friends, to whom she gave that girlish confidence that ought to have been given to her mother.

No one has the right to willfully render another miserable. The happiest mothers have many crosses to bear, but they are committing a great and grievous wrong when they allow these crosses and trials to shadow the lives of their children. They have certain rights over those children, but they have not the right to darken the spring-time of their lives with the reflection of the frosts and snows of after-life, for surely real trouble must come.

THE SPIRIT OF SWEETWATER

By Hamlin Garland

[Author of "Main-Traveled Roads," "Prairie Songs," "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," etc., etc.]

* PART III



THE FIRST Clement's happiness had no further base of uneasiness than the lover's fear of loss. It all seemed too good to be true, and he had a hidden fear that something might happen to set him back where he was before she came. It was quite like his feeling about his mine—it took him a certain length of time before he ceased to dream of its sudden loss, and now it seemed (when absent from her) that it would be easy for something to rob him of this love which was his life.

This feeling was mixed, too, with a feeling of his unworthiness, which deepened the more closely he studied her. She was so free from all bruise and stain of life's battle. There were no questionable places in her life. Could he say as much?

Whenever he asked himself the question his dealings with the stockholders of "The Bidy" came into his mind. Could he afford to tell his bride all the facts in the case? This feeling of dissatisfaction with himself led him to do many extravagant things. He presented her with beautiful and costly jewels for which she had little taste.

"Why, Richard. What made you think of that?" she said once after he had slipped away to the city to buy her something.

"Is it so very pretty?"

"It is beautiful! But can we afford such things?"

"We can afford anything that will make you happy."

He made a similar answer when she drew back a little startled at the cost of the house he had contracted for.

"Why, it is a palace!"

"The best is scarcely good enough for you." After a moment he added, "You see, I know you can never live East again, and I want you to have all the comforts of a palace out here. And so long as 'The Witch' holds out you shall have your heart's desire."

Mr. Ross had come to have a profound respect for his future son-in-law. "I can't say that he don't make as much of a fool of himself as

any prospective bridegroom, but he is a business man at the same time. He don't lose his head, by any means." He was telling his son about Clement. "He is devoted to your sister, but I went over to his mine with him the other day and it is perfectly certain that he understands his business. He is only reckless when buying things for Ellice. He'll take care of her and the mine, too."

Clement felt a certain incongruity every time he put on his miner's dress and went through the mine. "I'm too rough for her, too old," he kept thinking—trying to conceal the real cause of his growing fear.

He was not honest with himself. He fought round the real point of danger. He gave a generous sum to the library, aided a hospital, and did other things which should ease a bad conscience, and yet do not. He hastened the house forward, and passed to and fro between his mine, the Springs and the city in ceaseless activity.

The marriage was set for July, just a year from the time he first saw her, and the winter passed quickly, so busied was he in building and planning the home. He grew less and less buoyant and more careworn as spring wore on, and Ellice could not understand the change. He was moody and changeable even in her presence. This troubled her, and she often asked:

"What is the matter, Richard? Is your business going wrong?"

"No, oh no. Business is all right. Nothing is the matter." And ended by convincing her that something was very much wrong indeed. And she grieved in silence, not daring to question him further.

The self-revealing touch came to him in a curious way only a few days before their wedding day. He was in

camp on a final inspection of his mine, and was walking the streets at night, silent, self-absorbed and gloomy. He had grown morbid and unwholesome in his thought, and the wreck of his happiness seemed already complete. He spent a great deal of time in long and lonely walks.

The street swarmed with rough, noisy miners. A band of evangelists, with drums and tambourines, occupied the central corner. A low, continuous hum of talk could be heard at the base of all other noises.

Being in no mood for companionship Clement stood aside from it all, thinking how far above all this life his beautiful bride was.

There had been in the camp for some weeks a certain sensational evangelist—a man of some power, but of unhappy disposition apparently. At any rate he had been in much trouble with the city authorities. He had been called a "hypocrite and fake" in the public press, and had been prosecuted for disturbance of the peace. But he seemed to thrive on such treatment.

Clement had paid very little attention to the man and his troubles, and as he looked down the street at the crowd around the speakers on the corner it occurred to him to wonder if they were the evangelist and his wife.

He was about to move that way when he observed near him in the dark middle of the street a man and a woman.



DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR

"WHEN I BOUGHT YOUR STOCK IN AT TEN CENTS ON THE DOLLAR, I KNEW IT WAS WORTH PAR"

"This will do as well as anywhere," the man said, putting down a small box. He wore a broad cowboy hat, and a long coat which hung unbuttoned down his powerful figure. The woman was tall and slender, and neatly dressed in gray. Clement understood that they were the persecuted ones.

The man mounted the box, and in a powerful but not very musical voice began to sing a hymn full of cowboy slang. His singing had a quality not usual in street singers, and a crowd quickly gathered about him. His song was long and not without a rude poetry. He began his address at last by issuing a defiance to his enemies. This would mean little in an Eastern village, perhaps, but in a mining camp, even a degenerate mining camp, it might mean a great deal—life or death, in fact.

"Now, gentlemen, I want to say something as a preface in order to know just where we stand. Some citizens of the town have vilified me in private and in the public press—over an assumed name, however. It wouldn't be healthy for any man to do it openly. The man is a liar: but I don't care about myself. It is a little difference of opinion among men, but some miscreant has reflected upon the good name of my wife. Now let me say that the man that says my wife is not a lady and a woman of the highest character, insults the mother of my children and will answer to me for every word he utters."

A little thrill of interest and awe ran through the crowd. The man's voice meant battle, and battle to the hilt of the bowie. It was so easy to prove a mark for desperate men, but there was no fear in the attitude of the speaker. He had come up through a wild life, and knew his audience, his accuser and himself.

His voice took a sudden change—it grew tender and reverent. "I am here to preach the gospel of Christ and Him crucified. I may not do it in the best way always, but I do it as well as I know how." Here his

tone grew severely earnest and savage again, as he added: "But I shall defend the honor of my wife with my life."

His voice and pose were magnificent—lion-like.

His manner changed again with dramatic suddenness. He took the whole street into his confidence.

"I love my wife, gentlemen. She has borne three children to me. She is a good woman. A mighty sight smarter and better than I am, but she can't defend herself against sneaks and reptillious liars. I can. That's part of my business. I tell you, boys," he added in a low voice very sincere and winning, "they ain't no man good enough to marry a good woman; it s just her good, pure, kind heart gives him any show at all."

A sudden lump rose in Clement's throat. The man's deep humility and loyalty and apparent sincerity had gone straight to his own heart and touched him in a very sensitive place. He turned away and sought the deeper shadow with his head bowed in black despair.

He thought of the eyes of his bride with a shudder almost of fear. Could he ever face her again?

"Oh, God! How pure and dainty and unspotted she is, and I—I am unclean."

He saw as clearly as if a light had been turned in upon his secret thought, that the ownership of "The Witch" was in question. He had not been candid with her—he had been dishonest. He had not dared to let her know how he had secured control of that stock.

All the way back to the Springs he wrestled with himself about it. He ended by reasserting the justice of his position, and resolved to tell her at once the whole story and let her judge. He had in his pocket the deed to the house and lot, which he determined now to give her at once, and to make explanations at the same time.

This he did. He called to see her the following afternoon and found her surrounded with women and gowns and flowers. The women fled when he approached, but the gowns and flowers remained, and there was talk upon them till at last, in sheer desperation, Clement said:

"Ellice, here is something that I want to give you now. It is my wedding gift."

He placed in her hand the deed. She looked at it.

"Oh, there's so much fine print. I can't read it now. What is it?"

"It is the deed to the new home."

Her eyes misted with quick emotion.

"How good you are to me, Richard."

"No, it's precaution," he replied as lightly as he could.

"We will have a home always if you don't lose it in some wild speculation."

She put her arms about his neck, an infrequent caress with her.

"How rich we are. God is good to us. And is it not good to think that our wealth does not come from anybody's misery? It comes out of the earth like a spring—like the spring that made me well."

As he looked down into her face it seemed lit from within by some Heavenly light, and her voice made his head grow dizzy. He could not tell her his story then.

He sat down and listened to her talk. She wanted to know what troubled him, and he was forced to lie.

"Oh, nothing. I'm a little worried about a—new piece of machinery." This gave him a thought. "I must be away this evening. I can't take dinner with you."

She was not one of those who worry with expostulations or complainings. She had a mind of her own, and she granted the same decision to others.

"Very well," she said, and she flashed a sudden roguish look at him. "Don't forget to breakfast with me."

He had the grace to return her smile as he said: "Oh, I'll not forget. I've charged my mind with it."

His going was like a flight. His inner cry was this: "My God! I am absolutely unworthy of her. I am big, coarse and dishonest—unfit to touch her hand."

His gloomy face and bent head was a subject of joke for the acquaintances he met on the street.

"Saddle Susanna," he called sharply to his Mexican hostler. He had made up his mind to radical measures.

As he sat in his room with his face buried in his hands without the light of the splendid sunset, he saw her as she sat among her soft silks and dainty flowers. Her lovely eyes and the exquisite texture of her skin grew more and more wonderful to him. His touch of lips to hers came to be an act of pollution almost of envenoming as he brooded on his unworthiness.

He wrote a note to her on the impulse of the moment. The missive read:

"I am not fit to see you, to touch you. I am going away across the divide to make restitution for a great wrong I have done. If I do not I can never face you again. When I see

*"The Spirit of Sweetwater" was begun in the August JOURNAL.

you again I will be an honest man, or I—if you think me worthy of forgiveness I will see you and ask it to-morrow.

"RICHARD."

He added as a postscript:

"I am well. I am not crazy, but I am not an honest man. I can't kiss you again till I am."

Upon reading this note he saw it would frighten her, and keep her in agony of suspense, therefore he tore it up, and rushing out of the house leaped into the saddle.

The spirited little broncho was fresh and mettlesome, and went off in a series of sheeplike bounds which her rider seemed not to notice.

He drew rein at the telegraph office, and there sent three telegrams. They were all alike:

"Meet me at the office at midnight. Important."

As he turned Susanna's head up the trail the mountains stood deep purple silhouettes against the cloudlessness of the sky. The wind blew from the heights cool and fragrant, and the little horse set nostril to it as if she anticipated and welcomed the hard ride.

The way lay over forbidding mountain passes ten thousand feet above the sea, and her rider was a heavy man. But Susanna was of broncho strain with a blooded sire, which makes the hardest and swiftest mountain horse in the world.

Clement's mind cleared as he began the ascent—cleared but did not rest. Over and over the problem came, each time clearer and more difficult. He must that night give away a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars—terrible ordeal! Ninety thousand dollars to go to an old Irishman and his wife—both ignorant, careless.

What would they do with it? It might drive them crazy. As they now lived they were comfortable. He had made Dan sub-superintendent of the mine, and he had rebuilt the eating-house for Biddy. Could they take care of the big fortune he was about to give them?

Ought he not to give them a few thousands—such sum as they could comprehend and take care of? Would it not be better for them?

Then there was a hundred thousand dollars to be given to a cheap little man—that was hardest of all, for he had come to hate the sight of the sleek black head of Arthur Eldred. Yes, but he had saved the day. He had put in six hundred dollars when every dollar was a ducat. True, but the reward was too great. A hundred thousand dollars for six hundred.

Oh, this was familiar ground! He had gone over it in a sort of sub-conscious way a hundred times, each time apparently the final one. It had been quite settled when this slender little woman first lifted her face to him, and now nothing was settled.

It was very still and cold. There was no stream to sing up through the pines, and no wind in the pines to answer should the stream call. Nothing seemed to be stirring save the pensive man and his faithful pony.

Reaching the upper levels he spurred on at a gallop, finding some relief in the pounding action of the saddle and in the rush of air past his ears. The moon was late, but when it came it seemed to help him, lightening his mood as it lightened the trail. The big ledges and lowering, lesser peaks lifted into the dark sky weirdly translucent, and their upper edges seemed smooth and graceful as the rims of bubbles. Solid rock seemed melted and transfused with light and air. It was all miraculously beautiful, and the sore-hearted man lifted his eyes to the heights seeing the face of a girl in every moonlit rock and in every wayside pool.

As he entered the office he found them all waiting for him—Dan and Biddy in their best suits, and Eldred with a supercilious half-grin, half-sneer on his face.

Clement nodded at him, but said "Hello" to Dan and "Good-evening" to Biddy. Conly, his trusted, discreet cashier, was at his desk, and the office was dimly lit with a single electric bulb.

Dan and Biddy greeted him cautiously, for Eldred had filled their simple souls with suspicion. "He wants to compromise. He's afraid of our suit against him."

As a matter of fact Dan would never put a dollar into the plan for a suit, and it had never gone beyond Eldred's talk—and yet he had made them suspicious. Dan was forced to confess that Clement was becoming an "a-ristorocrat." And Biddy acknowledged that he "seldom darkened her dure these days." They had always felt his superiority and refinement, and they rose as he entered.

He wasted no time in preliminaries. "Sit down," he said imperiously, and his face, when they saw it in the light, was knotted with trouble. He sat for a moment with bent head while he strengthened his heart to a bitter and humiliating task. He began abruptly:

"Dan, you remember the time I brought the amalgam home in a vial and it had turned green?"

"I do. Yis."

"You remember that you gave it up right then."

"I did. I said it's 'witch's gould.'"

"Sure such it looked like thet day," said Biddy.

"All the same, the thing which scared you put a happy thought into my head, and I felt then I could solve it." He lifted his head and looked around defiantly. "In short, when I bought your stock in at ten cents on the dollar I knew it was worth par, for I had solved the process."

There was a silence very awesome following the defiant ring of the voice.

Eldred was the first to comprehend what it meant. His eyes glittered like those of an awakened rat.

"Do you mean that? If that's true you robbed us, you thief, robbed us cold and clean." He sprang up. "I knew you'd do something—"

"Sit down," interrupted Clement harshly. "I'm not going to have any words with you. If I had seen fit not to tell you of this how much would you have known of it? Sit down and keep your tongue between your teeth?"

He turned to Dan and his voice was softer. "Dan, when I was hungry you took me in and fed me. For that I've given you a good position. Is that debt paid?"

"Sure, Clement, me boy, it was only a sup of p'taties an' bacon, anyway."

"Biddy, I turned over two thousand dollars to you, and rebuilt your eating-house. You thought that paid the debt I owed you?"

Biddy was slower to answer. "For all the grub an' the loikes o' that, indade yis, Mr. Clement—but sure we wor pardners—"

Clement interrupted. "I know. I'm coming to that. Now answer me. If it hadn't been for me wouldn't you have thrown up the sponge long before you did?"

The silence of the little group answered him.

"Would any of you ever have worked out the mystery of that ore? Weren't you all anxious to sell for anything you could get?"

They were all silent as before.

"I made the mine worth money. I discovered the secret, it was my invention. I paid you four times what you had put into it. The mine was worthless until I invented a process for saving the gold. I claimed it as an invention like any man claims a patent right. I believed I had a right to it—to all of it, and so I bought in your stock after I had solved the problem of the reduction. I say I believed I was right—to-night I believe I was wrong—it don't matter how I came to the conclusion, but I've changed my mind. I have come to-night to make restitution. I am ready to pay you ninety cents more on every dollar of stock you sold me at that time."

Biddy gasped: "Howly Saints!"

Dan leaped up with a wild hurrah. "Listen to that now!" he cried, with other incoherences. He shook Clement's hand and kissed Biddy. He praised Clement.

"Ye're the whitest man that iver stepped green turf."

Clement sat coldly impassive and unsmiling.

"Then you're satisfied?"

"Satisfied!" shouted Dan. "Satisfied is it, man? Indade I am."

"And you, Biddy?"

Biddy was weeping and muttering wild Irish prayers. "Dan, dear, do ye understand, it's forty-five thousand dollars apiece to the two of us. Oh, the blessed old Ireland! I go back sure. Oh, it's too good to be true—we must be dramins'."

Clement looked at the distracted woman with a flush of self-righteousness. He had been right in his fears. It seemed like to ruin the simple souls. He turned to Eldred, who sat in silence.

"What have you to say?"

Eldred sneered. "I say you can't fool me. These shares are worth seventeen dollars and eighty cents each. I want their market value, not their par value. I want one-quarter the present value of 'The Witch.'"

Clement's brow darkened and his eyes burned with a fierce steady light.

"Is that all you want? If I served you right I'd kick you out of the door and let you do your worst. I know if you sue that you can't recover one dollar from me. But I have my reasons for putting up with your insolence. I will pay you forty-five thousand dollars and not one cent more. The market value of 'The Witch' to-day I have made by my management. I have gone on improving the mine day by day. As it stands it is a new property. You were a quarter owner in 'The Biddy.' We capitalized 'The Biddy' at your own suggestion at two hundred thousand dollars, because we wanted it big enough to cover all values. When I render you your share of that I am doing you justice. John, make out three checks for forty-five thousand dollars each."

Dan and Biddy turned upon Eldred and talked him into silence, but he was unconvinced.

Clement refused to touch the checks, and the clerk said:

"Here is yours, Biddy."

Biddy went up and took the slip in her hands. "Is that little slip o' white paper really worth so much?"

"Call at the bank and get your money when you want it," said the imperturbable cashier.

Dan studied his check, his face foolish with joy.

Eldred took his, saying, "This puts into my hands the means to fight."

Clement merely nodded. "You know my address." Eldred went out without further word.

When the door closed on him Clement's face lost its sternness, and he became sad and tender.

His struggle was not yet done. His mind was clear about the man who came in at the eleventh hour, but it was not clear with regard to these true-hearted old friends who had been with him from the first. He recalled the time when Dan's big arm had helped him to a chair, and Biddy had put the steaming soup before him—food worth all the gold in the world at that moment. He recalled her broad, kindly face, hot and shining from the stove; he remembered their struggles, their sacrifices.

"Wait a moment, Biddy," he said, as they called out "Good night," and started to leave.

"Sit down a moment, and you, too, Dan. I want to talk over old times a while."

They sat down in stupefaction.

"Biddy, do you remember the money you squandered on the lottery ticket?"

A slow smile broadened her face. "I do, Mister Clement—and I remember I won the prize sure!"

"You did, and saved all our lives. Dan, do you remember the day we lost our last five-dollar gold piece in the grass?"

Dan slapped his knee. "Do I? I wore me hands raw as beef combin' the grass that day."

"Ah, those were great days. We had days when forty-five cents would have made us joyous, and here you are with ninety thousand dollars, and wishin' for more."

Dan laughed again. "Sure, that's no lie."

"It is, Dan Kelly," said Biddy. "I have enough—too much. My heart misgives me now. I'm afraid of it, sure. I'm scared to carry it away wid me."

"You're safe, Biddy; nobody will steal that check."

A sudden impulse seized him. "Dan, you believed in me in those days—give me that check." Dan slowly handed to him the check. Clement took it and turned.

"Biddy, you fed me when I was starving, and you pawned everything you had to 'grub-stake' me—give me your check." She handed it to him without hesitation. He tore them into small pieces.

"Dan, you are mining boss, and I make you both quarter owners in 'The Witch' with all I have, and share and share alike, as we did when we hadn't a dime. Now hurrah for 'The Witch.'"

Nobody shouted but the cashier. Dan sat in a stupor, and Biddy was weeping, with one arm flung around Dan's neck. Dan was turning his hat around on his fingers and staring at Clement's face for some solution to the situation. It was beyond his imagination.

Clement did not speak again for some moments. When he did his voice was husky and tremulous with emotion.

"You notice I say quarter interest—that's because there is a new member in the firm now. She comes in to-morrow. I want you to see how she looks." He extended a picture of Ellice to Biddy. She made a marvelous dramatic shift of features, and a smile of admiration broke through the red of her broad countenance.

"Oh, the swate, blessed angel. Sure, she's beautiful as one of the saints in the church. Luk at her, Dan."

"I'm lukin'. She's none too good for him."

"Don't say that, Dan!" Clement protested in an earnest tone. "All you have to-night you owe to her. All the best thoughts in me to-day I owe to her."

CHAPTER IV

THERE remained to him now all the joy of riding back to tell her of his purification of soul. His heart was so joyous it kept time to every happy song in the world.

The gloom and doubt of himself had passed away, but the wonder and mystery of woman's love for man remained. He felt himself to be an honest man, but a man big, crude and coarse compared to her beauty and delicacy. He marveled at her bravery and her magnanimity. Leaving Susanna he leaped upon a fresh horse and set off, riding fast toward the divide. The wind had risen and was blowing from the dim domes of the highest mountains—a cold wind, and he would have said a sad wind had his heart not been so light. As it was, he lifted his bared forehead to it exultantly.

He put behind him, so far as in his power lay, all thought of the great wealth he had given away. He was eager to pour out the whole story to her, and hear her say, "Well done, Richard."

Over and over again his thought ran: "Now I am an honest man. I am not worthy of her, but at least my heart is clean."

Henceforth she was to be his altar of sacrifice. All he did would be for her approval. All there was of his money, his inventive skill, his command of men, should be hers. She would regulate every hour of his coming and going, and share all the plans and purposes of his life.

"Oh, I must live right, and deal justly," he thought. "I must be a better man from this time forth."

In the east the pale lances of the coming sun pierced the breasts of the soaring gray clouds, and, behold, they grew to be the most splendid orange and red and purple. The stars began to pale, and as he came to the eastern slope where the plain stretched to dim splendor, like a motionless sea of russet and purple, the sun was rising.

The plain seemed lonely and desolate of life, so far below was it. All action was lost in the mist of immensity—men's stature that of the most minute insects. And down there in the pathway of the morning was the little woman of all the world waiting for him!

As he rode down the slope to the river level into the town the sun was swinging, big and red, high above the horizon. His long ride had made him look wan and pale, but he ordered coffee and a biscuit, and was glad to see it helped him to look less wan and sorrowful. He dressed with great care, then sat down to wait. At 7:30 o'clock he sent a note to her:

"I have not forgotten. When do you breakfast?"

She replied:

"Good-morning, dearest. Breakfast is ready; come as soon as you can."

He entered the room with the heart of a boy, the presence of an athlete. He was at his prime of robust manhood, and his physical pride was unconscious.

She was proud of him, and met him more than half way in his greeting. Her face was still slender and delicate of color, but in her eyes was a serene brightness, and her lips were tremulous with happiness.

She led him to the little table. "Now you mustn't call this breakfast," she explained. "This is a private cup of coffee to sustain us through the ordeal. We all breakfast immediately after the ceremony."

"I've had one breakfast this morning."

She looked dismayed.

"At least a roll and a cup of coffee," he hastened to explain. "However, I think I could eat all there is here and not be inconvenienced."

They sat down and looked at each other in silence. She spoke first.

"Just think, this is the last time you will ever sit down with Miss Ross."

"You seem to be sad about it."

"I am—and yet I am very happy. I don't suppose you men can understand, but a woman wants to marry the man she loves—and yet she is sad at leaving girlhood behind. Now let me see, you take two lumps, don't you? I must not forget that. It makes the waiter stare when a wife can't remember how many lumps of sugar her husband takes."

He felt his courage oozing away, and so began abruptly:

"Ellice, I have a story to tell and a confession to make to you."

She looked a little startled. "That sounds ominous, Richard—like the villain in the play, only he makes his confession after marriage."

He was very sober indeed now. "That's the reason I make mine now. I want you to know just what I am before you marry me."

She leaned her chin on her clasped hands and looked at him. "Tell me all about it."

He did. He began at the beginning, and while it would not be true to say he did not spare himself he told the story as it actually happened. He concealed no essential.

"I rode there and back last night simply because I couldn't kiss you again until I had made myself an honest man."

She reached out and clutched the hand which lay on the table near her—a sudden convulsive embrace.

"Last night?"

"Yes, I've been to the camp since I left you last night. I couldn't stand with you—there—before all our friends, till I could say I had no other man's money in my pockets."

She took his hand in both of her own and bent her head and touched her cheek to his fingers. She was very deeply moved.

And he—though his voice choked—faltering through:

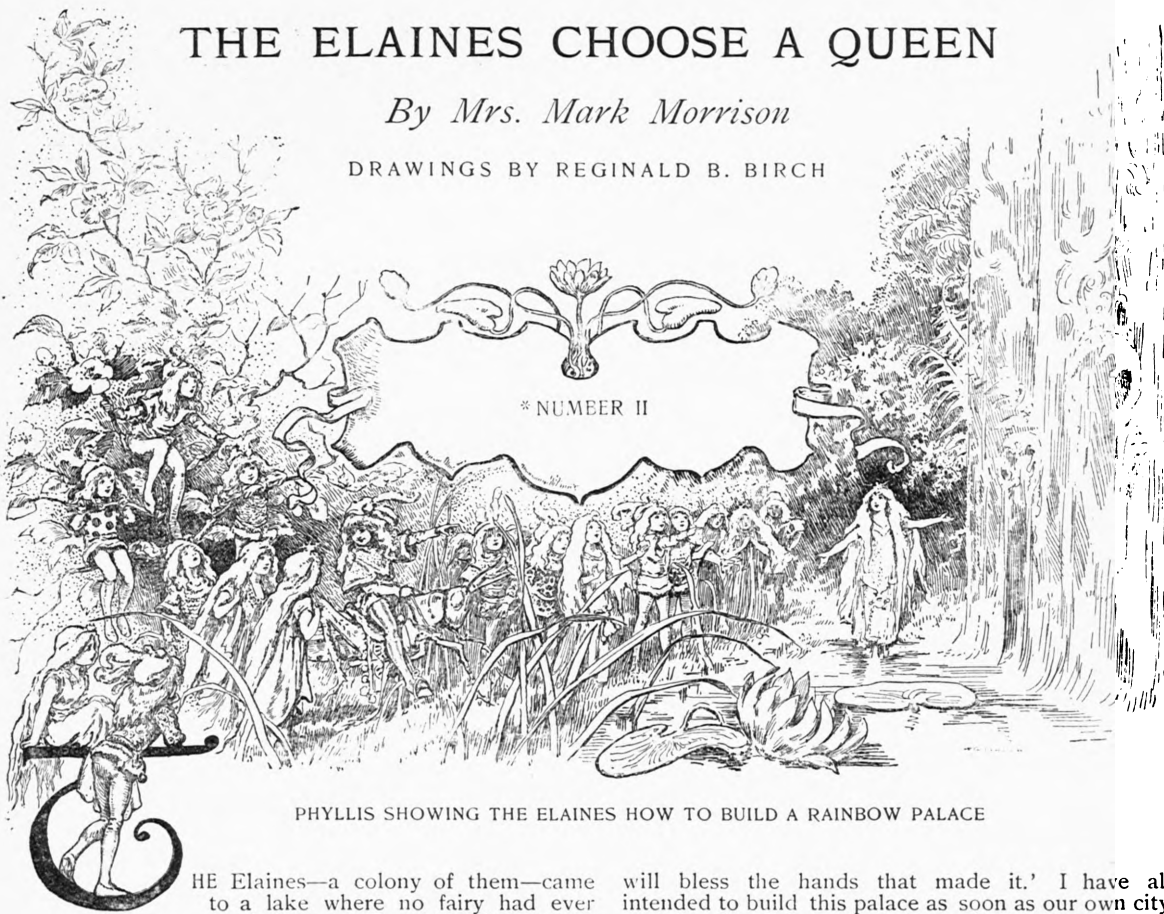
"I gave it all back, dear—I mean I gave over to Biddy and Dan their full share—they are equal owners with you and me in 'The Witch.' I tried to hold some of it back; it was hard to give it all back; but I did it because I believed you would approve of it. And now, if you will let me, I can call you my wife with a clear conscience."

For answer she rose and came to his side, and put her arms about his neck and laid a kiss on his upturned face. Words were of no avail. In his heart the man was still afraid of one so good and loving.

THE ELAINES CHOOSE A QUEEN

By Mrs. Mark Morrison

DRAWINGS BY REGINALD B. BIRCH



PHYLLIS SHOWING THE ELAINES HOW TO BUILD A RAINBOW PALACE

HE Elaines—a colony of them—came to a lake where no fairy had ever dwelt before. One side of the bank was very pleasant, with now a white sandy beach, and now a flowery bank, but on the other side a sea-monster had made his home. He had fled up a great river, and entered the underground outlet of the lake to escape some ocean foe, and had either forgotten the way he came or was afraid to go back. But though he kept the water around him foul and muddy, he lived in his own part of the lake, and the Elaines decided to build a fairy city, and trust to his indolence not to disturb them.

I wish you could have seen how they twisted lily leaves into chimneys, and set cups of green moss on window-sills cut out of the white moon-flower. Some hung their little houses on low bushes where the wind would sway them, others built on the beach so that the waves could run in and out under the floors, and rock them gently.

When each had thus built a home to please his own fancy a new duty arose. A queen must be chosen. Now, there were three Elaine maidens who were more beautiful than all the others. Their names were Phyllis,

will bless the hands that made it.' I have always intended to build this palace as soon as our own city was completed. Follow me and you shall now see a mansion, like those in the rainbow, rise from the earth."

PHYLLIS then chose a pretty inlet and began her strange work. First she ran out into the lake waving her arms, and singing in so peculiar a manner that it put many of the Elaines to sleep. Blue and scarlet fire seemed to dance around her uplifted hands. Presently a blue wave rose up in the lake and followed her. She walked backward, drawing the wave after her until it stood upright on the sand, with its foamy edge curled far above her head. Still she waved her arms and sang the same low monotonous chant. Little flames still seemed to leap from her fluttering fingers. At last the wave stood still, the water seemed to have hardened like glass, and the foam like white lace draping windows and doorways. All the colors of the rainbow began to shine from this strange palace. In another moment Phyllis' task would have been finished, but before the water had all crystallized a whirlwind came up and blew the sand toward it. Phyllis cried out in terror:

"One grain of sand will destroy all my work, and I am forbidden to try this charm a second time."

She dare not cease to wave her arms until all the water in the foam-capped wave was hardened. Yet the sand was being blown nearer and nearer.

"Fear not," said a sweet voice suddenly, and a veiled Elaine, who yet retained her heavenly wings, flew in front of the whirlwind, and carefully fanned back every grain of sand.

"Behold," cried Phyllis, when the whirlwind had passed and her work stood unharmed, "the rainbow palace is now strong and safe. It will stand forever, an open home to every strange Elaine, and it can be seen from afar off, as though it were a real rainbow standing on the ground."

The Elaines looked at the sparkling palace, with its beautiful rooms draped with foam lace showing through the open doors and windows.

"Surely no deed can be more beneficial to our new city than the building of this exquisite home for strangers," said the friends of Phyllis.

COURINE began her work in silence, revealing her purpose to no one. She answered all questions in these words:

"My work will be long and difficult, but have patience; wait and I promise that I will earn your gratitude, if not your crown." So the Elaines ceased to watch or trouble her, and waited in patience, giving her a year and a day to carry out her design. Her first work was to climb every rainbow that

came to earth, and gather jewels from its glorious mines. She had woven her hair into a golden basket, which hung down on her shoulders, and in this she carried the jewels. When there was no rainbow to climb she sat patiently on the shore drilling holes through the jewels and stringing them on silver wires. But this task was slow and wearisome for a little Elaine, and one day she wept, saying aloud, "Oh, I can never finish this in time."

"Fear not," said a sweet voice, "I will help you," and a veiled Elaine sat down beside her, and began to drill and string the jewels. Every day after this the veiled Elaine came and helped.

When thousands of these rainbow jewels were thus drilled and strung, Courine began to fasten them on a little sailboat, which she had fashioned out of mother-of-pearl. When she had decorated the sails and spars she

hung long loops of the jewels over the boat's sides, to float and trail across the water. Then she began to go up and down the rainbows again to bring the flowers which bloom so beautifully there. These she brought, as she had the jewels, in the basket made of her braided hair. With them she made hundreds of lovely garlands to hang among the jewels on the boat. Then she began to seek for the shining feathers which fall from the wings of Elaines when they first arrive on earth, but these feathers are highly prized by the Elaines, and Courine was growing discouraged in the vain search, when the sweet voice of the veiled Elaine said:

"I still have my rainbow wings. I intended to use them toward attempting some great work of my own, but you need them so much that I will give them to you."

COURINE joyfully accepted the wings, and made of them an Æolian harp, which she placed in the prow of her boat. Then this brave little Courine wrapped herself in a cloak of invisibility, and lay down in the bottom of the boat with her tiny hand on its rudder. Thus she steered away from the Elaine city toward the sea-monster's side of the lake. When that horrible creature heard the more than earthly sweetness of that wonderful Æolian harp he raised his great head and looked across the lake. Ah! what a pretty sight he saw. A little shining mother-of-pearl boat covered with such jewels and flowers as he had never seen before—no, not even in the bottom of the sea.

The uncouth sea-monster was so charmed and bewitched by this beautiful boat, with its heavenly harp, that he rose to the surface of the water, and swam toward it. When Courine saw his awful head approach her she trembled very much, but she bravely steered her little boat slowly across the lake, straight into that dark and rocky outlet, which ran far under the ground toward the monster's ocean home. She felt her little boat whirl in the waters, as it rushed among the rocks, and it was very fearful to a fairy who had been born in a beautiful rainbow. The light of the flashing, fairy jewels made the dark water bright around them, the Æolian harp awoke sweet echoes even in this dreary passage, and the perfume of the rainbow flowers rose strong and delightful. It was no marvel that even a sea-monster should follow so radiant a vision. Courine could hear his huge form splashing through the dark waters behind her. But at last she reached the river, and leaped out of the little boat, trusting the current to carry it on to the monster's home in the sea. She waited a few moments on the shore, until the boat, and the monster which still followed it, had passed beyond her sight, and then hastened home to bid her brothers protect the entrance to the lake with a fairy charm, so that no new intruder could enter.

"Ah," said her friends, "what deed can be more beneficial to our new city than freeing it from a neighbor so foul and dangerous as the sea-monster?"

BUT the judges still postponed their decision. "Let us hear from Modesta first," they said.

A veiled Elaine came modestly forward. "I have been too busy to attempt any great work for myself," she said gently.

"In what manner have you been so busily employed?" smilingly asked the wisest of all the Elaines.

"I found many small tasks which seemed necessary to be done," she blushing answered.

"Yes, my noble maiden," said the wise Elaine, "the tasks you found to do were necessary ones, for they were those of helping others. Phyllis did a beautiful work, which will stand forever, an honor to her, and valuable to every one, but I tell you it was a fairer deed to fan back a few grains of sand when to do so helped a rival in winning the crown. No Elaine, save one, has ever done a braver act than that of our Courine, but I say to you that the maiden who laid aside her own ambition to toil over the humble task of drilling jewels day after day, to help a rival who was in trouble, did a greater act than the one who faced the sea-monster, and braved the dangers of the underground stream. No deed could prove more beneficial to our new city than this example of an Elaine maiden who gave away her own wings and absolutely forgot her own self-interest to give aid to her rivals."

Then all the Elaines, even to Phyllis and Courine, cried:

"That is true, Modesta has won the crown." It was Phyllis and Courine who, smiling and satisfied, now came forward and placed the crown of the Elaines on the brow of the blushing and astounded Modesta.



COURINE'S MOTHER-OF-PEARL, JEWEL-COVERED BOAT

Modesta and Courine. The choice of the Elaines was so divided between these three that it was decided to hold a contest and give the crown to the one who could do a deed most beneficial to the new city.

Phyllis, who was the oldest and most learned of the three maidens, began the contest with a little speech.

"When I first came to earth," she said, "I found myself at the door of a mountain fairy's home. I felt so strange and dazed at finding myself alone in a new world that I was glad of any shelter, and when the fairy invited me to come into her house I did so. I soon found that I was in strange company, for this was one of those earth-born fairies called Pixies, who had lived with the wizard Merlin many hundred years ago. She told me that she expected her own death very soon, and promised to teach me many wonderful things if I would not leave her to die alone. I answered that I would remain with her if she would teach me how to give such a welcome to the Elaines newly arrived on earth, that they would not feel strange and lonely as I had done. 'I can teach you to build a rainbow palace,' she said, 'which shall look so like their old homes in the sky that all Elaine strangers

*The second of a series of sketches narrating the adventures of the "Pixies and Elaines." The first article, "A Pixie Princess Visits the Elaines," was published in the September JOURNAL.



BY HER SELF-SACRIFICES MODESTA WON THE CROWN



THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

OCTOBER, 1897

WHERE SUCCESS AWAITS YOUNG MEN

WHEN the average young man becomes ambitious for business success his mind instinctively turns toward one of the larger cities. And where that instinct is followed I am convinced that ninety per cent. of the young men make a fatal mistake. I make this statement positively. For the past four years this subject has been very close to me, and I have allowed no opportunity to pass which would bring me into direct touch with the life of the small city. I have visited some thirty-five of the smaller cities—all the principal ones, in fact, in the Eastern tier of States. I have met the people in those communities, have entered into their home life and studied the business conditions. The opportunity has not yet come to me to visit the Western, Southern and Pacific cities; that pleasure is reserved for the near future. These remarks can, therefore, only apply directly to young men who have their eyes turned toward New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Pittsburg. And I say with deliberation that the average young man, with the opportunity of choosing at his command, who goes to these centres under any but the most favorable conditions, hoping to make a business success, when he might remain in or go to one of the smaller cities, commits a most grievous error, and an error which, under existing conditions, he will soon repent of.

I WRITE these words at a time when the great business depression in the great cities lends peculiarly cruel emphasis to them. That better times are ahead of us only the most hopeless pessimist will refuse to believe. All indications point to the belief that this autumn will mark the beginning of a new era in our National prosperity. But before this renewed business activity can have its effect upon the young men coming to the great cities, the thousands of unemployed men in the four cities I have mentioned—and who are already in those cities—must first find employment. Nor does this army of the unemployed belong to the unskilled labor class. It includes men of brains, professional men who have held positions of trust and received good incomes, and who up to this time have never known what it was to be without assured salaries. Conversant with modern business methods, and in direct touch with the requirements and pulsations of great cities, they have naturally the first chance for old positions which better times will reopen, or new positions which a revival of activity will create. The young man fresh from the country or from the smaller community would naturally be at a disadvantage with these tried and experienced hands. It will take a year of business revival, if not a longer time, to give reemployment to the once-employed. "But the hard times have affected the small cities as well," some young man will argue. True, but not to the same extent. Only men in direct touch with trade and commerce in New York City, for example, can form any true conception of the condition of business interests in that city. Business houses which, a few years back, were the glory of New York's financial life and credit, are to-day barely able to meet their current expenses, and even this with material decrease in the number of employees: men who have served twenty, thirty and forty years in the same houses have been laid off. For every position that opens there is a perfect swarm of applicants. And this is true of the other cities as well as of New York. Expenses of maintenance have been cut down to the last penny in business houses. All this, of course, has had its effect upon the producer in the small city, who needs must find his market in the large centres. But with less expense, less capital to protect, less responsibilities to carry, the burden has not been so heavy. That it has been heavy no one will gainsay. But, in comparison, the merchant in the small city has suffered less. If he has not done so much business he has had less to calculate for. His mode of living, his environments, have saved him from the nervous friction to which the business man in the larger city is ever open.

ASIDE, however, from present conditions, which are fortunately only temporary, although likely to repeat themselves at any time, the business conditions of the great cities to-day are not favorable to young men. It is said that competition develops men. It does, unquestionably. But to cope with present competition as it exists in the centres, calls for a vast amount of experience. That experience a man must have back of him before he can enter the competing arena. "But how can I better acquire that experience than where there is constant need of it?" How better, my young friend? By serving a long apprenticeship in some city smaller than the greatest. The large cities are to-day poor places in which to learn the rudiments of business competition, for while the young man is learning the experienced man swallows him up. "But that is experience," persists the young man. It is, but a more severe kind than there is need of: a kind which, once indulged in, does not leave a pleasant remembrance. Competition in a smaller city may be just as keen, proportionately, but, what is all-important to the young man starting out, the risks are not so great: the experience is not apt to be so costly should he fail to succeed. It is a true saying that a man before he succeeds in business must expect to measure his height on the ground two or three times. But it is not necessary that in his first knock-down he should be knocked out.

BUT there is another and more important fact which the young man away from the large cities does not realize. It is that the number of possible positions in the large cities is not increasing, despite the reiterated assertions constantly made to the contrary. The very opposite is the truth. And it is due to the fact that our great cities are becoming more and more the centres for executive work, and less and less for manufacture. During the past year, for instance, twelve important concerns in three cities moved the manufacturing portions of their business to adjacent towns and States, while eight business houses of magnitude discontinued the actual producing parts of their plants altogether. Various causes explain this: higher taxes, higher prices of lots, or lack of building room, labor strikes, and lower cost of production. These changes affected the residence of eleven thousand families, while they threw over twenty-four thousand men out of employment. The manufacturing interests of this country are constantly tending toward the smaller cities, and away from the centres. All this means fewer positions, since only in rare instances does the executive branch of a business call for a larger number of employees than does the manufacturing side. Strange as the change of current may seem, it is, nevertheless, a fact that the young man who to-day leaves a good-sized city of actual manufacturing advantages, turns his back on what in a few years will be one of the industrial beehives of America. For him to go to the larger city to find them is to have him pass them on the road.

THE higher salaries of the larger cities is, perhaps, what attracts young men more potently than any other factor. But, unfortunately, as thousands of young men have found for themselves, these salaries are not so high as they were led to believe, nor will the city income buy as much in the metropolis as they bargained for. It is a common mistake for young men to base the higher salary of the large city on the smaller expenses of the smaller city. This is always an attractive calculation, if it would only work out. But, unfortunately, it won't. A salary of two thousand dollars a year in the big city will not bring a young man the comfortable living which one thousand dollars a year means to him in the smaller community. Nor do prices in the large cities tend to make it easier for him; on the contrary, the cost of living in the four great cities of the East is increasing year by year. It is a true saying that only the rich and poor enjoy life in the great centres; for the great middle class, life is a struggle—a mere existence. With a far more moderate salary the rising young clerk, manager or business man in the small city lives like a king in comparison to the man of equal position in the large centre. If he earns a thousand or two a year he has his own little home, by lease or purchase. For twenty-five dollars per month he can have his own pretty cottage, with God's pure sunshine on four sides of it. And there is a big difference between sunshine and filtered rays of light through an air-shaft. To his wife her neighbors mean her friends. His children have their own grass-plot for their playground. His porch is his evening pleasure and his Sunday delight. Trees shade his street, cool his rooms, and make living a comfort. The fields and woods are within his view or walk. His friends live all around him. He knows the man who lives next door. His neighbors' children are his children's playmates. His social life has a meaning to it: it is a joy and an exhilaration to him. When he goes out in the evening it is into a home gathering where every face is familiar, and where he is known and welcomed. He has time to read, something which the man in the larger city, whom he envies, has not. His church is to him like a family gathering every Sunday morning. The man in the pulpit is his pastor, who, perhaps, has baptized him, married him, and will baptize and marry his children. Respected in his circle of friends, every step of progress in his business is known to them, and is the cause for congratulation. He is within easy walking distance or trolley ride of his place of business. To his wife his home is her joy, and not her care. She has time for her children, her home, her social duties, her reading and her church. The blood of health rushes through the veins of his children as they sleep and play in an unpolluted atmosphere. Life means something to such a man: it means happiness—the true measure of all success.

DOES such a man think of leaving the sane life which is his to plunge into an immense caldron of rivalry and jealousy? God forbid! He is the very king of happiness where he is. Let him stay where he is happy: let him concentrate all his thoughts upon business at his door; let him widen his opportunities at his threshold. What care he if his town is small? It is large enough, if he has the right stuff in him. Success never depends upon the place where a man lives: it depends upon the man. Many a large man has expanded a small place. The idea that a small place retards a man's progress is bosh and nonsense. If the community does not offer facilities for a growing business they can be brought there. Proper force can do anything. All it needs is right direction. The vast majority of people are like sheep: they follow a leader. Success is the most contagious thing on earth: people love to be identified with it. And in a small community a young man has some chance to lead. But what chance has he in a city which counts its leaders by the score? It is the old story of the toad and the puddle, and a mighty sight pleasanter will the average young man find it to be the big toad in a small puddle than vice versa.

NO YOUNG man need ever feel that by reason of his residence in a smaller city he is not part of the life of the country. That very fact makes him an essential part of it. He is the producer. His city makes possible the greater centre. Let him visit the metropolis near his home if he so choose. It will do him good. But let him look at things in the greater city with calmness. His common sense will soon strip off the trappings of the external glitter. Let him look about him and see the hopes and aspirations of young men which lie buried in the hearts of hundreds of mechanical drudges who sit at desks, stand at counters, or lounge in the city parks. Let him inquire around, and he will find, too, that the great failures of the city far outnumber the great fortunes each year. He does not hear of the first quite as much: that is the difference. For every success made in a large city that we hear of, there are thousands of crushed hearts and unrealized dreams that we never hear of. Let him look into the faces of the people he meets, and see

whether the quiet happiness of his own contented people is to be found in the large city. Let him think of what the electric race for money means in such a city, where the milk of human kindness is scarce, and human sympathy barely exists. Cold and stern and dreary will he find the realization, in contrast with the roseate anticipation. And if he is a young man of good sense he will go home and feel grateful that he has been able to return. And he will be justified if he changes the saying, and believes not that "God made the country, and man made the town," but that "Man made the city, and God made the town." In that smaller city he will find the place where to-day success awaits him, where it awaits every young man who will be sensible and stay there, content with a smaller success in a material sense, but a far greater success in a happier sense. If there is any one on this earth whom I envy to-day it is the young man of good health, honest principles, and a determination to succeed, who lives in a small city and is content to stay there. To him I raise my hat wherever he may be.

SHALL THESE GIRLS "OBEY"?

TWO girls who are to be married this month have written to this magazine during the past fortnight asking whether they should insist that the word "obey" be omitted from the ceremony. They "do not like the sound of the word," and if, with propriety, they can do so they would prefer to have it omitted. It is a singular and not altogether creditable fact that after an observance of hundreds of years there should be some, in this enlightened century and in our present boasted civilization, who should stop and higggle at a single harmless word in the marriage ceremony. But the disappearing "new-woman" fallacy has left behind it some strange echoes. Woman has progressed too far, these picturesque advocates of a picturesque movement tell us, to promise to "obey" anybody. The saying of the great Apostle, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands," they cast to the winds as either unreasonable or wrongly translated. But of the same Apostle's injunction to men, "Husbands, love your wives," they say nothing. And it was not strange that these unhappy women should have assailed the marriage ceremony. It was the only thing which they had not assailed. Every earthly law, which, with their strange minds, they could convert into a subservience of woman, they attacked. Then came the Bible, and the greatest insult ever heaped upon American womanhood, a "Woman's Bible," was perpetrated. Finally came the poor little word "obey" in the marriage ceremony. Then, lastly, came the reaction and the natural sequence: the death, from National impatience and intense disgust, of the whole movement.

AND now the echo of a fruitless crusade rings into the ears of two girls, and to them I must, with pity for the occasion, and shame for those who have made it necessary, repeat the old and beautiful story founded upon the Bible, and recorded in the hearts of men and women, that the only love which a woman can give to a man is an honoring love, and that a true girl, who loves truly, never finds it difficult to pay the obedience inspired by love to the man of her heart. If a girl shrinks from the word "obey," or hesitates to speak it at the altar, it will be better that she shall never approach the hour of her marriage. Either she is doubtful of her own love or distrusts the heart of her lover. And in either case her marriage will be a sin in the eyes of God. Where marriage is a union of true love—and marriage should be naught but that—the question of "obey" is not thought of: it does not enter the mind of the girl. One thought alone is uppermost and supreme: the union of two loving hearts, each filled with the thought of the other—both to be united in one complete whole. That is marriage, and that alone. Let non-essentials enter it, and the holiest state into which man and woman can enter this side of Heaven becomes a wrong, an irreparable sin.

Shall these two girls, then, and all other girls with their faces turned toward the altar of marriage during these weeks to come, say "obey"? Yes, a thousand times yes. And as they say it to the men of their hearts, so will the men, in turn, promise to love them as wives, "even as Christ loved the Church" which unites them, "and gave Himself for it." No woman has ever found it difficult to obey the husband who loves her as only a true man can love one woman in a universe. She does not find the little word coming up in her married life to make her regret its utterance. On the contrary, she never thinks of it, except to be thankful that she did not shrink from it. The state of matrimony is not a state of demand on the part of the husband, nor of obedience on the part of the wife. It is a perfect state that lifts two people higher: a state where love is masterful and supreme.

"WILL YOU FAVOR THE EDITOR?"

FOUR years ago I asked my readers this question, and thirty thousand of them wrote to me in response. With interest I read each letter. Now, I come to my readers again. Our magazine has changed: we have thousands of new readers. To each one of whom, and to all our old ones, I address these words:

I am anxious to know how you like THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL: what you like of its contents, and what you do not like. Tell me these things, and we can make the magazine still better. For you we make the JOURNAL.

1—What particular feature in the JOURNAL pleases and helps you most? Tell me why, too, if you will.

2—What special series of articles, or regular feature, either past or present, interested you least—and why?

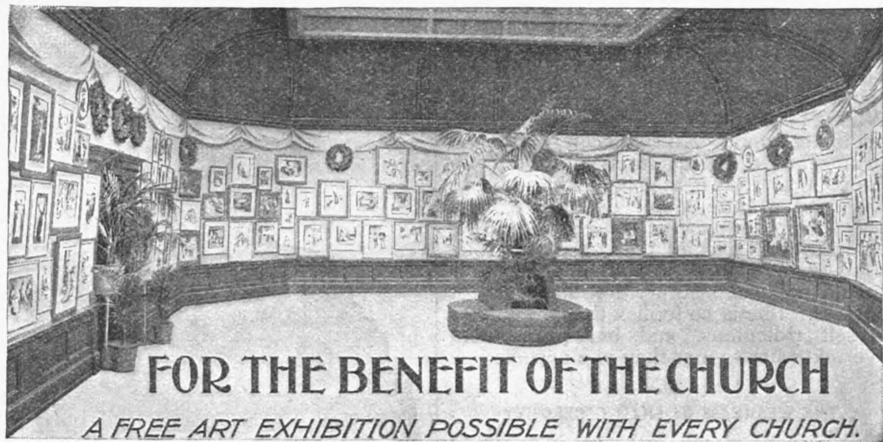
3—Does the pictorial part of the magazine, including the cover pictures, please you? What particular pictures or covers recently have attracted you most?

4—Is there any subject you would like to see treated in the JOURNAL? If so, what?

5—Are there any improvements you can suggest?

Just five questions, you see, and in each case I will esteem the frankest answer a personal favor. Of course, it will not be possible for me to reply personally to your letters, as you can readily understand. But I will promise to read each one carefully, and with most sincere, if unexpressed, thanks to the writer of every letter, and a promise to consider every suggestion.

Kindly address your letters to Mr. Bok.



FORM OF INVITATION AND PRICE OF ADMISSION
 THE exhibition may be made free of admittance, or an entrance fee of fifteen or twenty-five cents may be charged. If given in a private house a social event may be made of it by issuing invitations, as:

The pleasure of your company is asked to
 AN EVENING OF PICTURES
 By Edwin A. Abbey, Charles Dana Gibson, Howard Pyle, W. T. Smedley, Alice Barber Stephens, W. L. Taylor, Albert Lynch, etc.
 At the residence of
 MISS GRACE PULLMAN
 On Wednesday evening, October the sixth
 From seven until ten o'clock

The most desirable form for the exhibition should, of course, be governed by circumstances. This idea was tried in a New England town, where the exhibition was held in the church chapel. Two hundred admissions at twenty-five cents were recorded. Here, alone, was an income of fifty dollars to see the pictures. The sale of the pictures brought over one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE EXHIBITION

GREAT possibilities lie in an exhibition of this kind. Imagine fifty splendid pictures displayed in a room—pictures full of interest in themselves, and the work of twenty of the foremost artists and illustrators of the world—and you can arrive at some idea of the extent and attractiveness of the exhibition. And what is more, any one can give the exhibition. As has been said, the pictures are ready for exhibition upon their arrival. Nothing remains but to display the striking collection, arrange the necessary details for the exhibition, and secure the results which it will bring. In the larger cities such exhibitions are always largely attended; in small communities such an "evening of pictures"—or series of evenings, if the exhibition is prolonged—can be made, as was the case in New England, the social event of the season.

HOW TO DISPOSE OF THE PICTURES

OF COURSE, the chief source of income from the pictures is their sale. This can be done by putting a small card with the price on each. Or, they can be auctioned off. As the pictures come from the JOURNAL they are mounted and ready for sale. Where possible, of course, frames can either be bought for them, made by skillful hands, or, perhaps, donated in whole or in part, and thus the selling price may be largely increased.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE PICTURES

THE two hundred and fifty sets are now ready, and an order sent upon receipt of this magazine will be filled at once. The only essentials are these:

- 1—The price for the set, *i. e.*, five dollars (\$5.00), must be sent with the order.
- 2—The expressage must be paid by the receiver. This expense has been so arranged with the express companies that the average cost of expressage from Philadelphia to any and all points will be about seventy-five cents.
- 3—The application must state distinctly the purpose for which the collection will be exhibited, and the funds used. Such a purpose must be of a sacred, charitable or educative character. And please bear this well in mind: each application must be accompanied by the personal endorsement of the pastor of the church with which the society or guild is connected.

In the case of a literary society, working-girl's club or woman's club, not directly connected with any church organization, the application for the collection of pictures must be endorsed by the pastor of one of the members of the club or society. The endorsement of some clergyman is necessary to protect the pictures from falling into the hands of art agents.

The JOURNAL is willing to dispose of a set of these pictures to any society, club or organization. It need not necessarily be a religious body, but it must have some educative or charitable purpose. No more than one set of the pictures will be sold to a single organization, and the collection cannot be divided.

Remember, therefore, the requirements in ordering are: (1) An explanation of the purpose for which the exhibition is intended; (2) the pastor's endorsement, and (3) the inclosure of five dollars.

The JOURNAL reserves the right to reject any application, and as only two hundred and fifty sets have been made it will be necessary for those wishing to avail themselves of this offer to make early application. The time and work of producing the pictures is so great that no more than two hundred and fifty sets can be made.

All applications should be addressed to
 The Art Bureau of
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 Philadelphia.

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 in the C. L. S. C. More than 250,000 people have tried the plan. Send to
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CHICAGO CONSERVATORY. Auditorium Bldg., Chicago
MUSIC, Oratory, Dramatic Art
 UNRUALED ADVANTAGES. Fall Term Sept. 6
 Send for Prospectus. SAMUEL KAYZER, Director

EACH year the JOURNAL is asked by thousands of its readers for new ideas for social entertainments to raise money for the church. To these requests the JOURNAL has responded as well as it could by privately and publicly furnishing ideas for church fairs and sociables. But for a long time it has been anxious to offer some new method by which the magazine could, in a practical way, show its interest in church work, and become a factor in that work.

The editors of the JOURNAL now believe that they have devised such a plan—at once attractive, educative, and capable of producing large financial results.

WHAT THE JOURNAL OFFERS

DURING the past few years the JOURNAL has paid thousands of dollars to the foremost artists of the world for its illustrations. The cost of a single picture, it may be of interest to know, has reached twelve hundred dollars. In numerous cases five hundred, six hundred and seven hundred dollars have been paid for the drawing and its engraving. Such pictures, when once used, served their special purpose. But the value of the picture itself as a work of art remains just the same.

Two years ago the JOURNAL gave an exhibition of these pictures in four cities, and the success of the venture was most decisive. Eighty-six thousand people attended the exhibitions.

Now the JOURNAL proposes to make these exhibitions possible in the smallest community. It cannot, of course, give away the original drawings. But it has done the next best thing. It has taken fifty (50) of the finest illustrations ever printed in the JOURNAL, and made special reproductions of them by a new process, which makes it well-nigh impossible, in some cases, to tell the copy from the original. These copies, in the majority of cases, are as large as the original drawings—almost all are larger than they appeared in the JOURNAL. Each copy is on the finest quality of paper, mounted upon the heaviest Bristol-board with wide margins. They have thus become, in size, mounting and appearance, such pictures as one would buy, unframed, in any art store for three or four dollars each. Such a reproduction from Abbey, for instance, as is in this collection of JOURNAL pictures would easily cost five dollars.

THE PICTURES AND THE ARTISTS

THERE are fifty (50) pictures in the set. Ten of them are eleven by sixteen inches in size—the size of the entire JOURNAL, margins and all. Their Bristol-board mounting adds eight by nine inches, therefore making pictures nineteen by twenty-five inches—the size of an average oil painting. Twenty examples are nine by twelve inches, and with margins are seventeen by nineteen inches. Ten pictures are eight by ten inches; with margins, sixteen by nineteen inches, while the smallest size comprise ten pictures, fourteen by seventeen inches, including margins. Edwin A. Abbey's marvelous drawing of "The Puritan Girl at Church," which served as the cover on the January JOURNAL this year, heads the list. As reproduced it is the exact size of the JOURNAL, and mounted it measures nineteen by twenty-five inches. For the privilege of reproducing this picture simply as a cover Mr. Abbey was paid one thousand dollars, and he now has the original for exhibition at the Royal Academy in London. Its selling price is five thousand dollars. Then comes Albert Lynch's beautiful "Farandole" painting, for which the JOURNAL paid six hundred dollars. It is also nineteen by twenty-five inches in size in this collection. Then come six of Mr. Gibson's pictures. The original "Gibson girl" is here in a picture in size seventeen by nineteen inches. In each of the six pictures the "Gibson girl" appears. Howard Pyle comes next with two of his great pictures. W. L. Taylor then appears with seven of his finest pictures, including his famous drawing for Eugene Field's poem, "The Dream-Ship," and so on. But here is a complete list of the pictures:

THE GREAT LIST OF PICTURES

- The Puritan Girl at Church Edwin A. Abbey
- Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice S. Begg
- Girl Leaning Against Wall (June Cover) Robert Blum
- Dolly Madison Saving the Declaration B. W. Clinedinst
- In an Old-Fashioned Garden Maud Cowles
- Across the Dunes (August Cover) Frank Fowler
- Cassander in the Meadow A. B. Frost
- Three Gibson Girls Charles Dana Gibson
- A Voice That was Beautiful
- At a Wedding Reception
- He Saw Her for the First Time
- The Original Gibson Girl
- More Tea?
- The Miracle of May W. Hamilton Gibson
- Ten of My Little Tots Kate Greenaway
- The Coming of Easter (April Cover) Will H. Low
- The Farandole Albert Lynch
- Washington at Valley Forge Howard Pyle
- The Sentiment of Spring (May Cover)
- The Werewolf
- Girl Coming From Church Frank O. Small
- Girls in a Grape Arbor (October Cover) W. T. Smedley
- At the Horse Show
- A Minister of the World
- So Pretty Sitting in the Pew Alice Barber Stephens
- The Woman in the Home
- The People of Our Village
- At a Musicales
- In a Metropolitan Choir
- Lafayette Entering Philadelphia
- In the Whirl of Society
- At the Thanksgiving Table
- Dickens at His Desk
- Old Nora Found Her There
- The Woman in Religion
- The Woman in Business
- When John Wesley Preached
- The Dream-Ship W. L. Taylor
- While the Heart Beats Young
- Joseph and Mary on the Road
- Leisurely Lane (First Page of this Issue)
- The Mother at the Mill Stone
- Thanksgiving in the Colonies
- Where Town and Country Meet
- A Presidential Reception T. de Thulstrup
- Kossuth Riding Up Broadway
- Prince of Wales in a Hansom Cab
- General Grant Landing at Yokohama C. D. Weldon
- Girl and Cupid A. B. Wenzell
- A Whistling Girl Irving R. Wiles

THE COST OF THE PICTURES

THE JOURNAL now proposes to offer a complete set of these fifty pictures, mounted and all, to any church, or society connected with a church, for exhibition purposes, at the small price of five dollars. The JOURNAL is frank to say that the expense of printing and mounting these pictures is greater than the price it asks for them. It will, in short, lose several dollars on each set it supplies. For that reason only two hundred and fifty sets have been made. There is no advertising nor commercial scheme connected with the pictures: nothing about them to indicate THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. On the cover pictures the title has been removed. Only the copyright line remains on each picture, as follows: "This picture protected by copyright by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL," printed exactly in size as this:

This is done to protect the artist, the JOURNAL, and the final owner of the copy.

The church people are the JOURNAL's staunchest friends. They have made its success possible. In return, it has evolved this plan to express its gratitude; to become a direct factor in church work, and to put good art into hundreds of homes.

HOW TO GIVE THIS EXHIBITION

THIS collection of pictures has been made for the direct benefit of churches, King's Daughters' Circles, Ladies' Aid Societies, Christian Endeavor Societies, Dorcas Guilds, and church organizations in general, wishing to raise funds for any branch of church work. The exhibition may be held either in a church parlor, Sunday-school room, schoolhouse, or in the private residence of a member of the church—in short, it may be given anywhere that a room of suitable size and convenient location can be found. The room should be well ventilated and large enough to hold a given number of people. Upon the arrival of the pictures a committee should be formed to consider the best way of arranging them so that they may make as good a display as possible upon the evening of the proposed art exhibition.

SHAMS OF THE MODERN GIRL

By Ruth Ashmore



SYNICS do not hesitate to say that this is an age of shams. But those of us who have hopeful dispositions do not like to believe this, for it means the loss of faith in human nature. And yet how can we deny

that the sham is popular? To-day I am out for a walk and I meet a charming girl—a girl who earns, in an honorable way, her own living. My eyes, as I stand before her, are unwillingly drawn to the brooch which she wears—a brooch elaborately set with imitation rubies. It is not beautiful to look at and it deceives nobody; it cost probably fifty cents, while a brooch set with real gems of such size would cost possibly five hundred, perhaps five thousand, dollars. Now this girl could not afford the genuine stones, why then did she vulgarize herself by assuming a sham? She may think that every one knows that the stones are not real, and so there is no deception practiced; but the girl is hurting herself by wearing the piece of sham jewelry, even though there really be no intent on her part to deceive.

SHAMS THAT INDICATE TAWDRINESS

DOWN the front of her bodice is a double frill that imitates point lace, but it looks just what it is—absolutely common, and the well-fitting bodice, that would have been rather stylish-looking without this decoration, becomes ordinary, for, by its tawdry decoration, its wearer tells that she is ignorant of the difference between good and bad lace. Every girl has a right to look as well as she can—indeed, it is her duty to look as well as she can, but when she overloads herself with imitation lace, brass jewelry and tawdry trimmings she impresses every one whom she meets as false; whereas, in a simpler frock, properly made and suitably trimmed, she would have been charming.

When my sensible girl speaks (I call her my sensible girl, for that is what she used to be) she horrifies me by using words that I am sure she does not understand—words that are shams, because, not realizing their full meaning, she makes use of them simply to impress me. She wants me to think that she knows more than she does; that I am more ignorant than she, and must be made to feel my inferiority. Is not that being a sham? And yet do you not meet that sort of a sham every day?

SUPERFICIALITY OF THE INTELLECTUAL SHAM

MORE disagreeable even than the girl who wears a false brooch is the girl, often to be met with nowadays, who is eager to make you comprehend her great intelligence. She combines deceit and vanity; she speaks in the most glib way of authors whose names she has seen in the newspapers; she picks up quotations from dinner cards, and talks as if she were a deep reader and perfectly conversant with the works of men of great intellect.

This girl is always surprised that you have not read the last new book. She rushes in where even the bravest angel would fear to tread, and apparently would not hesitate to explain to an author his reason for writing his own book. But she knows so little! And she is so so on found out. Sometimes I am surprised at the many bright girls who are fooled by her, but if it is any pleasure to them, they should know that the man of brains always discovers the weaknesses of the girl, whose assumed knowledge he very soon finds out is limited to a dictionary of quotations, and another of foreign phrases.

This girl is also greatly given to using a French word here, a German word there, and an Italian somewhere else. But let her meet a native of any one of the countries with whose language she claims to be so familiar, and her boasted ability to converse in a foreign language will be as nothing. She will show herself the sham that she is. I want every one of my girls to read good books—to gain all that is possible from the wonderful thoughts put in good English by the best writers. But I want each girl to understand what she is talking about before she begins to discuss any book, or the merits of any author, and I do not want her, simply for the sake of seeming clever, to chatter about things of which she has only a superficial knowledge. The truthful and simple opinion regarding a book, given by the girl who makes no claim toward great knowledge, is appreciated and listened to, while the girl with many words displays her ignorance and becomes tiresome.

THE SOCIAL SHAM WHO DECEIVES

YOU have met her. She is the girl who knows everybody "in society." She is the girl who can tell you why Mrs. Bullion does not speak to her sister-in-law, or why Miss Diamond has remained in mourning so long for her betrothed. She can explain why Mrs. Gentlewoman dresses so quietly—of course, it is because she is so stingy—and she can hint at her knowledge of the secret wedding in the Glitter family.

This is your first winter in the city, and you believe in this young woman implicitly. You have never mentioned, being a well-bred girl, that you have a letter of introduction to Mrs. Bullion, for you think your new acquaintance will be so surprised when she meets you there at the tea to which you have been invited. But you do not meet her there, and you do not meet her any place else. She is not abashed when you say how sorry you were to have missed her—indeed, no; she impresses you with the fact that she is a very intimate friend, and not asked to the big crushes where everybody goes. Perhaps you accept this doubtful statement, but soon you will discover her absolute falsity. She has no acquaintance with the people of whom she talks—that is, no acquaintance beyond that which she gains by reading the society news and by forcing her way into churches where funerals or weddings are going on.

SHAM ACQUAINTANCE WITH WEALTHY PEOPLE

THE first night of the opera she buys a cheap seat (not to listen to the music—dear, no; she does not care for that), and oh, she carries with her, not a libretto, but the plan of the opera house as it came out in the Sunday paper, with the names of the occupants of the boxes so plainly marked that she can discover exactly where each leader of fashion sits during the musical season. Somebody said that her foolish talk hurt nobody but herself. But it does. Naturally, a continued series of untruths hurts the teller worst of all, but there are people who do not know her as she is, and who are a little bit envious of her.

I am never sorry when she is unmasked, for the woman who claims to know people simply because they are wealthy and fashionable—the woman who is willing to risk her soul that she may seem to be acquainted with well-known people, is a woman who is so mean a sham, so little even in her vice, that she deserves the punishment that comes when her claims are proven false. Remember, my dear girl, that well-bred people do not talk about their rich or fashionable friends. There are hundreds of topics for conversation, and one's acquaintances should be the very last one selected.

THE SHAM WHO IS NOT HONEST AT HER WORK

DO YOU know her? She is the eye servant. She is the worker who announces that she is capable of doing almost anything that you could wish; who talks much of honesty and honor, and who, at the same time, deceives you whenever she can. She is not honest in her work nor in her words. When you are looking at her she is industrious, when your eyes are off her she is lazy. Her manner to you is almost subservient. In speaking of you she is impertinent and unladylike. Any kindness which may be shown her she regards as her right, rather than as her privilege. She has never realized what a sham she is, and she does not know—more's the pity!—how bad her example is. Claiming to do much, she is absolutely perfect in nothing. Coming to her work is a bore, going from it a release from prison. A favorite pose of hers is that she has been driven to work by the loss of a family fortune. The chances are that it was expected from her childhood that she should earn her living, but, being a sham all the way through, she must pretend to riches that she never possessed.

There are many gentlemen in the workaday world who never dreamed of being there. But they are the women who do good work, and who, wishing to be respected as workers, are eager to improve in their work, never refer to the estate in which they were born, and would consider it in extremely bad taste to dilate upon their past as compared with the present. Among my girls there are so many honest workers, and yet there may be one or two who are easily influenced, and to them I would say, do not allow yourselves to drift into the dishonest way of the sham worker. Be honest in thought as well as in deed, and do not become careless nor waste the time which belongs to your employers.

SHALLOW PRETENSE IN SOCIAL GAMES

HAVE you met the girl who is perfectly well-informed as to every game until she is asked to manage it? Who talks about tennis until she is faced by the nets? Who is an adept in golf until the stick is put in her hand? And who can ride, drive, swim—indeed, is acquainted with every outdoor sport? She is the sham athlete. She has read a little about one game; has played another once or twice; remembers being told as a child that once she rode a pony, and now fails to see why she should not claim ability that she does not possess. She is so foolish that she makes herself ridiculous, and her punishment overtakes her sooner than she expects.

THE WEAKNESS OF SHAM GENEROSITY

THEN there is the girl who is eager to impress you with her generosity. She gives presents here and there; she is ready to pay all the car fares and eager to assume the expense of the various luncheons. She calls the other girl, who believes it is right for each, when the party is an independent one, to pay her own share, "absolutely stingy." She is a sham, because she does not know the difference between that which is just and that which is generous. She thinks she is described as being extremely generous, whereas all sensible girls know that she is foolishly extravagant. To indulge in this so-called generosity it is more than likely that her small debts are left unpaid.

And, usually, this type of girl, eager to spend, is equally willing to borrow, since, if she had the money, she would, without thought, lend it to the first person who asked her for it. She believes there is kindness in throwing a dime into the hand of every beggar she meets. Those dimes accumulated might be an absolute charity to some one more worthy than the beggar who, being refused alms, too often replies with a curse. I do not want my girls to be stingy or narrow-minded, but I do want them to be honestly generous, therefore I beg of them to think out which is the real and which is the sham generosity.

USING RELIGION AS A SOCIAL HELP

THERE is one sham that is worse than all others, and that is, the religious sham. She is the one who is most conspicuous in speech and sometimes in work; but in her heart her religion is simply a means to a very earthly end. She is prominent in the Sunday-school, because she thinks she can in that way become acquainted with some people she would like to know. She is ever ready to get up and express her creed at the prayer-meeting, because she thinks that her ability will be recognized. She rustles into her pew, kneels for a long time, and then settles herself comfortably—to look at the congregation. She considers it respectable to go to church. Beyond that she gives no thought. She forgets that, unless religion is of the heart, it is of no value. She has never understood that it is not the loud prayer, nor the wordy prayer which makes an impression on God, but that it is the sincere cry from the soul appealing to Him to which He listens. The religious sham can usually give you a description of all the costumes worn by "her set" in church. She can tell you of the amount of money put in by each member as the plate is passed along. She goes to church to observe the outward visible sign, and never, in any way, troubles herself about the inward spiritual grace.

THE VERY WORST OF ALL SHAMS

SHE is a sham even unto herself. She is quick to criticize the clergyman, and quicker to say unkind words of his wife. She is absolutely unconscious of the real meaning of religion. She has taken the sham unto her heart, and she asks for nothing more. If God has been good to her, like the lepers of old, she sees no reason why she should acknowledge and give thanks unto Him. She takes her prosperity as her right. Religion to her is a something for the first day of the week with which all people who are respectable have something to do, and church a place to which all people of standing go on the first day of the week.

To me the religious sham is a horror—more men and women have lost their belief in the reality through this sham than by all the words written or said against true belief. Avoid the religious sham as you would the plague. She is sure to hurt you. Her very nearness seems to lessen the beauty of your belief. Therefore, beware of the religious sham. She is sure to do you harm. Association with her will tend to weaken your belief in all that is holy and of good repute. Her future? I dare not think of it. Her present? How long will it be before all the truth about her is known? Pray to keep from your religion the element of sham. Never let your prayers be simply from the lips, for to such prayers there will be lent but a deaf ear. Truly, it is well to pray: Make my religion a real one, and not a "sham."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 27 of this issue.



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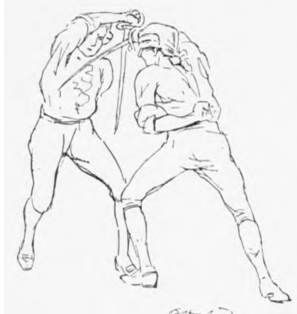
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DROGH'S LITERARY TALKS

XI—Heroes in Fiction

DRAWINGS BY OLIVER HERFORD

THE hero in fiction has gone through as many changes in heart and costume as the heroine. While there are many types of him in any one period, yet there is a sameness in all heroes of the same decade because they represent the prevailing type of honor. All heroes fought duels when that was the fashion, or swore roundly when that was a mark of manliness, or talked grandiloquent



platitudes when that was considered "elegant," or drank to excess when that was an accompaniment of genteel living. Indeed, there is scarcely a vice that has not at some time had its hero in fiction. Fiction is the most contemporary form of writing—except journalism. No matter in what nation or age a novel may be set, its characters will, in some way, reflect the social and moral standards of the current time. The men and women may be clad in the garb of the sixteenth century, and all the historical allusions and verbal eccentricities of phrase may be accurate, but as heroes and heroines they are judged by the standards of the author's own period of time. The man is a hero to author and reader because he fulfills the current standards of heroism.



WHEN, therefore, people say—as they often do—that the heroes of fiction are growing "more human," they are probably saying exactly what their forefathers said. In other words the books most full of contemporary ideals are apt to seem to us most human. Thirty years from now people will be laughing at what we called "human," as a

fine bit of eccentric antiquity. For example, to take the most human of modern heroes, *Mulvaney*—what will the next generation think of him? Will it grasp his humorous and vigorous courage and see the gentleness under it all, or will *Mulvaney* be to them simply a vulgar, common soldier who spoke atrocious language?

COURAGE is one of the traits in a hero that is never out of fashion—from *Aeneas* to the *Prisoner of Zenda*. Men and women like to read of a man who is not afraid of anything—and if he exhibits



that courage by the slaughter of his enemies, even tender-hearted people are bound to think well of him. This trait has survived from the primitive time, when any man had to be the physical protector and defender of his own fireside—when the organized protection that is called Government failed to do the work for him. It is not strange that it is still a master passion, because thousands of men are now living in this country who, as pioneers, took that duty upon themselves in their frontier cabins. But we know that it is a barbaric passion, and associated with those qualities which man and beast possess in common. Civilization more and more removes men from the necessity of exercising it. In times of peace its place is filled with the discipline and physical exhilaration that come from keen athletic sports. Something must take its

place, for when civilization robs men of all need of physical courage it will weaken its own foundations. The hero, then, who can do great feats of strength and courage is bound to remain in fiction and in life. Whether he leads an army, crosses an unknown continent, reaches the pole, saves life at the risk of his own, or leads a foot-ball team to victory, he is at all times an elevating figure in a story.

More and more the real hero will be admired for saving life rather than destroying it, for bringing peace rather than the sword, for saving a State rather than conquering it.

PATRIOTISM of the right sort will be the master passion of the coming hero. It furnishes an endless scope for the highest kind of courage combined with that mastery of men that is leadership. And yet how seldom does it creep into current fiction, except in the spurious garb of rhetorical bluster or the melodramatic account of physical heroism in battle!

There have been many attempts in American stories to depict the perversion of patriotism that shows itself in ring politics and corruption—but the plain citizen, doing his duty simply and at a sacrifice, is hardly alluded to. And yet the country is filled with him, as has been shown in every supreme test of its temper on a moral issue. As Lincoln often said, you can always count on the "plain people."

Perhaps if more ideals of citizenship were depicted in popular fiction there would be more of the real thing in actual life.

THE curious thing about fiction—even the best of it—is that so little of those careers in which men have shown their greatest capacities and achievements has crept into it. Romances have, it is true, been full of kings, queens, princes and nobles, who lend glory and splendor to the scenes by their pageantry, but how seldom is any problem of statecraft depicted! Shakespeare set a wonderful example of the use of great personages in dramatic situations, but the novelists for the most part content themselves with the petty problems of ordinary life. Even in the great historical novels the chief interest is apt to be the love story of minor characters.

In our own country men have shown the greatest genius as the founders of States in the wilderness, the inventors of wonderful industrial machines, the originators of gigantic business enterprises, the engineers of seemingly impossible tasks. Among these men are the real American heroes, and yet who has touched them in fiction except to caricature them as hard-hearted millionaires or monopolists? What some of them have accomplished by perfectly legitimate methods—starting from the most humble surroundings and spreading their energy over the country and the world in some huge industrial enterprise—is the most romantic thing in modern life. And yet our novelists would rather write volumes about the heart perturbations of the most immature boys and girls!

IT IS doubtful whether even the best of those minds that find their highest enjoyment in writing stories is capable of grasping the large problems of industry, science and statesmanship into which the chief energies of the men of the world are put. The constructive force, the pertinacity, the energy in doing drudgery, the unromantic endurance of men who really do great things in the world, does not appeal strongly to the story-writing faculty which has to do with results and tires of processes. And yet some of them have shown such persistency in studying the disagreeable facts of life that are neither

romantic nor interesting, that it is a wonder they have not turned their energies upon these huge achievements of men's wills.

WHEN it comes to the domain of sentiment, in which the majority of novels move at ease, the only hero worth considering is the lover. Whatever else the hero may be, incidentally in the development of the story he can only justify himself at the end by being the ideal lover. The fashion in lovers changes as rapidly as the fashion in clothes. There was a time when the rhetoric that a lover was expected to pour out on bended knee was good for a whole chapter. By an ingenious series of interruptions at the critical moment this fervid and ornamental avowal of his love could be made to permeate a volume, ending with a whispered "Yes" on the very last page.



Then there came a time when the hero-lover did not say a word, but carried his lady away in a chaise, hotly pursued by the irate father. That type of lover prevailed when the heroine was of the shrinking, clinging sort, who fainted during the flight, but would not have missed it for



the world. The more of a brute and of a cad the man was, the more love he received from the gentle, timid maiden.

BUT nowadays women ask very different qualities in a hero. If one may judge from the novels that young women seem to read with most avidity they do not like a lover to be sentimental, rhetorical or brutal. They still prefer him to be big and strong, but let him be careful not to put on airs about it. There is nothing which seems to please a little woman more than to humiliate a big man—and that at his own game. If she can show him that she can sail a boat, shoot a rapid, climb a mountain, or swim farther out to sea than he can, she is in a fair way to accept his humble proffer of love and allegiance in the next chapter.

The prevalent hero is a man who can do almost anything well, but keeps it to himself. He must be a man of immense reserve powers, who exhibits most of them playing golf, or polo, or riding to hounds, or running a steam yacht.

If he permits the fact to leak out that in winter he is intensely interested in civic and philanthropic problems he begins to get a hold on the affections of the haughty lady. What the modern young woman seems to want in a hero is a correct, fashionable and rather frivolous manner of life, but inwardly a tremendous seriousness of purpose. If he simply has the "purpose" he is all right—he need not do much, for the world is known to be rather cruel and cynical toward reformers. The girl knows that he will fail of carrying out his ideal, but she is determined that he shall have her by way of compensation.



THERE is a finer kind of hero, and he cannot be put in a nutshell better than Stevenson wrote it: "In nobler books we are moved with something like the emotions of life; and this emotion is variously provoked. * * * Not only love, and the fields, and the bright face of danger, but sacrifice and death and unmerited suffering humbly supported, touch in us the vein of the poetic. We love to think of them, we long to try them, we are humbly hopeful that we may prove heroes also."



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THE REMODELING OF DRESSES
By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE LATEST PARIS DESIGNS

TAKING it for granted that the skirt you are to alter is one of the flat, round ones, measuring not less than seven yards, I should advise you, after having ripped and brushed your material, to spread it out, and then slash it in four places, so as to form separate panels for the front and sides, taking out by this means the superfluous width, which will

UNDoubtedly the popular bodice of the season is the jaquette blouse, pictured in Illustration No. 6. This is shown with its basque skirt, made of rounded tabs, although, if preferred, a perfectly plain skirt may take its place.

Very often a bodice which is well-fitting, quite in style and becoming, shows, down the front, evident signs of wear; the buttonholes may have a strained look and the fronts appear decidedly shabby. For this the particularly good design in Illustration No. 7 is advised. It shows how the bodice may be cut out at the neck and down the front, and a cloth plastron inserted which may be trimmed with braid or whatever is best suited to the background.

THE costume of dark blue cloth, shown in Illustration No. 8, having a jacket to match, and elaborately trimmed with military braid, is a particu-



ILLUSTRATION NO. 4



ILLUSTRATION NO. 5

still leave sufficient fullness in the back. In joining the seams I would advise the concealing of them with braid, straps of velvet, jet piping, velvet ribbon, passementerie, or

whatever in that line is best suited to your fabric. The skirt itself is shown in its ancient condition in Illustration No. 1; the new skirt in its crudity in Illustration No. 2; while the finished fashionable skirt, ready to be assumed, is shown in Illustration No. 3. If your material demands hair-cloth do not let the border of it around the lower edge be less than two, nor more than four, inches wide. The amateur is also warned against using any of the wire or bone stiffeners around the edge of dress skirts, as they will surely cause the skirt to come out in curves.

THE large sleeve, that stamps your bodice as belonging to the style of a year ago, may be altered into a more modern shape by cutting it properly and allowing the slight fullness at the top that is fancied. Much better than I can explain is the transformation shown in Illustration No. 4, where a bodice with its new sleeve has the old sleeve just below it. The old sleeve in Illustration No. 5 lies flat, and above it is the new one as it will be when it is cut out of the old sleeve.



ILLUSTRATION NO. 7

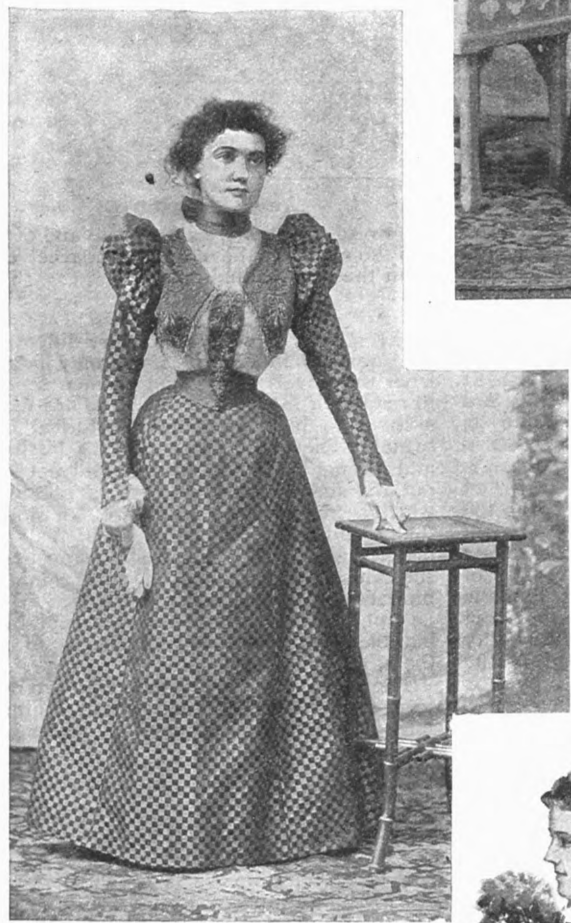
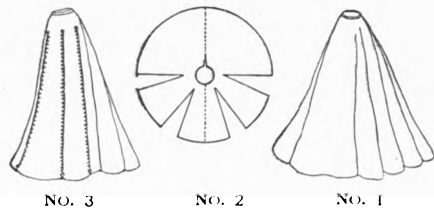


ILLUSTRATION NO. 9

larly simple and stylish walking dress, remodeled from a cloth gown of last year which had a much longer coat and a much fuller skirt.

THE handsome gown in Illustration No. 9 was remodeled from a rich brocade of blue and black. The skirt was altered to suit the more modern ideas, and an almost entirely new bodice arranged of cream-colored figured net, over which was a divided bolero of dark blue satin, richly embroidered with steel and silver beads, while just in front was a narrow plastron that harmonized with the bolero, and tended to make the waist, about



which was a belt, appear smaller. The sleeves of brocade were made over from the old ones which were much larger. The neck finish was a band of blue satin, with bows of the same material at the back. It is true that often one can produce out of two gowns that contrast in color which is effective. But this effect is sel-



ILLUSTRATION NO. 8

dom good, unless the two materials also contrast. Even then they need a third, something in the way of fur, velvet, or a heavy trimming of braid, to unite them. A remodeled dress will only be a success when it is made to look like a new costume.



ILLUSTRATION NO. 6

And this appearance can only be obtained by the exercise of much thought and taste.

Editor's Note—Patterns of ladies' dress waist linings, in sizes from 30 to 44 inches bust measurement, will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents. Address Art Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

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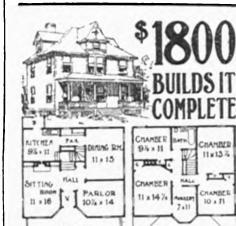
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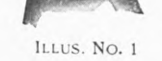
NEW FUR WRAPS AND JACKETS

By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LATEST PARIS DESIGNS

IT IS predicted that for the winter the furs most in vogue will be chinchilla, sable, marten sable in the dark shades, sealskin, astrakhan, and that peculiar variety of astrakhan called *breitschwantz* (still-born lamb), an exquisitely soft skin like moiré velvet, which is specially adapted for the blouses and jackets, which will be really the novelties of the season. The long cloaks incline rather to the redingote shape, although they are straight in front.

In fur-lined garments the upper part of the bodice alone is lined with fur; again, the cloak is merely trimmed with fur, and again the fur lines it entirely.



ILLUS. NO. 1

Green, heliotrope, or dark red cloth or velvet, developed in long cloaks and lined or trimmed with fur, specially obtain for women who are tall and slender. Beautiful collars, yokes and neck pieces of various shapes are developed in fur, to be worn over a cloth coat or dress, and accompanied by a muff of, and a toque decorated with, the same fur.

THE newest designs in the small fur pieces all show how well lace and velvet, the tails and heads of the animals themselves, or even artificial flowers, may be made to add to their beauty. The economical woman displays wisdom in buying her collar or yoke, and then adding to it the bit of real lace which she has saved for some such purpose. Fine astrakhan is used for a high, flaring collar, as shown in Illustration No. 1, which has a full inside collar and long plaited jabot of creamy-white lace. The muff harmonizes



ILLUSTRATION NO. 3

with it, and the bonnet might be of white velvet piped with astrakhan, and having high black plumes at one side.



ILLUS. NO. 4



ILLUSTRATION NO. 5

A yoke of brown marten that extends almost to the waist-line, as shown in Illustration No. 2, is surmounted with a frilled collar edged with chinchilla. Where the yoke hooks on the corsage is the marten's head and a bunch of tails.



ILLUS. NO. 2

THE very stylish collar of brown marten which is shown in Illustration No. 3 is a simple band of fur fastening under a bunch of marten's tails, joined in front with the head of the animal. A rather chic air is gained



ILLUS. NO. 9

by a high frilled collar of the fur with an inside collar of coffee-colored lace, that flares out at the back where the fur is split. In chinchilla a very large yoke is shown in Illustration No. 4, having a high Medici collar alternating with brown marten fur, in what is known as the "split fashion." When such a yoke is to be worn, especially with a handsome velvet costume, sections of velvet will be used in place of the fur. A fringe of sable tails is the edge finish.

JACKETS of astrakhan and seal—indeed, of any of the fashionable furs—continue in vogue, but they have by no means superseded the easily-assumed cape. The frilled collar, the wide cape sleeves, everything that can be thought of to give a new air to the jacket, is greeted with delight. The blouse jaquette, with its short basque skirt, is especially liked. The particularly rich coat of this style, in Illustration No. 5, is made of the beautiful fur called by the almost unpronounceable name *breitschwantz*. It shows the blouse



MUFF—ILLUS. NO. 7

CAPE—ILLUS. NO. 10

effect with the short, round basque skirt, sleeves full on the shoulders, shaping in to fit the arms easily, and a high flaring collar. Down the front of the blouse a decoration is achieved by a box-plait of the fur.

ANOTHER coat, in Illustration No. 6, is simpler, being fitted in the back and having a sacque-like front. It is of astrakhan, and shows the extremely wide cape sleeves, which, it is predicted, will be popular. The collar is a simple flaring one.



ILLUS. NO. 12



ILLUSTRATION NO. 6

by a high frilled collar of the fur with an inside collar of coffee-colored lace, that flares out at the back where the fur is split.

In chinchilla a very large yoke is shown in Illustration No. 4, having a high Medici collar alternating with brown marten fur, in what is known as the "split fashion." When such a yoke is to be worn, especially with a handsome velvet costume, sections of velvet will be used in place of the fur. A fringe of sable tails is the edge finish.



ILLUSTRATION NO. 11



ILLUSTRATION NO. 13

med with fur, but an effect of fullness, even in the arrangement of the fur, always predominates in the cape trimming. The short cape in Illustration No. 9 is made of sealskin, having its lower edge cut out in curves, and bordered with chinchilla in such a way that a frilled effect is given it. The collar shows deep curves in harmony, and the cape is lined throughout with the chinchilla fur.



MUFF—ILLUS. NO. 8
"STOLE"—ILLUS. NO. 14

stylish because of its extremely large revers and the short collar of brown marten.

THE sable cape in Illustration No. 12 is quite deep, has a high collar and is intended for wear in bitter cold weather. The edge is finished with the paws and tails of the sable. In the garment itself the skins are so arranged that exquisite contrasts in dark and light fur result.

A cape intended for evening wear, and shown in Illustration No. 13, is made of white cloth embroidered with pearl beads, and lined and trimmed with white thibet.

The fur garment called a "stole" will obtain this season, especially in mink, sable and brown marten. The one shown in Illustration No. 14 is of brown marten, and, like all the others, has the yoke part and the ends of the fronts trimmed with natural tails. Worn over a rich velvet coat this fur stole is particularly artistic.

The fur cape in Illustration No. 15 has the approval of the best Parisian modistes, is made of heavy blue velvet, embroidered in a very simple design in black silk braid. It is round in front and completed by a broad border of chinchilla, which is cut according to the popular rounded pattern, so that it hangs easy. The collar, which is gored to give the curve effect, is trimmed with chinchilla. The cape in Illustration No. 16 is of black velvet, and has a high collar, lined and trimmed with mink, which extends down each side of the front.



ILLUSTRATION NO. 16

steel frame which closes the bag. Ribbon rosettes decorate it.

Another muff, in Illustration No. 8, is made of rich brown marten, the piece of fur being so fine that it could easily be mistaken for Russian sable; it is decorated on the top with both the head and tail of the animal.

THE fashionable cape oftenest shows one fur trimmed with another, although capes are also made of velvet or satin and elaborately trimmed

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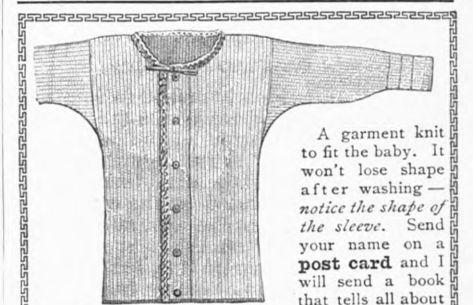
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EASY LESSONS IN DRESSMAKING

II—THE SLEEVES AND TRIMMING

By Emma M. Hooper

THE fashions in sleeves change from season to season, but the fundamental rules for making them remain fixed. The grain or cross threads of the material should be straight across the pattern, about half way between the elbow and shoulder. This will bring the lower part on the bias, and the inside seam on a line with the thumb when the arm is held straight down. If the arms are very thin a layer of sheet wadding may be placed between the lining and outside material from elbow to shoulder. The inside seam should be clipped to prevent drawing.

Overcast very neatly and closely each seam, separating it, and pressing it open. For this, use a rolling-pin if you have not the regular sleeve board. Overcast the armholes closely but loosely, taking a moderate seam, and cut them out sufficiently to prevent wrinkling under and in front of the arms. A narrow tape stitched in with the sleeve prevents the armhole from splitting in front, as it sometimes does if too tight. Sleeves should be fitted on the wearer, as some persons need the under seam nearer the front than others do.

TRIMMING AND FINISHING SLEEVES

CUFFS and epaulette or shoulder trimmings shorten the apparent length of the arms. Unless possessed of round wrists and well-shaped hands short sleeves should not be worn. Just now the style is in favor of rather long sleeves, with a frill of lace falling to the knuckles. Sleeves that are too tight over the forearm or at the armhole tend to make the hands appear red. The wrist of a sleeve should be faced two inches deep with a bias piece of silk, lining, or dress goods. It makes the hand look smaller to leave the outer seam open for an inch at the lower edge.

LINING AND ADJUSTING CUFFS AND RUFFLES

CUFFS should be slip-stitched on. They, as well as shoulder trimmings, tend to apparently shorten the arms. Flat trimmings, or a soft frill of lace, chiffon or knife-plaited silk, are becoming wrist trimmings. Cuffs are of silk or any other material lined and interlined with crinoline. Just now separate trimmings are preferred to cuffs. Sleeves are not interlined now, but if of very soft material the top is likely to be held up with a scanty frill of soft haircloth or crinoline, which may line the puff part, but must not show any apparent stiffening. When trimmed with epaulette ruffles or sleeve caps no stiff interlining is used in the moderate coat sleeve, which is the fashionable one of the season.

The fullness at the top of sleeves is gathered in two rows, an inch apart, or if of heavy material may be side-plaited in the armhole. The wrinkled glove sleeves, fashionable for thin silk or chiffon, are cut sufficiently long to shirr up each seam over a plain lining, using twice the length of the chiffon and once and a half of the silk. Use the same kind of lining for the sleeves as for the waist of the dress.

NEW VESTS AND PLASTRONS

VESTS were evidently meant to improve the wearer's figure, hence the variety of shapes. A plastron is nothing more than a loose vest. A full figure needs a flat vest narrowing at the waist-line. Vests are pointed or rounded at the waist-line, and either hook up the centre invisibly or are sewed down on the right side and lap over, hooking up on the left under a trimming, the revers or jacket front.

A short vest gives a fuller figure, as does one shirred to a high collar and allowed to drop over the belt like a blouse. Flat cloth vests covered with braiding are fashionable on street gowns, and these are stamped and braided before making them up. Flat and full vests of white satin covered with guipure lace are liked on dressy costumes, and velvet vests are always in vogue for winter gowns. A vest should be in contrast with the gown, and should also answer for a trimming. Braided vests are lined with thin crinoline and pressed on the wrong side when finished. The accordion-plaited chiffon vests are lined flatly or fully, as the form may require, with silk. Two widths of chiffon or soft silk are necessary for a plaited vest; one width of velvet makes a handsome gathered vest. A yoke of cross tucks above a gathered vest makes a charming trimming for a waist. In making over gowns a vest is invaluable for altering the appearance of the old bodice.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second of a series of three articles upon home dressmaking by Miss Hooper, the first of which, "How to Make a Dress," appeared in the August issue.

RUFFLES, TUCKS AND BIAS FOLDS

SINCE trimmed skirts are becoming popular it must be remembered that ruffles should be cut exactly bias, and either invisibly hemmed, self-finished—which means a half inch folded to the right side, run along the folded edge, turned over and hemmed down, making a fold on the edge—or trimmed with velvet ribbon, etc. Plaited ruffles are made on the machine, and cut crosswise of the goods, requiring three times as much goods as space to be covered, while once and a third is the usual allowance for a gathered ruffle. The latter must be an exact bias, as must folds of all kinds. The hems of ruffles should be hemmed by hand with invisible stitches, whether upon the skirt or waist.

Bias folds of soft materials should be lined with sleazy crinoline. Tucks are fashionable for yokes, and are machine or hand stitched. A becoming sleeve for a woman with thin arms is in cross tucks from the wrist to the moderate shoulder fullness.

REVERS OF ALL KINDS, AND EPAULETTES

IT IS odd that revers will give such contrary effects, but on a hollow-chested figure they fill up the space thus created, while on a full-busted person they detract from the size and give extra waist length if cut tapering to the waist-line. They are moderate in size nowadays, and interlined with haircloth or crinoline, the shape being kept by a tiny boning run on the edge. They are pointed, square, continued to form epaulettes, etc., according to the dictates of fashion; all are lined with silk or the goods, and shaped according to the needs of the wearer's figure. All such additions should be cut out of paper and pinned on until a becoming size and shape are secured. The shawl revers have a rolled collar without the notch like that on a man's collar, in one piece. The "step" revers are joined to a turn-over collar at the ends as a tailor makes a coat. These are for jackets and tailored gowns. The short revers are the more favored, and are of the same or a contrasting goods and often finished with trimming on the edge. The outside point of revers should never be closely caught down. When cut to form a jabot, or continued over the shoulder as epaulettes, revers fill up a hollow form in a becoming manner.

THE NECESSARY NECK FINISH

MANY waists are simply finished with an inch-wide band, and separate collars are worn, from those of velvet to the simple linen band. Collars are from two inches to two and a half wide, and interlined with collar canvas shaped to the neck; some need a little downward curve on the lower edge in front. The dress neck should first be bound with a narrow piece of bias silk and the collar slip-stitched on, holding the waist toward you.

As collars fasten at the back only the right side is sewed on, the left being lapped over and fastened with two hooks at the back and one at the side to keep it down. The collar has the outer material turned over the canvas and caught down, then the bias lining is basted on and hemmed down all around. Press it on the wrong side, shaping it with the iron. There are so many fancy collars that it is impossible to describe them all, but the favorite collar of the day is the plain one above described with a thick plaited frill of silk, if the waist is thus trimmed. If lace is used, two yards which is two inches or more deep at the back and very fluffy, gradually growing narrower and less full toward the front where the ends do not meet, make a pretty neck finish.

When sewed to the dress the collar should set perfectly even all around and not be any lower at the front edge.

MAKING AND ADJUSTING THE BELT

NARROW belts detract from the size, so figures over twenty-eight inches should shun the Empire style wider than four inches, and wear their belts slightly pointed in front. Set folds are best for a belt, and require a perfect bias. If the dress is well boned and the folds sewed on permanently they will not require an extra lining, but a separate belt requires a lining of crinoline shaped to the figure by darts here and there, and boned at the front, back and sides. These belts of velvet or silk are extremely dressy with a long, curved buckle at the back, a square bow, or the Japanese knot, which is a long, bow of two short loops up, and three longer ones and an end down. Keep the belt well pushed down. A large hook sewed at the waist-line of the corset, with the points of the hook up, will, with the eye put on the underskirts, keep them in place.

NEW WAYS OF TRIMMING A BASQUE

BASQUES, or separate pieces representing a basque, are often added to a round or slightly pointed waist under a narrow, folded belt or flat row of beading, braiding, etc. They are flat or sufficiently bias to ripple a trifle at the back, and should be lined with silk and interlined with light haircloth or crinoline. The upper edge is sewed plainly to the waist, and the lower one may be trimmed, left plain, or cut in scallops or squares.

All such accessories must first be tried on the intending wearer, as additions of this sort, three inches deep, may suit one, while another will need five. These separate pieces are much liked by women with large hips and prominent abdomens.

FABRICS WHICH ARE DIFFICULT TO HANDLE

WHEN cutting out velvet or cloth each piece of the garment must be cut with the nap running the same way, down, or they will shade differently. As every mark shows on either of these fabrics, or on heavy silk, fine sharp pins must be used when fitting, and do not make an unnecessary hole. The seams of cloth and velvet cannot be pressed flat or they show through, so stand the iron upon the broad end, and run each opened seam over the small, round end after dampening the goods a little. Silk also shows through and should be pressed as above, using a moderately warm iron. In pressing tailored gowns a very heavy iron, even to the weight of fifteen pounds, should be used.

Broad or ladies' cloth should be sponged by a professional dyer or tailor before making it up, or every drop of water will mean a spot. If your velvet becomes flattened with handling hold the wrong side of it over a steaming tea-kettle and brush up the pile the wrong way.

Velvet worn next to the skin is the most flattering material known, hence its popularity for collars. Vests, jackets, waists, belts, etc., of velvet will be very much in evidence this autumn and winter.

THINGS ALL WOMEN SHOULD REMEMBER

SKIRTS should hang evenly all around, and just miss the floor for a dressy street costume, and be fully an inch shorter for one intended for hard service. Circular sides to skirts are handsome to look upon until they sag. They should never be made of heavy material. Nothing is more convenient than a jacket street suit, but only a girlish form should adopt the short Eton jacket. Let all others have a close-fitting English coat or a single-breasted reefer. Nowadays women are judged more by the neat appearance of the entire toilette than by the materials from which it is made.

Handsome linings are a fad of the times, and it is wonderful how they improve an otherwise ordinary costume.

When a figure is higher in front at the waist-line than its owner wishes to be, the skirt belt should be shaped there in a slightly downward curve. This will give a better fit and allow the skirt to keep down in its proper place.

The short-waisted appearance so dreaded by all women can be avoided, in a measure, by wearing the proper corset or corset-waist. An extra long corset will not shape a short woman into its measures, but one of the right length, if properly shaped, will give her extra length, and without any absurd lacing as well. When American women are as particular about the fit of their corsets and petticoats as they are of their dresses then will dressmakers rejoice and dress fitting become an easier task. The underwear has much to do with the fit of the dress, and it will not do to be fitted over carefully-put-on corsets and skirts and then put them on carelessly when the gown is completed; the result is sure to be a disappointment every time, not only to the wearer of the gown, but to the dressmaker who has made it, and who feels that she is being most unjustly censured when her customer complains that her new dress does not fit properly.

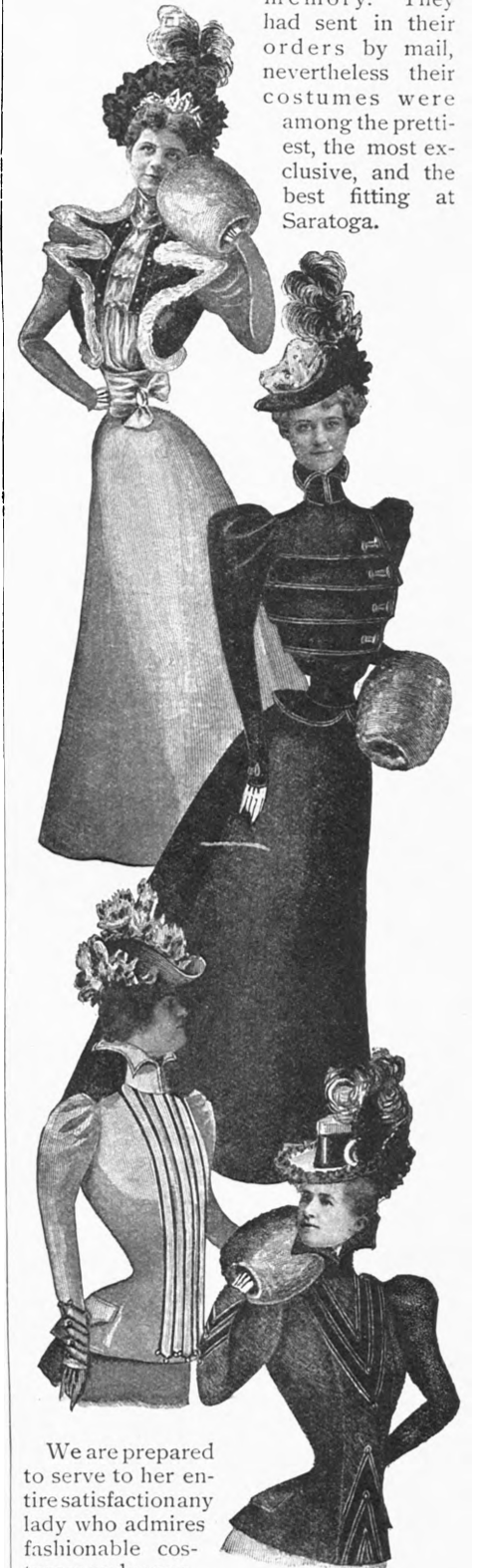
MATCHING STRIPES, PLAIDS, ETC.

PLAIDS are no longer fashionable for entire costumes, but in silk waists the plaids are becoming and effective, except on women with stout figures. A yoke or belt may be cut on the bias, and a handsome back show the plaid matched to form a series of diamonds down the centre, and the rest of the garment be cut straight. If an entire dress is cut bias, so as to match at the seams, at least three yards of extra goods will be needed to allow for the matching. It is easier to match stripes, but even then extra material must be allowed for. Fourteen yards for a silk gown nowadays is the usual allowance, but if the centre front and back are cut bias to form a succession of Vs, and the front and side seams of the skirt treated in the same manner, fully sixteen yards will disappear under the dressmaker's scissors. In the meantime there is no style more becoming to a full figure than narrow stripes thus arranged on a pointed bodice and eight-gore skirt; the wearer gains height and symmetry even though at the expense of more yards of material.

A Saratoga Incident.

One day last August a party of ladies were seated on the veranda of the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, when the conversation turned upon dress. By a strange coincidence it happened that three of the best-gowned of these ladies had ordered their dresses from The National Cloak Company.

One of these ladies was from Atlanta, another from Boston, and a third from Sacramento or Oakland—the exact place has slipped our memory. They had sent in their orders by mail, nevertheless their costumes were among the prettiest, the most exclusive, and the best fitting at Saratoga.



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By Mrs. Lyman Abbott

WHEN you visited Peaceful Valley a few years ago you remember how quiet it was. For you whose winter was spent under the spur of the schoolroom, or for you older ones who were in the whirl of city life, its summer quietness was most refreshing. But you thought then that those who lived there, having so little of what seemed to you essential for amusement or for intellectual stimulation, must find the dullness of the winter most depressing.

Yet how truly peaceful the valley was, and how easy of access. Any railroad, whether going north, east, south or west, was sure, sooner or later, to bring you within its charming environment, although the lumbering stage, with its four good horses, the pride of their driver, had to carry you the last ten, twenty and even twenty-five or thirty miles of the way.

You remember, do you not, how interesting that journey was? The new passenger, who appeared standing by the roadside with her small luggage beside her, seemed as if she must have come up out of the ground—no house, no road in sight.

You wondered what was in the little packages entrusted to the driver for delivery, for he seemed a sort of expressman for all the region. He seemed to be on intimate terms with every house, and to have a personal interest in all their affairs which was a marvel to you, who neither knew nor cared about the circumstances of your nearest city neighbors.

YOUR PLEASANT DRIVE TO PEACEFUL VALLEY

FROM your favored seat "on top" how beautifully the landscape spread out before and behind you—varied by every shade of green and brown, and golden yellow and soft gray. The shadows fascinated you as they chased one another over the valleys and crept slowly over the hills. Stony pastures and fertile fields set off by contrast each other's beauty.

You grew drowsy as the horses ambled along on the level road, but were wide awake enough at the top of a steep, descending hill, and tremblingly clung to your seat with the dread of being dashed to pieces, but your timidity was relieved when you saw how wisely the wheel horses took the load and held it back. How exhilarating it was to see them, as they neared the foot of the hill, start out with fresh courage and a momentum which carried them part way up the still steeper hill beyond. You smile as you remember how pleasant it was to clamber down from your high perch and walk along the roadside, lingering to pick a juicy berry or a new acquaintance of a flower, till the driver's cracking whip from the top of the hill before you reminded you that he must keep his appointment at the post-office beyond, and could not delay for your wayside loiterings. Everything appeared pleasant to you, the traveler, and you looked almost enviously at the homes you passed by the way. The low houses, with their steep roofs to carry off the snow; the sheds, the barns and all the homely appurtenances of the farm—how full of delight they were to you. Except for a little stiffness in your limbs you would have wished your journey longer, but on the whole you were not sorry to reach the village.

THE RIVER WHICH RUNS THROUGH THE VALLEY

HOW beautifully the road winds along the riverside in Peaceful Valley, the shining sand along the shore making a cheerful sight even when the sun is dim. What a busy little stream it is, how calmly it pursues its work. The factory where they make spools or chair-rungs, or can corn, does not vaunt itself and offend you with its rattling wheels and its smoke. It seems rather to enter into competition with the surrounding quietness, and strives to do its work as noiselessly as possible.

The church, alas, not so fresh with paint, nor so upright in its lines as it once was, still bears a testimony as it stands on the hillside. The Peaceful Valleyites give a prominent place to religion. The schoolhouse, unlike the church, is hidden, but it is there under the great trees, with its woodpile almost overtopping the house itself.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The first of a series of "Peaceful Valley" papers, in which Mrs. Lyman Abbott will devote herself to the small community.

THE LONG WINTER IN PEACEFUL VALLEY

REMEMBERING all this, recalling the kindly hospitality you have enjoyed, you think how tempting the life in Peaceful Valley, how sweet to leave the city's noise and haste and to find a refuge in the country. Perhaps it would be delightful and perhaps it would not. Let us spend a winter there as an experiment. The summer visitors will have gone. The "city cousins," who find it very convenient to spend a few economical weeks with Cousin John on grandfather's old farm, to ride about in his plain, springless wagon, to enjoy the cream and fresh butter, and Cousin Jane's "home cooking," with the great advantage of having saved a good many dollars to be put into added luxury and festivities in town, will have departed. Gone, too, will be the "city boarders," who can find more fault in an hour than any other class of people, and who show great powers of endurance by staying on in places and returning to them year after year, where, according to their unvarying testimony, "the food is poor and the beds are hard, where there is no meat worth eating, where the insects and flying things are pestering, where it's too hot or too cold," and where, generally, so far as the landlady ever hears, things are about as uncomfortable as they can possibly be.

WHEN THE SUMMER BOARDERS HAVE GONE

PRESUMABLY these persons go to the country on missionary grounds, for the sole benefit of the farmer's wife, who, being in danger of too much idleness, must enjoy having more work to do, and must be making "heaps of money." But these benevolent visitors will have left Peaceful Valley. The housewives will have swept and dusted after them, and have counted out the little store of cash, and wondered whether, for such small returns of gratitude or money, they would ever undertake again to entertain visitors or to take boarders. The village will have settled down to its ordinary life. We shall be a part of it. We shall find whether it is as we remember it or whether it has changed.

It will still be tempting out-of-doors in the early autumn beauty when we arrive, and we cannot, therefore, be very lonely. And perhaps we shall find that even in this secluded place life has not been at a standstill. In these quiet homes good men and good women have been nurtured, and goodness, wherever it is, will bear fruit in a larger and richer life. For goodness is always unselfish, and unselfishness is always seeking to help its neighbor. Where that is the spirit the community must gain in everything which adds to the general comfort and happiness. Shall we find it so in Peaceful Valley? We shall see.

LIVING NEARER TO NATURE'S HEART

I AM eager to begin our quest. Sometimes, in spite of all the forces for good so generally exerted in our cities, it seems as if they were hopelessly dominated by ignorance and selfishness. For the stability and righteousness of our government we are accustomed to think we must pin our faith on the country people who live "near to Nature's heart." But how many of them seem to have learned anything noble from her. Her beauty does not refine them, her honesty does not incite them to thoroughness, her free-handedness does not inspire them to generosity—they become narrow and sordid in the midst of grandeur and liberality. They imagine there can be nothing in life but work or play, toil or rest, and they feel a contempt for those who play and rest. They have never learned to mingle work and play, toil and rest in due proportion, and they cease to find any pleasure in life unless they abandon work altogether. Like the tired woman who wrote her own epitaph, they fancy Heaven a place where they can "do nothing forever and ever."

This view of life makes loafers in the village as it makes them in the cities. When a different spirit has found room to grow, a new order of living prevails. Life becomes something more than a slow grinding of the mill, more than a burden, to be endured only because it cannot be at will laid down; it becomes a luxury as well as a necessity. Individuals combine, not for their own advantage, but to multiply benefactions, and as strength increases by its right use, the attainment of one worthy and ambitious advantage is only the suggestion and achievement of another.

HELP THAT MAY BE GIVEN IN A COMMUNITY

TO FIND out how a community may grow in goodness and intelligence, how it may secure the best means for comfort and improvement, would be worth more than to discover gold within its borders. To know how to relieve drudgery, to provide such appliances as will allow the overworked hands and feet to stop a while, to win the confidence of those who are enticed by evil so that they will not follow after it, and to give to those who ask for it the opportunities for culture, this knowledge would be worth striving for.

How to begin is a difficult thing, even when there is a real eagerness to improve. There is often a long and rugged path between the point of desire and the point of satisfaction, and one who has passed over the road may be able to warn the following traveler of the pitfalls, to show him where a difficult part of the road may be avoided, where a straight course may take the place of a circuitous one.

It is only the man on a desert island, separated from every counseling friend, without the guiding experience of a predecessor, who really "makes his own way," and even one so isolated does not wholly lose the advantage of ancestral progress. We learn almost every lesson of life from others as we read or hear or see what they have done or experienced. We are not too ready to acknowledge this truth, no matter how familiar it may be.

ENTERING THE VALLEY IN THE RIGHT SPIRIT

SO LET us go to Peaceful Valley in the expectation of finding it one of those enterprising towns whose enterprise is directed to giving, as well as to getting, a nourishing of the highest life. With the old-time apparent repose and simplicity, may we find a cheerful courage to meet and overcome obstacles, a wise ambition, reaching out constantly for better things, and a persistent pursuit of the desired end which always succeeds. Then we shall learn about the Peaceful Valley schools, whether they gather their children from the scattered sections of the town into one large, well-equipped schoolhouse, which stands as a prominent feature of the village, or whether they maintain the little "district schools"; whether the school year is a long one or limited to an uncertain number of weeks—generally a small proportion of the year; whether the teachers are sought for ability or cheapness, and whether the whole child, body, mind and spirit, is considered in the curriculum.

THE PEOPLE WHO ARE BORN AND LIVE THERE

WE SHALL learn how the boy is treated in Peaceful Valley, whether he is considered an interloper, to be ignored or kept down until the happy time comes when he shall be driven out of town for lack of anything to do, or whether he is cultivated as the hope of the future. Whether every effort is made to find wholesome food for his imagination—pure outlets for his high spirits—worthy tests for his ingenuity, and interesting challenges for his boyish enterprise. We shall learn whether young men are kept in Peaceful Valley, instead of being invited and encouraged to depart.

And the girls shall have our attention. We shall seek to know how well they are trained for their especial place in society. Whether their perfectly proper longings are recognized and satisfied, or are repressed till they become deformed and depraved. Whether the young girl early learns how rich and noble an inheritance she has, and what a gift of power is hers, or whether she drifts, according to the current, without aim or purpose for anything worthy of her womanhood.

The minister of the Valley—what will he be? A timid man, a follower, or a strong man and a leader? If the latter we shall, I feel sure, find him the wise and forceful supporter of every village improvement—the counselor and friend of the young people, the sympathizing guide to the weak, the tempted, the discouraged, and always the intelligent. Christian gentleman.

WHAT THE VALLEY DOES FOR ITS PEOPLE

I HAVE a great desire to see what Peaceful Valley has done for its merchants, "storekeepers," "traders." Can their hours of service be shorter than they were when, from early morning to bedtime, they were "standing round" waiting for the customer who came deliberately, stayed unconscionably long, and loitered on the steps to gossip as he took his departure?

And how shall we find the farmer there? And what of his wife? Is there anything for them but long hours, failing crops, poor markets, a starving of the mind and the spirit? Oh, yes, Peaceful Valley would have no attractions for me if there were not a new life there for the farmer and for all his household.

There come before me, as I think of our winter in Peaceful Valley, many other things we shall find to excite our interest and provoke our study. If our expectations are realized the records of our visit will be of service in the effort to learn the art of living in the country. And so next month—in the November JOURNAL—we will begin our winter in Peaceful Valley.

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TEN DOLLARS A WEEK FOR A FAMILY OF EIGHT

By Sarah Tyson Rorer

TO CARRY out the scheme outlined in the following bills-of-fare the articles composing them must be purchased economically, and no waste should be permitted. A table which is supplied for a family of eight for ten dollars a week must, of necessity, be plain, but it may, at the same time, not lack for variety or wholesomeness. Sweetmeats and rich desserts must be counted only as occasional luxuries, and "company" dishes must be omitted altogether.

Meat, the most expensive food item, may be purchased in a much larger quantity than is needed for a single meal, and utilized French fashion. The poor and middle classes of this country must learn more about the food value of the legumens, more about the proper preparation of food,

AS SOON as the mutton comes from the market separate it into convenient pieces for cooking—the tougher portions in one part, the tender in another. The first requires slow, moist heat to soften the fibre; the second, being tender, is better cooked in a quick, dry heat. A common extravagance is to cook a whole joint or steak after the same method. In dividing the quarter first make a circular cut around the fleshy outline of the shoulder, follow the thin membrane which separates it completely from the rack portion of the quarter. Remove at once the bone, crack and put into the soup-kettle; the vacancy may be stuffed with bread or pine nuts, and put aside for Sunday dinner. Turn the quarter over, and with a sharp, quick cut of the cleaver, remove the breast from the rib portion; chop it in small bits and put it also in the soup-kettle. Cut the ribs at once into French chops and put them aside for Monday's dinner. In this division you have naturally cut off the neck and the bony part of the shoulder; sponge it off carefully, brush it with vinegar, sprinkle over a little ginger and put it at once into the refrigerator for the Irish stew for Wednesday's dinner.

SUNDAY			
BREAKFAST			
Fruit			
Wheatlet, Milk			
Beaugard Eggs	Toast	Coffee	
DINNER			
Clear Soup			
Boiled Shoulder of Mutton, Parsley Sauce			
Rice	Lady's Cabbage		
Lettuce Salad	Cheese Toast		
Caramel Custard	Coffee		
SUPPER			
Fish Salad	Brown Bread		
Stewed Prunes	Grafton Cake		

and last, but not least, more about the proper combinations of food. Avoid the buying of steaks, roasts and chops each week. It is an expensive household indeed which has no repertoire of cheaper dishes. A beef's heart or a braised calf's liver makes an excellent and economical change. Broiled sheep's kidneys, with a little bacon, give a good breakfast at a cost of ten cents. Smothered beef, which may be made from the tough end of the rump steak, is appetizing and wholesome, and only costs half the price of an equal food value of tenderloin steak.

MONDAY			
BREAKFAST			
Fruit			
Oatmeal, Milk			
Omelet	Toast	Broiled Mackerel	Coffee
LUNCHEON			
Cream of Mutton	Toast	Tomatoes	
Fruit Custard			
DINNER			
Cream of Turnip Soup			
Breaded Chops, Tomato Sauce			
Scalloped Potatoes	Stuffed Eggplant		
Cheese	Lettuce Salad	Crackers	
Apple Snow	Coffee		

THE housekeeper should go to market early and buy only the best materials. They keep longer and go farther than the inferior ones. If her circumstances are such that the early morning market is inconvenient, there is in nearly all large cities an afternoon market preceding the market day. This allows of even a better selection. Perishable food should be bought in small quantities two or three times a week. Groceries enough to last a month should be laid in. If the money cannot be expended in this way divide it so that at the end of the fourth week forty dollars only will have been consumed. One week's supplies may have cost twelve dollars, perhaps fifteen, but the weeks following will be proportionately less. Canned goods and conserved sweets should be bought sparingly. Granulated sugar is cheapest for all uses, and is less liable to adulteration. The soft white and brown sugars may be a cent cheaper, but their dampness adds to their weight sufficiently to overbalance the price. Macaroni is a cheap and wholesome food. When served with cheese it forms a dish sufficiently rich in nitrogen to take the place of meat. It may be purchased in quantities at almost one-third less than it costs by the single pound. Rice, rich in starch, and the most easily digested of all the vegetable foods, should form a part of at least one meal each day. Meat is always a most expensive article, and not a particle of it should be allowed to go to waste.

TUESDAY			
BREAKFAST			
Baked Apples			
Corn Bread	Eggs	Coffee	
LUNCHEON			
Frizzled Beef	Tea	Milk Toast	
Gingerbread	Fruit		
DINNER			
Macaroni Soup			
Broiled Steak	Mashed Potatoes		
Crackers	Scalloped Tomatoes		
Junket	Celery Salad	Cheese	
	Coffee		

IN ARRANGING Sunday's bill-of-fare the whites of the two eggs used for the fish salad may be put aside to be beaten to a stiff froth and added to a well-made apple sauce for Monday's dessert. The bits of meat left over from the boiled shoulder of mutton may be divested of every particle of fat, gristle and skin, chopped fine and used for the cream of mutton on toast, or they may be used in a dozen different ways without resorting to the much-maligned hash. Clarify every particle of fat from the quarter of mutton; it is very satisfactory for cooking purposes—in fact, much more so than lard.

Cream, although a luxury, may be indulged in, provided the family's supply of

WEDNESDAY			
BREAKFAST			
Fruit			
Oatmeal, Milk			
Broiled Bacon	Toast	Poached Eggs	Coffee
LUNCHEON			
Rice Croquettes, Cream Sauce		Celery Salad	
Steamed Figs	Tea	Cream	
DINNER			
Soup Crecy			
Irish Stew with Dumplings			
Browned Sweet Potatoes			
Crackers	Cress Salad	Cheese	
Scalloped Apples, Hard Sauce		Coffee	

milk is purchased at night and allowed to stand in a cold place until morning. A portion of the cream may then be taken off and the milk will still be quite good enough to use for ordinary purposes. Junket is much better made from skimmed milk, served with cream, than when made from unskimmed milk and served plain. Such dishes as scalloped apples, potatoes and tomatoes furnish an agreeable method of disposing of stale pieces of bread.

The tough end of the sirloin steak must be cut off before cooking; when chopped fine it may be used either for smothered beef or small Hamburg steaks.

THE general rule for rice croquettes calls for the yolks of four eggs in the mixture, and a whole egg for dipping purposes. In all such dishes it is economy to use two of the whites for dipping purposes; it makes an equally good covering and saves the breaking of an extra egg. In this case the remaining two whites of the eggs will be used in the hard sauce. The soups throughout the week should have cost but little more than the mutton bones.

THE cool weather acts as a natural tonic, and our appetites demanding more substantial food, we turn naturally to mutton and beef. Next week carry out the same scheme, using beef. Purchase a loin weighing eighteen or twenty pounds. Cut out first the fillet; put it aside for your Sunday dinner. Next take off the back; cut from it four nice steaks, roll the remaining portion and put it aside for roasting. Divide and crack the bones; put them into a soup-kettle and add all the trimmings. Cover with cold water and put at once over a moderate fire. This will

THURSDAY			
BREAKFAST			
Fruit			
Smothered Beef	Toast	Coffee	
LUNCHEON			
Oyster Stew	Crackers	Sliced Cabbage	
Baked Pears			
DINNER			
Cream of Potato Soup			
Brown Fricassee of Chicken			
Boiled Rice	Sweet Potatoes		
Crackers	Lettuce Salad	Cheese	
Mock Charlotte Russe		Coffee	

give quite enough clear stock to last over half the week. The long, tough end will be divided into two parts: one, cut into inch cubes, may be used for a brown stew for Saturday's dinner; the other, chopped fine, and used either for curry, Hamburg steak, cannelon, or as a stuffing for squash or eggplant. By this careful division of the loin of beef you will have had sufficient meat for five dinners: a fillet for Sunday, steak for Monday, roast for Tuesday, with lighter meat for the other dinner.

FRIDAY			
BREAKFAST			
Fruit			
Hominy Grits, Cream			
Broiled Bloaters	Toast	Coffee	
LUNCHEON			
Deviled Macaroni	Milk Biscuit	Coffee	
Stewed Peaches	Sponge Fingers		
DINNER			
Oyster Soup			
Boiled Slice of Halibut, Cream Sauce			
Salsify Fritters	Boiled Potatoes		
Wafers	Apple Slump	Coffee	

TO MAKE the brown fricassee of chicken carefully prepare and disjoint a good-sized chicken and brown it gradually in a saucepan in hot butter. As soon as the pieces are quite brown draw them to one side of the pan and add to the fat two tablespoonfuls of flour, which stir also until quite brown. Then add one pint of stock or boiling water, stirring the chicken constantly until it begins to boil, when add a sliced onion, a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and a teaspoonful of finely-chopped carrot. When all these ingredients are thoroughly mixed, cover the saucepan and push it to the back part of the stove, where the chicken may simmer gently for an hour. When done arrange on a hot platter, and to the liquor in the saucepan add the yolk of one egg beaten with a little milk, and allow it to cook, not boil, for a few moments; pour this over the chicken and it will be ready to serve. The dish may be garnished with a little parsley or some toast cut into diamond-shaped pieces.

SATURDAY			
BREAKFAST			
Fruit			
Glutena, Cream			
Broiled Kidneys	Toast	Coffee	
LUNCHEON			
Creamed Macaroni	Potato Salad	Cheese	
Brown Bread	Wafers	Coffee	
DINNER			
Tomato Bisque			
Braised Calf's Liver, Brown Sauce			
Mashed Potatoes	Sweet Potatoes	Spinach	
Wafers	Lettuce Salad	Cheese	
Pop-Overs, Foamy Sauce		Coffee	

TO MAKE the mock charlotte russe for Thursday's dinner moisten one rounding tablespoonful of cornstarch in a quarter of a cup of cold water; pour over a half pint of boiling water, boil one minute; add a half cup of sugar, and pour while hot over the well-beaten whites of three eggs; add a teaspoonful of vanilla, and turn into a mould to harden. Make a sauce from the yolks of the eggs, beaten with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and one pint of scalded milk cooked together for a moment, but not allowed to boil or it will curdle.

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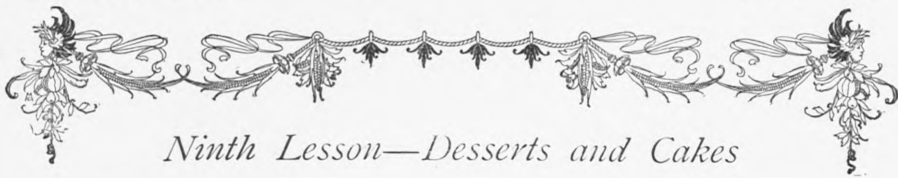
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EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the next, the November, issue of the JOURNAL Mrs. Rorer's subject will be "The Handling of the Family Wash." Mrs. Rorer's next cooking lesson will be "The Cooking of Eggs."

MRS. RORER'S COOKING LESSONS



Ninth Lesson—Desserts and Cakes

DSSERTS should be attractive, but most simple in material and construction—a finishing, not even suggesting digestion: a dainty and delicate omelet soufflé, a little dish of whipped cream or a parfait. A dessert, like the trimming of a gown, should be dainty and in keeping, or the whole dinner is certain to be a failure.

Ice creams, when simply made, are not injurious if eaten slowly. If eaten rapidly they chill the stomach, and, preventing the digestion of the dinner, are apt to cause discomfort. The stomach will, however, recover itself in a short time, which it will not do if a heavy dessert be eaten.

ICE CREAM OF MANY SORTS

WHEN making ice cream do not use gelatine, arrowroot or other thickening substances. Good, pure cream, ripe fruit, or the best canned fruit in winter, and granulated sugar, make a perfect ice cream. Good ice cream cannot be made without a good freezer—one working easily with a side crank and a double revolving dasher.

Scald half of the cream and dissolve in it the sugar. This will prevent the cream from churning to butter. When raw cream is frozen it has a frothy, snowy taste; the taste of the flavoring is not prominent, and it is neither smooth nor velvety in appearance. Cheaper ice creams are usually made in this way, as they double their bulk, one quart of cream making two quarts of ice cream.

PACKING AND FREEZING THE CREAM

AFTER the mixture is prepared, before turning it into the freezing can, see that the latter is in good order. Adjust the dasher, fasten on the crank and give it a turn to see that all is right. Remove it for a moment, pour in the mixture and readjust. A four-quart freezer will require twenty pounds of ice and one quart of coarse rock salt. Put a layer of salt in the bottom of the tub, then a layer of ice about three inches in depth, another layer of salt, another of ice, and so on to the top of the can. Turn the crank slowly and steadily until it begins to require force. If the can is properly packed the cream will require from fifteen to twenty minutes to freeze. Cream frozen too quickly is not smooth. The length of time required depends entirely upon the packing, not upon the freezer. The more salt is used the less time will be required for freezing; the more quickly the ice melts the more quickly will the heat be drawn from the cream. Water ices require more time for freezing than ice creams.

When the mixture is frozen remove the crank, wipe carefully the lid of the can, take it off, remove the dasher and clean it. Then with a large wooden spatula or mush stick scrape the cream from the sides of the can and beat it for about five minutes.

MAKING VANILLA ICE CREAM

PUT one pint of cream into a double boiler. Split a small vanilla bean into halves, scrape out the seeds and pulp, and mix them with half a pound of sugar; add the sugar to the cream, stir constantly until smoking hot; take from the fire, and when cold add another pint of cream; turn into the freezer and freeze as directed. Where the vanilla bean cannot be obtained add two teaspoonfuls of good extract of vanilla, or two of vanilla sugar. The latter may be added to the hot cream, the former to the cold just before putting it in the freezer.

STRAWBERRY AND NEAPOLITAN ICE CREAMS

PUT half a pound of sugar and half a pint of cream in a double boiler. Stir until smoking hot; take from the fire and cool. Add another half a pound of sugar to a quart and a half of strawberries. Mash them through a coarse colander and stand aside for thirty minutes. When the cream is cool add to it a pint of cold cream, turn it into the freezer and freeze. When frozen remove the lid, add the strawberries and sugar, and freeze again; beat rapidly at first and more slowly toward the end.

Neapolitan ice creams are frozen in the same way as other ice creams. They are really custards, containing eggs and frequently other thickening, and are frozen in the same manner as fruit ice creams.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The "Cooking Lessons" which have thus far been given in the JOURNAL by Mrs. Rorer are:

- I—"The Making of Soups," February issue
- II—"Fish of All Kinds," March ..
- III—"The Cooking of Meat," April ..
- IV—"The Cooking of Poultry," May ..
- V—"The Cooking of Vegetables," June ..
- VI—"The Making of Salads," July ..
- VII—"Canning and Preserving," August ..
- VIII—"Making Bread and Rolls," September ..

LEMON AND OTHER WATER ICES

ADD the grated yellow rind of two lemons and one orange, and a pound and a quarter of sugar to a quart of water; stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved and boil five minutes; strain; when cool add the juice of four good-sized lemons and one orange. Strain through two thicknesses of cheesecloth, turn into the freezer and freeze.

This may be changed into ginger ice by adding a teaspoonful of extract of ginger and two ounces of preserved ginger chopped very fine, or into mint sherbet or mint water ice by adding the leaves from a dozen stalks of mint, chopped very, very fine, and rubbed to a paste. Add one drop of oil of mint.

A sherbet differs from water ice in that it is beaten constantly while freezing, while the water ice is turned occasionally or very slowly. The first is light and frothy, and the second rather coarse-grained.

DELICIOUS CAFÉ PARFAIT

THIS dessert does not require a freezer. The cream may be flavored with chocolate, vanilla or strawberry, the parfait taking the name of the flavoring. Use good, thick cream, very cold; add to it half a pound of powdered sugar, and a gill of black coffee; mix thoroughly; stand the basin in a pan of cracked ice, and with a wire egg-beater beat to a froth. This will take about five minutes. Put the mixture into a mould, put on the lid, cover the joint with a piece of waxed paper; pack it in coarse salt and ice, and stand aside for two hours. Or it may be packed in the freezer and served in tumblers.

A GROUP OF DAINY DESSERTS

AMONG the dainty and wholesome desserts are Bavarian creams. They are easily made and are capable of great variations—coffee, chocolate, orange, raspberry, strawberry, blackberry, vanilla and apple. In this group we have also the Jerusalem puddings and rice jellies, corresponding to the various sponges in which well-beaten eggs are used in the place of cream. Bavarian creams are particularly welcome after a dinner which has been rich in meat.

For an omelet soufflé separate six eggs, measure and sift three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. See that the oven is hot and have everything in readiness. Beat the whites of the eggs to a very stiff froth. Beat the yolks of three eggs; add them to the whites; add a grated rind of half a lemon, the sugar and a tablespoonful of lemon juice; mix quickly. Heap into a baking-dish, dust with powdered sugar, and bake in a quick oven for five or eight minutes. Serve hot and as quickly as possible.

CARAMEL CUSTARDS IN CUPS

MELT four tablespoonfuls of sugar until a light brown, pour it into six custard cups, and shake them quickly so that the caramel will line them. Beat three eggs without separating; add to them three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and then a cup and a half of cream; mix thoroughly; add a teaspoonful of vanilla, and pour the mixture in the cups on top of the caramel. Stand them in a baking-pan of hot water and bake in the oven ten or fifteen minutes, until they are set in the centre. Turn out while hot on individual dishes, and set aside to cool. Serve very cold.

TWO HOT DESSERTS WITH SAUCE

UNDER this heading I will give two of the very daintiest of the list. Heavy hot puddings are exceedingly difficult of digestion, and while to some they may be palatable they do not finish a dinner in as satisfactory a manner as the fluffy or lighter ones.

Vanilla soufflé is made by putting half a pint of milk over the fire in a double boiler. Moisten three tablespoonfuls of flour with a little cold cream; add to the hot milk and cook until it thickens. Separate four eggs; add the yolks to the hot mixture; take from the fire; mix thoroughly, and then stir in the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Fill this into greased custard cups, stand them in a pan of boiling water and bake in a moderately quick oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. Serve hot with a liquid pudding sauce.

Indian meal soufflé is made by putting one pint of milk in a double boiler. Stir into it when hot two-thirds of a cupful of white granulated meal. Cook until smooth and thick. Take from the fire; add a tablespoonful of butter and the yolks of four eggs. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, stir them in carefully; turn the mixture into a baking-dish and bake in a quick oven thirty minutes. Serve with a well-flavored liquid pudding sauce.

THE MAKING OF PLAIN AND FANCY CAKE

ACCURACY in the proportion of ingredients is indispensable in cake-making. To have perfect success the eggs must be fresh, the butter sweet, containing as little salt as possible, and the flour fine. Either soft winter wheat or regular pastry flour is the best for use in cake-making.

Do not beat the butter, sugar and eggs in a tin basin. Use a granite, iron or wooden bowl and a wooden paddle. Measure everything carefully before beginning. Powdered sugar may be used for sponge cake or lady fingers; granulated for all others. Measure the flour after sifting unless otherwise stated in the receipt. Cakes that are made without butter should be baked in a quick oven, those containing butter in a slow oven. Large cakes should be baked slowly at first, and small cakes quickly. When a cake rises in the centre and cracks open, and remains that way, you have either used too much flour or the oven has been too hot at first. A heavy streak near the bottom comes from a jar or slack baking.

SOME RULES THAT MUST BE NOTED

WHEN a receipt calls for a teaspoonful of baking powder it means a rounding spoonful, not a heaping nor a level one. It is better to use baking powder than cream of tartar or soda. The baking powder may be added to the flour and sifted with it, or it may be added to the cake mixture and thoroughly mixed before adding the whites of the eggs. Suet is the best material for greasing the cake-pans; butter the poorest.

Have the oven ready to receive the cake as soon as it is mixed. The oven may wait ten minutes for the cake, but the cake can never wait a moment for the oven.

If fruit is used it should be carefully picked and washed. Raisins should be seeded and floured. Molasses cakes require careful watching and a moderate oven, as they scorch very easily.

Beat the butter to a cream, adding gradually the sugar, then drop in the yolks of the eggs and beat continuously for five minutes; add the milk or water according to the rule, then the flour and baking powder; beat vigorously, and then stir in carefully the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Turn it into the pan and put at once in the oven. This rule answers for every sort of cake where the eggs are separated.

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE OVEN

IF YOUR cake browns immediately when put into the oven the oven is too hot. Cool as quickly as possible by lifting a lid on the upper part of the stove. You may place also a piece of asbestos paper on the shelf in the oven; this will protect the top of the cake. Do not put paper over the cake—it will fasten itself to the cake, and probably cause it to fall.

Do not put anything in the oven to bake with the cake, or your cake will surely fall. In looking at the cake while it is baking, open and shut the oven door as quickly and quietly as possible.

To test a cake run a little wooden skewer or a broom splint down the centre. If it comes out clean, no dough adhering, the cake is done. Or hold the cake to your ear; if it ticks loudly put it back in the oven, if the ticking is very soft it is sufficiently baked.

The proper temperature of the oven may be determined by holding your bare hand in the hottest portion while you slowly count twenty—twenty seconds. If your oven bakes quickly in the bottom, line the cake-pans with oiled paper.

When the cake is done turn it out gently on the bottom of the cake-tin, remove the paper and allow the cake to cool; never handle nor cut it while it is hot or warm.

MAKING CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

DISSOLVE two ounces of chocolate in five tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Cream half a cup of butter, adding gradually one and a half cups of sugar; add the yolks of four eggs, beat thoroughly; then add the chocolate, half a cup of cream or milk, a cup and three-quarters of flour, two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; stir them carefully into the mixture and it is ready to bake, either in a loaf-pan or in three layer-cake pans. The layers may be put together with boiled icing, flavored with chocolate.

A MOST DELICIOUS SUNSHINE CAKE

BEAT the whites of eleven eggs to a stiff froth; add to them the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, then stir in carefully a cup and a half of sifted granulated sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla, and one cup of flour that has been sifted with a teaspoonful of cream of tartar five times; add this very carefully and mix thoroughly. Turn into an ungreased pan and bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes. When done turn upside down. When cool it will either drop out, or may be easily removed from the pan in which it was baked.

Without the yolks of the eggs this receipt, if followed accurately, will make delicious angels' food cake.



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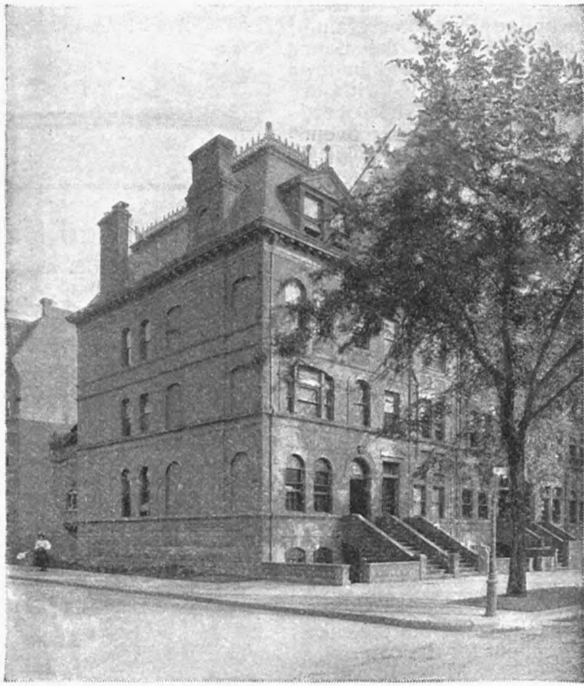
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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome



TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

MRS. BOTTOME'S PRESENT RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK CITY

OUR CIRCLES AND THEIR WORK

AMONG the many questions that I imagine would be asked me if a question box should be opened would be this: "Have Circles been formed in the boarding-schools and seminaries of our country?" Oh, yes, indeed, and in seminaries and colleges in other lands. If I am not mistaken the first knock that came to our doors asking for admission to our Order was from Mr. Moody's school at Northfield. They said: "We are sons of the King, and the Bible speaks of sons and daughters. Why should we not come into the Order—the sons as well as the daughters?" I have often said that though I am very fond of the brothers (having four sons of my own), yet I had never thought of the blessed men till that knock came at our doors. Of course, we opened the doors and there are now thousands of men in the Order. Naturally, very many of them are clergymen. Never shall I forget the little letter I received from Bishop Brooks (Phillips Brooks) after writing to him of my joy at hearing that he had joined the Order. He wrote me of the pleasure it gave him to be a member.

THE NAMES WHICH OUR CIRCLES SELECT

AMONG the many joys that crowd my life is the joy of visiting the boarding-schools and colleges in our country, and speaking to the daughters and sons who wear the silver cross. Their work, of course, is their studies, but they form into Circles for the perfection of character, and call themselves such names as the Courteous Circle, the Patient Circle, the Unselfish Circle, and just along the line where they feel the need they help themselves. And there is no end to the pretty names they take, and then they find a passage of Scripture that fits the name and call it their special verse.

I could use this page every month in the year in telling what the Daughters are doing over all this world of ours. In far-away India a little namesake of mine is being educated, and a little Frances E. Willard and an Isabel Somerset, and I do not know how many others, and all the work is being done by one of the most devout members of our Order. She is in very humble circumstances, but she has a very large Circle. I am one of the members of her Circle, and we all give one dollar a year, and with this money these girls of India are being educated. I receive letters sometimes two yards and a half long from our Japanese Daughters, and if it would not take up too much room I would like to put some of these letters on this page. One letter, recently received, tells me of a Circle in a school in Japan, where every month the principal of the school translates this JOURNAL page into Japanese, and the Circles meet to have the leader of the Circle read the page, which many of the girls could not understand if it were not written in their own language.

A CIRCLE TO BUY CEMETERY PLOTS

TO GIVE you all the pictures of what the Daughters are doing would be impossible. It is unimaginable. Among the last that I have heard of is that of a Circle which has just paid for a plot in a cemetery. They saw the need of owning one. One poor, friendless fellow who died with consumption they had cared for to the end. When the end came, and he was to be buried, there was no place but the potters' field. Then they determined to own a place, and to-day the gate entering into the plot they have bought has upon it the Maltese cross. I am constantly being surprised myself at what is being done near at hand, to say nothing of what is being done in every State in this Union.

A CIRCLE AMONG THE QUAKERS

A FEW weeks ago I received a letter from a lady I had met frequently and thought I knew well, asking me if I would come on a certain evening to her house to meet her Circle of about seventy women, and say a few words to them. I did not know till then that she was in the Order. When the time came a lady called for me, and I soon discovered by the "plain language" that the lady was a "Friend." I asked her if she belonged to the Circle, and I found out that she was one of the officers. I said, "Are there other 'Friends' in the Circle?" And to my surprise she said they were all Quakers, and I was amazed when I found out the splendid work they were doing among the colored people in what I should call a settlement. They were looking after them in every way. They had built a little mission house, and were seeing to the education of the children, and having a real supervision of their souls and bodies. On my arrival at my friend's house, whose relatives were "Friends," I found myself at a reception. All present seemed to know me, but I did not know them. How pleasant it was to hear my name in the dear, sweet, Quaker way that night. I heard, a little distance from me, some one say, "Does thee know if Margaret Bottome is here?" and when I answered that she was they all welcomed me with a cordiality that was inspiring.

THEIR WORK WAS DONE SO QUIETLY

THERE was nothing to give you any other impression than that you were at an ordinary reception until a little after nine o'clock, when a gentleman, for there were a number of gentlemen present, said they would now listen to the report of the Circle. And the report was read of what had been done during the year, and of the money still in the treasury. All had been done in such a quiet way. I was then introduced, and in a few minutes the camp stools were brought in very noiselessly, and very quickly I found myself seated and giving a "talk," as was my custom in city drawing-rooms in the winter mornings. I shall never forget the peculiar hush that pervaded the room as I talked of the inner life from which this philanthropic work flows out to bless those who need its help. I had attended many receptions, but never one exactly like this.

A CHILDREN'S CIRCLE OF "JANUARY SISTERS"

ONE other reception comes to my mind as I write. In one of the beautiful homes of our city I was invited one evening to meet the "January Sisters." I knew these "January Sisters." A number of them were the beautiful children of personal friends of mine—the one who has the supervision of them being a very intimate friend. She meets these favored children of fortune every other week, I think, and they plan out their work for the needy children, and the interest these beautiful children take in doing good is an object-lesson that is needed among the wealthy in our cities. I love to think of what these children will do in the coming years, being educated, as they are, in loving unselfishness. There was a need for the replenishing of the treasury, so they proposed the evening's entertainment. They used the gifts they had, and the tickets were sold to the friends of their mothers, who all felt that they received more than their money's worth that evening, and the treasury was replenished. To my great delight I was helped out of the treasury, and a bed was paid for in a hospital in which I was interested, and over the bed in a few days were the words: "From the January Sisters." I do not remember just now why they call themselves the "January Sisters," but I think it was because the Circle had been formed in the month of January. Knowing, as I do, what good they have done for those in sore need, they always seem to me like angels of warmth. God bless the little women, and give us more "January Sisters" to make earth a little more like June.

WORK AMONG THE NEEDY ONES

BUT I ought to take you down to No. 77 Madison Street, to the headquarters of our tenement-house work. I ought to tell you of the "Happiness Fund," of that one Circle, and from that "Happiness Fund" so many poor children are made happy by little trips in the country, and in a variety of ways beside. There the flowers go, loads and loads, when the time for flowers comes. There the money goes for ice for the poor sick. There a nurse is supported by a wealthy up-town Circle, and the physicians of the Health Board say: "We only want the help of The King's Daughters. They are wise." The beef tea and the delicacies for the sick poor are sent there, and no pen can tell what has been done by our Tenement-House Chapter in that congested district in the city of New York. There a Paradise is made for children in back yards from cart-loads of clean sand, where the little ones may play to their hearts' content from morning till night on the only seashore they can know; but they have the sand!

ONE OF MY DREAMS REALIZED

I WISH I could take you to see one of the loveliest of homes, where our young girls who receive low wages may go and have all the benefits of a real home for so little. The home is the gift of one of our favored Daughters. I wish the example would be followed by other women who could do what this well-known New York woman did. How well I remember the day when I was visiting her in her home. When I arrived she said, "Well, I suppose you are as happy as ever?" I replied, "Yes, I am happy and unhappy." "Why, you cannot be both at the same time, can you?" I said, "Oh, yes; don't you remember that Saint Paul said 'sorrowing, yet always rejoicing'?" So I am happy and unhappy." Then she said, "What makes you unhappy?" And I told her of a story I had just heard of one of our working-girls, and in that moment the need of shelters, of protection, of being cared for, looked after in body and soul, came over me so that I must have looked what I felt. My friend, who stood before me, said, "Tell me of what would make you happy now." I smiled and said, "Well, I should like a very large house furnished so very comfortably and with such nice bedrooms, and then a very generous table, and all for such a small sum." And I went on as if dreaming, looking up at the ceiling overhead. And I pictured it all out, and I dreamed of a mother at the head of such a home, some sweet Daughter of our King.

When I was all through and looked smilingly in the face of my friend, as much as to say, "Isn't that a nice dream?" she said quietly, "Well, you shall have it." And that dream is a living reality in this city of New York to-day, and a few weeks ago I was at that home, and the home was beyond my dream. I looked into the face of the favored Daughter who gave that house, and never did she look so beautiful to me as she did that night as she listened to some of the girls sing, and play on the instrument she had placed in the parlor. and I thought of the words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Margaret Bottome

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HALLOWEEN ROMPS AND FROLICS

By Two Experienced Entertainers



HAT Hallow's Eve, or Halloween, as it is popularly called, means, or how it came by its extravagant and fantastic customs, is unknown. It is the vigil of Hallowmas or All Saints' Day, yet it has no Christian meaning, but, on the contrary, is essentially paganistic. Authorities agree in placing it under pagan festivals, and absolutely separate it from any Christian anniversary. The most ancient of Halloween customs was the building of a huge bonfire by each household; on that night spirits were supposed to walk the earth, strange dreams foretold prosperity or adversity, lovers were tested by various charms, future marriages were arranged, and the wilder the superstition the more current its belief. In modern times Halloween has always been enjoyable because of the popular superstitious attaching to it as a night when any supernatural story might be believed, any charm tested, any frolic permitted—a night when imagination might run riot, and any ceremony, however extravagant, be indulged in. We are all of us the better for an occasional frolic, and Halloween, with its quaint customs and mystic tricks, affords opportunity for much innocent merriment.

DIVINING BY THE CAKE WITH CANDLES
MUCH sport may be had at supper time by having a large cake in the centre of the table with as many candles around it as there are guests, each candle a different color. The cake is passed last. The guests each take a candle and a piece of cake, choosing whatever color pleases their fancy. As they do so some one reads:

He who takes the candle blue,
 Will find his sweetheart ever true.
 The pink, the sweetest of them all,
 Will wed a fellow six feet tall.
 Alas, for yellow, bright to see,
 Your lover e'er will jealous be.
 Happy she who orange takes;
 Now begin your wedding cakes.
 Hopeless, homeless bachelor he,
 If white candle his should be.

The hostess may evolve some other pleasant and clever couplets to finish the list. The candles come in play later, when each tries his or her fate. All candles lighted, each holds his at arm's length, and blows three times; should the candle go out the first time he will be married that year; if the second, in two years; if the third, in three years.

Supper may be served between the games and fate-charms, or afterward, and should consist of salads, sandwiches, biscuits, olives, cakes, nuts, apples and coffee.

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF HALLOWEEN

By Percy Fielding

HAVE all the room possible for your games and tricks, and clear your rooms of all unnecessary furniture. Decorations may be of oak branches and evergreens. To add weirdness and quaintness have plenty of Jack-o'-lanterns made of pumpkins, the pulp having been removed and a large incision made for the face, over which stretch a grim mask of colored paper, with nose, eyes and mouth cut as you would in a pumpkin, and glued fast over the incision. Use a different color for each pumpkin. These many-colored faces are more effective in a dark room than the ordinary Jack-o'-lantern. Candles placed inside should not be lighted until the guests arrive. When they do, they find that the hostess has prepared slips of paper, upon which have been written the names of noted individuals, and these slips are pinned on the guests' backs, they not knowing who they represent. But everybody else knows, and addresses the other guests in regard to their respective positions, professions, engagements, or books if he or she happen to be an author; the one addressed must guess who he or she is intended to represent.

PLAYING THE LIVELY GAME OF "BUZZ"

ANOTHER lively game is "Buzz!" The guests are seated around the dining-table. The one at the head of the table begins by saying "One," the next, "Two," and so on; only the seventh person and every multiple of seven must remember to say "Buzz" instead; if they fail to do this they drop out of the ring, and the next begins with "One" again. The sport of the game is to remember "seven" or the multiple, viz.: fourteen, twenty-one, twenty-eight, thirty-five, and so on. The one who holds out the longest is presented with a prize, and the first to fall out of the ring, with the booby prize.

HUNTING FOR THE HIDDEN WEDDING RING

HUNTING for the wedding ring is another test which creates great sport. A ring, a thimble and a nickel should be hid somewhere in the room; to the one who finds the ring his or her marriage is assured; the thimble, he or she will live a life of single blessedness; the nickel promises wealth. The weal or woe test is made by trying to toss an apple through a horse-shoe which is suspended in a doorway at a convenient height; each fortune-seeker tries to throw an apple through the shoe; if successful, happiness is his or hers. The old tricks of swinging a wedding ring over a goblet and slowly repeating the alphabet—the letter which is said as the ring touches the glass being the initial of the future husband's or sweetheart's name; walking around the house at midnight, and going downstairs backward to meet one's fate, are familiar to all. If lover or sweetheart does not appear at the foot of the steps, or round the corner of the house, then drink salt water before retiring, and lover or sweetheart will appear in your dreams, according to tradition, with a cup of cold water; should you wake before you drink,
 "Lover is fled!
 And you'll never wed."

MERRY HALLOWEEN GAMES

By Anna Margaret Price

WHEN one has decided on a Halloween frolic, and the invitations have been arranged and sent, many problems confront the hostess, each requiring more thought than the ordinary party.

The matter requiring most thought is the decoration of the rooms. The Halloween arrangements which are too elaborate miss their point. An ideal place in which to hold such a party is the large, old-fashioned country barn, with the sweet-smelling mows above, and the soft light of many lanterns hung from the rafters. With the barn party, however, the almost indispensable wood-fire must, of necessity, be outside. In the majority of cases the party should meet in the house, within a few rooms, and the old-fashioned pumpkin or squash be the chief dependence.

Let all the light that is used, either indoors or out, come from pumpkin lanterns. The smaller ones, hollowed out and with grotesque faces cut in the rind, should be fastened with wire around ordinary gas-burners, while one huge pumpkin, with a lamp looking out from the grinning face, and apples, nuts, and oranges piled around it, will make a sufficiently striking centerpiece for the supper table. For the rest, bunches of wheat or grasses over pictures and in vases, ears of ripened corn, and festoons of brilliant cranberries strung upon a thread, will give a suggestion of the country to the scene. Wherever possible, have a roaring, crackling, open-fire.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN THE GUESTS

ANY innocent joke, perpetrated in a spirit of friendly mischief, will befit the night. The idea of the olden time centered around the pairing of lad and lass, hence the chestnuts were put before the fire to test the future of those whose names they bore: If they burned steadily the courtship would go well, if they popped apart the course of true love would not run smooth. Hand-glasses, with apples beside them, should be placed here and there, so that the modern Eve may eat her apple and wait for Adam to peep over her shoulder.

Greater pleasure, however, will be found in the games which all may play. The tub of water, with floating apples which must be lifted out by the teeth alone, and the fork suspended from the ceiling, with its lighted candle at one end, and the apple from which a bite is to be taken, at the other, will cause much merriment. The search for the ring in flour is also much enjoyed. The flour containing a ring is packed upon a large platter. The guests each cut off a slice with a knife, and the one uncovering the ring must pick it up with his teeth.

Lead, melted in large iron spoons, may be dropped in water, and fortunes told from the shapes which it assumes. Great amusement may be had by placing two hickory-nuts, about three inches apart, on the hearth in front of an open fire. One is supposed to represent the girl who places it there, and the other, her as yet undeclared, but mentally-chosen, lover. Should the nuts burn brightly a happy marriage will result. Should the nut named after the man jump toward the nut named after the girl she may expect a proposal before the next new moon.

INVITATIONS FOR A BROWNIE HALLOWEEN

FOR children from seven to ten years a new and helpful turn to Halloween may be given by sending out the following invitation on Brownie note paper:

THE BROWNIE CLAN
 Will meet at the home of Mrs. Charles Miles
 on Halloween
 October thirty-first, from seven o'clock till nine
 Your presence is requested

On the opposite page place the following verses, with the request that they be memorized before the party:

BROWNIE SONG
 We all are Brownies, every one,
 We have a hidden wand,
 And twining round it are the words:
 "We love to lend a hand."
 CHORUS.
 A helping hand is all we have,
 And that we gladly give,
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Brownies all
 Wherever they may live.
 We Brownies dearly love a joke,
 We are a merry band,
 But most of all and best of all,
 We love to lend a hand!
 CHORUS.

MYSTERIOUS WORK OF THE BROWNIES

WITH a suggestion or two from the older folk the children will speedily catch the spirit of the occasion. While impatiently waiting for the evening in question the mysterious work of a Brownie hand will be manifest. The lessons will be learned before the usual time, unasked errands will be run, the baby will be kept entertained, and the once-disordered room will be found tidy. On entering the Brownie precincts on October 31 the children are mysteriously led, the boys into one room, the girls into another, whence they emerge in Brownie costume—pointed caps of brown felt with a tassel drooping to one side, and moccasins of the felt, with long, pointed toes. These slippers may be put on over the shoes, and so will deaden the footfalls, as well as make the figure picturesque. If more elaborate costuming is desired the drawings of Mr. Palmer Cox may be used as models, and the familiar Dude, Chinaman, Indian and Policeman figure in the revels.

BROWNIES READY FOR FUN AND FROLIC

IN THE centre of the room into which the children go for refreshments may be a huge pumpkin, hollowed out and filled with bundles of all sizes and shapes. As the children stand in charmed curiosity the hostess explains that these are Brownie gifts for a needy family in the neighborhood, and then proposes that the band carry and leave them at the door, and that, before they go, they sing the song on their invitations. A circle is formed and the children dance and sing the Brownie song: "We all are Brownies, every one," etc., to the familiar tune of the Golden Rule; then bundles will be grasped in eager hands, and the Brownie band will steal forth. A mysterious walk, much hushed laughter, a loud knock at the door, and a hurried scamper—and the Brownies are again at headquarters, ready for fun and frolic. Many of the jokes and games suggested are appropriate for children, and may be carried through with zest until it is time for the band to disperse. As the Brownies lay aside their caps and take up their more usual headgear, inside each may be hidden a small present—a Brownie pen-wiper, a box of pencils, or any one of the trifles dear to childish hearts—to carry home as mementos of an evening which will always be proof to them that there may be not only fun and frolic, but thoughtfulness for others, in Halloween parties.

ARRANGING A SCOTCH HALLOWEEN

THIS idea will be particularly appropriate as Scotland is the home of Halloween. Request that the dressing of the ladies be especially simple, and that each one may wear a white apron, kerchief and small cap; and that the men appear either in Highland plaid and kilts, or in golf costume with Tam o'Shanter. Request, also, that those invited use Scotch words and idioms. If this has been asked on the invitations the guests will have an astonishing number of mystifying words at their tongues' end. In this day of the "Bonnie Brier Bush" there are few intelligent people who may not easily master several phrases. Sing Scotch songs—some of the more familiar ones being used as a chorus. During refreshments have bag-pipes played, if a piper be available, and provide that the pipes may be in a separate room from the guests. Later in the evening draw around the open-fire, and have a story which is essentially Scotch, told by a good story-teller. Recitations of Scotch poems, and readings from Scotch authors, may also be given, and add to the pleasure and knowledge of the guests. Burns' poem of "Halloween" is especially appropriate, and "Tam o'Shanter" will help to produce the sensation of thrilling excitement, which is the true Halloween spirit. And, of course, the evening must close with all the guests' voices raised in singing "Should and acquaintance be forgot?"



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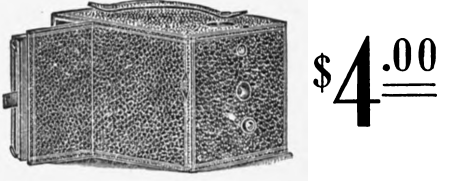
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LITERARY QUERIES

BY THE LITERARY EDITOR

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail.

OAKHURST—"All things come to him who will but wait," is from "The Student's Tale," one of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

A. B. B.—"Ouida" (Louise de la Ramée) was born at Bury St. Edmund's, England, in 1840. She has recently been living in England, but for many years she made her home in Italy.

SUBSCRIBER—"France in the Nineteenth Century," by Elizabeth W. Latimer, is a good contemporary history of that country, and would probably answer your requirements.

A SUBSCRIBER—"The Widow of Glencoe," by W. E. Aytoun, contains the lines:
"Do not lift him from the bracken;
Leave him lying where he fell."

D. B. H.—"Wordsworth's 'Prelude,'" Book XI, contains the lines you desire:
"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

E. M. S.—"Home-Keeping Hearts." The lines,
"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,"
are from a poem by Longfellow, entitled "Song."

E. A. T.—"The Duchess" (Mrs. Hungerford) died of typhoid fever at her home, St. Brenda's, County Cork, Ireland, on January 24 of this year. A sketch of her life appeared in the JOURNAL for October, 1892.

CATHERINE—"The Martian" (pronounced Mar-shan), the title of George du Maurier's story, means an inhabitant of the planet Mars, and refers to the heroine, who remains invisible throughout the tale, and who is supposed to dwell there.

INQUIRER—"The Mystery of Edwin Drood," by Dickens, has had at least two sequels; one is entitled "John Jasper's Secret," and was written by an anonymous author. Another version purports to have been dictated to a spiritual medium by the spirit of Charles Dickens.

LULU ANDREWS—"Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper" is the fourth verse of Psalm 120. The Book of Common Prayer gives as the third verse of the Psalm, "What reward shall be given or done unto thee, thou false tongue? even mighty and sharp arrows, with hot, burning coals."

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Compliment to Hamilton. In Webster's eulogy on Alexander Hamilton, delivered on March 10, 1831, he said, "He smote the rock of the National resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of public credit and it sprang upon its feet."

MISS MATTIE—Pen-Names. Mrs. Oliphant, Tudor Jenks, Bret Harte and Felix Gras are the real names of those authors. "Ouida" is Louise de la Ramée; "Octave Thanet" is Miss Alice French; "John Oliver Hobbes" is Mrs. Craigie, and "Ironquill" is Eugene F. Ware, of Topeka, Kansas.

M. E. J. AND OTHERS—"A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question," was written by Mrs. Mary Torrans Lathrap. It was first published in the "Washington Post," of Washington, Arkansas, in 1867. It has been reprinted in the "Magazine of Poetry," and in the "Mary T. Lathrap Memorial Volume," containing her collected poems.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER—"Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere, a Fragment," by Tennyson, closes with the lines:
"To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

(2) Sir Thomas Malory's writings on the subject of King Arthur are in prose.

BLANCHE—"Idylls of the King," by Tennyson, include "The Coming of Arthur," "Gareth and Lynette," "Geraint and Enid," "Merlin and Vivien," "Launcelot and Elaine," "The Holy Grail," "Pelleas and Ettarre," "The Last Tournament," "Guinevere," and "The Passing of Arthur." They appeared in the above order.

A READER—"Droch" is the pen-name of Robert Bridges. He is a graduate of Princeton College, and has been engaged in literary work since 1879. He has been assistant editor of "Scribner's Magazine" since 1887, and literary critic of "Life" since 1883. He has published "Overheard in Arcady" and "Suppressed Chapters."

T. H. H.—Ralph Waldo Emerson is buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, Massachusetts. Over his grave is a tablet bearing the inscription:
RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Born in Boston, May 25, 1803
Died in Concord, April 27, 1882
"The passive master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned."

L. TORRENCE—"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," was written by Thomas A. Becket, Sr., in 1843. The song was written and composed for the benefit performance of David T. Shaw, an actor, and was claimed by him and published under his name, but there is ample evidence to support A. Becket's authorship. The latter was of English birth, but the song was written with the definite intention of making it a patriotic American ballad.

L. E. K.—"The Lost Day." The lines,
"Count that day lost whose low, descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done,"
appeared in Staniford's "Art of Reading," published in 1803 without author's name. They are attributed to Jacob Bohart, who died in 1726, as given in the following version:
"Think that day lost whose descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done."

NELL—William Black, the novelist, was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1841, where he was educated at a Government school with the idea of becoming a landscape painter. He changed his plans, however, and became a journalist. He removed to London in 1864, and joined the staff of the "Morning Star," as special war correspondent, in 1866. He was assistant editor of the "Daily News" for several years, but abandoned journalism in 1874. He visited the United States in 1876.

X. Y. Z.—"Mandalay," by Rudyard Kipling, in his volume, "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads," contains the following lines:
"By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm trees, and the temple bells they say:
'Come you back, you British soldier, come you back to Mandalay!'"

SUBSCRIBER—Dr. Fell was first mentioned by Thomas Brown, an English poet who died in 1704. The quotation is as follows:
"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."

It is not known that there was such a person as Dr. Fell, but his name has become proverbial as that of a person whom one instinctively dislikes without being able to assign any particular reason therefor.

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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS
BY RUTH ASHMORE

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamps or addressed stamped envelope, to Ruth Ashmore, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, will be answered by mail.

GARRICK—Inscription Upon Ring. The words, "Gage d'amour," upon your engagement ring, are French for "Pledge of love."

R. G. L.—The Motto of the Marlboroughs is "Fiel pero desdichado," which is Spanish for "Faithful, though unfortunate."

H. L. M.—In Eating Layer Cake, or any cake which would soil the fingers, the fork is used. Plain cake is broken on the plate and a small piece conveyed to the mouth by the fingers.

MEG—Costumes of Bridesmaids are in best taste when made with high rather than low bodices. At an afternoon church wedding the bridegroom, even if he is a clergyman, wears afternoon dress.

LAWRENCE—A Wedding Gift. Unless you are very intimate with the bride or bridegroom let your wedding gift be some small piece of silver intended for the table, rather than any article meant for personal use or adornment.

A SUBSCRIBER.—In Letter-Writing there is no absolute law as to the order in which the pages are written upon. In the article entitled "Girls' Letters," which appeared in the June issue of the JOURNAL, you will find helpful suggestions.

A. M.—The Fichu oftenest worn is in the Marie Antoinette shape. It may be developed in silk muslin, and finished with a ruffle of the same, in net, or trimmed with platings or in chiffon, with an embroidered chiffon ruffle outlining it. Fichus are drawn just to the waist-line and fastened there.

K. I.—Invitations to Luncheons. Send out the invitations for the luncheon, given in honor of the friend who is visiting you, at least two weeks before the time. As the affair is formal the invitations should be written in the third person; not on visiting-cards, but on white cream-laid note paper that folds once to fit its envelope.

LOUISE—New Millinery. Both large and small hats are shown for the winter, the soft, draped toque rivaling the large picture hats in popular favor. However, the large hat is too becoming to go out of style for some time to come. (2) Gloves of purple kid have never been fashionable; the gloves who displayed them did not urge their customers to buy them. They were spoken of as "bizarre."

A. R.—In Saying Good-Bye a hostess remains in the parlor, and does not go to the street door with her guests. At a large entertainment, where the rooms are crowded, one may, with propriety, leave without saying good-night to the hostess, but the courtesy of a good-night should be shown her if one can get through the crowd to where she stands, with ease and without making one's self conspicuous.

C. L. R.—Brittle Finger-Nails should never be cut until the fingers have been soaked in warm water or anointed with vaseline. To get your nails in good condition rub a little almond oil on them each night before going to bed. If they are stained nothing will whiten them so quickly as a few minutes' rubbing with lemon juice. A little put upon a cloth, rubbed over the nails once a day, should keep them perfectly clean, and make them easy to care for, provided that you have that most important manicure instrument—a sharp pair of nail scissors.

AN ELDER SISTER—Bleaching the Hair is not only very unwise, inasmuch as it eventually injures the hair, but it stamps the woman who has been foolish enough to do it as a person lacking in the knowledge of the refinements of life. Besides, as one's complexion, eyes, eyebrows and lashes harmonize with the hair in its natural color, they are certain to contrast violently with the hair when its color is artificially changed, a contrast which would necessitate the use of powder and rouge, two things which no refined girl would be willing to use under any circumstances.

EVELYN—Willow Plate China. Lack of space must serve as an excuse for not giving the prose legend of willow plate china in this column. In verse it is as follows:

Two little birds flying high,
Chinese vessels sailing by,
Weeping willow hanging o'er,
Three men walking, if not four,
Chinese castle, there it stands
As if it were the lord of lands,
Apple tree with apples on,
Fence below to end my song."

F. L. G.—Engagement Rings. There is no special engagement ring, and she would be an inconsiderate, foolish girl who would expect from her betrothed a more expensive ring than he can afford to give her. Of course, in his desire to be generous he would be too apt to get for his fiancée some expensive ring, about which she has talked a great deal, and which is like the engagement ring of another girl. Very often the selection of an expensive engagement ring is the first step in the downward path of extravagance, and no girl who loves a man should allow him to commit such a piece of folly.

NOVICE—Announcement Cards may, with propriety, be sent out the day after the wedding. It would not be in good taste to send cards to people whom the bride knows, but with whom she has not even a visiting acquaintance, and who are strangers to the bridegroom. It is not necessary to send cards to one's business associates, unless they are friends as well. A bride acknowledges her wedding gifts as soon as possible after they are received. A less busy sister, or a kindly friend, may, if the bride is very much occupied, write some of these notes for her, but all acknowledgments should, of course, be made in the name of the prospective bride.

M. L. S.—Silk Petticoats. As lengths of silk may be purchased very reasonably just now, and it costs a great deal to have white skirts laundered, silk petticoats are an economy. The fashion for making them has not changed; usually a yoke deep enough to extend below the hips is fitted to one, and all the fullness is thrown at the back, the front and side breadths being gored. A pretty trimming consists of two or three ruffles of the silk with ruffles of lace between, having as a finish five rows of beading, through which narrow satin ribbon is run and arranged at close intervals in little rosettes. Plaid silk makes a pretty petticoat, especially if it is trimmed with a Spanish ruffle of black lace. A silk petticoat should be at least three yards wide.

W. R.—The Marriage Gown of a widow may be pearl or pale violet, but it must not be either clear or ivory white, and she neither wears a veil, assumes orange blossoms, nor has bridesmaids. The reason one wishes a bride all happiness, and does not congratulate her, is because the bride is supposed to confer an honor by marrying even the most charming of men. (2) When a Gentleman is Invited to a church wedding, and finds it impossible to attend, etiquette demands that he send his card in an envelope directed to whoever invited him. If he attends the wedding he leaves or sends his card within a week, addressed to the lady in whose name the invitation came. If the bride's family are strangers to him, and he is invited as a friend of the bridegroom, he sends a card of acknowledgment.

N. O. T.—The Rarest American Coin is the silver dollar of the coinage of 1804. Not more than seven or eight are extant.

GWENDOLEN—E. H. Sothorn was married to Miss Virginia Harned at Saint Mark's Church, Philadelphia, in December, 1896.

COUNTRY GIRL—The Conventionalities demand that when a young lady is forced to go to the office of a dentist or a physician she be accompanied by her mother or some elderly woman friend.

A. S. K.—Business Letters. In writing a letter to a business firm begin it, "Messrs. Hamilton Brothers, Gentlemen." The word "Gents" is not recognized as proper in any correspondence.

ALMIRA M.—A Kindergarten Teacher should use a circular rather than a business card, as in it she may most easily explain her system of teaching and tell of the prices which she intends to charge.

OKLAHOMA—Wedding Invitations, whether they are informal or not, should be sent to the immediate members of the bridegroom's family, even though you may feel certain that they will be unable to accept.

MARIANA—Cutting of Precious Stones is done to greater perfection in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and in the Jura. (2) The Costliest Rugs in the world are said to be owned by the Shah of Persia.

MARY—On "At Home" Days, sandwiches, small cakes and chocolate may be served if you do not care to offer tea. As you are unable to go to the afternoon reception send a visiting-card for each lady whose name appears on the invitation, but inclose them all in one envelope addressed to the hostess.

BLANCA—A Matron's Visiting-Card should have her social title upon it, and this, of course, includes the initials of her husband. It is possible that it is not altogether incorrect to use her own, but society demands that she be known socially as "Mrs. James Hamilton," and not as "Mrs. Alice M. Hamilton."

KATHARINE—Wearing a Wedding Veil with your white gown is not absolutely necessary. I would advise you to wear a small bonnet made entirely of small white flowers and their foliage. White gloves should be worn. If you are married in a cloth traveling dress then the maid of honor should wear a similar costume.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER—Lending Books. As a lover of books I can sympathize with you in your loss. People are too often careless in the matter of returning borrowed books. You may, with perfect propriety, write a letter to the gentleman asking him to return the valuable book which you loaned him. He probably has forgotten that he borrowed it.

C. B.—A Companion should be a good reader, something of a musician, able to keep her employer amused when at home, and, when traveling, capable of buying the tickets and arranging for rooms at hotels—in short, she should be able to relieve her employer of all responsibility. I do not think that any one can succeed in work which is uncongenial.

T. L. R.—Dress for an Ocean Trip. I would advise for general wear a serge, cloth or flannel gown that is well-fitting, but not absolutely new, a soft hat, and for stormy or damp days a long wrap in the shape of a loose-fronted ulster. One or two dressy silk bodices should be in the steamer trunk to wear with a black skirt to the dinner-table. One's own chair and rug are absolute necessities.

QUESTION—Acknowledging Calls of Inquiry. You did perfectly right, when you became convalescent, in sending out visiting-cards to all the friends who had called to inquire for you, or who visited you, not knowing that you were ill. A daughter or a sister or an intimate friend may write the notes for you, expressing your appreciation of flowers, fruit, books, or any thoughtfulness which was shown you during your illness.

EDITH—A Tea-Gown may, with propriety, be worn when receiving intimate friends in the afternoon, in the seclusion of one's own room, or at luncheon when none but the immediate family are present; but it should not be worn when formally receiving visitors, and certainly in a hotel its use should be limited to one's own room. It is wiser to wear a cloth walking dress, or some simple house dress, to breakfast in the dining-room of a hotel.

R. E. L.—The Best Book of Etiquette is that great one, the best society. If you feel awkward or uncertain watch those people whose manners show that they are conversant with all that is best. In imitating them you will not be apt to make mistakes. The average American girl is quick at recognizing her mistakes, and seldom repeats one after she realizes her error. She is kind of heart and sympathetic, and because of her quick wit and these two virtues she will always be a gentlewoman in the best sense of the word.

T. H.—A Question of Conscience. Quite irrespective of the laws of good society it would be very wrong for a young woman to accept invitations to dinner and to places of amusement from her employer, a married man, with whose wife she has no acquaintance. It is just such foolish behavior that causes the world to sneer and look askance at a girl whose fault may be only thoughtlessness, but every girl in the business world should consider not only her own reputation, but the reputation of all other working-women, and not allow herself to be anything but thoughtful of appearances and results.

EDNA—First Mourning. A deep mourning costume is made of Eudora cloth, which has no gloss and is absolutely dead black. On the first mourning gown even crape is not permissible, a few pipings or folds of the material being all that is permitted upon the plain bodice and skirt. As soon as the veil is thrown back a face veil of fine net, bordered with crape, is assumed. Children are no longer put in mourning, except for a father or mother. Even then only plain black dresses are worn, and crape would not be proper for young people. Very young children who wear mourning for a parent wear all white, with black sashes and plain black hats.

INTEREST—The Apostles' Gems. The gems dedicated to the Apostles are said to be: The Jasper to Saint Peter; the sapphire to Saint Andrew; the chalcedony to Saint James; the emerald to Saint John; the ruby to Saint Philip; the carnelian to Saint Bartholomew; the diamond to Saint Matthew; the beryl to Saint Thomas; the chrysopease to Saint Thaddeus; the topaz to Saint James the Less; the hyacinth to Saint Simon, and the amethyst to Saint Matthias. An old book claims that the ruby is a sovereign remedy for poison, while it drives away evil spirits and bad dreams. The jacinth, worn in a ring, produces sleep, and brings riches, honor and wisdom. The amethyst dispels drunkenness and sharpens one's wit. The sapphire restrains passion and fiery wrath, and is a preventive against lightning. The emerald brings good health, while the diamond is said to procure favor in high places. It is at the Orloff Palace, at St. Petersburg, where a number of the rooms are lined with lapis lazuli.

Plush Cape at \$7.50

equal to the best \$15.00 Cape ever offered. Others may advertise, at a lower price, a cape, the picture of which resembles this one, but it cannot equal ours.



A large purchase of plushes enables us to guarantee this cape, the best ever retailed or even wholesaled at \$7.50. Write for Catalogue of Cloth Samples. All free of charge.

This Cape at \$7.50 is made of exceptionally fine seal plush; Empire pleated back; is 24 inches long, with a sweep of 135 inches (much wider than furnished by others); lined with genuine black thibet fur—positively worth double the money. Our magnificent fall and winter catalogue No. 27, is now ready. Write for it to-day. It is the most artistic catalogue ever issued, and contains illustrations of everything new in Ladies', Misses' and Children's cloaks, skirts and waists. Mailed free upon request, together with a complete assortment of cloth samples, if desired. We are the only manufacturers in America who sell direct to consumer at wholesale prices.

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Exclusive Cloak and Fur House

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No. 31—CLOTH CAPE. Extra Quality, Black Kersey; with braid around front and bottom, edged with silk, stitched strap seams, scalloped storm collar, 24 inches long, very full sweep. Sold by others at far more. Our Special Price, \$4.98 prepaid.
No. 90—FINE SILK SEAL PLUSH CAPE; extremely full sweep, 24 inches long, double box pleated Empire back, trimmed with Thibet fur, braided and beaded all over, exactly as illustrated. Most stylish garment of the season. The greatest value that was ever put on the market. Well worth \$12.00. Our Special Price, \$7.98 prepaid.
No. 147X—ENGLISH KERSEY, CLOTH JACKET, tailor made, lined throughout with changeable silk taffeta, initial velvet collar, fly front, strapped seams; colors, tan, black or navy. Very swell, serviceable garment; will be sold at double. Our Special Price, \$9.98 prepaid.
No. 43—PERSIAN CLOTH CAPE; our great leader, made of good quality material throughout, fully 30 in. long, very full sweep; collar edged with Thibet fur, lined throughout with Rhadame. An excellent garment, warm, serviceable. Our Special Price, \$5.98 prepaid.

Good Enough for any one at prices within reach of all. Our reputation is sustained by the finest that the best skill and artists can produce. Order one of the above garments. You take no risk. Money returned for the asking, or goods sent C. O. D. allowing examination, Express Prepaid. Write for our FASHION CATALOGUE "A" of Capes, Jackets, Skirts, Etc. OUT SEPTEMBER 15. A Souvenir to Show to Your Friends. SIMMONS, State and Adams Sts., for Styles and Bargains CHICAGO, ILL.

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Genuine has FIBRE CHAMOIS stamped on every yard. FIBRE CHAMOIS should always be cut the exact size of the goods and be sewn up in the seams with the material. Gather or pleat just as you would the material alone. FIBRE CHAMOIS is absolutely uncrushable, yet is delightfully light and pliant. BE CAREFUL that you get the proper weight: No. 10 for silks and light materials; No. 20 for heavier goods; No. 30 in place of canvas.

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MRS. RORER'S ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Questions of a general domestic nature will be answered on this page. All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamps or addressed stamped envelope to Mrs. S. T. Rorer, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, will be answered by mail.

MRS. H. T.—Iron Rust. Dip the pieces of linen several times in sour milk, each time drying them in the sun, and the stains will fade away.

MRS. E. C.—Olives. It is not necessary to prepare olives for eating purposes. Simply pour off the brine, place them in a small dish and cover them with a little cracked ice at serving time.

K. V. W.—Drying Lace Curtains. Lace curtains may be pinned to the carpet upon clean white sheets if you are without drying frames. Pin the sheets down perfectly smooth; then pin your curtains on them, using a sufficient number of pins to make the edges of the curtains lie perfectly straight.

N. E. D.—Reception-Hall. You may entertain friends in the reception-hall provided it is suitable for the purpose. It is the custom, however, to receive formal callers in a small reception-room off the hall. If you have an open fireplace in your reception-hall you should most certainly use the hall as a sitting-room in the winter evenings.

SUBSCRIBER—Moth-Eaten Woolens. Do not pack woolens that have once been moth-eaten with those that have not been eaten by moths. Use more camphor in the old ones, roll each piece in a newspaper and put them by themselves in a trunk or box. Use plain camphor. (2) **Washing Woolens** will not destroy the eggs of moths. You cannot wash flannels in boiling water without ruining the fabric, and boiling water only will kill the germs.

SUBSCRIBER—Tan and Freckles. Soap will not remove tan nor freckles. Bathe the face in warm water, and dry very carefully with a soft towel. Do not use soap on the face unless absolutely necessary. Never use face powder of any sort, it spoils the skin by closing the pores. If your child suffers from sunburn moisten her face at night with cucumber juice; cut a cucumber lengthwise and rub it on the face, allowing the juice to remain until it dries off; or use a mild solution of baking soda.

B. B.—Purchase of Jellies. The large grocery stores in the various cities are always glad to handle home-made jellies of first-class quality. The difficulty is that so few housewives are careful in their preparation. Select the most prominent grocers in the largest cities near you, and give them your price list, and the varieties of fruit jellies you can furnish. What you might consider "fit for a king" might not be so received by them. Make up your mind to this before you give up. Your standard may be low compared with theirs. If you wish to succeed try and reach their standard. You must please your customers, not yourself. There is in the United States an admirable market for first-class articles.

SUBSCRIBER—Wall Paper. New wall papers, in the latest designs, have large flowers, and are rather gaudy in appearance. Fortunately there is no law requiring one to follow fashions. Plain paper is always acceptable and pleasing to the eye. If the ceiling is low a frieze will give it a high appearance. Low ceilings, however, are warm and comfortable looking. (2) **Oily Skin.** Bathe your face every morning in hot water. Dip the water in your hands, holding your face in them. Continue this until your skin feels almost scalded; then gradually reduce the temperature of the water until you have it cold, and with a soft towel dry it carefully and the oily condition of the skin will soon disappear.

MRS. C.—After-Dinner Coffee. Black coffee is usually served in small cups at the close of dinner, and called after-dinner coffee. The French method of percolation, allowing a half-tablespoonful of coffee to each gill of boiling water, is the best. French coffee-pots may be purchased at any house-furnishing store at prices ranging from seventy-five cents to five dollars, the difference in price being caused solely on account of the metal from which they are made. After-dinner coffee is usually served at first-class boarding-houses and at hotels if called for. Sugar and cream may be passed with it; cream, however, is frequently omitted. If you have a small table on the porch the after-dinner coffee may be served there. Serve a small potful to each four people.

J. W. H.—Rusks From Whole Wheat Flour. Scald one pint of milk; when lukewarm add half a yeast cake that has been dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of warm water; add half a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and sufficient whole wheat flour to make a thin batter. Beat thoroughly, cover, and stand in a warm place for three hours; add two ounces of soft butter and two eggs thoroughly beaten, then sufficient flour to make a soft dough; mix thoroughly. Allow this to stand again until very light—about three hours. Turn it out carefully on the board, pinch off little bits of dough, not more than a tablespoonful; form into round biscuits; stand them in a greased baking-pan where they will not touch each other; cover, and when light brush with water, and bake in a moderately quick oven for half an hour.

J. B. C.—Homesteads for Women. An inquiry addressed to the Public Land Office, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., will bring you the desired information relative to the Federal Homestead Laws. The officials at the head of that bureau, however, do not advise women to take up Government land with the idea of living and establishing homes thereon, both of which conditions are imposed by the Homestead Act. The experience of those women who have sought homes on the public domain has doubtless warranted the Land Bureau officials in discouraging women from taking up Government land. The public lands are parceled out at from one dollar and a quarter to two dollars and a half per acre in tracts of from forty to one hundred and sixty acres. The good, well-located farm land has, however, all been taken up, and of the millions of acres remaining to be disposed of, but a small portion can be made productive, except through the aid of expensive irrigation.

DUTCH—Peanut Sandwiches are usually made from grated peanuts. Have them thoroughly roasted, and grate them on an ordinary grater. Cut the end from a square loaf of bread, butter the loaf, then cut off thin slices, and so continue until you have the desired quantity. Spread over a thick layer of the grated peanuts. Put two slices together, trim off the crusts and cut the slices into fancy shapes—either rounds, crescents, triangles or squares. Or you may buy for these a peanut butter. (2) **Lemon Sandwiches** are made by scenting both the bread and the butter. Trim the crust from a loaf of fresh bread; put it into a large butter-pot or soup-tureen, and surround it with lemon peel. Take a sufficient quantity of butter, about half a pound, cover it over with grated lemon, wrap in wax paper, put it also in the tureen and allow it to remain over night. When you are making the sandwiches rub the butter down until a little soft; add gradually the juice of one lemon and four tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped parsley. Spread it on the bread, put two slices together and cut into the desired shape.

M. R.—Squash Pie. Eggs will not settle to the bottom of your squash pie. It is the squash that settles, and this settling is due to the mixture being too thin. It naturally looks dark because more particles of the squash are in this small space.

READER—Stains. Long-standing coffee stains are exceedingly difficult to remove. Pour boiling water through the fabric. Then dip it in strong ammonia water, then quickly into cold water, and put in the sun. The removal of bluing stains depends largely upon the kind of blue used. First try ammonia. If that does not remove them wash thoroughly and try acid; one or the other will remove the stains.

A. F. W.—French Coffee is made from a mixture of Java, Mocha and chicory. The proportions are four pounds of Java, one pound of Mocha and a half pound of chicory pulverized together. This is percolated, not boiled. (2) **Bay Leaves.** The person who told you that sage and bay leaves were the same thing was greatly mistaken. Bay leaves are the leaves of the sweet bay or laurel tree. Five cents' worth will last you a year.

M. D.—Care of the Teeth. Do not eat, or do not feed your children on, white bread, which is deficient in phosphates, and causes the teeth to crumble. A little hard food requiring thorough mastication should be taken at every meal. The teeth should be brushed both night and morning. Avoid sweets. Drink at least two quarts of water a day—a glass the first thing in the morning, another the last thing before going to bed, the remaining quantity between meals. Consult a good dentist about your own and your children's teeth every six months.

A. G. T.—Cream Peppermints. Put one pound of sugar, a gill of water and ten grains of cream of tartar in a saucepan. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then with a sponge wipe down the side of the pan. Boil continually until it is soft and very sticky when dropped into water. Turn the mixture on a large platter or marble slab, and when cool, not cold, beat and stir until thick and creamy. Put it again into a clean saucepan, stand this in another of boiling water; add three drops of oil of peppermint and stir until soft and creamy. Pour about half a teaspoonful at a time on a marble slab or greased paper. When they are cold they are ready to use.

A. D.—Diet for Children. A schoolgirl of ten years should have good, easily-digested, nutritious food: Well-cooked, steel-cut oats for breakfast; sub-acid fruits and soft-boiled eggs. If she carries her lunch a cup custard, fruit, and chopped meat sandwiches made from either beef, mutton or chicken will answer. No pork nor veal, no sweets nor fried foods should be given children. Apples, either baked or raw, between meals are good. For the evening meal give a nutritious cream soup, then a red meat, either beef or mutton, roasted, boiled or broiled; a lettuce salad, containing a light French dressing made with oil and a few drops of lemon juice; some simple dessert, such as rice pudding, cup custard, tapioca or baked apples.

C. H. A.—Cake-Making. In my receipts for cake-making the term "beat well" means to give a thoroughly good beating to the mixture. It certainly improves the texture and makes it fine-grained, delicate and light. Beat it four minutes after you have added the flour and baking powder and before you have added the whites of the eggs. Beating never made a cake tough, unless it was sponge cake, angel's food or sunshine cake, where the mixing should always be done as lightly as possible. Baking powder cannot make a cake sour. It is, as you find it in the cake, a neutral salt. It may be composed of soda and cream of tartar, but as soon as they unite with the mixture one acts upon the other, and you have as a residue a salt, so you cannot possibly taste the cream of tartar.

M. P.—Afternoon Entertainment. An afternoon company of ten or fifteen may be served with any light refreshments, such as rolled sandwiches made from bread and chopped meat, or you may use chopped fruit; lemonade, chocolate or tea, followed by an ice and cake if you like. *Café parfait*, served in tall glasses with the accompaniment of a strawberry sandwich, is exceedingly pretty. For this you cut sponge cake into thin slices, then into long, narrow strips or fancy shapes. Slice the strawberries, place them over the sponge cake, dust with powdered sugar, and cover over with a second piece of sponge cake. These may be made also from lady fingers. They may be served alone with a cup of chocolate, without anything preceding or following. Have your table arranged daintily, keeping it one color as much as possible. Serve your refreshments from the table. At one end have your chocolate pot and cups under the supervision of a friend.

A. F. W.—Individual Diet. Please do not follow the directions for diet given for another person whose trouble may be entirely different from your own. You should have a diagnosis from your physician. Send the physician's diagnosis to me and I will write you a list of the food you should eat. Do not tamper with your ailments or they will surely become worse. It is natural to suppose that a person who gives four or five years to the study of the human being in all its phases really knows more about you than you do yourself. Trust, then, to your regular physician, and do not feel that you can do better by consulting another. Articles fried are very difficult of digestion. Even a working-man in the open air has trouble in digesting food prepared in this way. Why, then, should you, a delicate woman, presume to use them? Sweets are artificial foods and cause fermentation, producing just the troubles you seem to have. You certainly must pay the penalty of an illy-regulated dietary. Chopped broiled beef must be cooked very carefully: it should be broiled quickly, nicely seasoned and served at once. It is exceedingly appetizing.

S. A. V.—Cleaning Carpets on the Floor. Carpets may be cleaned on the floor so that they will look almost new. But I doubt if this is a hygienic way of keeping house. A well-polished or well-painted floor, with a few rugs, may be cleaned weekly or even daily, and is certainly much better from a hygienic standpoint, than the floor thoroughly carpeted, and the carpet cleaned upon the floor, or shaken but twice a year. The following mixture may be used for cleaning carpets: Dissolve one pound of the best laundry soap in four gallons of hot water; add two ounces of sal-soda, one ounce of borax, one ounce of Fuller's earth; mix thoroughly. Then add four gallons of cold water and stand aside. Have the carpet removed from the floor, thoroughly shaken, the floor cleaned and the carpet relaid. Then take a little of the mixture and spread it over a space not more than three feet square. Take an ordinary scrubbing-brush and scrub the mixture into the nap thoroughly. Have at hand a bucket of clear warm water to which you have added a few drops of ammonia. Wash the mixture off with this water, then with a dry cloth rub the carpet for a moment, and so continue until the carpet seems quite clean.



To stiff-necked,

stubborn women:—"Only two kinds of people never change their minds—fools and dead men." And you can't be either one.

Change your mind, then, about the best way of washing; look into the matter carefully; lay aside prejudice; hold yourself open to conviction. The best way of washing is with **Pearline**.

Ease, economy, safety, health, quickness—these are the arguments for **Pearline** washing. Every woman who wants these things can satisfy herself that this is so.

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THE JACKSON VENTILATING GRATE prevents this waste. A heat-saving chamber surrounds the fireplace, resulting in four times the usual amount of heat, with a smaller fuel consumption. Outdoor air is warmed and introduced, so that several rooms on one or different floors are thoroughly heated and ventilated by the single open fire.

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WE MANUFACTURE, import and sell everything in the fireplace line, and shipping direct from the factory can quote low prices on high-grade mantels, tiles, andirons, spark screens, Franklins, gas-logs, etc.

Our wrought-iron department is unusually good, and also of novelties, such as candlesticks and ornamental lanterns, is unsurpassed. Catalogues free on application.

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Triple Knee "Leather" Stockings
For Boys, 25 cts. a pair
Wear 50 per cent. Longer than Ordinary Stockings

Triple (3-thread) knees, heels and toes, made from the finest, smoothest, softest cotton yarn, making the **BLACK CAT BRAND**, Style No. 15 for Boys, the strongest, heaviest, most elastic and cheapest **Fast Black boys'** stockings in the world. Style No. 10 for Girls.

Ask your dealer for them. If you cannot get them, sample pair sent on receipt of price, 25c. (give size), and will send the name of a dealer where you can buy them again. Ask for *Leather Stockings for men, women and children, guaranteed first quality, and to give equal satisfaction.*

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MELLIN'S FOOD BOYS



ROBERT



RANKIN
Age 6 Years



ALEXANDER

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"I take pleasure in sending these photos of my Triplets who were raised on Mellin's Food. They were frail little things, their combined weight when one month old being 11¼ POUNDS. They were six years old November, 1896, and are the three finest, most beautiful boys in our "Grand Old Commonwealth." They are now as large as other boys of the same age; are so much alike that few persons besides the family can tell them apart: are rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed and strong. They are living testimonials to the merits of MELLIN'S FOOD."



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Mellin's Food is not better than healthy mother's milk, but when for any reason mother's milk is lacking, Mellin's Food is the best substitute.

Mellin's Food is easily prepared and requires no cooking.

Write to us and we will send you a sample of Mellin's Food, free of charge; to those who will inclose a two-cent stamp we will send a set of Mellinographs, the latest novelty in pictures, to amuse the children.

DOLIBER-GOODALE CO., Boston, Mass.



ROBERT RANKIN ALEXANDER
Age 2 Years



ROBERT RANKIN ALEXANDER
Age 4 Years



Golden yellow. Larger and sweeter than the Chinese. Finest flower for winter. Hardy, and thrives in any window or garden. It blooms very quickly after planting, either in soil, sand, or pebbles and water. May be had in bloom by the Holidays, each bulb producing several spikes, the exquisite beauty and fragrance of which will surpass everything. We will send by mail, postpaid, two fine large Bulbs (and Catalogue) for only 10 cts., or 6 Bulbs for 25 cents.

Or for only 40c, we will mail all the following 8 Rare Bulbs and the Mayflower Magazine for a year:

- 1 Giant Golden Sacred Lily.
- 1 Black Calla Lily—New, jet black.
- 1 Queen Lily—Elegant, large Anemone-like.
- 1 Japanese Double Sacred Lily.
- 1 Guernsey Lily, or Scarlet Spider Lily.
- 1 Princess Lily—An exquisite Narcissus.
- 1 Bermuda Buttercup Lily, or Oxalis.
- 1 Celestial Lily, our Catalogue, and the MAYFLOWER Magazine for a year (64 pages and colored plate each month devoted to Flowers and Gardening). Worth \$1.50, but for trial, all for 40c.

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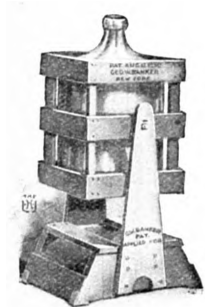
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If you get the one made for your lamp, more light besides.

Get the Index.

Write Macbeth, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PROBLEMS OF YOUNG MEN

BY EDWARD W. BOK

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail.

ANON—Books or College. A systematic course of reading will sometimes do for certain young men what a college course would not. It all depends on the young man. Books, to my mind, are best either as a substitute for a college training, or supplementary to it. If you can go to college do so, but read wherever you may be.

R. R.—Happy Marriages are possible only on one basis: absolute love. Admiration or respect for a girl will not go far in the marriage relation. (2) The wisest age to marry depends upon the young man. As a rule, twenty-five is the very earliest at which he should think of marriage, and for the majority of young men thirty is a better age.

PAUL C.—Study of Law. A course to be pursued at home in the evenings can be better recommended to you by some lawyer who knows your circumstances and capabilities. Consult with some lawyer in your city, or communicate with one of the leading correspondence schools of law which advertise in all the leading periodicals of the country.

MARTIN—The Best Teacher of Good Manners. I do not know of any guide or book of social deportment which would tell a young man anything that his own common sense would not teach him. The world itself is the best teacher of deportment. Move among well-bred people as much as you can; keep your eyes open and you will learn more than from any book of manners. Deportment is not a thing you can learn by rule. It comes out of the man himself.

H. S. B.—Pen-Line Drawings, such as Mr. Gibson's Dickens characterizations in the JOURNAL, are made with a bold stroke: the line made by one movement and not widened by filling out. The crow quill pen is the best for this work. The longer in use a pen is the more valuable it becomes for bold work because of its gain in elasticity. As the Dickens drawings appear in the JOURNAL they are one-third of the original size. The usual reduction for penwork is from one-half to one-third.

F. A. P.—The Time for Wearing Mourning is optional: for close relations mourning is usually worn for two years; sometimes only for one. Some people do not wear mourning at all, and this custom is growing more and more general. When in deep mourning a dress suit is never worn by a man, because he is not supposed to go where such dress is called for. If he wears half-mourning, and chooses to dine out quietly or go to some private entertainment, he wears a black tie with his dress suit. (2) Going out into society during periods of mourning depends entirely upon one's feelings.

SUBSCRIBER—Choice of Books. No one can practically advise you as to the choice of books for your library. It depends too much upon what kind of books you wish—that is, their character. If you have the works of Hugo, Bulwer, Thackeray, Dumas and Shakespeare, perhaps it would be well for you to turn your thoughts toward American literature, choosing Washington Irving, Emerson, Longfellow, Parkman and Hawthorne. The JOURNAL's guide to "The 500 Best Books," which will be sent you for ten cents, will help you to choose the works of these authors. The catalogues of the principal publishing houses, which you may obtain by writing for them, will also be of help in making a good selection.

WATKINS—A Fault of Young Men. A grave fault with you and a goodly number of other young men is a disposition to quarrel with their surroundings, whereas the real fault is not there. Young men do not seem clearly to realize that where they are they were intended to be, and for some mighty good purpose, too. The place where a young man finds himself is exactly where his Creator meant that he should be. Therefore he is capable of filling it. God makes no mistakes. But it is meant that we should grow of our own efforts; get strong through the conquering of difficulties. When a young man starts out to live a useful life, and starts out with a right determination, an adherence to honorable principles, and a faith in God, no power on earth can retard him long, seriously interrupt his career or effectively stop him. He is bound to win. Our failures are always due to ourselves: never to other people nor to our environments.

G. J. M.—Civil Service Rules. The Civil Service examination for clerical positions in the Government Printing Office service is limited to orthography, penmanship and copying, arithmetic—fundamental rules, fractions and percentage; interest and discount, elements of bookkeeping and accounts; elements of the English language, letter-writing, and the proper construction of sentences. For places as compositors the Commission limits the examination to less than these four subjects, omitting the third, and parts of the fourth subject. The examinations relate, as nearly as possible, to the duties to be performed, and wherever applicable include experience and practical tests. No one is certified for appointment whose standing in the examination is less than seventy per centum. The Commission gives a certificate to the person examined, stating whether he passed or failed to pass. Every one seeking to be examined must file an application blank. Application blanks for the Government Printing Office service should be requested directly of the Civil Service Commission at Washington.

S. S.—Learning Art by Unaided Efforts. Prove your ability, first, to earn money with your pencil or brush sufficient to pay your living expenses before you leave your present position. It is not always necessary to take lessons. You can perfect yourself in drawing by incessant practice during your leisure time—not by copying the work of other men, but by sketching from Nature, and the study of facial expressions, and drawing anything and everything which interests you, seeking to get proper proportions, character and construction. There is no better school than one's own experience in these things, but I should think it very unwise to leave a position which gives an assured income, for a very uncertain profession. Many men feel that they have talent, and would like to engage in the pursuit of art, but it is very often discovered later in life that an inclination for the attractive work has been mistaken for real ability or talent. It takes time to find this out definitely. Invest no money in study, nor leave any position, until you have, beyond question, demonstrated something by your unaided efforts.

F. H.—Civil Engineering. A boy who is employed all day and attends to his work properly will hardly have time to study civil engineering. And while I must confess to an admiration for a boy who wishes to utilize his spare hours in some particular branch of study, I must advise him to attempt nothing that will interfere with the work which he must do each day. If you could obtain a position in a civil engineer's office, you might, perhaps, by close application obtain many necessary qualifications for civil engineering. A knowledge of mechanical drawing is, however, absolutely necessary, and as that may only be obtained by close application, and from a capable instructor, I think that a certain amount of education in college or institute is wise and necessary. In almost all of our cities there are classes in mechanical drawing in connection with the Young Men's Christian Associations, and prominent men connected with the associations who are always willing to help young boys who seem to have ability in any particular direction. Two books which may possibly help you are "A Manual of Civil Engineering," by William J. M. Rankine, and "An Elementary Course in Civil Engineering," by J. B. Wheeler.

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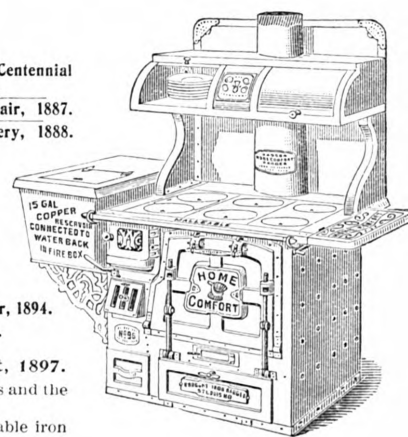
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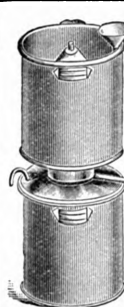
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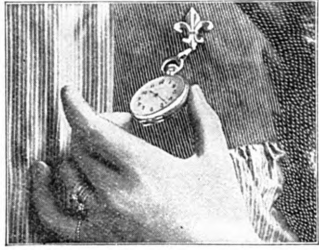
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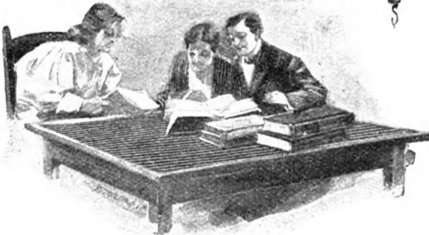
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WHAT MEN ARE ASKING

BY WALTER GERMAIN

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail.

F. N.—"The Murray Plaid" is green, blue and black, with a narrow red stripe running both ways.

F. R.—Plural Nouns ending in s (under which the word "ladies" comes) form the possessive by the addition of an apostrophe after the s.

JAMES—Shaking Hands with Gloves On. There is an old-fashioned custom, which in this age of the almost universal wearing of gloves is useless, of saying, when gloved and shaking hands, "Excuse my glove." There is no reason for it. A man on the street is supposed to be gloved, except in summer.

D. D. K.—To Eat Lettuce, Ices and Fish. In this country lettuce is generally served dressed, and is eaten with a fork. There is no rule about eating ices or ice cream with a fork, but it has been considered fashionable and "English" to do so. If you take a spoon you will not be committing an unpardonable solecism. Fish should be eaten with a fork.

E. G. F.—Patent Leather is not as fashionable this year for shoes as it has been. Walking-boots of plain black leather are worn in all seasons. (2) You should have a pair of house shoes—not slippers—so that when you come in from the street you can change. In fact, a man should never wear at home the shoes which he uses for the street, and in coming in for the day it is better to make a complete change of clothing. You will find that your clothes will last twice as long by following this advice.

WILLIAM D.—Cotillon Favors. The latest fashion is for the cotillon leader and his partner to serve the favors themselves, instead of having a rush to the favor table. The leader gives to the ladies; his partner to the men. About ten couples are called out each time in a large german. In a small one six is the usual number. (2) It is certainly a politeness, and one expected of a young man, that he pay some attention to those to whom he is under social obligations. He should, under no conditions, neglect to ask the daughter of the hostess to dance with him.

D. E. M.—Toilet Articles for Travelers. Wrap your comb and your brush, when you put them in your bag, in tissue paper. You can get for a few cents, or it can be made at home for you, a little oil-skin bag for your tooth-brush. Always take a cake of soap when you travel. It is true that soap is supplied to you at private houses, but a little chary about using the soap you find in soap-dishes at hotels. A little metal box, a bit of oiled silk, or even some extra folds of oiled or tissue paper, can be used to wrap the soap in. Avoid perfumed soaps or scented articles of any kind.

H. N. C.—Asking to Call. The young woman's mother should certainly ask a young man to call. She is the hostess, and as proper protector of her daughter she should choose the associates of her child. It is very embarrassing for a young man to ask permission to call at first meeting. You may, however, say to the young lady, "I would like to have permission to call, if it would be agreeable to your parents," and she should then inform her mother, who would, no doubt, extend the desired invitation. A daughter should do nothing without a mother's sanction and permission.

GEORGE L.—Buttonhole Bouquets are worn at weddings by the bridegroom and ushers, and also frequently with evening dress at dances. A few white flowers, such as carnations, or even the more expensive orchid, are appropriate with a frock coat in the afternoon, or at teas and receptions. Violets in winter are always fashionable, but large flowers are in bad form. In England the old-fashioned term, buttonhole bouquet, is used to express the more Gallic *boutonniers*. There can, however, be no objection whatever to the wearing of a *boutonniers* at any hour of the day or evening.

A. S. D.—Silk Hats. There seem to be two varieties in silk hats, very tall and straight, or short and square. If you are above the average height do not get a factory funnel hat, such as was the fashion last winter. There is an English top hat which has come into vogue, quite high in the crown and belled, with a wide brim. The bow on the ribbon is worn a little to the rear of the middle line. The silk hat survives all crusades for formal occasions. Save your old ones for rainy days and night wear. If you have a collection of top hats from previous years you can sell them to old-clothes dealers, or they can be remade in the latest style at about half the cost of new ones.

D. K.—Mourning. The mourning for a parent is worn for a longer term than that for a brother or sister. Eighteen months to two years is the period for a parent, and one year for brother or sister. In this country deep mourning for men is not insisted upon. The suit of clothes, made or purchased for the funeral, should be the only real addition to your wardrobe. Get a cutaway suit. You can get this ready-made, and the merchant where you buy it will make any alterations you wish. For every-day wear use your ordinary business clothes, unless they are too pronounced browns or blues. Wear white shirts and black ties, and have a black cloth band put on your black derby or silk hat.

L. B. K.—Material for Winter Overcoat. There are but few variations in the cut and fashion of autumn and winter overcoats. Choose a cheviot or a melton. The prevailing colors are blue and brown. The shades should be very dark, and the coat should be made with a velvet collar but not with velvet cuffs. It should be single-breasted, cut in the fashion of a frock coat, and come to the knees or just a little below. If you get a black overcoat the rough materials are the best, as they are less liable to become shiny with wear. An overcoat should last you at least three seasons, and if you are careful a much longer period. It should be shaken and brushed and hung up as soon as you come in the house.

E. F. D.—Gift to a Bride. It is the custom for a bridegroom to give some little trinket to his bride to be worn or carried by her on the wedding day. It may be a little pin or it may be some valuable jewel, according to the means of the bridegroom. If a bride is to carry a prayer-book the bridegroom should give it to her. You can get exquisite prayer-books for these occasions at prices ranging from five to twelve dollars. The more expensive ones will have the monogram in silver, and the material will be white leather or glacé silk, bound in silver. If the bride carries a bouquet it is a pretty sentiment for the bridegroom to send it to her, and it should be composed of her favorite flowers. Neither of these gifts referred to, as may be seen, will cost over ten or twelve dollars, and probably not that much.

E. E. S.—Correct Going-Away Dress. The proper dress for a bridegroom on his wedding trip is a black cutaway coat and waistcoat, light trousers, white tie, patent or plain black leather shoes, black derby or silk hat, as he prefers. A suggestion would be this: Use the silk hat at the wedding, in going to and coming from the church; put it in the hat-box when you get on the train, and wear an old soft felt or a derby when traveling. However, you may well, unless you are bent upon it, leave the silk hat question out altogether. To-day the most fashionable men in the largest cities are discarding the frock coat, except for extreme occasions, and are having made cutaway coats of rough black materials. In a smaller city a coat of this character would be far more useful and less expensive than a frock coat. You may wear with it either a derby or a silk hat.

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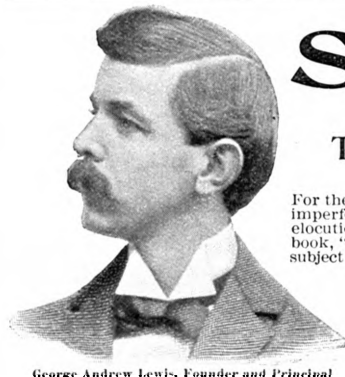
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A CLOVER TEA-SET

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THE illustrations on this page give suggestions for attractive designs in clover leaves and blossoms that may be embroidered for the tea-table. They are so graceful in outline and simple in pattern that it will not be difficult to carry them out in colored embroidery silks on fine, white, round-thread linen.

In Illustration No. 1 is given the design for a round centrepiece measuring eighteen inches in diameter, having its outer edge formed of leaves from the white clover plant. These leaves are composed of three parts; each one is full and round, and for that reason is more desirable for the edge than the red clover leaves, which are longer and more pointed. Both varieties are given in the illustration, and while the red clover leaf may be used the shape of the white clover leaf is better adapted, as may readily be seen by a glance at the edge and then at the spray of clover caught under the ribbon near the centre of the design. The design is shaded in to indicate the manner in which the embroidering is to be done, and in the border leaves the light shading in the centre of each is seen.

The leaves should be worked solid. To obtain a still more effective result fill and embroider them with satin stitch.

The outline, around which the body material will be cut away when the piece

THE stems may be worked in the same shade and grade of silk as that employed for the darkest part of the leaves, and if a rounded effect is desired the embroidery may be done over a fine hard cord that will cause the stems to stand up as if detached from the linen. The clover blossoms may be worked in two shades of pink and one of green, as the knob from which the pink flowers project is of a light green color. It is always much better to have the natural flower to work from to get the proper colors and shading. If not to be obtained, though, get a colored print.

It will be quite necessary in every instance to employ the green, as otherwise the head would be a pink mass of color and without the resemblance to the natural flower. If a clover top can be had when working the first flower it will be of great assistance in placing the colors and shades; the natural leaf of the clover will be quite as helpful when working in the shadings of green.

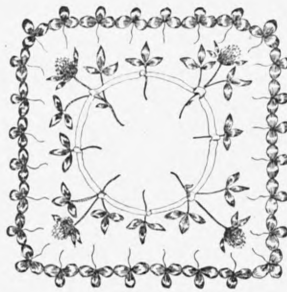
The circular band of ribbon under which the sprays are caught measures seven and

manner it should be worked with satin stitch, carrying the threads along with the ribbon, instead of across it. The darker shade of silk may be used where the rippled effect is shown over a stem. By the proper use of a little pure white a high relief may be given to the sections of ribbon.

SMALLER doilies, for use under preserve-plates or finger-bowls, may be made eight or nine inches in diameter. For butter-plates a design is shown in Illustration No. 3 that measures four inches in diameter, and is but the circle of linen edged with small clover leaves and stems. These little leaves should be worked solid.

For a cloth, as the underlay to a tea-set, Illustration No. 4 is a good pattern. It is oval in shape and of good proportions. It is eighteen inches wide and twenty-eight inches long; the oval band of ribbon is eight inches wide and eighteen inches long. The arrangement of the leaf border and spray of clover is similar to that of the centrepiece, and in general treatment it is to be carried out in the same manner.

Illustration No. 5 shows a design for a carafe mat ten inches square, with the ribbon circle measuring five inches in diameter. The corners are rounded to modify the squareness and render it in accordance with the round or oval outlines of the preceding pieces, and to carry it



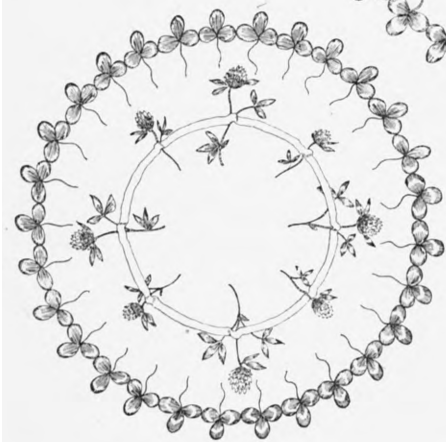
out nicely the same silks should be employed as those used for the tea-plate doilies.

A SERVER-CLOTH pattern is shown in Illustration No. 6. For the average size tray the linen should measure twelve inches wide and fifteen inches long. The centre

of this design differs from the others; instead of the ribbon forming an oval or circle it is arranged in the shape of a diamond. This scheme may be carried throughout for the ovals, if preferred. The finer grades of threads should be employed in working this cloth, and as it is put to more use than the others the fine threads

a half inches in diameter, and it may be embroidered solid in two shades of corn color, pale blue or cream. The cream tones will contrast pleasingly with the clover shades, as some very pretty effects may be had by the tasteful blending of pink, cream and the shades of green.

TEA-PLATE doilies, to match the centrepiece in design, are made twelve inches in diameter with a six-inch ribbon circle, as shown in Illustration No. 2. The doilies should be worked to correspond with the centrepiece, and the general treatment be carried out in a similar manner, save that the fine silks, such as the filoselle, Caspian floss or outline embroidery grades, must be used rather than the heavier ones. To render the ribbon in an effective



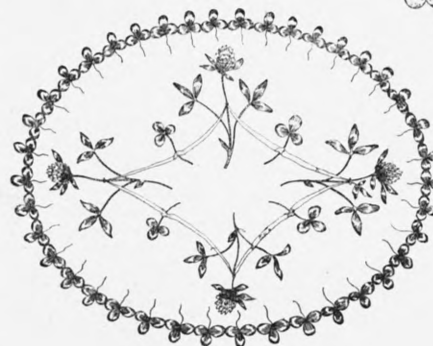
is finished, must necessarily be strong and durable, and in order to obtain the necessary strength it should be buttonholed, and afterward the balance of the leaf embroidered with the same shade of silk.

FOR table linens nothing is better than a fine, round-thread, hand-made and sun-bleached Irish linen, which may be had in widths varying from thirty to seventy-two and eighty-four inches, and costing from fifty cents to three dollars a yard. Embroidering upon it is easy work.

For the leaves nothing better than the clover colors in Asiatic Caspian floss and filoselle can be had. If a heavier effect is desired than can be obtained with these fine threads the Roman floss or art silk may be used to good advantage.

If the solid embroidered leaf is not contemplated, but an outline one instead, then the buttonholing and outlining may be worked with Asiatic outline embroidery silk, or with twisted embroidery silk, both of which may be had in a great variety of the green shades for clover, and in the lighter shades in the clover colors for the markings in the centre of the leaves.

Editor's Note.—Full-size designs for the entire set of embroidery patterns on this page will be mailed to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address Art Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.



will be found much more durable than the coarse ones, which are liable to fray out. The bunch of clover shown in Illustration No. 7 may be used for the corners of a table-cloth, or the end of a side-table scarf. It may be worked effectively in the pink and green shades, using for the ribbon cream, pale blue or corn-colored silks. The pattern for a running border and corner is shown in illustration No. 8.



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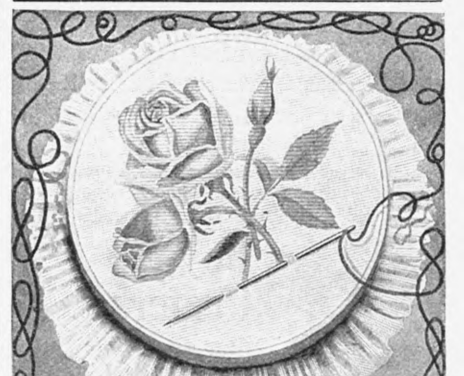
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APRONS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

By Emily Ross Bell

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS



No. 11—OVERALLS

shoulder-strings are crocheted an inch and a half wide.

THE skirt of the apron is made of a width and a half of muslin, with a hem three inches deep. The skirt of the apron should extend to six inches from the edge of the dress skirt. There are no strings to this apron; the band

THE shape and quality of the apron is determined by the occupation of the wearer. A waitress wears a sheer apron, a cook a heavy one. In Illustration No. 1 is shown an apron for a waitress. It is made of sheer muslin, and has a bib which is nine inches square, with a hem an inch and three-quarters deep, top and sides. The

on the shoulders. To make them, take a strip thirteen inches long and three and a half inches deep; fold in centre of length and cut bias from centre to end. Gather the fullness to three inches; the cap extends ten inches along the strap. Long strings of the lawn five and a half inches in width are used.



SIDE OF NO. 1

THE pretty apron for a nursemaid in Illustration No. 4 almost covers the dress skirt. It is made of muslin two and a half yards wide, and has a hem eight inches wide. The bib is hemmed at the top, and set on to the straps, which are the usual width. The band is straight, and has no strings, but fastens with studs.

French nursemaids wear aprons without bibs, as shown in Illustration No. 5. Such aprons are a yard and a half wide, and have hems about nine inches deep. Insertion is put at the top of hem, or rather the hem is set on a strip of all-over



No. 5—NURSEMAID'S APRON



No. 1—FOR WAITRESS

to which the skirt is gathered is straight, and buttons are used to fasten it to the straps at the waist-line.

THE apron in Illustration No. 2 is that worn by the waitress at a woman's club. The skirt is cut fifty inches wide, including enough to make a three-inch hem on the sides. Lawn one yard and a quarter wide is used. The width is used for the length; this will allow for

embroidery which is used as insertion. Strings are six and a half inches wide.

THE cooking apron of unbleached Holland linen in Illustration No. 6 is made with a skirt having a hem an inch and a quarter wide. It has a double pocket set on right side, and the long straps, slightly curved inward to fasten in front, are cut with the bib, which has darts to fit the band. The apron is bound around the bib and edge of skirt with a bias strip of colored chintz.



No. 6—COOKING APRON

THE sewing apron in Illustration No. 7 is of yellow linen, the hems feather-stitched; the apron is twenty-four inches deep. The corners are rounded; the pockets eleven inches deep. Pockets of the linen are set at each side at an angle so that their contents may not drop out.

The clothespin and laundry apron in Illustration No. 8 is made of ticking twenty-four inches wide; the lower edge is turned up ten inches and stitched down to form two pockets. A band and strings of ticking finish it.

The artist's apron of dark blue material in Illustration No. 9 is almost the length of dress. The front of

skirt and the bib are cut in one; the front width is gored; the bib extends around the neck and is buttoned; the band and sides of bib are cut with the side widths. Two straight lengths of material are sewed to gored front, and then gathered to a band about nine inches long. Sleeves are worn which are large enough to cover the dress sleeve entirely.

Another style of artist's apron has a full skirt of gingham gathered to a band of the apron is gathered in to the skirt and tied over the shoulders.



No. 7—SEWING APRON

THE fancy muslin apron in Illustration No. 10 is twenty-five inches wide, and twenty-one inches long to the ruffle of lace, which is seven inches deep. This apron is made of the very finest and sheerest muslin. A band of lace insertion two inches wide is set in, two and a quarter



No. 8—LAUNDRY APRON



No. 2—FOR WAITRESS

inches above the ruffle. Both the head of ruffle and sides of insertion are finished with laddering, run with satin ribbon. A wider width of same color is placed above and below the insertion and row of laddering; above upper row of ribbon a double bow is placed. The strings are thirty inches long and three inches wide. The apron is plaited to the band.

ALL mothers will appreciate the boy's overalls shown in Illustration No. 11. Let the bib be long and fasten with a strap buckled in front. Three pockets will be of use.

The material of which these overalls are made may be blue jean or denim. They should be made large enough to completely protect the boy's clothing. Many sensible mothers allow their little girls to wear overalls made after this pattern.

WHEN buying material for the finer aprons select a good quality of cambrie, lawn or batiste. When



No. 9—FOR ARTIST

purchasing embroidery to set in the skirt of an apron it is more economical to buy all-over embroidery and cut a straight strip from it. Try to avoid having seams. This difficulty may be obviated by using very wide material, or by using the length of the goods for the width of the apron.



No. 4—FOR NURSEMAID



No. 3—FOR WAITRESS

a seven-inch hem. Strings are four inches wide. The band is pointed in front and is two inches wide. The bib is tucked and has a cape top; cape and bib are edged with a bias band a quarter of an inch wide. The straps are an inch and a quarter wide, and are made long enough to loop back, to fasten the strings through and hold them in place. Illustration No. 3 is still another style of apron suitable



No. 10—FANCY APRON

for a waitress. It is made of one width of lawn, a yard and an eighth wide. The selvage is left at the sides; the hem is six and a half inches deep. The



SIDE OF NO. 4

band to which the skirt is gathered is yoke-shaped, three and a half inches wide in front. The bib is eight inches deep, and the sides are set into the straps, which are an inch and a quarter wide. Caps are



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THREE USEFUL THINGS IN KNITTING

By Margaret Sims

RINGERING is suitable for making the knitted winter jacket shown in the accompanying illustration. Two bone needles, number nine or ten, and two number twelve steel needles are required. The directions given are for a medium figure. It is worked in brioche stitch. This stitch is alike on both sides, but you must keep the side that is intended for the right side of the jacket from you when decreasing or increasing.

For the right side of front, with bone needles cast on ninety-eight stitches, then knit one row plain. For second row slip the first st, *, make 1, slip 1, k 2 tog; repeat from *, k the last stitch plain. Now four rows of the same, counting backward and forward as one row. For the next row decrease at the beginning, slip the first stitch, make 1, slip 1, k 2 tog, k the next 3 tog, and pass the last stitch over; continue as usual, ending with 1 plain stitch. Do nine complete rows without decreasing.

DECREASE in the next row as before on the same side of the knitting, which is the part that comes under the arm. Now nine rows without decreasing. At the third

decrease make also a decrease when twelve ribs from the front, also one rib from the front. Continue thus decreasing with eight or nine rows between each decrease until five decreases have been made on the side, then work five rows without decreasing. In the next row increase on either side one rib from the edge. Work on till you count nine rows from the last decrease on the darts, then decrease exactly as before. This finishes the decrease. Continue as before, increasing at both edges.

WHEN the increase has been made five times, and you have done the following brioche rows also, begin on the arm's side to shape the armhole by casting off two ribs, decreasing in the same row one rib from the front. In casting off k the 2 crossed st tog as 1 st. Cast off two ribs at the commencement of each row on the armhole side until fourteen ribs are cast off. Then work on till nine rows are done since the last decrease at the front, then make another decrease to finish the front decreasing. After three more rows are worked increase one rib at the beginning of the row on the armhole side one rib from the edge, increase twice more on the armhole, with eight or nine brioche rows between each. After the second increase work three rows. Then at the front edge begin shaping the neck by casting off two ribs. In the next row, beginning at the front, cast off one rib; continue casting off one rib with each row, beginning at the front, until seven ribs are cast off.

By this time there are four increases over the arm. Work four rows, then beginning at the shoulder end cast off one rib; now cast off at both ends until eight ribs are cast off, then cast all off.

Make the left side of the jacket to correspond. For the back cast on one hundred and thirty-one stitches, k one row plain, work four rows of brioche—that is, backward and forward counting for one row. Next decrease a rib on each side one rib from the edge, also one rib in the centre as follows: work the first of the two middle ribs as usual, k the next 3 st tog, passing the last stitch over. Work nine rows without decrease, then decrease in three places as before; for the centre decrease the two ribs on either side of the previous decrease. Continue decreasing at the same three places with nine rows between each decrease until five decreases have been made; work nine rows, then begin to increase on each side, making the sixth and last decrease in the middle. Continue making nine brioche rows, then an increase on each side till seven increases have been made. Work four rows; next cast off one rib at the beginning of each row

until on both sides thirteen ribs are cast off, then cast off all the stitches. Sew up the seams under the arms and on the shoulders with the wool you are using.

FOR the sleeves begin at the wrist; with the steel needles cast on sixty-six stitches. Rib with 1 st plain, 1 p for twenty-four rows; then with a bone needle knit plain, increasing in every eleventh st, so getting seventy-two stitches in the row. Make fourteen rows of brioche with the bone needles; next row increase one rib on each side, then six brioche rows, then another increase on each side and six more rows; increase again. After this lengthen the middle thus: k a brioche row till within four ribs of the end, k 2 tog, turn, work back to within four ribs of the other end; turn, work to the end; turn, work to the end. Do this after every four or five rows, increasing still in every sixth row as before. When twelve inches have been made widen the sleeve top by increasing at about every sixth rib all along the row. Do this each time an increase is made at the edges. When the edges measure seventeen

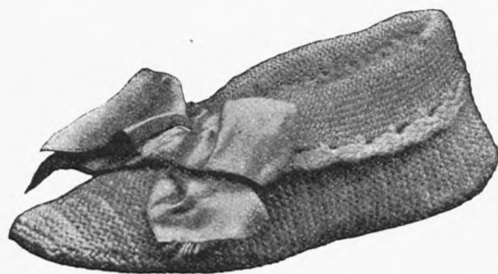
inches begin to shape the top of the sleeve. Cast off three stitches for the under part of the sleeve; cast off one stitch at the beginning of next row for the upper side. Do this until twelve ribs are cast off, then cast off two stitches on the under side and one on the upper; go on till the top of the sleeve is reduced to twenty ribs, then cast off two on each side till all are cast off. Sew the sleeves up.

With steel needles cast on one hundred and twenty-six stitches for the neck, and rib with 1 st plain, 1 p for twenty-two rows. Sew on the neckband. Make looped knitting for the trimming. It is necessary to strengthen the front edges with a strip of lining on which to sew the buttons for fastening on one side; a flap is needed for working the buttonholes on the other.

The brioche stitch, in which this serviceable jacket is knitted, is made by passing the wool over the needle and inserting the needle in the next stitch as if about to purl



WOMAN'S KNITTED JACKET

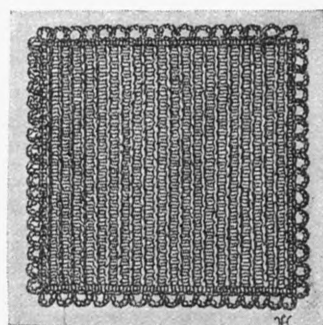


CHILD'S BEDROOM SLIPPER

it, but instead simply slip it from one needle to another, and then knit the next two stitches together and repeat as before.

THE child's bedroom slipper, shown in illustration, is knit of single zephyr in pink and white. Cast on thirteen stitches for the toe. Knit two rows of pink, widen every other row each side one stitch. Third row—Knit two stitches pink, one white, two pink, one white; repeat. When knitting single white stitch hold the wool over the finger to make loops on the inside, so that it may be very soft to the child's foot. Knit two more rows pink and one of white. Repeat this design until the front is long and wide enough for the foot. Cast off fourteen stitches on the centre of the front. Have each side of the front on separate needles, widen a few more rows and knit plain, same design, until the slipper fits the sole. Knit the back together, and sew to the sole, after making the top. The top is a band of plain knitting in pink, eleven stitches wide. On the edge is crocheted a chain of white, caught in every ninth stitch. A shell of three double crochet stitches is caught into the white chain. The top is joined to the slipper by two rows of double crochet.

The knitted wash cloth, shown in illustration, is made of number two cotton, in plain knitting, and finished with any pretty openwork pattern in crochet stitch. It may be knit any size desired.



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Wherein a drove of wallowing hogs was barred,
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Out spake a voice, "Behold the source of lard!"

I fled, and saw a field that seemed at first,
One glistening mass of roses pure and white,
With dewy buds 'mid dark green foliage nursed,
And, as I lingered o'er the lovely sight,
The summer breeze, which cooled that Southern scene,
Whispered, "Behold the source of Cottolene!"



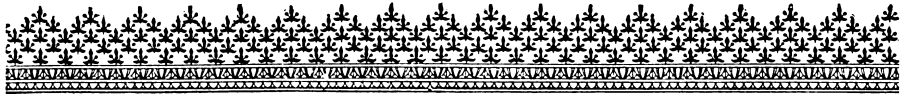
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CROCHET BAG DESIGN IN BEADS

EIGHT balls of crochet silk and two large bunches of cut beads will be required. The stitch is plain crochet. String the beads first upon the silk. Make a chain of one hundred and ninety-eight stitches; crochet one row plain; on the next row commence the design. First row—5 st, beads, x, 3 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 3 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 3 st p; repeat ten times. Second

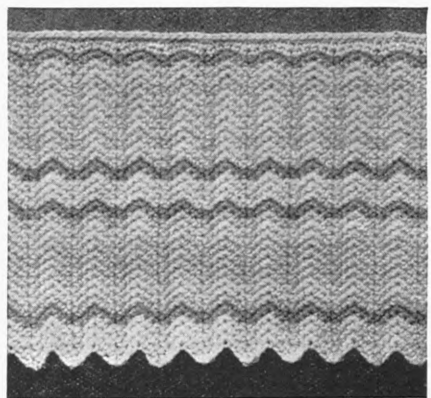


CROCHET BAG IN BEADS

row—1 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 4 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 4 st, b; repeat ten times. Third row—5 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 3 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 3 st p; repeat ten times. Fourth row—1 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 3 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 3 st p, x; repeat ten times. Fifth row—5 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 3 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 3 st p, x; repeat ten times. Sixth row—1 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 4 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 4 st p; repeat ten times. Seventh row—5 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 3 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 3 st p, x; repeat ten times.



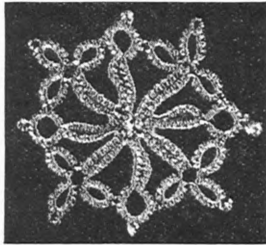
WORKING PATTERN



ROMAN RUFFLE IN CROCHET

repeat ten times. Eighth row—1 st p, x, 3 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 7 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 2 st p; repeat ten times. Ninth row—2 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 9 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 1 st p; repeat ten times. Tenth row—2 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 2 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 11 st p; repeat ten times. Eleventh row—1 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 1 st p, 1 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 7 st, b, x, 3 st p; repeat ten times. Twelfth row—1 st p, x, 3 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 2 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 1 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 1 st p, x, 2 st, b, x, 2 st p; repeat ten times. Thirteenth row—9 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 4 st, b; repeat ten times. Fourteenth row—1 st p, x, 3 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 2 st, b, 1 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 2 st, b, x, 2 st p; repeat ten times. Fifteenth row—1 st, b, x, 1 st p, x, 1 st, b, x,

1 st p, 1 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 7 st, b, x, 2 st p; repeat ten times. Sixteenth row—2 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 2 st p, x, 1 st, b, 11 st p, x, 1 st, b; repeat ten times. Seventeenth row—2 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 9 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 1 st p; repeat ten times. Eighteenth row—1 st p, x, 3 st, b, x, 3 st p, x, 1 st, b, x, 7 st, p, x, 1 st, b, x, 2 st, b; repeat ten times. Twentieth row as first; repeat five times in length and ten in width. For



TATTING SQUARE IN SILK

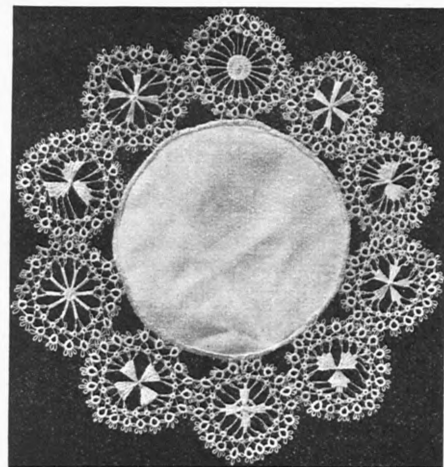
top of bag make twenty-three rows, x, make chain of one hundred and ninety-eight stitches, and begin with direction for eleventh row. Connect upper and lower parts with chain of eight stitches done with double silk, and make one chain on every other stitch of chain. Line the bag throughout with heavy China silk, and draw it together with strings of double-faced black satin ribbon. A bag similar to the one shown may be made of colored crochet silk and colored beads, lining and ribbon.

ESTELLE SMYTHE.



ROMAN RUFFLE FOR FLANNEL SKIRT

USE fine Saxony wool in white, pale blue, pink and buff. Crochet a chain as long as the skirt is wide. On the second row every sixth stitch narrow by omitting two stitches on first row; this will keep the upper row straight. On the third row, and all following rows, crochet two stitches, narrow one, crochet two stitches, widen one stitch by making two into one on upper row. When widening and narrowing crochet six stitches on the under side of previous row, and six stitches on upper edge of same row. By so doing a ribbed effect may be produced which resembles plain knitting and purling, and produces a fluted effect in the ruffle. The colors are arranged as a Roman scarf. Begin with white, then use buff, then blue and then pink, and continue repeating the colors until you have the desired width.



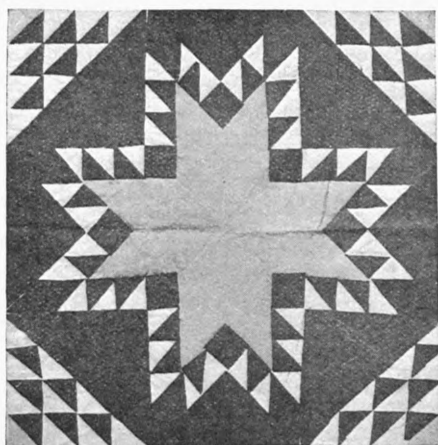
LACE STITCH DOILY

ANNA T. WELLS.

TATTING SQUARE IN SILK THREAD

WITH one thread make 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s; draw up; repeat twice. With two threads make 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s; with one thread make 4 d s; fasten in p of loop of clover leaf; repeat. With two threads make 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s; with one thread make 6 d s; fasten in last p of large loop, 6 d s, draw up. In making last half loop slip thread after making 8 d s though ps in preceding half loop, make 8 s and tie off.

MRS. T. S. LUCAS.



THE BRIDE'S PUZZLE IN PATCHWORK

TATTING INSERTING IN SILK

WITH one thread make 5 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 3 ps, with 1 d s between, 3 d s, draw up, close up, make 3 d s; fasten in last p of preceding loop, 2 d s, 5 ps with 1 d s between, 2 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, draw up, close up, make 3 d s; fasten in last p of middle loop, 2 ps, with 1 d s between, 2 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, draw up. With two threads make 5 d s, with one make 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, draw up, close up, make 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, draw up, with two threads make 5 d s. Join clover leaves as shown. This inserting will make a pretty dress trimming.

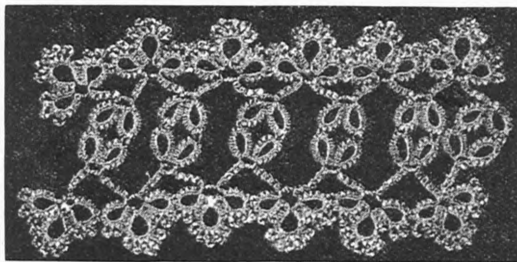
MRS. T. S. LUCAS.



LACE STITCH DOILY

THE tating is done with number forty spool cotton, the lace stitch with number eighty. A circular piece of linen four inches in diameter is used for the centre of doily. Begin wheel with small ring as follows: 2 d s, then 3 p, with 2 d s between each 2 d s; draw into a ring.

Reverse work, leave one-eighth inch thread, and make larger ring as follows:



TATTING INSERTING IN SILK

5 d s, p, 4 d s, p, 4 d s, p, 5 d s; draw into a ring. Reverse work, and make second small ring, joining to the right of the first.

There are twenty large and twenty small rings in a wheel. Fasten the third purl of the twentieth small ring to that of first. Reverse and fasten larger ring.

The wheels are joined at each side by three rings, leaving five rings free on inside of the circle and nine outside.

Make a small stiff hoop and baste each wheel into this by the purls. The wheel may then be filled with any lace stitch.

Baste the wheels evenly to a circle of linen and finish by buttonholing with filo-floss.

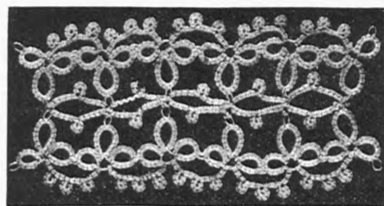
MRS. ROWELL.



TATTING BAND

IN MAKING this insertion both threads must be wound on the shuttle. With one thread and shuttle make 5 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, draw up, close up, make 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, draw up, close up, make 8 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, draw up. With two threads, still

using shuttle No. 1, make 3 d s, then with shuttle No. 2 make 5 d s, draw up (this forms knot), then with No. 1 make 3 d s, with No. 2, 5 d s, draw up, with No. 1 make 3 d s, with No. 2 make 5 d s, draw up, with No. 1, 3 d s. Now with one thread make 5 d s; fasten in last p of first fleur de lis, 8 d s, draw up. Continue as in first.



FLEUR DE LIS BAND IN TATTING

Second row—With two threads (after slipping thread through p of middle loop in fleur de lis) and shuttle No. 1 make 5 d s, with No. 2, 5 d s, draw up, with No. 1, 5 d s; fasten to next p. Third row—Like second, only make a p between half loops in which to fasten other row of fleur de lis.

MRS. T. S. LUCAS.



THE BRIDE'S PUZZLE IN PATCHWORK

THE pattern for patchwork given in accompanying illustration may be made of two shades of calico, or any other material that may be desired, by following the design exactly, cutting the patches forming the design of equal size and shape. EMMA M. ELWELL.

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The Gossip of the Editors

FOUR extra pages have been added to the JOURNAL this month—the four just preceding this. They give new ideas in needlework, practical suggestions for pleasant employment in the long evenings that are approaching. The JOURNAL believes in preparing for needs some time in advance, so Christmas presents will be the subject of the four extra pages to be given in November. They will explain fully how to make presents, novel, artistic, serviceable and inexpensive.

THE JOURNAL will fill in the long winter evenings with "Kellar's Tricks," "Home Parties for Children," "A Club for Boys" and "A Working-Girls' Club," "Church Sociables," "Preparing Christmas Presents," and "Designs for Embroidery Work." All these articles, brimful of novel suggestions, will appear in the next (November) issue of the JOURNAL.

IN THE November issue of the JOURNAL will appear the second set of pictures of the great series, "Inside of a Hundred Homes." These pictures give a woman an opportunity to look into one hundred of the most tastefully furnished and decorated homes of America, from Maine to California. They show how other women furnish their homes on moderate incomes. These views represent the cream of a thousand pictures taken especially for the JOURNAL. Study each picture carefully in detail, and you will be surprised at the new ideas they will give you.

THE series of "Great Personal Events," one of the most popular and successful in the history of the JOURNAL, will be concluded in the November issue. The closing event will be, "When Doctor Whitman Added Three Stars to Our Flag," a thrilling story of pioneer life in the far West, of the adventures of the first white woman to cross the Rockies, and of the bravery of Doctor Whitman, who rode three thousand miles across the continent, and endured awful privation, to save Oregon for the Union.

THE architect engaged exclusively by the JOURNAL for its series of "Model Homes of Moderate Cost" is the foremost originator of small, practical houses in America. He has put years of study into these plans, has an eye for pleasing effect, and arranges every inch of space in the house in a way to delight the housekeeper's heart. In November he will give the plans for a delightful house thirty-four feet square, which can be built for \$2500.

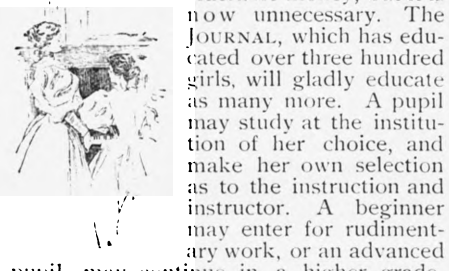
THE daintiest fairy tales for children which have been written for years began in the September issue of the JOURNAL. These charming tales tell of the different adventures of the Pixies and



the Elaines, dainty little fairies, driving out evil with good. The artist who illustrated "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has made a beautiful series of pictures for these tales. In the November number is told the story of "The Elaines' Picture of Heaven."

REGINALD DE KOVEN, the composer of "Robin Hood," has written a simple yet most melodious set of waltzes for the JOURNAL. They are called "The Poet's Dream Waltzes," and are as graceful and dainty as their name. This musical treat will appear in the November issue.

ALMOST any girl may learn to play on the piano or to sing well, but few become proficient without the assistance and the guidance of an experienced teacher, or without a course of instruction in a conservatory or college. This formerly meant the expenditure of considerable money, but it is now unnecessary. The JOURNAL, which has educated over three hundred girls, will gladly educate as many more. A pupil may study at the institution of her choice, and make her own selection as to the instruction and instructor. A beginner may enter for rudimentary work, or an advanced



pupil may continue in a higher grade. The JOURNAL, of course, recommends the largest and best institutions, but a girl who is unable to travel to a distant city may study at home. All bills will be paid by the JOURNAL, and instruction, board, laundry work, piano rent and all living expenses will be included. The student pays nothing. Why not plan to enter the fall term? This will permit of a year's study without the interruption of the summer vacation. The Educational Bureau of the JOURNAL will mail, on request, a list of schools, colleges and other educational institutions, in all parts of the country.

MISS LILIAN BELL will tell in November just how London appealed to her. She ignores the guide-books in her travels, and extracts from them do not appear in her letters to the JOURNAL. These letters are original, clever and humorous. There is shrewd sense and observation in her comments, always brimful of good nature, yet unsparing in criticism. Her bright scheme of a double ride in Piccadilly will appeal to readers who travel.

THE JOURNAL is willing to appoint agents in every city and town in the country this fall to secure new subscriptions and to look after its renewals. You can either devote your entire time to the work, or give a few leisure hours to it, confident that you will be liberally remunerated in exact proportion to the amount of time and effort given. At no season of the year can the work be so successfully prosecuted as during the fall and winter. Thousands will take advantage of the opportunity: why not you? For full information address the JOURNAL'S Circulation Bureau.

IF YOU have not tried for the JOURNAL prizes for new ideas there is yet time. A few moments' thought or observation may give you a suggestion that will be worth money to you.

The Best House-Boat. House-boats make delightful summer retreats, and are growing in popularity. For the best suggestion of a house-boat, with hints as to how it was or can be made attractive, with plans and suggestions for novel trips, a prize of fifteen dollars will be given. A photograph or drawing would add to the value of the suggestion, which should be received not later than October 1.

St. Valentine's Night. For the best suggestion of a plan for a social entertainment, for a party of friends at home on St. Valentine's Night, the JOURNAL will pay five dollars. All suggestions must be received by November 15. The entertainment must be simple, inexpensive, and require but little preparation.

Entertaining Children on Sunday. Sunday afternoon and evening are apt to prove a little long to children. They grow restless because deprived of weekday work and pleasure. For the best suggestion for entertaining them in harmony with the spirit of the day a prize of five dollars will be given. All suggestions on this subject should be received by the JOURNAL not later than December 1.

Prize Award. Christmas Church Entertainment. The prize award of twenty-five dollars in gold for the best entertainment has been equally divided between Miss Frances Leeds, of Baltimore, Maryland, and Miss Marion Thomas, of Newark, New Jersey, whose contributions, the best of all submitted, have been deemed of equal merit.

All contributions for any of these prize offers should be accompanied by postage for the return of the manuscript if not accepted. Address the Editors' Prize Box, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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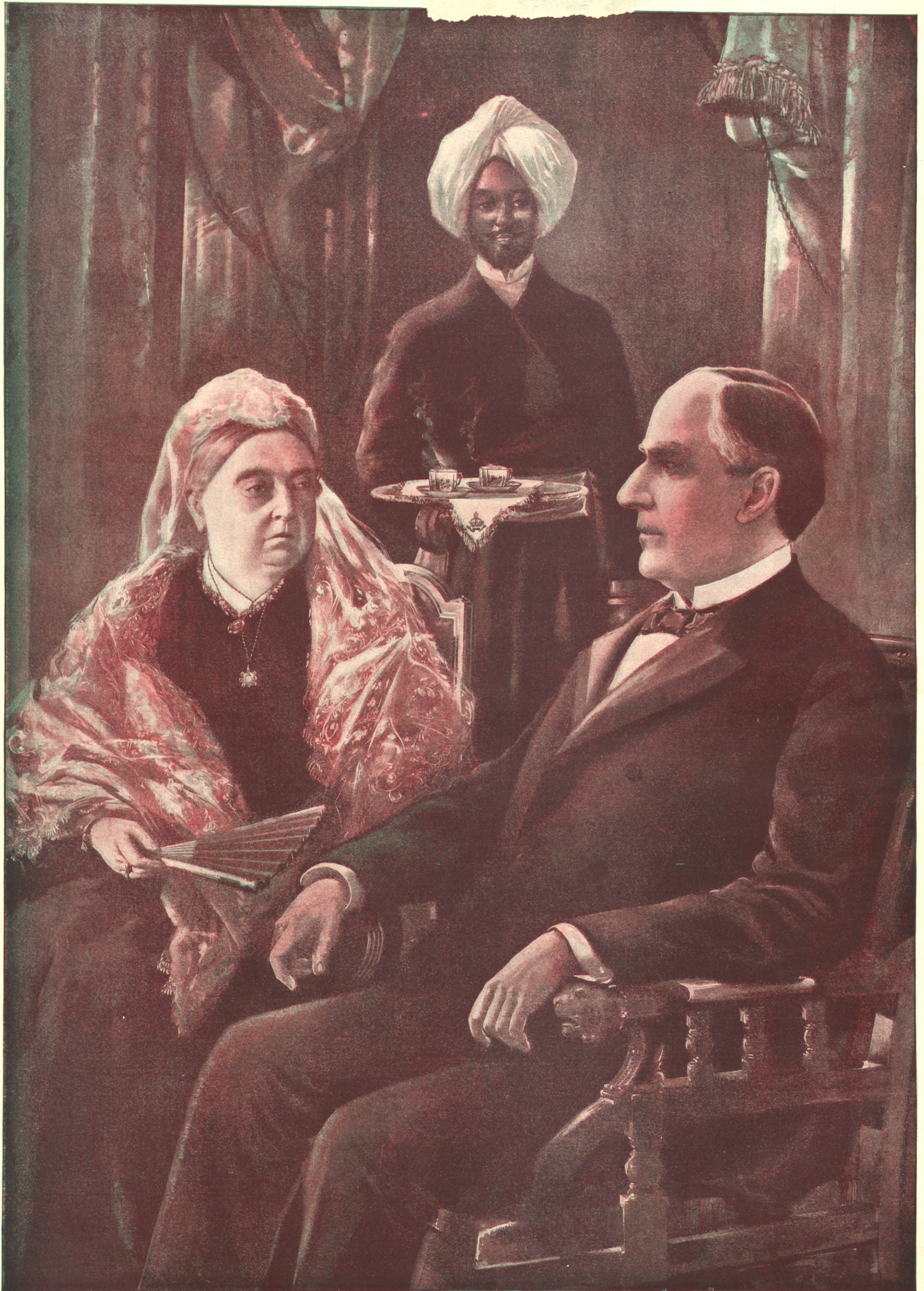
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