



DURING THE COMING YEAR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



By eclipsing all its former efforts. It will strive for two things: to make women happy in their homes and to help them in their lives. There will be a new, strong vitality in the magazine: new facilities will make new things possible. IN 1898 SUBSCRIBERS WILL SHARE IN THE JOURNAL'S BEST YEAR.



The most popular feature ever secured by the JOURNAL will consist of

The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife

As she writes them to her sister at home. They are the actual social experiences of a prominent Cabinet member's wife. For this reason the authorship will be withheld. The most intimate peeps behind the curtain of high official and social life in Washington, written by one woman to another,—the wife of a Cabinet member to her favorite sister at home. Prominent in society, and a close friend of the President's wife, the President and the highest officials in the land, with the most brilliant women in Washington social life, figure familiarly in the scenes.

Ian Maclaren Will Write a Series of Articles

No writer of recent times has so endeared himself to thousands of people through his pen as has "Ian Maclaren," and in these "talks" on matters very close to the interests of every man and woman he will win even a stronger place in their affections.



The JOURNAL will have more stories during 1898 than in any previous year. There will be Fully Thirty Bright, Live Stories During 1898 There will be two numbers entirely made up of stories.

The January issue will be made

A Midwinter Fiction Number

And the August issue, as heretofore,

A Midsummer Fiction Number

There will be stories, of course, in each number of the JOURNAL, but a larger proportion of them in these two issues.

Among the wealth of stories will be

Mark Twain's New Humorous Story

A Ghost Story by Marion Crawford

The First Story by Clara Morris

Mrs. Rollins' Quaint "Philippa" Stories

Several Stories by Mrs. Whitney

Following these will appear stories by

John Kendrick Bangs, Will N. Harben, Jeannette H. Walworth, Sophie Swett, and others

Hamlin Garland's New Novelette, "The Doctor"

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

A strong romance of a prosperous doctor, who believes himself born to be "a friend of all women and a lover of none." Two beautiful girls become his patients: one a girl of the slums; the other the daughter of a well-to-do home. The emotions awakened by each girl form the strong groundwork of a man's battle between feelings of an undecided love and a yearning tenderness. Mr. William T. Smedley illustrates this story.



Two Romantic Episodes of Royal Exiles in America

Are told in two peculiarly fascinating articles:

When Louis Philippe Taught School in Philadelphia

By Camillus Phillips

The tale is told of how the future King of France played pedagogue in America's Capital to earn his living, and gives the famous answer of the magnate of American finance, Thomas Wining, when the Royal teacher sought his daughter's hand.

When the King of Spain Lived on the Banks of the Schuylkill

By William Perrine

A fascinating story is this, when the great Napoleon's brother escaped to America, hoping that Napoleon himself would escape from St. Helena and join him. It is a picture of the life of a King and his two beautiful Princesses in our own land.



Ex-President Harrison on The Flag in the Home

It was General Harrison's idea that the stars and stripes should float over every school-house in America. Now, in a stirring article, he carries the idea farther, and shows why the flag should find a place over every fireside in our country.

John Philip Sousa, "The Great March King"

Whose soul-stirring marches every one knows, has composed a waltz for the JOURNAL, which he calls

The Lady of the White House

The complete composition will be published in an early copy of the JOURNAL.

In Needlework it Will Greatly Excel

Over any other year. With new arrangements, specially perfected, it will, in every issue, give one or more pages to the Newest Practical Embroidery, Knitting, Crocheting, Tatting, Drawn-Work, Patchwork—giving fresh ideas in every branch of Needlework.

Fanny Crosby, "The Blind Singer"

Whose beautiful hymns, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "Rescue the Perishing," have made her name beloved in thousands of households, has written a new hymn and a new song for the JOURNAL.

The Most Remarkable Sunday-School in the World

Is in America, the inception and work of one man, who to-day maintains it, now authoritatively described for the first time.

Mrs. Abbott's Peaceful Valley

Already so well received as showing the practical possibilities of happy village life, will run through several of the issues during 1898.

Mrs. Bottome's Popular Talks

Will continue through the year. A new departure will be Mrs. Bottome's ideas for "New Lines of Work for the Circles."

The Social Side of the Home

Will be treated in an unusually complete series of articles.

How Entertaining on a Small Income

Can be done will be told in a special article.

Light Refreshments for Evening Companies

Will be described by Mrs. S. T. Rorer in a full-page article.

Novel Masquerade Parties for Children

Will be described, with attractive costumes.

Entertaining Children on Sunday Afternoon

Will give ideas to many a perplexed parent.

Then will be given "Home Parties for Children"; "St. Valentine's Night Frolics"; "Literary and Musical Evenings"; "Porch and Garden Parties," and "The Newest Church Societies."

The Dainty Pixie and Elaine Stories

WILL CONTINUE THROUGH SEVERAL NUMBERS

To delight the children. No sweeter nor more wholesome stories have ever been told for children.



There will be a delightful series, the first article of which will present

The Anecdotal Side of Mrs. Cleveland

The closest friends of Mrs. Cleveland have here combined to tell the brightest anecdotes of her tact and grace—stories and anecdotes which have never been told, and which show her as no sketch nor biography could possibly portray her. One sees Mrs. Cleveland in these pithy little stories with delightful unreserve. Following the article on Mrs. Cleveland will be presented

The Anecdotal Side of Mark Twain

In stories of his dry humor, and personal anecdotes which he has told to his intimate friends, heretofore not printed. A laugh is on every line.

The Anecdotal Side of Edison

Presenting stories of the wonderful wizard's strange life: his singular absent-mindedness; his forgetfulness of day or night or family.

The Anecdotal Side of the President

Those who know President McKinley best tell these stories in this article: stories which bring out his strong personality, and show the gentle side of his character which Mrs. McKinley knows so well. Each story is new.



Lilian Bell's Sparkling Letters From Europe

Commenced in the last October JOURNAL, will continue through several issues during 1898. Every line of these letters sparkles with Miss Bell's bright wit and clever piquancy. Miss Bell's letter from Paris, in the January JOURNAL, describes, with remarkable dash, French life as she sees it for the first time. Paris passes before one as if in a vitascope.



The Romantic Flavor of Life in Old New York

IN TWO FASCINATING ARTICLES, BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

When Fashion Graced the Bowery

—when the famous New York street was a fashionable driveway, the centre of gayety and wealth, and a roadway of stately homesteads and farms.

With Washington in the Minuet

Will picture our first President in the graceful minuet with the Colonial maids and belles at the great Washington ball in New York City.



The Personal Side of Richard Wagner

SHOWING THE MAN BEHIND HIS WORK WITH TELLING FIDELITY

By Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Wagner's intimate friend, and who writes at the request and with the approval of Madame Wagner.

How his operas came into life: twenty-five years it took to write "Parsifal"; twenty-two years for "The Meistersinger." He finished "Lohengrin" in 1847, yet never heard the opera himself until fourteen years later. How and when he composed his great operas, his working hours, his dress, personal habits, religious views, business qualities, and domestic side.

Mrs. Rorer Will Begin Two New Series During 1898

She will open the year with a series of

New Cooking Lessons

Taking up branches of cooking entirely different from her series in the JOURNAL during 1897. Cooking for the Sick and Convalescent. Breakfast Fruits and Cereals. The Proper Cooking for the Nursery. Thirty Soups Without Meat. Forty Ways of Cooking Apples. New Uses for the Chafing-Dish. Forty Kinds of Sandwiches. Twenty-five Simple Desserts for Every Stomach.

Mrs. Rorer will also begin a new series:

Mrs. Rorer's Domestic Lessons

Do We Eat Too Much Meat? What to Eat and Not Have Indigestion. When Unexpected Company Surprises You. The Best Food for a Growing Boy. Light Refreshments for Evening Companies. Fruits as Foods and Fruits as Poisons. The Right Food for Different Men. Food for Bloodless Girls. The Table for Stout and Thin Women. School Luncheons for Children.

Mrs. Rorer Writes for No Magazine but the JOURNAL

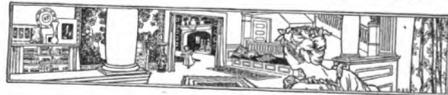
The JOURNAL'S Moderate-Cost Homes

Designed by its Own Architect

Some New City and Country Houses for \$1000, \$1200 and \$1500

Giving "Three Model \$1000 Houses," "A \$1200 City Brick House" and "An 8-Room \$1500 House," after which will come "Three Model Small Churches"—one for \$800, one for \$2000, and one for \$3000.

Also: "A Model Farmhouse With Barn and Out-buildings," and a remarkably practical article, showing how the plainest house can be made picturesque by remodeling the front door and a single window.



"The Most Successful Thing Ever Done by the JOURNAL"

Inside of a Hundred Homes

The one hundred views will be given in six issues. They show how the most tasteful homes in America are furnished, and how much farther taste will go than money. Hundreds of new ideas are presented.

Beautifully Illustrated Articles

Will be a feature during the year, and treat of

A Charming American Avenue

A beautiful avenue, nestled away in the heart of New York State.

A Wonderful Little World of People

The life, customs and beliefs of the largest Shaker community in America.

A Race Which Lives in Mountain Caves

A strange people who live in the caves of the Tennessee mountains.

The Yearly Rose Upon the Altar

The beautiful custom of a community in the heart of Pennsylvania

Easter in a Colored Convent

The beautiful ritual at Easter dawn in a colored convent.

The Flower Fêtes of California

The most striking pictures ever shown of these superb fêtes.

Fashionable Siberia

Correcting the popular impression that Siberia is only a land of cold, hardship and hunger.

THE PRICE REMAINS: ONE DOLLAR FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR

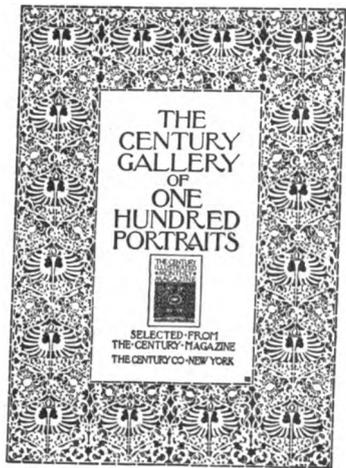
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
An Illustrated Popular Magazine for the Family

EDITED BY EDWARD BOK

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Miniature Reproduction of Cover.

To Readers of The Ladies' Home Journal

WE HAVE taken this space for several years past to bring before the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL such features of The Century Magazine and St. Nicholas, and such Christmas books as we think will be of special interest to them.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

during the coming year will contain a great number of attractions for women. Mrs. Burton Harrison writes one of her typical stories of New York society, "Good Americans," which begins in the November number, and will be followed by a brilliant novel of the French Revolution, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, whose "Hugh Wynne" was the serial magazine success of last year. A Philadelphia lady, Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, will contribute a very important and strikingly interesting series of historical papers covering her personal recollections of Mexico in Maximilian's time.

The November Number

of The Century is one of the most interesting numbers of the magazine ever issued. It contains the first of a series of stories about horses; a poem by James Whitcomb Riley; the Sultan of Turkey's own account of his side of the Armenian question; "Andree's Flight into the Unknown," described and photographed by an eyewitness; a fine map, in color, of the Greater New York; stories by Frank R. Stockton, Chester Bailey Fernald and others.

A Great Combination

We have had so many calls for proofs of pictures from The Century, especially portraits (which have been supplied at \$1.00 each), that we have now made up a portfolio of proofs of the best one hundred portraits, and this superb collection is being sold this year at a nominal price to readers of The Century. Next season it will be put on the market at \$7.50. This year it can be had at \$2.50 in connection with subscriptions to The Century.

A HUNDRED CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

of great beauty and value can be made from this superb collection. It is necessary to subscribe to The Century Magazine (\$4.00) and to add \$2.50 for the portfolio, making \$6.50 in all, and all dealers and agents can take the order and send the portfolio, or remittance may be made directly to the publishers.

THE LEADING BOOKS

Rudyard Kipling's First American Novel

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"

A story of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, telling how a boy, the son of a multi-millionaire, was swept off the deck of an ocean steamer, picked up by a fishing dory, whose skipper made a man of him. With a great number of interesting illustrations. 300 pages, \$1.50.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's Novel of the American Revolution

"HUGH WYNNE"

A book which is being called "the Great American Novel." It is the story of a young Philadelphia Quaker who was on the staff of General Washington, and who was in Philadelphia society during the Revolution. No one who cares for American history should fail to read it. With pictures by Howard Pyle. In two volumes, \$2.00.

"RUBAIYAT OF DOC SIFERS"

A Poem by James Whitcomb Riley

The story in verse of a quaint and lovable Hoosier doctor. With 50 illustrations by Relyea. \$1.50.

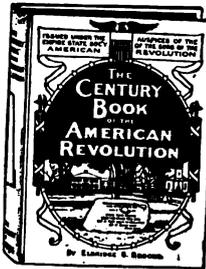
An Artist's Letters from Japan. By the famous artist, John La Farge. Beautifully illustrated, \$4.00.

The Story of Marie Antoinette. A vivid picture of Marie Antoinette and her Court, by Anna L. Bicknell. Richly illustrated, \$3.00.

Two New Books in the Thumb-Nail Series. Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and Cicero's Essay on Friendship. Dainty. \$1.00 each.

The Century Cook Book. Now the standard. Containing receipts for simple as well as for the most elaborate dishes, with prices, rules, directions and photographs of the dishes described. 600 pages, \$2.00.

Send for 32-page illustrated Catalogue free.



BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

(No Christmas stocking complete without some of them)

Issued under the Auspices of the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

"The Century Book of the American Revolution"

The story of the pilgrimage of a party of young people to the battle-fields of the Revolution. Magnificently illustrated,—a splendid panorama of the war. By Elbridge S. Brooks, with an introduction by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. 250 pages, \$1.50.

The Last Three Soldiers. By William H. Shelton. A unique war story. Illus. \$1.50.

Miss Nina Barrow. A story for girls by Frances Courtenay Baylor. \$1.25.

Fighting a Fire. By Charles Thaxter Hill. How firemen work. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Bound Volumes of St. Nicholas. 1000 pages, pictures, stories, poems. In two parts, \$4.00.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Conducted by MARY MAPES DODGE

"The children's delight, and the mother's best friend"

If there are children in your household you want St. Nicholas. During the year just beginning it will contain

The "Just-So" Stories by Rudyard Kipling, with a number of other Stockton, J. T. Trowbridge, W. O. Stoddard and other well-known writers. Mr. Kipling's first Jungle Stories were written for St. Nicholas, and what he will give the magazine this year is something in an entirely new vein. St. Nicholas costs \$3.00 a year, and new subscriptions should begin with November. To use it as a Christmas present let us send you the beautiful certificate of subscription, which will be made out and signed in our office.

All the above books and magazines are at the stores, or remittance may be sent to the publishers, and the books will be sent at once or subscriptions entered.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York

The Gossip of the Editors

To Some Disappointed Friends

THE entire editions of the September and October issues of the JOURNAL are exhausted. Both are out of print. Late subscribers could not be supplied, and orders for several thousands of copies could not be filled. Naturally, hundreds of the JOURNAL's readers and friends were disappointed. The November issue is now nearly exhausted, and in the case of this, the Christmas number, this condition will be reached even more quickly. Nor is this state of affairs likely to be otherwise during 1898. The JOURNAL is fast reaching the limit of its manufacturing capacity, and henceforth each issue is apt to be completely sold out on publication.

A Personal Word

JUST a little thought will avoid all this trouble and disappointment. We give a quarter of a million copies of each JOURNAL to the News Company, and on the twenty-fifth of each month the magazine can be bought on every news-stand in America. Buy it then right away, and you will be sure to have it. If you are a subscriber, simply see that your subscription is renewed immediately upon its expiration. A great many people delay in renewing a subscription to a periodical. They think it is something they can attend to at any time. In the case of the JOURNAL we have, heretofore, been able to supply back numbers where subscribers have delayed sending their renewals, and wishing to begin at the point where they left off with the old subscription. But, in the future, we shall not be able to do this. We shall have no back numbers. Hence, let us offer a suggestion: When you receive a notification from us that your subscription has expired, don't put it off, lay it aside, or wait to be reminded of it. Send the dollar right away. Then the Subscription Bureau will see to it that you do not miss a copy. Thus you will serve your best interests and ours. A little promptness is all that is necessary.

STORIES will make up the next (January) JOURNAL, making it, in a sense, "A Midwinter Fiction Number." One of the brightest stories will be "After Philippa was Married," by Alice Wellington Rollins—a continuance of "Philippa on Her Honeymoon," in the present JOURNAL. The first short story ever written by Clara Morris, the distinguished emotional actress—a story strong in pathos and subtle in humor—will be in the number, called "John Hickey: Soldier-Coachman." There will be a delightful college love story in "A Shy Man's Wooing," a strong love story of the railroad in "The Hundred-Dollar Shortage," by Francis Lynde, and the first developments will show themselves in Mr. Garland's novelette, "The Doctor."

A DAINTY card with a present each month for a year is surely a most appropriate Christmas gift to send a friend. One dollar will secure a year's subscription to the JOURNAL, and a beautiful card in four colors, with a graceful Christmas wish in your name announcing that the year's numbers will be sent. The January issue will be delivered on Christmas morning with the card, so it will be a specially timely and appropriate gift.

A BRIGHT young girl from Connecticut writes: "In four days I obtained by my own efforts more money than I ever had to spend at any previous Christmas season, and I assure you that it was a far greater pleasure to give the presents which I purchased with it than those bought with money given me by my father in previous years." To any person desiring to earn money for any special object in view the JOURNAL is willing to pay a generous commission upon each subscription and renewal obtained, and, in addition, to offer to each one taking up the work, an opportunity to secure one of 440 sums of money, ranging from five dollars to one thousand dollars. A line to the JOURNAL'S Circulation Bureau will bring full details.

TWENTY girls were presented with free educations by the JOURNAL last month; over four hundred within the past three years. Is there a better Christmas present to make to a girl than a complete education, free of all expense—a complete musical education, or whatever she wants? That is what the JOURNAL will do for any girl. Why not at this Christmas time? Every woman can give such a Christmas present to her daughter, niece or friend, or the girl can give it to herself. Why not find out about such an offer from the JOURNAL'S Educational Bureau?

THOSE who enjoy a good love story, especially when it is written by Miss Julia Magruder, will be glad to know that, in addition to all the attractions on page 1 of this issue of the JOURNAL, this magazine will soon begin a new novelette by Miss Magruder, written in her best vein. The story is called "A Heaven-Kissing Hill," and has its scenes laid in the fashionable social circles of New York City, with an atmosphere of art studios and art life in the great metropolis which is unusually piquant. One of the most beautiful girls in New York is the central figure in the story, and around her, another woman, and a young artist who rises from poverty to fame, a most absorbing romance is woven in Miss Magruder's inimitable style.

FOUR special pages will be devoted to midwinter entertaining in the January JOURNAL. There will be new and bright ideas on "Entertaining on a Small Income"; Mrs. Rorer will tell in a whole page how and what to serve as "Light Refreshments for Evening Companies"; there will be an illustrated page, "Masquerade Parties for the Children," and a whole page of new ideas in "Midwinter Home Parties and Frolics."

LILIAN BELL reaches Paris in her "letter" in the next (January) JOURNAL, and no American girl has ever written of the holiday city of Europe and the French people as she does in this letter. There is a dash in the "letter" which makes it, by far, the very best in the series, and gives a better idea what there is in store for those who follow Miss Bell's delightfully-unconventional letters of travel.

About the Picture Sets

WITHIN twenty-four hours after the October JOURNAL was out the entire 250 sets of pictures intended for church purposes were ordered, and within one week we had orders for 1500 sets. Naturally, such an enormous demand could not be promptly met. The JOURNAL did the best it could, and although but 250 sets were originally intended to be sold, the producers worked night and day, and we have now supplied 1500 sets—or 75,000 pictures. To still further meet the continued demand for these pictures we have again set the full force of producers to work, and we will have a second series of 1000 sets ready for delivery on January 1, 1898. The JOURNAL is ready to receive orders now for such as remain unsold of this second series of 1000 sets, for delivery January 1 next. All orders should contain five dollars, and fulfill the requirements set forth on page 15 of the October issue of the JOURNAL. With this second series we shall have produced 125,000 separate pictures.

Mr. Bok's New Page

MR. BOK will write an extra page in the JOURNAL during 1898,—in addition, that is, to his editorial page each month, usually page 14 of each JOURNAL, but in this issue page 20. The new page will combine both of the present departments of "Problems of Young Men" and "What Men Are Asking," and Mr. Bok will personally write in a new vein to both young and mature men. Success in business, a young man's social life, the essentials and qualifications for the different professions and trades, and the personal habits of young men, will be specially treated,—all in separate articles.

LILIAN BELL AMONG THE ENGLISH

* Her Third Letter on Her Tour for the Journal

England a Nation of Self-Absorbed People—The Women Unexcelled for Poor Dressing—Studying Humanity Through Opera Glasses—How She Spent a Homesick Night at an Amusing Play



THIS IS "BILLY"

LONDON. HE reaction has come. I knew it would. It always does. It is a mortification to be obliged to admit it in the face of London, and all that we have done for us, but the fact is we are homesick—wretchedly, bitterly homesick. I remember how, when other people have been here and written that they were homesick, I have sniffed with contempt and have said to myself, "What poor taste! Just wait until my turn comes to go to Europe! When my turn comes I'll show them what it is to enjoy every moment of my stay!"

But now—dear me, I can remember that I have made invidious remarks about New York, and have objected to the odors in Chicago, and have hated the Illinois Central turnstiles. But if I could be back in America I would not mind being caught in a turnstile all day. Dear America! Dear Lake Michigan! Dear Chicago! I have talked the matter over with my sister, and we have decided that it must be the people, for certainly the novelty is not yet worn off of this marvelous London. We like individually nearly every one whom we have met, but as a nation the English are to me an acquired taste—just like olives and German opera.

TO EXPLAIN. My friendly, volatile American feelings are constantly being shocked at the massed and consolidated indifference of English men and women to each other. They care for nobody but themselves. In a certain sense this indifference to other people's opinions is very satisfactory. It makes you feel that no matter how outrageous you wanted to be you could not cause a ripple of excitement or interest—unless Royalty noticed your action. Then London would tread itself to death in its efforts to see and hear you. But if an Englishman entered a packed theatre on his hands with his feet in the air, and thus proceeded to make the rounds of the house, the audience would only give one glance, just to make sure that it was nothing more abnormal than a man in evening dress, carrying his crush hat between his feet and walking on his hands, and then they would return to their exciting conversation of where they were "going to show after the play." Even the maids who usher would not smile, but would stoop and put his program between his teeth for him, and turn to the next corner. The English mind their own business, and we Americans are so used to interfering with each other, and minding everybody's business as well as our own, it makes us very homesick, indeed, to find that we can do precisely as we please and be let entirely alone.

THE English who have been in America, or those who have a single blessed drop of Irish or Scotch blood in their veins, will quite understand what I mean. Fortunately for us we have found a few of these different sorts, and they have kept us from suicide. They warned us of the differences we would find. One man said to me: "We English do not understand the meaning of the word hospitality compared to you Americans. Now in the States—"

"Stop right there, if you please," I begged, "and say America. It offends me to be called 'the States' quite as much as if you called me 'the Colonies' or 'the Provinces!'"

"You speak as if you were America," he said. "I am," I replied.

"Now that is just it. You Americans come over here nationally. We English travel individually."

I was so startled at this acute analysis from a man whom I always had regarded as an Englishman that I forgot my manners and I said, "Good Heavens, you are not all English, are you?"

"My father was Irish," he said.

"I knew it!" I cried with joy. "Please shake hands with me again. I knew you weren't entirely English after that speech!"

He gave an amused laugh.

"I will shake hands with you, of course. But I am a typical Britisher. Please believe that."

"I shall not. You are not typical. That was really a clever distinction and quite true."

HE LOOKED as if he were going to argue the point with me, so I hurried on. I always get the worst of an argument, so I tried to take his mind off his injury. "Now please go on," I urged. "It sounded so interesting."

"Well, I was only going to say that in America you are, as hosts, quite sincere in wishing us to enjoy ourselves and to like America. Here we will only do our duty by you if you bring letters to us, and we don't care a hang whether you like England or not. We like it and that's enough."

"I see," I said, with cold chills of aversion for England as a nation creeping over my enthusiasm.

"Now in America," he proceeded, "your host sends his carriage for you, or calls for you, takes you with him, stays by you, introduces you to the people he thinks you would most care to meet, and tells them who and what

you are; sees that you have everything that's going, and that you see everything that's going, and then takes you back to your club."

"Then he asks you if you have had a good time, and if you like America!" I supplemented.

"Oh, Lord, yes! He asks you that all the time, and so does everybody else," he said with a groan.

"NOW, you were unkind if you didn't tell him all he wanted you to, for I do assure you it was pure American kindness of heart which made him take all that trouble for you. I know, too, without your telling me, that he introduced you to all the prettiest girls, and gave you a chance to talk to each of them, and only hovered around waiting to take you on to the next one, as soon as he could detach you with ease."

"He did just that. How did you know?"

"Because he was a typical American host, God bless him, and that is the way we do things over there."

"Now here," he went on, "we consider our duty done if we take a man to dine, and then to some reception, where we turn him loose after one or two introductions."

"What a hateful way of doing!" I said politely.

"It is. It must seem barbarous to you."

"It does."

"Or if you are a woman we send our carriages to let you drive where you like. Or we send you invitations to go to needlework exhibitions where you have to pay five shillings admission."

I said nothing, and he laughed.

"I know they have done that to you," he exclaimed.

"Haven't they?"

"I have been delightfully entertained at luncheons and dinners and teas, and I have been introduced to as charming people in London as I ever hope to meet anywhere," I said stolidly.

"But you won't tell about the needlework. Oh, I say, but that's jolly! Fancy what you said when you began to get those beastly things!" And he laughed again.

"I didn't say anything," I said. Then he roared. Yet he claimed to be a "typical Britisher."

"We mean kindly," he went on. "You mustn't lay it up against us."

"Oh, we don't. We are having a lovely time."

There are times when the truth would be brutal.

THEN this oasis of a man, this "typical Britisher," went away, and my sister and I dressed for the theatre. A friend had sent us her box, and assured us that it was perfectly proper for us to go alone. So we went. Up to this time we had not hinted to each other that we were homesick. The play was most amusing, yet we couldn't help watching the audience. Such a bored-looking set, the women with frizzled hair held down by invisible nets, mingling with their eyebrows and done hideously in the back. Low-necked gowns, exhibiting the most beautiful shoulders in the world. Gorgeous jewels in their hair and gleaming all over their bodices, but among half a dozen emerald, turquoise and diamond bracelets there would appear a silver watch bracelet which cost not over ten dollars, and spoiled the effect of all the others.

English women as a race are the worst-dressed women in the world. I saw thousands of them in Piccadilly and Regent streets, and at Church Parade in the Park, with high, French-heeled slippers over colored stockings. And as to sizes, I should say nines were the average. There are some smaller, but the most are larger.

The Prince of Wales was in the box opposite to ours, and when we were not looking at him we gazed at the impassive faces of the audience. They never smiled. They never laughed. The subtlest points in the play went unnoticed, yet it is one which has had a record run and bids fair to keep the boards for the rest of the season.

SUDDENLY my sister, although we had not spoken of the homesickness that was weighing us down, touched my arm and said, "Look quickly! There's one!"

"Where? Where?"

"Down there just in front of the pit, talking to that bald-headed idiot with the monocle."

"Do you think she is American?" I said dubiously. I couldn't see her feet. "She might be French. She talks all over."

"No. She is an American girl. See how thin she is. The French are short and fat."

"Look at her face," I said enviously. "How animated it is. See how it seems to stand out among all the other faces."

"Yet she is only amusing herself. See how stolid that creature looks that she is wasting all her vitality on."

"She has told him some joke and she is laughing at it. He has put his monocle in his other eye in his effort to see the point. He will get it by the next bout. Wish she'd come and tell that joke to me. I'd laugh at it."

My sister eyed me critically.

"You don't look as if you could laugh," she said.

"I wonder what would happen if I should fall dead and drop over into the lap of that fat elephant in pink silk with the red neck," I said musingly.

"She wouldn't even wink," said my sister laughingly.

"But if you struck her just right you would bounce clear up here again and I could catch you."

"IT IS just four o'clock in Chicago," I said.

My sister promptly turned her back on me.

"And Billy has just wakened from his nap, and Katy is giving him his food," I went on. (Billy is my sister's baby.)

"And then mamma will come into the nursery presently and take him while Katy gets his carriage out, and she will show him my picture and ask him who it is (because she wrote me she always did it at this time), and

then he will say, 'Tattah,' which is the sweetest baby word for 'Auntie' I ever heard from mortal lips, and then he will kiss it of his own accord. Mamma wrote that he had blustered it with his kisses, and it's one of the big ones, but I don't care; I'll order a dozen more if he will bluster them all. And then she will say, 'Where did mamma and Tattah go?' and he will wave his precious little square hand and say, 'Big boat,' and she says he tries to say, 'way off'—and, oh, dear, we are 'way off'—"

"Stop talking, you fiend," said my sister, from the depths of her handkerchief. "You know I look like a fright when I cry."

"Boo-hoo," was my only reply. And, once started, I couldn't stop. That deadly English atmosphere of indifference—and, oh—and everything!

Have you ever been homesick when you couldn't get home? Have you ever wanted to see your mother so that every bone in your body ached? Have you ever been in the state where to see the baby for five minutes you would give everything on earth you had? That was the way I felt about Billy that grewsome night at this amusing play in an English theatre. I had on my best clothes, but after my handkerchief ceased to avail the tears stopped down on my satin gown, and the blisters will remain as a lasting tribute to the contagion of a company of English people out enjoying themselves.

MY SISTER'S stern sense of decorum caused her to contain herself until she got home, but I am free to confess that after I once loosed my hold over myself and found what a relief it was, I realized the truth of what our old negro cook used to say when I was a child in the South, and asked her why she howled and cried in such an alarming manner when she "got religion." She used to say, "Lawd, chile, you don't know how soovin' it is to jest bust out awn 'casion lake dese!"

Happy negroes! Happy children, who can "bust out" when their feelings get the better of them! Civilization robs us of many of our acutest pleasures.

But if I have discovered nothing else in the brief time since I left my native land, it is worth while to realize the truth of all the poetry and song written on foreign shores about home.

To one accustomed to travel only in America, and to feel at home with all the different varieties of one's countrymen, such sentiments are no more than *vers de société*. But now I know what *heimweh* is—the home-pain. I can understand that the Swiss really die of it sometimes. The home-pain! Neuralgia, you know, and most other acute pains, only attack one set of nerves. But *heimweh* hurts all over. There is not a muscle of the body, nor the most remote fibre of the brain, nor a tissue of the heart that does not ache with it. You can't eat. You can't sleep. You can't read or write or talk. It begins with the protoplasm of your soul—and reaches forward to the end of time, and aches every step of the way along. You want to hide your face in a pillow away from everybody and do nothing but weep, but even that does not cure. It seems to be too private to help materially. The only thing I can recommend is to "bust out."

HOMESICKNESS is an inexplicable thing. I have heard brides relate how it attacked them unmercifully and without cause in the midst of their honeymoon. Girl students, whose sole aim in life has been to come abroad to study, and who, in finally coming, have fondly dreamed that the gates of Paradise had swung open before their delighted eyes, have been among its earliest and most acutely afflicted victims. No success, no realized ambitions ward it off. Like death, it comes to high and low alike. One woman, whose name became famous with her first concert, told me that she spent the first year over here in tears. Nothing that friends can do, no amount of kindness or hospitality avails as a preventive. You can take bromides and cure insomnia. You can take chloroform, and enough of it will prevent seasickness, but nothing avails for *heimweh*. And like pride, "let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." I have been in the midst of an animated recital of how homesick I had been the day before, ridiculing myself and my malady with unctuous freedom, when suddenly Billy's little face would seem to rise out of the flowers on the dinner-table, or the patter of his little flying feet as they used to sound in my ear as he fluttered down the long hall to my study, or the darling way he used to run toward me when I held out my arms and said, "Come, Billy, let Tattah show you the doves," with such an expectant face, and that little scarlet mouth opened to kiss me—oh, it is nothing to anybody else, but it is home to me, and I was only recalled to London and my dinner party when a fresh attack was made on America and I was called once more to battle for my country.

I HAVE "fought, bled and died" for home and country more times than I can count since I have been here. I ought to come home with honorable scars and the rank of field marshal, at least. I never knew how many objectionable features America presented to Englishmen until I became their guest and broke bread at their tables. I cannot eat very much at their dinner parties—I am too busy thinking how to parry their attacks on my America, and especially my Chicago and my West generally. The English adore Americans, but they loathe America, and I, for one, will not accept a divided allegiance. "Love me, love my dog," is my motto. I go home from their dinners as hungry as a wolf, but covered with Victorian crosses. I am puzzled to know if they really hate Chicago more than any other spot on earth, or if they simply love to hear me fight for it, or if their manners need improving.

I may myself complain of the horrors of our filthy streets, or of the way we tear up whole blocks at once (here in London they only mend a teaspoonful of pavement at a time), or of our beastly winds which tear your soul from your body, but I hope never to sink so low as to permit a lot of foreigners to do it. For even as a Parisian loves his Paris, and as a New Yorker loves his London, so do I love my Chicago.

And now for Paris—*La Belle Paris!*

Editor's Note—Lilian Bell's sparkling letters from Europe, commenced in the October Journal, will continue through several issues of 1898. Every line of these letters sparkles with Miss Bell's bright wit and clever piquancy. Miss Bell's letter from Paris, in the January Journal, will describe with remarkable dash French life as she sees it for the first time. Paris, the holiday city of the world, its men and women, pass before one as if in a vitascope.

* The third of a series of letters written by Miss Lilian Bell for the Journal. The letters already published are:
"Lilian Bell Goes Abroad."
"Lilian Bell's First Days in London."
"Lilian Bell Among the English."

October
November
December

THE INNER EXPERIENCES
OF A CABINET MEMBER'S WIFE

AS SHE WRITES THEM TO HER SISTER AT HOME

DRAWINGS BY T. DE THULSTRUP



[As these "letters" tell of the actual social and domestic life of a prominent Cabinet member's wife the name of the writer is, for obvious reasons, withheld, and no attempt at portraiture has been made in the illustrations]

FIRST LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 12, 189—

My Dear Sister Lyde:

HERE I am writing to you the very first time I have had a chance during this week of hullabaloo since our arrival here as members of the President's official family.

How glad I am we did not come on for the short session last spring! As it is, Henry knows the "ropes" as well as a man born without social instinct ever could know them. He is mightily afraid that I will make blunders, although the dear fellow tries to hide his fear from me by putting on an air of supreme indifference to opinion. Alice has gone to Miss Denny's school in New York, and Tim has gone to study at Yale. I am delighted with the house Henry took. The people of whom we rent it furnished have traveled all over the world and brought home beautiful things. They left more in the house than I thought they would. I guess you and I would put on our thinking caps, as Aunt Jin used to say, before we would intrust such pictures, statuary and bric-a-brac to strangers. I hope I'll feel at home in this big house before the four years are up. I feel now as I used to when we played "I spy" in the old barn. I listen for rats and ghosts as I move about in the loneliness of so many great rooms.



"ON CABINET DAY HE OPENS THE DOOR TO VISITORS, THEN ANNOUNCES THEM SO DISTINCTLY"

Isn't it strange, Lyde, since coming here I seem to have lost sight of all my life between now and when you and I went to the seminary in Cincinnati? I remember how, when we went back to the farm in Ohio after the first year, father said, "Wal, my gals, do you think you'll manage to content yourselves here after such a spell of education?" and you said right off, "Yes, indeed, father, home's the best place I've ever seen," but I had to confess how much I would like to live in the great world. What do you suppose I would have done if anybody had told me later, when I taught a district school at Janesville, that in twenty-five years I would be the wife of a Cabinet officer living on this beautiful avenue in Washington in a house so full of fine things that I am afraid to move for

fear I'll break something? To be sure, our own house, ever since Henry has been a prominent man, has been almost elegant for the city where we lived, but people cannot furnish in the best taste until they have been about the world and seen things. Our horses and carriage would look old-fashioned here. I took my first drive this morning in my new close carriage, driven by a man in livery. I felt silly at first, then rather important, and by the time I reached home I had forgotten that I ever rode in less style. That must be the faculty for adaptation the American women are supposed to possess.

We have secured a cook, a housemaid and a driver (coachman), each and all so high and mighty that for twenty-four hours I was tempted to apply for a divorce from Henry owing to domestic infelicity. I tell him he brought me to this and must see me through it, especially if the kitchen gentry should cut me dead after another week.

The first official Cabinet day does not come until along in January, although I have an unofficial day beginning in November. Meanwhile, I am committing to memory some of the senseless social rules of the Capital. I don't believe George Washington and his good wife Martha would have sanctioned saying "Good morning," when the gas is lighted, or shaking hands like a kangaroo.

The money question concerns me more than anything else though. Just how we are to make both ends meet with the children at school and the enormous expenses we are called upon to meet here I hardly see. I tell Henry we shall probably pay dear for the honor which has come to him, as the salary attached to his office will not begin to carry us through. Several of the Cabinet ladies have called already, and seem

Congressmen are compelled by social law to go about calling first on the Cabinet and Senate ladies. Imagine the labor they go through and how disagreeable it must be! All of the ladies of this Cabinet but Mrs. Secretary of State are as new to Washington as I am.

There seems to be a great deal of noise going on downstairs. I wonder what it is! Here comes Henrietta, the elegant housemaid—I know her step.

Good-by, dear Lyde, I wish you were here to help me out.

Devotedly, your sister,

AMELIA T. CUMMINGS.

P. S.—That girl came in to say she would let me take my choice between Thomas, the coachman, and her lovely self. "He's insulted me honor, Mrs. Cummins, mum," she wailed in a brogue scarcely in harmony with her name. "He's a low baist; not fur the looks o' yez to have about yez, mum. He said me tail weighed me down, mum. 'Ye can't sail a kite from Ireland with a heavy French tail like Henrietta,' says he. 'Why don't yez call y'rself Katie or Maggie or something else equally green?' Thin I up an' slaps his face an' comes to tell yez how he lies about me, and how yez must take your choice between us, me as has been French maid to a Countess!"

I hardly knew which to do, laugh or cry, Lyde. Eventually I effected a compromise, but it is only a flag of truce. The Hibernian-French maid is very "sweet," as they say here in Washington, on the elegant Thomas—while he bestows his affections on the cook—hence the conflict.

When you go to church next Sunday say a "Good Lord deliver us," for me and the servant question. EMMY.

SECOND LETTER

WASHINGTON, October 22, 189—

Dear Lyde:

I do not know what I should do if I did not have you to talk to, even if I can only talk on paper. Henry is up to his ears in departmental business.



"IF I HAD LET HIM HE WOULD HAVE MILKED THE COW THERE AND THEN, IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE"

The responsibility of the position weighs upon him greatly. I must save some of the ridiculous letters we get to read to you some day. Some of these are anonymous, directing us as to our conduct while here; some are funny, some foolish and some malicious, but the begging letters are the worst of all. Dozens of relations have sprung up of whom we never heard before. One man who claimed to be a second cousin of Henry's asked if we would bring out his daughter in Washington society for a certain sum, to be paid in advance. I cannot begin to tell you how many petty annoyances we endure, ranging from these letters to newspaper people. I really believe newspaper reporters are the greatest pests on earth. If one refuses to see a "representative" of one of those papers which belong, they tell me, to "the yellow journalism" (whatever that may mean), no matter how entirely one may be engaged when he or she calls, the creature will go away, write up an imaginary interview with you and publish it broadcast.

Of course, they are not all like that; the reputable papers have really interesting ladies and gentlemen to represent them here, but when a reporter or correspondent is without conscience he is like the "little girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead: when she was good she was very, very good, but when she was bad she was horrid." They ring us up in the middle of the night between twelve and two o'clock, wanting to know some item connected with a Cabinet meeting. Poor Henry has to dress and see them, racking his brain to keep them off the scent when he is not at liberty to talk for publication.

There is one girl here to whom I have lost my heart. She seems to like me, too, which is most surprising because, although she is only twenty-one years old, most of her life has been spent in Washington, and she is more worldly-wise than I should want my daughter to be.



"THE POOR CHILD WALKED THE FLOOR WITH CLENCHED HANDS AS SHE TOLD ME ALL THIS"

I am always surprised when worldly people take to me, for I have had little experience and am not a brilliant talker. This girl is the only child of

Senator Tyler, and is the one truly beautiful woman I have ever seen. Her skin is like thick cream without a particle of color; her eyes are brown and near-sighted. She will not wear glasses, but carries a lorgnette, so those eyes have a dreamy, poetic look you would appreciate, being the artistic member of the family, even if you are a middle-aged mother of five children living in a small city. In contrast with Marion Tyler's eyes is her hair, a natural golden, which, of course, the "gossip bugs" say is bleached. The hair is naturally yellow, as she is naturally a remarkable creature. As she and her mother have been very polite to me I asked Miss Tyler to receive with me on my first day, along with Mrs. Representative Dillon and Miss Maud Dillon, of Kentucky, both of whom I have known since Maud was in baby clothes. I think you met Mrs. Dillon at our house. This is their first term, too, so they were on their P's and Q's quite as much as I was. We had great fun beforehand rehearsing Washington etiquette with Miss Tyler, who undertook to coach us. Everything went off well but saying "Good-morning." I stood inside the doorway leading from the hall to my drawing-room (parlor is discarded here), heading the line of receiving ladies. These Cabinet receptions are open to the public, even before they are official in character, and all kinds of people come in great numbers. Mrs. Dillon stood next to me in line, and then came Miss Tyler; then Maud. One of the first callers was the wife



THE MAGNIFICENT COSTUMES OF THE CHINESE DIPLOMATS "WOULD MAKE YOUR MOUTH WATER AS MUCH AS A THOUGHT OF THEIR TEA DOES MINE"

of one of the Justices, a lady of much formality and dignity of manner. As she was announced for one moment I was on the awful edge of a cordial, "How-do-you-do?" but collecting myself I muttered, "Good-morning," and accepted her kangaroo shake of the hand high up in the air in the proper manner. Mrs. Dillon forgot entirely, and with true Kentucky heartiness said, "Good-evenin'. So glad to see you!" Miss Tyler, of course, said the right thing, but Maud was so overcome by her first appearance in Washington that she said, "Good-evenin'!—I mean good-afternoon—(gasps) no, no, I don't—good-mornin' is the thing, isn't it? Please excuse me, I am so stupid!" All said with her ringing laugh, which even made Mrs. Justice unbend. The people came in large numbers and stood around aimlessly. After the first of January the rooms will be packed to suffocation, they tell me, with all kinds and conditions of individuals.

I have found a jewel of a man to wait on us—an old dandy who has served the best people in Washington for twenty-five years past. He knows everybody in town by name, has Washington ways at his fingers' ends, and will steer me through breakers ahead, I am quite certain.

On Cabinet day he opens the door to visitors, then announces them so distinctly that I can call nearly every one by name—something which seems to flatter people greatly. The butler's name is Lemuel—Lem for short. He is over fifty, but is sprightly and distinguished in manner and speech. I am humble enough to recognize how much more he knows than I do about a few things, and if I can buy his information without lowering myself too far in his eyes I intend to do so. I let the girl Henrietta go, and have secured a Swede who bids fair to prove satisfactory. Lem is only a general utility house-man, so the two of us are being waited upon by two men and two maids. What would mother say if she could see me in such glory? Father would say, "Wasteful extravagance" (I can just hear him), but mother would draw herself up, and with one of her haughty gestures say, "There is nothing too good for one of my girls."

Your loving sister, EMMY.

THIRD LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 5, 189—

Dear Sister:

At the very beginning of this letter I must tell you my latest domestic experience, so that you may believe the spirit of competition is still alive in a place reputed to be given over entirely to government and society. When I first set up housekeeping here I took milk of a dairyman recommended by Mrs. Kneller, of the Navy. He came around and delivered milk from a wagon just as they do at home. The milk was pretty good at first, but soon became suspiciously watery, so I stopped taking of him and gave my patronage to a little German woman in the market. Bear in mind that my patronage is something to view with respect nowadays, and that the whole Nation wants to know what I am going to have for Thanksgiving dinner, judging from the number of times I have been interviewed on the subject. Yesterday, late in the morning, when I was trying to get a moment to myself in which to answer some letters, a hurried knock came on the door of the little room opening off of my bedroom, which Tim calls "mother's retiring chamber." Following the knock came Louise, the latest addition in the way of upstairs girls. She explained, all of a flutter and trying to hold in a big laugh: "The milkman's down in the kitchen, Mrs. Cummings, an' he's got the cow."

"Cow?" I echoed. "He's got the cow in my kitchen, do you mean?"

"No'm, not quite, but I shouldn't wonder if he'd bring it in if you don't go down to see him. He says he's heard you said his milk was watered, so he just brung in the cow hitched on to the back of his wagon, so as you can see it, an' says he'll milk it right in front of the house if you'd like to see where the milk comes from. I told him to go, but he just stands like a bull in a ten-acre lot an' says he'll hold his ground till he sees the missus."

And I positively had to go downstairs and argue with him over half an hour before he could be convinced of my determination to do as I pleased. "Sure nuff," as Lem says, there stood a fine, plump cow hitched to the rear of his wagon in front of the house, and if I had let him he would have milked the cow there and then.

Do you remember how father used to say, "If Em's heart could be turned wrong side out it would be found lined with other people's troubles"? I often wonder why people tell me so much about themselves. You have such a keen interest in human nature that I must give you a peep at the inner lives of these world's people. It seems that the beauty of Washington, Marion Tyler, has after all a heart. The gossip goes that she is a heartless coquette, and is soon to marry a foreigner attached to the English Embassy—a foreigner, who, strange to say, has money as well as a prospective title. The Tylers, I have discovered, are poor in comparison with the style they keep up. The victoria, with liveried coachman and footman, in which Marion and her mother drive about leaning back with the indolent, superior air of princesses, is hired by the year. Marion's parents have brought her up with the understanding that she can only repay them for the sacrifices they have made in order to keep up appearances, by marrying well in a worldly way, now that she is of a salable age. I had concluded the world must be right for once about people's feelings, because Marion seemed almost reckless in her flirtations, and the matrimonial views she expressed were worldly and heartless. But the other day a note came to me from her, all tear-blotted and crumpled, saying:

"Dear Mrs. Cummings—If you wish to save a girl from ruin, write inviting me to spend the day with you to-morrow. You are the only human being in all this desert of selfishness. I almost believe you have a heart. Yours, MARION."

I wrote her a note and she came the next day before luncheon. When she first arrived the lovely face was in its usual conventional repose (she has made an art of self-control), but after a few moments she began by saying she must explain her frantic note, and as she spoke the tears slowly filled the sad brown eyes, making her expression so pitiful that a lump rose in my own throat. Then she told me that for two years she has loved one of the young Lieutenants stationed at the barracks. He is as poor as she is, and her parents have put her to slow torture ever since they began to suspect her weakness for

Lieutenant Garven. They have told her she is to marry Mr. Brian Bymington, the Secretary of the English Legation, heir to a moneyed title, and I fear they will win the day, because of the girl's previous training.

I thought she was their own child, but it seems she is Mrs. Tyler's niece, whom they adopted in her infancy. You can imagine how such people would make her feel the load of obligation toward themselves. This she feels keenly, and knows besides how utterly unfitted she is to be a poor man's wife. Just imagine a girl of twenty, Lyde, who cannot sew on a button or mend a glove! She has had a special maid to do everything for her all her life, even when Senator Tyler's grocery bills were in arrears. One of the worst features of the case is that her lover has been entangled with a married woman here whose influence has ruined a good many men. He does not try to conceal his former relations with this woman from Marion, but such relations seem to be looked upon as a matter of course in Washington, and Lieutenant Garven tells the child if she marries Bymington he will go back to this Mrs. Deming, and Marion can blame herself. The poor child walked the floor with clenched hands as she told me all this. I really believe it was the first time in all her life that she had talked out herself to any one.

She asked me if I would let her meet Jack Garven here alone once in a while, because her father has forbidden her to receive him at home. I did not know how to refuse, and still I hardly like the idea. I said I would think it out the best I could and let her know in a day or two. I have only met Mr. Garven a few times. He seemed then to be a typical young Army officer, almost as light-headed as he is said to be light-footed at waltzing, but there may be more to him than I think. Henry would think me a romantic fool if I should tell him about this, but I know you will sympathize with the child as I do. You and I always did like "the love parts" of a story, didn't we, Lyde? I tell Henry he and I will have to get acquainted again after this administration. We hardly see anything of each other. He works hard at his departmental duties, and I even harder as the season comes on, what with luncheons, teas, dinners, my own receptions and calls.

I had tea at the Chinese Legation the other day. Dear child, you do not know what tea is—you have never tasted the real thing. I never had before the Chinese Minister, through an interpreter, explained to me that in China they keep pots of the beverage about and drink it whenever they are thirsty, as we do water. I asked him why they did not all die of nervous prostration. He came nearer laughing than I ever knew a Chinaman to do before, and assured me there was no harm in real tea: that the American disease lies only in the wretched leavings which the Americans drink. This tea was like nothing else I ever tasted. It suggested roses and honey and some of Aunt Jin's spiced peaches and violets. As it costs fifteen or twenty dollars a pound over here I fear I cannot add it to my marketing list.

I wish you could see the Orientals of the Legation in full dress. The magnificent embroideries on their blouses, as I call their floating jackets and full silk shirts, would make your mouth water as much as a thought of their tea does mine. I thought the tea at the English Legation house was delicious, until Mr. Fou Lung Chung served me to the real thing. Henry says he expects to hear of my eloping with the aforesaid gentleman in hopes of "drinking my fill" of the celestial nectar.

Outside of Washington people have an idea that the political society constitutes all the social intercourse known to the Capital. I find this a mistaken idea. There is a large circle of people designated as trades-people, who seldom mingle with the political set, except at the Presidential and Cabinet receptions free to all. Then there is a literary set, much like that we read about as existing in Boston. I met one of the brainy set at Mrs. Chief Justice's house, and she said to me: "Does not the weight of a butterfly existence bear down upon your esoteric being, Mrs. Cummings? You ought to join our club for the study of the soul's repose, which would rest you after days and nights of mere physical existence." I thanked her humbly, and I hope gratefully, but with a mental reservation. It seems to me my soul is getting a more repose at present than any other part of me. If she had asked me to join a society for the development of the muscles of the right hand, or for the promotion of tact, I think I should have joined.

The Georgetown people look down upon the political set with some contempt. Their pride is that of family. Being a member of the floating population myself I do not expect to meet these people of inherited degree. Poor me! However, I shall not pine. It does me good to talk all of these things out with you.

Good-by, my dear. Devotedly, EMMY.

FOURTH LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 15, 189—

Dear Lyde:

You asked me in your last to tell you something in a familiar way about the life going on in the White House, so I will devote a letter to what might be called Presidential domesticity—if such a thing exists. The worst of the life is the lack of privacy and room. The first lady of the land is about the hardest-worked woman in America in many ways. The present lovely incumbent has more leisure than most of those who have occupied the place, because she knows no more about the domestic arrangements than if she lived in a hotel. Everything is turned over to a housekeeper, who does not even report to Mrs. President. The President's wife has not the luxuries nor conveniences of ordinary rich people living in large cities. Her quarters are circumscribed, and she is besieged by reporters, especially during the first year, while the mere reading of her letters received every day is a heavy task, although she has a secretary to help her out. This Mrs. President does not even receive the reports of the head steward, the chief official servant of the household. It is said that he went to her not long ago to ask her advice about getting rat poison to kill the numerous rat and mice occupants of the White House (he it said in shame to the Nation), and she told him his province was to keep everything disagreeable hidden from her—from rats to ghosts. That settled Mr. Steward.

The President's wife cannot for one moment relax the vigilant eye she is compelled to keep on her every word, look and action, except when she is asleep. She is the central figure for gossips not only of one city, but of the whole United States. If a woman were not circumspect in this position social conditions would soon become more topsy-turvy than they are at present at the Capital, it seems to me. She must throw her youth behind her or lock it up in her heart while she inhabits the White House. Of course, they do entertain one or two guests at a time at dinner or luncheon very often, but the great dinners are State affairs, at which the precedence of individuals seems to be the foremost consideration, and the occasions are formal almost to the extent of being stiff and uncomfortable to an easy-going person like me.

We attended the first Cabinet dinner of the year early this week. The President always gives the first dinner of the season to his official family, as the Cabinet people are called. I was full of interest and importance upon this occasion, it being my first meal in the State dining-room of the White House.

The President took in Mrs. Secretary of State, and Mrs. President was escorted by Mr. Secretary of State. There is no law of precedence in the Cabinet, but degrees of rank have gradually grown into observance according to the time the special portfolio has been in existence. The portfolio of State was established first, therefore the Secretary of State is looked upon as the ranking Cabinet official. A funny thing happened the other day. I was waiting for an elevator in a store, and just then the Cabinet lady next below me came along to get the elevator, too. We stood chatting a while and when the elevator came up I stood back to let her go in first, because she was older than I. She would not move; I stood looking at her and the elevator waited. She stepped behind me saying, "You rank me, Mrs. Cummings. Please go first." Don't you think that was ridiculous in a Republic?

To go back to the dinner—it was very splendid, from the things eaten to the things worn by the ladies. There was a stateliness about everything which reminded me more of George Washington than anything else in Washington ever has. When we know each other better, and are more at home in the business, a Cabinet dinner will seem just like any other elegant dinner, I imagine. Henry is not much of a lady's man, and it was amusing to watch him laboring to entertain the lady he took out.

The President's wife has two privileges I envy her—that of having flowers from the White House conservatories always at her command, and having the Marine Band at her disposal. One way she has of complimenting individuals is by sending to them immediately after dinner the made floral decoration which always adorns the centre of her private dining-table at the evening meal. Not long ago Mrs. President honored your humble servant with a mass of camellias just off of her dining-table. How mother would have swelled with pride could she have seen her daughter receive a friendly remembrance from the first lady of the land. I confess I swelled a little bit myself for a minute or two.

The White House conservatories contain some very rare and beautiful plants, especially in the way of orchids, those weird, almost grotesque flowers, which I had only heard of before coming here. When the head gardener conducted me through the hothouses he showed me one orchid of which he is particularly proud, because it bears a striking resemblance to a human countenance. He called the largest blossom of this variety "Grandma," and all of the others "The Kids."

Mrs. President suffers from some of the same trammels of etiquette and conventionality endured by the crowned heads of Europe. For that matter, all prominent State officials and their families lose their personal freedom somewhat as soon as they take office. Imagine Mrs. President walking down town for a morning's shopping, or dropping in on a friend to visit, to "set a spell," as Aunt Jin used to say! I miss my friends more than anything else in Washington. There is not a single place in the city where I can go informally.

When the President entertains a few friends at dinner they are served in the private dining-room, where the members of the family always eat. Henry and I have been entertained there once, along with a Western railroad magnate and his wife. The dinner was much like any other five-course dinner formally served by a colored man. Everything was beautifully cooked, and I enjoyed myself very much, but I do not believe I shall ever get over my dislike of a servant standing behind my chair listening to everything that is said. I suppose that feeling comes from our early training, but even of late years, since we have been able to keep three servants at home, I have never permitted the girl to stay in the room when she was not needed, as long as the bell would call her in a moment. But I can see plainly that preference in the manner of living is all a matter of education.

But to return to the White House. The one other familiar mode of entertainment open to its occupants is the afternoon tea, which comes very near being informal. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. President entertained about thirty or forty ladies in that way, mostly visitors in town toward whom she wished to extend a special courtesy, such as wives and daughters of local politicians who had contributed largely to the campaign fund or been of use some way or other. Sometimes an unsuccessful office-seeker can be pacified by such a special favor bestowed upon his wife. I know one woman who went home in high glee showing a note of invitation dated from the Executive Mansion and signed by the President's wife, as her proudest possession. For months after she went home every caller had to hear all about that private reception and read the invitation. She was not a sore-head after that, even if her husband was.

I was going to tell you in this letter of a shocking glimpse into Washington society which a young Army man gave me a few days ago. But engagements crowd me and I must stop. In my next I will tell you this and some other surprising things. In the meantime, the best love, Lyde, from your EMMY.

Editor's Note—In the next (January) Journal "Mrs. Cummings" writes her sister of the frank glimpse into Washington society which she refers, and of one of the most brilliant military social assemblages she ever saw. She gives a glimpse of the life led by a fashionable mother and her daughter at the Capital, and of the matrimonial prospects of young girls; what department life in Washington means for young men, and describes "the greatest Garven also assumes a new aspect in the next "letters."



THE DOCTOR

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

By Hamlin Garland

HAMLIN GARLAND

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

PART I—CHAPTER I

THE pond had darkened and become silent together in an impressive way. The roseate color went out of the sky and the ice grew gray, and the street lamps bloomed out of the thickening shadow of the shore, breaking forth one after another like rare nocturnal flowers, outdoing the light of the stars which swam in the pale pink of the sky.

There was the sound of a crow in the air, the thunder of passing trains, the barking of dogs, and the spasmodic laughter of a crowd of boys who still pursued their game of "hockey" far out in the centre of the ice. There was just a hint of spring in the feeling of the air and in the color of the sky. Tregurtha had found a retired spot on the Brookfield side of the pond, and was lazily swinging to and fro, in the aimless manner of the easy skater, his hands in his overcoat pockets, his fur cap on the back of his head.

So absorbed was he in the beauty of the scene that he hardly observed the bevy of young girls chattering near; indeed, his only acknowledgment of their presence was a slight feeling of annoyance at their laughter, which was exaggerated, in the way peculiar to certain young women when a man is near.

The lacing of the trees against the luminous sky seemed too beautiful for words; the thunder of the far-off city appeared to trail after each rushing train, and added to the peace of the blithe scene by contrasting the iron-clank of the pavement with the coming silence of night here.

"How beautiful Nature really is," thought the skater as he executed a pigeon-wing.

The shouts of the boys rang out again as they streamed along, like a school of minnows, after the ball far out in the centre of the pond, and the voices of the girls near, at last caught his attention. They stood on the shore, and were calling to a companion still on the ice:

"Come on, Sadie, we're going now."

"Well, go on, dear, I won't object."

"But you must go, too."

"Oh, I can't go now! I'm just getting the roll."

"Come on, you silly thing, you can come down to-morrow and try again. Come on, now," pleaded those on the bank.

"Sadie Burr, if you don't come this minute we'll go right off home and leave you to your fate."

Even this threat had no effect on Sadie, who, with muff in one hand and skate-bag in the other, was toiling and wabbling in a furious trial of some new movement. She was completely tired out, and her limbs trembled so she could hardly balance herself.

Tregurtha moved off a little space, and soon forgot all about the girl as he whirled and spun in his last course. The boys were thinning out, and the sounds of the place grew more and more subdued till only an occasional shrill shout told that the pond was not yet deserted. The light went out of the pond and at last out of the western sky.

Suddenly out of the shadow a magnificent skater burst, skating backward on one leg with a leaping motion.

"Look out!" called Tregurtha, just too late.

The racer crashed into the girl skater with frightful force and both went down. Tregurtha hastened up.

"Now what have you done?" he asked of the man. "I'm a physician, let me look at her. Bring some snow. She has fainted."

The man skated away and Tregurtha bent himself to revive the wounded girl. She was stunned by the fall,

Editor's Note.—Directly following this story by Mr. Garland will be published Julia Magruder's new novelette, entitled "A Heaven-Kissing Hill." With one of the most beautiful girls in New York social life as its central figure, a young artist as its hero, and a woman "seen and yet unseen"—"unseen" at the beginning of the story, but "seen" before its close—the novelette has more than the usual charm of a romance set into the social and art life of a great city. Miss Magruder's story will begin in one of the early issues of the Journal next year.

and blood was oozing out of one of her shoes where the heel of the skate had struck her instep. She moaned and rolled her head from side to side pitifully. He took off her skates and also his own to be able to walk about better. The skater did not return, and Tregurtha, looking for him, saw him flying away in the shadow of the trees.

"This is a pretty mess," he thought. "Not a boy in sight." He laid his hand on the ice a moment and then upon her forehead, and her moaning increased.

"She must not lie here," he thought, and taking her up he moved cautiously to the shore.

"Oh, dear! Oh, my foot," she moaned.

"Now don't try to stand," he said, as she attempted to rise. "You're all right now. I'm a physician and you must do exactly as I tell you. Where is your home?"



DRAWN BY W. T. GMEDELEY

"THIS IS A PRETTY MESS,"
THOUGHT THE DOCTOR.
"BUT SHE MUST NOT LIE HERE!"

She pointed to a large, square, frame house to the left. He whistled. "A good thirty rods!" He could not bring himself to shout for help. "Not a living thing in sight," he grumbled. He bent down and took her up again to carry her up the bank.

She was a robust figure, and it took a large share of his abundant strength to carry her. He could not help mentally smiling at his own figure—he perceived himself puffing along up the icy turf toward the highway, accompanied by the clinking of skates.

"Why couldn't she have been more fragile?" he thought humorously as he put her down on a bench near the iron fence and looked around over the wintry landscape.

It was about supper-time, and every one had gone home. He heard footsteps on another walk, but too far away, and he still could not bring himself to shout for help. He looked at the driveway curving away among the fir trees, and as he saw the light shining from the windows he shrugged his shoulders. It would shock the household into hysterics, but no other course seemed open.

The girl remained in a semi-conscious state from the blow of her head on the ice and the pain of her wounded

foot. He drew a long breath, and took her up once more and entered the driveway. It was dark under the trees, and he stumbled several times, but kept on until he reached the porch. Placing her down on the steps he rang the bell. To the girl who came he said:

"Is Mrs. Burr in?"

"She is, sorr."

"Will you just open the door wide? Miss Burr has hurt her foot skating—now keep quiet, please. Help me get her into the house." The girl, scared into silence by his voice, led the way into the reception-room and helped him place her on a sofa.

"Now go quietly and tell Mrs. Burr, and don't scream." The frightened (and delighted) domestic hurried away.

"Now for squalls," said Tregurtha as he threw off his coat and hat, and turned to face the rush of women.

"Now don't worry—bring me linen and warm water—be quick—and send a boy after my medicine-case—I'm Doctor Tregurtha—bring a pillow—unbutton her cloak—raise her chin a little, she can't breathe so—there—loosen her collar. Somebody skated into her and she's stunned by the fall. The wound in the foot is not severe," he said as he stripped the stocking from it and began bathing it with warm water.

Her moaning increased and the women were troubled.

"Oh, Doctor, she suffers so!" cried her mother.

"That's returning consciousness," said Tregurtha as he deftly put the foot down on a cushion and took her pulse.

"She's coming on all right.

Keep up the chafing of her hands. She is cold."

He caught the foot in his hand again and began to wind it with strips of linen, after which he drew the stocking over it carefully.

"There, now, she's more comfortable. Make her a cup of hot broth at once. How do you feel now?" he asked gently of the girl.

"Oh, my head!" She moaned. He put his hand to her head with the same deft, sure action. "No external wound, but she's badly shaken up, of course. She'll be herself in a few minutes," he said.

A little later his medicine-case arrived, and he said, "Now, if you'll show me where she is to sleep we'll take her up. Is there a man? I carried her from the pond, but I think I'll employ a little help to carry her upstairs."

He went up the staircase assisted by the coachman.

Half an hour later he took leave of them, and made off down the street, his feet striking hard on the frozen ground, and his skates jingling pleasantly on his arm. The incident had taken on unusual interest to him. He was accustomed to be brutally frank with himself, and he knew the affair derived interest from the fact that she was young and handsome, and of good family.

At its lowest terms it meant one more very pleasant and profitable patient. He had seen the girl many times before, but took no more notice of her than of any other handsome girl passing his door. He hardly knew before where the Burrs belonged in the society of Brookfield, but there was distinction in the interior of that fine old Colonial house.

He mused as he smoked:

"What a physique the girl has! Her face is good, too—bold, high-colored. Nose a little beakish, betokening, says the phrase, a love of power—lips thin and red and flexible—yes, she's got a mind and temper of her own."

Curiously enough he had a very vivid remembrance of the pressure of the girl's cheek against his muscular breast, and he could not brush it away, and in truth he was not so anxious as he might be to do so. It followed him into his little office. A man of thirty-five, he had lived out a larger share of experience than comes to most men at fifty, and he considered it rather singular that this woman had such power to stir him. He had small faith in affinities or love at first sight—"Money or propinquity does it generally," he was fond of quoting.

However, no amount of pooh-poohing could banish the thought of that superb young form he had carried in his arms, and it rather annoyed him, ending at last in affording humorous self-study. As he soliloquized his hard, black eyes sparkled with a cheerless sort of merriment. He tipped back in his chair, puffing away at his cigar with rather unusual energy. He went off into a train of self-derisive thinking.

"Tregurtha, you're a kind of fraud. You're an old pessimist, hopeless, in theory. A believer in the worst of Schopenhauer, and yet for all your age and theory of gloom here you are metaphorically rolling the pressure of a girl's fair cheek as a rich morsel under your tongue. The question is, when are you going to get old enough or

sane enough not to dream and moon in spite of yourself over any extraordinarily pretty woman you see?"

And he seized an eminent work on "Clinics," and fell to studying one of the most appalling late cases of triumphal surgery, with complete absorption. He threw it down soon.

"No use. I'm not in the mood for taking the human frame to pieces. I'm tired of the whole thing."

Some one knocked.

"Come in," he said mournfully.

A powerfully-built man with a strong face, smoothly shaven, came into view. Tregurtha shouted with pleasure: "Radbourn! Just in time. Sit down. What are you doing here?"

"Never mind me. I came on to interview Senator Brown on the tariff bill for my syndicate letter," Radbourn explained as he took a seat. "How are all the Bohemians? How's Reeves? How's yourself?"

"Reeves is in training as a father."

"No, is he?"

"He is. Goddard is off on a lecturing tour. Henry James Carpenter is hammering away on Spencer and Stuart Mill, and as for myself, you come upon me very much perturbed."

Radbourn looked incredulous. "You merely state that, you don't show it. What has happened?"

"Everything is caused, nothing happens."

"But I imagined it to be one of the strong points of your philosophy that nothing found you unprepared. What has shaken the fatalist?"

"Women," said Tregurtha dryly.

"Women?" asked Radbourn.

"Women," replied Tregurtha conclusively.

"What has an old pessimist like Will Tregurtha to do with women?" said Radbourn, a faint smile again showing around his firm lips. "I've heard him say—"

Tregurtha, as his habit was when in a mocking mood, clicked with his tongue. "I find I'm still vulnerable. In theory, I am sexless; in fact, I am a young, strong man. Theoretically all women are alike, but as a matter of strict fact there are two women taking my attention from my books to-night."

"Two!" shouted Radbourn in unwonted hilarity. "Do you know I begin to doubt the wisdom of leaving you alone? I must keep an eye on you."

"That comes with excellent grace from a man with his mind divided on three. By-the-way, when did you see Myra last, and Miss Raymond last, and when did you write to Lily last?"

Radbourn's face grew grave suddenly. "Tut, tut, Wilfred, you've got your finger on my sore spot. In sober earnest, what has stirred you up in this way?"

Tregurtha fell into a muse. Finally he looked up. "Perhaps you'd like to see?"

"I certainly should."

Tregurtha seemed seized by the idea and sprang up. "Then put on your hat and go with me. Got a half dollar in your pocket?"

"Just."

"All right, I'll tell you how to use it."

Tregurtha moved about the room, put on his coat and got his medicine-case.

"Are you ready?"

"They stepped out upon the street."

They soon reached one of the poorer quarters of the town, a low street parallel with the railway—a very unwholesome and depressing street, of a piece with the raw, dark evening. Rows of poor tenement-houses jutted squarely on the narrow, unkempt walk, and there was not a suggestion of beauty anywhere in sight. They were shapeless as boxes, had been painted drab once, but it had faded and peeled until they were a cold and desolate gray. The little yards back of them had no sign of grass, and were now slimy with the effect of a mist which was falling silently. Cans, hoops of iron, broken bottles and bits of old shoes were scattered about.

"What a place to live in!" muttered Radbourn after they had gone a block or two.

"What a place to die in!" replied Tregurtha.

"The city doesn't trouble itself about sidewalks and drainage in this part of the city, I take it."

"Not particularly. Here we are. Now you do just as I tell you," cautioned Tregurtha. "See all you can, but talk afterward. They know me here."

They entered a hall in the centre of a two-story wooden tenement. The walls were dingy, and the floor slimy with mud from the street. The sound of children squalling, women scolding and men talking, their voices roaring with rage or laughter, filled the hallway. The house swarmed with life, and as the evening was close and oppressive the hall doors were mostly open.

"Two rooms are the regulation thing for each family, you see, and in the Providence of God the poor have great families, else we'd run out of men to do our work for us," said Tregurtha.

"Don't get much money out of this practice, I imagine," said Radbourn.

The men and women seemed to know the Doctor, for they all hushed their clamor when they saw him, and greeted him with something like affection. Nodding and smiling, he passed to the back suite of rooms on the right of the hall and knocked on the closed door. A woman's voice called, "Come in," and they entered. An elderly woman seated by the stove in apparent dejection seized her crutch and rose in some confusion to greet them. She had gray hair and a broad, attractive face.

"Why, Doctor! I didn't expect to see you so soon."

"Well, I happened to be down this way, and I thought I'd run in to see how you all were. Is Celia asleep?"

"No, I think not. She can't sleep, poor dear, till the noise in the hall stops."

Tregurtha followed the mother through the door, and made a sign for Radbourn to follow. The room, hardly larger than a good trunk, contained two beds and some furniture, and two windows, one looking blank against the wall of the next tenement, and the remaining one staring out over the filthy alley, whence the rush of passing trains filled the room almost constantly with a deafening smother of sound. On one bed lay a little boy sound asleep, and on the other lay a girl of eighteen or thereabouts. Her violet eyes dilated with pleased surprise.

"Oh, Doctor, I'm so glad—"

"Sh!" said Tregurtha, putting up a warning finger of his left hand, for the girl had his right imprisoned in both her pitifully slender hands.

"This is Doctor Radbourn, my dear. Radbourn, just step over here and try her pulse," said Tregurtha in easy prevarication.

Radbourn gravely obeyed and took the slender little arm in his hand. How fragile and beautiful she was! What glowing, violet velvet eyes, he thought, as he silently held her wrist. She studied his face closely, and determined soon that she liked it, and smiled a little, gazing like a child into his grave, gray eyes.

"I'm not very sick, am I? I don't feel sick, only just tired. Don't you think I can go to work—"

The thunder of a passing train drowned out her voice.

As he looked at her closely Radbourn saw that more than the pallor of ill-health was in the whiteness of her skin, and her pretty hair was dull gold in color. The sick girl kept her eyes on him till she had read him thoroughly, then she turned her gaze on Tregurtha, who stood silently at her head.

"If I could only be where it is still," the girl whispered longingly, and Radbourn felt a keen sting of pain at his heart.

The mother said, "Yes, it's the noise that keeps her down. They try to keep still, but they can't, there are so many of them in the house, and the smell of the cooking troubles her dreadfully, too."

Tregurtha and Radbourn spoke cheering words to them, and were about saying good-by when the girl said timidly, yet eagerly, "Doctor?"

"What is it, my dear?" said Tregurtha tenderly.

"He—has a flower—in his coat," she whispered, pointing at a withered little *boutonniere*, which Myra had given Radbourn, and which he had forgotten. He saw her gesture and the line of her eyes, and hastily taking out the bunch of flowers gave it to her, saying:

"Certainly, if it will give you pleasure. I'm sorry it isn't fresh."

She thanked him with a smile of ineffable sweetness, and put the flowers by her cheek, and when they went out she lay with her right hand fallen on her bosom, her supernaturally-brilliant eyes smiling gratefully upon them.

They passed swiftly through the bare living-room and silently through the pandemonium of the hall, and when they reached the outside air Radbourn, disguising his tenderness in a hard, bitter tone, said:

"Poor little seraph. How shall we answer for you in the great day?"

Tregurtha did not reply for some time. Coughing to clear his throat he finally said:

"Radbourn, you're a fraud! That's what you are. Pretending to be a man, and weeping at a simple little thing like that. Why, I live in that kind of an atmosphere all the time!"

"Well, then what's the meaning of that cough? Why do I find Tregurtha's fatalism shaking?"

"Just because that girl is sweet and beautiful and patient," Tregurtha candidly replied. "I acknowledge I'm a fraud. Now you see why I'm worried over that poor little golden-haired, violet-eyed girl. If she were a plain, angular old shrew lying there, I'd hardly be so hot against the landlords and poor drainage, see? I'm a first-class fraud, I humbly admit it."

"No, you're not, you're human. It's perfectly right for you to be more concerned over saving a beautiful young girl from death than a middle-aged shrew. If we should suddenly take to loving the middle-aged and plain—"

"Oh, there you go again on your 'reverse proposition.' Well, I'm going to see that this girl gets out of there. There is no reason why she shouldn't get well under proper treatment and proper surroundings. Now you see the meaning of the word 'women,' which we banded back and forth."

"This is one case; let me see the other you hinted at."

"I'll tell you about that some other time." He stopped suddenly. "By-the-way, we forgot to buy a bouquet for Celia. That's what I meant about the half dollar."

Radbourn was struck with vicarious remorse. "Show me a florist. I'm going to take her a bouquet. I was going to suggest it."

"We'll send it. You can't find the place."

"Yes, I can."

"I'll take it."

"No, you won't," Radbourn replied resolutely. "I want the pleasure of seeing those big blue eyes fill with tears of joy."

"You miserable egoist!" sneered Tregurtha. "It's for your pleasure, not hers."

Radbourn looked grimly up into his friend's face. "The egoistic pleasure of the altruist differs from the pleasure of the egoist in this: it supposes pleasure to both giver and recipient."

"With subtle degradation to the recipient," added Tregurtha.

"Oh, I know your point. This isn't charity, it's—a—"

"Gallantry. Any pay?"

"Oh, look here, Tregurtha. You analyze everything to rags. Shut up, and let me do my errand of mercy. I'm bad enough, but you're utterly unjustifiable."

When they came out of the florist's Tregurtha gave Radbourn the number of the tenement and said dryly:

"I shall be altruistic in my egoism and give myself the subtler pleasure of allowing you the joy of presenting the flowers. I've some other calls to make, and I want to get home in time to have more talk with you." He faced Radbourn with a singular outburst of fierce resolution.

"She shall not die. I shall give myself the pleasure of cheating the angel of cold and darkness."

CHAPTER II

WILFRED TREGURTHA was in theory an absolute pessimist, and able to sustain to his own satisfaction his theory of the aimlessness, uselessness and ludicrousness of human life. Deeply read in general literature and science, and an able physician, he commanded respect even from those to whom his theory was a frightful thing. "A man is an accident so far as he is personally concerned," he often said.

In person he was large, muscular, rather than portly, and ungraceful in manner. His beard was perfectly black, but thin, and set far back on his chin and cheeks, which gave his full, pale face an odd appearance at first sight. He uttered his most appalling phrases with his head thrown back, a jocular look in his round, prominent and very black eyes. He also had a curious little clicking and lisping accompaniment to his speech.

He was a Philadelphian, but had drifted to Boston, attracted by the libraries and certain scientific friends whose company he valued. A member of this freemasonry of intellect was Douglass Radbourn, an Iowan, whom he had met in Washington. Radbourn had been a clerk through the administrations of Garfield and Arthur, being a Republican at the time, but had succumbed to the rigor of Civil Service Reform upon the coming in of the new administration. He was a syndicate letter-writer during the sessions of Congress, and very successful.

Nihilist, as he was, Tregurtha loved Radbourn with a love that transcended that of most brothers. They did not fully agree in theory. But they delighted in each other's company and touch, like lovers.

A cold rain was falling as Tregurtha walked up the path to the Burr mansion the next morning.

The girl returned from the room above and said, "Miss Sadie says to walk up, sir."

The young girl sat in a reclining chair making a very beautiful invalid, as she well knew. She colored brightly as she greeted him.

"Well, how do you feel this morning?" he inquired professionally.

"Quite comfortable, thank you. Oh, Doctor, I want to thank you—for—what you did."

"Never mind that. I couldn't leave you there on the ice, and I couldn't call an ambulance. There was nothing else to be done. How's the foot?" he said, abruptly kneeling with the intention of examining it.

But the girl colored and drew back, saying swiftly—incoherently—"Oh—no—don't. I can't think of you—Doctor Farnsworth has been here—"

Tregurtha rose. "Very well. Then I have no further business here. Good-morning. Good-morning, madam," he said to Mrs. Burr, who entered from another room. He took up his hat and passed into the hall.

"Oh, don't go—so!" cried the helpless girl, now keenly aware of her offense. "Mother, call him back—I must explain—"

Mrs. Burr hurried out after him. "My daughter begs you not to go. I don't know what she's done, but something dreadful, I suppose. Don't go away angry, Doctor," she added, seeing his stern face.

"I'm not angry, Mrs. Burr, only I came this morning as a physician. I find my patient improving, and"—he smiled slightly—"my business is ended."

She was not sure of his meaning.

"But she is sorry for something—she wants to see you a moment and explain—I don't understand—"

"Doctor, please come back, won't you?" pleaded the girl in an agony of shame. Feeling the sincerity of her wail, Tregurtha reentered the drawing-room with his hat in his hand.

"Please forgive me! I forgot—I'd rather you were my physician," she pleaded incoherently.

Tregurtha took her wrist in his hand with the usual professional attitude, watch in hand. That was his manner of restoring peace.

"You must remain very quiet to-day. I am not sure it was wise to rise this morning. Your exposure last night has affected you as much as the blow. She is a little feverish. Be very careful to keep her warm to-day, Mrs. Burr. The ankle is already bandaged—"

"Please see if it is all right," insisted the girl, on whom the enormity of her folly grew.

Tregurtha examined the foot and added some liniment of his own. "There, be careful about moving. Don't let anybody, not even your best friend, step on it—"

"Oh!"

"Or twist it—"

"Oh, dear! You make me shudder at the possibility."

"I'm not altogether joking. There'll be plenty of your young friends in to see you, and they are more than likely to pounce on you thoughtlessly. Let me repeat, you must be quiet for a few days."

This caution was suggested by the chatter of girlish tongues in the hall, and Mrs. Burr went out to quiet them. Tregurtha left some pellets with directions, and said as he took up his hat, "I'll drop in to-night and see how you are getting along, and dress the foot for the night."

The door had scarcely slammed after him before a trio of giggling girls burst out from a portiere and swooped forward with a groan, in chorus and on a falling cadence.

"Oh, you sly thing!"

"Actually, at last!"

"We knew it would come!"

"A doctor, too!"

"Did you ever see anything so barefaced?" And they all dove down upon her in a body regardless of her up-flung hands and her warning cries.

"Go away! Don't come near it! I'm nearly frantic with pain now. Sit down and behave, please!"

"I don't believe it is swollen a bit. Do you, girls? It's just a trick. You should have heard her call him back—'Please come back!'"

"Come, begin," said Carrie Brooks, the aristocrat of the group. "Do you consider him handsome?"

"Oh, never mind that, come to the romantic part, how you got in his arms. They say he carried her all the way up to the house. Girls, think of it!"

"My! he must be strong. Sadie isn't angelic in weight if she is in temper."

"Do tell us about it. We are so interested in a man like Ponto carrying my muff."

This provoked a shriek of laughter.

"Effie, your tongue does rattle so."

"I know it. Made to wiggle, I guess."

"You all know more about it than I do, for I was unconscious the whole time after leaving the ice."

"Weren't you conscious of being carried?"

"No, I don't remember anything—"

"Not a teeny-tonty bit of it?"

"Nothing, till we reached the parlor."

"Oh, dear, how stupid of you! What a funny name he's got. Makes me think of Ivanhoe or something, don't it you? Queer, isn't it?"

In her eagerness to hear all the forthcoming narrative, the little chatterbox stumbled over the outstretched foot, and with a sharp cry the sufferer fainted. The mother and wild prattle the girl was put to bed in a feverish condition, while some one hurried madly for the doctor.

A CHRISTMAS WITH AN EMPEROR

BY NAGEL von BRAWE

H. I. M., THE EMPEROR

H. I. M., THE EMPRESS



THE EMPEROR SELECTS A CHRISTMAS TREE EACH YEAR

TO FORM a correct estimate of the peculiar sentiment which characterizes the Germans," an American remarked to me years ago, "it is essential to see and know them beneath their Christmas trees"; and I am compelled to acknowledge the correctness of the stranger's observation. The family spirit for which the Germanic race is eulogized is never more clearly

Neither is any reserve exercised in so far as either the actions or even the words of the Emperor are concerned. At the same time it is only natural for the head of every family to preserve some seasons apart for himself; a sentiment which is no less applicable in the palace of the Kaiser than it is in the home of the most simple citizen. Hence, perhaps, the public in general is not familiar with the nature of the intercourse as it exists to-day between the parents and the children of the Imperial household in the very bonds of the true Teutonic spirit. How many others might not profit by their example! I avail myself gladly, therefore, of the permission to enter the palace,

emphasized than at the Christmas festival.

The most modest little cottage seldom lacks the ornament of a Christmas tree. From far and near sons and daughters, already gone out from home, gather beneath the parental roof to celebrate Christmas, even though they may not come together again for another year. Military discipline relaxes at this season, and as many soldiers as possible receive permission to return to their firesides for the days preceding and following Christmas. For the homeless ones in the barracks there is also a celebration.

The factories and great industrial establishments do not differ in this from the barracks; the schools frequently arrange a special festival even before the commencement of the holidays; no club ever omits a similar preparation, and every citizen's house sees a table with gifts beneath the tree for the servants.

WHERE THE GERMAN IMPERIAL FAMILY SPENDS CHRISTMAS

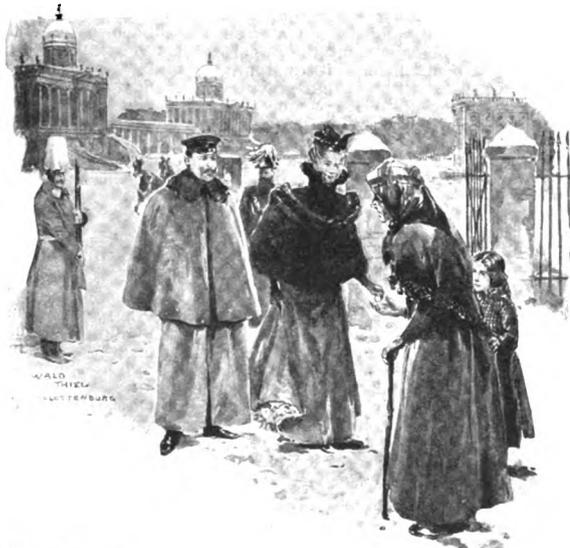
IN GERMANY Christmas is not alone significant as being the highest festival of Christianity. Quite apart from the profound religious significance, it represents equally, as a phase of its intensity, a trait of the National character, by which is revealed to the outside world the groundwork of Teutonic civilization, the fundamental principle of the nation, a principle manifested in family life as it exists to-day in all the magnitude of its strength, however great the zeal and frequency with which evil spirits may endeavor to disturb it.

The reigning family presents a sublime example of the spirit of home life. Very little is known, perhaps, by the general public of what takes place within the Imperial domestic circle; the newspapers, it is true, publish descriptions of the brilliant Court fêtes of



DRAWING BY EWALD THIEL APPROVED BY THE EMPEROR

"TWO OF HER BROTHERS EACH TAKE THE LITTLE PRINCESS BY THE HAND AND CONDUCT HER WITH GALLANTRY TO HER SPECIAL TABLE"



DRAWING BY EWALD THIEL APPROVED BY THE EMPEROR

THE EMPRESS GIVING A GOLD COIN TO A POOR WOMAN WHILE ON HER WAY FROM THE CHRISTMAS SERVICE AT CHURCH

and to observe the celebration of the Christmas festival in the family of the first German of the realm.

The Imperial family does not, as many suppose, pass the holidays in the palace in Berlin; for the Emperor and Empress, with the three younger Princes, and the little Princess Victoria Louise, remain in their charming summer residence, the Neue Palais at Potsdam, until the beginning of the new year. The Emperor Wilhelm I remained as long as possible at the Castle of Babelsberg in Potsdam, living in winter in the palace, in the street Unter den Linden, from whose corner window he was daily visible to the public assembled to see the change of sentinels; but the Emperor Friedrich, like his son Wilhelm, the reigning monarch, inhabited the Neue Palais.

THE MAGNIFICENT PALACE AT POTSDAM

THIS imposing castle was erected by Frederick the Great in 1763, and was his favorite palace. The architecture inclines to the Dutch style, crowned with cupolas. The principal façade, three hundred and seventy-six feet in length, faces the park of Sans Souci, and contains upward of two hundred rooms, besides a theatre, concert hall and numerous reception-rooms. A handsome terrace surmounted by sandstone statues forms the passage from the richly-sculptured east side to the principal avenue of ancient lindens, which leads through the park to Potsdam. Facing the west front are

the quarters for the officers of the cavalry, connected by colonnades and a triumphal arch, and provided with massive winding flights of stairs, and separated from the east front by a level space. This structure completes and equalizes the whole palatial structure. I may mention that in the immediate neighborhood is the building for the instructors, who, taken from all the infantry regiments, are under the supervision of the highest authority, and are selected to impart to the entire army a uniform principle of education.

three parts. The walls and columns of this magnificent apartment, a gigantic conservatory in fact, are subdivided in broad strips covered with shells and colored gems, whose sparkling facets, richness of color and artistic arrangement lend a brilliancy to the whole effect, rendering it difficult to imagine anything more striking and original.

As the engraved inscriptions show, these stones possess both a historic and personal value. There are entire collections made by the Emperor himself during his travels in the North; pieces of amber found by the Empress, numerous gifts from foreign potentates, selected from among the gems of their own countries, and rare gems and shells collected by far-traveled naturalists. Four mighty crystal lustres are suspended from the ceiling, rich in mosaic, stucco and painting. In winter the mosaic floor is covered over with an



DRAWN FROM SKETCH APPROVED BY THE EMPEROR

THE YOUNGER THREE PRINCES ASKING THE ADVICE OF THE EMPRESS IN PURCHASING THEIR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

the Emperor's journeys, of his hunting expeditions, of his attendance at the manoeuvres, of the acts of Government, etc., for nothing is withheld that can interest the people.

Editor's Note—A delightful feature of the Journal for 1898 will be a series of four articles absolutely new of their kind, made up entirely of fresh stories and anecdotes, short, pithy and pointed. The life, personality and character of the famous person presented will be illustrated by characteristic anecdotes. The series will contain "The Anecdotal Side of Mrs. Cleveland," "The Anecdotal Side of the President," "The Anecdotal Side of Mark Twain," and "The Anecdotal Side of Edison."

immense red carpet, copied in Germany from a Persian pattern. The Imperial family has celebrated Christmas for many years in this salon of bewildering and dazzling beauty, and the Emperor and Empress enter with characteristic zeal into the preparations for this festival, recognized in Germany since the sixteenth century.

CHRISTMAS TREES FOR ALL MEMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD

THE chronicles of the period relate that fir trees were erected and decorated with apples and small cakes; the members of the household wended their way together to the Christmas mass, guided by the priest at their head, and again on Twelfth Day the children "did shake the fir trees," or, in fact, rifle the tree, as they do to-day. The chronicles teach, also, that the custom of bedecking the small trees on Christmas was of pagan origin; for in the month of January the heathens placed fir trees in their dwellings and exchanged gifts of *lebkuchen* and wine. But it is long now since first the illuminated tree spoke to the Germans of Him for whom throughout the world, the light of love and faith has recalled the day at Bethlehem.

In such Christian spirit are the preparations made in the palace for a festival that seems peculiarly adapted to lead childish hearts to Christ. The labor of decorating the nine trees in the Shell Salon is begun several days in advance. These trees grow in the game preserve, where their Majesties and the Royal Princes select them.

First of all a splendid fir tree is placed under the middle arch, between the columns that, on the north side, separate the principal salon from the smaller antechamber destined for their Majesties; on each side are spread the tables holding the presents for the sovereigns. A second tree, for those persons immediately about the Royal pair, stands near the tables covered with gifts for them at the south end of the salon.

WHERE THE IMPERIAL CHILDREN FIND THEIR GIFTS

ON THE western side are the two niches where, amid marvelous statues of marble, highly illuminated cascades fall over colored stones. On long tables occupying the entire east side of the central salon, directly under the windows facing the park, are placed the presents for the Imperial children. Seven trees, increasing in size from the left to the right wing, and so corresponding to the ages of the Princes, spread their branches over the gifts. In the centre between the fourth and fifth trees, where the principal entrance to the terrace forms a niche, the long table is interrupted, and under the surrounding branches is erected an artistic group representing the Holy Family in the stable at Bethlehem.

The servants having placed the trees in position the Imperial family energetically takes up their decoration. The ladies of the Court render active assistance, fastening gayly-decorated nuts and apples, confectionery and shining stars on the small trees for the little Princes. Chamberlains arrange the ornamental candles from the tall step-ladders, or strew the branches with glittering snow, and the master of ceremonies spreads a sparkling veil of "Lamette" like a spider's web, over the green branches. The Imperial mother spreads out the numerous beautiful presents she has selected for her small and only daughter, and the Emperor examines, with much satisfaction, the articles he has arranged under the branches of the Christmas tree of the Crown Prince.

CHRISTMAS GIFT OF GINGERBREAD TO THE PRINCES

TWO or three days before Christmas the elder three Princes arrive from Plön, accompanied by General von Deines, their preceptor, but to them the Shell Salon is as yet forbidden territory. At noon of the twenty-fourth a festival takes place in the palace, which concerns the elder three Princes only in their character as Lieutenants of the First Regiment of Foot Guards. By an ancient custom every Prussian Prince enters this regiment as its youngest officer on the day he completes his tenth year. It is understood, of course, that military activity shall be limited to the acquirement of such exercises as may be good for the youthful physique, and this early connection with the army has an advantageous influence on the habit of thought and the martial interest inherent in every healthy Prussian youngster. The sight of their Princes so straight and soldierly, notwithstanding their youthfulness, at times under arms for hours together, creates an immense impression on Germans, especially on the Berliners, at their great official parades.

The Princes are the recipients each year of the sweetest, most fragrant gifts from this Body Guard. It is an old and special privilege for the Captain to present at Christmas, *Pfeffer kuchen*, a species of gingerbread, to the Emperor and to the Princely Lieutenants, of whom Prince Adalbert, apart from his position in the First Regiment of Guards, holds the rank of Junior Lieutenant in the navy. Herrmann, the baker at Potsdam, represents in sugar coating, upon the cake, the star of the Order of the Black Eagle, the insignia of the Guards.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE

THE task of decorating the trees is completed. The Imperial parents, doubtless, take still another survey of the preparations and of the pleasant surprises they have prepared for their "seven" to-morrow. The tables for their Majesties and the ladies and gentlemen of the Court have still to be prepared, and then follows Christmas Eve. Dinner is served as early as four o'clock in the afternoon. At five o'clock the Court assembles in one of the apartments north of the Shell Salon, with which it communicates by a covered door. To-day the gentlemen are not in full Court dress; the officers are in uniform, with helmets; the ladies in dinner dress. Freiherr von Lyncker, the marshal of the household, has already entered the Shell Salon to direct the lighting of the candles. This is done with great rapidity, and the lights are turned on with one stroke of illumination. Meanwhile their Majesties, accompanied by the six Princes and the little Princess, have arrived in the ante-room.

The Emperor, in General's uniform, wears the cross of the Johanniter Order, and on his breast a decoration in remembrance to his Imperial grandfather, with the Royal letter W inclosed in a laurel wreath. The same, with the initials of the present Emperor, is conferred upon all who stand personally near the Emperor. In his most cheerful mood he places his six sons in file, the youngest in front, facing the entrance to the Shell Salon, while the Empress gazes with evident pleasure at the expectant

troop. The Princes wear, as usual, blue suits made like those of the German sailors. The marshal now makes the announcement that everything is in readiness. The little Princess, accompanied by her next younger brother, opens the solemn procession into the Shell Salon, which is ablaze with light. For a moment they halt; the flooding lights are almost blinding, since to the illumination of the Christmas trees is added the brilliance of the many chandeliers with their multiplicity of branches. Another short pause in the centre of the room. Two of her brothers each take the little Princess by the hand and conduct her with gallantry to her special table before turning away to their own. What delight! What rejoicings! Verily, in the most perfect interpretation of the word this constitutes youthful joyfulness. The Emperor, having conducted the ladies and gentlemen of the Court to the tables arranged for them, leads the Empress to their Majesties' tables, and the hearty demonstrations of pleasure which they exchange evince the loving care taken in their mutual selection of gifts.

PRESENTS THAT FILL THE IMPERIAL CHILDREN WITH DELIGHT

BUT they do not linger long over their own gifts. The joy of the children grows more and more lively. The Princes show one another their new treasures. Prince Eitel Friedrich invites the Crown Prince to visit his fine water-tight tent, while the latter mounts a bicycle of German manufacture. Prince Adalbert puts on his new snowshoes, which he would greatly like to try at once in the park; and beside him his younger brother, Prince August, turns the leaves of an illustrated book of the Berlin Exhibition of Industrial Arts, to which he made a visit. Prince Oscar mounts the tin soldiers over the strongly-fortified citadel of *papier maché* which Prince Joachim is preparing to attack with his splendid artillery and its nickel cannon; the dried peas already rattle against the leaden gates of the fortress. Victoria Louise is happily seated amid her miniature doll's household, inspecting the numerous toilettes of the blonde doll which can say "Papa" and "Mamma" with great precision. Repeatedly the Imperial mother is called upon by her youngest child to examine and admire treasures she had herself selected with so much care.

THE PRINCES AND PRINCESS SHOPPING FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THE Royal children have exchanged gifts chosen with much solicitous deliberation at a well-known toy shop. Any one happening to be in the shop at the time might have seen the Empress enter with her children, each provided with his own purse, and completing his purchases aside so that the others might be surprised. The younger three Princes demanded the advice of their mother in their selections. The Princes investigated everything, but upon inquiring the price generally found it too dear.

"Three marks for this book-rack?" and with a glance into his purse, "No, that is too expensive. I haven't over seventy-five pfennigs. What can you give me for that price?" And the shopgirl proceeds to show the Princes something quite nice for the required amount.

But now the brothers and sister have exchanged thanks for their gifts; the first impetuosity of the Christmas rejoicings has given place to a more tranquil examination and inspection, and ladies and gentlemen of the Court have made the rounds in a general state of admiration. Lackeys prepare a collation in the midst of the gifts, for which, however, the young people find no time. It fares with them as with all healthy children in the excitement attendant on Christmas Eve, for they are healthy and genuine German children. The Christmas celebration in the Shell Salon, the excitement and the rejoicings have produced their natural reaction on them, and at nine o'clock even the elder Princes are abed.

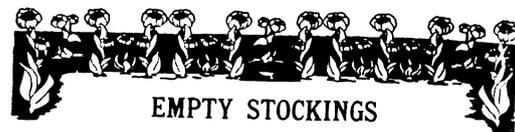
THE IMPERIAL FAMILY AT CHURCH ON CHRISTMAS DAY

ON CHRISTMAS DAY the Princes and Princess accompany their parents to the Friedens Kirche in Potsdam. The service ended, near the inclosure of the Neue Palais the sovereigns leave the carriage to take some woman, who, although not a beggar, is the picture of emaciation and poverty. No gentleman of the Court is present to dismiss her with a coin. The chasseur may have observed the desire of the Empress to render personal assistance, and the artist is afforded an opportunity to watch her Majesty as she places a gold piece in the hand of the wretched woman's hand. No one sees this kindly deed, and it will not become known. Yet far and wide throughout the land it is known that the Empress is the patroness of many charitable associations; the protectress of the sick in hospitals supported by her; the first among those women who, united under her superintendence, accomplish the infinite amount of charitable work. Of the benevolence carried on by the Empress no one knows the extent.

NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES AT THE BERLIN PALACE

THE Christmas holidays and their attendant joys are over. The Imperial parents may enjoy the presence of their elder three sons for but a few days longer. With the new year the family migrates to the palace in Berlin, and on January 1 the official festivities begin at Court reception in the throne room.

The three Princely Lieutenants return to Plön in Holstein, to pursue their education in the Cadet Corps, strict exclusiveness. In their intercourse with companions of their own age their horizon is extended, their knowledge of human nature enlarged, and their achievements excited by emulation. The present Emperor was also a student of the Boys' High School in Cassel, and afterward of the University at Bonn. From his own experience he very possibly recognizes the advantage of such intercourse with the outside world, and its effects as preparatory for the future calling of a King's son. Every Prussian Prince chooses a trade, not only *pro forma*, but with the steadfast purpose of being useful to the State. A glance at history, even that of our own day, demonstrates the accomplishment that follows on earnest desire. Four of the renowned Generals of the great Emperor were of the House of Hohenzollern. Cheerful striving were such a high ambition the Princes already learn, and it takes them back happy and active to their duties at Plön after the joys of the Christmas festivities.



EMPTY STOCKINGS

By Ellen Manly

OH, MOTHERS in homes that are happy,
Where Christmas comes laden with cheer,
Where the children are dreaming already
Of the merriest day in the year,

As you gather your darlings around you
And tell them the "story of old,"
Remember the homes that are dreary!
Remember the hearts that are cold!

And thanking the love that has dowered you
With all that is dearest and best,
Give freely, that from your abundance
Some bare little life may be blessed!

Oh, go where the stockings hang empty,
Where Christmas is naught but a name,
And give—for the love of the Christ-child;
'Twas to seek such as these that He came!

SOME BRIGHT CHRISTMAS IDEAS

AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE we all want to be helped in our holiday festivities with ideas and suggestions. What follows here has a new idea, a new suggestion or a new thought in it which warrants its publication.

A NEW WAY OF DISTRIBUTING PRESENTS

LET one corner of the room where the Christmas festivities are to take place be fitted up as a post-office, and another corner made to represent a bank. Have ready in the post-office, envelopes, each bearing the name of the one who is to receive a gift, and in each envelope a "check" in favor of the one to whom the envelope is addressed. This check may read as follows:

NORTH POLE, Christmas, 1897.
SNOW, FROST & Co., Bankers,
Pay to the Order of Harry Hawthorne one pair
of skates.
SANTA CLAUS.

Also have ready in the bank the presents which are to be given, each one properly designated. On the evening of the festival let the postmaster call out the names upon the envelopes one by one, and each child or person, as his name is called, go to the office and receive his check. He may then take it to the bank, and, presenting it to the cashier, receive his gift.
W. C. SHEPPARD.

A CHRISTMAS RAINBOW

THERE is an old legend that he who digs at the end of the rainbow, when it touches the earth, will find much treasure. We had exhausted the usual ways of presenting Christmas gifts when the clever member of the family suggested that we have a Christmas rainbow, and hang the presents at the end.

Rainbows were rather out of season at that time of year, but that did not affect the brilliancy of the one that shone on Christmas Eve in our drawing-room. It was painted on stout, unbleached cotton sheeting, the inner part of the bow being cut out, the upper corners above the bow on each side being left square, to suspend it by, and roughly painted in black and gray, to represent the storm-cloud background. It spanned a large window, about twelve feet wide, which nearly filled one end of the room.

Bags of different colored silks, bright stuffs, cheesecloth and glazed cambric, held the gifts, and were suspended from the ends of the rainbow, making a brilliant finish.
ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

QUOTATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

By Frances E. Lamigan

THE passing of the Christmas card is thoroughly signalized by the vogue given the selected quotation, which is now made an important adjunct to every Christmas gift. The selection of a quotation which is appropriate and personal evidences the desire of the sender to express a special greeting. The quotations given below may possibly be of value to our readers:

With some trifling present, Shakespeare's

"My good will is great though the gift be small."

With a pair of slippers, Dickens'

"We must go together."

With a book of travel, Stevenson's

"It takes the mind out-of-doors."

With a calendar, Emerson's

"Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year."

With a pair of gloves, Dickens'

"We're a pair, if ever there was one."

With a change purse, Dickens'

"We must expect change."

With a work-bag, the old Proverb:

"It is never too late to mend."

With a silver plate given to a small child, Eugene Field's

"When thou shalt eat from off this plate

I charge thee: Be thou temperate;

Unto thine elders at the board

Do thou sweet reverence accord;

Though unto dignity inclined,

Unto the serving folk be kind;

Be ever mindful of the poor,

Nor turn them hungry from the door;

And unto God for health and food,

And all that in thy life is good,

Give thou thy heart in gratitude."



THE CHRISTMAS SING IN OUR VILLAGE

By Mary E. Wilkins

[Author of "Pembroke," "A Humble Romance," "Jane Field," "Madelon," etc.]

DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

THE singing-school is, of course, a regular institution in our village during the winter months, but the one of special interest is held on Christmas Eve. That is called, to distinguish it from the others, "The Christmas Sing."

On that night only the psalms and fugues appropriate to the occasion are sung, and the town hall is trimmed with holly and evergreen.

The Sing begins at eight o'clock and is always preceded by a turkey supper. The supper is in the tavern, as it used to be called—now we say "hotel"—still it is the tavern, and always will be the same old house where the stages drew up before the railroad was built.

The turkey supper is at six o'clock, and full two hours are required to dispose of the good things and speechify, then the people cross the road to the town hall, where the Sing is held. It is a great occasion in our village, and the women give as much care to their costumes as if they were going to a ball. The dressmaker is hard worked

quite pretty in her youth, and sometimes dress and excitement seem to revive something of her old beauty. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes bright; her hair, which is still abundant, was most beautifully crimped.

Lottie Green, also, looked very pretty. She had not been able to afford a new dress, but she had made over her old blue cloth one and put in silk sleeves, and it was as good and quite as pretty as when it was new.

PROBABLY Maria Rice had the finest new dress of any of the girls. Everybody stared at Maria when she entered with a great rustle of silk and rattle of starched petticoats. The dress was of pink silk, and—a most startling innovation in our village—the waist was cut square and quite low. Maria has a beautiful neck, and she wore a great bunch of pink roses on one shoulder. She had elbow sleeves, too, and drew off her long gloves with a very fine air when she sat down to table. The other girls were half admiring, half scandalized. No such costume as that had ever been worn to our singing-school before. Poor Zepheretta Stockwell, in a black silk which might have been worn appropriately by her grandmother, was entirely eclipsed by Maria in more senses than one. Jim Paine sat between the two girls at supper. Maria's pink skirts spread over his knee, her pretty face was tilted up in his and her tongue was wagging every minute. Once I saw Jim try to speak to Zepheretta, but Maria was too quick for him.

When supper was over the people all assembled in the town hall without delay. The hall was finely decorated—green wreaths hung in all the windows, and the portrait of the gentleman who gave the town house to the village fifty years ago, 'Squire Ebenezer Adams, was draped with an American flag. It is a life-size portrait, and hangs on the right of the stage. Our old singing-master and choir-leader, Mr. Orlando Sage, stood on the stage, and conducted the school, as usual. The piano was on his right. The south district teacher, Miss Elmira Crane, played that. There was old Mr. Joseph Nelson, with his bass viol, which he used to play in the church choir, and Thomas Farr and Charlie Morse, with their violins.

THE school was arranged in the usual manner, in the four divisions of sopranos, tenors, basses and altos. At eight o'clock Mr. Sage raised his baton, and the music began.

Everybody stood up, and sang their best and loudest, with, perhaps, one exception. The result was quite magnificent, unless you happened to stand close to certain singers, and did not sing loud enough yourself to drown them out.

We went on with the fine old fugues, and it was grand, had it not been for the weakness in the sopranos. At length, Mr. Orlando Sage stood directly in front of the sopranos, waving his baton frantically, raising himself up on his toes, and jerking his head, as if in such ways he would stimulate them to greater volume of voice. Mr. Sage is a nervous little man. Finally, with an imperious switch of his baton, and a stamp of his foot, he brought the whole school to a dead stop.

"Miss Stockwell," he said, "why don't you sing?" Everybody stared at Zepheretta. She turned white, then red, and replied meekly that she was singing.

"No, you are not singing," returned Mr. Sage. "I was riding past your father's yesterday, and I heard you singing. You have a voice. Why don't you sing?" Mr. Sage brandished his baton, as if he would like to hit her with it, and poor Zepheretta looked almost frightened to death. "Why don't you sing?" sternly demanded Mr. Sage again. "You never sing in this school as you can sing."

ZEPHERETTA looked as if she were going to cry. She opened her mouth, as if to speak, but did not. Then, suddenly, Lurinda Snell, who sat on her right, spoke for her. "I can tell you why, if you want to know, Mr. Sage," she said; "I haven't told a soul before, but much as three years ago I heard Maria Rice tell Zepheretta not to sing so loud, she drowned her all out, and Zepheretta hasn't sung so loud since."

When Lurinda stopped, with a defiant nod of her head, you could have heard a pin drop. Maria Rice, on the

other side of Zepheretta, was blushing as pink as her dress. Then Mr. Sage brought his baton down. "Sing!" he shouted, and we all began again—"When shepherds watch their flocks by night."

Zepheretta did let out her voice a little more then, and we were all amazed; nobody had dreamed she could sing so well. Still it was quite evident that she held her voice back somewhat on her high notes, on account of Maria's feelings, though Maria would not sing at all during the rest of the evening. I think she was glad when the Sing was over, though everybody else had enjoyed it.

IT WAS ten o'clock when we closed, after singing "When marshaled on the nightly plain," and all the young men who had come with teams hastened out to get them. Many a young woman who had come to the Sing with her father or brother went home in the sleigh of some gallant swain who was waiting for her when she emerged from the town hall. All the girls in coming down the



"ONCE I SAW JIM TRY TO SPEAK TO ZEPHERETTA, BUT MARIA WAS TOO QUICK FOR HIM"

steps ran a sort of gauntlet of love and jealousy between double lines of waiting beaux, beyond whom the restive horses pranced with frequent flurries of bells.

Then Maria Rice, to the great delight of the vindictive of her sex and the amused pity of others, was seen, after manifestly hurrying and lingering, and peering with eagerly furtive eyes toward Jim Paine, to gather up her pink silk skirts and go forlornly down the road with Lydia Wheelock, who lived her way. It was rumored that she wept all the way home, in spite of Lydia's attempts to comfort her, but nobody ever knew. She was not far on the road before Jim Paine and Zepheretta passed her in Jim's sleigh drawn by his fast black horse.

Everybody was astonished to see Jim step out from the waiting file, accost Zepheretta, and lead her to his sleigh as if she had been a princess, and probably Zepheretta was the most astonished of all.

Mr. Cassius C. Dowell, who had driven over from Langham, took Lottie Green home, and Mr. Lucius Downey escorted Lurinda Snell. He had brought a lantern, though it was bright moonlight—he is fond of carrying one because his eyes are poor. The lantern-light shone full on Lurinda's face as she went proudly past on his arm, and she looked like a young girl.

"AT LENGTH MR. ORLANDO SAGE STOOD DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE SOPRANOS"

THE next day we heard that all three couples were going to be married, and that

another very young couple, who had driven down the road at such a furious rate that everybody had hastened out of the way, and there had been narrow escapes from collisions, were married. They had driven ten miles to Dover for that purpose, nobody ever knew why. The parents on either side would have given free consent to the match, but they drove to Dover that Christmas Eve as if whole regiments of furious relatives were savagely charging at their backs.

However, that marriage has been happy so far, and the others also. Jim and Zepheretta are a devoted pair; Lurinda Snell makes a good wife for Lucius Downey, and does not talk as bitterly about her neighbors as was her unpleasant custom of doing formerly. Cassius C. Dowell seems very happy with Lottie, so the neighbors all say, and Lydia Wheelock, now that she has not Lottie and her children to look after and provide for, has bought herself a new parlor carpet and a bonnet.

Take it altogether that Sing seemed to our village to bring much happiness, set, as it were, to sweet Christmas music.

"THE LANTERN-LIGHT SHONE FULL ON LURINDA'S FACE AS SHE WENT PAST ON HIS ARM"



"THE DRESSMAKER IS HARD WORKED FOR WEEKS BEFORE THE SING"

for weeks before the Sing. Everybody who can afford it has a new dress, and those who cannot, have their old ones made over. The women all try to keep their costumes secret until the night of the Sing, and the dressmaker is bound over by the most solemn promises not to reveal anything. The Christmas Sing is often most brilliant and surprising to our humble tastes in the matter of dress, and was especially so last year. The Sing of last year was also noteworthy in another respect: there were three betrothals and a runaway marriage that night.

IT WAS ideal weather for Christmas Eve and our Sing: very cold and clear, a full moon, and a beautiful, hard level of snow for sleighing. At six o'clock everybody was assembled at the tavern: past and present members of the singing-school—even old man Veazie, who is over ninety—were there. There were also some guests—fine singers—from out of town.

The turkey supper was excellent, and so were the speeches. One of the best was made by Mr. Cassius C. Dowell from East Langham, a village about eight miles from ours. He is a very fine tenor singer and quite a celebrity. He sings in the church choir in Langham, and is in great demand to sing at funerals. He is not very young, but fine looking and a great favorite with the ladies. He has a gentle, deferential way of looking at them which is considered very attractive. Lottie Green sat next him at the supper-table, and he looked at her, and made sure that she had plenty of white meat and gravy. Mr. Lucius Downey was on the other side of Lottie, but she paid no attention to him. Had it not been for Lurinda Snell, who was next on his right, he might have felt slighted. She looked very well, too, in a fine new silk dress, plum color with velvet trimming. Lurinda was



"THE TURKEY SUPPER WAS EXCELLENT, AND SO WERE THE SPEECHES"

Editor's Note—In this series of "Pleasures of Our Neighborhood," have appeared:
I.—"A Quilting Bee in Our Village," February
II.—"The Stockwells' Apple-Paring Bee," October
III.—"The Christmas Sing in Our Village," December



THE POWER OF A MOTHER'S VOICE

By Charles S. Carter

A MOTHER sang to her child one day
A song of the beautiful home above;
Sang it as only a woman sings,
Whose heart is full of a mother's love.

And many a time in the years that came
He heard the sound of that low, sweet song;
It took him back to his childhood days;
It kept his feet from the paths of wrong.

A mother spoke to her child one day
In an angry voice, that made him start
As if an arrow had sped that way
And pierced his loving and tender heart.

And when he had grown to man's estate,
And was tempted and tried, as all men are,
He fell; for that mother's angry words
Had left on his heart a lasting scar.

THE SWEETEST GIFTS OF LOVE

By Frank L. Stanton

WHAT shall I give her—my little girl
With the soft dark eyes and the silken net
Of tresses, with many a sun-bright curl?
What shall I give her—my love, my pet?
What shall I give her of beauty and bliss
To match the bright curls that she gives me to kiss?

My love! I have given her that! 'tis old—
Old as her life, though her face is young;
I have given my darling my heart to hold,
With the sweetest songs that my heart has sung!
There is nothing to give her save only this—
The kiss on the curls that she gives me to kiss!

She is climbing up to my arms—I see
The light of Heaven in her lovely eyes;
Over the face and the life of me
Curl on curl in its splendor lies!
Nothing to give her save only this—
The kiss on the curls that she gives me to kiss!

PHILIPPA ON HER HONEYMOON

By Alice Wellington Rollins

NO stretch of the imagination could it have been called "their" honeymoon, so definitely was it personally inspired, if not conducted, by Philippa alone. It is true that a bride usually has the right-of-way, but Philippa's method of securing what she wanted was unique.

In the first place, she wanted nothing, or, as she told her lover a few days before the wedding: "It is not at all necessary for you to promise to make my life happy; I can make myself happy. All I hope is that you yourself are not easily made unhappy. One person in a house who is happy is worth a dozen who try to make the rest happy. I learned that in my mistaken youth, when I was full of overzeal in doing good, and learned indirectly that a little boy abhorred me because I always tried to amuse him according to my own ideas of amusement. I made him play checkers when he wanted to go out and make mud pies."

"I will put it down in my note-book for future guidance in our marriage relations," said Mr. Grant. "Let me see: 'Never to try and make Philippa happy, and never under any circumstances to permit her to make me unhappy'; is that it?"

"That is it."

"But you won't cut me off from all unhappiness, will you? I may be permitted to worry over my business, I hope, and sulk all by myself when my tailor has given me a misfit?"

"Certainly—that is, you may worry over business in business hours, and as I understand that you employ Jordan because he never does make a misfit I will permit you to sulk if he ever should. And, Lewis, another thing: I had much rather you would go to the club one evening a week, and come home with a lot of good stories that will amuse me, too, than feel obliged to stay at home with me all the time, for a dull evening together."

"Very good; I will make a note of it: 'Go to the club (for Philippa's sake) once a week, and listen only to such stories as I can carry back to her.'"

"I AM sorry you are going away for your honeymoon, Philippa," said Phyllis one morning. "I should like to see how you will behave when you are intoxicated with happiness."

"You will have to appeal from Philippa intoxicated to Philippa sober," suggested Mr. Grant.

"Are people sober after the honeymoon is over?" inquired Phyllis innocently. "By-the-way, I suppose you don't tell where you are going?"

"To the Islands of the Blest."

"Which, being with Philippa, means, I suppose, the Philippine Islands? Oh, well, the Phyllis-times, who are left behind, are not going to be exactly miserable," and Phyllis tossed her head with determination.

There was much curiosity as to the wedding. Philippa was certain to surprise them in some way, they said, they were sure of that.

She did surprise them after all by having a wedding just like that of other people. Her dress and bonnet were of soft, becoming gray; she carried a bunch of white roses in her hand; there were ushers, and a ring, and wedding cake, and cards; a ceremony at the church, with a reception at the house afterward ("I thought," said Phyllis, "that possibly she might startle us by having the house reception first"), and a wedding notice in the local paper.

There was just a hint of the old Philippa when the traveling dress had been donned and the carriage was at the door, as she whispered to one of the young people: "The rice is all ready for you in little paper bags in the butler's pantry." There is hardly anything more trying than to have mischief circumvented by foresight, but it was so absurd to have it actually assisted instead of

circumvented by the victim, that, like all Philippa's misplaced kindness, it first annoyed you, and then, by its very ridiculousness, seemed delightful. Phyllis fully expected to see Philippa bring out the little bags of rice and distribute them herself, but Philippa drew the line at telling where they were.

This bridal pair could hardly be expected to run down the path and spring into the carriage as more youthful and alert lovers are wont to escape the inundation of slippers, and the guests half wondered if, after all, there would be any fun in throwing things at people who did not take the least pains to avoid them, when the bridegroom turned suddenly, with his foot on the carriage step, after having gravely seated his wife, and exclaimed, "Bless you, my children!" scattering, himself, over the crowd several pounds of rice that he had been concealing in the tall silk hat carried in his hand; so that almost the only person who went away from Philippa's wedding without a grain of rice in her hair was Philippa herself.

THEY were to spend the honeymoon in England, wandering through Devon. "Don't you think, Philippa," asked her lover a few days before the wedding, as they were talking over the trip abroad, "that a week in London will be enough at this season?"

"More than enough," was the prompt reply. "You must be prepared to find that I am not a tourist. I don't care anything about seeing London Bridge, or the Tower, or the place where Charles I was beheaded. I know that he was beheaded, which is all that ought to be required of the most intelligent person. And I don't want to see the Houses of Parliament; I have seen pictures of them, and the worst of famous buildings is that they always look like their pictures; and of all things, would much rather see the inside of Alma Tadema's house than Westminster Abbey, but I suppose we shall have to do the Abbey."

"Yes, I should be afraid to go home without having shown you the Abbey. But I have often heard of the inconsistency of women, and now I understand it. If I remember rightly, Philippa, you told me you wanted to go to Devon just because you had seen photographs of it."

"Certainly. Devon will not be at all like the pictures; there will be color, and light, and shadow, and movement, and people, all the time. It will be different from the pictures, and different from itself every five minutes. But a bridge, or a palace, or a tower is always the same, and rigid as an iron bed."

"Oh, Philippa! have you forgotten those fourteen moods of the tower of Rouen Cathedral as Monet painted it in different lights?"

"Certainly not. I wish to go to the galleries and see Monet's, of course. I don't want to see the thing Monet saw, but the way he saw it. You wouldn't go around the corner to see an old woman selling apples, but you would had painted it."

"Philippa, that is really profound. I must make a note of it, and write an essay on the great advantage of a thing that has the faculty of 'differing from itself' every few minutes."

"Better not. I have noticed that people who have note-books keep them to write in, and not to refer to. Write the essay. That is our bond of sympathy; you will write the essays I couldn't, and I shall supply the ideas that—"

"Philippa! This to your lover within three days of the wedding? Do you think my love will bear such a severe test?"

"I can trust your love as long as you say 'Philippa' as often as you do."

"I don't understand."

"Why, people who really care for each other are always bringing in their first names. Haven't you noticed that if you dislike a person you never call them by name? You always address them as 'you.'"

"Heavens, Philippa, how observing you are! I must make a memorandum—"

"Oh, no, it must be spontaneous!"

"Very well; I will add that: 'Remember to say 'Philippa' as often as possible, and always spontaneously.' But, Philippa," he added after a pause, "I don't think you say it very often."

"Say 'Philippa'? Of course not. Why should I talk to myself?"

"I mean you don't say 'Lewis' very often. Say it once, Philippa!"

"Lewis."

"Oh, no! That wasn't spontaneous."

"Please do not be so foolish, Lewis. I must go in now and try on my wedding dress."

"DON'T try to be kind to people on shipboard, Philippa," was Phyllis' last advice. "If you see anybody drooping don't offer to raise his head and put a pillow under it. He would much rather stay where he is than have you do anything for him."

"It is just possible," said Lowell Seymour, who was to cross on the same steamer, "that Mrs. Grant may need kindness herself on the voyage. I am longing to avenge the sufferings of the people she has been kind to on shore. When I find her drooping I shall rush to her side and suggest a mutton-chop—"

"You forget," said Phyllis, "that there will be a husband along now. It is just possible he may want to be kind to her himself."

"Better and better: 'Domestic tragedy in one act (an act of kindness) on board the Nervia.'"

But in point of fact, Philippa was triumphant at sea, as she always had been on land. Mr. Seymour appeared to droop one afternoon from sheer desire to see what form her kindness would assume. But she was not deceived. Pausing beside his steamer chair to ask if she could do anything he overheard her telling her husband, "No, he isn't ill yet, for he said, 'No, I thank you'; no seaisick person ever stops to say 'thank you.' As Seymour afterward explained: "She does and says absurd things of her own accord, but you can never make her say or do foolish things. She sees through other people very clearly, though she doesn't see through herself."

ON THE day before landing Mrs. Grant asked: "Have I anything dutiable in my trunk, Lewis?"

"Nothing, my dear. England is a free-trade country, you know."

"Still, Lewis, you are not a free trader, are you? Didn't you vote for McKinley?"

"I did, but for President of the United States, not King of Great Britain. You can't pay duties where there are no duties to pay. The point is, when there are duties, to pay them cheerfully."

"I see. You remind me of little Kittie Raymond. She objected to Tan's jumping up behind her so suddenly, and when I told her not to be afraid of a little dog like that she explained that she didn't object to the dog, but to the suddenness. What McKinley wants is not duties, but cheerfulness."

"And you can take it out of your conscience and your pocket, my dear, when you go back. There are things enough in the 'Dingley Tariff' for you to pay duty on."

"Well, I shall keep a list of everything I buy, and you must tell me whether they are dutiable or not."

"And what fun it will be," laughed Seymour to himself, "to see what she finally decides to smuggle! Being a woman she will have to smuggle something just for the fun of outwitting the authorities."

The stay in London was brief, as Philippa had requested. Its details were mentioned in Philippa's diary:

August 3. At a museum. Don't remember what we saw.

August 4. Meant to ask the boy this morning why they call the "mail" in England the "post"; but remembered in time that he might ask me why they called the "post" in America the "mail."

August 5. Went to look at some armor. Hate armor.

August 6. Went to another museum. Tired of museums.

August 7. Went somewhere to a place where somebody had done something. Told Lewis I thought that we had much better go somewhere where we could do something ourselves.

And so they hastened to Devon, and it is significant of real enjoyment there that there are no records in the diary. As she informed her husband, "How much better to go to places that other people will have to visit some day because you once wrote a fifty-dollar essay there, than give fifty pounds for hansom to drive you to the place where Pickwick ate his mutton-chop, or Tennyson smelled the violet he mentions in 'In Memoriam.'"

ONLY one incident occurred in Devon, where, as a rule, they concentrated their attention on the scenery. With the first packet of letters from home Mr. Grant said: "Here is one from Phyllis; may I open it while you are reading the rest?"

"Certainly not."

"But, Philippa, surely you are not going to have any secrets from me now that we are married?"

"I shall not have any secrets from you, but Phyllis might. That is Phyllis' letter, not mine. I shall probably let you read it after I have, but not till I am sure that Phyllis has told me nothing but what she would be willing for you to know."

"Still, doesn't it imply a lack of confidence when a wife won't show her letters to her husband?"

"Not at all. The lack of confidence is shown by the husband when he demands to see his wife's letters."

Mr. Grant sank back in his chair with amused delight in his wife's perfect unconsciousness of having said a "good thing," and she added presently:

"I told you so! Here is something Phyllis wouldn't want you to know."

"Then why is it you are going to tell me?"

"I'm not going to tell you what it is; you are only to know there is something you can't know—not at present."

"Phyllis is engaged!" exclaimed Mr. Grant joyously.

"And what if she is? You are not to know to whom."

"To Radcliff," hazarded her husband.

"I didn't say so."

"But you don't say she isn't."

"How could I say she isn't when she—"

"Is? I really think, my dear, you might as well have let me read the letter."

"Lewis, your love for me is waning; you are beginning to call me 'my dear,' instead of 'Philippa.'"

"Pardon me, my — Philippa. It was a slip of the tongue."

And in time they were back in America, and Philippa and her husband began housekeeping. It may truly be really began. But that, as Mr. Kipling's husband another story, and a story worth the telling.

Editor's Note—Every reader of these bright sketches will at once see that Mrs. Rollins has created, in "Philippa," a new character in fiction. Over her ideas of kindness to others, her droll her unerring wisdom thousands will laugh. "Philippa on Her Honeymoon" is the second in this series of sketches by Mrs. Rollins; the first, her humorous introduction of sketches by Mrs. Rollins, was "The Mistakes of Philippa," which appeared in the Journal of November, 1897. The next episode in Philippa's life, "After Philippa was Married," will appear in the January Journal, after which will follow "How Philippa's Husband Made Her Smile" after Philippa declared that she would not.



CHRISTMAS AT THE TRIMBLES'

By Ruth Mcenery Stuart

RUTH McENERY STUART

[Author of "Sonny," "A Golden Wedding," "In Simpkinsville," etc.]

TIME: DAYLIGHT, THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.
PLACE: ROWTON'S STORE, SIMPKINSVILLE.

First Monologue, by Mr. Trimble:



HOA-A-A, there, ck, ck, ck! Back, now, Jinny! Hello, Rowton! Here we come, Jinny an' me—six miles in the slush up to the hub, an' Jinny with an unweaned colt at home. Whoa-a-a, there!

"It's good Christmas don't come but onct a year—ain't it, Jinny?"

"Well, Rowton, you're what I call a pro-growth business man, that's what you are. Blest ef he ain't hired a whole row o' little

niggers to stand out in front of 'is sto'e an' hold horses while he takes people inside to fleece 'em.

"Come here, Pop-Eyes, you third feller, an' ketch ahold o' Jinny's bridle. I always did like pop-eyed niggers. They look so Godforsaken an' ugly. A feller

that's afflicted with yo' style o' beauty ought to have favors showed him, an' that's why I intend for you to make the first extry to-day. The boy thet holds my horse of a Christmas Eve always earns a dollar. Don't try to open yo' eyes no wider—I mean what I say. How did Rowton manage to git you fellers up so early, I wonder. Give out thet he'd hire the first ten that come, did he? An' gives each feller his dinner an' a hat.

"I was half afeered you wouldn't be open yet, Rowton—but I was determined to git ahead o' the Christmas crowd, an' I started by starlight. I ca'culate to meet 'em all a-goin' back.

"Well, I vow, ef yo' sto'e don't look purty. Wish she could see it. She'd have some idee of New York. But, of co'se, I couldn't fetch her to-day, an' me a-comin' specially to pick out her Christmas gif'. She's jest like a child. Ef she s'picious what she's a-goin' to git befo'hand, why, she don't want it.

"I notice when I set on these soap-boxes, my pockets is jest about even with yo' cash-drawer. Well, that's what we're here for. Fetch out all yo' purties, now, an' lay 'em along on the counter. You know her, an' she ain't to be fooled in quality. Reckon I will walk around a little an' see what you've got. I ain't got a idee on earth what to git, from a brooch to a barouche. Let's look over some o' yo' silver things, Rowton. Josh Porter showed me a butter-dish you sold him with a silver cow on the led of it, an' I was a-wonderin' ef, maybe, you didn't have another.

"That's it. That's a mighty fine idee, a statue like that is, it sort o' designates a thing. A person would s'picion the butter inside the dish d'rec'ly he saw the cow. Of co'se, he'd know they wouldn't hardly be lay in it—no, az you say, 'nor a calf.' No doubt wife'll be a-wantin' one o' these cow-topped ones quick ez she sees Josh's wife's. She'll see the pint in a minute—of the cow, I mean. But, of co'se, I wouldn't think o' gittin' her the same thing Josh's got for Helen, noways. We're too near neighbors for that. Th' ain't no fun in borryin' duplicates over a stile when company drops in sudden, without a minute's warnin'.

"No, you needn't call my attention to that tiltin' ice-pitcher. I seen it soon ez I approached the case. Didn't you take notice to me a-lifin' my hat? That was what I was a-bowin' to, that pitcher was. No, that's the thing wife hankers after, an' I know it, an' it's the one thing I'll never buy her. Not thet I'd begrudge it to her—but to tell the truth it'd pleg me to have to live with the thing. I wouldn't mind it on Sundays or when they was company in the house, but I like to take off my coat, hot days, an' set around in my shirt-sleeves, an' I doubt ef I'd have the cheek to do it in the face of sech a thing.

"Fact is, when I come into a room where one of 'em is, I sort o' look for it to tilt over of its own accord an' bow to me an' ask me to 'be seated.'

"You needn't to laugh. Of co'se, they's a reason for it—but it's so. I'm jest that big of a ninny. Ricollec' Judge Robinson, he used to have one of 'em—jest about the size o' this one—two goblets an' a bowl—an' when I'd go up to the house on an errand for pa, time pa was

distric' coroner, the Jedge's mother-in-law, ol' Mis' Meredy, she'd be settin' in the back room a-sewin', an' when the black gal would let me in the front door she'd sort o' whisper: 'Invite him to walk into the parlor and be seated.' I'd overhear her say it, an' I'd turn into the parlor, an' first thing I'd see'd be that ice-pitcher. I don't think anybody can set down good, noways, when they're ast to 'be seated,' an' when, in addition to that, I'd meet the swingin' ice-pitcher half way to the patent rocker, I didn't have no mo' consciousness where I was a-settin' than nothin'. An' like ez not the rocker'd squawk first strain I put on it. She wasn't no mo'n a sort o' swingin' ice-pitcher herself, ol' Mis' Meredy wasn't—walkin' round the house weekdays dressed in black silk, with a lace cap on her head, an' half insultin' his company thet he'd knowed all his life. I did threaten onct to tell her, 'No, thank you, ma'am, I don't keer to be seated—but I'll set down ef it's agreeable,' but when the time would come I'd turn round an' there'd be the ice-pitcher. An' of co'se, after that, I couldn't be expected to do nothin' but back into the parlor over the Brussels carpet an' chaw my hat-brim. But, of co'se, I was young then.



DRAWN BY H. C. IRELAND

HE TRUDGED OUT,
BEARING THE DUPLICATE
SET IN HIS ARMS

"Reckon you've heerd the tale they tell on Aleck Turnbull the day he went there in the old lady's time. She had him ast into the cushioned sanctuary—an' Aleck hadn't seen much them days—an' what did he do but gawk around an' plump hisself down into that gilt-backed rocker with a tune-playin' seat in it, an' of co'se, quick ez his weight struck it, it started up a jig tune, an' they say Aleck shot out o' that door like ez ef he'd been fired out of a cannon. An' he never did go back to say what he come after. I doubt ef he ever knew.

"How much did you say for the ice-pitcher, Rowton? Thirty dollars—an' you'll let me have it for—hush, now, don't say that. I don't see how you could stand so close to it an' offer to split dollars. Of co'se I ain't a-buyin' it, but ef I was I wouldn't want no reduction on it, I'd feel like ez ef it would always know it an' have a sort of contempt' for me. They's suitability in all things. Besides, I never want no reduction on anything I buy for her, someways. You can charge me reg'lar prices an' make it up on the Christmas gif' she buys for me—that is, ef she buys it from you. Of co'se it'll be charged. That's a mighty purty coral brooch, that grape-bunch one, but she's so pink-complected, I don't know ez she'd become it. I like this fish-scale set, myself, but she might be prejerdyced ag'in the idee of it. You say she admired that tuckin'-comb, an' this pair o' brace-lets—an' she 'lowed she'd git 'em fur my Christmas gif' ef she dared? But, of co'se, she was jokin' about that. Poor little thing, she ain't never got over the way folks

run her about that side-saddle she give me last Christmas, though I never did see anything out o' the way in it. She knew thet the greatest pleasure o' my life was in makin' her happy, and she was jest simple-hearted enough to do it—thet's all—an' I can truly say thet I ain't never had mo' pleasure out of a Christmas gif' in my life than I've had out o' that side-saddle. She's been so consistent about it—never used it in her life without a-borryin' it of me, an' she does it so cunnin'. Of co'se I don't never loand it to her without a kiss. They ain't a cunnin'er play-actor on earth 'n she is, though she ain't never been to a theatre—an' wouldn't go, bein' too well raised.

"You say this pitcher wasn't here when she was here—no, for ef it had 'a' been, I know she'd 'a' took on over it. Th' ain't never been one for sale in Simpkinsville before. They've been several of 'em brought here by families besides the one old Mis' Meredy presided over—though that was one of the first. But wife is forever a-pickin' out purty patterns of 'em in the catalogues. Ef that one hadn't 'a' give me such a setback in my early youth I'd git her this, jest to please her. Ef I was to buy this one it an' the plush album would set each other off lovely. She's a-buyin' it on installments from the same man thet enlarged her photograph to a ile-painted po'trait, an' it is lovely. She's got me a-settin' up on the front page, took with my first wife, which it looks to me thet ef she'd do that much to please me, why, I might buy almost anything to please her, don't it? Of co'se I don't take no partic'lar pleasure in that photograph—but she seems to think I might, an' no doubt she's put it there to show thet she ain't small-minded. You ricollec' Mary Jane was plain-featured, but Kitty don't seem to mind thet ez much ez I do, now thet she's gone an' her good deeds ain't in sight. I never did see no use in throwin' a plain-featured woman's looks up to her *post mortem*.

"This is a mighty purty pitcher, in my judgment, but to tell the truth I've made so much fun o' the few swingin' pitchers thet's been in this town that I'd be ashamed to buy it, even ef I could git over my own obnoxion to it. But of co'se, ez you say, everybody'd know thet I done it jest to please her—an' I don't know thet they's a more worthy object in a married man's life than that.

"I s'pose I'll haf to git it for her. An' I want a bold, outspoken dedication on it, Rowton. I ain't a-goin' about it shamefaced. Here, gimme that pencil. Now, I want this inscription on it, word for word. I've got a few arrands in town, but I'll call around an' git it. I've got to stop over at Paul's to git him to regulate my watch, an' I'll tell him to hurry an' mark it for me, soon ez you send it over.

"Well, so long. Happy Christmas to you an' yo' folks."

PART II

TIME: SAME MORNING.
PLACE: STORE IN HOPE.

Second Monologue, by Mrs. Trimble:

"WHY, howdy, Mis' Blakes—howdy, Mis' Phemie—howdy, all. Good-mornin', Mr. Lawson. I see yo' sto'e is fillin' up early. Great minds run in the same channel, partic'larly on Christmas Eve.

"My old man started off this mornin' befo' day, an' soon ez he got out o' sight down the Simpkinsville road, I struck out for Washin'ton, an' here I am. He thinks I'm home seedin' raisins. He was out by starlight this mornin' with the big wagon, an' of co'se I know what that means. He's gone for my Christmas gif', an' I'm put to it to know what tremenjus thing he's a-layin' out to fetch me—thet takes a cotton-wagon to haul it. Of co'se I imagine everything, from a guyaskutus down. I always did like to git things too big to go in my stockin'. What you say, Mis' Blakes? Do I hang up my stockin'? Well, I reckon. I hadn't quit when I got married, an' I think that's a poor time to stop, don't you? Partic'larly when you marry a man twicet yo' age, an' can't convince him thet you're grown, noways. Yes, indeedy, that stockin' goes up to-night—not mine, neither, but one I borry from Aunt Jane Peters. I don't wonder y' all laugh. Aunt Jane's foot is a yard long ef it's a' inch, but I'll find it stuffed to-morrer mornin', even ef the guyaskutus has to be chained to the mantel. An' it'll take me a good hour to empty it, for he always puts a lot o' devilment in it, an' I give him a beatin' over the head every nonsensical thing I find in it. We have a heap o' fun over it, though.

"He don't seem to know I'm grown, an' I know I don't know he's old.

"Listen to me runnin' on, an' you all nearly done yo' shoppin'. Which do you think would be the nicest to give him, Mr. Lawson—this silver card-basket, or that Cupid vase, or—?

"Y'all needn't to wink. I seen you, Mis' Blakes. Ef I was to pick out a half dozen socks for him like them you're a-buyin' for Mr. Blakes, how much fun do you suppose we'd have out of it? Not much. I'd jest ez lief 'twasn't Christmas—an' so would he—though they do say his first wife give him a bolt o' domestic onct for Christmas, an' made it up into night-shirts an' things for him du'in' the year. Think of it. No, I'm a-goin to git him somethin' thet's got some git-up to it, an' an' it'll be either—that—Cupid vase—or—lordy, Mr. Lawson, don't fetch out that swingin' ice-pitcher. I glimpsed it quick ez I come in the door, an', says I, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' an' turned my back on it immedjate.

"But of co'se I ca'culated to git you to fetch it out jest for me to look at, after I'd selected his present. Ain't

Editor's Note—The short stories and serials of the Journal during 1898 will be made a special feature. Only a few names can be noted here:

- F. Marion Crawford
- John Kendrick Bangs
- Hamlin Garland
- Will N. Harben
- Mark Twain
- Julia Magruder
- Clara Morris
- Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney
- Alice Wellington Rollins
- and Mrs. Burton Harrison

it a beauty? Seems to me they couldn't be a more suitable present for a man—ef he didn't hate 'em so. No, Mis' Blakes, it ain't only that he don't never drink ice-water. I wouldn't mind a little thing like that.

"You ricollec' ol' Mis' Meredy, she used to preside over one they they had, an' somehow he'd taken a distaste to her an' to ice-pitchers along with her, an' he don't never lose a chance to express his disgust. When them new folks was in town last year projec' in' about the railroad, he says to me, 'I hope they won't stay, they'd never suit Simpkinsville on earth. They're the regular swingin' ice-pitcher sort. Git folks like that in town an' it wouldn't be no time befo' they'd start a-chargin' pew rent in our churches.' We was both glad when they give out that they wasn't a-goin' to build the road. They say railroads is mighty corruptin', an' me, with my sick headaches, an' a' ingine whistle in town, no indeed! Besides, ef it was to come I know I'd be the first one run over. It's bad enough to have bulls in our fields without turnin' steam-inges loose on us. Jest one look at them cow-ketchers is enough to frustrate a person till he'd stand stock still an' wait to be run over—jest like poor crazy Mary done down here to Cedar Springs.

"They say crazy Mary looked that headlight full in the face, jes' the same ez a bird looks at a snake, till the thing caught her, an' when the long freight train had passed over her she didn't have a single remain, not a one, though I always thought they might 've gathered up enough to give her a funeral. When I die I intend to have a funeral, even ef I'm drowned at sea. They can stand on the sho'e, an' I'll be jest ez likely to know it ez them they lay in view lookin' so ca'm. I've done give him my orders, though they ain't much danger o' me dyin' at sea, not ef we stay in Simpkinsville.

"How much are them willer rockers, Mr. Lawson? I declare that one favors my old man ez it sets there, even without him in it. Nine dollars? That's a good deal for a pants-tearin' chair, seems to me, which them willers are, the last one of 'em, an' I'm a mighty poor hand to darn. Jest let me lay my stitches in colors, in the shape of a flower, an' I can darn ez well ez the next one, but I do despise to fill up holes. Yes, ez you say, them silver-mounted brier-wood pipes is mighty purty, but he smokes so much ez it is, I don't know ez I want to encourage him. Besides, it seems a waste o' money to buy a Christmas gif' that a person has to lay aside when company comes in, an' a silver-mounted pipe ain't no politer to smoke in the presence o' ladies than a corncob is. An' ez for when we're by ourselves—shucks.

"Ef you don't mind, Mr. Lawson, I'll stroll around through the sto'e an' see what you've got while you wait on some o' them that know their own minds. I know mine well enough. What I want is that swingin' ice-pitcher, an' my judgment tells me that they ain't a more suitable present in yo' sto'e for a settled man that has built hisself a residence an' furnished it complete the way he has, but of co'se 'twouldn't never do. I always think how I'd enjoy it when the minister called. I wonder what Mr. Lawson thinks o' me back here a-talkin' to myself. I always like to talk about the things I'm buyin'. That's a mighty fine saddle-blanket, indeed it is. He was talkin' about a new saddle-blanket the other day. But that's a thing a person could pick up almost any day, a saddle-blanket is. A' ice-pitcher now—

"Lemme look at that tiltin'-pitcher again, Mr. Lawson, please, sir. I jest want to see ef the spout is gold-lined. Yes, so it is—an' little holes down in the throat of it, too. It cert'nly is well made, it cert'nly is. I s'pose them holes is to strain out grasshoppers or anything that might fall into it. That musician that choked to death at the barbecue down at Pump Springs last summer might 'a' been livin' yet ef they'd had sech ez this to pass water in, instid o' that open pail. He's got a mighty keerness w'ay o' drinkin' out o' open dippers. No tellin' what he'll scoop up some day. They'd be great safety for him in a pitcher like this—ef I could only make him see it. It would seem a rather awkward thing to pack out to the well every single time, an' he won't drink no water but what he draws fresh. An' I s'pose it would look sort o' silly to put it in here jest to drink it out again.

"Sir? Oh, yes, I saw them saddle-bags hangin' up back there, an' they are fine, very fine, ez you say, an' his are purty near wore out, but lordy, I don't want to buy a Christmas gif' that's hung up in the harness-room half the time. What's that you say? Won't you all never git done a-runnin' me about that side-saddle? You can't pleg me about that. I got it for his pleasure, ef it was for my use, an', come to think about it, I'd be jest reversin' the thing on the pitcher. It would be for his use an' my pleasure. I wish I could see my way to buy it for him. Both goblets go with it, you say—an' the slop-bowl? It cert'nly is handsome—it cert'nly is. An' it's expensive, nobody could accuse me o' stintin' 'im. Wonder why they didn't put some polar bears on the goblets, too. They'd 'a' had to be purty small bears, but they could 'a' been cubs, easy.

"I don't reely believe, Mr. Lawson, indeed I don't, thet I can find a mo' suitable present for him ef I took a month, an' I don't keer what he's a-pickin' out for me this minute, it can't be no handsomer 'n this. Th' ain't no use—I'll haf to have it—for 'im. Jest charge it, please, an' now I want it marked. I'll pay cash for the markin', out o' my egg money. An' I want his full name. Have it stamped on the iceberg right beside the bear. 'Ephraim N. Trimble.' No, you needn't to spell out the middle name. I should say not. Ef you knew what it was you wouldn't ask me. Why, it's Nebuchadnezzar. It'd use up the whole iceberg. Besides, I couldn't never think o' Nebuchadnezzar there an' not a spear o' grass on the whole lan'scape. You needn't to laugh. I know it's silly, but I always think o' sech ez that. No, jest write it, 'Ephraim N. Trimble, from his wife Kitty.' Be sure to put in the Kitty, so in after years it'll show which wife give it to him. Of co'se, them that knew us both would know which one. Mis' Mary Jane wouldn't never have approved of it in the world. Why she used to rip up her old crocheted tidies an' things an' use 'em over in bastin' thread, so they tell me. She little drempt who she was a-savin' for, poor thing. She was buyin' this pitcher then, but she didn't know it. But I keep a-runnin' on. Go on with the inscription, Mr. Lawson. What have you got? 'From his wife, Kitty—what's the matter with 'affectionate wife'? You say affectionate is a purty

expensive word? But 'lovin' 'll do jest ez well, an' it comes cheaper, you say? An' plain 'wife' comes cheapest of all? An' I don't know but what I like it better, anyhow, at his age. Of co'se, you must put in the date, an' make the 'Kitty' nice an' fancy, please. Lordy, well, the deed's done—an' I reckon he'll threaten to divo'ce me when he sees it—till he reads the inscription. Better put in the 'lovin', I reckon, an' put it in capitals—they don't cost no more, do they? Well, good-by, Mr. Lawson, I reckon you'll be glad to see me go. I've outstayed every last one that was here when I come. Well, good-by! Have it marked immejiate, please, an' I'll call back in an hour. Good-by, again!"

PART III

WHEN old man Trimble stood before the fireplace at midnight that night, stuffing little parcels into the deep, borrowed stocking, he chuckled noiselessly, and glanced with affection toward the corner of the room where his young wife lay sleeping. He was a fat old man, and as he stood with shaking sides in his loose, home-made pajamas, he would have done credit to a more conscious impersonation of old Santa himself.

His task finally done, he glanced down at a tall bundle that stood on the floor almost immediately in front of him, moved back with his hands resting on his hips, and thoughtfully surveyed it.

"Well, ef anybody had 'a' told it on me I never would 'a' believed it," he said, under his breath. "The idee o' me, Ephe Trimble, settin' up sech a thing ez that in his house—at my time o' life." Then, glancing toward the sleeper, he added with a chuckle, "an' ef they'd 'a' prophesied it I wouldn't 'a' believed sech ez *that*, neither—at my time o' life—bless her little curly head."

He sat down beside the bundle, clipped the twine and cautiously pushed back the wrappings. Then, rising, he carefully set each piece of the water set up above the stocking on the mantel. He did not stop to examine it. He was anxious to get it in place without noise.

It made a fine show, even in the dim, unsteady light of the single taper that burned in its tumbler of oil close beside the bed. Indeed, when it arose in all its splendor, he was very much impressed.

"A thing like that ought to have a chandelier to set it off right," he thought—"yas, and she'll have one, too—she'll have anything she wants—that I can give her."

Sleep came slowly to the old man, and even long after his eyes were closed, the silver things seemed arrayed in line upon his mental retina. And when, after a long while, he fell into a troubled slumber, it was only to dream. And in his dream old Judge Robinson's mother-in-law seemed to come and stand before him—black dress, side curls and all—and when he looked at her—for the first time in his life unashed—she began to bow, over and over again, and to say with each salutation, "Be seated"—"be seated"—"be seated," getting farther and farther away with each bow until she was a mere speck in the distance—and then the speck became a spot of white, and he saw that the old lady had taken on a spout and a handle, and that she was only an ice-pitcher, tilting, and tilting, and tilting—while from the yellow spout came a fine metallic voice saying, "Be seated"—"be seated"—again and again. Then there would be a change. There would appear two ladies approaching each other and retreating—turning into two ice-pitchers, tilting to one another and passing from tilting pitchers to bowing ladies, until sometimes there seemed almost to be a pitcher and a lady in view at the same time. When he began to look for them both at once the dream became tantalizing. Twin ladies and twin pitchers—but never quite clearly a lady and a pitcher. Even while the vision tormented him it held him fast—perhaps because he was tired, having lost his first hours of sleep.

He was still sleeping soundly, spite of the dissolving views of the novel panorama, when above the two voices that kept inviting him to "be seated," there arose, in muffled tones at first, and then with distressing distinctness, a sound of sobbing. It made the old man turn on his pillow even while he slept, for it was the voice of a woman, and he was tender of heart. It seemed in the dream and yet not of it—this awful, suppressed sobbing that disturbed his slumber, but was not quite strong enough to break it. But presently, instead of the muffled sob, there came a cumulative outburst, like that of a too-hard-pressed turkey-gobbler forced to the wall. He thought it was the old black gobbler at first, and he even said, "Shoo," as he sprang from his bed. But a repetition of the sound sent him bounding through the open door into the dining-room, dazed and trembling.

Seated beside the dining-table there, with her head buried in her arms, sat his little wife. Before her, ranged in line upon the table, sat the silver water set—her present to him. He was beside her in a moment—leaning over her, his arms about her shoulders.

"Why, honey," he exclaimed, "what on earth."

At this she only cried the louder. There was no further need for restraint. The old man scratched his head. He was very much distressed.

"Why, honey," he repeated, "tell its old man all about it. Didn't it like the purty pitcher thet its old husband bought for it? Was it too big—or too little—or too heavy for it to tote all the way out here from that high mantel? Why didn't it wake up its lazy ol' man and make him pack it out here for it?"

It was no use. She was crying louder than ever. He did not know what to do. He began to be cold and he saw that she was shivering. There was no fire in the dining-room. He must do something. "Tell its old man what it would 'a' ruther had," he whispered in her ear, "jest tell him, ef it don't like its pitcher—"

At this she made several efforts to speak, her voice breaking in real turkey-gobbler sobs each time, but finally she managed to say:

"It ain't m-m-m-mine."

"Not yours! Why, honey. What can she mean? Did it think I bought it for anybody else? Ain't yours! Well, I like that. Lemme fetch that lamp over here till you read the writin' on the side of it, an' I'll show you whose it is. He brought the lamp.

"Read that, now. Why, honey! What in thunder an' lightning! They've done gone an' reversed it. The fool's put my name first—Ephraim N. Trimble. From his—' Why, Jerusalem jinger!

"No wonder she thought I was a low-down dog—to buy sech a thing an' mark it in my own name—no wonder—here on Christmas, too. The idee o' Rowton not secin' to it that it was done right—"

By this time the little woman had somewhat recovered herself. Still, she stammered fearfully as she said:

"Rowton ain't never s-s-s-saw that pitcher. It come from Lawson's, d-d-down at Hope, an' I b-bought it for y-y-y-you!"

"Why, honey—darlin'—!" A sudden light came into the old man's eyes. He seized the lamp and hurried to the door of the bed-chamber, and looked in. This was enough. Perhaps it was mean—but he could not help it—he set the lamp down on the table, dropped into a chair and fairly howled with laughter.

"No wonder I drempt ol' Mis' Meredy was twins," he screamed. "Why, h-b-honey," he was nearly splitting his old sides, "why, honey, I ain't seen a thing but these two swingin' pitchers all night. They've been dancin' before me—them an' what seemed like a pair o' ol' Mis' Meredys, an' between 'em all I ain't slep' a wink."

"N-n-either have I. An' I drempt about ol' Mis' Meredy, too. I drempt she had come to live with us—an' thet y-y-you an' me had moved into the back o' the house. That's why I got up. I couldn't sleep easy, an' I thought I might ez well git up an' see wh-wh-what you'd brought me. But I didn't no mor'n glance at it. But you can't say you didn't sleep, for you was a-s-s-snorin' when I come out here—"

"An' so was you, honey, when I r'anged them things on the mantel. Lemme go an' git the other set an compare 'em. That one I picked is mighty purty."

"I'll tell you befo' you fetch 'em thet they're exactly alike"—she began to cry again—"even to the p-p-polar bear. I saw that at a glance, an' it makes it s-s-so much more ridic'—"

"Hush, honey. I'm reely ashamed of you—I reely am. Seems to me ef they're just alike, so much the better. What's the matter with havin' a pair of 'em? We might use one for buttermilk."

"Th-that would be perfectly ridiculous. A polar bear'd look like a fool on a buttermilk pitcher. N-n-no, the place for pitchers like them is in halls, on tables, where anybody comin' in can see 'em an' stop an' git a drink. They couldn't be nothin' tackier'n pourin' buttermilk out of a' ice-pitcher."

"Of co'se, ef you say so, we won't—I jest thought maybe—or, I tell you what we might do. I could easy take out a panel o' banisters out of the side po'ch, an' put in a pair o' stair-steps, so ez to make a sort o' side entrance to set one of 'em in. It would set off that side o' the house. Lemme go git 'em all out here together."

As he trudged out presently carrying the duplicate set he said, "I wonder ef you know what time it is, wife?"

She glanced over her shoulder at the clock on the wall. "Don't look at that. It's six o'clock last night by that. I forgot to wind her up. No. It's half-past three o'clock—that's all it is." By this time he had put the sets side by side. "Why, honey," he exclaimed, "where on earth? I don't see a sign of a' inscription on this—an' what is this paper in the spout? Here, you read it, wife, I ain't got my specs."

"Too busy to mark to-day—send back after Christmas—sorry."

"Why, it—an' here's another paper. What can this be, I wonder?"

"To my darling wife, from her affectionate husband."

The little wife colored as she read it.

"Oh, that ain't nothin' but the word he was to print on it. But ain't it lucky thet he didn't do it? I'll change it—that's what I'll do—for anything you say. There, now. Don't that fix it?"

She was very still for a moment—very thoughtful. "An' affectionate is a mighty expensive word, too," she said slowly, glancing over the intended inscription, in her husband's handwriting. "Yes. Your pitcher don't stand for a thing but generosity—an' mine don't mean a thing but selfishness. Yes, take it back, cert'nly, that is ef you'll let me get anything I want for it. Will you?"

"Shore. An' ef it's goin' back, it better be a-goin'. I can ride out to town an' back befo' breakfast. Come, kiss me, wife."

She threw both arms around his neck and kissed him on the mouth. And then she said, "Hurry, now, an' hitch up, an' I'll be writin' down what I want in exchange—an' you can put it in yo' pocket."

In a surprisingly short time the old man was on his way—a heaped basket beside him, a tiny bit of writing in his pocket. When he had gotten into the road he drew it out, and this is what he read:

"My Dear Husband—I want one silver-mounted brier-wood pipe and a smoking set—a nice lava one—and I want a set of them fine overhauls like them that Mis' Pope give Mr. Pope that time I said she was too extravagant, and if they's any money left over I want some nice tobacco, the best. I want all the price of the ice-set took up, even to them affectionate words they never put on.

"Your affectionate and loving wife,

KITTY."

When Ephraim put the little note back in his pocket he took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

Her good neighbors and friends, even as far as Simpkinsville and Hope, had their little jokes over Mis' Trimble's giving her splendor-despising husband a swinging ice-pitcher, but they never knew of the two early trips of the twin pitcher, nor of the midnight comedy in the Trimble home.

But the old man often recalls it, and as he sits in his front hall smoking his silver-mounted pipe, and shaking its ashes into the lava bowl that stands beside the ice-pitcher at his elbow, he often chuckles to himself.

Noticing his shaking shoulders as he sat thus one day his wife turned from the window, where she stood watering her geraniums, and said:

"What on earth are you a-laughin' at, honey?" (She often calls him "honey" now.)

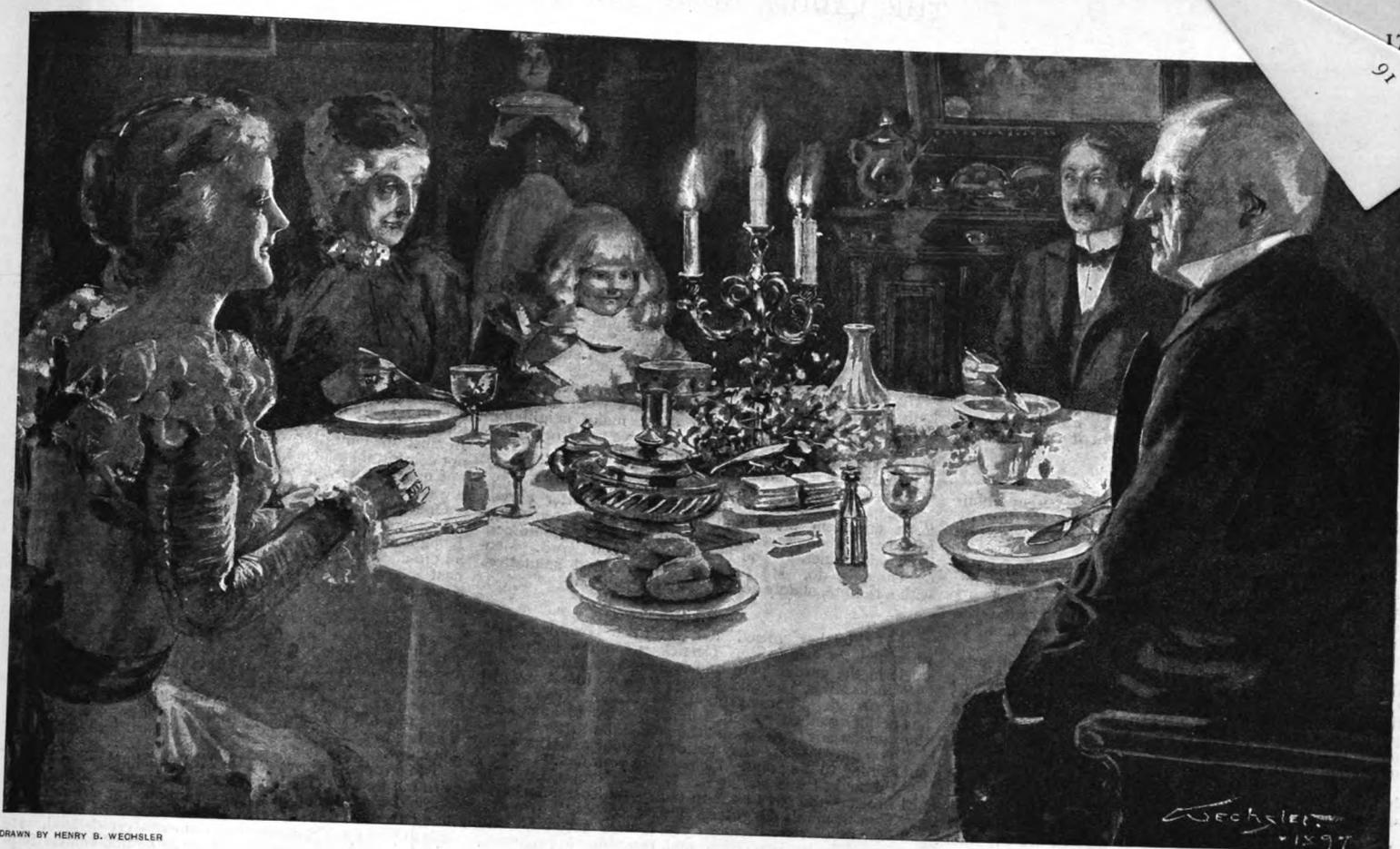
"How did you know I was a-laughin'?" He looked over his shoulder at her as he spoke.

"Why, I seen yo' shoulders a-shakin'—thet's how." And then she added, with a laugh, "An' now I see yo' reflection in the side o' the ice-pitcher, with a grin on you a mile long."

He chuckled again.

"Is thet so? Well, the truth is, I'm a-settin' here gigglin', jest from pure contentment."

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DRAWN BY HENRY B. WECHSLER

"MILES OTHERWAYS WAS AT ROSE'S RIGHT HAND, BETWEEN HER AND DERRICK. OPPOSITE WERE MARION AND HER LITTLE WILDER"

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE HOLLYHOCKS

By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney

MRS. WHITNEY

[Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "The Gayworthys," "Friendly Letters to Girl Friends," etc.]



HERE is no doubt that Miles Otherways was contradictory by nature. He said he always wanted to look at a matter all round. But the first thing he did was to turn it wrong side uppermost and look at that. Then he was generally so impressed that he omitted to turn it back again.

His best friends said he was unmanageable unless you began at the wrong end with him. Then, perhaps, he would dispute you—and himself—round to the right. Right was his purpose, but he must fight his way to it; he must first discover and demolish the wrong.

At town meetings, and in all affairs of general question, he was so sure to be in the opposition that they called him "Old Per Contra."

"He's neither to be convinced nor persuaded," said an influential townsman. "Whatever position or point of view you take, he's miles otherways; that's all about it."

He had been engaged in his youth to a girl, who had said to him more than once, "Miles, you are the most opposite-sided person I ever met." A time came at last, when, in answer to some utter unreasonableness, it had been, "I don't think, Miles, we had better risk it, after all."

Then he remonstrated with all the joined power of his habitual combativeness and his truest feeling; but to no purpose. Marion Wilder had come, reluctantly, to mean it. She had made up her mind that life would be at once too short and too long for such antagonisms. The engagement came to an end. Miles was then twenty-seven; Marion, nineteen. Four years later she married Doctor Fletcher, and went with him to Massachusetts. Miles stayed in Thorndike and never married. In Marion's rare visits home he was careful not to meet her.

Thrown back on himself Miles grew bitter against the world. He was out of sympathy with common way and motive, and saw in them only triviality and selfishness. He denounced much, tolerated little, excused nothing. Just to a fault, by that fault he failed of justice, even to himself. Yet he was a man to love and he loved, if he would have trusted in that side of his own and the common nature.

One person only came near him: that one hardly knew how near. Their life so managed itself that neither of them guessed or betrayed the undemonstrated depth of mutual regard. And yet it was plain to any third person—and the little world around them was as one third person—that old Miles and young Derrick had no life apart from each other; that to touch one was to touch the other; that with all their differences of years, temperaments and time influences, the family bond held them

"Not in a little old-fashioned bonnet, and innocent of Browning, or Paderewski, or the higher mathematics, or associated charities, Uncle Miles. That girl is gone. Mayn't these that have come be just as nice and sweet, in spite of their new dressing and doing? They only take things where they find them, as the others did before."

"Can't be as nice," grumbled his uncle. "It's all demoralizing. The fittest hasn't survived. Folly has run to seed; there was always plenty of it; now the crop's pretty much weeds."

"You hold aloof, Uncle; you don't know."

"Don't mean to know. I don't belong to the end of the century."

"The end of the century is just where it joins with the next. It can't separate itself. Life goes on, and everything that's alive goes with it."

"No, it don't. It's the old Nicodemus problem. Everybody that lives long enough sees his world come to an end. It's superseded; you've got to be born again, and you don't know how, and you don't want to be."

The man who had lost his past and rejected his present, threw down the newspaper with which he daily aggravated himself, got up and walked away.

"It's the children, and the children's children, that make the links after all. I'm not quite link enough for the blessed old grufflegum," said Derrick to himself.

The unforeseen occurred. Marion Fletcher returned to Thorndike a widow. Her father and mother had died; the house in Thorndike belonged to her. Her income was modest; it would do more, and in better accordance with her wishes, here, than in the gay, costly life that had invaded Lenbridge. She sold her house there at an advantage and came back to her old home. With her came her daughter Rose, and a little grandson just out of babyhood, the child of a daughter who had died.

In a straight line, had the hill been tunneled, her house and Miles Otherways' would have been scarcely a furlong apart; but there are few straight lines in the world—it was up hill and down between them. Miles, in his daily constitutionals, never walked that road now. The younger man soon found the way.

There is no mystery in this simple story—nothing to hold back. In fact, it is not a story; it is only a late episode in Miles Otherways' life. Rose Fletcher was eighteen and very lovely; Derrick Otherways was in the flush of twenty-five, and soon very much in love. He knew nothing about the old story, a part of which was repeating itself.

Mrs. Fletcher's deep, shaded veranda, the one grand adjunct of her unpretentious house, was delightful of a summer evening; the neighborhood found it so. It came to pass that many a time when Uncle Miles, smoking his solitary pipe, paced up and down his long garden walk, secluded by its broad, thorny hedge from the street side, Derrick was behind the honeysuckle trellis of the Fletchers' sweet outer parlor, with its rugs and hammocks, enjoying the companionship, and falling under the special charm which had never come to him before.

Living at home with his uncle, going daily to and from Cambridge for his college work, and afterward, in similar routine, between Thorndike and the city for his office business, he had had comparatively little leisure or opening for the gracious amenities now within his immediate reach. He hardly knew how it had come about. Marion Fletcher and her daughter were women around whom such an atmosphere had to be; Derrick had come within it, that was all; he found for the first time how much life might hold.

Mrs. Fletcher began to see what was impending with a dread, and yet a secret hope. It might bring trouble; it might result in beautiful replacement. A new, young

Editor's Note—The Journal will have more stories during 1898 than in any previous year. Fully thirty bright love stories will be given. Two special fiction numbers will be issued—a midwinter fiction number in January, and a midsummer fiction number in August. The best short stories possible to obtain will appear in each issue of the Journal, illustrated by the best artists.

love might redeem the bitterness in which the old had ended, and draw near in a late peace of friendship the lives so long estranged.

Marion Fletcher had loved her husband; she loved him still. She was a widow of the "mantle and ring," without vow or protest. In the years since Gilbert Fletcher died it had never entered her thought that any change could be imagined for her from her single absolute loyalty. It did not invade her consciousness now. She was free of herself; she could frankly wish to be forgiven and better understood by Miles Otherways; to change his scorn into kindly confidence; to draw forth his true gentleness once more; to compensate his pain with calm content.

It was different with Miles. Though he would have disdained the self-suspicion, he was afraid of any reconciliation, because of what that reconciliation now could never be. He was loyal to his first love in what he thought his hate. But hate is never dead indifference. It is the other side of love, and love is life.

So far he had kept successfully from Marion's path. He had not even passed her so nearly on the street as to have met her glance. He would by no means have held out his hand to her; he thought it was his contempt that would have hindered him.

One evening Derrick took Mrs. Fletcher—perhaps himself—by surprise. His heart appropriated his lips by eminent domain, making its own use of them in words he had not planned.

She had walked with him down the winding path, narrowed and dark with shrubbery, to the gate in her white front fence. A great ash tree embowered the entrance; the glimmer of a street-lamp through the branches twinkled into the dusk. He took her hand to say good-night; suddenly he could not let it go.

"I must say it!" he broke forth. "You know already, don't you?" Yet as if she did not know, he told her; the old story, with the old demand, that mothers have to listen to and answer with struggle of love and joy and pain, or other passions, according to their differing natures. Her Rose was the rose of the world to him; might he tell her so?

Dismay was Marion's first feeling. She drew back her hand. It had come too soon. "Oh, wait!" she entreated. "There hasn't been time!"

"My dear Mrs. Fletcher, for what? Does time count? All these ever was, or will be, is present tense. The thing is—"

"Oh, I know. That is the trouble. With everything else time does count. It will count with your uncle. It isn't present tense with him."

"No. He has to be persuaded down from his past," said Derrick, not guessing how truly he spoke. "But if you and Rose—"

"Not yet," she interrupted. "There ought to be some opportunity for him to know Rose—to understand me—a little—better. If he would only come here, as you have come—a neighbor—and see for himself and believe! Derrick," she went on after a pause, "I used to know him long ago, but I do not know him now. He is, they say, a peculiar, prejudiced man. It will all be strange to him. He will not like it. He will think, perhaps, that I have—managed."

Derrick hardly understood her anxious incoherency. "My uncle does not visit," he said. "The only way is to tell him what has happened—if it may happen. He is peculiar, but he is a just man. I must be fair with him."

Yet with the words his mind misgave him. What would his uncle say? Would he give himself a chance, or would he set himself blindly against the unknown "girl of the period"? Would he believe the mother to have planned with shrewd worldliness for her child? Was this what Mrs. Fletcher feared? He began to realize that between this proud, delicate woman and the uncompromising, incredulous man—or that side of the man he must encounter—he had something very difficult to do.

"Promise me to wait a little while," said Mrs. Fletcher. "I will not press nor hurry you," the young man said, his tone unconsciously a shade withdrawn. "But do not let it be too long. I do not like to keep things back. I would rather be quite open with my uncle from the beginning. Indeed, it is the wiser way."

Did he argue policy with her? Did he, too, misunderstand, misjudge her? That was hard for Marion Fletcher. The hard things of life do follow on!

But that was not his thought. He was but loyal; jealous for his uncle; a little hurt for him, that any one—even himself—should account of him by the severer side. Marion held out her hand again to say good-night. Derrick pressed it warmly. "I owe it to my Uncle Miles, you see," he said with gentle apology. "Yet, all the same, my own mind is made up, as a man's should be. With that he left her."

"What kept you so long, *ma mère*?" asked Rose as her mother came in through the deserted veranda.

"It is very pleasant out under the ash tree," Mrs. Fletcher answered quietly.

Rose knew that quite well before. Had her mother spoken significantly, and why had she stolen this little march to-night? The girl blushed and turned to the piano, arranging her scattered music.

In her room afterward Mrs. Fletcher said to herself, "I will see Miles Otherways. I will make friends with him. Or else—for Rose's sake—I will leave it all to Derrick. He is right. A man's mind should be made up."

A pleasant lane, with small houses and dooryards on each side, ran up back of the main street from the village square, where were the stores and post-office. Miles Otherways often took this quiet, roundabout way in going home. One morning he walked along it leisurely, pausing presently before a cottage where a great clump of sweet brier grew within the fence, lifting its full crown palings. Two women lived here, mother and daughter, seamstresses. They sometimes did house sewing for Mr. Otherways. He now and then sent them fruits, vegetables, flowers, from his own garden. In return, he was stood there now, his cane tucked under one arm, while he cut some bits of the young-leaved, thorny twigs.

The door opened; a lady came out. She wore a simple black dress, a bonnet of folded black silk, within whose edge a single, soft white line defined a fair, sweet face. No cataract of crape; no evasive ornament. A

quiet acceptance of a fixed estate. Miles Otherways did not look up. He was busy with his cuttings. He stepped aside that she might pass, but she did not.

"Mr. Otherways." The voice was calmly gentle. Then he had to make some sign, for he was a gentleman. The hand that still held the knife went up to his hat and raised it slightly. If he had known which way she meant to go he would have gone the other; but she did not move, and he stood still, trimming his sprigs.

"Why cannot we be friends?" the sweet voice said. She half held out her hand, but he was busy, and he would not see. "We are growing old, Miles."

"I am old. I do not make new friends." "Nor forgive old ones?"

Miles looked straight at her then, as cold as stone. "I don't know whether outgrowing is forgiving. I've outgrown a good deal in my life," he said.

Even yet she would not be repulsed; there was nothing in her meaning that could be ashamed. "We are neighbors now," she said with kindly dignity. "I should like it to be in neighborly content."

He had finished his work deliberately, and put his knife in his pocket. He took his stick from under his arm. "I am content. But I don't make neighbors, either. It's too late for beginnings. I've lived my life." He stepped off the path and lifted his hand to his hat.

"Not all of it," answered Marion as she moved to go. "There is the Land of the Leal."

The Leal! Miles' lips flashed into a bitter curve. "An uncertain place and population," he remarked frigidly. "I don't see how it can be largely reinforced from this planet." The man had the last word. Men occasionally do. He finished his intended salutation with a remote, stately courtesy, and passed on.

Mrs. Fletcher raised her interdict. Nothing else remained for her to do. Derrick thereupon joined his uncle in the garden path one evening and made avowal. "Uncle Miles," he said briefly, "I have found my girl of the period. Your exception, too, I think. The period has neither made nor spoiled her. She would have been the same at any period—and the period the better."

"You put a good many periods in your remarks without coming to the point. Please state your fact."

"I thought I was stating it. Not much remains. The girl I mean—the girl I hope to marry—is Rose Fletcher."

"That woman's daughter. That accounts."

Derrick quickly, perceiving and resenting a prejudice, without at all comprehending it.

"For every perfection? Very likely you think so. I'm not surprised. She's that sort of woman. One way or another she'll flirt and cajole till she dies. She would make eyes—for an object—at an organ-grinder's monkey."

He said it, calmly scornful, between slow whiffs of his pipe. The cumulative bitterness of his words drew itself from a new, hard hurt—the sudden suspicious understanding of her beautiful overture of peace.

The absurdity was beyond resenting; Derrick nearly laughed. But he answered curtly, "She would be sweet to anybody or anything, if that's what you mean."

"Yes, that's what I mean. And she would mean nothing but her own ends."

"Uncle, you are unjust; unworthy of yourself. You do not know Mrs. Fletcher."

"I knew her before you were born."

A faint apprehension flashed through Derrick's mind. "I cannot help it. You may have been mistaken then; you certainly are mistaken now. I hope you will think better of it," he was adding with entreaty, "for—"

"I don't think of it at all," interrupted the old man. "But I ask you to think of it! Don't be hard, Uncle; this means everything in my life. There is absolutely no other way for me."

"Then our ways separate. I cannot help it either." The two walked on without words. It was hard to break from each other so, hard to separate their ways.

"Understand," said Miles Otherways, stopping when they reached the house again, and shaking the dead ashes from his pipe. "I have no spite in this matter. It will make no difference in what I shall ultimately do for you, is a trust. You're safe in that respect. Family property make. You can go your own way. But you cannot bring that young woman here; and—slowly—"I will never enter your door. We will not speak of it any further."

It was the cruelest dismissal that could have been given. It was a torture that only one generous spirit, under warp and wound, could inflict upon another.

Nothing more was said. Daily custom closed over the break and went on the same. The strain was curiously out of sight, but it was one that could not be prolonged. The marriage took place in October. On the night before his wedding the young man found upon his sand dollars. In the morning he met his uncle as he came downstairs. Before the old man knew, Derrick had his hand; the grasp was strong. "I know you don't want words," he said. "But I feel as you would in my place." Then they went in to breakfast together.

The ceremony was at the church. Miles Otherways was there, but not in character, in any reserved seat. He ignored the ushers and found a place in a side pew.

There was no reception. Miles understood the generous evasion. "Showed his sense," he said bluffly to his old housekeeper, Susan Dale. And Susan told her brother Tim, the factotum of the neighborhood: "Twarn't much of a let-out, but ef he hedn't a-said them three words he'd a-had a heart-stroke."

"Think he'll ever come round?" asked Tim.

"He's round now, ef he'd only stop balking. You hefter put a contrary horse head about, his own way. The Lord's got the reins. Miles Otherways'll be contrary to himself before he knows, and then we'll see who'll beat."

Derrick bought "The Hollyhocks," an old house and small place near Thorndike Centre, long ago a beautiful mansion, but vandalized, in vulgar hands, by the improvements of forty years before, and now neither ancient nor modern. Lovely, quaint panelings and wainscots had been stuffed smooth and papered over. Derrick had these all scraped out and restored. Wide chimneys had been taken down and small ones built, leaving great, uncouth vacancies boarded in beside them. Big fireplaces were extravagant, but Derrick removed grates and marbles, and opened cheerful small hearths or put up stoves. The waste room at each side he utilized

in deep cupboards and in space-way for a strong "lift." He and his young wife had exceedingly bright ideas.

Every one of these adaptations and devices came to Miles Otherways' knowledge. Susan Dale, and Tim, and the carpenter, working at both houses, took care of that. Miles was passively receptive. That was his habit. He was that kind of one-sided gossip. "Bless you, he won't ask, but he likes to be told," said Susan Dale. This was in early summer, before the young couple moved in.

The winter had been long and dreary to Uncle Miles.

When October came round a beautiful happening at "The Hollyhocks" made the home complete. Miles Otherways found a note on his breakfast-table.

"I have a little son," it said. "I shall give him the old family name. I hope you won't take it amiss." His pronoun, too, was scrupulous.

The old man was crotchety that day. The new pull chafed hard the soreness of his harsh resolve.

October, November, part of December went by. It was Christmas time. These last months had been the bitterest of all to Miles since the "separate ways" began. There was something in the world he had a right to, but that by his own forbiddance he could not take. Against this condition of things he recalculated. It was not comfortable. He had never done it before. He did not exactly know he was doing it now. It was a silent, inward conflict.

One day he got a bit the best of it for the time being. "I owe the youngster that much anyhow," he said. Being a just man he went upstairs, took something out of an old chest and carried it to Boston. It came back in a neat silversmith's box. It lay a week in his bureau drawer. He could not quite decide the manner of his next doing.

Derrick came in several times. He had never stayed away. It would have been easy enough to hand the parcel to him, but Uncle Miles said to himself with a vague obstinacy, "No hurry, I'll do it as I please."

Christmas Eve arrived, and he had not found out what he pleased. Early after tea he took his stick, and walked over the hill. There was a bright young moon. The weather was clear and still, the road hard and even without snow.

The grounds about "The Hollyhocks" were dotted with tall firs that cast long shadows over the dead grass. The old man turned in at the driveway, but struck across along these dusky lines, to a side angle of the house. Miles Otherways' purpose was not even yet defined. He might ring, do his errand, and go as he had come. Suppose Derrick should open the door? What matter? He need not cross the threshold. He need not break that—confounded—word of his. Secretly, the wish was in him that something might happen to give a turn to things.

From the shade he looked up at the windows. Somebody might hold a baby up to see the Christmas moon. But nothing showed nor moved behind the lighted panes. A bulkhead stood uncovered. A lantern shone in the cellar. Miles went down the steps, planting his cane cautiously. Old Tim was at the furnace. When he had done shaking, and turned around, he looked up at the incomer without a trace of visible astonishment. He knew a good deal better than to be astonished. His lantern was behind him. Miles Otherways' face was in the light. "It's a nice night, Mr. Otherways," said Tim.

Mr. Otherways moved forward. In a recess beside the chimney rested a framed platform. A big rope hung by it loosely. "Is that 'lift' strong?" he asked.

"Carries all it can hold," Tim answered.

"Send me up, will you?"

"All right. How fur?"

"One floor."

"Step in. Knock on the floor when you get there. The slide's sashed. You'll see." And Miles Otherways stepped in.

A tap of his cane and the "lift" stopped. He pushed up a glazed slide, made a long step over a boarding, and found himself in a lighted dining-room where a table was daintily laid for dinner. He stood upon a wide bricked hearth. An old fireplace, with a crane, opened into the chimney beside him. Beyond were iron doors of oven and ashpit. This was a converted old kitchen.

The handle of a door into an adjoining room turned softly. A small figure crept in, came around the chimney corner, stopped; a child's face stared up at him. Two little hands put themselves sturdily behind the back, however, and the look did not flinch.

"Is you Santa Claus?" the boy asked. "I was goin' to listen for you. But I wouldn't have opened the oven door!" For a moment the man was as much mystified as his small detective. Then it came to him.

"Oh, you're the other one," he said.

"No, I ain't ze uzzer one. Ze uzzer one's upstairs in a basket. He's ze new boy. I's ze one zat always was. He can't sit up to dinner. I's four years old. Has you put anysing in ze oven yet? Is you Santa Claus?"

"Not exactly."

"Is you ze K'ist Child?"

"Miles Otherways," was the grim, grave answer.

"Well," said the boy, "I can't guess. But I ain't afraid. An' I sink I's better go and tell ze folks."

"Show me the way. I'll go, too."

The boy turned, opened the door behind him and ran on shouting, "I's got him! Here's Santa Claus—or somebody! I's caught him, my ownself!" Miles Otherways followed, composed and dignified.

Half an hour later dinner was served. Miles Otherways was at Rose's right hand, between her and Derrick. Opposite were Marion and her little Wilder.

Everybody, from Tim up, had taken everything as of natural course. There had been neither question nor explanation. Uncle Miles had effected the grand gain-saying; he had contradicted himself.

In the middle of the table, close under the épergne of ferns, stood a beautiful old-fashioned cup. On it were three inscriptions:

Miles Otherways, Jan. 4, 1798.
Miles Otherways, Aug. 6, 1830.
Miles Otherways, Oct. 2, 1892.

This last little Miles Otherways was brought down at dessert to be shown his inheritance.

Before Wilder Gay was taken to bed he came and climbed upon the rung of Uncle Miles' chair.

"I know which you is now," he whispered in his ear. "You's bof of zem. Zey's all ze same. G'annie told me ze K'ist Child's in ze old man's heart!"



THE ELAINES' CHRISTMAS VISIT

BY MRS. MARK MORRISON

NUMBER FOUR IN THE "PIXIES AND ELAINES" SERIES

THOSE Elaines who live in the North return to Rainbowland at the first fall of snow, to remain until spring. But one Christmas-time the sun shone so warm, even in the cold countries, that two very young Elaines thought that spring had come. The Elaines busy themselves making moulds in which raindrops are frozen for the winter storms. These moulds are hung from every snow-cloud, and the beautiful snowflakes are formed by every raindrop passing through some one of the different shapes. These merry Elaines in their play finally thought of drawing up a few of these moulds to try playing with the snow. Although Rainbowland is never cold, for it is always warm above a snow-storm, they thought the snow was frozen too hard to melt right away; so they drew up the moulds, dumping out the beautiful flakes in a pile. Quickly and deftly they patted and moulded, till they had made a perfect snow carriage, with windows and doors to open and shut, and seats. It was a fine playhouse, indeed, and they were having great sport in it when the white wheels began to roll.

"Ah," they said to each other, "perhaps there is going to be a snowstorm, warm as it is, and our carriage is going to earth with the other snowflakes. Let us keep still and go too. We will be the first to paint the crocuses and the jonquils and the little pale violets that are just opening in all the woods by now."

Too soon they realized their mistake. The air on earth was chill, no flower bloomed in the leafless

wood, and the fairy lakes were white with floating ice. The warm snowstorm turned to sleet and wind. No other Elaine was near. Alone and shelterless stood the two little Rainbow fairies on this Christmas morn.

"WE SHALL be frozen in the ice, and beaten down by the sleet," said the little Elaines, "or we shall be wrapped in a snowflake and blown hither and thither by the winds."

Just then a tiny man, with a pointed green cap and a very white furry overcoat, bobbed up in front of them out of a frozen bush.

"Why, hello, Rain-bowers!" said he. "What are you doing so far from home?"

"The air was so warm and full of joy that we thought spring had come," said the Elaines to the Pixie who was skipping about, and crackling the iced twigs of his bush as nimbly as a squirrel. "Wethought we heard the flowers pushing themselves through the ground, and the buds on the trees clapping their hands together as they burst open."

"YOU heard the children all over the world clapping their hands because Christmas morning had come."

"We understand that now; we are in a sad plight. Oh, if we were only home in Rainbowland!"

"Well, I don't see how you are going to get there," said the Pixie, with a grin.

"Dear Mr. Pixie, won't you please help us?" implored the young children. "We are so helpless and so far away from home."

The Pixie turned a somersault, then he sat down on a twig of the frozen bush, and put his finger meditatively to his nose.

"To tell you the truth," he remarked confidentially, "I never have been in real polite fairy society. I knew a little Elaine once named Verri, but her friends never approved of me and were always afraid to have us play together. Now, I tell you what I'll do. I want to go south to-night. I'll show you the way if you'll let me ride in that snow carriage of yours, and haul it through the air with your wings. There's an Elaine lake south there that I know of, where one of your Elaines, Phyllis, I think they call her, built a palace that looks like a rainbow, just to house strangers and travelers. I'll take you there, but you must promise to let me go in along with you, and meet the fine folks with their jewels and gold zithers and all that kind of thing."

"Indeed, we will do both," said the Elaine children, "and thank you very much, Mr. Pixie, for we shall certainly die if we do not escape from this cold place."

"The storm is over now," said the Pixie, jumping to his feet. "I'll go and tend to some business, and meet you here at four o'clock. By-the-way, I've heard that the wings that Elaines bring down from the sky don't last long. You'd better be careful of yours. I'll just roll this carriage into my cellar where it'll stay frozen. Be careful of your wings now, remember that, for they are the only way you've got to get out of this. Meet me here at four o'clock. Good-day, gentlemen," and away tumbled the bright-eyed Pixie, nodding and grinning.

THE Elaines spread their wings and flew forward very carefully, stopping frequently to prune and smooth their radiant feathers which shone as



"DRAYMEN CRACKED THEIR WHIPS AT EACH OTHER AS THE WAGONS RATTLED BY"

if studded with jeweled beads. Soon they found themselves in a city so given up to cedar and holly, and windows of dolls and toys, and images of Santa Claus, that they said to each other: "Children must be of more consequence here than any one else." Draymen cracked their whips at each other as the wagons rattled by; crowds of merry people going to parties, and Christmas trees passed in carriages.

"What a happy place," said the Elaines. But as they spoke a sad-faced woman, poorly clad, stopped at the door of the toy shop, and they heard her say to a clerk:

"Oh, sir, have you any broken toys? This is the first Christmas my little children were without some present; they can't believe yet that Santa Claus won't come to them, and they are sitting by the chimney watching for him now. They think his sleigh broke down, and for that reason he did not come last night. It wrings my heart to hear them. 'Maybe the sleigh was overloaded,' they say, 'and it takes the reindeers a long time to pull it.' 'Wait just a little longer, brother, don't cry,' my little girl says to her brother. I have only these few pennies; I thought last night that I dare not spend even these for extras, but I can't bear to see those babies sitting there by their empty stockings, waiting so patiently for the Santa Claus who will never come. Oh, sir, please, sir, sell me a few broken toys for this little money, it is all I have."

The Elaines saw the man make a package of a doll with a soiled, ugly face, a sheep with a broken leg, and two cheap, finger-marked picture books.

THE poor mother took them, saying with a sigh, "Thank you, oh, thank you, sir!" but the Elaines saw how she brushed the tears from her eyes as she carried the poor toys home with her. They knew that she was thinking how little these gifts would seem to children who had been watching for an overloaded sleigh, too full to be drawn rapidly. They heard her saying: "Poor darlings, last Christmas all was so different; then they had a tree and such pretty things. What will they say to broken toys?" She did not know that she was being followed by two little Elaines, the most loving of all fairies. The Elaines had forgotten their own trouble in their interest in these two little waiting children. When the woman entered her

humble home they went with her, and hovered with temulous pinions above the soiled and broken toys, as she took them out of her package. See, they have forgotten their own danger and how necessary it is to keep their wings strong and untired! They think only of the little children sitting by their empty stockings, in the next room, waiting for Santa Claus to come. They shake down the jeweled dust and the gold powder from their pinions, until it seems as though a rainbow had come out from that cheap brown wrapping-paper.

"WHY, how pretty the things do look, after all!" said the poor woman with a surprised laugh, and she suddenly looked so bright and pretty herself that the Elaines forgot themselves more utterly than ever, and shook their beautiful wings again and again, sending down showers of radiant tiny feathers that melted as they fell.

The doll's forehead became white, and her lips and cheeks red, while her eyes looked almost human, and her lips seemed to smile. Even a little princess must have loved a doll with such a face as the Elaines gave to this one. The wool of the broken sheep became white as the snow outside, and its tinsel collar seemed studded with diamonds. But even this was nothing compared to the books, for as the mother turned each leaf with a trembling hand, trying to clean the soiled pages, the Elaines repainted the poor pictures. They did not stop beautifying the toys and books until the now delighted mother joyously exclaimed: "Oh, children, I believe I do hear a reindeer; run and look on the roof!"

THE Elaines heard little feet scampering out on the porch as the happy mother slipped into the vacant room and filled both the stockings with these now beautiful presents. Scarcely had she done so when the children returned and saw what had happened. Then, indeed, they leaped and shouted with joy.

The Elaines knew their work here was done. Back into the street they flew, to find others to make happy. As they went from place to place they found little neglected children in orphan asylums, others in sad homes, sitting among those who did not love their work here was done. Back into the street they flew, to find others to make happy. As they went from place to place they found little neglected children in orphan asylums, others in sad homes, sitting among those who did not love their work here was done.

At four o'clock they returned to the hill to keep their engagement with the Pixie, and then suddenly they thought of their wings, their beautiful wings whose jewels and colored pinions they had been giving away all day, and wondered if they would now be strong enough for the trip they had agreed upon with the Pixie.

THEY found him sitting there in the snow carriage with his green cap sticking out of a window, and one pointed-toe shoe swinging from the door. He did not wish to go south at all. He knew that Elaines did not possess strong wings and could not fly far, but he thought he should enjoy a short ride in so novel a conveyance as a snow carriage just out of the rainbow, but when he saw the two Elaines coming up the hill he was afraid and hid his eyes, for their wings were sparkling as never wings of fairy sparkled on earth before. The Elaines took the poles of the snow carriage in their hands and flew upward. Then they learned what strength comes to those who give of their best on Christmas Day, so wide and swift and strong, spread and waved those wings which had been despoiled to make bright the moments of sad and lonely children. The Pixie dare not jump out, and he was so awed by the shining of the wings that bore him onward that he dare not give wrong directions, as he felt tempted to do. When night came, the glory of the wings made the darkness light all about the little snow carriage, so that the Elaines found their way easily to the beautiful palace, or Strangers' Home, which Phyllis had built by the Elaine lake. The air here was warm and sweet, and birds were sleeping among the quiet trees. The two Elaines entered the palace which seemed like their home in the rainbow. The Pixie followed them, and in another story I will tell you what he did there.

Editor's Note.—In Mrs. Morrison's dainty "Pixies and Elaines" series the following have appeared:

- I.—"A Pixie Princess Visits the Elaines," September
- II.—"The Elaines Choose a Queen," October
- III.—"The Elaines' Picture of Heaven," November
- IV.—"The Elaines' Christmas Visit," December

This series will continue for several months of 1908, and in January will be told the delightful story of "How a Pixie Transformed an Elaine," to be followed by other adventures.

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

THIRD ARTICLE

THE most comfortable and attractive rooms are those in which simplicity is most apparent. From the thousand photographs obtained by the JOURNAL for this feature, only the ones offering suggestions which can be carried out in simple materials have been selected. The series of one hundred pictures, begun in October, will be continued for three issues after the present one.



The Old-Fashioned Straight Hall of an Elizabeth, New Jersey, house has been altered by making a square landing at the foot of the stairs. Here a couch, heaped up with cushions, serves to break the straight lines and take off the appearance of stiffness. The manner of hanging the draperies is attractive.



In a New York Flat a cozy corner has been arranged by hanging Japanese cotton prints over a rod set across the corner of the room.



This Sitting-Room of a Jersey City girl has the walls hung with gray China matting. The young lady painted the frieze herself. The mirror in the corner gives the effect of a door leading to another room. The illusion could have been heightened by the proper arrangement of draperies. The wood-work is painted a very dark green.

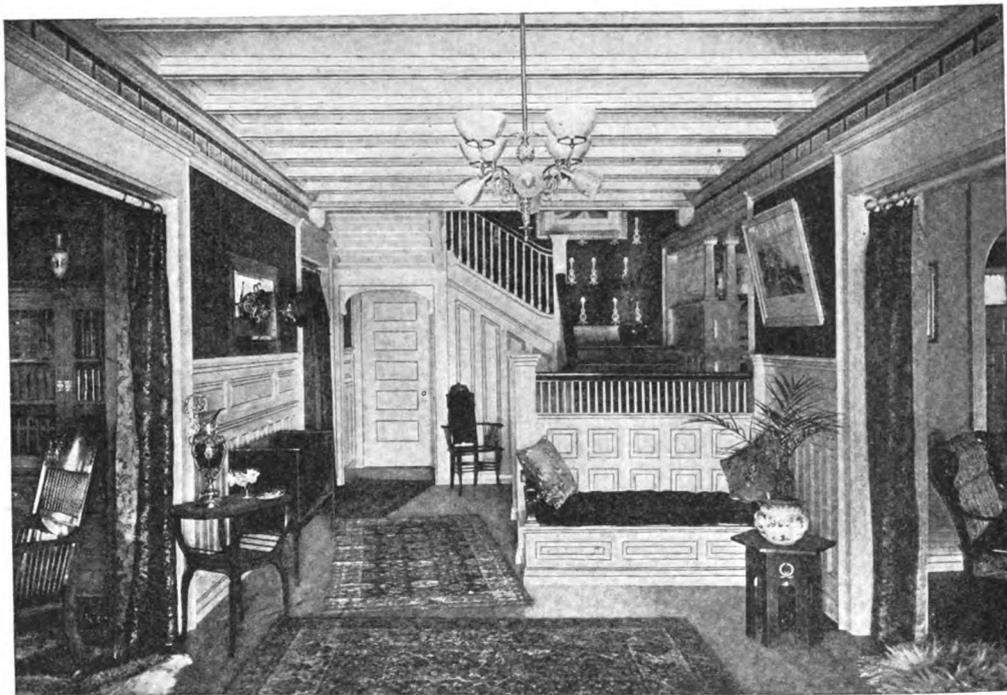


Any Attic Room can be made attractive. This one at Marblehead Neck, Massachusetts, has a wall paper of a chintz pattern, with plenty of color. Old-fashioned and odd bits of furniture have been selected. The bed canopy is easy to make.

The Little Bay-Window to the right is the feature of a Yonkers, New York, dining-room. Its cost depends on the glass used, which will run from two dollars a square foot up. Side lights are always desirable, note the candelabra next the door.



In a Dining-Room in Elizabeth, New Jersey, there is a low window with leaded glass just above the old-fashioned sideboard. An old mahogany card-table is used as a serving-table, half of the top being turned up against the wall; above this is a plate-rack.



In the Hall of a house at Pasadena, California, the start of the stairs is hidden by panel-work, with spindles above, which serve as the back for a cushioned seat. The high, white, paneled wainscot and the wooden ceiling are dignified and effective. A rich red paper is used on the walls, and a mahogany hand rail for the stairs.



The Low Bookshelves, with drawers beneath for pamphlets, and the windows above are very well shown in this Chicago library.



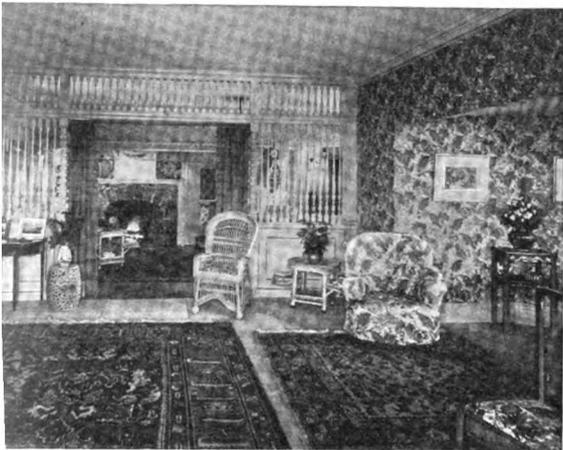
In a Chicago Bedroom are found this pleasing dressing-table and artistic mantel. The frame above it, in which photographs are irregularly mounted in a broad mat, offers an excellent suggestion. The drapery over the dressing-table is effective and inexpensive, as well as easily arranged. The rod supporting it is screwed to the wall over the glass.



in Salem, Massachusetts, has a false ceiling over the ingle cozy effect. The screen built before the door is a novel idea, and adds privacy. The short curtain in the screen supplies the color note.



A Japanese Cozy Corner in Chicago offers a hint for a corner that is inexpensive and artistic. A large paper parasol, a portion being cut off that it may fit closer to the wall; some printed cotton stuff for drapery, and a big sofa are the simple requisites.



screen separating this parlor from a, in a house at Marblehead Neck, gives a pleasing open effect, and is for use in country houses.



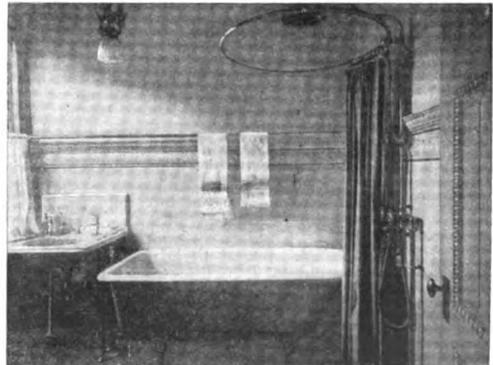
This Broad Chimney-Piece and ingle nook are in a hall at Ardmore, Pennsylvania. The ceiling of heavy timber, the quaint chairs, and the cheap, yet artistic, plaster casts on the mantel, are worth noting.



The Hall of a Lynn, Massachusetts, house is somewhat formal, but comfortable wicker chairs give it a homelike appearance, and a cozy corner, with stiff-backed settees, offers a place for a quiet chat.



In the Library of a Cambridge, Massachusetts, house the spaces between the chimney-breast and the end walls have been utilized for low bookcases, which correspond in detail with the Colonial mantel.



The Shower-Bath, with rubber curtains, and tiled floor with drain in centre, show the possibilities in the limited space of this New Bedford bathroom.



THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

DECEMBER, 1897

THE DAY FOR YOUNG BARBARIANS

IF THERE is one day in the year which rightly belongs to the young it is Christmas Day. It should be given over to them, therefore, without stint or reservation. And I think sometimes that parents do not always understand this. It is right and all-essential that restrictions upon the amusements of the young should prevail in every home. But Christmas Day is the one day when these barriers ought to be lifted, and the young given free play. No wholesome liberty nor indulgence should be withheld from a boy or girl on that day. What of it, my dear friend, if such liberties do mean a tear here, a broken chair there, or a slight damage somewhere else? Suppose the boy is particularly noisy on Christmas. What of it? Tell me, if you can, a better sign of strong, young health than the noise from a boy's lungs! Suppose he does throw himself, or even jump or stand, on your best lounge, and soil or rumple your pet tidy! Bless your soul, what real harm is there in it? What is an insignificant little tidy in comparison to the healthy exuberance of a boy's spirits in full play? Pass over it, don't notice it, but let the boy have his Christmas Day. And if the little girl does insist upon putting her sticky candy fingers on your dress, what of it? Wear a dress on Christmas Day which those little fingers will not soil. Let her bang the piano if she likes: let her slam the door if it is part of her fun. It won't seriously hurt the piano or the door, and if it annoys you some, close your ears to the din for a day. Better that you have a headache, perhaps, than that your child's fun should be suppressed. Let her romp and tear all over the house. Give her the joy of feeling that for one day the house is hers in every nook and corner of it. If you have care of certain things remove them before the day comes, but do not let them spoil your child's healthy fun. Let her put her smutchy little hands on the white paint of door or wall. I know a home, my dear woman, where the marks of four little smutchy fingers may be seen any day on the white paint of a door, and they are treasured above the costliest ornaments in that house. Nothing could induce the mother of that home to wipe off those finger-marks, and gayly would her heart sing if the little fingers that put them there could make others all over the doors and windows of that house. There are men and women, my friend, who would give all they possess in this world, and all they hope for in the world to come, for the joy of having some little fingers smutch their doors and walls. Realize your blessings, and let the impress of your children rest where it may on Christmas Day.

FUN is natural with a child—who is, after all, nothing but a little barbarian, bursting full of spirits which must have sway and play. Thank God that your child is blessed with health, so that it can fill your home with glee even if it is a bit noisy. Suppose there come tears in the little clothes. Are they not easier to mend than a child's disappointment of the pleasures of a day which belong to it? Suppose the new toy is banged around and perhaps broken. Better a broken toy than one moment's lull in the play of a child! Sacrifice the dainty order of your house for a day and rejoice in the vigor of that strong young body as it races over your best carpets and tumbles into your choicest chairs. A day's fun won't irretrievably damage either the carpets or the chairs. Forget the inanimate and rejoice in the animate which is God's own and yours! Let them bring snow and dust and general disorder into the house if that is their idea of fun—and it generally is with children. Let the Christmas Day be what it is: a day for young barbarians. Adjust yourself and your home to their frolics, if need be. But, whatever you do, don't interfere with them: don't curb their fun: don't fret about their pleasures. It may be trying, but it is only for a day. Take them as they are. We are not children long. A life offers plenty of time for decorum. It has no place in a child's nature on Christmas Day. Throw restrictions to the winds for a day, no matter what it may cost you. It is the children's day, and they have a right to it in every respect. And in their fun your own heart will grow young again even though the head may be tired by night. But you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have given your child a Christmas after its own heart: a Christmas which years afterward will linger in its memory and strike the keynote for the Christmas spirit in its own home. To-day's child must pass along the merry Christmastide. The day must be kept alive, for we cannot afford to let it die. It should be a day of unrestricted glee for the young, and that means a day for young barbarians. Yet, after all, are their barbaric romps aught but innocent fun? Filled with noise, you say? Yes, but also filled with young, strong health. Children enjoy themselves best when they are noisiest. But at their noisiest they are always at their healthiest. So, this Christmas let the innocent noise of children ring through our homes; let their fresh laughter be heard all over this land; let their feet travel over miles of ground; let sticky fingers rest where they may, and almost breathless bodies tumble where they like. Forget these things for a day, and let each one of us who can, give freedom and zest to the dearest treasures of the Christmastide: the young barbarians of our homes. God bless them, I say. May each child in this land of ours have a Christmas Day this year fashioned after its own heart.

TALKING ABOUT OUR AILMENTS

IT IS a strange notion which a good many people have, that everybody they know is interested in their physical ailments. Something is the matter with them, no matter how slight, and their greatest apparent delight is to get the ear of some sympathetic listener, and then pour into it a full account of their particular ailment. If they have been through a siege of illness, the most tedious minutiae are gone into, and every symptom is eagerly dwelt upon and explained, until the listeners wonder whether the persons did not actually enjoy being sick. There is a certain gusto employed by these people in these narratives of their illnesses which I always wonder they did not exercise upon the ailments themselves, except that, had they done so, probably they would not have had so much to talk about afterward. It is not making light of sickness to say that when we are ill we should not forget that we, ourselves, are the most interested in that affliction. And the same is true upon our recovery. Our friends may be anxious for us, and good friends always are when we are ill. But they are interested in our recovery: not in the illness itself, and certainly not in the most minute details of it. To dwell upon every pain we went through: to repeat the story of our illness hour by hour: to compel others to live over in feelings what we have just passed through, is energy wasted, to say nothing of a lack of consideration for others. Sympathy we may crave, and the right kind of sympathy we can generally get in this world from some one close to us. But we have no right to thrust our afflictions upon others, and dilate upon them just for the sake of talking about them.

EVERY one of us has his and her own ailments. It is enough for us all to keep well ourselves: to be compelled to listen to the ailments of others does not make that task any easier. Besides all this, these unnecessary narratives of personal ailments are positively injurious to ourselves. Physicians all agree that many of the slight illnesses, of which some people make so much, could be cured if they would but take their minds from themselves. Too many people work themselves into illnesses, or prevent themselves from getting well, by talking about a petty ailment, which, if forgotten, would right itself. I will not say that women, more than men, are prone to this evil. But as the majority of women have more leisure than the majority of men, they are more likely to let their minds dwell upon every little ail that assails them, and talk about it. It seems to me that one of the most important lessons we can all learn with the close of the year is to refrain from inflicting upon others what is purely personal to ourselves. Let us cease this tiresome, this inconsiderate, this unnecessary talk about our ailments. Cold and hard as it may seem, the fact is nevertheless true, and will ever remain so, that the vast majority of people are interested in what is pleasant in our lives, but not in what is unpleasant. Pains and sorrows are elements in our lives which are sacred and interesting only to ourselves.

GIRLS AND THEIR USE OF SLANG

IT IS unfortunate that slang phrases are so easily slipping into our every-day conversation, and taking apparently so fixed a place in our talk. And the worst of it is that so many people are using slang entirely unconscious of the fact that they are doing so. Some of our slang phrases are scarcely recognized as such, so familiar has common usage made them. Where a dozen years ago a refined girl would hesitate to use the most moderate slang phrase, to-day she employs the most expressive slang terms without thinking. A few years ago her most pronounced expression of surprise was "Oh, gracious!" After a while this was not strong enough, and we heard "Gee whiz!" Then it turned into "Heavens!" while now it is not at all uncommon to hear a girl make use of "Good Lord!" A girl speaks of a friend who is tired as being "knocked out," entirely unconscious that she is using a vulgarism of the most pronounced sort. "Nit" is used for "no"; the sense of being bored is expressed in "You make me tired." A young man impresses a girl, and he is spoken of as being "immense," or "way up," or he is "smooth." A girl of stylish carriage finds herself placed as being "swagger." A girl of nerve "has sand." For a girl to be told by her companion that she is "not in it" is a common thing. Things suit girls "down to the ground"; what they do not understand they do not "tumble to." And thus the vocabulary of slang grows.

IF THIS common usage of slang were confined to a particular order of girls, it would, perhaps, serve as an indicator of character, and pass unnoticed. It would, at least, not touch the sensibilities of gentlefolk. But it is not so confined. Slang is invading the very nicest of circles: it is beginning to influence the talk of our most carefully-reared girls. And this is why the habit should receive closer attention. Girls are forgetting that slang phrases and refinement are absolutely foreign to each other. A slang phrase may be more expressive than a term of polite usage, but it is never impressive, except to impress unfavorably. We may argue and excuse certain slang phrases and say they are harmless in their usage: that they are employed in a meaningless way. But the fact still remains that slang is vulgar, and invariably vulgarizes the girl who uses it. There are no two sides to that view of the question. It is high time that our girls should realize that they should speak the English language in their conversation, and not the dialect of the racetrack, nor the lingo of the base-ball field. A girl may cause a smile by the apt use of some slang phrase. She may even be adjudged "clever," and "bright," as we employ those misused terms nowadays. But, inwardly, those who applaud her place her, at the same time, in their estimation. No girl ever won an ounce of respect by being slangy. On the contrary, many a girl, unconscious of the cause, has found herself gradually slipping out of people's respect by the fact that her talk was dotted with slang phrases. "Oh, she is clever," said a woman not long ago, of a girl who could keep a company constantly amused by her apt use of slang. "She amuses me greatly. But I should not care to invite her to my home nor have my girls know her." It is a poor popularity for a girl, which has as its only basis the cap and bells of the jester. The life of the jester is never long.

THE average American girl has natural advantages, so superior that she need never stoop to artificial means. Of herself she is inherently bright, and, therefore, interesting. She has a language comprehensive enough for all purposes. Well selected, it can fitly express any mood and meet every occasion. Well spoken, it is one of the finest languages known to mankind. So few speak the English language well, that for a girl to master it means to raise herself above the average, as no other accomplishment can elevate her. Few things are more attractive in a woman than to hear her speak her language well. It stamps the refined woman. It is what we say that tells people who we are. Our conversation indicates our character: it proclaims our tastes: it places us at once in the minds of others: it gives us our station in life. Therefore is it important that we should regulate our conversation. Let a girl's conversation be dotted with slang and immediately she proclaims herself. She may claim she uses slangy phrases in a joking way. No doubt she does. But the use of slang is chiefly pernicious because it has a way of growing upon one. Begun as a joke, it often ends in a habit. Bad manners soon follow slangy talk, and it is not a long step from the first slang expression to the first lapse of good breeding. It is easier to begin its use than to get rid of it. And like all such habits it has a steadily degenerating influence. It is the first little rift within the lute which soon gives to a girl's presence a jar which everybody feels. No girl can afford to do a single thing calculated to mar her womanliness, and if she will simply bear in mind one great truth—that the tone of her conversation and the words which she uses proclaim her to others as nothing else does or can do—she will see how detrimental to her interests is slang, which is never refined, but always vulgar.

A NEW CHRISTMAS FOR OLD PEOPLE

IF SOME of the dear old ladies of our land were to rebel at the customary presents which people send them at Christmas time I should not be at all surprised. When the average woman thinks of an old lady at Christmas one of four presents at once pops into her mind: some kind of a shawl or comforter, a knitted or other kind of a jacket, a warm bedspread, or a warm pair of house slippers. Now, if I were an old lady I'd be blessed if I would care to be reminded of the fact, even in my Christmas presents. I remember very well the look of a dear, elderly lady one Christmas, who, upon opening her parcels, brought out an endless succession of shawls, comforters, jackets and slippers. The dear, good soul said nothing except her thanks for each parcel as she opened it. But at the last, as she surveyed the wonderful stock spread out at her feet, there came a look into her eyes, as if I fell under their range, which was almost audible, it was so eloquent. And I did not blame the dear old saint. She was ninety then, and what use had she for such things in such numbers—particularly as, naturally, she had enough already provided by her own kin? Yet they came, with messages fairly freighted with her years! At every turn she was reminded of her years.

NOW, it seems to me that in this age of ingenuity we might hit upon a few presents at Christmas for the aged which would not be quite so eloquent. If some of these presents were a bit more remindful of the years gone by I fancy some old ladies might be made happier. The idea that old people like things of a practical nature, and that every gift must savor of comfort or warmth, is all well enough. But the aged have just as much need of cheerful things as have the young or middle-aged. The practical needs of an old lady are very simple and very few, and such as she has are best and generally catered to in every-day life. Christmas to the old people ought to be made a little less practical, and a bit more cheerful: more reminiscent of their girlhood days or young manhood hours. It is a common error among a vast number of people that old people lose interest in things which appeal to younger folk. Young people are too prone to feel that an impassable gulf exists between them and the aged. Very often it is impassable because the right effort has never been made to pass it. There is nothing which the aged enjoy so much as attentions from the young—some thought or remembrance, some act of consideration. The young have no idea of the pleasures which they can give to old people. The very cheer of their presence is an exhilaration to the old. Young girls can do nothing more beautiful in life than to give their fresh young thoughts to some aged lady. It will take her back to her own girlhood days, and she will feel in touch with the outer world. So at Christmas.

I WISH at this Christmastide every young girl who reads these words might bring her mind to hunt out some aged saint, and bring new brightness into that life by some holiday thought or attention. A bunch of bright flowers can bring a year's sunshine into a sunset life. Let the gift be ever so simple: the attention ever so small: but let it be bright: let it be suggestive of cheer, of hope, of freshness, of youth—something that will bring the sparkle to the eye, the tinge of color to the cheek. It is for the young to prolong the life of the aged by just such little attentions as this. If there is no aged saint in your own home, nor within the circle of your acquaintance, seek out some neglected soul in an "Old Ladies' Home," or institution. It will be a double Christmas for you: a fresh, new Christmas for the old, while to you, my girl, it will mean more than you think. We always gain more than we give by associating with old people. The poorest old lady in the land is rich in knowledge for a young girl. It always does a girl good to come in contact with an old lady. The girl may be the most brilliant college graduate who ever addressed a valedictory to her class, but in the comfortable chair before her sits one who has learned from experience what the girl has learned from books. As a man takes off his hat to a woman, so I think a young girl should always bow with respect to an old lady. Let our young girls think over this with the approaching holidays, and seek to throw a bright ray of sunshine into some old lady's life. Let every girl who can, see to it that it shall be no longer said that young people care very little for old people these days. There are hundreds of dear old ladies in our land whose lives would be lengthened by some fresh, bright Christmas thought from the hand and heart of a young girl. For many such it would be a new Christmas: a sunrise at sunset.

THE JEWESS AS SHE WAS AND IS

By Dr. Gustav Gottheil

Rabbi of The Temple Emanuel, New York City

IT IS difficult for the Christian to understand the Jew; it is more difficult still for him to understand the Jewess. Men, being more largely in the same fields of practical pursuits, naturally find many points of contact. There being but one commerce for all merchants, one practice for all lawyers, one science for all students, those who engage in any of these vocations are rubbed, sometimes beaten, into some sort of similitude, and they know beforehand just what they have to expect under given circumstances. It is only in things which are not of the surface, but which belong to the inner, more hidden life—the things that are characteristic of the Jew, and differentiate him from his surroundings—where the difficulty exists, because early impressions, inherited prejudices, as well as church theories, have cast their shadows over the Jew, and freedom of mind to penetrate them is not at the command of everybody.

THE SPHERE OF THE JEWESS IS HER HOME

THE case of the Jewess is different. Her sphere is the home, and has been so from the beginning—at all events, from the day, some two thousand years ago, that the last chapter was added to the Biblical Book of Proverbs. In this incomparable tribute to womanhood she appears altogether as the wise, watchful, unwearied ruler of the household. The place assigned to this *Hohelied* seems to say: "The brave woman is the consummation of all wisdom." Also the alphabetic order of the initial letter of the verses may have been chosen to convey the lesson that the true woman is the *Alpha* and the *Tau* (as in Greek, Alpha and Omega) of all real happiness. However this may be, that the Jewess is a home growth altogether, the Rabbin has told us in their own way, and it is only a pity that the reader—barring rare exceptions—cannot be made to feel its full force. They apply to the whole sex—Psalm XLV, 13: "The King's daughter is all glorious within" (her house).

THE JEWESS IN THE SETTING OF HER HOME

EMERSON has said: "If you would know a thing truly you must see it in its setting." The setting of the Jewess is her home; she cannot be known elsewhere, and how many Christians ever see her there? If necessity, or perversion of taste, or greed, place her behind a counter, or bring her to the marts where merchants do congregate, she does not appear as her true self; metaphorically speaking, she dons "man's garments," something directly forbidden in the Sacred Law of Moses. The Jewess was never meant for a society lady, nor for a devotee of the literary and poetical art; only in times of the deepest National emotion a Miriam or Deborah would arise. Although she knows the use of the tongue as well as any of her sisters in other regions of the earth, she is never applauded for being "a brilliant conversationalist." Neither is she intended for a saintly recluse or flesh-and-world-subduing penitent. Her mission is the gospel of sweetness and light, to smooth the rough places of this world; to delight by her grace and beauty, if so favored by God. Otherwise, she consoles herself with the assurance of her classical poet, that, after all, "Grace may prove deceitful and beauty a vanity, the woman that feareth God, her praise endureth forever." "Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her."—Proverbs xxxi.

SERVING GOD IN DEVOUT SPIRIT AT HOME

BUT neither was the Jewess meant for a zealous church-woman. The rule of the Apostle Paul, *mulier taceat in Ecclesia*, states the case exactly, and, in this particular, those whose communion the great organizer repudiated have proved better disciples than those who were gathered to his fold. The Jewess is not even expected to be a frequent attendant at church—once on the Sabbath and festivals, and then only after marriage, is sufficient for her, the great Day of Atonement excepted, which all, who are physically able to do so, pass in the House of God "from eventide to eventide." Not even that Home of God (if I may say so) should lure the Jewess from her own home. Here she can serve Him early and late, and as to hearing the Word of God, that forms no integral part of Jewish worship, and, moreover, the Word of God is brought to her own sanctuary in the books which are prepared especially for her use—books in which her own living tongue is spoken; no classically of any tongue is attempted.

Editor's Note—In an early issue of the Journal Dr. A. S. Isaacs will write of "A Week in a Jewish Home, and What I Saw There."

THE BOOKS WHICH SHE READS

IN ONE of those books, which are always of large size, she reads on every Sabbath afternoon the homily on "the proper lesson of the day," in which she finds many Scripture tales and Rabbinical legends ingeniously and in a nonchalant manner interwoven. Higher criticism the Jewess does not need, for her faith, in fact and fancy, is equally perfect. The ruling traits of the genus Jewess, as we gather them from the literature of her church, are: Simplicity of manners, modesty, restriction of her authority to the proper limits, economy, cheerfulness, piety, charity, chastity, much in Oriental fashion (e.g., she may not let a stranger see a single hair of her "crown of glory"); watchfulness lest her sanctuary be defiled by things unlawful; training of her children in the ways they should go, which ways stretch largely into the fields of ceremonialism, and are not so easy to mark out; and to prepare her home always for the due celebration of the Sabbath and "the seasons," i.e., the festivals—no small task by any means. Such are, briefly, the materials out of which the Rabbinical ideal of the Jewess has been gradually developed. Hospitality is a matter of course, also with a dash of Eastern notions, as when she is taught that "she must let the poor come to her house as freely as if they were of the household itself; that a Jewish home should be the meeting-place of learned men, that is, learned in the Law, and that the entertainment of itinerants is a religious duty of great merit."

THE WORK WHICH THE JEWESS DOES

GADDING about she should not; but visiting the sick she ought to as often as her time permits, and not oftener than is good for the sick and pleasing to his people. She knows from her morning prayers that *bikkur kholim* (visiting the sick) is counted among those good works, which, though not altogether unrewarded in this present life, yet can receive their full guerdon only in the life to come; because it is of too spiritual a nature for the gross senses in which the soul is encased here. This service of love the wealthiest should receive and accept just like the poorest.

To the Jewess these and a vast store of like rules are living truths. By their light she chooses her paths and guides her steps; and in them she feels the presence of God, the authority of His Law, and the sanction of the generations that have gone before her. They are her support in the day of trial, when she has to endure the chastenings of the Lord.

THE STORY OF ONE JEWESS

AS I AM writing this article an aged figure rises from the dim background of early impressions. We all knew her by the surname, Lamdaneth, meaning the woman-scholar, and she was so named for two reasons: first, because she knew all the multitudinous rules concerning a Jewish household so well that the Rabbi silently acknowledged her right to decide some minor questions; and, second, because her lips overflowed with the wise sayings of the Fathers. She wrote a neat hand, and was at the service of every poor neighbor that needed an amanuensis, or wanted an ear into which to pour some secret grief. The Lamdaneth sometimes pointed to her bosom: "Many people's secrets are locked up here which God only can unlock." All her nearest relations had vanished from her side, and left her solitary; so she was able to devote her time to doing deeds of charity and love and chatting with her old friends.

SHE MADE HER PROGRAM FOR EACH DAY

WHEN this good woman's memory began to weaken ("Only for this world," she used to explain, "because I have to think of so many in the other world") she made her program for each day; some of those strips are still preserved as relics among family annals. I read one of them, and I seldom have read anything more touching in its simplicity. Having stated what she has to buy, and what to do for so and so, and where to go to see a sick girl, and how to tell the plain truth to so and so—a line was drawn, and at a distance, quite near the rim of the strip, appeared in smaller letters the words: "Und ein bischen weinen" (And then a little crying). The dear soul held that there were things in a woman's heart which were too deep for speech—and how shall they be uttered? Unuttered they would break the heart. "And there are prayers," she added, "of which we do not know the meaning, but the soul knows and God knows, and tears are angels of mediation."

THE HOME IS THE JEWISH WOMAN'S CHURCH

SUCH was the religious philosophy of one of the flowers of womanhood as planted and nourished by the Jewish masters. They are not found in great abundance everywhere; but the same spirit rules and moves in female Jewry, and what religion can justly claim more? According to that spirit the home is the woman's church, and her ministrations are like those of a priest. This is best illustrated by her responsibilities in regard to the observance of the Sabbath. In the Jewish calendar the day is reckoned from sunset to sunset, so that the Sabbath begins with the evening of Friday and ends with the evening of Saturday. The Jewish conception of the "Lord's Day" is that it is the happiest "man's day" in the whole week, a day for him to rejoice in all the good that the Lord has given him.

THE RABBINICAL LEGEND OF THE TWO ANGELS

THE first Sabbath service in the synagogue takes place on Friday evening, at which the male portion of the congregation is required to attend in Sabbath "best." On his way home—so the Rabbinical legend tells us—the faithful is accompanied by two angels, one a son of light and minister of good; one a son of darkness and messenger of evil. If, on entering his house, he finds it bright and cheerful, the Sabbath candles lit, and the Sabbath bread and the Sabbath cup on the table, and wife and children waiting for him with their greeting, "A good Sabbath to thee," and he, in answer, lays his hands on the children's heads to pronounce the benediction—then the good angel prays, "God grant thee many more such days hereafter," and the evil spirit must say "Amen" (so be it), to this prayer. But if the house is not so prepared—still wears its workday appearance, and the ordinary toils go on, without any evidence of cessation, then the spirit of evil utters his prayer, "Mayest thou live to see many more such Sabbaths," and the good angel—with such grief as angels feel—is constrained to seal this prayer with his "Amen" (so be it)!

WHERE HOME AND WIFE ARE SYNONYMOUS

LET us tarry here for a few moments and note the seven-branched lamp suspended from the ceiling, symbolic of the seven days of the week, and likewise commemorative of the seven-branched candlestick in the Tabernacle; note, also, the two burning candles in silver sockets. Had we been here just before the incoming of the Sabbath we would have seen the housewife standing before the burning tapers with her hands uplifted while her mouth recited the prescribed blessing (if she observes this part of the custom); we would see a little box not far from her, on which the words are labeled: "For Jerusalem." The mourning city must not be forgotten when the day of joy comes to the Jewish home. The two loaves of bread are specially prepared for the three meals which the day of rest included, and a small portion of the dough cast into the fire is a faint reminiscence of the show-breads and the dough offering of sacerdotal times. So completely identified is the Jewess with her home in the minds of the Jewish masters that they laid down the rule: Home and wife are convertible terms in law as well as in morals. And not seldom we come, in their ethical writings, upon expressions of this beautiful sentiment in words of great tenderness such as this: "When a man loses the wife of his first love, the altar sheds tears."

THE JEWESS OF TO-DAY

IF I HAVE so far shown the bright side of the Jewess' character only I did not mean to claim that it alone is found in her, and that the law of compensation is suspended in her case. She shares the weaknesses of female nature, and has her own besides. Narrow-mindedness, superstition, fanaticism, quarrelsomeness, jealousy are faults which are favored by her conditions, but, to my mind, are not peculiar to her, and as they are things which are unpleasant to speak about I leave them on one side and rather utilize the remaining space for the question: Is this a picture of the modern Jewess as well as of the old-fashioned? Not altogether. Times change, and we with them—this saying applies to the Jewess also. What I have said of her is true in every detail, but is to be found in our day only where the traditional Judaism is still maintained in all its ancient rigor, and the comparative seclusion of womankind to the home and the immediate neighborhood still continues. Where this is not the case much of her individuality has disappeared, and her ways and modes of thinking bear the color of her surroundings. Much, I say, not everything. Far from that; the best and most valuable bequests are still preserved by the modern Jewess. She is now in and of the society in which her lot has been cast; she has her benevolent organizations, her sisterhoods, her public meetings; her city, State and National councils and parliaments for humane work and mental culture, and she is found in colleges and learned societies, of which her foremothers knew nothing.



KODAKS

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"We declare it to give more for the money than anything we ever saw before."
—THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, Editor.

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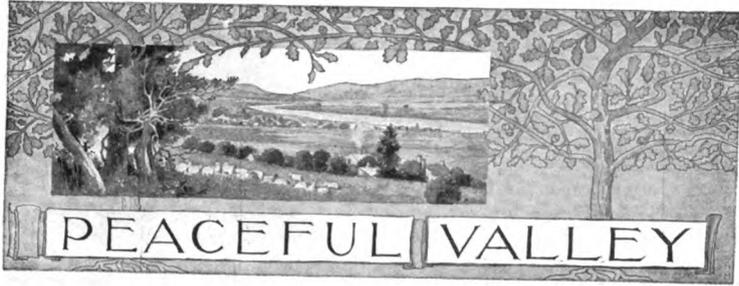
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By Mrs. Lyman Abbott

NUMBER III—THE SCHOOLING IN PEACEFUL VALLEY



PEACEFUL VALLEY has always been measurably free from those petty jealousies which often separate different parts of a town as effectually as if they were divided by Alpine heights.

TRYING TO BRING THE PEOPLE TOGETHER

THE library was an object-lesson to the whole community; it was an evident example of the advantage of united effort. The opening of the new building was made a general holiday.

INTRODUCING ART INTO THE SCHOOLS

IT WAS natural that the conversation should turn from books to schools, and it happened that the Woman's Club had just been asked by the State Federation to visit the schools in its neighborhood, with a view to decorating the schoolrooms with pictures, which should be an education in art to the pupils.

It is not probable that the twelve schoolhouses in Peaceful Valley were poorer than the average, but when the members of the club began visiting them—with the new library building fresh in mind—they were astonished at the revelation.

"A little cleaning up would better be done before we talk about hanging up pictures," said Mrs. A, speaking of District Number One.

Mrs. B reported that in her district the schoolhouse would not suit her husband for his cows, and in every case there was much to criticize. In two or three of the schoolhouses the teachers had made pathetic attempts to approach cleanliness, but the difficulties were too great, and the effort had been abandoned.

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

- I—"First View of Peaceful Valley," October
II—"The Village Library," November
III—"Schooling in Peaceful Valley," December

THE YOUNG MINISTER'S QUIET WORK

THE young minister was from a university which had given special attention to public education, and he had at his hand reports and papers which enabled him to formulate the subject, and with the good advice of his friend, the doctor, he modified his first plans, so that they should not overreach the mark by springing too abruptly to an ideal.

THE DISCUSSION AT THE TOWN MEETING

THE evening for the public meeting came; it was a stormy night, and the number present was small, but it was representative. The women of the club were ready with their report, and a calm statement was made by the doctor regarding the various ways in which rural schools could be conducted.

There was a little applause when Mr. X sat down, and the young minister felt discouraged, but from his seat in the back of the room good old Deacon Hunter rose, and at the sound of his low voice the audience turned around with surprise.

GOOD OLD DEACON HUNTER'S SPEECH

"I AGREE with Mr. X," he said, and the hearts of the young minister and the rest of the men and women interested in the new ideas sank, while Mr. X smiled contentedly. "I agree with Mr. X. The old schoolhouses were good enough for us, and a great deal better than we idlers deserved. I've often wished myself back at my desk in the little unpainted schoolhouse over by the pond, but that doesn't prove to me that the schools and the schoolhouses are as good as we ought to have them now.

THE WORKING PLAN DECIDED UPON

IT WAS difficult to decide what the working plan should be. No one could expect the town to do everything at once; but it was agreed that, in order not to waste labor, a general scheme should be settled upon, so that what could be done at once would be in harmony with the end in view.

THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY INTERESTED

THE months of agitation would afford material for more than one paper. The entire community was unconsciously going to school, and the lessons were well learned. In the end—no, the end is not yet, but as a step toward the end—there were three well-built, well-equipped schoolhouses in place of the twelve dilapidated ones.

A SOUND BODY AS WELL AS A SOUND MIND

THE teachers of the schools, or the "faculties," as they were styled, formed themselves into a club, and they arranged a course of lectures in each schoolhouse, in which information was interspersed with entertainment. One of these lectures on "Physical Culture" precipitated some ideas which had been vaguely in solution in the minds of two or three young men.

"Why can't we put a gymnasium and baths into the schoolhouses," said one of the boys, "and let the boys and girls know and do something to make them better specimens of humanity? Talk about city children being poor and peaked-looking—why, it ain't so: not the kind they bring down here. They are healthier looking than the babies here."

"I say," said Ned Williams, "I've been lookin' at some books in the library, and I heard Professor Westcott's lecture the other night, and I say we folks don't know how to live; we don't eat right, we don't exercise right, and we ain't half the men we'd ought to be."

"You have made out rather a bad case for us, I must confess," said the young minister, and the boys noticed that he said "us," including himself with them, and a point was gained for the minister.

WANT OF REGULARITY IN COUNTRY LIFE

"THAT'S just it: some of us are; and we're good, but we're not the best. We can't hold out with some of those city fellows, and I never knew why before. We don't do anything regular. We work awful hard a little while and then we lounge. We go swimming in summer, but we don't keep half clean in winter. How's a fellow going to bathe in his bedroom when the water'd freeze on him, and there ain't a tub in town big enough for a man to get into? We can't have 'em in our houses—yet"—and there was a significant accent on the yet—"but we might have them in the schoolhouses, along with a gymnasium, and somebody that knows how could come and teach us how to grow strong."

"Ah," said the young minister, "you've been reading that book of Blaikie's." "Yes, and some later ones, too, and I'm bound to do something so I won't feel so mean when I meet a fellow that can hold his head up and can walk as if he hadn't got wooden legs."

STUDYING THE LATEST METHODS IN FARMING

"GOOD," said the minister, "and I want to see the boys and girls—yes, and you young men, too—taught how to work. After you have put your gymnasium in the schools I want to see a building devoted to manual training. I would like to have some lessons myself. By-and-by I shall want to live in the 'Parsonage,' and I don't know enough now to oil a lock or drive a nail straight. Besides, I am going to have a small farm, and I must know something about working it. To tell the truth, boys, I have been watching the farmers around here, and I don't see that they know very well how to work."

"You've hit it," said Ned. "I've told my father I'd never stay at home to live the way he does, and I don't believe there's any need of it. There are schools to teach farming, and every farmer ought to know something of what's taught there. I'd like to know why doctors, and lawyers, and ministers, and dentists, and business men have all got to have school training in their trades—excuse me for calling yours a trade—and the farmer's got to know by nature. I'd like nothin' better'n to try what a farmer could do by learnin' how." And he did try, and succeeded. We may hear about it in another paper.

MELLIN'S FOOD advertisement featuring three images of a baby and text: 'THE first four weeks of her life we had a very stormy time with her, when we discovered that we were starving her; since that time we have fed her on Mellin's Food and now a happier little soul never lived.' Includes name RAMONA BOYD SCHWER and DOLIBER-GOODALE CO., Boston, Mass.

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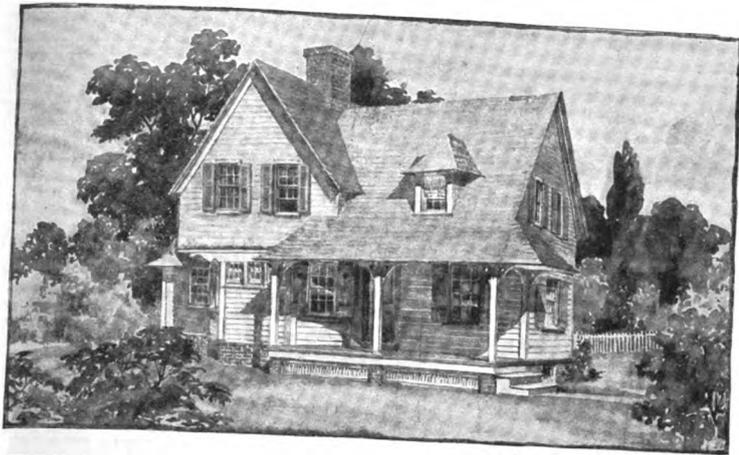
PURINA MILLS, 800 Gratiot Street, St. Louis, Mo. Two-pound packages at retailers, 15 cents. If you do not keep it, send us his name and we will mail you enough for a BREAKFAST FOR A 2-CENT STAMP. Send NOW for free circular and the story that ends "I will Marry You, My Pretty Maid"

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A HOUSE FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS

IN SOME PLACES THIS HOUSE CAN BE BUILT FOR LESS THAN \$1000

By the Journal's Special Architect

This is the fourth of the series of "The Ladies' Home Journal's Model Homes of Moderate Cost." Each house plan is the work of a celebrated architect, exclusively engaged by the Journal for this work. He is the most skillful originator of moderate-cost houses in America, and these plans represent the careful study of years. All the designs given in this series are the exclusive property of the Journal, and the management can vouch for the absolute accuracy and practicability of the plans and figures.

WHEN the cost of a house is to be kept down to one thousand dollars the first thing to be considered is what one can do without, rather than what one can get. In most cases the hope of such luxuries as a built-in range, gas and electric lighting must be given up. Moreover, everything must be of the simplest character, requiring practically nothing that cannot be provided by local mechanics or furnished by near-by mills without special bits. The illustrations on this page show such a house, getting all of its effects from roof line, without a moulding of any kind used in its construction, and yet with some claim to attractiveness, both in the interior and exterior, although everything is of the simplest in construction and design.

THE cellar, which runs only under the front room, contains a small heater; this will be found an economy over stoves even in such a small dwelling. In very hot weather the outside shed may be made to take the place of a kitchen. The first floor, as may be seen, contains all the essentials of a comfortable home. It is not so much space as arrangement that makes a good working plan, and many houses are built covering far more ground than the one shown here that do not really contain any more living room, although they may have more artistic possibilities and may be more imposing.

THE second floor contains three bedrooms, and a bathroom, provided with a serviceable tub; other fixtures may be added at no great increase of cost. A word as to tubs: a porcelain-lined tub is the cleanest and best, but its expense usually bars its use in a house of this class. If, however, the house is built near a large city one can usually get a second-class tub, which may be defective in some way, but

roof, but only above head and furniture height, and in a way that, to my mind, does not disfigure the rooms.

The cost of any house varies very much according to the nearness of lumber and sawmills. In many places the house described here, or even a larger one, may be built for less than one thousand dollars, but I have endeavored to cover as large an area as possible by stating an average price. Of course, more money may be spent on this or any other house than is absolutely necessary to make an ordinarily good, plain and comfortable dwelling.

ARTISTIC interiors do not depend, as so many seem to think, on elaborate and highly-finished woodwork and ornamentation. In fact, more houses are ruined by too much ornament than by too little, consequently we would do well to be guided somewhat

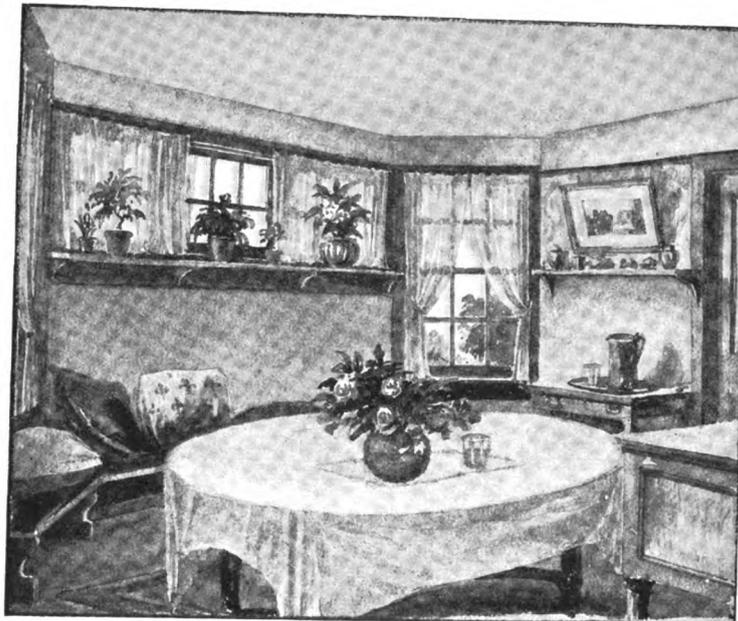
by the Japanese in the treatment of our homes. Simple wall treatment of plain, subdued colors, which we can approach in our plain papers, is altogether admirable. If ornament must be had, let it be very small in quantity and very good in quality.

IN THE treatment of the woodwork of our rooms we would do well to take another lesson from the Japanese. In section it is simple in the extreme—usually merely flat, thin bands, designed to show the grain, which the Japanese accent by eating out the soft parts with acid or fire, and never cover with coat after coat of varnish or paint to hide its beauty, as we do. Why should we go on painting and varnishing, and incidentally spending our money, because our fathers did, or the varnish-makers tell us we should?

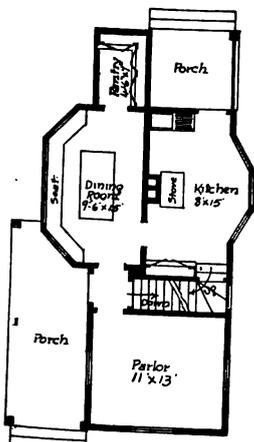
There is nothing more beautiful than an open-grained or large-figured wood, like chestnut, cypress, or even hemlock, without filler or paint, merely sandpapered to a smooth surface and waxed to bring out the grain. Such woods in their natural colors, stained to suit the color scheme, or even painted very thinly so as to still show the grain, are like a breath of outdoors, while varnish can only remind us of the paint-pot. Of course, paint or varnish wood that is to be splashed with water, as in bathroom and kitchen, must be varnished.

THE exterior of this house is designed to be of shingles above and German siding below; the porch posts and brackets of yellow pine, oiled, or painted to match or contrast with the side walls; the roof and upper side walls should not be painted, but stained, if one cares to spend the additional money.

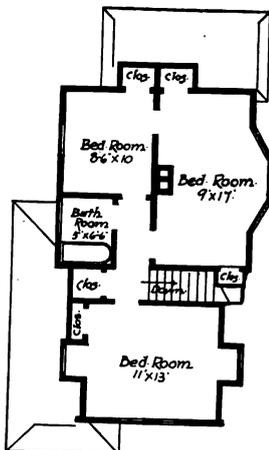
It is almost impossible to itemize the cost of so small a house as the one herein described without giving a bill for materials, which every carpenter would insist upon working out for himself anyhow. I shall therefore content myself by placing its cost at the round sum of one thousand dollars for the complete house, without wall papering, or outside work, such as fencing, grading, walks, or shrubbery of any sort.



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will not be any less serviceable than a number one tub, or at times second-hand tubs may be had in good condition. In any case, put in a tub that stands on feet above the floor, and a copper-lined steel tub if you cannot afford a porcelain one.

Sleep on Thirty Nigh

and if you are not completely satisfied in every way—if it is not the equal of any \$50.00 hair mattress you have ever used (or seen) in cleanliness, durability and comfort, return it, and your money will be immediately refunded. We pay express charges anywhere, and offer

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THE LOST CHORD



Words by Adalalde A. Proctor Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan

This is the first and only copy of "The Lost Chord" which has ever been sent by me to an American publisher. I believe all the reprints in America are more or less incorrect. I have pleasure in sending this copy to my friend Mr. E. W. Bok for publication in the Ladies' Home Journal, for which he gives me an honorarium, the only one I have ever received from an American publisher for this song. Oct. 1896.
Arthur Sullivan

IN EXPLANATION OF THIS PUBLICATION

When Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote "The Lost Chord" in 1877, no international copyright relation existed between England and America. The song was published in America, and made an instantaneous success. Since that time the song has been printed, so far as the composer has been able to keep record, over two hundred times, in as many different forms. Three million copies of the song have been sold in this country alone, at the lowest estimate. Despite its great popularity throughout the United States Sir Arthur Sullivan never received a penny's compensation for his song from any American publisher.

Even more cruel to the composer, and highly important to the American public, was the fact that his song was incorrectly given, and hundreds of thousands of the copies of "The Lost Chord" which rest in American homes to-day do not correctly give the famous song as the composer wrote it.

For these reasons THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL determined to present to its readers a correct copy of the song, direct from the composer's hands. It does this with the following personal statement by Sir Arthur Sullivan, reproduced above in fac-simile of the composer's own handwriting:

"This is the first and only copy of 'The Lost Chord' which has ever been sent by me to an American publisher. I believe all the reprints in America are more or less incorrect. I have pleasure in sending this copy to my friend, Mr. Edward W. Bok, for publication in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, for which he gives me an honorarium, the only one I have ever received from an American publisher for this song. October, 1896."
ARTHUR SULLIVAN."

Andante Moderato.

Strictly observe Pedal marks. *cresc.* *f* *dimin.* *p*

p *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Seat-ed one day at the Or - gan, I was wea - ry and ill at ease, And my fin - gers wander'd i - dly O - ver the noi - sy keys; I

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

cresc. *cresc.* *f*

know not what I was play-ing, Or what I was dream-ing then, But I struck one chord of mu - sic, Like the sound of a great A - men, Like the

cresc. *dim.* *p* *cresc.* *f*

poco rall. *dim.*

sound of a great A - men. It flood-ed the crim-son twi-light, Like the

dim. *p* *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

p (*) When accompanied by the Harmonium, the Pianoforte is silent from * to *

Ped. * *Ped.* *

cresc. *dim.*

close of an Au - gel's Psalm, And it lay on my fe-ver'd spir - it, With a touch of in - fi-nite calm, It qui-et-ed pain and

Soa.

cresc. *dim.*

Ped. *

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

cresc. *dim.*
sor - row, Like love o - ver - com - ing strife, It seem'd the har - mo - nious e - cho From our dis - cord - ant life, It
8va

cresc. *dim.* *p* *p tranquillo.*

tranquillo sempre. *poco a poco piu animato.*
link'd all per - plex - ed mean - ings In - to one per - fect peace, And trem - bled a - way in - to si - lence, As if it were loth to

cresc. animato. *Ped.* *

agitato. *f*
cease, I have sought, but I seek it vain - ly, That one lost chord di - vine, Which came from the soul of the Or - gan, And

f agitato. *f* *Ped.* *

f Grandioso.
en - ter'd in - to mine. It may be that Death's bright An - gel Will speak in that chord a - gain; It

cresc. *molto.* *ritard.* *f* *ff* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men. It may be that Death's bright An - gel will speak in that chord a -

sempre ff. *sf* *sf* *sf* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *sf* *sf*

ff *ritard.* *con gran forza.*
gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men.....

fff *ritard.* *colla voce.* *con gran forza.* *a tempo.* *rall.* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

LITTLE KNICKKNACKS OF DRESS

By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETHEL ROSE

VERY many women have for their evening dresses plain black or dark silk costumes made quite plainly, with no trimming save that on the sleeves. Then a sleeveless jacket of velvet trimmed with chiffon, a lace guimpe or a chiffon front is assumed, which transforms the plain costume into a very dressy affair. The three stylish fronts shown in accompanying illustration are new in style, and especially to be commended. The black one is of *mousseline de soie*, laid in soft plaits to form a yoke and high collar, and a plaited *gilet* extends below the yoke to the waist-line. Here it is caught under a bow of rose-colored satin ribbon. The edges are finished with frills of the silk muslin, those on the yoke extending sufficiently far out to form shoulder trimmings. The second

THE sleeveless jacket is the most decorative of all the small adjuncts. The one shown in illustration is made of puffed black *crêpe de chine* with a jet edge between the puffs. The bretelles and straps are of black satin ribbon, caught with jet buckles. Very elaborate is the pink velvet yoke, which is embroidered in silver and decorated with black velvet ribbon, edged with



YOKE OF CREAM BATISTE AND LACE

A high, turn-down collar of white linen is shown over a club tie of striped gray and black satin. A pretty fancy collar is made of mauve surah, shows turn-over points of the silk, outlined with narrow black velvet ribbon, while its flaring cravat is confined midway with the velvet-strapped silk. A crush collar is of grayish-green moiré with a small, full bow of the moiré just in front. All its edges are finished with white lace beading. One of the newest collars is a soft stock of white *mousseline de soie*, with full plaited ends flaring in front. The woman who is clever with her needle, after seeing these pretty collars of mull, silk, chiffon and lace, may fashion them for herself at a small expense.



PINK VELVET YOKE



A SMALLER YOKE



SOME DAINTY LITTLE THINGS

front is of white *mousseline de soie*, cut in a V shape, and decorated with straps of black velvet ribbon, each being edged with narrow coffee-colored lace. Cascades of the same material edged with the lace are arranged as illustrated, while the black velvet stock has a flaring frill of the muslin edged with the lace encircling it. The other front, which is particularly dainty in its simplicity, is made of one of the large India silk kerchiefs. The frill around the revers is of pale yellow chiffon, and the bow at the side is of green velvet.

black spangles. The full frills are also edged with the black velvet and the tiny glittering spangles. In great contrast is the gray velvet collar, which has long tails of ostrich feathers over two rows of gray chiffon that is finely plaited.

THE lace handkerchief is not in vogue, but most of the new handkerchiefs are lace-trimmed. In the group shown in illustration there are three novelties in these small belongings. One is of pale mauve with insertion of white Valenciennes lace, having its scalloped edge and its border of dots done by hand in white. Another is of sheer linen lawn with insertions and an edge of real Valenciennes. The other is a white linen lawn handkerchief, having an embroidered border that extends

A SASH that is distinctly new is the one shown in illustration. It is made of two widths of silver-gray *peau de soie* ribbon, six inches wide, joined by insertion of black lace; the loops are very small and full, and the slanted ends are each trimmed with two gathered frills of black chiffon.

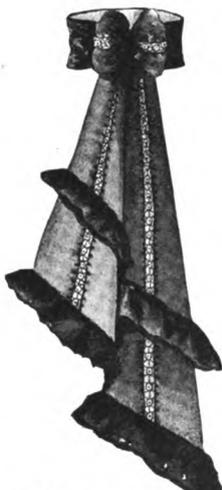


LACE-TRIMMED HANDKERCHIEFS

THERE is offered this season a choice of collars, some rigidly plain and some quite elab-

over its hemstitching, with a small initial in one corner. Fashion has decreed that the handkerchief in best taste is the perfectly plain hemstitched one, or the one decorated with Valenciennes lace. The well-dressed woman is the one whose small belongings are in keeping with her costume.

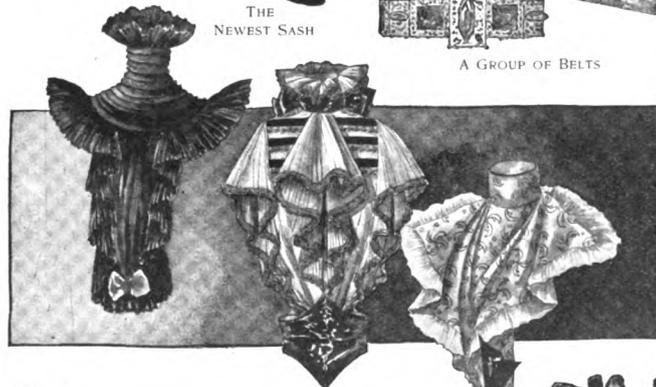
THE guimpe or yoke is quite as fashionable as the front, and where the figure is slender, is advised, as it gives breadth to the shoulders and makes the waist seem smaller. The yoke most worn this season is not unlike one of the two which are pictured in the illustrations. The light one is of cream batiste decorated with insertion and edging of russet lace; the collar is of cerise taffeta, while the tabs flaring at each side, also of the taffeta, form an effective contrast against the flare of lace in the back. The smaller yoke is of coffee-colored guimpe lace over black satin, a full frill of black chiffon outlining it. The collar is of black satin.



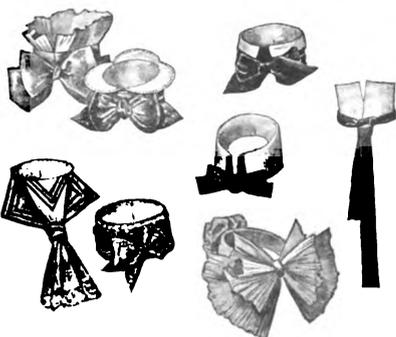
THE NEWEST SASH



A GROUP OF BELTS



THREE STYLISH FRONTS



A CHOICE OF COLLARS

orate, to wear with the gown to which each seems best suited. The one to the left in the illustration given is a made stock of glacé taffeta silk in green and blue, with a plain bow and a high plaited quilling of the same material. Then there is a horizontal linen collar in three deep scallops with a double stock of cerise satin. Another is a turn-down linen collar worn over a black satin stock, while a very high collar just near it goes far above its Teck tie of scarlet satin.

predicted that wider belts would obtain, but as yet the narrow ones, such as have been favored, seem to be the most worn.



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THE SOCIAL POSITION OF THE GIRL WHO WORKS

* By Ruth Ashmore

THE girl who works has a recognized social position, and she need no longer shrink, hesitate, stammer and blush when some one discovers that she earns her own living. The world has grown older, and the civilization of to-day recognizes and respects the working-girl. Society, at first a little surprised at its own action, now gives cheerful recognition to the woman who earns her own living, but it demands from her all that it does from any other woman—or perhaps it would be better to say that society demands from the girl who works exactly what it asks from the man who works: First, and most important of all, that her manners be good; second, and this is also of great importance, that she knows how to dress to suit not only the occasion and place but her pocket-book. Society finds nothing attractive in the girl who, earning her own living in a modest way, attempts to dress herself as elaborately as the wife of a millionaire.

WHAT SOCIETY DEMANDS FROM THE WORKERS

THEN society demands of the girl who works that, like the man from a lawyer's office, like him from Wall Street, like the one in business, or the other one who is a teacher, she does not bring her work and her implements into it; that she does not discuss "what happened in the office" at a dinner-table; that playing a game is not interrupted by her opinion on bookkeeping, or that in the conversation after dinner she does not tell of the early hour that must find her at work. Society demands the result of the work, but not the history of the work itself. The well-mannered, well-dressed, tactful, agreeable girl is welcomed. That she is earning her own living is set down to her credit, but if she allows her conversation to drift to her work she will quickly be exiled from good society.

WHAT CONSTITUTES GOOD SOCIETY

THE very best society is not composed of gilt and glitter. It is that circle of pleasant people who meet and visit because they are interested in each other. It asks of each member that she bring a pleasant personality if she wishes to be in and of it. The society recognized by the newspapers consists merely of a few people, who, having more money than the rest of the world, are able to make themselves more conspicuous, and so are kept constantly before the public. But all over this great country, in every city, town or little village, there is to be found good society, and it rests with the working-girl herself whether she is in or out of it. If she has the bad taste to prefer noisy people, whose conception of conversation is to talk scandal, and who really have no reason for existing, then this girl will not only injure herself by her contact with such society, but she will injure every other girl who works. People are prone to judge a great regiment by one member of it. Therefore, it behooveth the girl who works to go into the best society or to find her pleasures in her own home.

THE GIRL WHO MADE HERSELF UNPOPULAR

LAST summer I met two girls. The first one had not talked to me ten minutes before she told me where she was employed, what her salary was, how she hated to work, and then all through her vacation she took the position of an aggrieved girl—one whom the world had treated badly since it forced her to work. She looked with eyes of envy upon another girl just as busy a worker as she, but whose work happened to be in her own home, and, no matter what the conversation might be, always managed to bring in something about the slights shown to the girl who works in an office. These were imaginary. She looked for them. I am tempted to believe that she longed for them. When her neighbor preferred to read rather than to talk she took that as an affront; when a lady went for a walk with her little daughter without inviting her she never thought that the mother and child might like to be alone together occasionally, but decided at once that she had been intentionally slighted. She made every one dislike her, and her departure for home was greeted with pleasure.

* Ruth Ashmore's articles will appear regularly during 1898, and will discuss all questions of interest to girls from a practical standpoint. A valuable series of topics has already been prepared.

THE GIRL WHOM EVERY ONE LIKED

THE other girl was agreeable, quiet and dignified; she entered into all the little pleasures that were gotten up in the house, never thrust herself forward, but occupied her place among the group of ladies as was her right. There were times when she sought solitude and her book; there were other times when, having made pleasant acquaintances, she went for walks or drives with them. As invitations were extended to her for these little trips, so she gave them to others. And she passed her summer days without giving a thought, at least in words, to the work that she had left behind, and without thrusting before any one the fact that she earned her own living. Two of the ladies in the house knew it. Now understand me, she was not ashamed of it, but as she was not at her work she failed to see any necessity for talking about it, and she knew that she would only bore people by recounting the worries of her every-day life to them. Society asks for a pleasant smile and an agreeable manner; it does not wish to be taken into any one's confidence, and it finds no girl more unpleasant than the one who takes it for granted that she is to be slighted when no slight is intended. Society is fair in its payments. It gives value for value received always.

WHEN SOCIETY ADOPTED THE WORKERS

SOCIETY is wise in its generation. It realized not long ago that there were innumerable charming women within its fold who could work, and who were ashamed to beg. Society could not afford to lose these women. Consequently it said: "We will approve the woman who works, provided she is a charming woman." You see, society makes the proviso. Now for a while it has been one of society's fads that this woman or that woman should do this work or that work, sometimes because she needed the money; sometimes because she had the business instinct, and wished to increase and multiply the dollars she already possessed. And society smiled, and the working-women became many in number; and then people who did not understand thought that this was a fancy that would soon die out. But it has not and it will not.

TWO MISTAKES THE WORKING-GIRL MAKES

IN THIS ever-changing world of ours there will always be girls who must work, and society cannot afford to disapprove of them. But the girl who works is, at this very minute, making the same mistake that is too often made by the college girl: she works; she has made up her mind that there is something fine in that she does work, and that, because she works and because of her work, she must be received. Here she is wrong. The working-girl has a position in good society because of herself. Her brother was not considered the most agreeable man at a dinner the other night because he was a good bookkeeper, but because he was a bright man. And the girl who works must learn that her social success is attained because of her agreeable qualities, and not because she is a quick stenographer, an energetic business woman, a successful author, a good illustrator, or a clever saleswoman. Socially, her work is secondary. She makes a great mistake if she is ashamed of it, and a greater one still if she continually talks about it.

Beware of another mistake. Last night you had a charming time—you won the prize in some intellectual contest, and you think with pleasure how many clever people were there, and yet you won the prize! Write a letter home telling all about it; as soon as is convenient give the good news to your most intimate friend, but do not talk of your social success or your social life in the office. Your employer may listen to you, because he is a polite man, and for that reason only; his eyes are wandering toward the neglected books or the waiting letters, and you chatter along heedless of duty. Perhaps you are reminded by word or manner of your work then; do not permit yourself to be so undignified as to notice his lack of interest, but courteously ask to be excused, and never commit the same blunder again. Your employer is interested in your work. It is true that he would be sorry if you were ill or in trouble, but during business hours he is devoting himself to work, and he expects his employees to follow his example.

THE GIRL WHO WORKS IN HER HOME

BECAUSE you are made much of socially you are inclined to look with a disagreeable condescension upon the girl who has found her work very near to her—in her home. You think of your independence and her dependence; you forget that we all must depend more or less upon one another, and that no girl is dependent who does her share of work in her father's home. There are girls who, day in and day out, work to make the home the pleasant place that it is; there are girls who are busy, day in and day out, teaching the younger children music, or French, or whatever it may be, for which service just now it is not convenient for the head of the household to pay; there are girls nursing invalid mothers or sisters, because trained nurses cannot be afforded, and each one of these girls is as surely earning her own living as are you. It is simply the difference in the work and the place. You are fortunate enough, so the world would say, to get money in exchange for your work, while these other girls can only expect gratitude, but your work is not one bit more important than theirs—indeed, there will always be a question as to whether a girl's work in her home is not the most important work of all.

SOME SERIOUS SOCIAL MISTAKES

THE girl who works is, like every other girl, apt to make mistakes when she is out in society. Sometimes, in her anxiety to be agreeable, she talks too much and too loud, and is too eager to convince the world that she is having a good time. Then, again, from absolute shyness she will shut herself up in herself, hang back in a foolish way, and so, while she is in society, she will yet not be of it. To be able to talk pleasantly in a quiet way, to be able to chat without indulging in personalities, and to be able to be one among all the others, is the art of society. My girl must strike the happy line between overconfidence and the absolute lack of confidence. A young girl is not supposed to be a leader; therefore, if she only comes in and enjoys herself after the fashion that has been arranged for her she will be doing exactly what society expects of her. She must get over this being afraid of the sound of her own voice.

A girl wrote to me recently: "Sometimes I think a girl's social success depends upon her being beautifully dressed and having delightful surroundings, and then I see my theory bowled over by a girl whose people are poor and who is almost in rags." This, of course, is an extreme statement, but it is a true one. The personality of the girl makes her position.

THE MISTAKE WHICH GIRLS ARE APT TO MAKE

THE girl who works sometimes makes one social mistake that is deeply to be regretted. She forgets the value of the woman in society, and caters only to the men. With a party of women she is dull, uninteresting and impatient, but when the men appear she grows bright, witty and attractive. Perhaps she does not stop to think, but she ought to. The girl who tries to please only the men will find, in a short time, that she no longer gets invitations to pleasant houses, while girls less attractive are invited everywhere. The old French proverb, "Seek for the woman"—it was not meant in the sense in which I use it—is good advice, for if you wish to be asked to pleasant houses, to have pleasant times, and to meet pleasant people, you must try to please the women. The power of men, socially, is limited; it is womankind who rules in society, and who decides whether or not such or such a girl shall be admitted. To the young girl the friendship of the matron is invaluable, therefore, and well worth the seeking.

A FEW LAST WORDS

IHAVE said that the social position of the working-girl is recognized. Now it is with her to be a success in society or not. She is quick of wit, and she need make no mistakes if she notes what the older women do. She will be wise if she makes for herself a friend of some woman in society who is older than herself, and who is kind of heart. But she must not presume upon this kindness. The girl who works, like the girl whose duties are in her own home, must learn what tact means.

A well-mannered, tastefully-dressed, agreeable girl is a social delight. Beauty is not a social necessity, but a desirable personality is. Therefore, make yourself agreeable. Share your pleasures with your neighbor, and behold, when your neighbor has a joy you will be invited to divide it with her. Selfishness is a girl's social ruin. Tact, which is society's word for consideration and sympathy, is the art you must cultivate. And what is tact after all? It is saying and doing the right thing at the right time and in the right place. And that is nothing more than you are asked to do by the greatest of all Teachers, "the doing unto others as you would they should do unto you."

Editor's Note—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 41 of this issue.

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FINISHED WITH A GRILLE (ILLUS. NO. 7)



A PANEL MIRROR EFFECT (ILLUS. NO. 2)

EASILY-MADE DRESSING-TABLES FOR GIRLS

By Frank S. Guild

DESIGNS AND DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

WITH a little skill in draping, and slight assistance from a carpenter, old bureaus or tables may be transformed into very attractive dressing-tables for the bed-chamber. The illustrations given on this page show some new arrangements in construction and

drapery. Inexpensive material may be employed with good effect. Good taste alone governs the results, and this should lead one to use colors and materials in harmony with the prevailing decoration of the room. A safe general rule is to use warm tints for a room having little or no sunshine, and cool tones for bright, sunny interiors.

A VARIETY of fabrics may be used for the drapery. Cretonnes, cheesecloth, figured muslins, China silks, or figured denims and cottons are among the most desirable. Wide satin ribbons combined with these produce charming effects. An old bureau is, perhaps, more useful as a basis for these tables than an ordinary table. The top should be padded with thick Canton flannel, sprinkled with sachet powder.

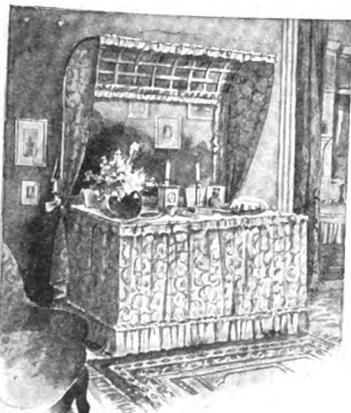
Unless one has a genius for carpentry it is wise to employ the services of a carpenter for such construction as is necessary

WHEREVER the framework is exposed it should be painted a tint that will harmonize with the color of the drapery. Olive shades are extremely grateful to the eye, and tone in well with almost all figured fabrics. The framework of mirror in Illustration No. 1 consists of a large hoop, making a concentric circle to the round

mirror, and fastened to it by bars like the spokes of a wheel. This is fastened to the table by uprights at the back corners, and is strengthened by a curved bracket that comes forward to the front edge. Cretonne is plaited over the framework, and a ruffle of the same is tacked on next to the mirror, and to the outside circumference of the frame. The table is draped in straight lines that balance that balance carried around the edge.

In Illustration No. 2 is shown a panel mirror that is draped to a diamond-shaped opening. The table drapery has two rows of ruffling put on in a curve.

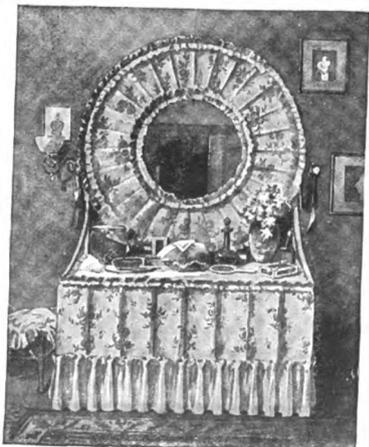
IN ILLUSTRATION No. 3 a light canopy is shown. Uprights are carried to a height of three and a half feet, and then bent forward twelve inches. These are connected at the front by a strip of wood, and thin laths are tacked on across from end to end and from the mirror-back upward at intervals of about six inches. These are worked in and out, giving a basket effect, and the whole is covered with cretonne. The drapery is tacked to the uprights, and caught back with ribbon.



A LIGHT CANOPY (ILLUS. NO. 3)

in setting up the mirror framework. A packing-case may be used, and partitioned off into compartments for shoes and such articles as are needed for daily use.

Editor's Note—In an early issue of the Journal will be given a series of articles on "How to Make the Home Beautiful." This series is intended to be of special interest to women, the suggestions embodied being practical, and within the reach of the woman of moderate income.



A CONCENTRIC MIRROR EFFECT (ILLUS. NO. 1)

The drapery of the table is simple, and may be hung on a wire at the front, allowing it to be pushed aside at will.

THE design in Illustration No. 4 will probably require more assistance from the carpenter than the others. It is made with a straight back and a curved front. The mirror framework is constructed of light wood and covered at the back with silesia. A hoop is sprung from the top, producing a curve parallel to the curve of the table front. The drapery is tacked to this hoop and gathered at the back, forming a roof, so to speak. Curtains falling to the table edge are suspended on a wire, allowing them to be pushed back when desired. Festoons of plain material of the same color as the drapery ground are swung from the table front. Ruffles of plain material, about six inches in depth, are added as indicated in the drawing.

In Illustration No. 5 a canopy framework is constructed of four uprights at each corner, carried to a height of three and a half feet, and connected at the front and back, from end to end, by a hoop slightly curved. A ruffle of cretonne is tacked to this hoop and carried around the sides. The cretonne is also stretched across from front to back, forming a roof, and the same is pulled on at the back up to the mirror. Muslin curtains fall from the top, and are draped back at the corners. The muslin



A CURVED EFFECT (ILLUS. NO. 4)

is also used at the ends, being gathered in half way up from the table by satin bows. Cretonne is used for the table drapery. If a bureau is used a short ruffle or flounce may fall over each drawer.

THE table in Illustration No. 6 is one of the most simple in construction. One long, oval mirror at the back, and a round one at each end, are supported by uprights at the corners. The mirror backs are covered with silesia, and ruffles are carried



A CANOPY FRAMEWORK (ILLUS. NO. 5)

around the rims. The table drapery is divided and trimmed with two-inch ruffles.

IN ILLUSTRATION No. 7 the framework is finished at the top with a light grille of dowels or bamboo cut to the proper length, and a rail of the same is run along the ends of the table. Through the grille a ribbon is run, and festoons of the same, looped up with bows, are swung from the top of the frame. A light silk drapery is put on smoothly at the back. Ribbon is stretched over this, making perpendicular bands about six inches apart. In front of this the silk is draped back over the rail, falling to the floor, and a narrow ruffle is carried around the table, finishing the edge.

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THE NEW WAVE

A great popular pure drink and pure food wave is just now passing over the country, and it seems to have come to stay.

More attention is being given to articles of food and drink than heretofore, and people are slowly learning that good health cannot be preserved under the present civilization unless the habits are of a more natural character. The apparently harmless coffee habit now numbers its victims by the thousands, producing obstinate stomach and bowel troubles that will not abate except by leaving off the habit.

It is not always an easy task to drop a lifetime habit. One of the late discoveries is a pure food coffee, made entirely of grains, and possessing great fattening and nourishing properties, while it brews the exact deep seal-brown color of Mocha, and when cream is added it takes the rich golden-brown of old Java. The taste is pungent and piquant, quite similar to coffee—in fact, so close to it in aroma and flavor when boiled full fifteen minutes after boiling commences, that the coffee drinker, who has had trouble with coffee, will freely take on the new grain drink when he discovers that it agrees with him perfectly, and its healthful properties quickly displace his former ailment.

The great feature of this new and rational method of dismissing sickness, is to avoid drugging one's self and quit hurtful habits, taking in only what is known to be pure natural food such as the Creator intended for man's subsistence.

Nothing is more to the point than this new food-drink made from grains. It bears the name of "Postum Cereal," and is made by the Postum Cereal Co., Lim., Battle Creek, Mich.

It claims to be a direct and quick producer of new blood corpuscles by the natural method of good, nourishing food taken in a liquid form. It is quite a bit less expensive than coffee, and altogether its use appeals to one's common sense.

Many concoctions are sold as cereal coffees in imitation of the original. Some of these prove to contain drugs to give a coffee flavor, and are notoriously injurious to the human stomach. The genuine package has red seals thereon and the words, "It makes red blood."

No lamp is a good one without the chimney made for it.

Go by the Index.

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Coffee, Tea, Cocoa and Chocolate



WATER is really our only true beverage. Forming, as it does, three-quarters of the weight of the human body it is of the next importance to the air we breathe.

Milk is a typical food, not a beverage, and should never be used as such. It is true that it contains a large amount of water, but only sufficient for its digestion.

In a very short time the non-water-drinker becomes sallow, constipated and uncomfortable. The poison matter that should be dissolved by the free use of water, and carried off in the circulation and through the excretory organs, is held in the system; the body loses weight, the skin becomes dry and rough, losing its life and brilliancy. Three-quarters of the weight of the living body should be water. A large quantity of this water is taken in the form of green vegetables and fruits. A healthy person should drink at least a quart and a half of cool (not iced) water in each twenty-four hours—a glass the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, and the remaining quantity after or between meals. Infants frequently suffer more from the lack of cool water than from the lack of food.

WATER OF EXTREME HEAT OR COLD



I recommend water drinking it must be remembered that either liquid or solid foods, if used very hot or very cold, are injurious. Iced water reduces the temperature of the stomach below the point for perfect digestion, and consequently interferes with the digestion if taken with meals. A continuance of this abuse brings indigestion, with its train of following diseases, which are frequently more serious than the first trouble. Many dyspeptics are given to hot water drinking, which is, perhaps, not quite so bad, but it is difficult to determine which of the two should be most strongly condemned. Better, then, do without both. When the stomach needs stimulating it is much wiser to eat but a small quantity of easily-digested food. Accept the stomach at its capacity without stimulants, and you will be surprised at the good results.

In large cities, where the water supplies are doubtful, boiling and filtering are a necessity. Filter the water first, then boil, and at once bottle. Stop the opening with a cotton plug to prevent contamination. When cool stand these bottles on or near the ice, or in a cold place. Do not put ice in the water even at table, or you may add by far more poisonous germs than were removed by the boiling. Freezing does not destroy nor kill them. When there is the slightest doubt about the water, boil it. Filtering makes the water clear, but does not always remove the germs.

TEA AS ONE OF THE FAVORITE BEVERAGES



THOUGH the Americans are not considered a tea-drinking people many thousands of pounds of tea are consumed annually. We must, therefore, study what constitutes the better grades, the blending of these grades, and the proper methods of making the infusion. Tannin, the objectionable ingredient of tea, is more thoroughly dissolved by boiling. To get the least tannin we must, then, avoid boiling the tea.

The machine-picked teas are undoubtedly more wholesome than the green-colored teas or those dried on copper plates. Frequently, expensive teas—those sold at from ten to twelve dollars a pound—are not so healthful as the cheaper black teas sold at a dollar. One may now and then pick out a very good medium tea, not so fine in flavor, as low as fifty cents a pound. The cheaper teas, however, require greater skill and care in making. A poorly-made infusion will be dark and bitter, requiring sugar and cream to make it palatable. Tea should be taken clear, or with very little sugar. If taken between meals it may be taken with sugar and cream, but I cannot think of a more injurious or pernicious habit than the drinking of tea with sugar and cream at meal time. If taken with food it prevents mastication, thus creating stomach fermentation.

- *The "Cooking Lessons" which have thus far been given in the Journal by Mrs. Rorer are:
- I—"The Making of Soups," February
- II—"Fish of All Kinds," March
- III—"The Cooking of Meat," March
- IV—"The Cooking of Poultry," April
- V—"The Cooking of Vegetables," May
- VI—"The Making of Salads," June
- VII—"Canning and Preserving," July
- VIII—"Making Bread and Rolls," August
- IX—"Desserts and Cakes," September
- X—"The Cooking of Eggs," October
- XI—"Coffee, Tea, Cocoa and Chocolate," November
- One lesson will be given in each issue.
- Mrs. Rorer's next lesson, the twelfth, will be on "Breakfast Fruits and Cereals."

TEA TOO STIMULATING TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM



WHO does not know that a cup of tea taken at the close of a hard day's work will quickly remove fatigue and make one comfortable? This instantaneous relief comes, doubtless, from stimulation to the nervous system, consequently such decoctions must be used with care. If the nerves are exhausted they certainly must be irritated by stimulation. I am inclined to think that it makes very little difference to the system whether this irritation comes from tea, coffee, opium, tobacco or alcohol, all substances which do not furnish nourishment to the blood, nor give health or strength. The nervous depression and exhaustion which follows the previous excitement is, perhaps, a little greater than before taking the stimulant. So care must be taken not to dissipate with these so-called milder beverages, or our constitutions will be wrecked. The "tea substitutes" furnish a warm drink, and would not be so injurious if they were not saturated with sugar and milk, a mixture very prone to fermentation.

THE PROPER WAY TO MAKE TEA



TO MAKE tea properly first scald the pot, drain and put into it while hot a level teaspoonful of tea to each half pint of water. Pour over the water at the first boil; cover for five minutes, stir and use at once. The rule in making tea is to allow one teaspoonful of tea for each person and one for the pot. Tea should not, under any circumstances, be made in a metal teapot.

Russian tea is simply a well-made tea served with lemon and sugar. The different flavorings of the tea come from the odor or scent given to them by the manufacturer. For instance, orange Pekoe is flavored with orange flowers, the orange and the tea flavor nicely blended. In some countries a little cinnamon bark is thrown into the tea-caddy.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST AND FIVE O'CLOCK TEA



SCALD the teapot, and put into it while hot four teaspoonfuls of English breakfast tea. Pour over the tea one quart of boiling water, cover the pot and put it under the tea-cozy for five minutes. Serve with cream and sugar.

To make five o'clock tea, scald the teapot; put into it while hot three level teaspoonfuls of orange Pekoe; pour over this one quart of freshly-boiled water, to which you have added a grain of bicarbonate of soda; cover the pot and put it under the cozy for five minutes; stir the tea, and add ten drops of vanilla. It may then be served with sugar and lemon.

SELECTING AND ROASTING COFFEE



COFFEE is capable of doing quite as much harm as tea; the only drawback in this respect is its expense. The Americans, as a class, prefer pure coffee, while coffee-drinking nations use at least one-fifth chicory. This addition smooths down the flavor and gives richness unattainable in any other way. The best coffee is made by mixing three-fifths Java, one-fifth Mocha and one-fifth chicory. It must be evenly roasted. One or two charred beans will destroy the delicate flavor of a gallon of coffee. To roast coffee without having an apparatus mix the berries, put them into a baking-pan, then into a quick oven, allowing the door to remain open for a few minutes until the coffee loses a portion of its moisture. Then close the door, watch carefully, tossing and stirring with a wooden spoon at least every minute. When each grain is nicely browned and while hot, stir in quickly the slightly-beaten white of one egg—that is, if the coffee is to be used for boiling, otherwise do not use the egg.

THE SELECTION OF A BRAND OF COFFEE



MOCHA is known by its small, roundish grain, which is a sort of bluish green. It has an agreeable odor and flavor, and takes precedence over all other coffees. The Java, a large, flat, yellow grain, is highly esteemed in this country, and most people buy for the best blending two-thirds Java and one-third so-called Mocha. The Brazilian coffees are exceedingly good, and are frequently sold for the above coffees. Of course, the green berry improves by age. It ripens considerably in the mat, losing a portion of the bitter, and acquiring an agreeable, flavor. It is wise, then, for those who can, to buy a mat; the longer kept the better it becomes. Coffee is much better, also, if roasted daily. If you buy it roasted, procure only a small quantity, enough to last for a week, and keep closely covered; grind just before using.

MAKING COFFEE IN LARGE QUANTITIES



WHEN making coffee for entertainments allow one pound of finely-ground coffee, one-fifth of which is chicory, and one gallon and a half of water to each thirty persons. Where coffee-pots cannot be secured put the ground coffee into cheesecloth bags, allowing room for swelling. Divide the pound into four portions. Put these bags into a large boiler with the given proportion of cold water. Bring quickly to boiling point; boil a moment and remove the bags. Coffee thus made may be kept hot for hours without injuring its flavor.

THE MAKING AND SERVING OF COFFEE



THE most important point in making good coffee is to use the water at the first appearance of boiling. If it boils but a few minutes it parts with its gases, becomes flat and hard, and will make but an imperfect infusion. Avoid, also, water that has been boiled and put aside on the stove, and then reboiled at coffee-making time. See that the tea-kettle from which you take your coffee water is thoroughly washed each morning, filled with fresh cold water and brought quickly to nearly the boiling point. Put the coffee and chicory in the upper portion of pot, allowing one heaping tablespoonful of finely-ground coffee and a teaspoonful of chicory to each half pint of water. Pour over it quickly the water, put on the lid so that the aroma may not escape, and as soon as the water drains through the biggin fill it again, and so continue until you have the desired quantity. Serve immediately from the same pot. This coffee must not be on the stove unless at the back part, where it cannot boil.

Serving coffee is half the battle. In winter have the cups heated, fill them half full with scalded milk, and pour in the freshly-made coffee. Do not add cream if you value your health.

Many of the cereal coffee substitutes make admirable breakfast foods, and if taken with an equal quantity of scalded milk, and without other food, give sufficient nourishment for the morning's work.

OLD-FASHIONED BOILED COFFEE



FOR those who do, and always will, boil their coffee, I hesitatingly insert a receipt, with the wish that they may try the first method, then I am sure they will never use the second. Put four heaping tablespoonfuls of finely-ground coffee into any sort of a common pot. Put the white of one egg into a bowl, wash the shell and add it also; pour over half a pint of cold water, beat lightly, and put a third of this into the pot with the coffee. Put the remaining quantity of egg aside to use upon other occasions. Add sufficient cold water to thoroughly moisten the coffee; mix, pour over the proper measurement of boiling water. Cover the pot, stand over a brisk fire, bring quickly to boiling point; lift the pot, put it back over the fire until it again boils; add half a cup of cold water and stand it aside to settle. Pour this from the grounds into another pot that has been previously heated with boiling water.

MAKING CHOCOLATE AND COCOA



WHILE chocolate is a heavy liquid food, it, being served in cups, is frequently classed among the beverages. It contains an active principle (*theobromin*) very like the *thein* of tea and the *caffein* of coffee. Chocolate, like tea and coffee, is spoiled by boiling, and is better made from water than milk. The beans are roasted and ground, much the same as coffee, the consumer buying it in the ground and moulded condition. To make chocolate, put four ounces of chocolate into a double boiler. When melted add one quart of boiling water; beat until smooth. Serve with an equal quantity of scalded milk, with whipped cream on top.

Cocoa, containing less fatty matter than chocolate, makes a much better breakfast food for children. But better still is the warm drink made by boiling the cocoa shells in water. Put a half pint of these shells in a double boiler with one quart of water; cover, and cook thirty minutes; then add a pint of milk. Heat, strain and serve. This food, not requiring mastication, may without injury be swallowed from the cup. An excellent infusion may also be made from the cocoa nibs, and it, like that from the shells, is free from fat—an advantage where digestion is weak.

To make cocoa, moisten four tablespoonfuls of cocoa with a little cold water; pour over it one quart of boiling water, stirring all the while. When it reaches the boiling point take from the fire, and add four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pour it backward and forward from one pitcher to another until light. Serve at once with a little hot milk and whipped cream.

Editor's Note—Mrs. Rorer will open the year with a series of new "Cooking Lessons," in which she will take up branches of cooking entirely different from her series in the Journal during 1897. In separate, full-page articles she will treat each of the following subjects: "Cooking for the Sick and Convalescent," "Cooking for the Nursery," "Thirty Soups Without Meat," "Forty Ways of Cooking Apples," "New Uses for the Chafing-Dish," "Forty Kinds of Summer Sandwiches," "Twenty-Five Simple Desserts for Every Stomach."

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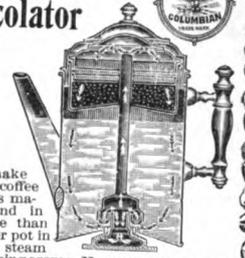
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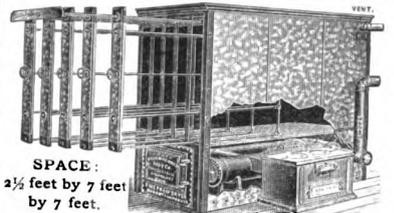
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SIX SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PAGES

FOR MERRY CHRISTMAS AT HOME, IN THE CHURCH AND AT THE TABLE



THE SHADOW CIRCUS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS EVENING

By Mrs. Hamilton Mott

SHADOW pantomimes, when skillfully executed, afford endless amusement. The diagrams for the position of the hands are self-explanatory, but considerable practice is necessary. A sheet stretched tightly on a frame, and a lamp with a lantern lens to focus the rays, are all that is required by way of an outfit.

A new game called the shadow circus is described as follows: the host or an assistant conducts each guest, on arrival, into a room separate from that occupied by the rest of the company, and takes a shadow profile of his head by seating him between a strong light and a sheet of pretty stiff paper pinned to the wall. After placing the head of the subject so that his shadow is cast upon the middle of the paper, his profile is easily and rapidly outlined on it with a pencil.

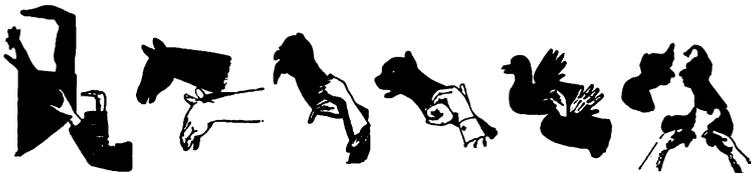
CUTTING OUT THE SHADOW PROFILES

The shadow profiles are cut out with a penknife or a pair of scissors, and grotesque bodies are pinned to the various



heads, the necks being cut narrow enough to match the bodies. (See illustration at top of page.) The figures are then successively attached to the back of the sheet, the light making the pictures show through the sheet in deep black.

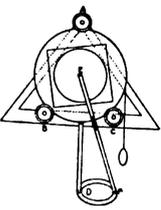
To obtain a clear, sharp shadow the figure must rest at all points against the sheet, and a good way to get the result is to slant the sheet slightly. The idea in the shadow circus is to let the company guess who the silhouettes represent. The bodies may be characteristic of the individual's taste or peculiarity without giving



offense. The athlete, the orator and the singer are suggested in the illustration.

THE MYSTERIOUS GEOMETRICAL FIGURE

The geometrical figure is produced by a white line on a black background, developing slowly and gracefully from a central point on the screen. Frame as large a piece of plain glass as can be procured in a circular piece of board turned on a lathe, perfectly round and smooth. In the centre of the rim have a narrow groove, for a string to run in.



Smoke the side of the glass which is to be turned toward the lights over a taper until it is perfectly opaque. Then mount the wooden frame, containing the smoked glass, in a triangular carriage as shown in the diagram. Use long spools for the circular piece to run in, two at the bottom and one at the top, as in diagram, A, B, C. Secure this contrivance behind the sheet at the proper focus. Wind a string around the circumference of the wooden frame and attach

a weight to one end of the string to steady the circular piece while it is turning. Pull the string slowly to give a steady motion. Next insert a smooth peg in the base of the triangular frame, a little distance from the centre. On this peg hang an arm of wood, E, F, in one end of which is fastened



a sharp pencil to scratch the black from the glass, and in the other end a handle, which is worked back and forth on a straight edge or around an oval guide, D. This long arm has a perfectly smooth slot in the centre, which fits snugly over the peg and is held down by a washer secured to the head of the peg. Upon turning the circular piece containing the glass its exact centre is determined, and the guide is so arranged that the pencil-arm moves accurately from this centre outward back and forth. Two strong lamps with reflectors are then placed close on each side of the centre, so as to prevent any shadow being thrown from the moving arm.

Now turn the disk slowly, and at the same time move the handle at the lower end of the arm on the guide backward and forward, taking care that the pencil removes the lamp-black from the glass, allowing a white line to be thrown on the screen. Various figures are thus made by regulating the motion of the arm to that of the disk. Colored glass may be placed before the lamps, giving the figures a very pretty effect. A large piece of cardboard or opaque cloth with a hole in the centre is placed between this apparatus and the screen to prevent any extraneous light from being seen on the screen. Some practice will be necessary to get the proper speed for the disk and arm. Absolutely even motion to disc and arm is essential.

MOVING THE FIGURES BEHIND THE SCREEN

MYSTERIOUS dancing figures may be exhibited by suspending a cardboard figure, about eighteen inches in height, by a fine thread from the ceiling, at least four feet away from the screen. Hold two or more lights behind it, and the figure will be repeated on the screen. Move the lights about, and the figures will apparently change their positions on the screen, dancing about and over one another in a most surprising way. By a little ingenuity in cutting out the figures, and cleverness in manipulation, many novel and effective combinations can be produced.

THROWING SHADOWS UPON THE SCREEN

INTERESTING shadows, which move entirely by themselves, are easily made. On a translucent screen of ground glass, celluloid or oiled paper, paint figures representing persons, animals or objects. Make the parts that are to appear to move, such as the arms, legs, hands, ears, etc., separate, and fasten them so that they will not adhere closely to the screen, but stand away from it. These non-adherent parts are placed on the illuminated side, and consequently throw their shadows on the screen. Thus, when the source of light is displaced, the position of the shadow necessarily changes to the screen, and arms are raised, hands are moved, fish wriggle in the water, etc. These figures may be shown in various colors by painting them with colored varnish and using tissue paper of the same hue for the loose parts.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE UP-TO-DATE

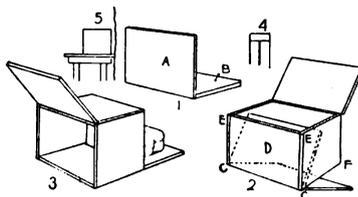
THE traditional decorations of the Christmas tree are dear to all hearts, and any scheme which does not include tinsel, baubles, strings of popcorn and lights among the branches would be resented. Retaining, therefore, the tree for the central decoration I will merely suggest a few novel ways of distributing Christmas presents.

TAKING PRESENTS FROM THE AIR

A BLACK cloth curtain is suspended at the back of the room, and about three feet in front of this is hung another black cloth, reaching from the floor to the height of one's waist. The person who is to distribute the gifts should be dressed in white. An assistant dressed in black, wearing black woolen gloves and a hood, with a mask of the same color, stands between the back curtain and the cloth suspended across the space in front. Two lights are so arranged on each side that they shine toward the audience, but are carefully shielded so that none of the rays reach the back curtains. All other lights in the room are put out. The presents to be distributed are laid on the floor between the two curtains, out of sight. The distributor announces in flowery language that he can produce from unseen realms a present for so and so. He turns toward the back and makes a few mysterious passes; his assistant has selected the particular present, which he covers with a black cloth, and, rising from behind the curtain, holds the gift aloft, while he quickly removes the black cloth and passes the package to the gentleman in white. The assistant is invisible from the front, and the effect is as if the one in white had snatched a bundle from the air. He turns immediately and walks toward the audience, delivering the gift, his assistant dropping below the curtain. The lights on the tree should be reflected toward the front.

DIRECT FROM THE CHRISTMAS BOX

SOMETIMES a tree is not available, in which case a contrivance may be constructed by any one which will afford a pleasant way of distributing the gifts.



A box is made sufficiently large to contain the most bulky present—say eighteen inches long, by twelve deep and wide. The front of the box is of board, half as thick as the sides, back and lid. The box has no bottom. Two pieces of board are neatly nailed together as in Figure 1. The piece A is half the thickness of the piece B. Both are of the proper length to fit closely but not tightly inside the box, and are hinged at the corners, C, C (Fig. 2), by driving small wire nails through from the outside. The piece A coming against the front of the box, D, makes the front the same thickness as the sides and back of the box; the piece A should not come quite to the upper edge of the front, D, but a thin strip should be nailed along this edge to cover the division between the two. (See Figure 4.) The false side and bottom are held in place by a secret fastening (a nail which may be easily removed by the fingers) at F.

HOW TO FILL THE BOX

HAVE the box already corded and sealed, and brought in by two men laboring under its apparent weight. Place it on a table which stands against a curtain. (See Figure 5.) Cut the cords and turn back the lid. Nothing is found within. You exhibit much disappointment, and offer the box to the audience for inspection, passing quickly from one to another to show that there is nothing concealed and that the box is really empty. Replace the box on the table, and allow it to remain long enough for the assistant to pass his hands through a concealed opening in the curtain, to remove the fastening at F. Next tip the box forward toward the audience, lifting the lid to show that it is still empty, and as you do so the false bottom will remain flat on the table, the piece A taking its place. The assistant places on the bottom, B, one or more packages. When all is ready tip the box back, and exclaim that something has been overlooked. Then distribute the gifts. When empty tip the box forward and replenish again from the rear. The interior of the box must be painted a dull black. Strips of black felt are used to conceal the joints.

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Editor's Note.—Beginning in the next (the January) issue of the Journal, and continuing during the year 1908, special attention will be paid to the social side of the home and the social side of the church in a series of novel articles.

HOME-MADE CANDIES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

By Mrs. Rorer



FEW rules which must be learned and followed if the candy-making is to be a success are the following: Never stir the sugar and water after the sugar has dissolved. Wipe down constantly the granules forming on the side of the saucepan. Do not shake nor move the saucepan while the syrup is boiling. As soon as the sugar begins to boil watch it carefully, having in your hand a bowl of ice water, so that you may try the syrup almost constantly. Have everything in readiness before beginning. If the sugar grains use it for old-fashioned cream candy or sugar taffy. It cannot be used for fondant. Use only the best granulated sugar for boiling, and confectioners' XXX for kneading.

If your fondant grains without apparent cause you may have boiled it a little too long. A few drops of lemon juice or a little cream of tartar will prevent this.

Fondant is the soft mixture which forms both the inside of the French candies and the material in which they are dipped, and it is to obtain this that the sugar is boiled.

CHOOSE A CLEAR DAY FOR MAKING CANDY

AFTER the sugar has reached the "soft ball," a semi-hard condition, it must be poured carefully into a large meat-plate or on a marble slab. Do not scrape the saucepan or you will granulate the syrup.

Make your fondant one day and make it up into candy the next. Never melt fondant by placing the saucepan immediately on the stove. Prevent the danger of scorching by standing the pan containing it in a basin of water. If the melted fondant is too thick add water most cautiously, a drop at a time. A half teaspoonful more than is necessary will ruin the whole.

To cool candy place it in a cool, dry place. To keep candy put it between layers of waxed paper in tin boxes.

If the day is bright and clear the sugar loses its stickiness quickly, therefore select a fine day for your candy-making.

PREPARING THE FONDANT, OR FOUNDATION

NO MATTER how much candy you anticipate making boil but one pound of sugar at a time. Put it into a saucepan; add half a cup of water, and with a wooden spatula stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, not an instant longer. Remove the spoon, and with a sponge, wrung from a bowl of ice water, wipe down the sides of the saucepan, being careful not to dip the tips of your fingers into the boiling syrup. As the steam condenses on the sides of the pan, forming granules, wipe them off. If allowed to remain they will cause granulation. In about six minutes take the bowl of ice water in your left hand while you put your four fingers in the water until they are very cold; then plunge them immediately into the syrup and instantly back into the ice water. This is easily done. There is not the slightest danger of burning the fingers, provided you have well moistened them in cold water and you thrust them quickly back into it. Continue this trying until a very "soft ball" can be formed in the water from the syrup which you have picked up. Then pour the syrup quickly on a large meat-plate or a marble slab, which has been lightly brushed with water or oil.

STIR UNTIL YOU HAVE A THICK, CREAMY MASS

IN POURING the syrup from the saucepan do it as carefully as possible or the motion may granulate and spoil your fondant. Watch it carefully, and when you can dip your finger to the centre of the mixture and it is simply warm, not hot, it is ready for stirring. Stir constantly with a wooden paddle until the whole mixture is a thick, white, creamy mass, or until it begins to crumble. Take this in your hand and knead it as you would bread; in a moment it will become a soft, smooth mass. Put it at once into a bowl, and cover closely with a piece of damp cheesecloth. If the fondant hardens quickly, and kneading fails to soften it, the sugar has boiled too long. Avoid this in the second boiling. If, on the other hand, it remains soft, it has not been boiled quite long enough. The sugar, however, is not lost; it will do for dipping purposes. Now boil the second pound, and so continue until you have the desired quantity, packing it all together in an earthenware bowl under a moist cloth.

Editor's Note—Beginning in the next (the January) issue, and continuing during the year 1898, three or more pages by Mrs. Rorer will appear in each issue of the Journal. The new series of "Cooking Lessons" will begin in the January issue, as well as an entirely new series to be called "Mrs. Rorer's Domestic Lessons," which will discuss food from a hygienic standpoint, as well as other important domestic problems. Mrs. Rorer's work now appears exclusively in the Journal. Her department, "Answers to Questions," will be continued during 1898.

A HUNDRED DIFFERENT KINDS OF CANDY

NEXT morning you are ready to make this fondant into a hundred different forms. An excellent method is to buy from a first-class confectioner a pound of mixed French candies. Spread them out before you on the working-table, and with your own foudant imitate each one until your hand becomes trained in the art. Have ready, also, large nuts shelled and blanched, dates seeded, candied cherries split, a few nuts chopped fine for rolling purposes, and a little grated cocoanut put into a plate. Sit down while you are doing this that you may be near your work.

CREAM CHOCOLATES AND ALMOND CREAMS

TAKE a half pound of fondant on the board or marble slab, first dusting it with a little XXX sugar; add a few drops of vanilla or a little vanilla sugar; mix, and form into balls the size of a marble, or into tiny pyramids, and stand them aside on waxed paper for three or four hours to harden. When ready to dip put a half pound of fondant into a saucepan; add to it a teaspoonful of vanilla and two ounces of unsweetened chocolate, or you may add to the melted fondant two teaspoonfuls of cocoa. Stand your saucepan in another of boiling water, and stir over the fire until it becomes the consistency of very thick cream. Remove it to the table, water and all. Take the little balls that are now hard into the left hand, drop them one at a time into the chocolate mixture; cover them, using a candy-dipper, which you hold in the right hand, and lifting them carefully scrape them off the bottom of the dipper on the side of the pan, and drop them back on the waxed paper. This dipping must be done quickly or the fondant will become cold and thick. It may be reheated from time to time as needed, and if it becomes too thick add a few drops of water. Blanched almonds, English walnuts, marshmallows or nougat may be dipped in this same mixture.

Almond creams may be made by adding to four ounces of almond paste five drops of extract of bitter almond, and kneading it over until soft and creamy, adding a little XXX sugar. Form this mixture into little balls, put them aside until hard, and dip them the same as cream chocolates.

HAZELNUT AND ORANGE CREAMS

ROLL the hazelnut in a little fondant that has been flavored with vanilla. It may then be dipped in chocolate, vanilla or cocoanut fondant.

To make orange creams, grate the yellow rind of an orange; mix and knead it with one pound of fondant, and use enough sugar to prevent sticking. This rind will both flavor and color the fondant. Divide it and set aside one half for melting, and to the other half add a few drops of extract of orange, and knead until smooth. Cut candied pineapple into dice, and roll each one in a portion of this hard fondant and set aside for three or four hours. Melt the orange fondant in the saucepan, standing in water; add orange juice until you have it the proper consistency. Use for dipping the same as cream chocolates.

COCOANUT ROLLS AND CREAMED DATES

CHOP one ounce each of blanched almonds, English walnuts and pecan nuts, and if you have them, an ounce of pistachio nuts; mix all together. Dust the board with a little XXX sugar. Spread out a half pound of fondant, put the chopped nuts in the centre and knead the whole together, adding now and then a drop of bitter almond. When thoroughly mixed form into small rolls, about an inch and a half long, and place on oiled paper to harden. When hard roll each one quickly in the white of egg slightly beaten, and then in grated cocoanut. If you use desiccated cocoanut chop it fine.

Creamed dates are made by filling the spaces from which the seeds were taken with a little vanilla fondant. Creamed cherries are made in the same way.

MAKING FRUIT AND NUT GLACÉ

BOIL sugar as directed at the beginning of this article, and just as it is turning to a very light straw color bring it carefully to your working-table. Dip the fruit and nuts by placing them on the dipper and then down in the syrup. Lift them carefully and drop one at a time on oiled paper. If the dipping is not done very carefully the motion will cause granulation. All sorts of fruits and nuts may be glacé in this manner. Sections of oranges are particularly nice if the directions are followed carefully, and there is little use in attempting to make candy of any sort unless one is willing to profit by "tried receipts."

CHOCOLATE AND OTHER CARAMELS

PUT into a granite saucepan a quarter of a pound of grated, unsweetened chocolate, four ounces of butter, one pound of brown sugar, a gill of molasses, a gill of cream and a teaspoonful of vanilla sugar. Stir the whole over the fire until thoroughly mixed, then boil slightly until it cracks or hardens when dropped into ice water. Turn into greased shallow pans of a depth of half an inch, and stand aside to cool. When nearly cold grease a sharp knife with olive oil and mark the caramels into squares, cutting part way through the mixture. When cold break apart, wrap in waxed paper and put in tin boxes to keep.

Coffee caramels may be made after the same receipt as chocolate caramels, omitting the gill of cream and chocolate, and substituting a gill of black coffee.

Nut caramels are made by putting into the chocolate caramel mixture a half pint of mixed chopped nuts just as you are turning them into the greased pan.

PEPPERMINT DROPS AND EVERTON TAFFY

PUT four ounces of powdered sugar, a tablespoonful of water and three drops of essence of peppermint into a small granite saucepan. Stand the saucepan over the fire and when the mixture begins to melt stir with a wooden paddle for two minutes and take it at once from the fire. Have ready a sheet of foolscap paper, slightly oiled. Take the saucepan in the left hand and your candy-dipper in the right. Pour the candy in drops about the size of a large pea in close rows down the paper, using the handle of the candy-dipper to cut off the drops, that each may be the same size. When these drops are cold dip a paste-brush in warm water and brush the under side of the paper, then with a spatula remove them and quickly place on a sieve in a warm place to dry.

The always-popular Everton taffy may be made by putting three ounces of butter in a bowl of ice water. Rinse the hands in warm water—this is to prevent the butter from sticking to the hands. Now work the butter under the water until it is elastic; spread it out in a sort of flat cake, dry it in a piece of cheesecloth and put it into a granite saucepan; add a pound of brown sugar, and boil it over a slight fire until it reaches the "crack" degree. This is when it becomes hard and brittle and will not stick to the teeth. Begin to try the mixture after it has boiled five minutes. When done turn into a shallow tin pan and stand in water until cold and hard. This taffy, like chocolate caramels, may be marked into squares when partly cool.

CREAMED WALNUTS AND MARSHMALLOWS

TAKE a piece of vanilla or chocolate fondant the size of a marble, flatten it and put half of an English walnut on each side, pressing the two together. Pecan creams are made in the same way.

For marshmallows an entirely different line of candy-making, much more difficult in a way, but easily accomplished, must be followed. Cover two ounces of fine white gum-arabic with four ounces or eight tablespoonfuls of water. Soak one hour. Then heat gradually over boiling water, stirring occasionally until the gum is dissolved. Strain through an ordinary wire gravy-strainer that is, of course, perfectly free from fat, into a double boiler; add seven ounces of X powdered sugar, and stir over the fire until white and rather stiff. This will take nearly an hour. Take from the fire; add a teaspoonful of vanilla, beat rapidly for five minutes, and pour white hot into the well-beaten whites of four eggs, beating all the while. Dust a square tin pan with cornstarch, pour in the mixture and stand away to cool. When cold cut into small squares, dust each square lightly with cornstarch, and place between layers of waxed paper in tin boxes.

NEAPOLITAN AND PEANUT NOUGAT

MAKE marshmallow paste according to the preceding receipt; mix with it a half pound of blanched almonds cut into quarters, about six bitter almonds cut into small pieces, and two ounces of pistachio nuts that have been blanched and cut into quarters. Dust a pan with cornstarch, cover with rice paper; pour in the mixture, cover the top with another piece of rice paper, and when cool cut into long bars. Wrap each bar at once in waxed paper and place in a tightly-closed tin box.

To make peanut nougat, brush square pans lightly with oil and cover the bottoms thickly with shelled peanuts. Put a pound of sugar and a half pint of water into a saucepan; add as much cream of tartar as you can hold on the point of a knife; stir until the sugar is dissolved. Wipe down the sides of the pan and allow the syrup to boil carefully until it begins to turn a light straw color. Take it from the fire quickly and sink the bottom of the pan into another of cold water. This is to stop the boiling instantly and prevent the sugar from browning. Pour this carefully over the peanuts and stand it away to harden. One pound of sugar should be quite enough to cover two pounds of peanuts. This candy may be changed by using walnuts, almonds, pecan or mixed nuts.



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CHRISTMAS GIFTS IN
LEATHER AND VELVETEEN

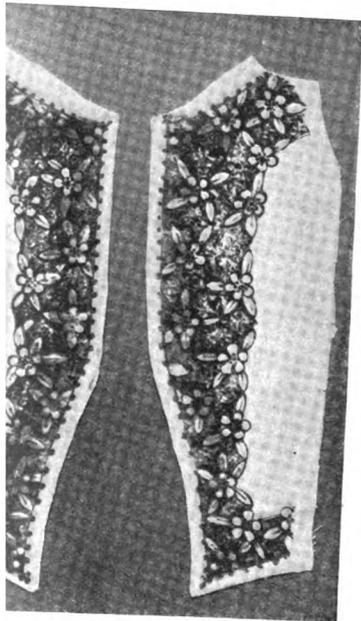
Florence C. Fetherston



AN HERALDIC DESIGN

olutely
essary.
one who
orked on
point for
that for
of touch

ressed calf. The lines burn a beautiful
rich brown, and exquisite tone effects may
be produced by the shadow
point, or by sets of lines close
together or a little apart, accord-
ing to the depth of tone
desired. The leather may be



VEST FOR BODICE

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illy
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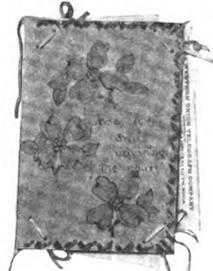
bought for twenty-five cents a
foot; if it is purchased by the
skin it will cost a trifle less.



FOR EMBROIDERY-SILK CASE

THE burnt leather case for telegraph
blanks shown in illustration is done
on calf, as is the cover for shaving-paper.
These have been touched up
with water-colors in flat tone—
dull red and green—after hav-
ing been burnt. For decorative
frames of all kinds a leather
known as monkey flesh does
admirably. Ten or fifteen cents
will buy a whole skin. It is
not at all strong and has many
imperfections in it, therefore
should only be used when
mounted on wood or cardboard.

LEATHER with a velvety sur-
face, known as ooze, is,
perhaps, the easiest of all to
burn, owing to the slight resis-
tance on the surface. The lines
burn quite black, therefore it is
not possible to produce any tone effects
upon it. The card-case and bag are done
on the same in brown without paint.



FOR TELEGRAPH BLANKS

VELVETEEN was at one time used for deco-
rative work, but owing to the difficulty
in controlling the color it never became
very popular. Since the advent of the
pyrographic point this inexpensive material
has again been brought into favor. Burnt
velveteen is a novelty, for which it is safe
to predict a future. Used in conjunction
with color its possi-
bilities are infinite.
An apparatus such
as is used for burnt
wood is required,
though but one
point is necessary
for velveteen.
White or cream vel-
veteen is the most
satisfactory color to
work upon.



FOR SHAVING-PAPER

THE first thing to
be considered is
transferring the de-
sign. It is impossi-
ble to draw on the
velveteen, so the
pattern should be
accurately drawn on
parchment tracing paper and then pricked.
After the velveteen has been firmly
stretched to a board the design should be
placed on it and carefully pounced with
powdered charcoal to which some pow-
dered chalk has been added; this will
prevent the line becoming too black. Care
must be taken not to rub one part of the
design while working on the other.

The outline should be
burnt first, and for this a
very hot point is neces-
sary. The good effect
of the work depends on
the regularity of the outline;
it should also be uniform
in color. The point must
be lightly used.

OF THE four illustra-
tions given of burnt
velveteen, the cover for
the embroidery-silk case
is best suited to a begin-
ner. The velveteen
might better be pasted on



OPERA-GLASS BAG



SOFA-PILLOW IN ARABIC DESIGN

the cover and decorated afterward. The
outline of the flowers should be burnt first,
then the background scorched.

The bag for opera-glasses should be deco-
rated before it is made up. Tack a piece
of white velveteen, twelve by thirteen
inches, firmly to a board, and proceed as
in the silk case. The outlined flowers
should be tinted with water-color, soft
yellow-pink, and the leaves
gray-green.

The Arabic
design given
for sofa-pil-
low is very in-
tricate. The
background
of the corner



BURNT LEATHER CALENDAR

figures is scorched and
a few smaller parts of
the design. One set of
the interlaced bands is
tinted turquoise blue,
and the effect of the brown tones produced
by scorching. A vest for a bodice, which
has been done in the same way, is shown.

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breasted and double sole gar-
ments. Not too heavy for mild
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above one year. Sizes 0 to 10.

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each year. This is a standard
suit, heavier than "A" or "B".

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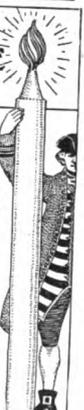
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THE TABLE ON CHRISTMAS DAY

*By Mrs. Rorer



ALL days in the year Christmas Day is the one for home gatherings, consequently the whole house should be made to embody the poetry of decorative art. The table appointments should harmonize and combine with those of the house, and the dining-room especially be made to appear warm and bright. Holly, with its bright berries, should be everywhere.

Ferns of the hardy variety, which may be gathered now in almost any woodland, cedar berries and mistletoe, single or combined with holly, make also appropriate decorations. Where holly cannot be secured a very pretty centerpiece for the Christmas dinner may be made from mitchella or partridge berry, arranged in a pretty glass dish on a platter of moss. Avoid hothouse flowers, as they are inappropriate for Christmas celebration.

THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS

MAKE as much preparation as possible in advance. The soup should be made, skimmed, strained, seasoned, and ready for reheating. The turkey drawn, cleaned and stuffed. The giblets boiled until tender, chopped fine and put aside in the water in which they were boiled, ready for the sauce. The cranberries cooked and turned into a mould. The plum pudding, which should have been made weeks before, be all ready to be reheated at serving time. The bonbons may be made two or three days in advance, and carefully put between layers of waxed paper in tin boxes. Nuts may be salted and kept in the same way. Hard sauce may also be made and put in a glass jar in the refrigerator. The spaghetti boiled, cut into small pieces, measured and put aside.

To avoid confusion get out and polish the silver, glass and china which is to be used on the Christmas table.

Make and turn into square moulds one quart of lemon and one quart of coffee jelly. Make one dozen orange baskets by cutting the skin into basket shape and scooping out the pulp. Wash these in cold water and put them aside in the refrigerator. Make a ten-egg sponge cake, and when cool put it in a tin box.

BREAKFAST ON CHRISTMAS DAY

THERE will be a few duties before breakfast. The dining-room may be thoroughly swept and dusted. The breakfast will naturally be early, as the children usually insist upon rising shortly after daybreak. Let this meal be simple, plain and nutritious, so that it may be easily gotten and quickly cleared away. The menu might consist of

- Oranges
- Oatmeal, Milk
- French Chops
- Omelet
- Pulled Bread
- Coffee

ARRANGING THE DINING-ROOM AND THE TABLE

AS SOON as breakfast is cleared away the dining-room should be arranged. Place the table in the centre of the room, under the chandelier if there is one, and then see that it is perfectly level and the leaves well fitted. From the chandelier hang a large spray of mistletoe or holly tied with scarlet ribbon. If there be a mantelpiece in the room, bank it with holly and ferns. Arrange a pretty corner, blending all the greens used in decorating. Cover the table first with a heavy cotton flannel cloth, and place over it the spotless linen tablecloth. Place in the centre of the table a mat of Christmas ferns, in the centre of which stand a high fruit-dish, filled with polished red apples, grapes and such other fruits as may be obtained. Cover the base of the dish with sprays of holly; on each side of this place cut-glass or china dishes filled with bonbons, olives and salted almonds. The water-bottles and a dish or two of celery may occupy the other places.

A table for twelve should be twelve feet long, which will allow plenty of space between covers. On the right of the plate first put a knife, then a soup-spoon, then the oyster-fork, if one is needed. On the left two forks; close at the upper right-hand side the individual salts and glasses; a little to the left the bread-and-butter-plate, holding the napkin neatly folded, with a piece of bread tucked under the fold.

*In the next (the January) issue of the Journal Mrs. Rorer will, in a full-page, give complete directions for the serving and providing of "Light Refreshments for Evening Companies." The article will contain receipts and menus.

THE PREPARATION OF THE DINNER

HAVING attended to the table itself we may now consider the feast. If it is to be served at one o'clock the turkey must go into the oven a sufficient time before to allow twenty minutes' roasting to each pound of turkey. If the turkey is served unstuffed, which is much the better way, allow fifteen minutes to each pound. The potato croquettes may be made immediately after breakfast, rolled, dipped and put aside for frying at the last moment; or they may be fried, put into a pan lined with brown paper, and put into the oven ten minutes before serving time. The soup may be turned into a kettle, covered, ready to reheat, the soup blocks made and put to cool. The peas at this season of the year must necessarily be canned; they may be emptied from the cans, washed, drained, and put into a saucepan, and seasoned already for heating, so that but a few minutes will be required for their final preparation.

The ginger sherbet should be made, repacked, and put aside where there is no danger of its softening. The plum pudding may be put into the steamer on the back part of the stove; the hard sauce turned into the proper dish and placed in the refrigerator. The deviled spaghetti made, filled into individual shells, covered with crumbs, placed into a baking-pan, to be run into a quick oven fifteen minutes before the dinner hour.

All these arrangements should be accomplished before eleven o'clock, thus giving the housewife a little time to rest and dress for dinner. If oysters on the half shell cannot be obtained the dinner will be complete without them. Fish may be served in place of the deviled spaghetti. White potato croquettes may be served in place of the sweet potatoes.

The salad course is no small part of a dinner. If you cannot get lettuce or celery do not object to the inner white portion of a hard head of cabbage. Serve it with French dressing, delicate crackers toasted in the oven, and hot cheese balls.

ARRANGING THE CHRISTMAS MENU

THE menu for the Christmas dinner may be as follows:

- Oysters on the Half Shell
- Clear Soup
- Custard and Spinach Blocks
- Olives
- Celery
- Deviled Spaghetti
- Roasted Turkey, Chestnut Stuffing
- Cranberry Jelly
- Sweet Potato Croquettes
- Peas Served in Turnip Cups
- Ginger Sherbet
- Lettuce Salad
- Cheese Balls
- Toasted Crackers
- Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce
- Coffee
- Bonbons
- Almonds

THE SERVING OF THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

LET the serving be done without hurry or commotion; the plates lifted from the left side and the serving done from the same. Both meat and vegetables are frequently spoiled and served cold through lack of system in service. The hostess will serve the soup from a large tureen; each plate as filled will be lifted by the waitress from the left side, and served first to the most distinguished guest. After the last guest has been served, and all have eaten, the tureen will be lifted and carried into the pantry. The deviled spaghetti may now be brought in on small plates, and as the soup-plates are lifted these plates are put in their stead. The turkey, dished and garnished daintily, is then placed before the host. The hot plates are brought in and placed before each guest, as the spaghetti-plates are lifted. The waitress may now bring in the sweet potato croquettes and the cranberry jelly. The cranberry jelly may be placed before the hostess, who will help and pass it to her nearest guest, the waitress being occupied in passing the turkey after it has been carved by the host. After the turkey is passed the waitress will pass the vegetable-dishes, going to the left of the guest, and allowing each person to serve him or her self. The peas will next be passed. Then, if necessary, the waitress will refill the glasses and pass the bread.

While this course is being served the ginger sherbet will be dished in the punch-glasses or small tumblers, and placed in saucers. The waitress will first take from the table the turkey-platter, then the vegetable-dishes, then the individual plates, lifting one at a time, and placing the sherbet-glass in its stead.

SERVING THE SALAD COURSE

THE cheese balls are now being fried, the salad has been arranged, and the crackers have been in the oven five minutes. The waitress will go to the pantry, and, dishing them quickly, will put them on the table ready for serving, keeping close watch of the glasses and table in general. The sherbet-glasses will now be lifted and salad-plates put in their stead. The salad should be placed before the hostess, and the cheese balls and crackers kept on the side table. The hostess may make and pour the French dressing over the lettuce if it has not been dressed outside. The waitress will pass it as she did the vegetables, allowing each person to help him or her self. The cheese balls and crackers will be served with the salad, the waitress offering first the cheese balls, and then with the other hand the crackers.

The plum pudding is then dished; a few lumps of sugar are dipped in alcohol and placed around the pudding, and with the hard sauce it is brought in and put on the side table back of the screen or in the pantry. After the salad course the plates are removed, the table crumbed, and, for the first time, the guests are left without plates.

THE PLUM PUDDING AND THE COFFEE

NOW the waitress brings in the dessert-plates, on each one of which is a finger-bowl on a dainty doily. These are partly filled with water, in which is a spray of holly and a slice of lemon. A few sprigs of holly are now stuck in the plum pudding, a lighted match touched to the sugar, and the pudding carried blazing into the dining-room and placed before the hostess, who will serve it on good-sized plates. This course will be served the same as the others. The waitress may then pour the coffee into the small cups, arrange them neatly on a tray, on which she also will place sugar, and pass them at once. If the glasses have been refilled she may retire, or she may wait to remove the pudding-dishes. The salted almonds, fruits and bonbons may be passed as you wish, the plates under the finger-bowls being used for this portion of the dessert.

CHESTNUT STUFFING FOR THE TURKEY

BOTH turkeys and fowls are best roasted unstuffed. But people have, however, become so accustomed to the flavor of the stuffing in the meat of the fowls that it seems almost impossible to get along without it. Bread stuffing is, no doubt, the most objectionable of all. Acting as a sponge it draws the juices from the meat, leaving it dry and tasteless. Chestnuts are much to be preferred, and where these cannot be procured sweet or white potatoes, or even rice may be substituted. All must be boiled before using. For a ten-pound turkey one quart of Spanish or two quarts of common chestnuts will be required. Shell, blanch and boil them until tender. Drain, mash or chop fine; add a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Mix, and stuff into the turkey.

CRANBERRY SAUCE TO SERVE WITH TURKEY

WASH one quart of cranberries. Put them in a porcelain or granite kettle; add one pint of cold water, cover; cook until the berries pop—about ten minutes. Strain through a colander, return to the kettle; add one pound of granulated sugar, stir until dissolved, and turn out at once. If a firm jelly is desired boil the mixture five minutes, turn into a mould, and stand at once in the cold.

THE EVENING MEAL ON CHRISTMAS DAY

WHILE man seems to be endowed with extraordinary capacity, and almost superhuman power of digestion at this festive season of the year, it is not well to have a heavy supper following the Christmas dinner. Let it be served late in the evening, say at seven-thirty, and consist of a cup of clam bouillon, followed by a few broiled oysters on toast; the jelly, served in the orange baskets, and the sponge cake on a pretty plate. All should be served very daintily.

Change the centerpiece so that the orange baskets may show to good advantage. Crumple a square of scarlet silk or silkolene. Drop in the folds a few sprays of holly. Cut the jellies into cubes of one inch, heap them in the orange baskets and arrange them artistically in the folds of the silk. Border the silk with a wreath of fern or holly, or any other Christmas green.

When supper time approaches heat and season the clam bouillon with a little celery pepper, and pour it at once into cups. In the absence of regular bouillon-cups, after-dinner coffee-cups or teacups may be used. Stand these filled cups on a pretty teaplate at each cover. Whole wheat bread sticks or plain soup sticks may be used. While the bouillon is being served and eaten the oysters may be broiled, and dished neatly on squares of toast, garnished with lemon and parsley.

Editor's Note—Mrs. Rorer's answers to her correspondents, under the title "Mrs. Rorer's Answers to Questions," will be found on page 48 of this issue of the Journal.



The Yule-Tide Dinner

of long ago was begun, as now, with soup, but the "gude housewife" of those days did not have the advantage of using

Armour's

Extract of BEEF

with which the best of soups may be made at a moment's notice and at a considerable saving of both time and money.

The little book "Culinary Wrinkles" contains many excellent recipes, and is mailed for the asking.

Armour & Company
Chicago

KNOX'S Sparkling Gelatine

By Mail to every reader of The Ladies' Home Journal who cannot buy it of her grocer

"Dainty Desserts for Dainty People"

is the title of a booklet which we send for two cents postage. It contains recipes for holiday desserts that are infinitely more pleasing and healthful than the plum pudding and mince pie which our grandmothers left us as an inheritance. This booklet tells of a great variety of dainty desserts, healthy and delicious, that can be made from



Knox's Sparkling Gelatine

This Gelatine is free from every impurity, and is the only gelatine made that has no disagreeable odor that must be covered up by the use of lemon or extract. Your grocer keeps it. If he doesn't, send 15 cents for a package (2 for 25 cents), the same price as at grocer's, and you will receive, post-paid, a package of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine. An envelope of Pink Gelatine for fancy desserts comes with every package. "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People" will be sent free with every order of gelatine. Send 5 cents in stamps for a sample of Acidulated Gelatine, which requires only water, extract and sugar, and a pint of jelly is made.

Highest Award at World's Fair

Knox's Gelatine is endorsed by every leading teacher of cooking
C. B. KNOX, Johnstown, N. Y.

COOKING MADE EASY

The QUEEN Kitchen Cabinet

has a place for everything and everything in its place. Its use lightens labor and saves waste.

Roll Top and Drawers for Table Linen

are special features. A fine piece of furniture, an ornament in any household. For the country home, the house in town, or city flat. Made of hard-wood, antique finish. The Ideal Christmas Wedding or Birthday Present. Used and recommended by Mrs. Rorer, America's most famous cook. Mrs. Rorer will use one in her Model Kitchen at the Platt and Shaw, Lady Agents Wanted. Descriptive circular free. QUEEN CABINET CO., 212 Monroe Street, Chicago



HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE MAKE THIS LABEL THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

LOOK FREE. A charming little book—Delicacies for Artists' Desserts—is mailed free to every one sending 10 cents for a package of ten Junket Tablets, that makes ten quarts of dainty, delicious, healthful, nutritious dessert.
CHR. HANSEN'S LABORATORY
P. O. Box 1028, Little Falls, N. Y.

LITTLE THINGS TO MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS

Designed Especially for the Journal

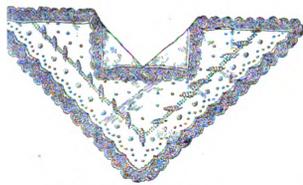
HERE has been a revival this year of many good old customs, and not one of the least of these has been the evident desire on the part of the giver of the Christmas gift to make her offering one that shall indicate that she has given time and thought to its preparation. It has been to cater to this desire that the JOURNAL has this year, in its October, November and current issues, devoted so much space to Christmas gifts that may be made at home.

PRESENTS FOR THE NEW BABY

WHEN the little embroidered batiste handkerchiefs were first sold they were quite attractive enough as they were to be used for presents, but as the price declined one hesitated, even with the addition of worked initials, to give as a present what was advertised at so low a price.

But the handkerchiefs, in spite of their cheapness, remained as dainty and attractive as before, and it has proved possible, with very little work, to transform them into presents both useful and ornamental. It was their daintiness that suggested their application to a baby's needs, and there are very few of us who cannot find among our friends at least one mother to whom a gift for her baby would be acceptable.

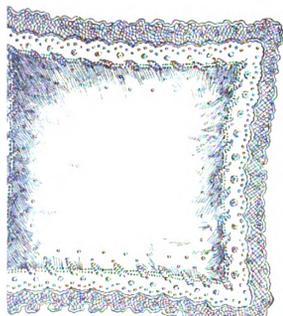
OR a dainty present for the baby, cut a handkerchief in two diagonally from corner to corner; then in the middle of the diagonal, opposite the remaining corner, cut a straight line about three inches long.



A BIB FOR THE NEW BABY

On the sides back like the corners of a square. Hem the raw edge and sew the encircling lace all around the edge, leaving the points turn back, and you have made a very pretty bib. A little addition to the baby's basket may be made from one of these handkerchiefs. Line with a square of China silk, feathering them together with an interlining cotton sprinkled with violet powder. The edges over, tie them with ribbon, and you will have a pretty sachet.

MAKE a pillow for the crib or carriage select two handkerchiefs of the same size which will admit of a line of over-stitching being worked immedi-



PILLOW FOR BABY CARRIAGE

Below the scalloped edge. Buy a lawn pillow twelve inches square, piece of Italian Valenciennes about quarters of an inch wide—the kind sold at twenty-five or thirty cents a yard. Sew the lace all the edge of one handkerchief under the other, putting it straight across the rather than following them, as it is rather if plenty of fullness is allowed. Then feather-stitch the two handkerchiefs together with fine white long three sides, leaving the fourth open to slip the pillow in. Continue over-stitching on the fourth side of handkerchief on which the lace was sewed. Slip the pillow in, baste the two together under the line of feather-stitching and you will have a pillow-slip which can be easily put on and taken off.

MRS. H. C. BUNNER.

AUTOGRAPH SPOONS

A PERFECTLY plain surface, either on the handle or in the bowl of the spoon, is necessary for the autograph etching. Clean the surface thoroughly with silicon or whiting, and dip the spoon into a solution made by melting a little pure white wax in a porcelain bowl set in a pan of hot water; add slowly a little less than one-half the weight of powdered gum mastic, stirring all the time. Drain the solution from the spoon, and when nearly cool and hard dust on some whiting. Upon this white surface any one may write with a pencil.

Next go over the penciled lines with a needle bared firmly to a handle, laying bare the surface of the silver or gold. Immerse only the portion of the spoon protected by the wax in a bath composed of one part of nitric acid to three parts of hydrochloric acid and four parts water, and allow it to remain long enough for the acid to eat into the exposed lines of the writing.

By removing from time to time for examination, and rinsing in water, the depth of the etching on the spoon may be determined. After washing well remove the wax with ether, and polish with whiting and chamois skin. Great care must be exercised not to allow the acids to touch the fingers or clothing, as they are deadly poisons and will burn worse than hot iron. The acids should be kept in glass-stoppered bottles and applied out-of-doors to avoid accidents. When purchasing the acids from your druggist ask him to tell you exactly how to use them so that all danger from possible accident may be guarded against. These autograph spoons make very pretty Christmas presents, and constitute an entirely new kind of souvenir spoon.

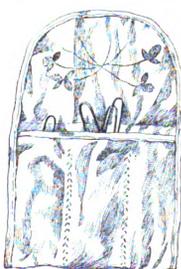
JOHN JARDINE.

TWO LINEN HAIRPIN-CASES

A MOST convenient little article to slip into the traveling satchel, and one which, while the novelty lasts, will command a ready sale at fairs and exchanges, is a case in which to place hairpins.

Cut a strip of white linen, eighteen inches long and four inches wide, and another strip of coarse white cotton wash-net the same size. Embroider the linen with leaves, or small scattered flowers or figures, either with white or colored silks or linens. Cut one end of both linen and wash-net in a point, turn in the edges of both and run them neatly together.

Fold the square end up and sew the sides of the linen together—the linen, of course, outside—making a pocket three inches deep. Run hairpins—or tortoise-shell—a little shorter than the width of the linen, through the net until the long flap is filled, and place in the pocket some invisible pins. Sew a piece of baby ribbon, three-quarters of a yard long, to the point, fold the pocket over along the flap until the whole is used, and tie the ribbon in a neat bow around the square package that is thus formed.



Another pretty hairpin-case may be made by cutting a piece of fine white duck in the shape of a square envelope and embroidering upon the flap any simple design in wash silk. Close with buttons and buttonholes.

MARY J. SAFFORD.

THREE PRETTY PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES

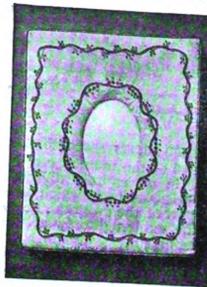


ILLUSTRATION No. 1

The white, figured silk frame in illustration No. 1 has a wave line in outline-stitch on the outer edge and also around the opening of the mat. Tiny sprays are worked each side of the wave line, and finished with a gilt bead. The back of the frame is covered with green velvet, and has pulp board strips glued on the top and sides to hold the glass and photograph in place. A good way to keep the glass from slipping is to take slips of gummied paper, and lay over to the edge of the gummied paper, and lay over and back of the glass mat. Then glue the back and front together, and finish the edge with gold soutache braid.



FRAME No. 2 is a tiny frame covered with velveteen. It is made of wood. The decoration is done with a hot metal point so that it slightly scorches the material. It is adaptable to large and small designs.



ILLUSTRATION No. 2

FRAME No. 3 is of wood turned on a lathe. It is made for a cabinet photograph. The cardboard mat is covered with printed lawn. The frame is about three-eighths of an inch thick. It has a rabbet deep enough to hold the glass, photograph, mat and back. The back is secured by small brass turn-buttons screwed into the wood. The frame is covered with denim; it is nicked as directed both outside and inside of circle. The back of the wood is covered with cardboard slightly smaller in diameter than the frame. A wire rest is inserted in the cardboard back.

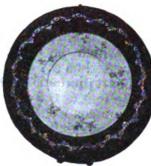
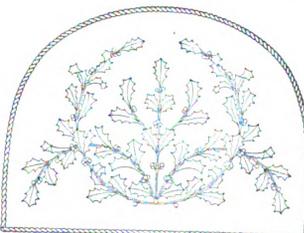


ILLUSTRATION No. 3

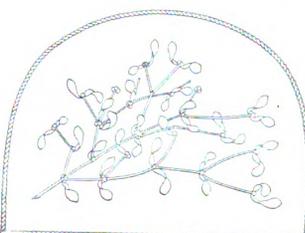
A DESIGN FOR A TEA-COZY

A PROPERLY-MADE cozy is almost an essential to the properly-made cup of tea, and no Christmas present could be more acceptable than one of these useful little adjuncts to the tea-table. The cozy is made of two semi-circles of silk, velvet or satin, which are padded with cotton,



THE FRONT OF THE COZY

lined with silk, and joined together with a silk cord, outlining the base of the semi-circle, which is left open so it may slip over the teapot. The lining is kept as soft as possible. HARRIET OGDEN MORISON.



THE BACK OF THE COZY

"Solid Perfume"

Sent by Mail on Approval
If every woman who reads this advertisement could see and test

Hudnut's Concrete Perfume Tablets

50c.



She would realize that we have devised a dainty, unique and convenient idea in perfumery, and should not be able to fill our orders fast enough. They are a high concentration of the perfumes of the choicest and most fragrant flowers, and in part all the delicacy of a fresh bouquet to handkerchiefs, laces, clothing, gloves, and to many means. One tablet dissolved in a pint of water makes a delightful addition to the bath.

OUR GUARANTEE:

Upon receipt of 50 cents (a money-order or stamps) we will send, charges prepaid, a handsome package containing 12 large tablets of any one of the following odors:

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| IMPERIAL VIOLETS | SWEET VERBENA |
| CARNA TION PINKS | WHITE HYACINTHS |
| PERSIAN HELIOTROPE | JOCKEY CLUB |
| ENGLISH LAVENDER | PEAU D'ESPAGNE |
| ORANGE BLOSSOMS | LILY OF THE VALLEY |
| | ENGLISH LILACS |

and if you are not more than satisfied we will, of course, and without question, refund your money. We make this guarantee without fear, for Hudnut's perfume has stood 42 years for all that is best in the perfume art. Hudnut's Pharmacy, 203 Broadway, (Only) N.Y. (Est. 1855.) No connection with any other house of similar name

FREE!

A beautiful 6-sheet art calendar given away free to purchasers of FAIRY SOAP. This calendar is 10x12 inches in size, is designed by some of America's best artists, lithographed in 12 colors, and can be secured only through your grocer during the holiday season. Ask him for particulars. If he does not sell FAIRY SOAP—pure, white, floating—send us his name and we will tell you where you can get a

FAIRY CALENDAR

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

Chicago St. Louis New York Boston Philadelphia

Just the things for holiday gifts

LADIES' TURKISH SLIPPERS. Made of fine Turkish leather, embroidered, with handsome silk pompons, sizes 1 to 8, red, yellow, black, brown. 80c. a pair; postage, 6c. extra.

VANTINE'S SCARF. Made of the finest Japanese silk, 45 inches square. It weighs less than half an ounce. It is an ideal light wrap, and comes in Nile, old rose, black, turquoise, orange, scarlet, lavender, navy blue and cardinal. You can wash it and it still remains the beautiful Vantine scarf. Prices, including postage: Plain colors, \$1.25; rainbow colors, \$1.50.

WHITE CHINA SILK SHAWLS. Beautifully embroidered and fringed. 36 inches square, \$3.00; 40 inches square, \$7.50 and \$9.00; 45 inches square, \$12.50 and \$15.00; postage, 15c. extra.

MEN'S QUILTED SILK SMOKING JACKETS. Sizes 38 to 52 inches chest measure, black, brown and navy blue. \$5.00 each; postage, 35c. extra.

JAPANESE FANS. A splendid line to select from, 25c. to \$12.00 each. One of our special dollar fans is Empire shape, 11 1/2 inches long. It has handsomely decorated, enameled sticks, with decorations on fan of dainty floral and scroll designs and silver spangles; pink, light blue, light green, lavender, yellow. Postage, 5c. extra.



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DEMPSEY & CARROLL Wedding Invitations

Reception and Tea Cards

Exclusive styles, finest material
Visiting Cards, Roman Letter the newest
Mail Orders given special attention

26 West 23d Street, NEW YORK

CHRISTMAS FESTIVALS IN THE CHURCH
Arranged Especially for the Journal

TWO PROCESSIONS OF THE MONTHS

By Two Clever Women

THE entertainment outlined below can be made either simple or elaborate. Its success depends altogether upon the rendering of the little kindergarten songs, and upon the aptitude of the children chosen to represent the months of the year.

The twelve children selected to represent the several months of the year should be stationed behind a screen ready to answer promptly the leader's call.

Have all the other children seated on a platform in a half circle, each row a little higher than the row in front. The leader ought to be some one whom the children love, so that they will be ready to follow and imitate his every action. Questions best suited to introduce the months, and to give expression to the knowledge that each child possesses, may be asked.

THE LEADER BEGINS THE FESTIVAL

THE entertainment begins with an attention story, as follows: "This afternoon all the boys and girls of — Sunday-School are waiting for Santa Claus, and while we wait let us play that I am Father Time. First, let us strike the palace clock—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12." (Children and teacher strike right hands closed against palm of left, and count in unison.) "Now let us ring all the bells." The children sing, "Ring bells! Ring." (With motion of pulling bell rope.)

"Now I want twelve children to come to me, one at a time. Come, January."

Enter January, who calls out, "Happy, happy New Year."

Children return the greeting, and sing, "This is the Way the Snow Comes Down."

"It is now February's turn." Enter February.

"What do you bring to us?" "A birthday card."

"I wonder if you can tell me whose birthday it is?" The children shout in unison, "George Washington's!" and sing, "Columbus Sailed the Ocean Blue."

"Come, March." Enter March, bringing a kite, and the children sing the "Song of the Breezes."

APRIL SHOWERS AND MAY FLOWERS

AFTER March comes April, with her big umbrella for April showers. The children then sing "The Rainbow Fairies," and as the colors are named wave vari-colored cheesecloth sashes.

Then May enters, and the teacher says: "Let us play that we are all little gardeners." Then the children sing "The Little Plant," with motions as if planting.

"Ah, here comes June." Enter June, bringing a basket of roses.

"Come, July." Enter July, bringing a lot of flags, giving one to each child. The children then sing the flag song with the chorus:

"Hurrah! for these three little sisters,
Hurrah! for the red, white and blue."
"Come, August."

Enter August, carrying a traveling bag. "It is now September's turn."

Enter September, carrying a key, which the teacher explains, unlocks the orchard gates and schoolhouse doors, and the children sing "Good-by to Summer."

"Come, October." Enter October, carrying a big bag of nuts and autumn leaves, and the children sing "Come, Little Leaves."

Now let us call November." Enter November, carrying a big basket of fruit and vegetables. The children then sing "How the Corn Grew."

"November has something else in his basket, children. A letter from the President that tells us to stop our work and play for one day, and thank our Father for giving us everything we have. That one day we call Thanksgiving Day, and it always comes in November. At last we are ready for December."

As December enters a curtain is drawn aside revealing a Christmas tree. And the teacher says: "December brings Christmas and Santa Claus." The children sing:

"O, clap, clap the hands,
And sing out with glee!
For Christmas is coming
And merry are we!"

Sleigh bells are heard coming nearer and nearer, till Santa Claus enters. At that instant teacher and scholars wave their flags, and the presents are distributed.

Editor's Note—In the next (the January) issue of the Journal four special pages will be devoted to entertaining in the home, as follows: "Entertaining on a Small Income," "Light Refreshments Parties," and "Masquerade Parties for Children." During the year 1898 special attention will be given to church and home entertainments.

AN EFFECTIVE AND PRETTY PROCESSION

ANOTHER festival of the months can be represented in an entirely different way, and the Christmas tree, which is a most important part of the program, be so arranged as to be exhibited only at the end of the entertainment.

Place on the left side of the stage the person selected to portray the Old Year. He should be dressed in the character of Father Time, with a flowing white beard. Drape him with white sheets, and place near him fagots, twigs and branches to make up an effective background. The New Year should be personated by a young girl dressed in a costume suggesting Hope, who stands by a gate which bears on its rustic bars the figures 1898. The gate is opened by the New Year for the Months as they appear, being thrown wide open when December, as the Month of the Holy Night, comes upon the stage. When the Old Year and the New Year are in position the actual procession begins.

The Months enter from behind the curtain on the right and come through the gate. Each Month places a tribute at the feet of the New Year, and then passes from right to left, paying tribute to the Old Year, who bows to them as they take their places, standing beside him. The Months, as they enter, remain upon the stage until the end of the entertainment.

THE WINTER AND SPRING MONTHS

JANUARY is represented by a child dressed in white. He is harnessed with sleigh bells, and drags a sled filled with snowballs made of cotton wool. He enters through the gate, and salutes the New Year, at whose feet he places a few snowballs. He then hurries off and places himself beside the Old Year, while the precentor, who stands near the gate, calls out: "Ring out the old, ring in the new."

This precentor calls out the name of each Month, and recites a verse appropriate to each one as its representative enters.

Next enters February, which is represented by a young girl dressed as a Valentine. She carries a large heart pierced by an arrow, and places it at the feet of the New Year as the precentor announces February.

March follows, and is represented by a boy, who drives a plow, upon which are placed some hares, such as are sold for filling with candy. These he leaves at the feet of the New Year.

April is represented by a tiny girl carrying a big umbrella. She places some wild flowers at the feet of the New Year and passes on to take her place beside March. As she reaches the gate she pauses for a moment to put down her umbrella, and make way for May and her attendants.

THE MAY QUEEN AND THE GIRL GRADUATE

MAY is represented by a May Queen and her attendants, the crown of the Queen being the tribute to the New Year.

June is charmingly personified by a "Sweet Girl Graduate" in cap and gown. She enters reading a thesis, and carrying a large bouquet of roses, which she leaves as tribute to the New Year.

July is represented by harvesters. Bundles of grain, brightened by paper poppies, a sickle and rakes, form essential symbols to the decorative figures which bring July in their wake.

August being associated with bathing and the seashore, children in bathing costumes prettily portray this month.

AUTUMN, THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS

SEPTEMBER is represented by a girl in a peasant's costume with a basket piled with grapes, which is her tribute to the New Year; October by a girl whose dress is decorated with autumn leaves; she carries a basket of nuts for tribute.

November is represented by a young man and a young girl dressed in skating costumes, with skates swung over their shoulders. They carry a large cornucopia, with the word "Thanksgiving" on it, which is laid at the feet of the New Year.

December enters next. Its representative makes neither tribute nor reverence, but all make obeisance to her. A girl dressed as Night, with a large gold star in her crown, enters as the other Months. The gate is flung wide at her approach. She is attended by two shepherds with crooks. She kneels in the centre of the stage, and all the Months come around her, forming a semi-circle behind her.

At this point the curtain is withdrawn, revealing the brightly-lighted tree; a chorus breaks out with a Christmas carol, and thus the moving tableaux end.

The plan outlined above is capable of much embellishment. The Christmas tree is, in itself, an object upon which much time and thought may be lavished.

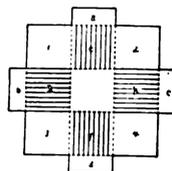
DAINTY CHRISTMAS CANDY BOXES

By Wilhelmena Seegmiller

FOR making these inexpensive, yet beautiful, boxes, use water-color paper, and decorate them with simple designs. Trim with knots of ribbon. For joinings use paste or glue. In the drawings given the full lines show where the paper is to be cut, and the

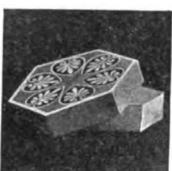
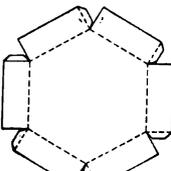


No. 1



dashes where the lines fold. Score the lines with a knife before folding.

To make the box in Illustration No. 1 use a pinking-iron to pink oblongs A, B, C and D. Fold squares 1 and 2 under E, and 3 and 4 under F. Cut lines a quarter of an inch apart in squares E, F, G and H.



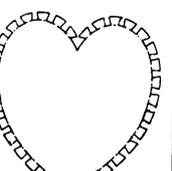
No. 2

Use ribbon a quarter of an inch wide, and weave it under one and over another.

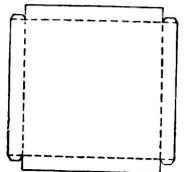
The pattern of the cover in Illustration No. 2 is the same as that given for the box. The cover should be very slightly larger than the box. Laps are provided for pasting, 1 being pasted at 2, etc.



No. 3



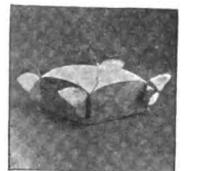
After preparing the heart-shaped base represented in the pattern drawing in Illustration No. 3 cut two long, straight strips of paper, each equal in width to the desired depth of the box, and long enough to fit around the heart shape, and to provide for a lap to join the ends of the strip



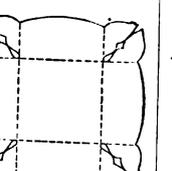
No. 4

together. Fold up the laps around the base, and paste one strip of paper on the outside and the other on the inside.

The patterns for the box and the cover in Illustration No. 4 are the same. The cover should be made slightly larger than the box. The box may be decorated with

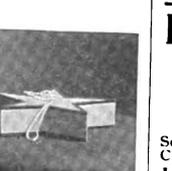
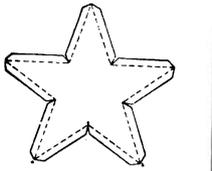


No. 5



a design of holly leaves and berries in flat washes of green and red, and bound with bright crimson satin ribbon.

When the pattern is cut out and folded for the box in Illustration No. 5 it should be stitched at the four corners where the butterfly wings come together. The sides



No. 6

of the box should be tinted with some soft tone, and the butterflies painted and the ribbon chosen to harmonize.

When making No. 6 draw a circle, and divide the circumference into five parts.

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome



Mrs. IRVING

WHO SUGGESTED THE NAME OF "THE KING'S DAUGHTERS" AT THE FOUNDING OF THE ORDER IN NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1886

HEART TO HEART TALKS

NOW few words are said by those who stand at altars to pledge themselves to each other "till death shall part." They only say, "I will." Ah, only God knows how much they mean, and He alone knows whether the vow is kept. The heroes and heroines are not always in novels. A lovely, earnest face comes before me as a voice says, "I shall stand by him. I took him for better or worse; it has turned out worse, but I shall stand by my vow. I will do everything I can to help him save his soul, and I believe I shall find the way to do it."

A RECENT EXPERIENCE OF MINE

I WAS at an unseen altar last summer, and I said "yes" as an unseen one asked me some questions. They were not unfamiliar ones. In this spiritual life there are crises when again you find yourself passing a deeper way and the old questions mean more. When only a girl of eighteen I had been at that same altar, and very close questions were asked me then, and I said "yes"; and I remember other times of deep significance when solemn questions were asked me. On the afternoon of which I write I found myself again at that altar, and more went into that "yes," as the solemn question came to my ear, than any but the unseen will ever know.

I should not be true to you if I did not tell you this. The one who gave the name of "Heart to Heart Talks" may have builded better than he knew! For me not to tell you the best my heart holds would not measure up to the name, and this may account for much I write and much that I do not write. As the time goes on, the page becomes more solemn and sacred to me, and will be increasingly so as long as I can hold a pen. Until the pen drops and my hands are folded you shall have my heart. I will talk it out, write it out as best I can. So now I tell you of that experience of last summer. The question was, "Will you die to the remains of the self in you?" Perhaps I can illustrate what I mean, for I do so want you to understand me.

I WANTED THE REAL SELF TO DIE

IN OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" there is a character named John, and he is represented at one time as soliloquizing over himself. He says, in so many words, "Now, there are three Johns: there is my John, and other people's John, and the real John." So I wanted the self that was not what God wanted—the real self—to die, and I said "yes" to a number of questions that came to me. Oh, how often I had said:

"Oh, hide this self from me that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live."

And it is very real to me, as I write, that a less deep experience than this might not be understood, as people of every shade of opinion read this JOURNAL, and perhaps on no one subject would all agree as on this, that the one need of the human heart is to get rid of its selfishness.

Editor's Note—Mrs. Bottome's talks to The King's Daughters will continue throughout next year. An exceedingly helpful paper in an early issue will give many bright suggestions and ideas for "New Lines of Work for the Circles," to which Mrs. Bottome has given careful study.

STOPPING TO COUNT THE COST

OCASIONALLY we meet those who seem to have reached the sunny land. They give us the impression of perfect peace, and perfect love, and perfect joy. When with them we only think how lovely the Master is. I know this is rare, and rare because so costly. So few are willing to pay the price.

It is just as it is with us women as we stand at a counter and ask the price of an article that we wish. "What is the price?" we say, and we are told, and then we hesitate; it will cost more than we expected, and as we hesitate we, perhaps, hear the words, "We have something cheaper." Oh, but we do not want the cheaper; now that we have seen this we do not want to look at anything else.

ARE WE WILLING TO PAY THE COST?

PERHAPS we say we will take it. We are resolved to pay the cost in order to have what we want, or maybe we turn away, saying to ourselves or aloud, "It is too much." That is just what the young lawyer did in the New Testament. He came in sight of transcendent loveliness of character and he wanted it, but it was very costly. The Master said, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven: and come and follow Me," and he came near to doing it. But he felt that it was too much, and so we read, "He went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions." He missed the true riches which only can be ours if we say "yes" to God's question, "Will you die to sin and to self?" Oh, the letters that come to me telling me the sad, sad story, and I can read as plain as day that they have gone directly the way God told them not to go; and yet so loving, so tender is the One who came to be a Saviour. He still cries: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

LAUNCHING OUT INTO THE DEEP

OUT in New York Bay there lie ships. Some can go right out to sea, others have gone out a little distance and no further. Why? There is a line to the Jersey shore. Let the shore-line go and they will soon be out to sea. Oh, there are so many just hanging around the shore. Launch out, launch out into the deep, and let the shore-line go. There is a life of joy, a childlike, happy life, so free from care (not from work), and so few seem to know the life. While professing to be followers of the One who wrote the "Sermon on the Mount" they belie almost every word He spoke. They "take care," when He bids them not to. They look at the birds, and they do not "consider"; they have no joy when persecuted for righteousness' sake.

I have just read of the young soldier who wrote to the one to whom he was to be married in a few days, "Yours till death." Undoubtedly that was a long way off to him. He was dreaming of all the years of happy wedded life with the one he loved, but in less than four minutes he had passed death. The lightning struck him. He had not five minutes to be hers. In the life that succeeds death to selfishness there is no death. "What seems so is transition." Sin, selfishness, is the real death.

A LIFE OF CONSECRATION TO DUTY

SELDOM do I have such an opportunity as was mine a few weeks ago when I went to speak to The King's Daughters in the suburbs of the city of New York. I was introduced, after my arrival, to a Daughter in our Order who had just arrived from Syria. The story she told of the sufferings of the Armenians decided the Daughters to make an offering for that object. Every word I said to the Daughters that afternoon the Daughter from Syria took down, for she understood stenography, and before she slept that night she had written every word in Arabic, and the next morning it went off to the far East in the mail steamer, and the offering in money the needy had the benefit of the next day, for the amount was immediately cabled to the bank. What wonderful times we are living in. Where are the girls who will consecrate themselves to the noblest life, which must be a life of entire consecration to God, which means the needs of His suffering humanity?

THE HEROISM OF THE CHRISTIAN

WILL not some of the young girls who read this page decide on a life which must be the outcome of a heart entirely consecrated to God? We must have a more heroic style of Christianity. Our Daughters read novels and fall in love with the heroes and heroines, but of what good is that if they are neither heroes nor heroines themselves? There are hymns that I hear seldom given out, even in church, these days, and in a sense I am glad of it, for it is not elevating to character to sing what we do not mean, and yet those hymns have in them the essence of what I have been speaking about:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken
All to leave and follow Thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or wished, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and Heaven are still my own."

IN TOUCH WITH UNIVERSAL GIRLHOOD

I HARDLY know why I have such a passionate memory of my girlhood, unless it be that it keeps me in touch with universal girlhood, but I am getting concerned about the ordinary girlhood of even our churches. There is a lack in a great deal of it, and the higher education will not give what I see is the deepest need. The deepest need is love, not work; work will follow love, but love is the deepest need, and either that hunger of the heart for love—for the love of a person—God can supply, or it is not true that He can supply all our need. The deepest need in my heart is a satisfying love, and the need in God (I say it reverently) is for our love. Will you say, "Come to my heart, Lord Jesus; there is room in my heart for Thee?" Then the world will have the benefit of you. And the world's pitiful cry is everywhere if we will only heed it. He was in this world to heal, to bind up.

THE BEING AND THE DOING

ALL our Order means, after giving ourselves to be what He wants us to be, is simply to do what He gives us to do. I get tired sometimes of having people write to me asking me what they shall do. If you do as I have suggested—give yourselves to God, and then say, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"—it will not be long before the Holy Spirit will suggest something for you to do, though it may not be something very great. You may not at once start a day nursery or build a hospital as has been done by some Circles. If you have money it will come to you what to do with the money God has given you, but many have no money, and yet much can be done with little money or with none. Saint Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." And we always have something; we can have faith without money.

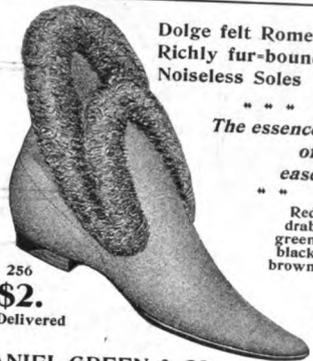
Oh, if we will only be emptied of worldly ambition and fired with a burning zeal to serve Christ there will be a move somewhere, but nothing ordinary will accomplish this. We must have the extraordinary! Christ knew this when He said: "I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of My mouth." Do not make any mistakes. Christ is alive and sees all that is going on; sees all your intense interest in every race, in every contest, in all the training that must be gone through to fit you for the race. So the word has been written: "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

Margaret Bottome

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EASY LESSONS IN SEWING

By Emma M. Hooper

III—MAKING A PETTICOAT



LARGE class of women make their long and short petticoats, even when the remainder of the underwear is bought ready-made. The petticoats are easy to make with a machine and some knowledge of sewing, and are a good introduction to the more important task of dressmaking for a beginner. The shape remains the same, though the trimming changes, for many seasons, and a paper pattern, costing a trifle, will be the only expense outside of the material. A pattern is needed to shape the seams properly, which depends upon the cutter, not on the description or picture. A yoke effect is always preferred for long and short petticoats, as it reduces the quantity of clothes massed about the waist-line and apparently lengthens the waist.

MATERIALS AND COLORS

TAFFETA silk, alpaca, moreen, mohair, twilled flannel or coarse ladies' cloth, seersucker, pongee, sateen, grass linen, muslin, cambric and batiste are the fabrics more commonly used for the long petticoat worn next to the dress skirt. The various cotton materials imitating silk in finish and appearance have multiplied astonishingly during the past two years, and in black and plain colors are very desirable for the petticoat which is worn next to the dress skirt.

Black petticoats, like black hosiery, may be worn with any gown, but many colored ones are sold in the different materials. The seersucker and linens are striped; alpaca, flannel, etc., plain, and the taffeta in solid black, fancy stripes, figures, plaids and glacé grounds of two colors.

There are also exquisite satin brocades, but these are intended for those to whom expense is not an object, and do not figure in the greater number of outfits. After black comes green, red brown, navy blue and stone gray for winter use, and lighter shades for the summer. Alpaca wears well, and does not cling to the figure; neither do moiré, percaline or linen—not crash—and no petticoat should, for this adds to the weight and impedes the walking. Seersucker washes well, but is heavy, and outside of silk, silk imitations, alpaca and linen all of the materials are weighty, which is against their worth. Healthful dressing certainly means light-weight skirts, and the necessary warmth should be given by wool underwear, not heavy skirts dragging one down with every step.

A DESIGN WHICH ANSWERS FOR ALL FIGURES

THE stoutest and the most slender figure can wear a petticoat made after the following proportions, which are for a medium-sized person, with a twenty-four-inch waist and the length thirty-nine inches, an inch shorter than a medium-length gown: The skirt is two yards and three-quarters wide, requiring six yards and a half of silk, five yards of twenty-seven-inch alpaca or three yards and half of yard-wide goods.

This does not allow for any ruffles, but two yards and a half of silk and the other goods in proportion will make two ruffles sufficiently wide and full. They set better when cut on the bias unless of batiste, cambric and such fabrics. This petticoat has the yoke effect cut in one with the garment, and the front width at the top has three short darts. Before they are taken up this width measures twelve inches at the top and twenty-four at the lower edge, with tiny gores there when of taffeta, which is twenty and twenty-two inches wide. The gore on each side has the front edge straight, one dart at the top, where it is nine inches wide, and eighteen at the lower edge.

The two back widths are straight, each twenty inches wide. The gores at the top shape the front and sides smoothly over the figure, and a bias facing an inch and a half deep finishes the top. A buttonhole is worked on each side of the back lengthwise and five inches from the side seam, in the skirt part only, not the facing, and a drawing-string of cotton or silk braid or tape run from the right seam, where it is fastened, to come out at the left buttonhole, and *vice versa*, thus forming gathers when the strings are pulled and tied in front. Face the bottom with the goods, or with percaline if silk, six inches deep, and finish with a velveteen binding, mohair or cotton braid, according to the material. The petticoat is then ready for the ruffles of either the same goods or silk.

Editor's Note—In these "Easy Lessons in Sewing" the following have already appeared:
I—"How to Make a Dress," August
II—"The Sleeves and Trimming," October
III—"Making a Petticoat," December
This series will continue into 1898 with "How to Cut and Make Underclothes" and "How to Make Baby Clothes," with a special article on "Making and Trimming a Hat."

THE NEWEST UMBRELLA SKIRT

THE petticoat described for all figures may be adapted to the stoutest by cutting the top of each piece wider and using another width at the centre back. This same petticoat is also made with the back cut off half way down and filled in with three widths gathered on as a deep ruffle. The lower trimming and facing are then applied as usual. The umbrella skirt is liked by those wanting a very full effect, which is given by a Spanish flounce fifteen inches deep sewed to breadths twenty-four inches long. Of yard-wide material this needs six yards, or of silk ten yards and a half, including a narrow ruffle on the edge of the flounce. The two back widths are straight, and each twenty inches wide; the front is twenty inches at the lower edge and eleven at the upper. The first side width is five and eleven inches, and the second one is five and twelve inches on the upper and lower edges. A gored edge comes next to a straight one, except at centre back, where both edges are straight. There are two darts at top of front breadth and one in the front side gore. The top is finished as for the ordinary skirt, and the edge of the Spanish flounce bound with velveteen, the tiny ruffle over this hiding the binding.

THE DIFFERENT STYLES OF RUFFLES

THE bias ruffles gathered, with or without a cord, are the simplest known. Of these there may be two to five, according to their depth. Others have three cords run in an inch-deep hem, which keeps the ruffles standing out. Knife-plaited ruffles should be cut across the goods, and these have a straight or pointed lower edge; the latter is a large scallop before it is plaited up. On silk petticoats a ruffle of lace is frequently seen above a silk one, or a deep silk flounce supports a festooned one of lace with ribbon bows as a heading. Tucked ruffles are used, and lovely, though troublesome, ruffles show a section of diagonal tucks alternating with lace inserting. Narrow velvet and satin ribbon are used in several rows to finish silk ruffles, rows of inserting are let in others.

On changeable silk petticoats a knife-plaited flounce of a plain color is seen beneath a ruffle of lace run on narrow ribbon of the same shade, which is tied every few inches in a cluster of loops. A gathered ruffle of silk may have the lower edge cut in Vandykes, edged with narrow lace, slightly full, and allowed to fall over a ruffle simply hemmed. Spanish flounces are striped crosswise and lengthwise with lace inserting—Valenciennes or Chantilly—or may have two rows of inserting above two ruffles of lace. A box-plaited *ruche* pinked on both edges makes a fluffy, effective finish for a deep flounce.

COLORS SKIRTS FOR ORDINARY WEAR

A SILK or alpaca petticoat wears longer if lined with percaline, but this makes a perceptible difference in the weight. Sateen and alpaca skirts are lined through the upper part with flannel for the winter and percaline below. All of these materials are fashioned like the designs described, and trimmed with two or more ruffles that may be edged with one row of number one satin or velvet ribbon in a color on black and *vice versa*. Taffeta silk ruffles are frequently put on alpaca skirts, making them next to silk; finish with the facing and binding described. A seersucker, linen or pongee that will be washed more or less should have simply ruffles, often embroidered in silk. Sateen makes a light but clinging garment, but a slightly stiff percaline or cotton material like taffeta stands out from the wearer.

Cloth petticoats should have a scanty ruffle headed with a band of contrasting color, velvet ribbon or braid, but they are too heavy to be recommended. The French or bag seam, made by stitching near the raw edges on the right side, then a deeper seam on the wrong side, is the neatest finish for all petticoats. The divided petticoat, worn in place of an underskirt and drawers, is of pongee, taffeta or Japanese silk, cashmere, alpaca, flannel, cambric, etc. This consists simply of a deep yoke buttoning in the back and with four darts. The leg portion is a yard and a half wide for each side, seamed up, gathered to the yoke, with shaped extensions back and front, and hangs as long as a short skirt, or three inches below the bend of the knees. This is trimmed with a ruffle of the goods, lace, embroidery, etc. Since the narrower dress skirts have been adopted the weighty moreen petticoats have been most fortunately neglected. Moreen skirts were in great demand two years ago, but are no longer worn.

PETTICOATS OF MUSLIN, CAMBRIC AND BATISTE

SKIRTS of batiste and other materials are cut in the general design and umbrella fashion. Batiste is so soft and sheer that it should be worn over a cambric petticoat, and trimmed with lace inserting, tucked ruffles and Valenciennes edging. This fabric is used in white, black, light blue, green, lavender, red, yellow and pink, trimmed in white or cream lace. Cambric is used with Hamburg or nainsook embroidery rather than lace and tucks galore. The ruffles should be cut straight or the ironing will pull them askew. Crosswise and lengthwise tucking alternate with inserting, and the entire ruffle may be of diagonal tucks and strips of inserting. Other ruffles have lengthwise strips of inch-and-a-half wide inserting every six inches. Ruffles of embroidered edging are usually from five to ten inches deep.

Muslin skirts are decorated with a ruffle of cambric finished with a cluster of tucks, with embroidered edging or cambric ruffles having a row of Hamburg inserting on the edge. A cluster of three or five tiny tucks heads the top ruffles, the lower one being stitched down over the raw edge of the ruffle. Select embroidery or lace with small holes as it wears well.

THE SHORT CAMBRIC UNDERSKIRT

THIS is made of cambric or muslin, and is always worn with a corset-cover when a chemise is not worn and very often when it is. It should be just the length of the chemise or drawers, and may be made with a band or yoke, though for reasons given before I cannot recommend the former. There is a drawing-string from the side seams to the back, where a placket opening is left. There is one back breadth the width of the cambric, one side width seventeen and ten inches wide at the upper and lower edges, and the front thirteen and twenty-three inches wide. The entire lower edge is two yards and a half wide after seaming. There is always a two-inch hem, and two or more clusters of tucks above, or the latter may be divided by inserting or embroidery. On the edge of the hem there may be a ruffle of torchon, *point d'esprit* or Valenciennes lace, cambric tucked or embroidered. The lace should be whipped on; the other is sewed between the edges of the facing and outside if a facing forms the hem, as it should do with such a finish. The upper edges of the front and side widths are slightly gathered to fit around the yoke. Use the French seam, and remember that underwear should be neatly made or not at all. It costs no more to buy the ready-made, but if made at home one can certainly get better materials for the same price. Do not overtrim, for that means hard work in the laundry, needless trouble in the making, and added expense.

THE FLANNEL UNDER PETTICOAT

THE ready-made models have a yoke of muslin with a drawing-string, but the best paper patterns have a three-inch yoke buttoning in the back without any fullness. Two yards and a half of flannel is allowed for a petticoat with one straight back width, one narrow gored one, and a front measuring two yards and a quarter on the lower edge, both sides coming out of one width of the goods. A two-inch hem like the seams should be catstitched down, doing the latter on the right side and using crocheted silk or flax threads. The yoke is ornamented in a similar manner, using black on red, red on gray or blue, etc., in contrast. Nothing more is needed, but a crocheted edge is often applied of the silk, a ruffle of torchon or Valenciennes lace, or an embroidered edge and scallop is soon accomplished if one is versed in the art. It is a good plan to put in an inch tuck, for flannel will shrink and the extra length is soon needed.

Elaborate flannel skirts have a scalloped edge and vine of silk embroidery over a full lace ruffle. The embroidered flannel bought by the yard cannot be gored as it would spoil the work, but it may be seamed at the centre back and gathered to the yoke straight, using two yards of the flannel for the width of the petticoat.

THE MATINÉE OR LOUNGING ROBE

I CAN hardly write of petticoats without introducing the fancy one of white or colored China silk, batiste or cambric with an elaborate dressing sacque to match, the two pieces forming a *matinée* or morning costume. Like a wrapper these are not supposed to be worn outside of the bedroom, though permissible in the privacy of a family breakfast, for which purpose it was first introduced in France. These two pieces may be worn as a white lawn wrapper would be. The sacque is always loose in fit with an Empire or Watteau back, V half low or high neck; half-flowing or close sleeves, and as much lace and embroidery as ingenuity can fathom in crosswise and lengthwise effects. Colored ribbons are worn on the wrists, shoulders, at the neck, as a belt and sash ends, or a long, loosely-tied bow on the side or in front. They are charming for a bridal outfit or a woman of leisure, or for an invalid who is unable to leave her room, but not for busy women, except as lounging robes.

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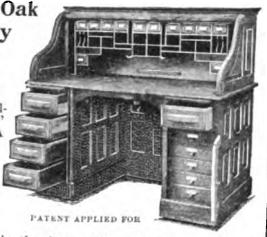
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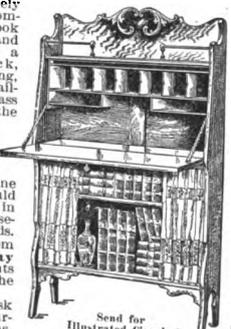


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THE LITTLE DOMESTIC CYCLOPEDIA

Practical Suggestions from Contributors

THE wise housekeeper is the one who is ever on the alert for the suggestions which shall help to make the wheels of her household run smoothly. For just such women has this "Little Domestic Cyclopaedia" been prepared. The department will not be a regular one, but will appear from time to time, and will be filled with the most helpful hints and suggestions of new ways of doing things and new devices for lightening the labors of the housewife.

Washing Glass.—To wash a glass from which milk has been poured, plunge first into cold water before putting it into warm. The same rule holds good with egg cups or spoons from which eggs have been eaten.—**ADA CLEMENTS.**

Impure Water.—The quality of water may be tested by putting about a pint into a clear glass bottle with a stopper. Add to it a few grains of white lump sugar, and expose the bottle in a light, warm room for ten days. If the water then has a thick or discolored appearance it is impure and not fit for drinking purposes. It is unwise to allow drinking water to run through lead pipes.—**CAROLINE WOODWARD.**

Repairing Garden Hose.—To make a good cement for this purpose, add shellac gradually to two ounces of naphtha, working them together until of the consistency of thin glue. This mixture should be spread upon strips of kid, which should be fastened tightly around the perfectly dry hose over the leak, and allowed to remain a day before the hose is again used. Remember that the vapor from naphtha readily ignites, therefore have neither light nor fire near by.—**RETTA WOOD.**

How to Care for Gloves.—When fastening a glove always button the second button first. This removes the strain from the wrist button. Never pull at the finger ends when removing gloves. Draw them wrong side out from the wrist, and allow them to remain until thoroughly cooled before turning them again. Do not roll gloves into a ball; always spread them out flat and draw the fingers into shape. Dark gloves have the effect of diminishing, while light ones increase the apparent size of the hand.—**VIRGINIA HUNTER.**

Helps for the Kitchen.—If grease is spilled upon the kitchen stove throw a handful of salt upon it, and it will prevent any disagreeable odor from arising. If you use an oil or gas stove keep a box of sand near at hand in case of an accident. Sand will extinguish burning oil when water will only increase the flames. Occasionally put some oyster shells in your kitchen stove and you will not be annoyed by clinkers. Clean your brooms and brushes by a brisk washing in strong ammonia water, dipping them in and out of the water until they seem clean. Then dry as quickly as possible.—**JANE BENSON.**

Position During Sleep.—It has been asserted by some scientists that the head of the bed should be placed to the north, so that the polar current may strike vertically through the body toward the feet; others advocate a very low pillow, allowing the neck to remain unbent. Many people, however, prefer a more upright attitude during sleep, and some sufferers from insomnia even go so far as to have the spring mattress slightly elevated at the top, so as to form a low inclined plane. The correct position to assume while seeking sleep is on the right side, especially after eating. The breathing should be done through the nose, and the mouth kept shut if possible.—**B. F. HERRICK.**

Washing Lace.—Delicate laces or finely-embroidered pocket handkerchiefs should never be sent to the laundry nor placed in the family wash, but cleaned carefully by their owners. Place the soiled pieces of lace in a bowlful of warm suds made from white Castile soap, and allow them to remain over night; the next morning squeeze each piece dry in your hands, and place them in another bowl of soapsuds; move them about, gently squeeze them as free from the suds as possible and rinse them in clear warm water. Take a tablespoonful of white gum-arabic and dissolve it in a pint of boiling water, and when it is almost cool dip the lace or handkerchiefs in it; squeeze dry, shake gently and spread them upon a piece of glass, flattening out all the leaves and embroidered edges. When they are quite dry remove them from the glass.—**ANNIE LAURENCE.**

Editor's Note.—Readers are invited to send new and practical suggestions that are unpublished to this column. They must be clear, simple and explicit. All accepted contributions will be paid for.

Lamp Wicks.—To prevent the wick of a candle from smouldering hold it higher than the mouth when blowing it out, and blow upward. If lamp wicks are soaked thoroughly in vinegar before being used they will not smoke.—**MAY STONE.**

A Good Sedative.—Two ounces of spirits of camphor, two ounces of ammonia, a cup and a half of sea-salt and two cups of alcohol form a good sedative with which to lightly sponge the body when one is fatigued. Pour these ingredients into a quart bottle and fill it with boiling water. This sedative is exceedingly soothing and restful, and soon induces refreshing sleep if the person immediately lies down.—**MRS. C. P. MATLACK.**

Lime-Water.—Select a large, wide-mouthed stone jar, and fill it to the depth of four inches with slacked lime; then fill the jar with clear water, shake once or twice and allow it to stand for twenty-four hours; then strain through a piece of cheesecloth. Pour into a bottle, cork and set away in a cool place until needed. You may continue to pour water in the jar and proceed as before until all the lime has been absorbed.—**ELIZABETH JAMES.**

Hot Milk a Stimulant.—When overcome by bodily fatigue or exhausted by brain labor no stimulant, so called, serves so well the purpose of refreshment and rest, both bodily and mentally, as milk. When heated as hot as one can readily take it it may be sipped slowly from a tumbler, and as it is easily digested one feels very soon its beneficial effects. Few persons realize the stimulating qualities of this simple beverage.—**MRS. J. B. COLEMAN.**

Teating Eggs.—The density of eggs decreases as they grow old. If a new-laid egg is placed in a pint of water into which two ounces of salt are dissolved it will immediately fall to the bottom. One laid the previous day will float a short distance from the bottom. An egg three days old will remain half way down the vessel containing the liquid, and a still older one will float on top. The surface of fresh eggs is like lime, that of stale eggs has a glossy appearance.—**AMY BROWN.**

Spots and Stains.—Coffee stains may be removed from table linen by pouring boiling water over the stained portions. Subsequent washings in clear warm water with a good laundry soap will completely eradicate the stains. Fruit stains may be removed in the same way while they are fresh; if, however, they are of long standing soak them in sour milk for a day or two, then lay them on the grass in the sun, having previously placed some salt upon the spots; in a couple of hours the linen may be brought in, washed, scalded and hung out to dry as free from blemish as when it was new. Ink stains may be removed by the application of salts of lemon, or salt and lemon juice, and exposure to the hot sun.—**MARY LANE.**

A Garden on a Sponge.—Dampen a very large and coarse sponge and hang it by a cord in the inside of the window at the top. Sprinkle it thoroughly with clover, flax or mustard seed, and very soon you will have a pretty round mass of green. Keep the window open as much as possible and the sponge very wet. Should there be any bare spots when the seeds begin to sprout, sprinkle the sponge again, so that it may be altogether hidden when the growth is completed. Another novelty is a mat of grass made by cutting a piece of flannel the size of a large, deep plate, placing it therein, covering it with water and sprinkling it in the same manner as the sponge. Keep it on a sunny window-seat, moisten frequently, and you will have a pretty piece of green to gladden your eyes.—**MAUD CLARE.**

Mending Undergarments.—If the garments to be mended are of wool take patches from woolen knit goods or flannel, and instead of thread use fine woolen yarn to sew with. When putting a patch on undergarments or hosiery, cut away all shreds and the parts that are worn very thin from about the hole; then cut the patch large enough not only to cover the hole but extend beyond the worst-worn parts to the firm, strong goods. Place the patch smoothly over the hole on the wrong side of the garment, with the grain of the patch cornerwise—that is, with the threads of the patch running diagonally across the goods; then baste it in place and cross-stitch down the edge; turn, and fasten the edge of the goods to the patch either by cross-stitching very carefully with short, fine stitches, or by felling. A patch put on in this way will neither be harsh nor pull.—**IMOGENE E. JOHNSON.**



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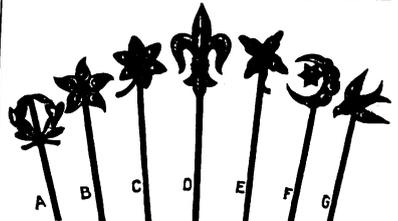
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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS
BY RUTH ASHMORE

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

MAE S.—Flowers which have a distinct fragrance should never be used for dinner-table decorations.

NATALIE—Mrs. Burton Harrison resides in New York City, where her husband is a prominent lawyer.

EDNA R.—Queen Victoria's Daughters are all said to be versed in housewifely accomplishments, as well as in other less important ones.

CORRESPONDENT—A Letter should be folded to fit the envelope, and in such a way that the last page is seen first on drawing it from its cover.

K. D.—A Question of Kinship. The child of your mother's cousin is your cousin once removed. The children of first cousins are second cousins.

H. J.—Answering Invitations. It is not absolutely necessary to answer invitations to church weddings or to afternoon teas, but it is courteous and proper to do so.

GRACE—Shaker Settlements are, for convenience, divided into families, consisting of brothers and sisters, who live in the same house and are governed by an elder or elders.

ELSIE—Chaperons. It would be wise for a party of young people, numbering eighteen or twenty, to have a pleasant married lady accompany them as chaperon on their excursion.

EVANSTON—Homestead Act. A married woman, or a single woman who is legally the head of a household, is entitled to the same privileges as a man under the Homestead Act.

PHILIPPA—A Matter of Courtesy. As your clergyman has presented you with a beautiful white ivory prayer-book, you may, if you wish, carry it at your wedding in place of a bouquet.

Y. Y.—A Question of Precedence. You did perfectly right in helping your wife after all the ladies present had been served; it would have been very bad taste indeed if any of the gentlemen guests had been attended to before she was.

G. B.—Introductions. Do not attempt to introduce one person to a number of people at the same time. Present him or her to two or three people who will be pleasant to the stranger, and, later in the evening, introduce your other friends to the visitor.

J. L. A.—Keep Up Your French by studying a little each day. Learn some simple little rhymes or fables by heart, and recite them, even though you have no listeners. Only in this way can you hope to retain the accent which you say you have acquired.

LAURA—Ivory Piano Keys may be cleaned by using a preparation made of two-thirds alcohol to one-third of sweet oil. Put this in a dish of custard, and rub dry with a soft piece of flannel until no sign of the mixture remains, but the keys are bright and show their natural color.

LILY—A Social Letter may be written as a book is printed, with the pages following each other, but there is a fancy just now, because such an arrangement makes easy reading, to write on the first and third pages crosswise, and on the second and fourth pages lengthwise of the sheet.

DORA—Dinner Cards are always used at formal dinners, and are of all sorts and shapes. Probably the most popular ones are those of plain white cardboard, in size and shape resembling an ordinary visiting-card, with a crest, a monogram, a pretty device or an apt quotation above the guest's name.

M. S.—The Names of Food. Sally Lunn was a pastry cook famous for her tea cakes. She lived in Bath about 1776. Charlotte is a corruption of the old English charlyt, which was a dish of custard. A charlotte russe is simply a Russian charlotte. Macaroni is taken from the Greek derivation, meaning the "blessed dead." Its name referred to the custom of serving it at funeral feasts.

JANE C.—A Christmas Gift that is quite inexpensive to give to your girl friend would be a pretty teakettle-holder. With it might go the clever rhyme:

"There is a hand so dear to me
That when I see it making tea,
The greatest fear that comes to me
Is that the handle will be med.
And this I have so often had to see
That now I send this little holder."

R. T.—Manuscripts. It is advisable to have manuscripts typewritten, but if you are in a neighborhood where this cannot be done then write out your copy as clearly as possible, and on one side of the paper only. Be careful to number your pages, and write your name and address at the top of the first page. If this is done no letter of explanation need go with it. Send sufficient stamps for the return of your manuscript in case it should be rejected.

BRIDR—Rules for Housekeeping. I should not advise you to begin your married life by having any arbitrary rules in connection with your housework. Allow your one maid to plan her work, and if you find that things go smoothly, and that she is not careless nor extravagant, continue to allow her to do so. If things are not satisfactory, have a gentle talk with her, and explain your reasons for altering her routine. Try and teach her to have your interests at heart by being interested in her and her work. As you say your household is likely to be an irregular one on account of your prospective husband's work it will be just as well for you to have no "iron-clad" rules.

N. Y. L.—The New Dress Skirts are much narrower than those of last season. The extremely wide skirt is seldom seen, except for evening wear, and then it is that marvel in dressmaking—the circular skirt cut in one piece. The skirt preferred has never more than five gores. The front and side breadths are almost straight, fit smoothly over the hips, and all the fullness is in the back in small box-plaits. The skirt still flares around the feet, and either a narrow facing of haircloth, not more than three inches wide, is required to produce this effect, or else a silk skirt with many ruffles is worn for the purpose. Braids, ribbons, or whatever seems in harmony with the material, is used upon the fashionable skirt, which is seldom untrimmed.

M. L. R.—The Best Exercise. A celebrated physician says that he considers walking the very best exercise that can be taken; tennis, he believes, is too violent; cycling renders women awkward in their walk; cricket is also an uneven exercise; golfing the strokes made are not conducive to the cultivation of physical beauty, since to drive a ball a long way the club must be raised above the striker's head and brought down to the ball with a sideways motion, twisting the body from the waist; riding is one-sided, and croquet is not exercise at all. Walking, however, may be fast or slow, according to the desire or health of the individual. Walking is probably the only exercise which calls every part of the body into active and healthy motion.

AMANDA—College Colors. The colors of Vassar are pink and gray; of Bryn Mawr, yellow and white.

WESTERN GIRL—Wedding Cards should be sent out at least two weeks before the day appointed for the wedding ceremony.

INSULATOR—Leap Year. The year 1900 will not be a leap year. The centennial years are only leap years when they may be divided by four hundred.

C. E. B.—Mourning. It is perfectly right for a lady to wear plain black, with or without a crepe, for six months or longer, out of respect to the memory of her husband's mother.

R. D. H.—President McKinley was born at Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, on January 22, 1843. Mr. McKinley's hair is light brown slightly sprinkled with gray; his eyes are hazel.

IGNORANCE—Letters of Condolence should be written as soon as possible after the news of one of a friend's trouble is received. They should be short and sympathetic, and free from platitudes.

E. L. V.—Children's Parties. An excellent way for a young girl to earn pin money is to offer herself as an entertainer at children's parties, planning and managing the children's games and assisting in the preparation and serving of the menus.

E. E.—A Pretty Coat for a little maiden of five years would be one of white cloth, trimmed with the mink fur which you already possess. Get a tiny mink muff to accompany it, or else make a fancy muff, trimmed with mink and white ribbon.

AGNES—The Turquoise is the precious stone to which the adjective "sympathetic" has always been applied. The complete you ask for is as follows:

"As a compassionate turquoise that doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well."

ANNA—School Dresses should be very plain, so that they will not be the means of distracting the attention of the other pupils. When your school days are over you may indulge yourself further in this respect, particularly as your parents are anxious that you should do so.

A. W. S.—Invitations to a *débutante's* party should be sent in the name of her mother. Such an affair usually takes the form of an afternoon reception. I would not advise having more than four girl friends to receive with the *débutante* and her mother on that occasion.

INQUIRER—A Housekeeper's Duties in a hotel are arduous and exacting, and the position one of great responsibility. She has to supervise the care of the bedrooms and upper halls, and sometimes is also expected to superintend the giving out of the linen and the care of the linen-closets.

O. R. O.—A Buffet Luncheon is advised, as you have no competent caterer in the town, for one is needed to manage a service at small tables. A refreshment table where the guests stand, or "perpendicular refreshment," as a clever Englishman once called it, is always in good taste and pleasantly informal.

INQUIRER—Engaged Girls. It is perfectly proper for a young lady who is engaged to be married to go out into general society, and to receive her friends, as she has been accustomed to. The fact that she is betrothed does not mean that she must shut herself up as if she were in a convent, and refuse to see or talk to any one but her future husband.

M. C.—Proper Care of Health. It is selfish to be careless of one's health. Do not forget that when illness does come it makes us less useful and agreeable, and almost always gives trouble and anxiety to the one who looks well to her physical condition, since she knows that an illness will mean not only pain for her, but expense and worry for others.

IGNORANCE—"At Homes." If two ladies give a reception in honor of the ladies of the house at whose house the affair is given is the only one whose name should appear first on the invitation cards. Suitable cards would be the visiting-card of the lady at whose house the "at home" is to be, having upon it the name of the friends who is to receive with her, the date and hour of the "home," accompanied by the cards of the ladies in whose honor the affair is to be. In the receiving line the hostesses should be first, with their guests beside them, so that they may present each visitor to them.

G. T.—The New Shirt-Waists are made not only of silk, but of fine woolen materials. Beautiful plaid ones in soft wool are made in the simplest manner, but are brightened by the gold buttons that close them. Plaid silk waists are more elegant, but are not, of course, adapted for such general wear as may be given to the woolen ones. The handsomest shirt-waists for the winter are those made either of rich moiré in one color, or of plaid velvet. If you object to a stiff linen collar a simple or an elaborate stock of ribbon, lace or chiffon, according to the fabric of the bodice, may be arranged to wear at the neck.

M. B.—Advice to Betrothed Girls. The verse to which you refer is undoubtedly this:
"Find in the husband what you found in the lover.
Exact attentions, but show your appreciation of them.
He is better far away.
Be discreet,
Not too sweet,
Jealous never,
Trusting ever."

Another bit of advice is this: "Scorn the last word in a quarrel; secure the first one after it."

FRANKS—For a Greasy Skin the best physicians recommend an oatmeal bath. It is not necessary, unless one wishes it, to buy the oatmeal bags ready-made; they may be made at home. A coarse linen bag, holding about half a pound of oatmeal, after being wet, be rubbed all over the skin as one would use soap. The meal, or rather the milky substance that comes from the meal after it has been wet, cools and cleanses the skin. However, the bath will not do everything for you; you must, also, be careful of your diet, avoiding all greasy food, rich gravies, much butter or many sweets. Then, too, be sure that there is plenty of fresh air in your sleeping-room, and that you take plenty of outdoor exercise.

NEW YORK—The Points of Etiquette about which you write are well taken. It is trying to have even one's intimate friends say, "Good-by," and then stay for half an hour continuing the conversation. The advice given by Shakespeare, "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once," is as applicable now as it was then. Really, to leave a room at once after bidding a hostess farewell is a duty, the importance of which every one in society should understand. Few people comprehend how ill-bred it is to say to one's guest, "Will you have some more?" instead of ignoring the fact that he or she has already been served. No matter how shy a boy may be he should be taught that when he likes which part of the fowl he prefers, or whether he likes rare or well-done meat, that he must make a choice at once, and not state that he has no preference.

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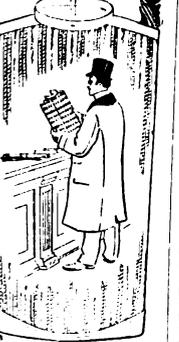


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Mrs. Susan R. Schwartz. Will Mrs. Susan R. Schwartz kindly send Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, in care of the JOURNAL, her address, should this request meet her notice? RUTH ASHMORE.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS
BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

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

I. X.—Home-Made Bread is much better for children than baker's bread, but it must be sweet, light and well baked.

Mrs. R. S. P.—Remedy for Stings. A few drops of strong ammonia will relieve the irritation from the stings or bites of insects. If the child's skin is very delicate dilute the ammonia with water.

M. D. H.—Spirit Lamps at Sea. There is a fine of £100, or \$500, for lighting a spirit lamp in the cabin of a ship sailing under the British flag. The danger of fire is too great to permit it to be done with impunity. The steward will bring you hot water to warm the baby's food.

TENDER-HEARTED—Feathers. Ostrich plumes and cock's feathers may be worn to ornament the hat without suspicion of cruelty. It is the osprey, and the bright-colored wrens and plumage that are obtained at such cost of suffering and life, whose use should be sternly discontenanced.

AURORA—Orangeade. A child who will not touch a raw egg with milk will often take it prepared with the juice of an orange. Beat the egg light, nearly fill the glass with cold water, squeeze in the juice of an orange and add sugar to taste. Lemon juice may be used for children over four years old.

MABEL L.—Bib Pins. A pretty design is a gold safety-pin with the initial of the baby's first name attached to it in pearls. Two tiny interlaced hearts, one of pearls, the other of turquoise, is very effective, and also a heart with a miniature crown above it, signifying the royalty of love as bestowed on baby.

MOTHER OF ONE—Infant's Cloak. Silk masalou ruching is one of the newer trimmings for a baby's first long cloak; it is pretty but not very durable. Cashmere is the most serviceable material for the cloak itself, though white cloth, bengaline, Henrietta cloth, and soft silk and wool dress materials are used.

COUNTRY TOWN—Cashmere is one of the most fashionable dress materials this year. It is especially useful for children, as many shades in it wash extremely well, and all dye to perfection. White, baby blue, pink, light green and pale yellow are pretty for tiny children; red, golden brown, pearl gray and navy blue for older ones.

Mrs. L. B. S.—Bananas. You may safely give bananas to the children if they are not over-ripe. They are very palatable cooked; peel them, and bake them in a dish with a little water and sugar exactly like apples, or cut them in slices and bake in the same way. They are also nice stewed with a very little water, sugar and lemon juice.

HURRIED MOTHER—Shoe Buttons. To sew on shoe buttons quickly thread a stout needle with double linen thread; double this again, making four strands. By taking three stitches through the shank of the button it is held by twelve threads. Glove buttons may be fastened in the same way, using a slender darning-needle to carry the thread.

A. M.—Stocking Supporters that are hygienic have curved straps made of muslin fitting over the shoulders, ending in tapes furnished with clasps to support the stockings. There is another kind in which the tapes are fastened to a gored belt, and there is no shoulder attachment. They cost about forty-five cents each. Straps fastening to buttons on under-waists cost about thirty cents.

Mrs. B. L. A.—Beef Tea may be given twice a day to a delicate child a year old. It should be made by the cold process, as in this way more of the albumen is extracted from the meat. Mince a quarter of a pound of round steak, cover it with two tablespoonfuls of cold water and let it stand one hour; add a tiny pinch of salt, and strain. In mincing the meat do not allow a drop of the juice to be wasted.

INEXPERIENCE—Dressing Boys. I should not advise putting a three-year-old boy into jacket and trousers, unless he is unusually large for his age. Still it is often done, and sailor suits for boys are sold in sizes for children from three to twelve years of age, showing that there is a demand for them, or they would not be made. I prefer a one-piece kilt suit, which is simply a box-plaited dress with a sailor collar, and a belt around the waist.

LOUISE E.—Tomatoes are an excellent vegetable for growing children. Care must be taken that they are in perfect condition, or if the canned tomato is used that it is sound and fresh. They may be stewed for half an hour with breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of finely-minced onion, a teaspoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of butter, and a little pepper and salt. They may also be baked, with layers of breadcrumbs and a little butter. They are laxative in their tendency.

LEILA M.—Washing Lace. Rip the lace from the garment, place it in a saucer filled with water where the sun will shine on it. Change the water every morning, squeezing and pressing—but not rubbing—the lace before doing so. In a few days it will be white. Shake it partially dry; while still damp arrange it on a sheet of paper, and place it between the folds of a thick newspaper, and press for a few hours. Do not iron it. To make it cream-color put a little coffee in the last water.

PATRICE L.—Fancy Pairs. A novel device for selling truffles is to wrap them in white paper parcels as much like goose eggs as possible. These are placed in a basket under a large goose made of swansdown or Canton flannel, and stuffed to resemble a real one as nearly as possible. Beside the nest sits a little girl dressed in the traditional Mother Goose costume, high pointed hat, red over-dress and blue petticoat. She sells the eggs at ten cents each, the purchaser not knowing the contents.

ELLA V. S.—Spectacle Cases to be worn at the side are a convenience for forgetful persons who lay their glasses down and cannot recollect where they have put them. The habit must be formed of putting them in the case as soon as they are taken off. Perfectly plain leather cases are very neat, but they may be procured ornamented in various ways with steel or silver, and are made for eye-glasses, as well as spectacles. A little contrivance is sold for eye-glasses which blocks not unlike a button. The cord to which the eye-glasses are attached runs inside this automatically when the glasses drop from the hand.

BENJAMIN—Hot-Water Bag. In buying a hot-water bag choose one of plain rubber and make a flannel bag cover to fit it. See that the screw top is tight, and ask for one or two extra rubber washers, as when the washer wears out the bag leaks. Those that are already covered with flannel gummed on to the rubber are of much thinner material, a kind of rubber sheeting, and do not wear as long as the plain, thick ones. The stopper to the handle with a piece of narrow rubber on, and then it will never be lost. A stone bag filled with boiling water makes a better and cheaper foot warmer than a rubber bag.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS
 BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

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

INQUIRER—Gift for Baby. A tiny gold heart, with its initials on one side and the year of its birth on the other, is a pretty gift for a baby.

SARA C. T.—Ice Water. Do not allow the children to drink ice water. If taken at meals the excessively cold fluid interferes with digestion, and if drunk when the child is overheated the result may be fatal. Stand a stone jar of water on the ice-chest and let it become cool before using.

MRS. J. F.—Chest Protector. If you begin the use of a chest protector in the autumn you must continue it through the winter. A newspaper folded and put under the jacket makes a very good impromptu one, and will save a child from taking cold if you are caught without the usual wraps.

R. H. V.—Bananas may be baked exactly like apples; when the skin cracks they are done. Sugar and cream may be served with them. They may also be peeled, cut in slices and baked with a little water and sugar; a dash of lemon juice improves them. They are said to be more digestible when cooked.

O. W. H.—Baby-Carriage Robe. A square of felt lined with eiderdown flannel makes a good winter carriage robe for the baby. Scarlet edged with bands of black, pinked or scalloped, looks well. If a quieter color is chosen, as brown, olive green or dark gray, it may be embroidered in the centre with a spray of the baby's birthday flower.

N. T. B.—Sterilized Milk. It is very important that all milk given to a baby, at least during the first year of its life, should be sterilized. There is no surer preventive of the intestinal disorders that are fatal to so many infants. Milk readily absorbs infection, and it is difficult to get it pure enough to be a suitable food for a young baby without preparation.

FLORENCE Y.—Spelling is a matter of great difficulty to some children. In the present state of our language the ability to spell correctly depends as much upon an eye for form as on an ear for sound. Copying simple sentences accustoms the child's eye to the appearance of words as they are written. A few rules will help her as she grows older, such as "Omit the 'e' when 'ing' is added."

H. M. H.—Collecting Stamps. Encourage your boy to study geography and history in connection with his collection of postage-stamps. Take an interest yourself in the collection, remembering that a common interest between mother and son is a very precious thing. I know of a collection valued at four thousand dollars which grew from a very small beginning on the part of a small boy.

ANXIOUS MOTHER—Rickets. One of the early symptoms of rickets is profuse perspiration of the head, the pillow being wet when the child lies asleep. Take her to a good physician. Nourishing food is particularly necessary—plenty of good milk, eggs and fresh meat. Avoid starchy food, and give butter if it is liked, cream, and bacon for its fat. The disease is seldom fatal if properly treated, and with care and suitable diet recovery is to be expected. Pure air and bathing in salt water are important.

MRS. GRAY—Maid's Caps. Nurses' caps cover the whole head, and are usually tied under the chin with wide strings, though these may be omitted. They are made of dotted Swiss muslin with plain or lace-edged ruffling, and cost from twenty-five to seventy cents each ready-made. A parlor maid's cap is a square or oval of fancy muslin with a full ruche around the edge. They have no strings, and the square ones are pinned on diamond-wise. Pretty ones may be purchased for fifteen cents, and may be made for even less.

MRS. W. L. M.—A Precocious Child should be kept as quiet as possible and not stimulated in any way. He should not be taught tricks, nor should his accomplishments be displayed to friends. Let his powers develop naturally without forcing them. His health of brain and body, and probably his future usefulness, depend upon his being kept in the background. Let him pick up what he can without effort, but teach him as little as possible for the first six years of his life, and let him be restrained, rather than urged, even then.

C. D. E.—Rest for the Mother. You cannot serve your family better than by resting yourself. An overtired mother cannot make sunshine in the home. Try to take even half an hour of complete rest some time during the afternoon. It will often be hard to get away, but make a duty of it and you will accomplish it. If you were ill the children would have to get on without you; let them do it while you are keeping well for their sakes. Think over the things that can best go undone, and leave some of them while you sleep. Rest is much cheaper and more agreeable than a doctor's bill, and if you do not have one you will surely have the other.

MOLLIE G.—Overalls. Strong overalls of blue denim may be purchased for fifty cents. Put these on your boy and turn him out to play without fear of soiling his clothing. Children ought not to have to think of their clothes. What we consider dirt—that is, the soil acquired by contact with Mother Earth—is necessary to their well-being. They should be free to tumble about without the constant sense that their clothes are in jeopardy. Fine clothes do not make a healthy, happy child, and the mother who discards them for strong, sensible clothing shows her wisdom, and ought to earn her boy's gratitude when he is old enough to appreciate her wisdom.

HOUSEKEEPER—Servants. The problem that confronts you is one that is puzzling many wise heads. If we could make domestic service attractive to young women there would be no lack of servants. Florence Nightingale has raised nursing to the rank of a profession, and there is now no lack of probationers, ready and willing to become trained nurses. On the one hand is an army of women needing homes, on the other a multitude of homes suffering for the lack of service. Is there no one to do for domestic service what Miss Nightingale has done for nursing? Can you not, in your own home, try the experiment of shorter hours, well-defined duties and mutual obligations, and let me know the result?

BUSYBODY—Tough Meat can be rendered tender by proper cooking, but it must be done carefully to be a success. If there are good pieces of solid meat, either beef or mutton, heat the frying-pan hot, put in a little fat, and brown the meat quickly on both sides; this makes a good gravy. Have the water—or broth or soup if you have it—boiling; drop the meat in, and draw the saucapan at once to the back of the stove, where it will only simmer, not bubble and boil fiercely. If you have a double boiler, or a large jar which you can stand in a pot of water, put the meat in that, and let the outside water boil as it will. Try the meat with a fork from time to time, and when it is tender take it up, as further stewing spoils it. If the meat is rubbed with a little vinegar or lemon juice before cooking it helps to make it tender.

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HOW TO MAKE Japanese Tea
 (Free Translation)

First.—Use a small, dry and thoroughly clean porcelain tea-pot.

Second.—Put in one teaspoonful of tea-leaves for each cup of tea desired.

Third.—Pour on the required quantity of freshly boiled water, and let stand with closed lid from 2 to 3 minutes. Never boil the leaves. In order to retain the natural flavor, tea-leaves should be kept in tight can or jar, free from moisture.

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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.

LARIMER—Passports. Professional titles are not inserted in passports that are issued by the United States Government.

D. C. M.—Fancy Waistcoats may be worn with morning or business sack suits, as well as black cutaways and frock coats.

S. L. F.—Manicured Hands are not effeminate. With a nail file and scissors, and a little care, your hands may be kept in good condition without a visit to the manicure.

RURALITE—Tuxedo Coats. When a man has a Tuxedo coat he usually wears it when paying evening calls, but the Tuxedo coat is not worn as much now as it used to be.

G. W. P.—The Knife and Fork. When passing your plate for a second helping place your knife and fork at one side of the plate, with the prongs of the fork turned down.

LEX—Titles on Visiting-Cards. Physicians use the abbreviation "Dr." upon their visiting-cards, but they are the only professional men whose titles appear on their visiting-cards.

J. B.—Addressing Envelopes. An address on a letter should be written about the middle of the envelope, the street and number a little to the right, and the name of the city and State in the corner.

AMERICA—Buttons and Badges. At a meeting or reception of the societies to which you belong it is quite right to wear the decorations which belong thereto, but not otherwise unless the button or the decoration is very inconspicuous.

F. D. S. C.—Handkerchiefs. Black silk handkerchiefs are not used with evening dress, neither is the handkerchief carried between the waistcoat and shirt. The place for the handkerchief is the pocket.

R. R.—Chaperons. It is not wise for young people to go out in the evening without a chaperon. If, however, you happen to be a very intimate friend of the young lady's family you might be permitted to take her to the theatre, or to a concert or lecture, without a chaperon.

K. L. B.—Hats. The fashions show but little change. The new derby, which comes in black, brown, fawn and drab, has a low crown and curved brim. Soft felt hats in black, gray and brown continue to be worn. The newest silk hats have a straight, almost flat, crown, with a rather wide brim.

H. G. H.—Correspondence. There is no reason why you should not write to a young lady living in another city, but you must ask her permission first, and you must also find out whether it would be agreeable to her parents or guardians to have you correspond with her. A clandestine correspondence can come to no good.

R. V.—Neckties. The string or club tie, arranged in a simple bow, is the favorite necktie this season. There are many new patterns, those in white, on a black, blue or dark solid-color ground, are the favorites. The four-in-hands are principally in solid colors. The white silk or pongee ties are worn at day weddings and with black coats.

A. F. T.—Letters of Introduction should be left in person at the house or office of the persons to whom they are addressed, accompanied by the visiting-card and the address of the person who is being introduced. The persons to whom they are addressed will then call upon or write to the person mentioned in the letters, advising him when to call.

J. L. K.—Overcoats for the winter will be the Chesterfield or frock, a little shorter than last winter, with velvet collar and silk-faced edge. The length will be about thirty inches. Double-breasted coats will be about forty-four inches. The materials will be beaver and cheviot, the colors brown, drab, green and blue. Clays, vicunas and twill goods will also be fashionable.

S. T. S.—Gloves. In kid gloves brown will be the favorite color for day wear. The evening glove will be, as usual, white with black stitching. Dogskin gloves of dark brown are very serviceable for street wear. Gray undressed kid gloves are also worn. The only objection to them is their liability to soil. You should not pay more than a dollar to a dollar and a half for a pair of gloves.

A. A. V.—Street-Car Etiquette. A man should not feel compelled to give up his seat in a street car to a lady, but he will probably feel much more uncomfortable if he refrains from doing so. It is altogether unnecessary, when meeting a lady whom you know in either stage or street car, to offer to pay her fare—indeed, such action would prove most embarrassing to her. If there is no conductor offer to pass her fare up to the box, or to the driver.

E. G. D.—The Age to Marry and to start out in life varies according to conditions. A young man should certainly not marry before the age of twenty-five, and he should not think of doing so then unless he feels that he can support a wife in comfort. Before getting married a man should insure his life, or make some provision by which his wife will not be left penniless should he die suddenly. As to the age for considering one's pursuit in life the decision should be made by the age of eighteen.

TAMPA—A Dramatic Career. If you are twenty years old and earning the amount you state in your father's store you are far better off than you could possibly be if traveling with a dramatic company. The dramatic profession is much crowded, the work hard, the season short, the rewards few, and it may safely be said that there is room only at the top. Unless you have decided talent for the stage you are better off where you are. The stage offers no inducements equal to those you already possess.

A. J. E.—Shoes. The russet shoe, thick sole, laced, will be worn with business suits this season. For Sunday, patent or plain black leather shoes, either laced or laced. Russet shoes are out of place with black clothes. Two pairs of shoes, one pair of russet and the other of patent leather or plain black, will answer for all occasions, but as shoes are very cheap, if you can afford it have a pair of Oxford patent leather ties for evening wear; these should cost hardly more than three dollars, and by proper care could be made to last several seasons. They should be varnished once in a while. Shoes this season are broad-toed and not pointed. The latter have gone out of style.

D. K.—Typewritten Manuscripts. By all means have your manuscripts typewritten. They will then stand a better chance of being read. To get a manager to read a play requires some influence. Many managers will tell you that they are on the lookout for a good, wholesome American play, but it will require considerable diplomacy to make them read what you have written. Condense your play into a good stage synopsis. You will find a model for this in many of the published plays, but even then you will find that managers prefer to produce something which has already had a success in another country than to risk an unknown production. With stories and literature in general it is different. The best publications are always on the lookout for genius and talent, although they may be somewhat crowded with material. The short-story market is rarely overstocked. All the large magazines carefully read every manuscript which is submitted.

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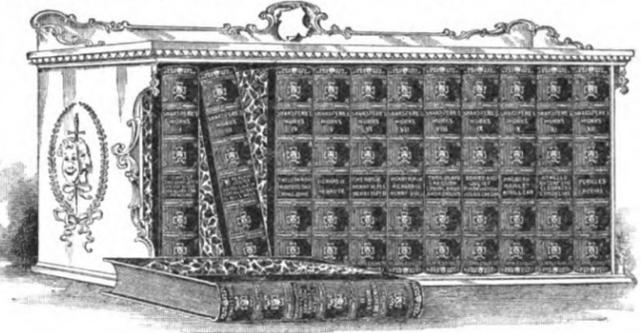
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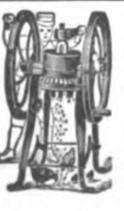
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PROBLEMS OF YOUNG MEN

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.

C. B.—A City to Start In. In New York State either Syracuse, Rochester or Buffalo are excellent cities for young men to start in. All three have undoubted futures before them.

E. L.—The Investment of Money is not a subject for me, or any stranger, to give any advice upon. I believe, however, that a man is wisest who puts his first savings into a home of his own.

PORTLANDER—The Most Profitable Trade—profitable from a financial standpoint—no man can cite, because it does not exist. A trade is profitable entirely in proportion to a man's ability to make it so.

ASA—Young Men and Large Cities. Be very sure that you are fitted for a metropolitan life before you leave the farm. Many have gone, as you say, and achieved success. But many, too, have failed, and the failures are a hundred to one success. Consider the more conservative course of going, first, to one of our smaller cities. I treated this whole subject, fully, on the editorial page of the October JOURNAL.

ADAMS—Illustrated Lecturing as a profession depends entirely upon the man, and the question cannot be answered in any other way. The public undoubtedly likes an illustrated lecture better than it does a lecture without pictures. But pictures alone will not make a lecture popular. The lecturer must have something to say, and know how to say it. Pictures are then a help to him. But the man and his message must come first.

ALFRED B.—A Young Man's Religious Life. The JOURNAL's article on this question is now ready. It will occupy an entire page, and present the views of five of the leading religious minds as to what a religious life for a young man means. The article directly answers all the questions which you and other young men have sent me. Those questions were, in fact, sent to the men whose views you will find in the JOURNAL next month.

G. W. L.—The Presbyterian Ministry. Before a man can become a candidate for the Presbyterian ministry he should have a college education, and should have taken a course in theology and be well grounded in the Presbyterian faith and forms of Church government. He must be able to subscribe to the publicly-recognized doctrines of the Church—the Westminster Confession of Faith—and what are called the larger and shorter catechisms.

GEORGE W.—Being Busy is a very effective way of solving many little problems of life. Being idle often leads men to magnify small things which should remain small in relation to their lives. If a distant city seems to you to offer a better chance for your business talents I would advise you to go, and leave your small problems behind you. It is a very good thing sometimes for a man to take account of himself, see where he stands in all matters, and, if need be, wash the slate of his life and begin afresh.

XXX—An Education earned by one's own efforts is always possible; many young men are acquiring education to-day at institutions of learning, and earning the money for their tuition. Whether such work can be had in connection with the particular college a young man wishes to attend can only be found out by inquiry. There are, of course, several ways of earning an education without any cost to a young man—such, for example, as the JOURNAL offers, about which you can learn by writing to its Educational Bureau. At twenty a young man is at a good age to enter college.

SCORES OF YOUNG MEN are answered in the information given below, which has been secured from a number of the leading lawyers of the United States, in reply to the query so often sent me:

How Can I Study Law? One can best equip himself for the practice of law through a course of reading in an attorney's office, supplementing, at the same time, those studies by a course of instruction in a law school. By combining these methods the student is familiarized with the theory as well as the practical application of law. The law school course teaches all the essentials of the theory of law, presenting them in systematic manner for the easier grasp of the student. It, perhaps, does not as adequately teach the practical side of the profession—the application of the law—since this only can be acquired in a lawyer's office—by practical work, in other words. In a lawyer's office may also be studied the theory of the law, though, perhaps, not so easily as in a law school. If a student is obliged to choose between pursuing his studies in the office of a first-class attorney, or in a law school—if he cannot avail himself of the benefits of both—he should unhesitatingly decide upon the former. Three years are required to complete a law school course, or to prepare one's self for admission to the bar in an attorney's office. The tuition fee in the leading law schools varies from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars per year; about the same amount is exacted by attorneys, although the fee to them is often paid in services or assistance rendered them in office work.

It is possible to study law at home, without a preceptor, and to acquire the practical part of the profession after one has been admitted to practice in the courts. This method, however, but imperfectly equips one to follow the profession. It is also a most difficult undertaking, its successful accomplishment being possible only to those of unusual ability, and who are possessed of great industry and persistency. It is possible to fit one's self for practice by this method of study in three years, but longer time is more often necessary. The cost of this method depends upon the arrangements a student can make to secure the necessary books. A mail course, a system by which the student is directed and guided by a series of letters from a school or law firm making this work a specialty, has undoubtedly value in supplementing the home student's work. It systematizes and simplifies the study of law to a considerable extent. It does not, however, relieve the student of the necessity of hard and persistent work. The system of mail instruction is aimed to aid those who study law without the advantages of a preceptor or law school, and is intended, of course, to supplement the scholar's home study. The cost of this method varies with the school. There are, however, not more than two or three good schools of this kind in the country. One of these advertises very extensively. The expense is, however, considerably less than a law school course. Added to the instruction cost is the expense of renting or purchasing the necessary books. A good English education is absolutely requisite for the study of law—a fair knowledge of all the English branches—no matter what method of study is employed. A knowledge of Latin is also a great aid. It is not an essential, but an aid. The books generally recommended to law students are the Introduction to Robertson's "Charles V.," Sharswood's edition of "Blackstone's Commentaries," "Kent's Commentaries," Story, Adams, or Bishop on "Equity," "Greenleaf on Evidence," Volume I, "Stephens on Pleading," "The Constitution of the United States," "Acts of Congress Relating to the Judiciary," "Constitution of the State in which the student will practice," "Local Rules of Practice and Pleading," and "Local Acts of Assembly."

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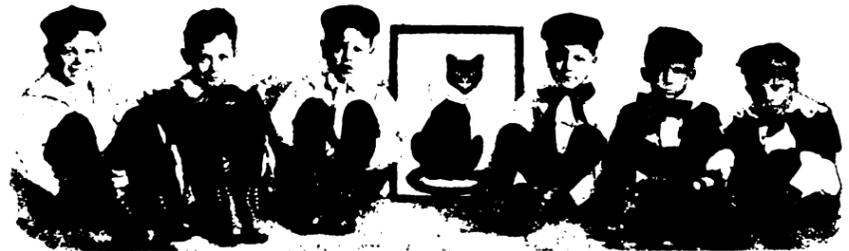
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Did you read any of GENERAL HARRISON'S Articles as they appeared in the JOURNAL? Did you read all of them? In either case you should secure a copy of the book he has made from them. The title is the same, "This Country of Ours," but all the Articles have been rewritten and much of interest added.

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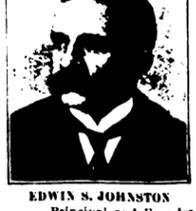
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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

L.—**Heliotropes** must have a rich soil and plenty of moisture at their roots or they will not do well.

CORRESPONDENT—**Violets.** I would advise the use of young plants, instead of seeds, for your Ivy bed.

R. D. J.—**Wetting Buds.** The buds of very few plants are injured by watering them too profusely.

G. E.—**Coleus and Cosmos** seeds are sown just as you would sow the seeds of any other plant.

Miss L. B.—**Evergreen Vine.** I am quite sure that the English Ivy would do well in your California climate. It is an evergreen.

E. S. S.—**Jerusalem Cherry** is catalogued as *Solanum capsicastrum*. It can be grown from seed. Its flowers are insignificant.

E. N. A.—**Freesias** are good for a second season, if they are dried off gradually after blooming, and are kept in their pots, in a dry, warm place.

MRS. FRED—**Tuberose** should be planted in March in pots of sandy soil. Young bulbs must be grown on for two years before they will bloom.

J. R.—**Foliage Plants.** Fill your Maltese cross bed with scarlet and yellow Coleus, or use Madame Christine Geraniums edged with Madame Salleron.

ANNIE—**Rhododendrons.** The failure of your plant to bloom each year is doubtless traceable to some lack of care in the management of the plant during the preceding season.

I. G.—**Fuchsias** require very little sunshine; that from an eastern window suits them exactly. Keep the roots moist always and shower the foliage well daily. Use a soil of leaf-mould.

MRS. J. P. H.—**Zinc Boxes.** I would advise putting coarse gravel in the bottom of your zinc boxes that are used for plants, and then filling in about the pots with coarse sand.

MRS. F. P.—**Learii** is too tender to be left out-of-doors all winter, even with good protection. Take it up, pack the roots firmly in a box, and store it in a sheltered corner of the cellar.

C. M. S.—**For a Rose-Bed** I would suggest such ever-bloomers as Sunset, Perle des Jardins, Hermosa, Madame Suizet, Meteor, Queen's Scarlet, Madame de Watteville and Agrippina. Plant in May.

W. J. T.—**Smilax** should be allowed to rest two or three months each year. When it is ready for resting it will turn yellow. Withhold water until the soil is quite dry, and keep it in this condition until it begins to grow again.

A. B. B.—**Fish or Angle Worms** do not attack the roots of plants as a general thing, but they do harm because they make channels in the soil, through which the water runs without benefiting the plants. Lime-water will expel them.

H. E. P.—**Begonia.** If the leaves of your Begonia wilt at times, and many fall off when half-grown, there must be a diseased condition of the roots. As a general thing, this condition is the result of over-watering or insufficient drainage.

F. H. M.—**The Hermosa Rose** belongs to the Bourbon branch of the great Rose family. It is not as tender as the Teas, still not hardy enough to stand our Northern winters without the best of protection. It is a good winter bloomer.

Miss H. M.—**Linum Triginum.** Your treatment was the proper one to give. You do not say whether the plant was brought into the house before it came into bloom, but I think a change of conditions accounts for its failure to give more flowers.

M. R.—**Sweet Peas.** I grow Sweet Peas—and grow them well—by sowing the seed in trenches five inches deep, in April. As the vines reach up I draw the soil from the trenches in about them. Most hardy bulbs require about the same treatment.

MRS. E. V.—**Red Spider** can only be kept in check by the liberal use of water all over the infested plant, and by keeping the air of the room moist. Shower your plants daily, making the application a thorough one. If this is done the spider will soon disappear.

R. F.—**Ficus.** If the top is dying off some injury has been done it. Cut it back below the place to which the trouble has reached. The spots on the leaves evidently come from some insect. Use kerosene emulsion, or wash the leaves with soap-suds, rubbing them well with a stiff brush to remove the "roughness" of which you speak.

MRS. C. D. W.—**Chrysanthemums.** I cannot give you a list of hardy Chrysanthemums because I have never attempted to winter any out-of-doors. Our Northern climate is too severe for them. Some of the old varieties might stand the winter in New Jersey by covering the roots in fall, but I am confident the kinds in general cultivation to-day would not.

MRS. D. J. J.—**Palms.** The leaves of your Palm turn brown at the tips because of defective root action. Report, and give the best of drainage. Keep the plant in a good light, and do not over-water while it is standing still. Increase the supply when growth sets in. The "brown bunches" of which you speak are scale. Apply Fir Tree oil soap freely and frequently.

MRS. T. W. J.—**Rubber Plant.** Cut off the top of your plant when it has reached a height where you want a head to form. This plant does not branch freely, and very often it refuses to do as it is wanted to, but persevere in your treatment, and if it will not send out branches do not let it make an upward growth. You may report it wholly, or remove a portion of the soil and substitute fresh earth.

M. F. R. E.—**Roses and Geraniums** that have been allowed to bloom during the summer are not worth much for winter. Plants intended for winter-flowering should be kept as nearly dormant as possible during the summer. Mould on Roses indicates too damp a place, and the only remedy is to shift them to drier quarters. Some benefit may be gained by dusting flour of sulphur over the plants.

C. C. C.—**Lilies.** If the buds of a Lily blast it cannot be made to put forth new buds by cutting off the stalk. For live on such plants I use water, applying it quite forcibly in a solid stream, by means of a portable force-pump. This will knock off the aphids without injury to the plant. If your plants make a luxuriant growth, but show no signs of an intention of flowering, the inference is that they have too rich a soil or too large pots.

MRS. T. L. C.—**Ever-Blooming Roses** are those of the Tea, Bourbon, Bengal and China varieties. Hybrid perpetuals are a class with blood of the hardy varieties mixed with that of the tender sorts. They are called perpetuals, but the name is not a good one, as they are by no means perpetual bloomers. They have a tendency to bloom at intervals, springing after the first profuse crop of June. Hardy Roses are those which stand our Northern winters without protection.

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ART HELPS FOR ART WORKERS

BY EMMA HAYWOOD

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

CORRESPONDENT—Etchings are made with etching needles on copper plates, the lines being afterward bitten in with a strong acid.

E. M. K.—China Painting. You could get a sufficient outfit for five or six dollars. You do not state which branch of it you propose to take up, therefore I cannot advise you as to materials in detail.

L. S.—Mounting a Pastel. The sombre pastel you describe should be mounted in the style suitable for an oil painting. Being circular in shape it will require a square gilt mount to fit into the frame.

B. B.—Wash Drawings for reproduction are made on white paper with lampblack and Chinese white; good sable brushes best serve the purpose. Sepia is often used for wash drawings not intended for reproduction, in which case Chinese white is not required.

M. E. B.—China that has been used much is not fit for painting on, because in time it absorbs a certain quantity of grease, but if yours is so nearly new you might experiment upon one or two pieces. Wash it thoroughly in hot water with soap, rinse it well, dry it, then rub it over with fresh spirits of turpentine by way of preparation.

INQUIRER—Colored Transfer Paper will be found the best medium for reproducing the designs on oilcloth. It may be obtained in both light and dark shades. Place the colored side face downward on the cloth; spread the design on the top, then go over it with a tracer, or something a little blunt at the end, like a crochet-hook—something that will not cut the transfer paper.

A. D.—Miniature Painting is executed in water-colors on ivory prepared in thin sheets and pasted on to cardboard. Miniatures are likewise painted on china with mineral paints and fired in. This method has become popular since the craze for china painting set in. There is a process by which a photograph can be reproduced indelibly on the china; this assists the artist in preserving a good likeness.

H. B.—Royal Worcester Cream. The method for applying it varies a little, according to the manner in which the kind of grounding is prepared. Paste for raised gold comes generally in powder, which requires grinding down with turpentine and fat oil to the consistency of cream. It dries off rapidly and needs to be remixed frequently. It is applied with a very small tracing-brush, and requires some skill to keep the lines even.

X. Q.—Picture-Making existed before civilization, and was one of the most important factors in lifting man from a state of barbarism. The savage wove together several blades of grass, and a pattern was the result. An arrangement of several patterns made a design. The imitation of natural forms produced a picture. The primitive methods of picture-making consisted of daubing with colored earths or scratching upon a surface with sharp instruments.

J. G. M.—India Ink for drawing from a stick is best prepared by rubbing down with water to the proper consistency. Glass slabs are made especially for this purpose with a small cup-like indentation in the centre deep enough to dip the pen into. The fluid should be kept constantly covered to keep out the dust and to prevent it from drying up. Be careful that the ink is perfectly black and of good quality; some sticks of inferior quality make a brownish ink, which is altogether undesirable.

J. L. R.—Art Designs, if available, are frequently accepted by editors of illustrated magazines. Pencil sketches are of no use for reproduction. The proper materials for pen and ink work are white Bristol-board or smooth paper, perfectly black ink prepared for the purpose, with pens specially made for such work, more or less fine, according to the style of drawing. Drawings may be carefully rolled for transmission if protected with a cover, but the better way is to send them flat between pieces of cardboard.

L. N. S. C.—The Lacroix Colors are the most popular with amateurs for china painting. They come in tubes like oil paints, but are prepared quite differently. Mineral paints only are suitable for firing. The painting should be quite dry before going to the kiln. Gold for china painting is prepared on little glass slabs; it is expensive because made from the precious metal itself. Before firing it looks a dull brown. The heat of an ordinary oven will not burn the colors in; they have to be subjected to a white heat for an hour or two in a properly-constructed kiln. Small gas kilns are obtainable, but it is better and safer to send china to be fired to firms making a specialty of such work.

ANXIOUS—Megilp. It is sometimes necessary to use a little megilp for thinning the paints. A palette knife is necessary for mixing and spreading the paints after squeezing them from the tube. If the china or porcelain is wiped over with turpentine a little thickened by age, or with a drop or two of fat oil added, it will take the impression of a lead pencil easily. The size of the brushes depends on the style of work in hand; bristle brushes are proper for oil painting, but sable brushes are also used sometimes in finishing delicate subjects. Why do you not persevere in the branches of art in which you have received instruction, reserving the oil painting until opportunity comes for securing practical lessons?

D. L. J.—Skeleton Leaves. There are several receipts for making these, but the simplest is as follows: Pick fresh leaves, immerse them in rain water and place them in open earthenware vessels in the sun; leave them till they are pulpy, then put them into clean water; shake each leaf gently and dab with a soft toothbrush till cleared of the pulp; rinse again and place the leaves between blotting-paper. To bleach them make a solution of chloride of lime, a tablespoonful to a quart of water; steep the skeleton leaves in this solution, stems downward. Cover the vessel and set it in a warm place; remove each leaf as soon as it becomes white, rinse in warm water, dry and press it. To dry autumn leaves place them between sheets of good absorbent blotting-paper, then press them. Some persons advocate ironing each leaf on the back with a hot iron, the better to preserve the coloring.

M.—For Painting White Grapes with foliage in oils set your palette with raw umber, raw sienna, yellow ochre, pale lemon yellow, cobalt blue, Antwerp blue, ivory black and white. Light cadmium and indigo blue may be added to strengthen the foliage. The transparent effect is gained by careful attention to the reflected lights, which in any round object are always very strong. The use of water-colors should not be hard to master for one accustomed to paint in oils. The secret of success is to paint freely with a full brush. When painting on silk or any fabric in oils, be sparing with the color and take fresh spirits of turpentine as a medium. Always put in your subject first, then add the background, softening the edges so that the colors blend, reserving a few sharp, spirited touches to accentuate the prominent parts until you arrive at the finishing touches. Then give the pictures a coat of pale copal or mastic varnish.



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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 enclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope to Mrs. S. T. Rorer, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, will be answered by mail.

F. H.—Fine-Grained Cake. You evidently added too much baking powder to your cake, which caused it to be over light, coarse-grained and dry.

Naw—Whole Wheat Flour and Graham flour are not the same. Whole wheat does not contain outside bran. Whole wheat is more wholesome.

B.—Bluing Marks. The ordinary blue stamping may be easily washed out in a warm, strong soap-suds. Rub the places thoroughly with soap, and then between the hands.

Mrs. J. A. B.—Glazed Pie-Crust. There is such a thing as glazing pie-crust. It may be brushed with beaten egg and dusted with sugar. The heat of the oven melts the sugar, forming a gloss.

LULU—Grape Juice, unfermented, is made by covering the grapes with cold water, then bringing them to a boil, and mashing and straining them. Boil this juice twenty minutes; bottle and seal.

W. X.—Cleaning Coat Collars. Add a teaspoonful of ammonia to one cup of clear, strong coffee. Rub the collar with benzine, then sponge with the coffee. When dry press lightly on the wrong side.

H.—New Ticking is a will material very much like old-fashioned bed ticking. It comes in beautiful colorings. It is used for the curtains and the valances of beds, and costs twenty-five cents a yard.

L.—Digestibility of Meats. Veal requires four hours for perfect digestion. Mutton is the most easily digested of all the domestic meats, beef next, poultry next. Pork and veal are both indigestible.

E. S.—Icing. The plain white icing used by the confectioners is made by beating lightly one egg, adding a few drops of lemon juice while you are beating, and half a pound of powdered sugar. The egg must not be beaten before the sugar is added.

H. M. K.—Mushrooms may be canned by first washing in cold water, then packing into pint glass jars, the jars filled with hot salt water, a teaspoonful of salt to each jar. Stand these in a wash-boiler or sterilizer, and cook an hour and a half. Seal at once.

A. T.—Catarrh. For a four-year-old child suffering from catarrh I would advise this diet: Cut off all starchy foods, or vegetables containing starch. Scraped meat broiled, beef juice, malted milk and barley water should form the child's principal diet until the trouble is removed.

Mrs. H.—Cheap Cuts of Beef frequently contain more nourishment than the more expensive ones. They are cheap because the supply is greater than the demand. From a lack of knowledge of how to make tough meat palatable the average housewife buys only "tender cuts."

H. K.—Oil Stains may be removed from wash dresses by moistening the spots with a little fresh lard. Put ten drops of ammonia into a pint of warm water. Rub the material in the ammonia water, then again in a strong, warm soap-suds, then again in the light ammonia water, and rinse thoroughly.

E. B.—Pickled Beets. Beets may be boiled, cut into slices and covered with hot vinegar. Allow them to stand for about a week. Drain and put them into glass jars, cover with fresh boiled vinegar, to which you have added a little grated horseradish. Seal the jars as you would if they contained fruit.

Mrs. W.—Deviled Clams. Chop fine twenty-five clams. Drain them and then cook for twenty minutes in a double boiler. Drain again, saving the liquor. Rub one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour together; add the liquor; when boiling add the yolks of two eggs, a dash of cayenne, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and the clams. Mix; fill into shells, dust with crumbs, and brown in a quick oven.

E. A. B.—Preserved Pears. Select Bartlett pears. Cut them into halves, removing the cores. Cook them in clear water for about five minutes, and drain. To each pound of pears allow one pound of sugar and a pint of water. Boil the sugar and water, and add sufficient pears for the water to cover. Cook slowly until clear and transparent. Lift into the jars; add to the syrup the juice of one lemon. Boil for a moment, pour over the pears, and seal.

READER—Suet Pudding. Shred sufficient suet to make half a pound. Chop it fine. Put it in a bowl; add the yolks of two eggs, one cup of sugar; beat thoroughly, and add one cup of milk, the cups of flour, with which you have sifted half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir in the well-beaten whites of the eggs, and one cup of stoned raisins or currants that have been previously floured. Turn this into a mould, cover and steam continuously for three hours. Serve with hard or liquid sauce. This makes a good substitute for plum pudding.

MOLLY—Cake in Place of Bread. You cannot be well and eat cake in place of bread. You certainly did not understand your doctor. He could never have recommended cake three times a day. The better way now to come back to a normal condition would be to eat meat exclusively for a month or two, or drink milk and barley water—at least two quarts a day. The rough condition of your skin comes from your diet, and not from the fatty matter so much as the sugar. The continuous use of cake will ruin your complexion and also your teeth.

CONSTANT READER—Koumyss may be made by pasteurizing two quarts of milk. Allow it to cool to 65° Fahrenheit. Boil together two tablespoonfuls of water and two of sugar; add this to the milk, and then add one-third of a half-ounce compressed yeast cake dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of the milk. Stir, bottle, cork and tie firmly. Stand in an upright position in a moderately warm place at a temperature of about 70° Fahrenheit over night. Next morning place the bottles on their sides in a cool place, 52° Fahrenheit, for twenty-four hours, and they are ready to use.

X. Y. Z.—A Wedding Breakfast may be served the same as a company breakfast, not later than twelve o'clock. A formal breakfast is served the same as a luncheon, beginning with fruit or light soup, and closing with ices and cakes. Hot cakes are never served upon such occasions. A menu in red would be as follows:

- Tomato Bouillon in Cups
- Olives Radishes Celery
- Deviled Lobster
- Breaded Chops Tomato Sauce
- Peas
- Shrimps in Mayonnaise
- Bread Fingers
- Strawberry Ice Fancy Cakes
- Coffee

READER—To Pasteurize Milk put it in clean bottles, and cork with cotton plugs. Stand in a sterilizer or steamer, and heat to 165° Fahrenheit.

M. F.—Serving. The hostess, as a rule, serves the salad and dessert. She may or may not serve the soup, as she likes. The servant will pass the vegetables and the after-dinner coffee.

M. S. A.—Mustard Pickles are exceedingly indigestible, and should not be eaten by persons with weak digestive organs. I fear they would ruin even good ones if indulged in to any great extent.

A. B.—Woven Silk Coverlets. Strips of silk may be sewed together as you would sew strips for a rag carpet, and woven in the same way into a coverlet, which may be lined with silk and edged with lace.

C. C. G.—Paints. Ready-mixed paints may be purchased at very reasonable prices in pound or three-pound tins. These will give better satisfaction than those mixed by an inexperienced person.

M. O.—An "At Home." For an "At Home" in the afternoon I should have the simplest kinds of refreshments. Dainty rolled sandwiches, a little chicken or lobster salad, followed by ice cream and light cake, will be quite sufficient.

Mrs. S.—Maple Sugar. You cannot make maple sugar unless you have the maple sap. The sugar is made by boiling down the sap of the maple sugar tree. The trees are tapped early in the spring. You cannot procure the sap at any other time.

L. J.—Kitchen Bouquet may be made at home by browning various kinds of vegetables and then stewing them down, or it may be purchased at any grocery store. Bay leaves may be purchased from your druggist. Five cents' worth will last a year.

C. E. F.—Oatmeal. Oatmeal should not be stirred while it is cooking. Steel-cut oats should be cooked at least four or five hours. Allow four heaping tablespoonfuls to each quart of water, and cook in a double boiler. With rolled oats use one cupful to a quart of water, cook one hour without stirring. It is not necessary to wash them before cooking.

M. M. C.—Embroidered Cover. There is no way in which you can wash the embroidered cover that it will not fade. If it is too much soiled to use put it in luke-warm water, add a very little borax, allow the cloth to soak for ten minutes, then sort of pat and rub and pull it. Rinse it up and down in clear water, dry quickly and iron on the wrong side.

READER—Date Gems are wholesome. Separate two eggs, beat the yolks, and add half a pint of milk, half a cup of finely-chopped dates, a cup and a half of whole wheat flour, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and beat thoroughly; add a teaspoonful of baking powder and then stir in the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in hot, greased gem-pans in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

C. G.—Whitewash. Put half a peck of fresh lime into a large bucket, pour over sufficient boiling water to thoroughly slack; cover to keep the steam. When the bubbling ceases and the lime thickens add sufficient water to make it the consistency of thick cream. Strain through a sieve; add to it a teaspoonful of lampblack, and sufficient indigo to give it a blue cast. When ready to use add one quart of clear starch and a little salt.

K. B.—Duties of a Waitress. The waitress should always go to the left of the person on whom she is waiting. She may remove the plate in front of the guest with one hand and place the other plate immediately. She should not pile one dish on the other when she is clearing the table. She should take one plate at a time and put it on the side table. She should take the plates from the left hand of the host and hostess as well as from the guests.

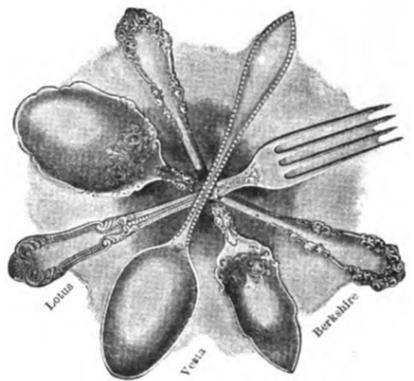
M. S.—Sour Milk Biscuits. Sour milk biscuits are made by rubbing one tablespoonful of shortening into a quart of flour. Add half a teaspoonful of salt. Moisten half a teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls of warm water. Stir it into half a pint of sour milk. Stir this into the flour. You may have to add a little more milk, but do not add any more soda. Knead quickly, roll out on a board, cut into biscuits, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

A SUBSCRIBER—Lemonade. The best lemonade is made by boiling sugar and water together and adding the lemon juice after it is cold. Use one pound of sugar to each quart of water; add the juice of six lemons and the desired quantity of water at serving time. Pineapple lemonade may be made by boiling together one quart of water, one pound of sugar and the grated rind of one lemon for five minutes. Strain; when cold add the juice of six lemons, one pineapple pared and picked into very small particles, and either a quart of water or a quart of Apollinaris water.

C. C.—Men's Linen Collars. First cut a pattern of the collar you wish to make, then carefully cut from it the two outside pieces of linen. Baste these carefully on butcher's linen. Cut neatly, put together wrong side out, carefully stitch them around with a machine, leaving a portion open for turning. Turn them right side out. Sew up the place from which they were turned. Baste carefully and put around a row of stitching. Both the plain and butcher's linen must be washed and ironed before the collars are cut. Both must be cut with the grain of the cloth or they will shrink differently.

D. S. S.—Macaroni and Vermicelli are made from flour and water. In Italy they select the Southern flour, which seems to contain more gluten than the wheat of the Northern climates. In America it is the reverse. The flour is made into a strong dough and worked until soft and elastic. This dough is pressed through a heavy cylinder made of copper, which gives the form to the various pastes sold under the name of noodles, vermicelli, spaghetti and macaroni. They are exceedingly nutritious, and if well cooked are easy of digestion. If served with cheese and tomato sauce spaghetti is, perhaps, the most attractive. They are all excellent foods.

X.—Corn Breads are, perhaps, the most wholesome and palatable of all hot breads. They may be made from sour milk, and soda, which constitutes within itself a baking powder; or they may be made from sweet milk and baking powder. In using the soda remember that the smallest quantity possible to do the work should be used. Half a teaspoonful to each half pint of sour milk is the proper proportion. More than this will destroy the sweetness of the flour or cornmeal, and give a yellow appearance to the bread after it is baked. Separate three eggs; add to the yolks a cup and a half of milk; add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and then two cupfuls of cornmeal. Table-mol is better than granulated. Beat thoroughly, add half a cup of corn flour or wheat flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and then the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into a shallow greased pan or into gem-pans, and bake in a moderately quick oven for thirty minutes.



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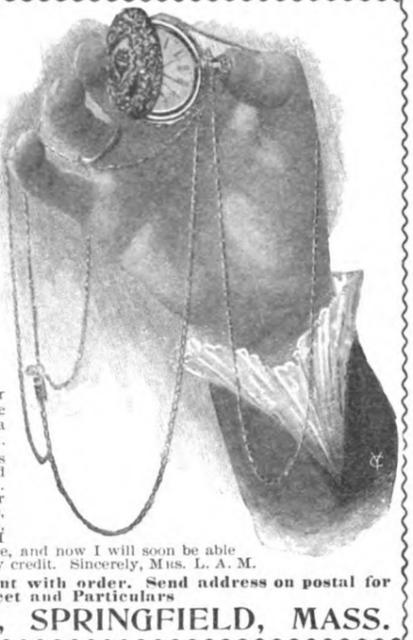
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