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THE WOMAN WHO MOST INFLUENCED ME

A SERIES OF SIX PAPERS

I—MY GRANDMOTHER: *By Eugene Field*



FTER our mother's death we two little boys were sent East. It was at that time that our father wrote to Grandma Field that he did not care to have his sons imbued with the "superstitions of New England." To this our grandma made answer in these words: "Roswell, I do not know what you mean by 'super-

call these details, although twenty-five years have elapsed since I last visited the old homestead in Vermont. How true and how good it is that the scenes of childhood never fade from our memories.

There were hills all around the little village, and there were trout brooks that crept furtively through woods and thickets; and, my, but how steep those hills were, and how sweet the wild strawberries, and how cool and pungent the checkerberries were that nestled away up there in that gravelly, sterile soil! On the east side of the mountain flowed the West River, a black and turbulent stream, in ill repute with all solicitous mothers, for Reuben Fisher's boy Lute was drowned therein in the summer of 1823, and Lute's grave in the burying-ground on the hill near the Stedman farm was studiously and solemnly pointed out to every little boy who evinced a disposition to hook off and go swimming. By common consent the only proper place for little boys to go swimming was in the brook just this side of Burdette's melodeon factory on the Dummerston road. The village was called Fayetteville then; now it is Newfane.

Grandma was a pillar in the Congregational Church. At the decline and disintegration of the Universalist society, she rejoiced as cordially as if a temple of Baal or an idol of Ashtaroth had been overturned. Yes, grandma was Puritanical—not to the extent of persecution, but a Puritan in the severity of her faith and in the exacting nicety of her interpretation of her duties to God and mankind. Grandma's Sunday began at six o'clock Saturday evening; by that hour her house was swept and

garnished, and her lamps trimmed, and every preparation made for a quiet, reverential observance of the Seventh Day. There was no cooking there on Sunday. At noon Mrs. Deacon Ranney and other old ladies used to come from church with grandma to eat luncheon and discuss the sermon and suggest deeds of piety for the ensuing week. I remember Mrs. Deacon Ranney and her frigid companions very distinctly; they never smiled and they wore austere bombazines that rustled and squeaked dolorously. Mrs. Deacon Ranney seldom noticed me further than to regard me with a look that seemed to stigmatize me as an incipient vessel of wrath that was to be disapproved of, and I never liked Mrs. Deacon Ranney after I heard her reminding grandma one day that Solomon had truly said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." I still think ill of Mrs. Deacon Ranney for having sought to corrupt dear old

grandma's gentle nature with any such incendiary suggestions.

I recall those Sunday luncheons, for I was always hungry then, and they were so very good. They consisted of hard-boiled eggs, bread and butter, cookies, crackers, doughnuts, cheese, gingerbread and a certain kind of cake called loaf-cake, which in the West I have met with under the corrupted and plebeian name of dough-cake. These viands were always cold. For herself and her austere visitors, grandma would heat water in the fireplace and make tea, but even this was always done with a certain fear and trembling, for, as I have as good as told you, grandma believed that naught should be done upon the Seventh Day save in the service of God. Grandma really had a passion for church-going; I could not understand it at all. There was no heat in the meeting-house in winter time in those days—in fact, grandma always denounced stoves and furnaces as abominations of Satan's invention. I fancy she actually enjoyed the divers discomforts entailed upon church-goers in those days. The meeting-house was cold and draughty, and the seats, with their straight backs, were, oh, so hard. Grandma's pew was near the pulpit. I remember now how ashamed I used to be to carry her footstove all the way up that long aisle for her—I was such a foolish little boy then—and now, ah me, how ready and glad and proud I should be to do that service for dear old grandma!

When grandma went to meeting she carried a lovely, big black velvet bag; it had a bouquet wrought in beads of subdued color upon it, and it hung by two sombre silk puckering-ribbons over grandma's arm. In the bag grandma carried a supply of crackers and peppermint lozenges, and upon these she would nibble in meeting whenever she felt that feeling of goneness in the pit of her stomach, which I was told old ladies sometimes suffer with. It was proper enough, I was assured, for old ladies to nibble at crackers and peppermint lozenges in meeting, but that such a proceeding would be very wicked for a little boy. This seemed hard to understand then, but it is clear enough to me now. There was one thing, however, which I have never been able to study out. Grandma used to make a practice of getting up out of bed at night and eating hard-boiled eggs whenever she felt hungry. It was impossible to make her believe that "a biled hard egg could hurt anybody." And it never did harm grandma; I guess that eggs in these degenerate days are no longer what they were in the good old times.

Already have I said that grandma considered stoves an abomination. Maybe you would have thought so, too, if you could have eaten of the many nice things grandma used to cook in those great open chimneyplaces in the old homestead. Doughnuts and cookies nowadays give me dyspepsia terribly, but grandma's doughnuts and cookies never hurt anybody! And fried potatoes—well, I am sure that there never was anybody else, and there never will be anybody else, capable of frying potatoes half so deliciously as grandma. When father lay dying of a dreadful malady he

And do you know that's just how I have felt many and many a time, when illness, or, maybe, the heat of summer made me indifferent to viands carefully prepared to tempt my appetite? At such times I've thought to myself that if I only had some of grandma's cooking, how gladly and heartily I would eat! And then has come the second, sweetly-sad thought that maybe, after all, it was grandma herself—the cheer, the restfulness, the healing, the solace of that sympathetic, saintly presence—that I pined for.

The few books that grandma had were kept in the old secretary in the front room



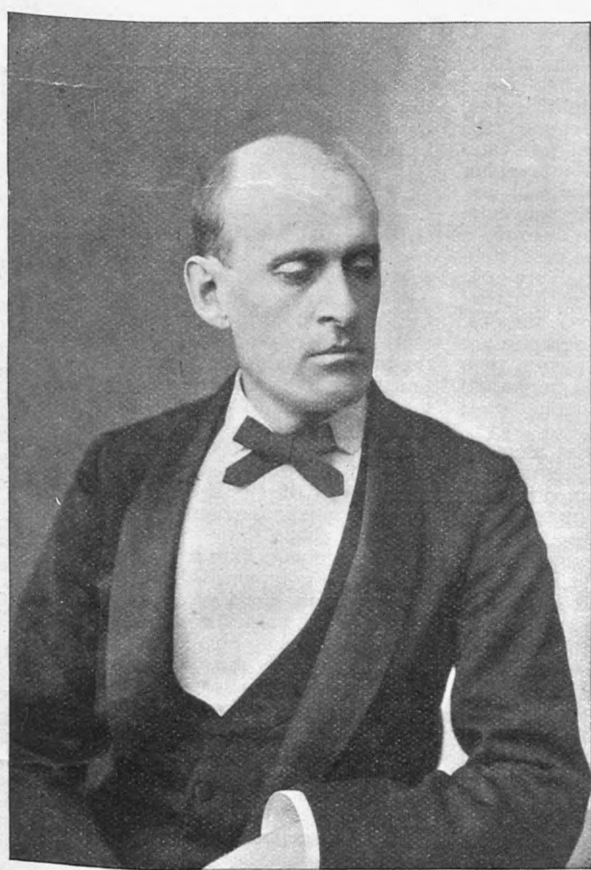
"GRANDMA FIELD"

under the spare chamber. Grandma was a life member of the American Tract Society, so her library was constantly increasing, and there was no other woman in the State of Vermont who had so wide and so exact an acquaintance with the spiritual condition and needs of the heathen as grandma had. There was not in all grandma's collection, as you can imagine, a book that could not with the utmost propriety be read on Sunday. The nearest approach to light literature were "The Blind Man's Offering" and a "Life of Mary Lyon." But my favorite reading when I visited grandma was "The Well Spring" and the New England primer. The rude cuts in the primer had then, and still have, a certain weird fascination which I can neither explain nor resist. My devotion to this kind of literature inspired grandma with the fond delusion that maybe some time I would become a minister, so she set about cultivating the theological germ she fancied was in me. She paid me ninnepence for every sermon or report of a sermon I wrote for her, and one of these sermons has survived the ruthlessness of years, and here it is now beside me—the sermon I wrote (when I was nine years old) in pencil in an old account book belonging to my grandfather.

I cannot forbear giving you just one extract from this sermon, in order that you may understand what a gloomy, stilted, conventional thing it is, and in order, furthermore, that you may see how good a thing it is that I abandoned sermonizing so many years ago:

"I remark secondly that conscience makes the way of transgressors hard, for every act

of pleasure, every act of guilt his conscience smites him. The last of his stay on earth will appear horrible to the beholder. Sometimes, however, he will be stayed in his guilt. A death in a family of some favorite object, or be attacked by



MR. FIELD

[From his latest photograph, by Stein, of Milwaukee]

stitutions,' but of one thing you can rest assured: my grandchildren shall be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Dear grandma has been asleep these many, many years; I was still a boy when I saw her saintly, beloved face for the last time. But I have not forgotten her. We were famous friends, and so very many times, in these years that have elapsed since I was a boy amid the New England hills, I have, with closed eyes and in moments of solemn, sweet reverie, seen dear grandma's lovely face and heard her gentle voice and felt the caress of her loving touch. All that I remember of grandma is so pleasant that I love to speak of her and of the days when I was one of her two little boys.

The old homestead was to the south of the common; it was a long, two-story white frame house with narrow windows and a green front door, upon which there was a curious little brass knocker, and a brass door-plate bearing the name, "Gen. Martin Field." Above this front door was an archaic window or transom in the shape of a fan. Three acres of ground were around the house—a large front yard and a side yard and an orchard; there were numerous outbuildings, a museum (for my grandfather was an amateur naturalist), a wood-shed, a barn, an ice-house and a carriage-house. In the carriage-house was a monster chaise, and I used to wonder whether there ever was a horse big enough and strong enough to haul it. There was a long gravel walk leading from the front gate to the front door, and on each side of this walk there was a flower-bed, in which, at the proper season, prim daffodils bloomed. On the picket fence which divided the front and side yards there was a sun-dial, and just to the north of this dial stood a sassafras tree—you see I re-



THE HOMESTEAD AMID THE NEW ENGLAND HILLS

said one day to his brother, an old man who had come many miles to soothe father's last hours: "Charles, I wish mother were living and here to cook for me. It may be an idle fancy, but I believe I could eat and relish some of her fried pork and potatoes."

some disease himself is brought to the portal of the grave. Then for a little time perhaps he is stayed in his wickedness, but before long he returns to his worldly lust. Oh, it is indeed hard for sinners to go down into perdition over all the obstacles which God has placed in their path. But many, I am afraid, do go down into perdition, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat."

Grandma herself was an able theologian, and her familiarity with the Scriptures was simply amazing. I think that Proverbs must have been her favorite book in the Bible, for she was always quoting therefrom, and, moreover, she constantly held Solomon up to me as one whose example I should emulate. One day I wanted to hear more about this wisest man, for I discovered all at once that in her talk about Solomon, grandma seemed to take pains to avoid all reference to the conclusion of his career. But I never got any satisfaction on this point from grandma, and but for future investigation, conducted without grandma's advice or consent, I might still be fancying that Solomon was cut off in the flower of his wisdom and godliness.

One bitter winter's night my younger brother had an attack of croup. While somebody was going for Dr. Warren—how well I remember his splendid shirt frills and blue coat with brass buttons—grandma came up-stairs and administered spiritual consolation to the sick child. She told him that in the midst of life we are in death, and she asked him if he were prepared to render up an account before the King of Kings. Poor little child, he was frightened nearly to death, of course; they banished grandma from the room, but not without much difficulty, for grandma didn't propose to sit tamely by and see a human soul in danger of the unquenchable fire.

She was a prudent and thrifty soul, was grandma. Extravagance and wastefulness she regarded as cardinal sins.

I wish I had space to tell you about the wonderful garret in that old homestead at Fayetteville, for, oh, the curious and splendid things I used to discover there when I went rummaging about therein on rainy days! I wish I had some of those quaint old things now. I should particularly like that large, white muslin banner, on which I used to read the mysterious legend: "Vote for Old Hickory." Indeed, I have many souvenirs of the old homestead and of dear grandma, but not enough. I have grandma's cunning little pewter teapot, and her beautiful gold watch that grandpa gave her when they were married, and her pewter porringer, and a set of her shovels and tongs, and one of her custard cups, and her copy of the American Tract Society's edition of the Psalms, and several pieces of linen she spun, and two of her brass candlesticks. I treasure and love these things and they are beautiful in my eyes, because they were grandma's.

Now, I have told you of grandma simply as I knew her. I could tell you many things which others have told me of her—of the hardships and the valor of her early life, of her very many deeds of charity and piety, of her great personal beauty—for she was the belle of Hadley once—and of the really noble public service she performed as the first lady in that community where she lived for nearly ninety years; but I have chosen to speak of her as she was known to the little motherless boy who found in her arms a sure and sweet refuge.

I think grandma feared death—others have told me so; I can't imagine why she should have, for her life was pure and high and full of good works. But she prayed God that when death came to her it should not be through lingering illness, but while she slept, so that her awakening in the Land of Promise might be from the sleep of that life wherein she had served God by the light that was within her. And so it came to pass, even as she had asked; for one fair morning when they went and called, grandma did not answer. A voice, sweeter and more beloved than ours, had summoned her patient, valorous, tender soul to its reward.

Among those hills—those sturdy hills of old Vermont that were witnesses to her good works—dear grandma sleeps the sleep that awaiteth all humanity. Those who were nearest and dearest to her in life, they, too, sleep that same sleep around her there. In the winding valley below, the little village stretches itself quietly and lovingly along. The steeple of the old meeting-house reaches high into the air as if to see the hilltop yonder, whither so many have gone forever. Just as of old, the wild strawberries and the wintergreens cluster where little eyes and little hands may find them out, and the daffodils beside a gravel walk incline their heads as if to hear what the gentle wind of spring-time has to tell of a lovely spot where the shepherd keepeth his vigil over his beloved.

And very, very far from those sweet, peaceful scenes, a child—for he is still a child that hath the grace of grandma's love in his heart—a child is thinking and speaking now of that dear, dead, saintly one, and he blesses her memory.

"HEIGH HO! FOR A HUSBAND"

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

[The first of Mrs. Harrison's new JOURNAL series of articles on "The Well-Bred Girl in Society"]



BEATRICE, Shakespeare's immortal charmer, lived in the artless age, when it was possible for a lady to express herself in terms like these (and who that has ever heard them from Ellen Terry's lips will forget the bewitching utterance?): "Good-lack, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburned; I may sit in the corner and cry, 'Heigh ho! for a husband.'"

When Don Pedro, as in gallantry bound, at once offered himself to the merry maiden, he received an answer embodying what might be taken as a text for modern preachment to intending brides.

"Will you have me, lady?" says the Count.

"No, my lord," answers Beatrice in one of her "speeches like poniards," "unless I might have another for working days; your grace is too costly to wear every day."

AGAINST these figureheads of society, "too costly to wear every day," a sensible girl ought not to need warning. But somehow or other all sensible girls are not as discriminating as Beatrice. Every day we see fine, well-poised women allying themselves with utterly inferior men, who can boast only the veneer of manner, of good looks, of dress according to the highest mode, of a certain patter in conversation upon current themes, that passes for agreeability! Why this variety of hero should have any vogue whatever with clever girls it is hard to understand. But, beginning in the dancing-class—that is an epitome of a larger social world—he struts and crows his hour away among the admiring maidens who are flattered when he comes to select them as partners in the dance, or strolls beside them in the promenade.

Such a boy is father to the man seen a few years later, expanding his achievements with his opportunities. It is no doubt audacity—always audacity—which is at the bottom of his success. That shrinking fellow, standing in the doorway looking on, is tenfold his superior, mentally and morally perhaps; but because he does stand in the doorway, and fails to push in to carry off the prize, the swaggerer secures what is far too good for his deserts.

THIS is the stranger because what every girl in her heart likes best is a manly man, and there is something infinitely little in the habitual stroller of society, who goes from house to house retailing gossip, who is an authority about other peoples' affairs, a law-giver in matters of petty form, who leads a cotillion as gravely and rebukingly of interference as if it were an army going in to battle! How can a young woman delude herself into supposing this character, whose habit of mind is trifling, whose intellect is so shallow, his temper so restless, can ever be transformed into the husband who is to guide and sustain her, and breathe strength into her life? And unless a husband can do these things he is worth no more than a cotillion favor a year after date. In our country men are, as a rule, so busy working for daily bread they are forced out of any such artificial attitude as I have suggested as soon as they come to years of discretion. The idlers are generally the infrequent heirs of money hardly earned by the generation that preceded them, who are too selfish to want to marry until they have exhausted other things. This is a blessing for which we should insert a clause of thanksgiving in our prayers. It is the do-nothings of English high society who are responsible for poor imitations in America. In both cases, fortunately far more so in England than with us, their way through life is tracked with outrages upon propriety in deed and in word, incredible among quieter folk, into whose paths the offenders rarely come.

An "alliance" with an example of this class is truly, as Beatrice said, "too costly to wear every day." A girl should look twice before she lets herself dream that such as he might ever be made available for the "working days" of life. Facility in conversation, taste and dress, that indefinable appanage called "style," are a long way from satisfying the yearning of a true woman's heart for the companionship that is to last through so many "every days"!

Apart from the offense against modesty and good taste involved in the practice, it is a question whether any deliberate effort entered into by a woman to secure a husband has ever been known to succeed. It is degrading to our sex that wits of all ages have recorded such attempts.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The success of Mrs. Harrison's previous articles on "The Well-Bred Girl in Society," published in the JOURNAL during 1892, has led to these supplementary papers, of which there will be three.

ONE'S ears burn in reading Thackeray's contemptuous description of how old Lady Kew dragged poor, dear Ethel Newcome into her chase through Europe after that noble prey, Lord Farintosh, who was finally "brought to bay" in Paris! It is commonly said to-day that English girls talk hunt, stable, kennel, smoke-room, follow in the shoot carrying birds and cartridges—all to make themselves more attractive to their men. From this has developed the race of tomboy girls we are familiar with. And now they are wanting to abolish chaprons, to have latchkeys, to go out alone in the evenings, to see plays at choice, to be more and more like the men, who don't want to be bothered with conventionalities. And yet these men in whose footsteps they fain would tread are not ever attracted by the sincere flattery of imitation to turn and seek their imitators for their brides. As the pursuer follows the game flies. A "jolly" girl, a "free and easy" girl, a "good, old" girl, may obtain from the other sex a certain amount of fellowship, but she is pretty sure to be left matrimonially in the lurch, in favor of her home-keeping, shrinking sister. It is in the nature of man to prefer that which he seeks for to that which seeks him. A prize easily procurable does not stimulate him to effort. It is so monotonous to sit and expect something quite sure to come!

In the category of a man's lightly-prized success may be generally reckoned the acquisition of a girl's personal gifts and tokens. If she be wise, and unless her course be reasonably clear, she will add nothing to the holocaust of little souvenirs amassed on his way through life by a popular young man. With the best intention of fidelity he is so likely, a very little while after, to confuse her gift with that of one of her predecessors. Gloves, ribbons, locks of hair, most of all photographs, are safer in possession of the owner than around the hodgepodge of pipes, books and brushes of a man's interior surroundings!

THE girls who attract the best men are almost always a source of surprise to their feminine friends, who are often lost in wonder as to why so many more patent charms should have been passed over in such selections. It is the little mouse of a woman, the shrinking, shy creature left in the background by her bolder sisters, we constantly see brought to the front by the man who has won her love. And men prefer to any such coquettish invitation as that extended by Mrs. Bond of the nursery rhyme to her ducks when decoying them to come and be killed, the uncertainty hanging around a being to whom they have to sue.

Every man's ideal of a wife—I mean the normal, honest citizen of our Republic, who looks forward to making of himself and his line, stones to support its bulwark—is a girl who may be pretty, who might be brilliant, but who must be good. He also recognizes instinctively that her grace should not be too costly to wear every day. That she shall be cheerful of temper, inclined to take short views of human infirmity, and sound of health, he is apt gravely to consider, within himself, as essential. If all those who, before marrying, omitted to think about these things had done so, it is possible we should hear less to-day of the incompatibility of man and woman; and the "woman's question" would be the man's question more universally!

THE age of marriage should be determined by the understanding of both principals as to the nature of their bond. It must always seem to an older person who has had experience in observation of careers "made or marred" by marriage that the mistake is apt to be in impetuous judgment, rather than immaturity or the reverse. One has seen quite as many failures resulting from the mating of gray hair with middle age as from the nuptials of eighteen with two-and-twenty. As a general thing, indeed, young hearts seem to grow more together, to accept the inevitables of life more frankly, to be more lenient with offending for love's sake than do their elders. Old lovers who have spent their lives together in their journey through life have a fund of tenderness in recollection of their common youth that is a fountain sealed at which they alone can refresh themselves. Then in youth hard knocks are borne so easily together; laughter is so apt to come after tears; hopes shared are sustaining even in disappointment! These thoughts make an early marriage sacred from the common gibes about "rushing blindfold into a pit," "tying a millstone around one's neck," "marrying in haste to repent at leisure," etc.

But materialism is the governing power of our age and society. Where certain indispensables are now lacking to a home discontent and heartburning are as often seen lurking near.

IF a young couple be sure enough of their own ability to shape their lives according to their actual means in venturing into matrimony they are blessed indeed. This is so rarely the case that a young man now holds back to let thirty find him in possession of sufficient income to pay his household bills before he dares assume the intimidating privilege of a wife.

There can be no reason against a girl marrying young if circumstances insure to her a reasonable protection against the disheartening apparition of poverty shivering behind the lamps and silver bonbon dishes of her wedding presents.

In our large cities one is called upon to attend wedding after wedding, where even in the brief glamour of excitement surrounding the pageant that glides up the aisle and back, there seems to be an almost awful suggestion of the future of the pair. The antecedents of the man met in a ballroom a few months before, unknown to the girl or disregarded by her parents; the evident consciousness of the bride as to theatrical effect; the unthinking delight of the bridesmaids in themselves; the callous indifference of the congregation to the vital issues of the scene make one sick at heart. No wonder the divorce follows so soon in the annals of so-called fashionable life!

There was never a time when the bond of matrimony was entered into more lightly, unadvisedly than now. There has never been a time when the marriage tie is treated more scoffingly in speech. And it is in the hands of the parents of our land to see, by precept and example, that this wrong is righted.

When a young man, therefore, is able and fit to take a wife, when a girl is ready to understandingly assume her duty toward her husband, that should, it seems to me, be the right time to marry, and not before!

THE NEWSPAPER AT BREAKFAST

BY EDWARD W. BOK

ONE hears a great deal of complaint from the women in homes nowadays of the habit into which men are more and more falling of reading their newspapers at the breakfast-table. It cannot be gainsaid that the women are eminently justified in their objection to this practice. Putting aside even the main point, the disrespect which such a habit shows to the wife and those at the breakfast-table, it practically robs one of the two meals which the average man eats in his home, of all sociability and possibility of domestic talk. Naturally, the average wife likes to talk with her husband in the comparatively little time which he spends in his home, and especially is this true of breakfast-time, when she often desires to consult him about plans for the day. But how is she to do this when from the moment he is seated he takes up his paper and hides himself behind it? The back of a newspaper is not a pleasant thing for a wife to contemplate across the breakfast-table. Let her interrupt him in his reading, and, like a dog interrupted in the gnawing of a bone, he growls and is irritated. It seems to me that it is in just such little courtesies of life as this that the average man is very often lamentably lax. Surely in this matter of newspaper reading at the table the men are justifiably criticised. It is little to ask of them that in this matter, at least, they show that sense of respect to their wives which is their due. The reading of the paper can be just as well confined to a quarter or half hour either before or after breakfast, or for the cars, or the office, or where not, but, at all events, let us banish its reading from the table.

The wives who are complaining of this habit of men—and, as I have said, I think they are perfectly justifiable in their complaint—should remember, however, on the other hand, that it is no less a mark of disrespect to husband and others at the table for them to open and read their letters at breakfast. This is a custom which has grown with women equally with the newspaper reading with men. Letters, as a rule, have a strictly personal interest to their recipients, and even where they are of general interest their reading should be dispensed with until after breakfast. In homes of the best breeding and deportment, letters and papers are never seen at table. It is not their place, and a woman absorbed in the reading of a letter at breakfast is not a whit more interesting a spectacle than a man buried from view behind a newspaper. Where urgency demands the opening of a letter at breakfast, and where no time has been previously found, conditions are different. But even then the least that we can do, I think, is to recognize the presence of others at table, and either ask permission or apologize for the necessity. But under all other circumstances correspondence should be kept from the table by women, just as the newspaper should be kept away by the men. Servants or members of the family should not be permitted to carry letters to the table either just before a meal or during its progress. It is a nice bit of good manners for children to learn to avoid these things, and it is the father and mother who, by example, should teach it.



"Together we went out of the woods"

AS ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER

By Frank R. Stockton

[With Illustrations by Frank O. Small]

PART II



THE position in which I found myself while I was quietly surveying Mr. Rosley's walled garden, with the intention of getting into it if I could do so, was not altogether satisfactory. I felt as if I were engaged in a sly and underhand business. Clandestine methods are allowable in war and love, but I was not engaged in either of these pursuits, besides I was endeavoring to speak to a young lady as a woman would speak to her. Would a woman have climbed into a tree to talk with her?

However, I could not burden my mind with such casuistries. I had come to do a thing and I must do it. I quietly climbed into a tree and very cautiously projected my head above the wall. I looked into a garden with flowerbeds, paths bordered with high rows of box, masses of shrubbery here and there and a heavily-shaded arbor, but I saw no human being. Some of the branches of the tree in which I was standing rested on the top of the wall so that I looked through them without danger of being seen. I looked and I looked and I looked, but there was nothing I cared to see and my heart grew heavier and heavier. At one time I thought of going boldly to the front door and asking for Miss Rosley. I might thus, at least, find out if such a person existed, and if this were so I might even manage in the presence of witnesses to talk to her about the music she had ordered and thus let her know who I was.

Suddenly, and with such startling effect that I almost slipped out of the tree, there appeared before me an apparition. It was that of a young lady dressed in white, and she came out of the summer-house. She held a book in her hand, and with sparkling eyes and lips half open she stepped rapidly toward me. Stopping a little distance from the wall, she said:

"Is that Mr. Thomas ——? If so, what is the rest of your name?"

I could scarcely answer, so surprised was I. The girl was beautiful. I do not believe I ever saw such eyes. Clara's are dark.

"W. Grant," said I. A smile of delight spread over her face. She was not tall, but her movements and expressions had a charm in them which seemed entirely novel to me.

"Oh, I am so glad," she said. "I had not the least idea there was anybody here until I happened to look up from my book and saw those branches moving. Then I noticed your hat. How good of you to come. Do you think you can reach this?" Then dropping her book on the ground she took from her pocket a letter and held it up to me. "That is a full account of me, with all the things which I wish to have known. I give it to you now because if any one should come before I have time to talk to you you will not have to go away without knowing everything."

I leaned over the wall, stretched down my arm and took the letter.

"Then I may talk to you?" I said. "Oh, yes," she answered, "there are a good many things I want to ask you. If I had something to stand on it would be better," and she looked about her.

"Oh, you need not trouble yourself to stand on anything," said I, visions of toppling boxes or barrels coming into my mind. "May I not get over the wall and speak with you on the ground?"

"That would be better," she said, "but I am so afraid that if any one should come you could not get back again."

I glanced along the inner side of the wall; not far away there was a low pear tree and from a crotch of this I saw I could easily reach the coping.

"I can get back again easily enough," said I, and in a moment I was standing by her side.

"Let us step into the arbor," she said; "it is possible that we may be seen here from the house."

I followed her quick steps toward the arbor.

"Now let us sit down here," said she, "and not speak very loud. I am dreadfully anxious to ask you some things, and besides I can tell you what is in that letter a great deal better than I have written it. But first of all I want to ask you some questions. Have you a sister?"

"Yes."

"What is her name?"

"Margaret."

"Oh, and is your mother living, and what was her name before she was married?"

"Margaret also—Margaret Carson."

She clasped her little hands in her lap, and turned herself slowly toward me.

"Then you are not the person," said she.

"What person?" I asked in consternation.

"When my father was living," she said, "he had a partner who was his great friend, and although I am not positively and certainly sure that his name was the same as yours, I know it was Grant and I think it was Thomas W. He is dead, but I know he had a son whose name was Thomas, and I thought there was no reason why he should not be living at the address you sent me. But I know his sister and his mother, and her maiden name was Stanfield, and neither of them is named Margaret. Ever since I have been in trouble I have so longed to know where the Grants lived, and when I took your address from the pigeon's wing I

could have screamed with delight. But, after all, you are not the person."

Did this mean that I was to get up and retire over the garden wall? I could not act on such a supposition.

"I do not know any Grants who married Stanfields," said I, speaking very earnestly, "but I assure you, Miss Rosley, that that does not make the least difference in the world. You want help and I am here. Tell me what it is that I can do for you, and it shall be done just the same as if I were the son of your father's friend. I judged from the letter that I were in great trouble. Now, I am a lawyer, tell me everything and it may be I can help you as well as any one else. Your appeal for help came floating to me out of the sky and it made a great impression upon me. I felt that such a call as that must not be disregarded. I came to you just as soon as it was possible, and now I do not want you to send me away without allowing me to do what I can for you."

"How glad I am you are a lawyer," she said, the light again shining in her eyes. "A lawyer ought to know exactly what to do, and it was wonderfully kind of you to take so much trouble for an absolute stranger, and now I will begin at the beginning and tell you everything as quickly as I can."

The story she told did not surprise me. In fact, I had guessed the drift of it. She was an orphan and had reason to believe that her uncle, who was her guardian, and who of late years had become very eccentric, had spent a great part or perhaps all of her fortune in his expensive experiments, and since she had left school and come of age he had been very suspicious and watchful of her, refusing her permission to travel or visit her friends, and lately had actually instituted a system of espionage of all her correspondence. There was no doubt that he was afraid she would write something or say something which would cause an investigation of her affairs before he had finished a great scientific work on which he was engaged, and from which, as he informed her almost

every day, he expected to derive great profit as well as reputation.

Miss Rosley's affection for her uncle, whose mind must be quite unsettled, had prevented her from appealing to the neighbors, by whom the old gentleman was evidently much disliked, and who had already talked about the strictness with which he treated his niece, although they did not know the extent of his vigilance. Such an appeal, my companion said, would probably have resulted in his being sent to a lunatic asylum or a prison, and she had, therefore, confined herself to efforts to open a correspondence with the outside world. And if she could not in this way bring her case to the knowledge of friends, she might, at least, obtain the assistance of an unprejudiced and dispassionate lawyer, who, without making her uncle the subject of public scandal, would quietly obtain for her an allowance sufficient for her support, and let her uncle keep the rest. Thus, under legal protection, she would get out into the world and seek her friends, leaving her uncle to go on with his experiments and expenses without fear of disturbance from her. If he could be sure that he were in no danger of an investigation of his guardianship he would be quite willing, she believed, to let her go wherever she chose.

I did not interrupt her story. It was told with great directness and clearness, owing, no doubt, to her having previously written it.

"Now," said she, when she had finished, "you are a lawyer; will you take my case, will you advise me?"

"Most gladly will I do that," I said. "I will take counsel of the heads of the law firm with which I am connected. I will manage the matter in the quietest and most private way, mentioning no names until it is necessary. You may suppose that I have not had experience enough to conduct an affair which demands such delicacy, prudence and knowledge, but I assure you that the firm of Roundman, Bostwick & Unger stands in the highest rank of the profession. I will remember all that you have told me, and I will carefully study the paper you have given me. I will find the family of your father's partner. I will put you into communication with them, for I can manage a correspondence for you. In fact, I will attend to anything you wish."

"That is very good of you," she said. "I believe that lawyers are as kind as doctors. When I succeeded in getting



"Is that Mr. Thomas ——? If so, what is the rest of your name?"

HOW I MAKE A DRAWING

By Frank O. Small



SKETCH FOR COMPOSITION



Each person who makes a drawing does it in his own particular way, just as every individual has a handwriting of his own. No fixed rule can be laid down. My method is this: To begin with the

text, which, for the purpose of this paper, suppose we have read as follows:

"The following morning she hurried down town to complete her purchases."

Now I analyze this sentence a bit: "Down town in all probability means that the scene is in a city; the time, according to the text, is before noon, but the word "hurried" immediately makes me think that the person referred to started at an early hour, say between eight and nine o'clock, especially if there were many errands to do, Christmas shopping being always an undertaking.

The season being near Christmas naturally suggests a snowy street, so I begin to run over in my mind the different streets I am familiar with, and recall how they look under a winter aspect, with the people, carriages and wagons moving to and fro.

To me the freshly-fallen snow is most attractive, for, in an hour or two in the city, it loses its freshness. In a fashionable street at an early hour one finds men on their way to business, some on foot, some driving; here and there an occasional market wagon, and, with snow on the ground, men and boys are sure to be abroad soliciting the opportunity of cleaning sidewalks for a consideration. Then, perhaps, there is the never-failing postman.

Having gotten this far with the general possibilities of the subject I make a small, rough pencil sketch to try the effect of lines and general placing as well as the poses of my figures. Sometimes a dozen or more of these little drawings are made before a satisfactory one is hit upon. In one sketch the figures may not compose

well, in another the background will be inharmonious, and so I work on until a pleasing combination is reached, which more often than not is abandoned later for a newer and better idea.

The pose of the figures is another difficulty. To indicate a rapid walk, for instance, means careful observance of people under that condition; one must catch the position of head, shoulders, hands and feet, the sweep of flying drapery; moreover, to make a figure walking in snow is a very nice distinction, as the freedom of movement is somewhat retarded thereby.

My method here is to go out on the street and watch people, making either mental notes or doing a quick sketch simply for the "go"; or sometimes I have my model walk rapidly up and down the studio again and again until I have the "swing" of the walk well in mind.



SKETCH FOR BACKGROUND

Then I commence to make a drawing from the model in the pose he or she takes. A good model readily catches the idea, and it not infrequently happens at this stage that I abandon my preconceived notion of the pose and adopt another suggested by different effects of light or by the actual costume selected, or again by a pose of the model that seems to be more in keeping with either the situation or the individual. As an example, in my first sketch of the picture here under treatment both hands were placed in the muff; later this was changed to what appears in the finished picture.

This sketch from the model I make sometimes as a study, but frequently I paint directly into my picture, especially if the study for the background is already made. If this is out-of-doors I always make a pencil or wash drawing; if the scene happens to be indoors I arrange as far as possible to have the actual setting in my studio. In this way one gets the true proportion and relation of one object to another.

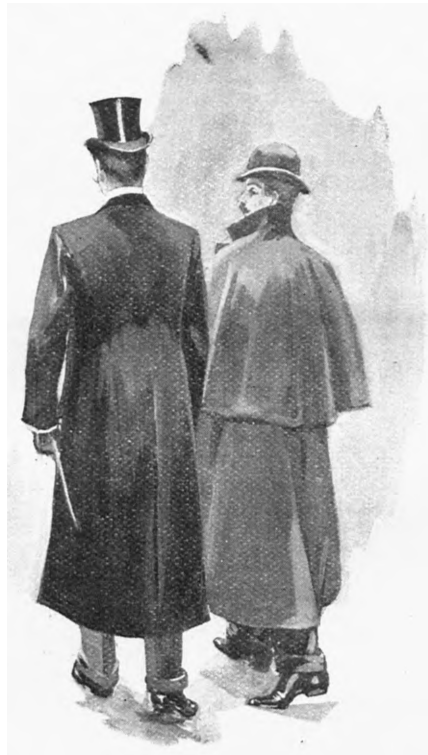
The selection of costumes, especially if the scene is of to-day, is a great problem. More than once have I bewailed my fate in not having that purely feminine gift of seizing at a glance every detail of costume, from the way the bows are put on the hat to the latest "organ-pipe" plaits, or the right size and "spread" of the sleeves. One must literally be "up to date," and dress his figures so that, as far as possible, the costumes may be in keeping with the character of the individual represented. Still one can accomplish not

a little by careful observance of people in and out of doors, making mental notes and sketches when possible. Sometimes one has to rely on the briefest of shorthand notes; a trained memory is often of the greatest service. In the theatre, horse-car or street, in fact at all times and in all places, does one get material, such as types, characteristics, clothes, poses, grouping of figures, effects of light; in the shop windows one sees furniture and the thousand and one things that go to make up our surroundings. It can be honestly said nothing is too trivial to overlook.

Speaking of memorizing at a glance recalls an incident which occurred some time ago while I was walking with a brother artist. I noticed that he turned and looked intently at a gentleman we met on the street. Nearly two years later that very face and man appeared in one of my friend's drawings, and, strange to say, he was quite unconscious of the fact that he had seen this person in the flesh, and a capital portrait he had made, too!

The costume may be made a great index of character, but for purposes of illustration it is best that it be worn a few times, so that it becomes individual, moulding itself to the figure underneath. Big sleeves and voluminous skirts do not outline a figure as did Greek drapery, but still each garment partakes somewhat of the wearer. As the folds indicate the figure so do the mental characteristics peep through in the selection and general make-up of a costume, whether it is inexpensive or costly.

So the dressing of the *dramatis personae* is quite important, as it may add or detract from the character. Now, if I had a policeman to draw it would never do to put him in a dress-coat, but in his uniform, and I should make sure of the cut and make-up of the dress even down to the number of buttons, not that a trifling error in the number of buttons would matter much; in a military uniform, however, it most decidedly would.



SKETCH FROM MODELS

Portraying the character of each person in a story is the most difficult task of all. Society women are of one type, domestically-inclined people of another; the professional and business man has each his distinguishing characteristic, and so on; and of each type one must make a living person and an individual. To realize this one must analyze each, put one's self in his or her place, just as an actor assumes, for the time being, the character he impersonates.

Now, in the shopping incident in which Miss Constance, a well-to-do young lady of quite the average amount of good looks and intelligence, nicely dressed as well, figures, what would her emotions be under the circumstances? From the text we see she is in a hurry. This would probably cause a little excitement. Aside from her excitement she is more than likely to be perplexed, for her money may not hold out, or the exact article desired cannot be found, or she may be mentally reviewing with some anxiety her list of purchases to make sure that nothing has been forgotten.

Coupling this with her surroundings and we have her hurrying along the street either smiling or deep in thought, expectant or perplexed, holding up her dress in one hand to keep it from getting soiled, and what is more natural than to bury one's face in fur when the air is keen and biting? This last should certainly suggest winter, and if it does, then it is in character.

What sort of a girl would she be? That each one must decide very largely for himself, being governed, of course, by the

text. Miss Constance would not be of the ultra-fashionable set, neither of the lower middle class, so she comes somewhere between—the sort of girl who takes a decided interest in her brothers and sisters, is no doubt well educated, of course can play the piano and dance; quite as likely as not is an adept at lawn tennis or rowing, and I am sure can hold her own in conversation—in fact, an average American girl at her best.

The man posed with his back toward us is the man-about-town, well dressed, good manners, able generally to look after himself, a pleasant fellow to meet and probably a club man.

The other figure we all know so well that there is but little to be said, except that he is generally unsuccessful, the social nadir of the other two.

Color is something not generally understood to exist in a black and white drawing. It does exist, however, and also forms one of the chief charms therein. Generally speaking, it consists in getting each person or object under the same conditions of light, with just the right amount of illumination on each, in relation to all others, technically speaking "values." Hence, if a picture is in "value" it will form a most pleasing and truthful whole; with this should be a fine feeling for color, which is something indescribable, but without it no black and white drawing can be truly successful.

In the establishment of a scale of "values" the usual way is to start with the highest light and strongest dark, then the intermediate tones take their places readily; but the real difficulty is to hit just the right starting point, so that the scale selected may be in the truest harmony with the subject. Experience alone teaches this.

In my drawing here the snow is the highest light, but not up to clear white, except in a few spots. The fur is the strongest dark, but not quite down to pure black. Between these two comes a large mass of gray accented here and there with lighter and darker tones.

The materials one uses are largely a matter of individual preference. For general water-color work the cold pressed smooth paper gives, I think, the best result; the most ideal paper is the abraded board, as the surface will stand almost any amount of manipulation without roughing up.

For my own use I have the paper mounted on pulp board of convenient sizes, and this does away with the troublesome curling of the paper when wet.

My brushes consist of assorted sizes of Lyon's hair bristle and sables; the former I use for larger washes, the sables for more minute parts.

In colors there are quite a number to select from: flake, zinc, permanent Chinese white and Cremnitz white. This last, put up in bottles or tubes, I use. White and also black, in collapsible tubes or glass, have the advantage of not drying up, and this is of importance. Among the blacks are lamp, bone, ivory and charcoal gray. This last is used by many artists in preference to all others. Ivory black is my favorite, however. A small sponge of the finest quality is very useful in taking out washes should a drawing require alteration, being careful not to injure the paper, however.



THE FINISHED PICTURE



SKETCH FROM MODEL

CHRISTMAS IN THE YEAR 2000

BY EDWARD BELLAMY
AUTHOR OF "LOOKING BACKWARD" ETC.



been brought home to us in a vivid manner that,

"On a narrow neck of land
Twixt two unbounded seas we stand."

Between the glamour of departed days and the rose tints of to-morrow, the affairs of to-day, illuminated by the hard white light of the present, have seemed singularly commonplace and uninteresting.

Meanwhile to parents and educators in general this bi-millennial year has been a Godsend in its effect in generating an historic enthusiasm most needful to help young minds, or old ones for that matter, to bridge in imagination the tremendous gap between the nineteenth century, which closed the gloomy procession of the dark ages, and the twentieth, with which the modern world may be said to have begun.

In the America of our great-grandparents there were among many minor feasts and fasts two great days, the Fourth of July and Christmas Day. Perhaps in no simpler way can we obtain at a glance a more vivid conception of the contrast between the state of human development a century ago and now, than by considering the changes that have come over the popular way of regarding these two anniversaries.

It has been a conceit of some of our romancists, and one upon which divers pleasing fictions have been based, that the suggestions and impressions of the present bi-millennial year have not only influenced deeply our own intellectual and moral atmosphere, but that they have had a like effect in the spiritual world to the extent of disturbing those gravitations by which at other times the souls of the disembodied and unembodied keep their places, and that in consequence many spirits of other generations have during this year been walking unobserved among us and noting our ways, even as it is reported the dead walked during the crucifixion of Christ.

If by virtue of this ingenious theory we suppose the spirit of one of our great-grandparents, representing the last quarter of the nineteenth century, to have been thus going up and down among us during the past year, perhaps nothing has more shocked the dear old soul than finding his beloved Fourth of July forgotten.

This year, indeed, the day has been made much of, but the reason of the revival must probably have hurt his feelings even more than the fact of the previous neglect.

How must his ghostly gorge have risen, if he were at all a typical American of the old time, on learning that the revival of the Fourth of July this year has been solely for educational purposes, as affording a suitable occasion for impressing our young idea with a sense of the contrast between the rudimentary conceptions of liberty and equality which our forefathers made such a fuss about and the same ideas as realized in modern society.

That contrast is indeed so complete that probably even the lately-galvanized Fourth has helped us very little to get the ancestral point of view. What on earth our fathers meant by being so zealous for the mutual independence and equality of the nations as collective bodies, while remaining so entirely indifferent to preserving a mutual equality and independence among the citizens of the respective nations, is more, we fear, than the average modern American will ever understand. To us it would seem of quite invisible importance that America was independent of England if Americans were not independent of Americans.

Meanwhile it ought a little to have mitigated the wrath of our visitor to learn that the Fourth had not been discriminated against, but in passing out of observance had but shared the fate of an interminable list of anniversary celebrations of international conflicts and victories, all of which have lost their former zest since the ideal of a universal human brotherhood has dominated the hearts of men.

This last piece of news would naturally suggest to our respected great-grandparent that if, indeed, peace on earth had finally been realized, Christmas might well have taken on a new significance, seeing that it would now have become the celebration not merely of a mystical hope but of a solid fruition. Here, indeed, he would be at the beginning of the greatest lesson our age could teach him.

BUT nowhere does the gap between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries so widen as at Christmas Day, and if we would seek to bridge it we must again call the wings of fancy to our aid.

Let us imagine, if we can, an American of to-day caught up by some miracle of translation, the reverse of the one we supposed in the case of the returning grandfather, and set down on Christmas Day among our forefathers a hundred years ago, on some Christmas, say, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Let us suppose him to be fully informed on matters of history concerning the barbarities of the social-economic arrangements of that day, but to be ignorant of the Christmas customs of our ancestors or whether they had any. In this case it is very safe to say that the surprise of our resuscitated grandfather on finding that the Fourth of July is forgotten, would be a mild sensation compared with the astonishment of our contemporary on discovering that in America a hundred years ago Christmas was remembered.

And this astonishment would certainly be a most rational feeling. To any one previously ignorant of the real facts, no suggestion would seem more absurd on the face of it than that a society illustrating in all its forms and methods a systematic disregard of the Golden Rule, would permit any notice, much less any open celebration, of Christ's birthday.

One would have taken for granted—being, as I say, uninformed beforehand of the fact, so much stranger in this instance than any fiction—that as December twenty-fifth drew near the police would be doubled, and detectives in citizens' clothes stationed on every corner to arrest any who should so much as whisper that tremendous name of Jesus. For what treason so black could there be to the social state of that day, what sedition so dangerous as any act in honor of the mighty leveler who laid the axe at the root of all forms of inequality by declaring that no one should think anything good enough for another which he did not think good enough for himself, and who struck at the heart of the lust of mastery when He said that our strength measured our duties to others, not our claims on them, and that there was no field for greatness but in serving?

It would plainly be the only reasonable supposition that if there were any who loved this revolutionary doctrine, so irreconcilable with the existing order, they must live in hiding.

How, then, shall we imagine the stupefaction of our contemporary, who, thus expectant, should awaken on Christmas morning to hear the day ushered in by a chorus of jubilant bells and popular rejoicings? How shall we measure his mounting amazement on going forth to find the disciples of the Golden Rule celebrating the praises of its author, not in caves or forest depths, but in lordly temples in the high places of the city, and what, above all, shall he say when he observes that the rich and the rulers not only permit, but encourage, the toiling masses who serve them to render homage to the memory of Him who came expressly to preach deliverance to the captive, to set at liberty them that are bruised, and to break every yoke save that of love?

Doubtless our contemporary, confronted with such overwhelming evidence of the popularity of Jesus Christ, would presently begin to fancy that the history books of the twentieth century must have been mistaken about the un-Christian character of nineteenth century civilization.

But no. With those who dwell on the ocean shore it is so that whenever speech is broken by a pause the deep undertone of the surf, before forgotten, swells upon the ear and fills the silence with its perpetual moan. So in that day of which I write, one had but to pause a moment and listen to catch the deep voice of a perpetual lamentation, the cry of the blood of Abel against his brother, which, ceasing not from the beginning, has only in these last days been hushed in blessed silence. And if our contemporary, for this reason, did not recognize the dolorous sound, yet he would need but to look about him to see that this generation which so loudly cried, "Lord, Lord!" had yet no more mind to do the things Christ said than the generation He addressed. The names had been changed and superficial modifications of institutions and habits had taken place, but the essential immorality which Christ condemned, the inhumanity of man to man, yet remained entrenched as firmly as ever. On every hand the contrast of pomp and poverty, the full and the hungry, the clothed and the naked—the picture that broke Christ's heart—remained.

WHERE shall we find the explanation of this paradox, well called the greatest in history, of the adoration of Christ, as not merely leader, but God, by communities which tolerated a social organization that made earth a hell and openly outraged every word of His gospel? How shall we understand a race of otherwise rational men who seemed to deify only to defy?

Can you imagine a Christianity with the Golden Rule left out? You ask what would be left? Never mind that. If you can imagine a conception of Christianity which shall leave out the Golden Rule you will have the explanation of the paradox.

"Peace on earth" was the aim of Christ's work in this world. The whole gist of His doctrine and the burden of His teaching consisted in counsels to men how to put an end to strife with their fellow-men and live together with them in mutual helpfulness. All this teaching, which was the whole content of His gospel, was grouped about and crystallized in the Golden Rule, whereon our modern world is founded as on an everlasting foundation. To believe in Christ and not to believe in the Golden Rule as the only plan for social organization, seems to us a moral and rational impossibility—an unthinkable proposition. Just this, however, our ancestors undertook to do, and it is fair to admit that they were very frank about it; they made no pretenses.

WHILE professing the most reverential sentiments toward Christ and averring the acceptance of His doctrine otherwise, they distinctly rejected and repudiated his law of peace as a desirable or possible social plan, and, on the contrary, explicitly based their entire system of social organization upon the law of strife and contention. Only by peace could human nature perfect itself, taught Christ, but these others said, only by strife. And by this law of strife, they meant not the friendly competition for honorable distinctions that we know, but a struggle for existence itself, an Ishmaelitic lifelong wrangle between each and all, not only for everything that made life dignified or desirable but for bare life itself.

For the credit of the human heart and reason there were some in every generation in those nineteen centuries of so-called Christianity who declared against the law of strife as the devil's law, as wicked as it was senseless, and who were not weary with appealing to Christ's law of peace and mutual helpfulness as the only sane rule by which men could live together. But while it would not quite do, so long as Christianity was universally accepted, to denounce Christ Himself for uttering the Golden Rule, these who echoed His teachings, though in terms that did but paraphrase His words, were hounded down as disturbers of the peace, and as such imprisoned, killed and persecuted, and ridiculed as fools and visionaries.

It was the approved doctrine taught by the leaders of politics and ethics, and accepted by the masses, that if a community should ever abandon the law of strife for the rule of peace, and agree to provide for the needs of the members by working together in the common interest, instead of contending with one another in separate interests, they would all presently starve to death. This would happen not because they could not produce enough to eat by cooperation but because they would lose their appetites if their bread were no longer smeared with the blood and tears of those from whom it was taken away, or, in a word, that no one would care to live unless it were at the expense and loss of others.

SO it was that from the gospel of Christ, vinegar from honey, there was devised a gospel which Dives not only could hear with complacency, but afford to contribute liberally to have preached to Lazarus that he might be more content to lie at the gate. Thus out of the burning words of Him who came to make all things new, and who taught His people to pray for God's kingdom to come on earth as it is in Heaven, there was evolved a doctrine which was considered more effectual than police and soldiers to repress popular aspirations for freer and more equal social institutions.

But what, it may well again be asked, could remain of Christ's doctrine after the Golden Rule had been eliminated?

It appears that the body of Christian doctrine as held by our great-grandparents consisted chiefly of what few things Christ said as to the next world, together with a great mass of inferences and speculations based on these utterances. So rooted in the philosophy and practice of the Golden Rule were all these intimations of the world to come, as Christ suggested them, that it is difficult to see how any one who rejected the rule could fancy they had any concern in them.

As we compare from our present point of view the former ages, and especially the nineteenth century with to-day, never came truer the saying of the great social architect that "the stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner." For to this rule of Christ, which our fathers were too wise for, we gladly confess our debt as the open secret of the stability of our world-wide house.

OUR whole order is but an application of that rule so simple that a child could not fail to deduce the result from the terms. What is the rule? Simply that if men would live well together every one should see that every other fares as well as he. Individual efforts are inadequate to secure this end. If the Golden Rule is to be realized in society the only method is a collective guarantee from all to each of what each owed individually to every other, namely, as good treatment as he himself had, which means, as applied practically, the guarantee by all to all of equality in everything that touches material and moral conditions. So our state and all the modern states and the world state are founded, and ingrates, indeed, should we be if we did not celebrate Christmas as founder's day in honor of Him who gave us in a phrase the master-key of the political, the humane and the economic problems.

In a society such as that of the nineteenth century, based upon inequalities and existing for the benefit of the few at the cost of the many, it was, of course, out of the question to celebrate Christmas in the way we do, as the world's great emancipation day and feast of all the liberties. One such celebration by its effect in opening men's eyes to the practical meaning and perfect reasonableness of Christ's social ethics would have led to the instantaneous overthrow of the whole order of things, and the breaking into fragments of every human yoke. It was necessary, therefore, if the day was to be recognized at all, to give some other and safer direction to the sentiment of the occasion. These reflections may help us to understand the character of a family festival so largely imparted to Christmas in the olden time.

Nor was this probably the only explanation of the fact. The family fireside was in that bitter age the only spot on earth in which the law of strife was not dominant, though even there its malign influence was sadly felt. It remained, however, the circle in which more nearly than anywhere else the Golden Rule was recognized.

BUT the devotion of the day to the purposes of the family reunion and a feast of kinship, though so pathetically excused was not the less a singularly complete perversion of the meaning of the occasion. Jesus Christ did not come to teach any new or special doctrine as to the family relation, nor yet to lay fresh emphasis on the old one. There was no need that He should. Nature taught men to love their children. Christ came to preach not the love of kindred, but of humanity. He came not to teach men to love the children of their own bodies, but the children of God's spirit, their brothers by virtue of the breath of the one Father in their nostrils, their fellow-men. So far was Christ from seeking to lay an added emphasis on the duty of family devotion that again and again by example and by precept He warns us not to permit the ties of the lesser family to interfere with our duty and devotion to the greater family of mankind. That gentle reminder of the boy to the doting mother as to the superior importance of the great father's business even to a mother's claims, gave the note of all His subsequent teachings on this matter. Always Christ was seeking to call men out of the narrow paradise of selfish loves and interests, and make them realize the larger ties and greater duties that were theirs as sons, not of men, but of man, as brothers, not of this man or that man, but of all men. What perversion of the meaning of Christmas could then be more curiously complete, however pleasing in itself, than the consecration of this day of all days in the year to a family feast with curtains drawn against the world without?

There hangs upon my study wall a picture—a copy of an old print of the nineteenth century—representing just such a family feast on Christmas Day, save that the curtains not being closely drawn permit to be seen two beggar children, with gaunt and pallid faces marked with tears, standing without, covered with the falling snow as they peer in with longing, hungry eyes at the festival. It is a picture that tells the whole story and typifies the age.

* * * * *
But the evening is wearing on toward midnight. The moment must be at hand when the first sunbeam shall flash on Bethlehem, and give the signal for the world-round trumpet chorus which is to usher in the two thousandth Christmas dawn. Two thousand years the herald angels have waited for the answer to their song. Now, at last, we can echo back their benison of "Peace on earth," with "Peace indeed."

There is something that appeals to the sense of fitness in this idea of making the celebration of the day simultaneous in every land; in the thought that with the first note of the trumpets, whether it be midnight, dawn or evening, it will be that moment Christmas morning everywhere. Other feast days we may wait for as they slowly dawn around the earth, ending here ere at the antipodes they begin, but this day, sacred to the tie of universal human brotherhood, should have no moment that all mankind does not share in common.

A MINISTER OF THE WORLD

By Caroline Atwater Mason

[With Illustration by W. T. Smedley]

IV

STEPHEN, did you say that Mr. Wells was a deacon of your church?"

It was Mrs. Castle who spoke, leaning back in a cushioned armchair in a tiny and much-upholstered reception-room. It was one of a small suite of furnished rooms which they had taken in an apartment house in New York. It was now nearly midnight. Mrs. Castle wore a new black silk gown which she had had made in Pembroke before leaving Thornton two weeks ago, and it sat primly on her narrow, stiffened form. She wore black kid gloves over her work-hardened hands, through which the enlarged joints would show themselves, and she carried stiffly in one hand a starched handkerchief precisely folded. Her face was pale and wore a disturbed and anxious expression. They had just returned in Mr. Loring's carriage from a reception given in Stephen's honor at that gentleman's house. There had been an official reception to the new pastor at the chapel of the Church of All Good Spirits the week before. The affair of this evening had been purely social, although it was within its purpose to enable the members of the church, or rather those belonging to the right set, to become better acquainted with Stephen Castle.

In reply to his mother's question, Stephen, who had thrown himself upon a divan and was looking intently at the pink and green frescoes on the ceiling over his head, remarked, in a slightly defensive tone:

"Certainly, mother. Why do you ask the question in such a way?"

"It don't seem possible," Mrs. Castle returned, with something between a groan and a sigh. "I guess Christians in New York aren't much like Christians out in the country, or churches, or deacons."

"In some outward points I suppose they are different," said Stephen kindly; "but at heart I have no doubt they are alike everywhere."

"Well, I don't know, Stephen. It looks very queer to me, and I guess I sha'n't ever feel at home very much in your new church. This Mr. Wells, and you say he's a deacon, stood right beside my chair there, a spell before they dished their ice cream, and he was talking to a young man about a whist party—that's what he called it—that was going to be at his house—I mean Mr. Wells' house—and he was urging that young man, Stephen, to come there and play cards! And he's a deacon in your church! It must be a different kind of a church to any I ever was acquainted with, where the deacons themselves play cards and entice young men into such sinful pleasures, as if they wouldn't go fast enough themselves. I don't know, I never felt so in my life. It seemed as if it kind of struck to my stomach," and Mrs. Castle, who had sat up with sudden energy as she talked, dropped her head again on the back of the chair.

As Stephen said nothing she soon began again:

"This wasn't the only thing, nor the worst thing. How did you feel when you saw those women—the way they were dressed? Did you think a minister of the Gospel belonged in such a place?" and a flush came in her faded cheeks and an indignant spark in her eyes.

"Don't get so stirred up, mother," Stephen said soothingly. "You must remember that we are not used to city ways yet."

"No, and I thank the Lord I am not used to city ways, if those are city ways, and I pray I never shall be! I was all mixed up one time," she continued, after a little pause, "and I suppose some of the folks had a laugh at my ignorance, but I guess it's just as well not to know too much about some things. One of those pretty looking young girls that wore so much of that thin gauzy stuff, come up to me and got an introduction and talked a little. She looked pleasant enough but she hadn't much to say, and I hadn't, and I was just hoping you would come around and propose to go home, when she said, 'Have you seen Miss Rehan yet?' and I said, 'No, I don't think she's been introduced, though she may have been; it's hard remembering so many names.' At that I saw she looked kind of puzzled, and then she said, 'Oh, I don't mean anybody here, I was speaking of Miss Ada Rehan, Mr. Daly's leading lady. You must be sure to go and see her in 'As You Like It.''"

Stephen could not restrain a smile at this, knowing that his mother had always regarded a theatre as situated directly over the mouth of the infernal regions.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Say? What should a Christian say? I said, 'No, my dear, I shall never be seen inside of a theatre while I have my senses, and I want to ask you if you think it is a place for an immortal soul on its way to eternity to be found? How would you like to be called to die in such a place?' When I put it straight to her conscience I could see it went home; she colored up and said she was sorry she had made such a mistake. Then I told her I was sorry too, but the gates of mercy was wide open even for those that had wandered far. It was just then that you came up and I left her."

ignorance on the part of his mother, and would have yielded to the irritation which such a feeling would incite. But the young man was too profoundly affected himself to give way to petty or superficial considerations. He had made like discoveries which amazed and shocked him no less than they had his mother, and in his own heart he was simply appalled at the situation before him. These two people had lived all their lives in remote, inland villages of Northern New England. The most rigid Puritanic scruples had been handed down through successive generations. It had been a ministerial family, characterized hitherto by respectable but not marked ability, and by the most unflinching devotion to a sense of duty. Mrs. Castle was a somewhat narrow woman, but she was the product of generations ready to die at the stake or in battle for the sake of principle, and the same stuff was in her. In her son was a strain of the imaginative, idealizing temperament—more of flexibility, less of severity. Furthermore, he was bound to be hopeful by all the exigencies of the position.

"Well, mother," he said, rising and

concerns. It was thus a matter of no great difficulty for Stephanie to bring about the call to Stephen Castle, which was, as must have been inferred, the immediate result of her efforts. All through the months at Newport she had talked to her father of the wonderfully brilliant young preacher whom she had discovered away off among the New England hills. She had dwelt upon his physical power and beauty, upon his personal charm and magnetism, and upon his intellectual promise, until her father, who was chairman of the pulpit committee of his church, finally consented to present the name of Stephen Castle at the first committee meeting held in October. He did this with easy, laughing apology for calling the attention of the gentlemen to "a country boy," for he supposed him to be really nothing more, but he had heard—how, he omitted to say—that he was a fellow of extraordinary talent, and, of course, other things being equal, nothing would take like a young enthusiastic man in the pulpit. He would probably be a little green and countrified at first, but that could be depended upon to wear off, etc., etc. As he and Stephanie had expected, Mr. Loring, with another member of the committee, was deputed to go to Thornton quietly and hear the young man preach. We know the results of this errand.

The negotiations with Stephen himself had impressed the young clergyman as more purely businesslike than he would have wished; but he felt himself at a certain disadvantage with these polished, elegant men, and distrusted his own impressions.

"Your preaching is what we want," Mr. Loring had said. "Pastoral work is not expected in our church, except in extreme cases—illness and death. You will, of course, meet our people frequently at dinners and receptions and all that. We shall try to make it pleasant for you socially. But what our church wants is good preaching, brains, in short, Mr. Castle, and that is what we have secured. We are entirely satisfied on that point. Your salary will be five thousand, not as large as it ought to be, but perhaps a little advance on what you are having now, and I think you can live on it, in a quiet way, of course—a little apartment, you know, or something of that sort. We will try to help you out. My daughter is great on all that kind of thing."

This conversation occurred in New York, after the Sunday which Stephen had spent there in the late autumn. He had returned to Thornton and the little parsonage, and as he stepped upon the yellow painted floor of the narrow piazza, passing the now leafless rose-bushes, he thought with a kind of shame that it was this house and eight hundred dollars a year which he was exchanging for a salary of five thousand. The shame was lest it would seem to every one who knew it that it was this difference which had dazzled and drawn him away from Thornton, and in his heart of hearts Stephen Castle knew it was not this. But it was not until weeks afterward that he could bring himself to mention the subject of his salary, even to his mother.

In the plans for their new residence, and all their domestic arrangements Stephanie Loring's help had been of the utmost importance to them. She had shown herself most sincerely interested in caring for Mrs. Castle's comfort. It was to her that Stephen went for light and knowledge on all doubtful points which came up in his new life, and this was precisely what she had expected.

A few days after the reception at Mr. Loring's, Stephen called at the house, the conventional brown stone front in the correct section of Fifth Avenue, and found Stephanie alone in the library. There was delicate flattery in the gladness with which

she greeted him, and he felt an exquisite pleasure in watching her grace and loveliness as she sat near him, and in meeting the radiance of her smile as they exchanged a few gay repartees, an accomplishment which Stephen was learning readily. But he was not in a gay mood at heart, and soon he said with a sudden, impatient gesture:

"Do you know, Miss Loring, what an awful blunder it was, bringing me here?"

"No, I have not discovered the blunder yet," she rejoined promptly, skillfully hiding her dismay at his words, for she knew that he spoke seriously.

"May I talk with you plainly?" he asked. "I am awfully tired—not bodily, but in the head and heart of me, and I want to say things as I really feel them, not as I am expected to say them."

"I wish you would speak perfectly plainly. I want you to with me always," Stephanie said, in a voice which was half caressing in its gentleness.

"Thank you. Well, in the first place, if you will let me say it, All Good Spirits is a fashionable church, an ultra-fashionable church. I have found this out by a little questioning here and there where I was



"Across the room Stephanie Loring was the centre of a group"

There was a little silence in the room. Stephen was looking at his mother with a pang in his heart, as he saw the keen suffering she was enduring for his sake. She had been very silent since they reached New York, although there had been a homeless, piteous look upon her face as she moved about the small, over-furnished rooms of their new domicile—a home they could hardly call it—vaguely seeking for something to do. The rooms were kept in order for them; she did not even have the privilege of making her own bed, and she was too timid to ask for it, and they took their meals in the general dining-room of the house. But all the bitter homesickness in her heart Mrs. Castle would have kept resolutely to herself. Stephen had felt it his duty to respond to the call to this new church, and she would follow, cost what it might. But now her conscience had been alarmed; an awful fear had overtaken her that the Church of All Good Spirits was not the Church of God, and she could keep silence no longer.

Stephen Castle was not a small man. Some men in his position would have been mortified by the display of the rustic

opening the door into her room, "we must remember that we have not all the truth ourselves, and we may find much that is good underneath these appearances which trouble us so to-night. Don't lie awake. Don't worry. God will help us, perhaps, to make these people over in some way. Perhaps that is what He brought me here for."

"If they don't make you over into one of their own kind instead, Stephen, that is what I am most afraid of," and Mrs. Castle looked with piercing keenness into her son's face.

"Hardly," he said, with a faint attempt at a smile. "I have too much of your blood in my veins for that. Good-night!"

Mr. Loring, the father of Stephanie, was in many ways the most influential member of the Church of All Good Spirits. He was a man of much wealth and some culture, of great personal popularity, with a decided interest in the affairs of the church, but in this and in all things he was first and last and always a business man. A Wall Street broker, he was keen, although not unscrupulous, a master at manoeuvres, whether in church or in business



FOR A NEW YEAR'S EVE ENTERTAINMENT

THE YOUNG ONE: I beg your pardon, sir, but I believe it is my turn next.

A NEW EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT

By Abbie F. Brown

[With pictures by C. D. Gibson, H. Woolf and C. J. Budd, by courtesy of the publishers of "Life"]

An evening's entertainment, which combines the advantages of requiring no scenery, the simplest stage arrangement and little dramatic talent, while admitting any number of actors, giving opportunities for picturesque stage effects and the display of pretty gowns, is sure to be acceptable to those who wish to arrange "something new" for a parlor entertainment.

"Speaking tableaux," as described on



MARIE: I tell yer yer are false! False to the marrow of yer h'art! I've trusted you blindly, fondly, until the present moment and now I loathe and despise yer!
FLEURETTE: Heaven give me power to restrain myself or I'll knock the neck off yer!

this page, were originated by some bright college girls in Boston, and were very successfully given.

The series, which were about sixteen in number, requiring about an hour in representation, were originally called "Vignettes from 'Life,'" most of the pictures represented being taken from the illustrations of the New York humorous paper, "Life." Upon another occasion the girls selected what they considered a pretty picture from one magazine and then searched the daily papers for a happy joke to match. The jokes selected were very short, pithy, amusing and suitable to the tastes of the audience, the chief desire being to create a laugh.



TOMMY: Yes, cats can see in the dark and so can Ethel, 'cause when Mr. Wright walked into the parlor when she was sittin' all alone in the dark, I heard her say to him, "Why, Arthur, you didn't get shaved to-day."

quickly you can get the tableaux ready, and the whole beauty of this form of entertainment depends upon the snap and quickness with which it is carried out.

The grouping of each tableau must be carefully planned beforehand. Every one must know exactly where he or she is to stand or sit, and must be ready instantly on the dropping of the curtain on the preceding tableau. As soon as one tableau is over the stage manager must set instantly, but quietly, to work to rearrange the stage. It is very important that no one be allowed on the stage between the tableaux except the manager, but all must be ready as soon as the prompter calls. The stage manager should have a book of the scenes in their proper order, the jokes written out, the plan of the stage setting for each, the names of the characters and their proper positions on the stage.

The arrangement of the stage must not be scattered—rather crowded than otherwise—and the characters must be grouped rather closely together to make a pretty and effective picture.

The scenes should be alternated with as much variety as possible in respect to number of characters, class of joke, time supposed to be represented and costumes of the characters. Of course, the evening scenes, when, under colored lamplight, the girls wear pretty, light dresses and the men dress suits, are apt to be most effective. An amusing passage of words between a man and a girl is sure to please the audience. A scene of this kind, for instance, might be followed by one of the "afternoon call" jokes, between four or five girls in calling costumes about a tea-table; this, in turn, by a scene between a lady and her refractory servant maid, and this by a dialogue between the anxious father trying

And the second answered roguishly, turning her head back:

"Jack did!"

The characters should wait a moment after the curtain goes up before beginning to speak, and the instant the scene is through the curtain should descend.

To make the form of entertainment clear, a few varied specimens of "speak-



"My own cousin, an' she didn't reckernize me."
"Don't mind it, Sally, wimmin isn't accountable for what they does when they gets a Mary de Medicine collar on for the first time."

ing tableaux" are here given. They are all taken from "Life" in this instance, but, as indicated before, the pictures and jokes can be selected from any one of the current magazines or periodicals. The specimens here given have been selected with a view of presenting three indoor scenes—all of a society nature. Any of them can be carried out with modest stage accessories. As Mr. C. D. Gibson's work is so universally popular just now, two of his clever



ELDERLY SUITOR (sarcastically): How does your kindergarten get on, Miss Black?
MISS BLACK (sweetly): Well, it is better than running an old man's home.

to read his newspaper, and his inquisitive little boy.

Dialogues prove very amusing. A few characters on the stage at a time are preferable to many, unless the stage is large, as the eye has not time to take in all the details of a large group, and is confused by the shortness of the conversation with so much to look at. But one or two such groups far separated in the course of the entertainment are very pretty as a change. A little more time should be allowed them. They must be carefully grouped and rehearsed, however, that there may be no confusion nor interference in position and conversation.

As an illustration of one of the scenes that pleased the audience immensely I cite the following, the characters being two pretty and daintily-dressed girls in house dresses. In the background was a couch, behind it a screen, to the left a table, beside it an easy-chair, and behind the chair a lighted piano lamp. The first girl sat in the easy-chair, her head resting on one elbow, her other hand playing with her companion's hair. The latter sat on a pile of cushions at the first girl's feet, her arms clasped about her knees, a thoughtful expression on her face. When the curtain was fairly up, and she had waited a minute for the audience to take in the pretty picture, the second girl said innocently:

"I heard last night that Jack was head over ears in love with me."

Half teasingly the other replied:
"But, my dear, you can't believe all that you hear."

"Oh, I know, of course not," the second replied hastily. "But I shouldn't wonder if there really were something in this" [very seriously].

"Why, who told you?" asked the first girl, bending eagerly forward.

pictures have been chosen. His work lends itself peculiarly well to this form of entertainment, as does the work of A. B. Wenzell, Frank O. Small, Van Schaick, W. T. Smedley, or any of the popular illustrators. Pictures by these artists may be taken from THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, for instance, and jokes obtained from other sources, or written to them by some clever person, can be affixed.

The three small pictures by Mr. H. Woolf, whose ragged children and their



"Genevieve Cassidy, you ask me why I have brought you to this spot. Look! That ball of snow contains the body of my rival, Homer Gallagher. The vengeance I have wroke on him fills my heart with joy, for I feel I am a step nearer my one great ambition."

sayings are so clever, are given where outdoor scenes can be arranged and children brought into the entertainment.

The idea of the "speaking tableaux" lends itself particularly well for an agreeable evening's entertainment. Heretofore, the pictures presented in the periodicals of the day have been used for silent tableaux; now, their accompanying jokes can be utilized in a series of pretty speaking pictures.

WHEN STUDYING GERMAN

BY PROFESSOR A. S. ISAACS

(University of the City of New York)

HE study of German is by no means so simple a matter as the words might imply. It may signify a mere reading knowledge of the language or the most thorough acquaintance with its literature, and ability to speak it with absolute fluency and idiomatic accuracy. Naturally the methods of study will vary according to the purpose in view and the age and requirements of the student. There is no royal road to the study of German or any language, however glowing are the predictions of some teachers and anticipations of credulous pupils. Success in language study depends upon the student's ambition, industry and ability. It is less a question of teacher or textbook, although these are not to be despised. But as in everything in life, success must be earned in language study by earnest, well-directed and systematic individual effort.

SUPPOSE, now, an average American youth or girl of about seventeen, who has fair knowledge of English, has read somewhat in English literature, and can write an ordinary school essay, wishes to study German. Let us imagine that the purpose in view is not conversational German, but simply to acquire facility in reading the masterpieces of German literature, and to translate with ease from German into English. What shall be the method employed? Of course, an easy way would be to join some German class in your town or neighborhood, and let your teacher direct you. There are hosts of able and conscientious teachers who can be of profound service to you, and careful, systematic instruction is invaluable for the foundation in language study. But I have in mind the independent student, who, perhaps, has neither the means nor the leisure for any long-continued class work. What shall he or she do?

I WOULD suggest, first of all, a simple grammar like Otis' "Elements of German" in its last revised edition. There are others equally good, but I have found Otis' admirably adapted to beginners. Let the student go to work at once on the introductory chapters, and then, after thorough mastery of the vocabularies and few paradigms presented, turn to the selections for translation at the end of the book. If the word lists have been carefully memorized the work of translation will become less and less laborious. I would lay special stress on the need of studying new words and assimilating them. For a reading and translating knowledge of German, which is all that is aimed at by the average American student, who has neither the means nor the opportunity to live abroad and acquire conversational fluency, it is indispensable that daily progress be made in the acquisition of new words. Language study is largely a question of word acquisition. Each new word is an additional brick in the edifice. The broader we lay the foundation the more varied our vocabulary, the more satisfactory the structure. Here the student's own ability and industry must come into play. I would advise him early to observe the roots of words, and note how the affix and the prefix will change their meaning. Let the study of the roots of words go hand in hand with the study of the words themselves. For a good guide at this juncture to the student who has a taste for word study some chapters in Behaghel's "Historical Grammar of the German Language" can be recommended. Of course, it would be premature to grapple with the historical and philological portions, but the student would find twenty pages devoted to the origin of German words and the changes in their meaning of much interest. These would do more than merely interest; they would teach precision and exactness, and inspire a higher regard for the language itself as the vehicle of a nation's thought for a thousand years and more. Only in this way can an enthusiasm for study be created—an enthusiasm which shall glow into a still brighter flame when the elements of grammar having been mastered and the difficulties of translating simpler selections overcome. The student can now turn to the delightful task of familiarizing himself with German literature. But here there is need of caution and wise selection. The field is immense, but he must hasten slowly. He is a young apprentice, not a master workman. Patience, industry and systematic reading are all necessary, but patience most of all. He has passed the first stage in the journey. Let him review thoroughly before he goes further. Forms, words, simple sentences, short selections, let these be grappled with again for a few weeks more. Let him test his translating power by reading some pages in "Ali Baba," which is published in a cheap edition, or Grimm's "Märchen." Then, and then only, let him essay a wider flight. The second stage in his acquirement of the language has begun.

WHEN STUDYING GERMAN AND FRENCH

Some Suggestions from Two University Professors

HERE the difficulty of selection is very great. Experience has taught me that the classics proper, the great masterpieces of Goethe, Schiller and Lessing, should not be read too soon. A good many of us never read Milton's "Paradise Lost" in our maturer years because it served as a textbook in syntax in our school days. If the student is directed to read "Faust," "William Tell" or "Nathan the Wise" before he is fairly out of the woods he will find his enjoyment hampered by the sense of his own limitations, and soon vote it dull grinding. Let him hear the song before the sermon; the ballad before the tragedy; the bright narrative, with humor and pathos about it, before he faces the profound disquisition; the bright comedy, with human cotemporary interest, before he ventures to analyze the majestic productions of the highest genius. Let Schiller's "Bells," in Otis' edition, serve as introduction to the feast. Its poetic swing and varied tone, its swift transitions in sentiment and metre give it rare charm. It vies with Gray's "Elegy" in furnishing quotations which retain their freshness. In the line of narrative prose, offering some difficulty, but not greater than the student requires to attain strength and accuracy, Kiehl's stories afford the best material, especially in the edition of Wolstenholme (Pitt Press Series).

I F lighter material is desired the short stories edited by Bernhardt will serve the purpose. If the student has special fondness of poetry a careful reading of Heine's poems in Professor White's edition will widen his vocabulary. Let him at this point depend more and more upon himself, and less on the dictionary. Let him read on, marking now and then a word and phrase which are unfamiliar for later reference. If this sense of translation, so to speak, is now being trained, he will soon be able to translate at sight. If he review systematically, memorizing the new words, and keeping a list of new idiomatic phrases in a notebook arranged alphabetically, he will be surprised at his progress. A useful little work for reference at this juncture is Jagemann's "Elements of German Syntax," particularly if the student begins to write his translation of German into English, and then back again into German, comparing the result with the printed text. No exercise is more beneficial—this plan of double translation cannot be tried too early. For the student who has a scientific turn, and has no taste for the story or the form, Gore's "Scientific German" is the best book of its kind, containing selections from cotemporary scientific writers in all branches, with vocabulary and notes.

FOR cursory perusal to students of literary taste, who wish to familiarize themselves with German literature, a number of works in English can be suggested. Conant's "A Primer of German Literature," in Harper's Half Hour Series, is a brief but readable introduction. Hosmer's "A Short History of German Literature" is written with enthusiasm and ability. A large number of the essays in Carlyle's "Miscellanies" are devoted to German subjects. Bayard Taylor's studies and sketches are valuable. Scherer's "History of German Literature" will be treasured by the more mature student. "Germanic Origins," by Gummere, throws light on German mythology and archæology. At this time, too, one must begin to form a German library. Several of our American publishers issue a variety of texts. Any reputable importing firm will furnish cheap and accurate German texts. The German school editions of Velhagen & Klasing are models of cheapness, clearness and accuracy. The Göschen edition of textbooks in history, literature, the sciences, etc., is unsurpassed, but, of course, the maturer student will profit best by their use. A little library in itself is contained in Max Mueller's "The German Classics," to accompany Scherer's "Literature." It contains selections from the best German writers of every period, forming a kind of half hours with German authors. The student may now be regarded as having passed his apprenticeship. The more thoroughly he has laid the foundations the greater will be his enjoyment as the portals of German literature swing open, and he can follow his own bent in any and every direction. If he is the right kind of worker he should not have occupied more than two years for the first and second stages, but thoroughness must not be sacrificed to rapidity. It is the German we mentally digest, not the number of pages we mechanically read, which is of permanent profit. Choose the best writers, and learn from them style, language, expression. In your study of German literature prefer the comparative method, comparing authors with each other, and the authors you are most familiar with in your mother-tongue.

WHEN STUDYING FRENCH

BY PROF. ALCÉE FORTIER

(Tulane University of Louisiana)

FRENCH is much easier to read than German, for it is clear and precise, and the structure of the sentence is very simple. The student of French has a great advantage over the student of German, inasmuch as he is able to begin reading earlier and to read more works in a given time. While the beginner in German must devote considerable time to trying to unravel a complicated sentence, the beginner in French has already read a whole page or more. Both languages, however, have an admirable literature, and the chief aim of the student, both of French and German, should be to acquire an accurate knowledge of the works of the great masters, and this can only be done by careful and extensive reading. Speaking a modern language is, of course, desirable and important, but we should never neglect the study of literature for the sake of learning a few words to be used in conversation. When studying with a good teacher, and in a place where there is opportunity to practice speaking, the language studied should be used as soon as possible as a means to learn the grammar and the history of literature. I address, however, these suggestions to persons who can have but little help in studying French, taking it for granted that their chief aim is to get acquainted with the admirable literature which has shed lustre on France for the past one thousand years, and has exerted such a great influence on the literature of other nations.

THERE have been published lately several excellent French grammars, the aim of which is to enable the student to begin reading from the very beginning of his course. I refer to Grandgent's "Short French Grammar," Joynes' "Minimum French Grammar," Whitney's "Brief French Grammar" and Van Daell's "Introduction to the French Language." If the student has not much time to devote to his French it is better that he should begin with Whitney's "Brief French Grammar," and study rapidly the forms as far as the irregular verbs. Let him learn carefully by heart the vocabulary given with each lesson, and translate the exercises from English into French and from French into English, not writing the exercises until he has studied the whole book and begun reviewing. The reading should be a modern comedy, such as "La Poudre aux Yeux," by Labiche et Martin, "La Cigale chez les Fourmis," by Legouvé and Labiche, or the tales contained in Super's "French Reader," or Whitney's "Introductory French Reader."

AS to how the reading should be done, I should advise reading slowly a few pages from the first selection, looking carefully in the dictionary for the meaning of every word, then taking four or five pages and reading at sight, trying to find out the meaning by the context. This is an excellent mental training, as the student must call to his aid his best reasoning faculties. Let us always remember that, in acquiring knowledge, we are striving at improving both the mind and the heart. It would be useless, indeed, to read the masterpieces of French literature if, at the same time, the faculties of the mind and of the heart were not being trained. The vocabulary of the French language not being as large as that of German, and the structure of the sentence being simpler, I am in favor of rapid and copious reading. If the person studying French be sufficiently mature, and studying for himself, and not for the teacher, as is too often the case, I believe the following to be the quickest way to learn how to read: After having read one short work with the help of the dictionary take a good translation, written in idiomatic English, and compare it with the French whenever the meaning of a sentence in the original is obscure. One should look at the English only after a serious effort has been made to translate the French. If one glances at the English at the slightest obstacle, and before having striven earnestly to understand the meaning of the French sentence, no impression will be left on the mind, and the French words and construction will be quickly forgotten. This system, therefore, is not to be used with children or with persons not thoroughly in earnest in their work. Another system which the writer has used with success in studying several languages is as follows: Read first, as indicated, a short work or two, then take an easy text and keep on reading without consulting either a dictionary or a translation. Of course, a vocabulary may be acquired in different ways, especially by writing the foreign language, as I shall now explain.

AFTER having gone over the grammar and translated orally the exercises given let the student review the forms carefully, then write the exercises from English into French. This will serve to impress the forms on the mind, as well as the words in the vocabulary, but will not teach the French construction. The best way to learn how to write French correctly is to translate exercises based on a text read, as in Macmillan's "French Composition" and Grandgent's "Materials for French Composition." The latter is excellent and based on a logical system. For instance, the student reads Halévy's delightful "Abbé Constantin," and takes the greatest interest in the work. He is, therefore, pleased to translate exercises, of which every word is to be found in the story which he has just read. He builds his sentence with words which he already knows and needs no dictionary. The same words are repeated continually in different sentences, and the student gets thoroughly acquainted with the vocabulary of the story, as he has to consult his text to see what words were used by the author in the paragraph taken from the story and arranged for translation in the exercise book.

AS to the books read and how they should be read let me endeavor to explain briefly: American publishers have lately been issuing a number of French texts judiciously selected and well annotated, and their catalogues are so well arranged that one knows immediately for what grade each work is intended. None but nineteenth century authors should be read for some time. Daudet's "Contes," George Sand's "Mare au Diable" and "Petite Fadette," Erckmann-Chatrion's "Madame Thérèse" and "Waterloo," Octave Feuillet's "Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," Alfred de Vigny's "Cachet Rouge" and "Cing-Mars," Mériméne's "Colomba" and "Chronique du Règne de Charles IX," Souvestre's "Un Philosophe sous les Toits," and the stories contained in O'Connor's "Choix de Contes Contemporains" and Fontaine's "Histoires Modernes" will be sufficient for the short story and novel. Victor Hugo's prose is difficult, and his novels should be read only after the works mentioned above. For the drama let the student read Sandeau's "Mlle. de la Seiglière," Musset's "Un Caprice," Pailleron's "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie." For history Lamartine's "Jeanne d'Arc" and Michelet's "Jeanne d'Arc," and extracts from Thiers and Guizot. The student who has read a few stories, novels, dramas and historical extracts will be ready to begin the study of the three great dramatists of the seventeenth century, Corneille, Racine and Molière.

ANY one who is prepared to read the authors of the seventeenth century should be able to read and appreciate a history of French literature written in French. He should endeavor to have a general idea of the history of literature from its beginning, and when reading Corneille, for instance, he should study particularly the age of Louis XIV. The study of the history of France should accompany the study of literary history, and there is no better book for the purpose than Duruy's "Histoire de France." Let the student obtain a correct idea of the life and surroundings of the author whose work he is reading, and then let him try to understand everything concerning the work itself. He should read of Corneille, "Le Cid," "Horace" and "Polyeucte"; of Racine, one of his plays derived from the Greek, one historical and one religious, such as "Andromaque" or "Phèdre," "Britannicus" and "Athalie"; of Molière, "Les Précieuses Ridicules," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Le Misanthrope" and "Les Femmes Savantes." When "Le Cid" is read it should be compared with a translation of Guilhem de Castro's "Las Mocedades del Cid." No one should read "Horace," "Polyeucte" or "Britannicus" without a knowledge of the history of Rome, and it is impossible to understand "Phèdre" without comparing it with the work of Euripides. The study of literature should be pursued with as much method as that of mathematics.

After a fair knowledge of the seventeenth century writers a few works of the eighteenth century should be read, such as Voltaire's "Zaire" and "Charles XII," Marivaux's "Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard," Le Sage's "Gil Blas" and "Turcaret," Beaumarchais' "Barbier de Séville" and Bernardin de St. Pierre's "Paul et Virginie." There should then be an accurate study of the great writers of the nineteenth century, such as Chateaubriand, Mme. de Staël, Lamartine, Hugo, Musset, Vigny, and the cotemporary poets, dramatists and historians. It is not the purpose of this paper to refer to old French and to middle French, for the study of the literatures of the middle ages and of the sixteenth century must be left to the college and university classes. Modern literature, however, which comprises the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, may be understood by any one who studies earnestly and gets a little help from a competent teacher.



THE PARADISE CLUB

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

[With Illustrations by W. A. Rogers]

II—WHEN LOVELY WOMAN TAKES TO SMOKE

THE Irresponsible Person was courting nervous prostration," the Cynic said, at the next reunion of the Paradise Club. "Why, when I came into the club to-day," he continued, "I found him stretched out upon one of the library divans gazing at the ceiling, and when I asked him what he was doing, what do you suppose he said?"

"Trying to keep awake?" suggested the Philosopher. "No—thinking!" returned the Cynic. "Well, why not?" asked the Irresponsible Person. "I don't do it often, and as far as I know there is no house rule in this club providing that members shall not think."

"I wasn't thinking of the club's welfare," said the Cynic. "I was only thinking of yours. We are very fond of you, and we'd feel extremely sorry if anything happened to you. I don't like to see you using a mind any more than I like to see a woman handling a gun. You never can tell what the result will be."

"It strikes me," put in the Married Man at this point, "that the danger of handling a mind is, as you suggest, very like the danger of handling a gun. But the danger lies chiefly in whether or not the gun or the mind is loaded. If our friend's mind was charged only with the usual wadding, and it should happen to go off prematurely, it might make a noise, but nothing worse could happen."

"That's where you make a grievous error," said the Philosopher. "If you will read the tenth chapter of part two in the third volume of my 'Speculations Upon Sudden Deaths,' published in London in 1878, and now selling in its tenth dozen, you will find that I have proved beyond all question that it is the unloaded gun that does the most killing. In this morning's paper there is a sad account of two boys playing with an unloaded revolver which unexpectedly goes off, just as all unloaded revolvers do, and shoots a hole in the face of the eight-day clock. So with our friend's mind. If it is unloaded, and he tries to think without thoughts, he not only wastes time, but unnecessarily strains his pink matter."

"Pink?" queried the Irresponsible Person. "In your case, yes—or so I believe," said the Philosopher. "You haven't had care enough to have gray matter in your head."

"Well, it isn't green," retorted the Irresponsible Person. "Wherefore there is no unripe quality to such thoughts as I may think, and mark you, I don't believe in the multiplicity of thoughts anyhow. I'd rather think one real solid thought a year than turn out a dozen immature judgments a day."

"Good!" cried the Married Man. "Now let your mind lie fallow for a year. It is quite evident from what you say that you have thought this year's thought, and I must confess it appears to me to be an excellent one."

"Thank you," returned the Irresponsible Person. "I think it's a thought and three-quarters myself, but unfortunately it is not of this year's make. I thought that out in 1889. I was cogitating on my this year's contribution to the wisdom of the world when you found me in the library. I've got the germ of it in my mind

now, but it's the expressing of it that bothers me. It's a great one, and is worthy of the most careful phraseology."

"Can't you give it to us in substance?" asked the Cynic. "Maybe we can help you in expressing it, and then your mind can be at rest for the balance of the year."

"I can," returned the Irresponsible Person, "but I shall not. Some day I may collect my thoughts in book form, and I don't wish to have to acknowledge collaboration with anybody on the output of my mind, but I'll tell you what I was thinking about last night, if you want me to—these cigars remind me of it."

The Cynic sighed. "I suppose we can't prevent you from telling us your thoughts of last evening if you really insist upon doing it. That's the worst part of this Paradise Club. We assume an obligation to listen to each other when we join it."

"I expected to have something to say this afternoon, too," said the Married Man,



"That night after dinner I handed her a cigar and gave her a light"

"but my youngest son took a notion about midnight that he and the rest of the world had slept about enough, and the consequence is that to-day my mind is a vacuum."

"Let's hear the twilight thought of the Irresponsible Person then," said the Philosopher. "I am not anxious to hold forth myself this afternoon. I have a dinner engagement to-night and I want to save my voice."

"Well, it's just this: there's nothing in the world like object lessons for teaching people what they ought to know. Theory is fine for conversation, but for real solid instruction give me the object lesson," said the Irresponsible Person.

"First-rate thought; almost good enough to retire from the thinking business on," said the Cynic. "An especially good thing to teach in idiot asylums where people are not amenable to reason. You can't teach a cow, for instance, that it is dangerous for her to walk on a railway track by merely reasoning with her, by giving her the theoretical side of the matter. But let her be run over once by a freight train, and 'she'll never go there any more.' It's an object lesson to her and she learns it right away."

"I wasn't thinking of its value to idiots, cows or cynics," observed the Irresponsible Person dryly, "though as far as the most useful creature of the three, the cow, is concerned, I think it is a valuable thing after all. A cow that prefers to pasture on railroad ties and slag can't give as good milk as one that sticks strictly to a

diet of green grass and clover, and the sooner she is converted after the manner you have mentioned, the better it is for those who drink the milk she produces."

"Of the truth of that I cannot speak intelligently," said the Cynic coolly. "I never drink milk. I used to when I was a baby."

"I'd like to have known you then," said the Married Man. "I should think a cynical baby would be one of the most amusing things in the world."

"Oh, as for that," retorted the Cynic, "I wasn't cynical then. I didn't know enough to be. I was only an irresponsible person."

"Well, some day I hope you will tell me how you became a cynic," said the Irresponsible Person. "That will be an object lesson to me, and I can avoid the temptations to which you have succumbed. Not that I dislike cynicism, my dear fellow. I love it. It amuses me, but so does the baby elephant at the circus. I admire you. I admire the baby elephant, but I don't wish to be a cynic or an educated epiderm."

"Pachyderm—pachyderm," whispered the Married Man, who, while he did not often agree with the Irresponsible Person, nevertheless disliked to hear him err in his speech.

"Epiderm is a good word," said the Irresponsible Person. "The elephant is renowned for his cuticle, and if I choose to call him an epiderm there isn't any law to prevent me. But to come back from elephants and cows, and cynics, and other zoological specimens to object lessons for people who think they think, and regard themselves as reasonable persons, I repeat that they are of intense value, and I have learned this from an object lesson in my own family. I have a sister and she's strong-minded."

"Got all the mind of your generation, I suppose?" suggested the Cynic.

"Very likely," said the Irresponsible Person. "She's got enough to supply us all and have some left for herself. The only trouble with her is that she doesn't realize that woman is a superior being, and she has all these queer notions that some

other side, and by-and-by you'll find her demolishing her own original position; peace will reign, and all will go merrily as a marriage feast. That's the way I do, and there isn't a happier home than mine in this land."

"That's it," said the Irresponsible Person. "That's the plan I adopted with my sister. I began to agree with her, and then she weakened, but I wouldn't let her weaken on the cigarette question, and finally I made her smoke one with me off and on for a couple of months."

"You made her do it, eh?" said the Married Man doubtfully.

"Well, I didn't order her to do it, but I sort of shamed her into doing it, and she had spirit enough not to take a dare," said the Irresponsible Person. "Finally what I expected to happen did happen. Her fingertips began to get a little yellow from the effects of the smoke. They colored about as quickly as a meerschaum, and she began to be troubled, but I never said a word until one night she spoke to me about it."

"Really," said she, "I can't account for it at all, but my fingers are getting as yellow as parchment."

"That's all right," said I, "it's the cigarettes. You have just as much right to yellow fingers as any dude in creation. I wouldn't mind a little thing like that."

"Dudes are horrid things," she replied. "Because a man is willing to stain his fingers with nicotine is no reason why a woman should," she added in a very superior way.

"Then you mustn't smoke cigarettes," I said.

"But your fingers don't stain," she retorted.

"No," said I, "but perhaps you haven't noticed that I have been smoking cigars. There's some difference. You've been a different sort of smoker with your cigarettes. You've been a dude, not a man."

"She grew very thoughtful for a moment. 'I'll smoke cigars,' she said. 'I never liked cigarettes anyhow.'

"I told her I thought she was a very wise woman, and it made her happy. Next day, when I went home I took a box

of the strongest invincible cigars I could find in town. They were black as the ace of spades and ought to have been called the Flora Samsoniana. I wouldn't have dared smoke one myself, but I never let on. That night after dinner I handed her one and took one myself, but I laid mine down again and substituted a milder one for it. Then I gave her a light, and we began an animated discussion on voting. She smoked half the cigar and suddenly remembered she had a letter to write. I laughed inwardly, and she disappeared. She never came back that evening, and the next day she sent down word that she had a bad headache and didn't care for any breakfast."

"You were a brute," said the Married Man.

"I was," said the Irresponsible Person. "But that was six months ago. She hasn't smoked since, nor has she said anything more about woman's right to smoke. I could have argued with her for fifty years about smoking, and no conclusion would have been reached."

As it was, one little object lesson convinced her that after all tobacco was a thing woman would better let alone."

"And you deduce from all this," said I, somewhat indignantly, "that you make a point? That you proved your case?"

"No," said the Irresponsible Person. "I deduce nothing of the sort. I was so chivalrous myself that I proved her point against myself, only I never let her know it."

"And her point was?" "That men are deceivers," said the Irresponsible Person. "I didn't tell her that cigarettes can be smoked without coloring the fingers, neither did I say to her that if I had smoked one of those cigars I, too, should have had a letter to write, and should have wanted no breakfast the next morning because of a headache, but I did accomplish one good result."

"And that?" said I. "I kept my sister from smoking. If there's one thing I hate in the world it's a woman who claims that because a man smokes no one should expect a woman who wants to do it to refrain from it."

"Which is prejudice," said the Cynic. "Not at all," said the Irresponsible Person. "It is respect for the sex."

And all but the Cynic agreed with him, and the Cynic himself would have done so too had he not feared that in so doing he would have weakened his cynicism.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the next issue of the JOURNAL Mr. Bangs will report the third meeting of the Paradise Club.

PROBLEMS OF YOUNG MEN

BY EDWARD W. BOK



THE young men among my readers—more numerous than I had any idea of—must not overlook the injunction I printed in the September issue: that I cannot promise to answer their questions in any special number, nor can I say at what intervals this page will appear. Whenever time offers I will gladly reply, to the best of my ability, to the "problems" sent me.

THE three questions which follow are significant of the growing interest among young men of the practical wisdom of temperance, and I answer them with pleasure.

The first querist asks:

IS not a young man placed at a disadvantage when he refuses wine at public dinners?

I can only speak on this point from personal experience. I have attended a great many public dinners, and am still a pretty constant attendant at such affairs. I have never touched a drop of wine upon these occasions, and yet I have never been made to feel that I was placed at a disadvantage. Indeed, I am under the impression that a young man who refuses wine is always at a distinct advantage. A strong adherence to any good principle is always a recommendation of a young man's character in the eyes of his elders.

CAN you, as one young fellow to another, honestly say to me that a total abstinence from liquors is not a barrier to a social success?

I can, and with all my heart. Changing the negative to the affirmative, I can honestly say that a young man's best and highest social success is assured just in proportion as he abstains from wines. An indulgence in intoxicants of any sort has never helped a man to any social position worth the having; on the contrary, it has kept many from attaining a position to which by birth and good breeding and all other qualifications they were entitled. No young man will ever find that the principle of abstinence from liquor is a barrier to any success, social, commercial or otherwise. On the other hand, it is the one principle in his life which will, in the long run, help him more than any other.

WHICH is the method in best form of declining wines at dinner: by turning down one's glasses or having them removed?

Neither. Simply shield the glass with the hand as the waiter reaches your place at the table with each course of wine. Turning down one's wine glasses or causing them to be removed from the table always seems to me to be an unnecessary and rather a disagreeable way of pronouncing one's principles.

YOU very often employ the term, "a womanly woman." What is really your definition of that term?

A womanly woman is she who is gentle, tender and considerate; a woman with sufficient strength of character to allow neither her head, her heart nor her home to be disturbed by any claims other than those belonging to her womanhood and wifehood.

The Bible, in three verses in the last chapter of Proverbs, defines the womanly woman well and accurately:

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed: her husband also and he praiseth her."

WHAT is the truth—tell me frankly: Is there a fair chance for a young man, with an unknown name in the literary world, provided he has something to tell the world and the ability to tell it? Will the editors give his work attention?

Gladly—very gladly, in fact, will the editors give him attention and the very best of attention, too. But he must have something to say. The reason why so many fail in the literary world is simply because they have no message for the public. Despite all that has been written to the contrary, believe me when I say the name has nothing whatever to do with the acceptance or rejection of a manuscript. If the merit is there the manuscript will not be rejected, and if the merit is not there the name will not cause its acceptance. This truth finds constant evidence in editorial offices. There is more than a fair chance for any young man—or young woman—in the literary world: there is a splendid chance. But their work must have the merit of originality to recommend it.

WHAT, in your estimation, are the two greatest standard novels, and what two recent novels represent the highest style of fiction?

Of standard novels, "Adam Bede" and "Henry Esmond"; of recent novels, Hall Caine's "The Manxman" and Stanley Weyman's "A Gentleman of France."

IS \$225 too large a percentage of an annual income of \$1200 for an unmarried young man to pay for his life insurance?

No, not if your other needs and obligations can be met with the remainder of your income. That is about the proportionate percentage of my income which I lay aside for insurance, and I have never felt it to be too much. I am glad to find an unmarried young fellow thinking of devoting such a portion of his income to insurance. As a rule, young men, when unmarried, see no special reason for insuring their lives. But they forget that few methods of saving are better than a good insurance policy. Take, for example, a twenty-year endowment policy in some old and conservative company—one of the New England or Pennsylvania companies, for example—and a better or safer investment can scarcely be found by a young man. Taken out when he is twenty-five, for instance, the premium is very low. If he marries, his wife is protected. If he doesn't marry, the full amount comes to him at forty-five. Thus, is it insurance and assurance. He not only rolls up each year a neat little nest-egg which comes to him at a good time of life, but he inculcates the habit of saving, for, after all, that is what these endowment policies, as they are now written, mean quite as much as they mean insuring a life.

A YOUNG man from New York City writes me:

Is there not more chance of success for a young man in the provinces than in New York City?

Why do you say "provinces"? America has no provinces. The New York idea may be that all other cities in America are provincial to it, but a local notion does not make a fact.

DO you consider the chances of the average young man as good to-day as they were twenty years ago, of procuring situations at fair and living salaries?

Not only as good, but better. The opposing argument put forth to this sentiment is, generally, that all trades and professions are becoming overcrowded. That would be so if trades and professions did not multiply. But they do, and what is more, the chances in them multiply as civilization extends and population increases. To meet every demand there must be a supply. As our country grows larger the demand for more men increases. The trouble is, we have too much mediocrity among men, and not enough of even the good average, to say nothing of the bright, original and creative kind. There are plenty of chances for young men, more than ever there were. The truth is rather that these chances and these opportunities ask what the supply, as a rule, cannot furnish: something above the common, the ordinary and the average. This is an uncommon age and it takes uncommon people to cope with it. But the facilities at the command of all young men are just as uncommon as are the times, and it remains for them whether they will take advantage of them or not. The real question is not, are the chances as good, but are the young men as good as the chances?

SINCE so many young women have blossomed out within the last ten years as clerks, stenographers, type-writers, salesladies, etc., will you tell me what is to become of the young man?

Become of him? What he allows to become of himself, I should say. While I do not believe in this influx of women in business, and feel convinced that ten years hence will see less of it rather than more, at the same time if the girls and women can displace the young men in business, then there is but one reason for it: the girls can do the work better, and they have a right to the places. If our young men will cease being content simply to fill the positions they occupy—anybody can do that—but do a little more than fill them, they need have no fear of feminine competition or displacement. An employer changes an employee only for one reason: improvement, and if a young man's work can be improved upon by a girl, why whose fault is it but the young man's? He should so do his work that it cannot be improved upon by man or woman. Employers are not in the habit of displacing that sort of an employee. Sex does not enter into the question; it is the character of the work done. That tells, and that alone. It is the survival of the fittest in business always.

OF course, problems of marriage were inevitable in their coming into such a page as this, but I wish young men would not send them to me. It is neither wise nor is it really possible for me to give any practical suggestion at all worth the having on the question of marriage. Out of the many questions I have received I will answer two. The rest I must pass by.

IS it safe for me to marry on \$1000 a year?

I can't tell; that's about the whole truth of the matter. Nor can any one else tell you. You and the girl in question must settle that. But, on general principles, I think the sooner we look at this question of marriage from some other than this strictly mercenary standpoint, the better. I do not believe in the theory of love in a cottage, with nothing else. But I do believe in young people starting at the lowest rung in the ladder and then climbing up. Nothing else in the world conduces to knitting the interests of two people so closely, or insuring such absolute happiness in the future as their lives progress. I cannot advise my young friend what to do, but I know if I were earning \$1000 a year, and I really loved a girl—felt, in other words, as if I could not live without her—and the girl was of the right kind, that is, sensible in her ideas, frugal in her tastes, and of a marriageable age, I would let her settle my doubt for me. Girls have a very interesting way of settling doubts of this kind—when they are fond of the fellow in doubt. The greatest safety in this world for a man is to place his interests in the keeping of the woman who loves him.

HOW long an engagement is really wise?

Just as long as an engagement is wise and necessary, and not a day longer. I think this whole question of matrimonial engagements might be changed somewhat by young people themselves, and to their own benefit. In many cases the young become engaged too soon, and then they are restless because they cannot marry. Whereas, if the period of acquaintanceship were made longer, and the engagement time shorter, things would be much improved. Long engagements are never advisable; long periods of acquaintance previous to an engagement are far better. So far as actually knowing each other is concerned—well, for that matter, what woman has ever known a man until after she is married to him, or what man has known a woman? At the same time, the closer we can get to a point of mutual knowledge in such matters the better. If there were more previous knowledge in matrimonial cases there would be far less subsequent trouble.

BETWEEN what ages is a young man generally considered to be at his best mentally, and when his commercial value is at its highest?

When he is a young man in every sense of the word; not before nor after: that is, between the ages of 30 and 45. Whatever success in life he hopes for, must be made during that period. He is capable, then, of his best work, and of securing the highest value for his work. Between those years, in other words, he must "make himself"—and further than that, he must not spend all that he earns, but lay aside a goodly portion of his earnings, too. It is a cruel but a hard fact that the business world has very little use for what are termed old men nowadays, and in these times of hard competitive strife a man is judged to be old very early from the hard commercial point of view. He may not regard himself as being old, but he is no longer considered to be "in the race" with the younger men, who naturally have quicker perceptions and whose sense of alertness is necessarily keener. The most successful man at 40 is very often the man who is quietly pushed aside at 60. If young men earning good incomes between 30 and 40 would look a little ahead, and consider the inevitable fact that as they grow older their value is very apt to lessen in a commercial sense, they would save themselves much after humiliation and sorrowful retrospection. It is hard for a young man at, say, 35, in the full flush and vigor of manhood to realize that a time will come when others as clever as himself and a bit cleverer will pass him by, but the cold fact exists nevertheless, and he is wise who, at his prime, thinks of a time which is almost sure to come to every man who lives.

YOU speak of the "social pleasures and indulgences which affect a young man's success." What are these pleasures?

Any social pleasure or indulgence which affects a young man's health affects his success. Good health is the foundation of all possible success in life; affect the one and you affect the other.

HOW many hours of sleep does a young man of 30, in an active position, require?

Eight hours at least, and an extra hour whenever possible. One young fellow of 32, whom I know, and who possesses splendid health, makes it a rule to go to bed at 10 o'clock two evenings every week; upon the other five evenings he retires at 11. He rises at 7:30. One rule should be a positive one with every young man: the midnight hour should be passed in sleep.

HERE are two young men who evidently have dramatic aspirations, always difficult people to advise, since, as a rule, they never seek advice until after their minds are made up. The first asks:

IS it impossible for a man on the stage to be a man of honor?

This is opening up a pretty broad question, my friend, rather too broad to be answered off-hand. But briefly let me say this: It is just as possible for an actor to be a man of honor as it is for a member of any other profession, only, I should say, that it is more difficult. The theatrical life is a life of greater and freer license than any other that a man can enter into; its very conditions make it so. Hence comes the need of stronger powers of resistance—powers which are given to the few rather than to the many. I am not a sympathizer with much of this trade against the stage. A great deal of it is as unwarranted as it is unjust. Two of my best and most valued friends are actors: one a man as good and as honorable as there is in the world; the other a woman as pure and noble as any member of your family or mine. Others, too, I know who are as true men and women as I wish to know. But the strongest condemnation of the theatrical profession has come to me from these same men and women when each has expressed the hope that their sons and daughters might never follow their profession. The simple reason for this is that those on the stage know that it is an honorable profession only to those of the very strongest characters and unswerving principles; to all others—and that includes a good many of us, you know—it is a profession where the temptations to a careless life are multiplied by ten to those of any other calling. The letters of Edwin Booth, just published in book form by his daughter, give an accurate and conscientious glimpse of the life of the actor. No letters show more than do these how deceptive is the glitter of the stage, or how empty of true happiness are its honors. An itinerant life, such as the actor's must be, is never good for a young man. There is no greater help to a young man when he is carving his way in the world than a home anchorage and the influence which that implies. This the actor has not and cannot have, and this fact alone would lead me to dissuade any young fellow from going on the stage.

I HAVE an opportunity to become associated with the stage as a dramatic manager at a salary which I cannot command in any other profession. The company is an eminently respectable one; the "star" a friend of the family. Yet my mother strenuously objects. Should I give up the idea?

I should, decidedly, for one good and all-sufficient reason: your mother acts only in your own best interests. And I'll tell you why I am led to think so. It is only eleven years ago when I stood precisely where you stand now. That is why I am attracted so strongly to your question and why I answer it. I had a dramatic managerial offer, at \$3000 for the first year—just twice as much as I was receiving in the position which I occupied. The company, too, was, as it is in your case, eminently respectable, and the "star" was a personal friend. I was wild to take the position; the prospects of travel, etc., were alluring. But my mother objected, and although I rebelled for days I gave in to her wishes, and I wasn't what is contemptuously called nowadays "a mamma's boy" either. I knew "lots" eleven years ago—more than I do to-day—only I didn't know it so well as my mother did. She knew the world from having lived in it; I knew it as I fancied it was. It was not for years afterward that I could see the wisdom of her decision; then I did, and now I do. You do as I did, and a few years hence may you feel as I do to-day. A mother's instinct, my dear young fellow, where it concerns her boy, is a pretty certain sort of a thing. It is more certain than the prospects of a dramatic manager, depend upon that. A present deprivation is better than a permanent mistake. Judging from your letter, you have more in you than the average young fellow. Just wait; other chances will come to you. Rome wasn't built in a day.

HOW can I make a success?

First by learning and bearing in mind one or two very important points when you write to a stranger: inclosing a stamp when you ask for a reply by mail; not spelling his name wrong and giving him an initial he does not possess; showing the courtesy of addressing him as "Dear Sir," and by either prefixing "Mr." or affixing "Esq." to his name on your envelope. Find out, too, the correct address of the man to whom you are writing, so that if his office is in Philadelphia you may not address the letter to Boston.

HOW should I dress at an afternoon tea?

As you write on the letter-head of a business house I assume that you are in business. If you are, then I would say: keep away from afternoon teas. Your place is at your desk during the afternoon hours, and the desire to attend a "tea" should not be made a pretext for asking excuse at the heads of your employers.



MY LITERARY PASSIONS

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS



I AM very glad of that experience of Italian literature, which I look back upon as altogether wholesome and sanative, after my excesses of Heine. No doubt it was all a minor affair as compared with equal knowledge of French literature, and so far it was a loss of time. It is idle to dispute the general positions of criticism, and there is no useful gainsaying its judgment that French literature is a major literature and Italian a minor literature in this century; but whether this version will stand for all time, there may be a reasonable doubt. Criteria may change, and hereafter people may look at the whole affair so differently that a literature which went to the making of a people will not be accounted a minor literature, but will take its place with the great literary movements. I do not insist upon this possibility, and I am far from defending myself for liking the comedies of Goldoni better than the comedies of Molière, upon purely æsthetic grounds, where there is no question as to the artistic quality. Perhaps it is because I came to the Molière's comedies later, and with my tastes formed for those of Goldoni; but again, it is here a matter of affection; I find Goldoni for me more sympathetic, and because he is more sympathetic I cannot do otherwise than find him more natural, more true. I will allow that this is vulnerable, and as I say, I do not defend it. Molière has a place in literature infinitely loftier than Goldoni's; and he has supplied types, characters, phrases, to the currency of thought, and Goldoni has supplied none. It is, therefore, without reason which I can allege that I enjoy Goldoni more. I am perfectly willing to be rated low for my preference, and yet I think that if it had been Goldoni's luck to have had the great age of a mighty monarchy for his scene, instead of the decline of an outworn republic, his place in literature might have been different.

I HAVE spoken at large in another place of my favorites among the modern Italian poets, and I will not recur to them here. But I have always had a great love for the absolutely unreal, the purely fanciful in all the arts, as well as of the absolutely real; I like the one on a far lower plane than the other, but it delights me, as a pantomime at the theatre does, or a comic opera, which has its being wholly outside the realm of the probabilities. When I once transport myself to this sphere I have no longer any care for them, and if I could I would not exact them of an action which has no concern with them. For this reason I have always vastly enjoyed the artificialities of pastoral poetry; and in Venice I read with a pleasure few serious poems have given me the Pastor Fido of Guarini. I came later but not with fainter zest to the Aminta of Tasso, without which, perhaps, the Pastor Fido would not have been, and I revelled in the pretty impossibilities of both those charming effects of the liberated imagination. I do not the least condemn that sort of thing; one does not live by sweets, unless one is willing to spoil one's teeth and digestion; but one may now and then indulge one's self without harm, and a sugar plum or two after dinner may even be of advantage. What I object to is the romantic thing which asks to be accepted with all its fantasticality on the ground of reality; that seems to me rather hopelessly bad. But I have been able to dwell in their charming out-land or no-land with the shepherds and shepherdesses and nymphs, satyrs and fauns of Tasso and Guarini, and take the finest pleasure in their company, their Dresden china loves and sorrows, their airy raptures, their painless throes, their polite anguish, their tears not the least salt, but flowing as sweet as the purling streams of their enameled meadows. I wish there were more of that sort of writing; I should like very much to read it.

The greater part of my reading in Venice, when I began to find that I could not help writing about the place, was in books relating to its life and history, which I made use of rather than found pleasure in. My studies in Italian literature were full of the most charming interest, and if I had to read a good many books for conscience sake, there were a good many others I read for their own sake. They were chiefly poetry; and after the first essays in which I tasted the classic poets, they were chiefly the books of the modern poets.

FOR the present I went no further in German literature, and I recurred to it in later years only for deeper and fuller knowledge of Heine; my Spanish was forgotten, as all first loves are when one has reached the age of twenty-six. My English reading was almost wholly in the Tauchnitz editions, for otherwise English books were not easily come at then and there. I had brought Romola with me, and I read that again and again with that sense of moral enlargement which the first fiction to conceive of the true nature of evil, gave all of us who were young in that day. Tito Malemma was not only a lesson, he was a revelation, and I trembled before him as in the presence of a warning and a message from the only veritable perdition. His life, in which so much that was good was mixed with so much that was bad, lighted up the whole domain of egotism with its glare, and made one feel how near the best and the worst were to each other, and how they sometimes touched without absolute division in texture and color. The book was undoubtedly a favorite of mine, and I did not see then the artistic falterings in it which were afterward evident to me.

There were not Romolas to read all the time, though, and I had to devolve upon inferior authors for my fiction the greater part of the time. Of course, I kept up with *Our Mutual Friend*, which Dickens was then writing, and with Philip, which was to be the last of Thackeray. I was not yet sufficiently instructed to appreciate Trollope, and I did not read him at all.

I GOT hold of Kingsley, and read *Yeast*, and I think some other novels of his, with great relish, and without sensibility to his Charles Readeish lapses from his art into the material of his art. But of all the minor fiction that I read at this time none impressed me so much as three books which had then already had their vogue, and which I knew somewhat from reviews. They were Paul Ferroll, *Why Paul Ferroll Killed His Wife*, and *Day after Day*. The first two were, of course, related to each other, and they were all three full of unwholesome force. As to their æsthetic merit I will not say anything, for I have not looked at either of the books for thirty years. I fancy, however, that they were hysterical enough, and their strength was rather of the tetanic than the titanic sort. They made your sympathies go with the hero, who deliberately puts his wife to death for the lie she told to break off his marriage with the woman he had loved, and who then marries this tender and gentle girl, and lives in great happiness with her till her end. Murder in the first degree is flattered by his fate up to the point of letting him die peacefully in Boston after these dealings of his in England; and altogether his story could not be commended to people with a morbid taste for bloodshed. Naturally enough these books were written by a perfectly good woman, the wife of an English clergyman, whose friends were greatly scandalized by them. As a sort of atonement she wrote *Day after Day*, the story of a dismal and joyless orphan, who dies to the sound of angelic music, faint and far-heard, filling the whole chamber. A careful study of the phenomenon reveals the fact that the seraphic strains are produced by the steam escaping from the hot-water bottles at the feet of the invalid.

As usual, I am not able fully to account for my liking of these books, and I am so far from wishing to justify it that I think I ought rather to excuse it. But since I was really greatly fascinated with them, and read them with an ever-growing fascination, the only honest thing to do is to own my subjection to them. It would be an interesting and important question for criticism to study, that question why certain books at a certain time greatly dominate our fancy, and others manifestly better have no influence with us. A curious proof of the subtlety of these Paul Ferroll books in the appeal they made to the imagination is the fact that I came to them fresh from Romola, and full of horror for myself in Tito; yet I sympathized throughout with Paul Ferroll, and was glad when he got away.

On my return to America, my literary life immediately took such form that most of my reading was done for review. I wrote at first a good many of the lighter criticisms in *The Nation*, at New York, and after I went to Boston to become the assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* I wrote the literary notices in that periodical for four or five years.

IT was only when I came into full charge of the magazine that I began to share these labors with others, and I continued them in some measure as long as I had any relation to it. My reading for reading's sake, as I had hitherto done it, was at an end, and I read primarily for the sake of writing about the book in hand, and secondarily for the pleasure it might give me. This was always considerable, and sometimes so great that I forgot the critic in it, and read on and on for pleasure. I was master to review this book or that as I chose, and generally I reviewed only books I liked to read, though sometimes I felt that I ought to do a book, and did it from a sense of duty; these perfunctory criticisms I do not think were very useful, but I tried to make them honest.

Among the first books that came to my hand was a novel of J. W. De Forest, which I think the best novel suggested by the civil war. If this is not saying very much for Miss Ravenel's *Conversation*, I will go farther and say it is one of the best American novels that I know, and was of an advanced realism, before realism was known by name. I had a passion for that book, and for all the books of that author; and if I have never been able to make the public care for them as much as I did it has not been for want of trying. Kate Beaumont, *Honest John Vane*, *Playing the Mischief*, are admirable fictions, sprung from our own life, of strong fibre and firm growth; all that Mr. De Forest has written is of a texture and color distinctly his; his short stories are as good as his long ones. I have long thought it more discreditable to our taste than to his talent that he has not been recognized as one of our foremost novelists, for his keen and accurate touch in character, his wide scope, and his unerring rendition of whatever he has attempted to report of American life; but I do not know that I shall ever persuade either critics or readers to think with me.

At the same time that I made the acquaintance of this writer I came to a knowledge of Mr. Henry James' wonderful workmanship in the first manuscript of his that passed through my hands as a sub-editor. I fell in love with it instantly, and I have never ceased to delight in that exquisite artistry. I have read all that he has written, and I have never read anything of his without an ecstatic pleasure in his unrivaled touch. In literary handling no one who has written fiction in our language can approach him, and his work has shown an ever-deepening insight. I have my reserves in regard to certain things of his; if hard pressed I might even undertake to better him here and there, but after I had done that I doubt if I should like him so well. In fact, I prefer to let him alone, to take him for what he is in himself, and to be grateful for every new thing that comes from his pen. I will not try to say why his works take me so much; that is no part of my business in these papers, and I can understand why other people are not taken at all with him, for no reason that they can give, either. At the same time, I have no patience with them, and but small regard for their taste.

IN a long sickness, which I had shortly after I went to live in Cambridge, a friend brought me several of the stories of Erckmann-Chatrion, whom people were then reading much more than they are now, I believe; and I had a great joy in them, which I have renewed since as often as I have read one of their books. They have much the same quality of simple and sincerely moralized realism that I found afterward in the work of the early Swiss realist, Jeremias Gotthelf, and very likely it was this that captivated my judgment. As for my affections, battered and exhausted as they ought to have been in many literary passions, they never went out with fresher enjoyment than they did to the charming story of *L'Ami Fritz*, which, when I merely name it, breathes the spring sun and air about me, and fills my senses with the beauty and sweetness of cherry blossoms. It is a lovely book, one of the loveliest and kindest that ever was written, and my heart belongs to it still; to be sure it belongs to several hundreds of other books in equal entirety. It belongs to all the books of the great Norwegian Bjørstjerne Bjørnson, whose *Arne*, and whose *Happy Boy*, and whose *Fishermaid* I read in this same fortunate sickness. I have since read every other book of his that I could lay hands on: *Sinnøve Solbakken*, and *Magnhild*, and *Captain Manzana*, and *Dust*, and *In God's Ways*, and *Sigurd*, and plays like *The Glove*, and *The Bankrupt*. He has never, as some authors have, dwindled in my sense; when I open his page, there I find him as large, and free and bold as ever. He is a great talent, a clear conscience, a beautiful art. He has my love not only because he is a poet of the most exquisite verity, but because he is a lover of men, with a faith in them, such as can move mountains of ignorance, and dullness, and greed. He is next to Tolstoy in his willingness to give himself for his kind; if he would rather give himself in fighting than in suffering wrong, I do not know that his self-sacrifice is less in degree.

I CONFESS, however, that I do not think of him as a patriot and a socialist when I read him; he is then purely a poet, whose gift holds me rapt above the world where I have left my troublesome and wearisome self for the time. I do not know of any novels that a young endeavorer in fiction could more profitably read than his for their large and simple method, their trust of the reader's intelligence, their sympathy with life. With him the problems are all soluble by the enlightened and regenerate will; there is no baffling Fate, but a helping God. In Bjørnson there is nothing of Ibsen's scornful despair, nothing of his anarchistic contempt, but his art is full of the warmth and color of a poetic soul, with no touch of the icy cynicism which freezes you in the other. I have felt the cold fascination of Ibsen, too, and I should be far from denying his mighty mastery, but he has never possessed me with the delight that Bjørnson has.

IN those days I read not only all the new books, but I made many forays into the past, and came back now and then with rich spoil, though I confess that for the most part I had my trouble for my pains; and I wish now that I had given the time I spent on the English classics to contemporary literature, which I have not the least hesitation in saying I liked vastly better. In fact, I believe that the preference for the literature of the past, except in the case of the greatest masters, is mainly the affectation of people who cannot otherwise distinguish themselves from the herd, and who wish very much to do so.

There is much to be learned from the minor novelists and poets of the past about people's ways of thinking and feeling, but not much that the masters do not give you in better quality and fuller measure; and I should say, Read the old masters and let their schools go, rather than neglect any possible master of your own time. Above all, I would not have any one read an old author merely that he might not be ignorant of him; that is most beggarly, and no good can come of it. When literature becomes a duty it ceases to be a passion, and all the schoolmastering in the world, solemnly addressed to the conscience, cannot get this truth out of the heart. It is well to read for the sake of knowing a certain ground if you are to make use of your knowledge in a certain way, but it would be a mistake to suppose that this is a love of literature.

IN those years at Cambridge my most notable literary experience without doubt was the knowledge of Tourguénief's novels, which began to be recognized in all their greatness about the middle seventies. I think they made their way with such of our public as were able to appreciate them before they were accepted in England; but that does not matter. It is enough for the present purpose that *Smoke*, and *Lisa*, and *On the Eve*, and *Dimitri Roudine*, and *Spring Floods*, passed one after another through my hands, and that I formed for their author one of the profoundest literary passions of my life.

I now think that there is a finer and truer method than his, but in its way, Tourguénief's method is as far as art can go. That is to say, his fiction is to the last degree dramatic. The persons are sparsely described, and briefly accounted for, and then they are left to transact their affair, whatever it is, with the least possible comment or explanation from the author. The effect flows naturally from their characters, and when they have done or said a thing, you conjecture why, as unerringly as you would if they were people whom you knew outside of a book. I had already conceived the possibility of this from Bjørnson, who practices the same method, but I was still too sunken in the gross darkness of English fiction to rise to a full consciousness of its excellence. When I remembered the deliberate and impertinent moralizing of Thackeray, the clumsy exegesis of George Eliot, the knowing nods and winks of Charles Reade, the stage-carpentering and lime-lighting of Dickens, even the fine and important analysis of Hawthorne, it was with a joyful astonishment that I realized the great art of Tourguénief.

Here was a master who was apparently not trying to work out a plot, who was not even trying to work out a character, but was standing aside from the whole affair, and letting the characters work the plot out. The method was revealed perfectly in *Smoke*, but each successive book of his that I read was a fresh proof of its truth, a revelation of its transcendent superiority. I think now that I exaggerated its value somewhat; but this was inevitable in the first surprise. The sane æsthetics of the first Russian author I read, however, have seemed more and more an essential part of the sane ethics of all the Russians I have read. It was not only that Tourguénief had painted life truly, but that he painted conscientiously.

W. D. Howells.

COÖPERATION IN HOUSEKEEPING

By Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer

VERY much has been said and written upon this subject in the last few years, and yet I fear we are not very much enlightened. The domestic problem is one of the chief reasons why housewives agree to give even a thought to coöperative kitchens. In some sections of the country I most fully realize that this problem is of the utmost importance, and, perhaps, can only be settled by coöperation. Before entering into any schemes that have been tested, or plans that might be, I would like to suggest that the housekeepers of America push a general kitchen system, for the servant question to-day is quite sufficient cause for pushing a general cooking system throughout the entire country. This sort of coöperation would lead to an improved condition of general household work. There should be some standard for every housekeeper, and that standard kept to the same degree; for instance, the sweeping of a room, the holding of a broom to save the carpet, and to keep from throwing dust against the walls, should be the same everywhere. If regular schools could be established throughout the entire country, in which women could be taught to hold their brooms and sweep in a proper manner, it would not be necessary for Mrs. Jones to instruct her new chambermaid how to sweep. On the other hand, Mrs. Jones, taking a girl from a well-regulated training-school of this kind, would be obliged to accept—or should do so—the better methods of sweeping.

NOW, the first coöperation would be for all housekeepers to join in establishing schools in certain sections, in which both mistress and maid would be taught thoroughly the scientific plans of housekeeping—not those simply handed down from one generation to the other, perfectly crude and without system. This plan has not, so far, met with favor, because it requires some self-denial on the part of the housewife. It must be remembered that the servant question can and will only be settled as soon as the housewife herself is competent to instruct and to oversee such work. The system of bookkeeping is precisely the same in America as in England, and in all parts of America bookkeeping is taught after the same rules. Mrs. Jones hires a cook; she comes, perhaps, from a scientific school; she has taken a careful, practical course, and she has had principles thoroughly rooted and they have become fixed. This training should be quite sufficient, but it is not so. As soon as she enters Mrs. Jones' house she is watched—not as to results, but as to methods. If her bread—the woman probably knowing spring from winter wheat—is not after a certain plan suitable for spring wheat, or a certain plan suitable for winter wheat, the housekeeper at once rebels. Her mother had bread which was excellent, made in an entirely different manner; and this poor woman who has paid many, many dollars for instruction is at once baffled—must go clear back to the foundation and begin anew. If she remonstrates she is told that unless she can do it "our way" her services are no longer required, and she wonders why she took the trouble to learn chemistry and scientific cooking, if so few housekeepers appreciate it. It is my firm belief that until cooking is taught and practiced after the same rigid rules throughout the country our help will be of a careless and indifferent type. This form of coöperation, then, is greatly needed.

THE second kind, where in the centre of a square is one kitchen, presided over by the housekeepers in turn, tends to destroy home life. While it may give one woman more time to study, it certainly gives her more time to gossip about the food that she has prepared, and instead of relieving the housewife of the thought of her table, which really should be a light care, it gives her more to think of, because she is providing, perhaps, for forty rather than for five people. This centre kitchen, after it is installed, is very little above the average boarding-house or hotel kitchen. Forty people must be fed to make it successful and to hire such help as you desire. This also proves that in our ordinary home kitchens we do not pay for brains. What brainy woman would accept a position from which she never could rise, and without chance of progression, for four dollars a week?

THIS second plan has been tried once or twice in Philadelphia, and has been given up at the end of one, two or six months. One place I have in mind: six families, living side by side, joined; one having a larger kitchen donated it to the other five as the general kitchen. A buyer was engaged, a first-class cook and an assistant. There were thirty people to be fed. The superintendent—a woman of the class acting as housekeepers in this country—was paid thirty dollars per month, with her room in one of the houses, and her board at the main table. Utensils were taken from the different houses until there were sufficient to cook for all, so the expense of fitting the kitchen was very little, and as Philadelphia houses are huddled together it was not necessary to have hot-water kettles for distribution of food, as the dishes could be easily carried from yard to yard through an opening made in the fence. Dining-rooms in the old houses were retained and the food simply served. Two kinds of meat were always provided, and where roast beef was the dinner dish a small roast was purchased for each family. Right here I want you to know that this was an extravagant method, as left-overs could not be collected from house to house—at least, were not collected—and much waste, in consequence, occurred. The cook was paid ten dollars per week, her assistant five dollars, making the help very much cheaper than for each individual to have provided her own cook, and enabling them to get far better service. If the waste could have been looked after carefully by this head woman no doubt the plan would have been a most economical one, but it was not. And again, it is impossible for one woman to cook for so many people, unless they are all of the same mind. In a short six months the project was abandoned as a failure, not from a successful standpoint, but from a standard to please. Our cooks, no matter how delicious they make their food, are not scientific caterers, and a table of this kind is simply a place to eat. If every housekeeper will take but one hour a day, and give thought to her table, write her bills of fare, visit the cellar and refrigerator, then do her ordering, and employ brains at a fair salary, she will not be burdened, and her table will be dainty and refined, and of such food as particularly suits the occupations and tastes of her family.

IN Palo Alto, California, they have a university settlement in which coöperative housekeeping is claimed to be successful. I have before me jottings from a paper read before a congress of household economics during the World's Fair, which I will give: "The plan grew from a great need, as in university communities it is rather hard to procure the proper sort of household help. Labor may be more difficult to procure in these places, but the labor is not so much at fault as the housewife who is not able to train. In Palo Alto household labor is worth twenty dollars per month and upward, and for a good cook from twenty-five to thirty dollars." [Quite cheap enough if the cook is good.] "Most of the families came from Ithaca, New York, where good girls could be obtained for, perhaps, fifteen to sixteen dollars per month. Other necessities were cheap accordingly. Six families entered upon an agreement. The kitchen was free, and the outfit loaned from the different households. A Chinese cook was engaged, and a student boy to convey the meals. Rooms for these were also donated by the coöperatives. Here they found it necessary to have the services of a skilled bookkeeper. These services were rendered also by some of the coöperatives, consequently were gratis. They started the kitchen as an experiment for a month, no outlay having been made, except for some conveying boxes for the food. The number of families supplied from the common kitchen was eight, consisting in all of forty persons. The average cost of meals was fifteen cents each, children half price." [Individually, I should say children, if they were boys of twelve, should be double, instead of half price.] "Cost of service, eighty-five dollars per month, as follows: Head cook, forty dollars; student cook, twenty dollars; carrier, twenty-five dollars (board and room counting twenty dollars, and five dollars only in money). The total for the first year in furnishing was eighty dollars. Each housekeeper in turn catered for a week. A committee ordered the supplies chiefly, but daily orders were given by the cook to the lady who was catering for the time."

THE food selected was of good quality, but simple as to variety. Milk was sent from the general kitchen by measure, but not charged separately. Untouched food was returned to the general kitchen. The expenses for the month were divided equally among the number of individual meals sent to each family during the time. A bill was sent to the head of each family.

In looking over these statistics I found that twelve and a half cents only was paid for beef, five cents a quart for milk, and about thirty cents a pound for butter. These prices are about one-third and one-half less than they would be in the East—meat, of course, just one-half; milk the same. The society also, as nearly as I could gain, kept sort of coöperative child's nurses and housemaids, so that one girl received a larger salary and did chamber-work for three or four families. This, it seems to me, would keep your houses in an upside-down condition the greater part of the day, and most thorough housekeepers prefer to see the work done early in the morning, and their households, as well as themselves, at rest at least a portion of the afternoon. In closing this paper I remember the remark: "The outlook for the second year is very promising. Several new members have asked to be added to the original firm. Conditions are rapidly changing at the Stanford University; the facilities for living are increased with the increased settlement, and boarding-houses are springing up, and many small families find boarding more comfortable and more economical than keeping house."

WE cannot help but feel that while this may be pleasant in California, it certainly is not the way for Americans to live. We are responsible, as housekeepers, for the health and condition of the family. Why should we shirk the pleasantest occupation given to women, to go out in the world, when necessity does not require it, and battle in lines far more unpleasant? We should be the home-makers, but the extreme indifference manifested by the housewives of our country is appalling. It is so much pleasanter to study music and art than to study artistic feeding, although the refinement of the family depends upon the latter, and we drift into the fashion of destroying our homes, of which we have heretofore always boasted. What man ever shouldered a musket to protect a boarding-house or hotel? He goes to protect the homes, and without these homes we are a ruined country. We dare not, with any honesty or safety, throw the responsibility of the health and comfort of our family on a woman who is paid a salary by the week. Money does not pay for services of this kind when rendered to those of the same flesh and blood, and men are only brave when asked to protect the homes of their country.

IF from this little article I can plant one seed which will take root and grow in any community for the establishment of domestic economy schools, where the men of the country may see that their daughters are taught domestic economy before it is time for them to take on the heavier work of their lives, I shall be satisfied. These domestic economy schools should be taught by women who thoroughly understand food and feeding—in fact, should be taught by professors, if you choose; later may come the practical part of the work. I will agree with what is often said, that our teachers of cookery are not housekeepers, and that schools of domestic economy help very little the domestic question. Many of the teachers are young, perhaps never having had the opportunity to do the housekeeping, and simply teach chemistry and cooking. They could not by any manner of means serve a respectable, dainty and well-cooked meal without getting into a flurry and taking hours to prepare it. This, however, does not spoil the cause; it helps it, as it were. The trouble lies here: in most public schools cooking is considered a fad, and by the order of the Board of Education the girls, perhaps, get two hours' instruction in two weeks. It takes at least two or three years, by experience, to learn to keep house well. What can be expected of a girl who has but two hours a week for one year? She, it is true, gains many points which will take her comfortably through her housekeeping, and she knows how to make one dish, if she does not know how to have them all hot at the same time. This, in consequence, comes more easily from experience. But let us establish schools in which girls can be taught to do general housekeeping on the proper sort of plan—not to follow any line of cooking in any special, unpractical way, to cross off all the albuminoids or all starches, but to be taught practical housekeeping such as every refined family wants. And then you can take untrained help into your house, and in a short time teach them. Give them, after they learn, increased wages and a comfortable home, and they will not leave you, you may depend upon it. It is human nature to take the best in this world that you can get, and if your cook expects to be a cook all her life, and you offer her the best place of the kind, she will not leave you.

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FESTIVAL DAYS OF FRANCE

By Maria Parloa

A SHORT description of the fête days of the French people was given in the December issue of the JOURNAL. In this number I have attempted to give some idea of the most important spring and summer fêtes. The Fourth of July, which has a significance akin to our own Fourth of July, is celebrated in much the same way, without the powder, firecrackers and horns, however; the French people would not tolerate such barbarous noises. Last year Joan of Arc was canonized and France has had another fête day added to her list.

FETE AT THE BEGINNING OF LENT

The fête at the beginning of Lent is not at all like the carnival in Rome and other Italian cities. It lasts but one day with the French, but in that day the residents of Paris enjoy a great deal of innocent fun.

On Shrove Tuesday the boulevards are made safe and free for the merry-makers, as neither carriages nor omnibuses are allowed to drive through them. The fun begins before noon, but does not reach any great height until the afternoon, when it seems as if all Paris, young and old, appeared on the streets or at the windows. Everywhere there are vendors of *confetti* and *serpentins*. And with these two things all the fun of the day was made. *Confetti* are tiny disks of paper of many colors, which are sold by measure, a half pint costing a few cents. *Serpentin* is a narrow paper ribbon; it comes in rolls and in all colors. As the people pass up and down the sidewalks of the boulevards, the people in the windows and on the balconies attempt to lasso them with *serpentins*. Sometimes they are very successful. Grown-up people do not covet the yards and yards of many-colored ribbons that are sometimes twined around their heads and shoulders, but the children are wild with delight when they are the victims, and no wonder, for an armful of *serpentin* makes a lovely bit of color. As the *serpentins* are thrown from the high windows or balconies the wind often carries them to the branches of the trees, so that by the middle of the afternoon both trees and balconies are a mass of rainbow hues. The effect is very beautiful. Every one fills his or her pockets with *confetti*. Mothers and fathers accompany their children. Many of the children dress in costume, as do also some of the older people. False noses seem to be in great favor. Friends in groups of two or more start out together. The middle of the street is quite as crowded as the sidewalk. You are walking along quietly and suddenly a shower of *confetti* is thrown in your face; you turn round and another shower falls upon you. Every one is being deluged with the dainty bits of paper. So much is used that you wade through it on street and sidewalk. The small boy gathers it up as he passes along and showers his friends with it. It is rarely that any one is offended, for each one knows what to expect, and if this kind of fun is not to his taste he must keep off the boulevards. Even the policemen on duty get their share of *confetti*, and they seem to like it, too. The most absurd-looking people on the boulevards are the well-dressed men with hair and beards full of the bits of colored paper.

THE CARNIVAL OF MI-CAREME

It seems inconsistent, to say the least, that people who care enough for Lent to observe it at all, should take a day of pleasure in the middle of the season of self-denial. However, the fête of *Mi-Carême* is in Paris on a much grander scale than is the fête that precedes Lent. The great feature of the day is the procession. This is arranged by the students and laundry people. All the principal laundries in Paris and the vicinity are represented in the cortège. Each year the laundry people choose a queen, who, of course, is always young and pretty. Previous to the forming of the procession many interesting and amusing scenes occur in the different quarters of Paris. At the "Petit Journal" the queen is received with a speech and presented with a wreath of flowers. Light refreshments are provided for those who care for them, and if any of the visitors wish to leave small sums for the poor they are received and properly applied. In the Latin quarter the students make merry in their fantastic costumes. Crowds of people fill the boulevards, many of them carrying a basketful of luncheon, well knowing that the day will be far advanced before they see the end of the procession.

THE FANTASTIC PROCESSION

LAST year the procession formed on the Cours la Reine and began its march on the Avenue Marigny, then turned into the Faubourg St. Honoré, thus passing the Élysée Palace and grounds on three sides. From the Faubourg St. Honoré the procession passed to the Rue Royal and thence through the grand boulevards to the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, where it passed before the judge's stand.

Before the procession started the route was well guarded by the regular police and the National Guard, mounted and on foot.

The cortège was headed by the students carrying the banner of the Latin quarter. The students were divided into divisions, which included knights with fanciful titles, animals of all climes, cassowaries, giraffes, crocodiles, pelicans, booted cats on horseback, which were very funny. Another division represented Napoleon and his mamelukes, and King Carnival on a float. Other floats representing Oriental subjects followed. One of the funniest divisions was men on pasteboard horses; the horses were fastened in some way to the waists of the men, and cambric curtains concealed their legs. These horses would charge in line, rear, plunge and dance in the most absurd manner. A delegation of students carried a magnificent wreath of flowers which was presented to Madame Carnot.

After the students came the floats of the *lavoirs*. The float of the "Queen of Queens" was drawn by eight white horses. Her dress was of white moiré, made in the style of Louis XIV. Over this was draped a royal mantle of gold and ermine. The costume of the King was copied from one at Versailles. On this float there were ladies of the court, maids of honor and pages. Every detail was admirably carried out. There were other floats that were almost, if not quite, as fine as this.

At the start the procession moved slowly as each division stopped to salute President Carnot, who, with some of his generals, was at one of the palace windows. Each division had some sort of musical instruments, and as soon as it came in sight of the President they began to play the *Marseillaise*. For nearly three hours this grand hymn was given in all the notes of discord it is possible to imagine.

HOW THE DAY WAS FINISHED

ALTHOUGH the procession started a little after one o'clock, it was four hours before it reached the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, and it was nearly seven o'clock before the last of the cortège had passed before the judges. The procession passed to the Latin quarter, where it disbanded. The burning of King Carnival and fireworks followed.

About nine o'clock the students collected on the Place de l'Odeon and sang the hymns of the Latin quarter, and after this a trip to the Nouveau Cirque, in the Rue St. Honoré. About midnight the students marched singing, from the Rue St. Honoré to the Opera, where they kept up the fun until morning.

During the dinner hour (from seven to half-past eight) there was a little lull in the fun on the boulevards, but after that battles with *confetti* were renewed and the fun waxed fast and furious until long after midnight. So much *confetti* had been used through the day and evening that one waded through it as through snow, and so much *serpentin* had been floated on the breeze that the trees were filled with it, making them brilliant with color for many days, but as the spring advanced the city had the trouble and expense of removing it.

It does not seem as if it were possible to get more gayety and happiness into one day than were crowded into the fête of *Mi-Carême* in Paris. Months after, when brushing my hat a few bits of bright paper were dislodged from their hiding-place; they brought visions of bright faces and laughter and an atmosphere filled with delicate colors.

LA FAIRE AUX JAMBON

DURING Holy Week a ham fair is held in the extreme western part of Paris. Beginning at the Place de la Nation and extending down the Boulevard Voltaire, there are rows of booths filled with hams of all kinds and qualities. Other pork products, such as smoked bacon, salt pork, sausages, etc., are sold here, but hams are the chief commodity. The trade here is mostly wholesale; many of the booths, however, sell at retail. The customers at this fair are the *charcutiers* and small shopkeepers of Paris and the surrounding country. Thousands of people come to see this unique market, and naturally so great a gathering of people attract innumerable Punch and Judy shows, Marionette theatres and other side shows.

THE EASTER FESTIVAL

LA Fête de Pâque is observed everywhere. About two weeks before Easter the shops begin to show goods suggestive of the approaching feast day, the confectioners and florists especially filling their windows with the most charming things. Pots of flowers are put in fancy baskets, which are then filled with soft, green moss; birds and tiny nests filled with eggs are placed in the branches, or it may be that the basket is broad and square, and on the moss, under the shade of the plant, will be found the mother hen with fluffly little chickens, one or two just peeping out of the shell. Wire forms in the shape of eggs are covered with carnations and other flowers. The flowers are marvelously beautiful and in the greatest abundance. More growing plants are sold than cut flowers.

Enormous chocolate eggs are exposed in all the confectioners' windows. Egg-shaped *bonbonnières* in all sorts of material are seen everywhere. All sorts of birds and fowls are imitated to perfection and filled with confectionery. Sometimes a fortunate child will get a miniature poultry yard, every one of the little birds being full of dainty eggs. Next to the egg-shaped *bonbonnières* the most popular for Easter are made with white silk and tulle. Nothing could be more dainty.

Every one visits the churches the Saturday before Easter. The altar in one of the chapels is simply a bower of flowers; sometimes these are so arranged that they make a solid wall from floor to ceiling.

Here, as in all Christian countries, the service and music in the churches are unusually elaborate and fine on Easter Sunday, and after attending to their religious duties the people seek the amusements, which are offered them in abundance.

LA FETE DE FLEURS

THE festival of flowers comes in June, when gardens, fields and woods are filled with blossoms. This fête is given in the Bois de Boulogne and the proceeds are used to aid the victims of duty. One of the fine avenues is separated from the rest of the park by a light wire fence. This avenue is decorated its entire length with festoons of paper flowers and national flags. Restaurants and pretty booths for the sale of flowers are within the inclosure. All Paris goes to the *Fête de Fleurs*, but all Paris does not pay to go inside the inclosure. The masses are satisfied with seeing the carriages as they drive through the long avenues to the entrance. Both sides of the avenues that lead to the entrance gates are lined with flower vendors who besiege the passers-by to purchase their flowers, many of the men jumping on the steps of the carriages as they pass. The flowers themselves are the most eloquent pleaders. They are so cheap and lovely that one is tempted at every step. One can buy a great bunch of blue cornflowers for four or five cents.

Some of the most beautiful turnouts come as late as five o'clock. Many of the carriages are beautifully decorated, and the ladies wear costumes to correspond with the flowers, as, for example, the harness and the wheels and body of a carriage may be decorated with blue cornflowers and "painter's despair" (we call it baby's breath), and the ladies will dress in the same color. The hood and every possible nook in the carriage will be filled with the same flowers.

This fête was on Saturday and Sunday, and the battle of flowers lasted each day nearly three hours.

SOME OF THE MINOR FESTIVALS

APRIL is the month of fish. In the florists flowers are arranged in the form of fishes as they are arranged in egg-shapes at Easter. Gingerbreads and all sorts of candies and *bonbonnières* are given the shape and colorings of various kinds of fish. The first day of April is called *le jour des poissons*. On this day it is customary to send a basket or box filled with fruit, flowers or confectionery, in which is concealed an artificial fish.

St. John's or Midsummer's Day comes on the twenty-third of June, and is celebrated by picnics and outdoor games. During a tramp through the forest of Fontainebleau last June we came unexpectedly upon one of these picnics parties.

A great oak stands in the middle of a large clearing. Delightful shady roads diverge from here in all directions. At the entrance to one of these roads there was a large party of people: children, parents and grandparents. They had an accord for music and were dancing on the green, the hearts and feet of the grandparents seemingly as gay and light as the children's. We sat at a little distance and watched them. As they moved in and out in graceful figures it was like a scene from Shakespeare. The dancing ceased and all sorts of woodland games were played. A large number formed a ring around the oak and danced and sang as if it were a Maypole. The voices of the singers reached through the forest and it almost seemed as if the sprite of the forest had commanded all his subjects to gather at the great oak.

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THE RESTLESSNESS OF THE AGE

By Ruth Ashmore



ALL restlessness and seeking after what does not belong to one is a hindrance to any woman, be she old or young, and one which, in many instances, God did not intend should come into her life. Repose and perfect quietness seem to be unknown factors nowadays, and the simple doing what one has to do, quietly and properly, also ignored. The girls of to-day, no matter what their age may be, rush for everything. There is excitement in mind and body over the least little thing, and women are wearing themselves out absolutely doing nothing. You cannot convince a girl that with proper deliberation she might accomplish just what she wishes and be strong in body and restful in mind as well. No, she has gotten so entirely used to rushing at everything that she wears herself out racing up and down stairs, and when simple, normal work is finished she is, as she puts it, "so dead tired that I can't even rest."

TAKING THINGS EASY

ONE can do three times as much by being quiet and taking things easy as by rushing. Girls in every station of life are hurting themselves by attempting to do too much. The girl who has to work is over-ambitious, and the society girl thinks she must let as much as possible come into her life. And so, between clubs and classes, with every form of gayety imaginable, she is working so hard that when she is thirty and should be reaching her prime, which physicians say is thirty-five, she is old and broken down. The feverish desire to have and to achieve is killing the girls of to-day. They are never satisfied, everything in life is rush and hurry. They want to dress like one friend, be as learned as another, and as great a society leader as another.

THE WOMAN OF TO-DAY

THE woman of to-day, as we hear of her, belongs to a class for each day in the week, and has every afternoon and evening filled up with gay functions. She is eager to know all about politics, to understand the great poets and writers of the day, especially those that are counted most difficult to comprehend; she wants to belong to societies that will make the world better and that will permit her to talk about them in public, and yet she desires as well to keep the position in life to which she was born. Speak to her suddenly and see her start. That means over-taxed nerves. Get her to talking to you about one of her plans and see how she flushes, notice the unnatural brilliancy of her eyes, and watch the quivering of her lips and her hands. That woman is on the verge of nervous prostration. And why? She is living an abnormal life. She is neglecting her duties, and is permitting herself to be worn out to interest people who do not care in the least for her.

To me she is dreadful—this woman of to-day—and I do not want any one of my girls to be like her. She does no real work, she only worries, and worry is very apt to kill. Work properly done, systematically arranged for and carefully and easily carried out, does not wear women out. It is only when it is rush, rush, rush, fret, fret, fret, that women become bundles of overstrung nerves, tied with a red ribbon of continual excitement. But the ribbon comes untied and the nerves are free and what is the result? A fretful answer to a question asked by a member of the household, inattention to one's duties because the head and the eyes ache so "they are almost killing me," and then too often there follows the resort to a stimulant of some kind. The tears come to the eyes very easily, the feelings are super-sensitive, and all because hurry and fret have made of a healthy girl a wretched bundle of nerves and nothing else. Patience is asked from everybody. The tiny girl must be quiet so that "mamma may get over her headache." The healthy boy is asked to walk quietly because "your sister has done so much that she is trying to rest," and the whole household is under nerve rule. What can be done? One can advise quieter methods, plenty of fresh air and a nourishing diet, but the nervous girl is apt to be very positive, for she counts herself a deep thinker, and advice is the last thing she wishes to hear or to follow. The end of it all? You can see it. There are quite enough nervous girls and nervous middle-aged women now. It is, alas, only too easy to picture what they will be when they are veritable old ladies.

THE QUESTION ASKED

"BUT," says one of my girls, "don't you want us to be intelligent? Don't you want us to know something, and don't you want us to enjoy ourselves?" Certainly I do, but I want you to do it as women should, and not after the fashion of a locomotive attached to a fast train, and which must keep up its record. Look at our English cousins; they study one thing and know it well. These women who attempt so much are usually entirely superficial because they cannot possibly learn one thing well when they are attempting so much. Then, too, about work. There is a perfect craze among young women to leave their homes and go out to work in the outside world. When this is necessary it is all right, but in many cases it is not necessary. There is work to do at home, and the foolish girl does not see the value of her home work, but with every nerve at a tangent, with her heart throbbing so rapidly she can almost hear it, she rushes to the big world for work that should not be hers, and which will use her up mentally and physically in a very short time. When the good God was arranging the human pegs into their abiding places, He did not put the round ones in the square holes, but when a woman rushes away from the work that is laid out for her, she finds that she is wrongly situated, and she wears herself out worrying over this. Then she is old and tired when she should be young and fresh.

Sometimes, even in her home life, the fever of haste comes to her, and I beg of her, for I know her among my girls, to learn to do things quietly. Walk up and down stairs; make the beds and dust the rooms quietly, and not as if you were being pursued by the demon of unrest; enjoy yourself easily; don't let your nerves get the better of you when you are playing a game. If you dance, don't do it furiously, and above all things, don't fall into the sad error of hastening to be married. Learn to know the man to whom you are giving your love, and be sure that each of you will be better in the future because of the time given to your becoming acquainted even after the story of love has been told to you. Physicians say the best prescription for the woman of to-day is more rest and more quiet enjoyment. Try this. Allow yourself to take every day what is a rest to you.

HOW TO REST

SOME girls don't know how to do this. They think rest and sleep synonymous, whereas rest may mean simply change in occupation. It may mean the sitting quiet for a while. It may mean the having a cup of tea, or a bit of bread and butter—the tea being that which does not hurt the nerves, and the bread and butter being that which is healthful and which tastes good. Often you don't eat enough, my dear girl, and you hurry too much when you do eat. Learn to linger over your meals, to talk to your father or mother pleasantly, and so to aid digestion by slow eating and bright conversation. Sometimes the best rest that comes is the sitting in an easy-chair and closing your eyes for ten minutes. Don't be afraid or ashamed of this. It is necessary if you wish to be a well and strong woman. You rest when you don't attempt too much, for then you do better work. Rest for you may mean reading a pretty story, while for me it may be leaving books and looking out at the green trees for a while. Find out that rest which is best suited to you and permit yourself to have it.

REST IN TALK

THAT is a pleasant rest. To sit still and listen to the quiet talk of somebody else, somebody who will not require an answer from you—a charitable somebody who will not mind if gradually, as the talk drifts into a monotone, your eyes close and a refreshing sleep of ten minutes comes to you. Generally, talk is work with a nervous girl. She is so eager to show that she is up in everything, so anxious to be considered intelligent and cultured that she forgets that listening is part of conversation, and she degenerates into what is called a great talker. And that means one who absorbs the conversation. But she who is wise, and who finds rest in talk, will listen with intelligence, and once in a while say something worth hearing. But she will not determine to tell all she knows at once, or to drive all other talkers out of the field of conversation. Who has not been tired out by the restless talker—by the one who answers the question you did not ask her while she gives information to some one else who has forgotten more than she ever knew?

WOMEN ONLY IN NAME

THE being at thirty-five a nervous, fretful, irritable woman, dreaded by society at large and a continual source of unhappiness in your own home. This will surely come if you follow the footsteps of the so-called advanced woman of to-day. A desire to know the truth for myself has induced me to look at the women who stand forward as representing the intellectual woman of the times—she who claims to be up in everything, to miss nothing and to be ready to give her opinion at club or society. She is a sad sight to me, because the nervous quickness with which she speaks proves that she is controlled by haste, and that a beautiful, restful, loving old age will be impossible to her. "But," you ask, "shan't I belong to a benevolent association?" Yes, to one, if you have the time to do the work that you undertake. But one is enough for every woman, and the work itself will be better done if each woman would limit herself to one and so be able to do the work which is called for, thoroughly. Do I object to women speaking in public? I do, most emphatically. With the advanced woman I have no sympathy, and I think the best influence a woman can wield is in her own home, and by the example of her own good and true life. I do not want my girls to be advanced women. I want them to be healthy, happy, normal women, intelligent, well-read, and above everything else, to understand the art of making those bound by ties of blood, cling close to them. I do not think women can be good politicians and good mothers, wives and daughters, too. I do not think a woman can speak on politics to-night and be interested in having a dainty dinner as a rest for her husband to-morrow night. Our men are, sad as it seems, slaves to money-making, and the least we can do for them is to create a place where the keynote is rest and warmth and love. She who spends her time seeking votes, making speeches and arranging blue books will find it impossible to think out the proper way to perform household duties, to make life pleasant for others, or to build a nest as it should be built if it is to bear in golden letters the name of "Home."

CLUB LIFE AMONG WOMEN

NEITHER do I approve of the extent to which club life among women has been carried. I do think it charming for women to meet and talk over that which is interesting to each other, but I rather like the old-fashioned way, when all woman-kind met in the afternoon, some with a bit of fancy-work, some with hands that were resting, and then, as it grew near supper time, the husbands and sons appeared, and after supper all had a merry time together. The advanced woman says that was the day of gossip, but I have been the invited guest of many clubs, and I have never heard at a tea-party as much malicious gossip as I have in these clubs, which, first of all, demand that the members shall be sisters in words as well as in deeds. This sounds positive, but, my dear girl, it is true. The malice and evil speaking that come out in the "society" are just as prominent in the "club," and are, I think, a little more daring. The desire for position is great, and the hurry to be president or chairman, or whatever the office may be, brings out all the petty faults that the advanced woman scorns and declares were relegated to the "sewing circle."

WHAT I WOULD LIKE

I WOULD like my girls to do their work as they should, have the pleasures which are theirs by right, but not take on themselves unnecessary work, and above all things, to avoid unnecessary haste. A restful woman is the most gracious of nature's creations. She is the perfect flower of womanhood. But the nervous, quivering, gasping bundle of nerves, the result of too much hurry and too many unnecessary duties, as represented by the advanced woman, is what I dread my girls being. If you go on an errand, go quietly, steadily and certainly. If you are exercising, walk evenly and restfully; do not rush and tear. If you have an opinion to give, don't set your nerves to tingling and your heart to throbbing by the haste with which you utter it. Say what you have to quietly, slowly and distinctly. When you are among women don't attempt to talk when everybody else is, and then your voice will not become the shrill falsetto which is often reached when the nerves are all undone. Do what your hands find to do, but don't reach out and take work that does not belong to you and which was never intended for you. If you make yourself well and strong, you can, once in a while, help the weak, but it is due to those among whom you live that you care for yourself mentally and physically. And be sure that when the good God asks you as to your soul He will also ask you as to how you have treated the case given for it and which was made in His likeness. Will you think over this and avoid the misfortune of the day—hurry?

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



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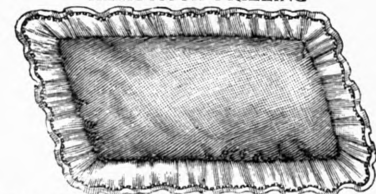
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RECEPTION AND EVENING GOWNS

By Isabel A. Mallon

HERE is but a slight difference between a reception and an evening gown, the costume which is considered proper for any evening affair being counted in equally good taste at a reception. The difference only consists in this, that one may wear rather heavier gowns, that is, velvet, brocade or silk at a reception, while tulle, chiffon and light qualities of silk would be



THE DÉBUTANTE'S GOWN (Illus. No. 2)

dedicated to an evening party. The hostess at a reception aims at having her dress give the impression of dignity, while at a dance she will look almost as frivolous, as far as material is concerned, as does her daughter. The short train noted at the reception is not seen at the dance, and although all the laws of fashion and good taste forbid the wearing of a bonnet in the evening at a private house, still, if an elderly lady appeared with a lace and bead affair on her head at a reception it would be considered quite proper.

THE MATERIALS USED

THE very rich brocades in combination with moiré or velvet, make beautiful gowns for a hostess who is presenting her daughter to society.

Chiffon over light-weight silk is fancied for the gown of the young *débutante*, while older girls have skirts made of moiré, and bodices draped either with chiffon or rich lace. The spangled crêpe, tulle or chiffon, especially in the pale gray or white tints, the first thickly dotted with steel, and the last with silver, are greatly liked, and are brightened by the use of velvet bows in one of the new crimson or blue shades. Little velvet jackets that remind one of the Orient, for they are deep crimson velvet richly embroidered with gold, of yellow velvet made heavy with steel spangles and embroidery, and white velvet glittering with gold, are liked to be put on over gowns of tulle or chiffon as a slight protection from the draught, but as they have no sleeves, are cut rather low in the neck and slashed up at each seam, their being of great use may be doubted.

I would advise that gray or white be selected for the *débutante's* gown, as a new color, that is, a color which is the rage, soon becomes tiresome to the eyes, and everybody remembers "that blue dress of hers," where the one of subdued tint would be forgotten. Very beautiful skirts of moiré, intended for young matrons or girls who are tired of chiffon and tulle, have the skirt seams heavily embroidered in either gold, silver or steel, and then the bodice or its decorations correspond. These are most artistic.

AN ELEGANT RECEPTION DRESS

A VERY elegant reception gown to be worn by a hostess is that shown in Illustration No. 1. The material used is golden-brown moiré of that light shade that almost reaches mahogany. The bodice is a draped one of yellow chiffon, so arranged that the throat shows prettily, while on each shoulder well above the sleeves are set bows of brown velvet ribbon, the long ends and loops of which fall evenly over the back and front. The high, folded belt is of the velvet, and is caught at intervals, crosswise, by five golden stars set with topaz. These, of course, are handsome specimens of the French jeweled buttons that are so much in vogue this year. Slippers of golden-brown satin, with high rosettes of chiffon the same color, are worn, and silk stockings to match them. The gloves reach just to the elbows, meeting the double puff sleeves of chiffon, and are of light yellow undressed kid. The hair is parted, waved and arranged in a semi-high knot, against which rests a pompon formed of yellow feathers. In black, such a costume as this might have skirt of moiré, the seams all thickly seeded with jet, while the bodice could be either of black chiffon trimmed with black velvet, or, prettier still, of white chiffon trimmed with jet and black velvet. The white moiré skirt, if one were chosen, would be very rich if beaded with jet and trimmed in harmony.

THE DÉBUTANTE'S GOWN

A GOWN that seems a veritable dream, because of its cloudy, misty effect, is that pictured in Illustration No. 2. The skirt, of dancing length, having the usual fashionable flare, is made of gray silk, with an overdrawing of gray chiffon embroidered in a vine pattern in silver. The bodice, which is the usual round, draped one, has for its belt a corsage decoration in silver, that is round just about the waist, but shapes up into deep points that fit on the chiffon background with great exactness. The sleeves, which reach to the elbows, are arranged in long puffs by the chiffon having straps of silver upon it that run lengthwise, and so force the material to fall in that fashion. The round neck is outlined with silver embroidery, and a bit of color is given by the addition, just above the corsage decoration, of a flaring bow of velvet ribbon of the new blue shade. This is tied so that one long loop reaches across the corsage, while two loops and an end are at one side.



EVENING GOWN OF WHITE CRÉPON (Illus. No. 3)

A VERY SIMPLE GOWN

A SIMPLE toilette suited especially to a very young girl is that which is shown in Illustration No. 3. The material used is white crêpon. The skirt, made after the usual style, has for a finish three narrow ruffles of white chiffon, a full effect being given by each ruffle being the double of the material, folded over so that no hem is required, the joining being in the gathering at the top. As a result there are four thicknesses, and when these are separated a pretty, fluffy effect is gained. The bodice is the usual round, draped one, but it is made to look a little unique by having a square cape and square epaulettes of Venetian lace over a quarter of a yard



COSTUME FOR THE HOSTESS (Illus. No. 1)

deep. The cape portions are fastened to the epaulettes on each side in front by three large buttons that seem to be amethysts set in gold. The belt is a folded one of white silk, and the sleeves are two puffs of crêpon with a fall of the lace caught up on to each sleeve by a single button. The gloves are white undressed kid, the slippers white satin, and the stockings white silk. The hair is parted, brushed down with perfect smoothness and knotted low on the neck. Small gold side-combs set with amethysts aid in bringing out its perfect gloss.

EVENING GOWNS

IT is well to remember that a simple evening dress that is perfectly fresh is much more desirable than the expensive one which has become soiled and tawdry-looking. If one cannot get a new gown, one can, at least, make the old one fresh to look upon, and if this cannot be done, then one had better stay at home. A hostess has a right to expect that her guests will do her credit, and consequently unless properly arrayed it is wiser not to go.

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HEART TO HEART TALKS



NEW YEAR! New Year's Day! How different it sounds from what it used when the one thought connected with the day was the receiving of calls from old and new friends! That custom has passed away.

No more thought about the new dress for the first day of the new year. And yet a new dress is needed! More for the spirit than for the body. Would it not be appropriate for some of us to have a bright New Year dress at this time? How would a garment of praise do? It would be very becoming, very attractive; thankful people always are attractive. This dress may come to us at the beginning of 1895, and it would be well to have it made up immediately by beginning to think of all we have to be thankful for. I do not know that I could give you a better motto for 1895 than "Be ye thankful." And it is a fact that the more thankful you become the more cause you see for thankfulness; it becomes a habit of the mind. My mother left me such a legacy: the memory of a mother whom I hardly ever remember to have seen without the garment of praise. "So much to be thankful for," I think I hear the words now. Of course, you know where the garment of praise can be obtained. You see there is a different kind of dress that is worn by many called the "spirit of heaviness." And Christ said He came to make the exchange—to give the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Alas, how many have worn this latter dress—the spirit of heaviness—in 1894. Do not go into 1895 with it; put off this dress, put on the garment of praise; all you are required to do is to "put off" and "put on."

If you dwell on the losses of the past year, on all that has gone from you, on all you have hoped for that did not come, this spirit of heaviness will deepen, and you will go into 1895 being so much poorer, for real poverty is fear and sadness. And then again your bright new dress of praise will brighten if you will count your mercies at this time. Say, "No matter what has gone or who has gone, God is left and He is love." Now, will you have a happy New Year? I certainly have indicated the path of joy or sorrow. Choose your own dress, either a garment of praise or a spirit of heaviness. But oh, when I think what a difference it will make to others which of these dresses you choose to wear, I feel like beseeching you to be bright. Earth is so in need of bright people. Will you not decide now that you will brighten every life that touches yours? You can do it and thus insure for yourself a happy New Year.



"I AM SEEKING A POSITION"

AS I opened letter after letter the same words greeted my eyes, "willing to do anything." At last I said to myself, "Can it be that all these persons are really fitted for some good work, and the Father that we are in the habit of calling 'our Father,' and who knows all things, all needs, all the supply of needs, cannot guide these dear children? Ah, I fear many do not acknowledge Him in all their ways, for to such the promise is, 'He shall direct thy paths.' Only we must give up our will and mean what we so often hear or say, 'Thy will be done.'"

I knew of a young man who had graduated from college and wanted to study medicine, and go as medical missionary to "heal the sick" and preach the gospel, but he had no means, no money to pay his board while studying, but he meant to get the medical education. So he went to a number of houses and asked if they would hire him to take charge of the furnace fires in the house. And soon he had enough of that work to enable him to pay his board and he had the time for study. The last I heard from him he was tutoring the boys of one of the wealthiest families in the city of New York. He was through with furnaces. "Faithful over a few things." Then come up higher.

AS HE THAT SERVETH

I WROTE to a young man not long ago who wanted to go through college in order to prepare for the ministry: "Are you ready to do any work to help yourself through? You know the Master washed the disciples' feet. Are you willing to wait on table? Last summer I was waited on at a hotel by such fine-looking young men, but it never occurred to me they were using their vacation in that way, so as to save the means to go through college. After I heard it the Master's words came to me, 'Who is greater, he that sitteth at meat or he that serveth?' They answered, 'Is not he that sitteth at meat?' but the Master said, 'I am among you as he that serveth.'"

So as I read these letters from persons all wanting a position, I thought, I wonder what position you have now, for you have some position or other. Maybe some are serving in their own families. Well, if your father and mother are anxious for you to go out to earn money, or you are anxious to earn in order to help them, that is one thing; but sometimes girls want to get away from home, away from simply helping the mother. And yet to help the mother is the noblest work a daughter can do. I have often thought of the thirty years in the life of the Perfect One. As far as we can ascertain He worked with His father in the carpenter's shop and assisted the mother in her work, for He loved His mother and love always helps. No one can doubt His love who sees Him in His last agony looking after the comfort of His mother.



THE BLESSING OF CONTENTMENT

A VERY well-known clergyman in the city of New York told me a very interesting story of two old women who belonged to his church. One was paralyzed so she could not walk and the other could walk, but could not speak. The minister had heard that they were such happy Christians. One morning a member of his church called, and as he was going out asked the pastor if he had seen these two old women. He said no. "Well," said the gentleman, "it is pretty cold" (it was many degrees below zero), "I guess you had better call." So he went up to the attic where the two old saints lived. He asked them how they were, and the one who could talk said they were all right (and they both looked happy). He said he was glad to see they had a warm fire. "Oh, yes," she said, "we have had a good breakfast and are nice and warm." "Well," he said, "have you plenty of coal?" "Oh," said she, "we have half a scuttleful left." So the minister made a short call. All he could see at that moment was half a scuttle of coal on that awfully cold morning. He hurried down town, and when he reached the place where he went to order coal he found a member of his church ahead of him, who told him that the first thing he thought of when he awoke that morning was those two old women; he wondered whether they had coal, and he told the minister he was too late, that a ton of coal was on its way.

I am sure if we truly loved and served God the angels on foot and with wings would be hurried up to care for us if we could not care for ourselves. God expects us to do all we can, but when we have done all we can the reserves will be summoned. But sometimes I feel the force of the words of a friend of mine who listened to some one complaining about God's lack of attention and help, and she turned and said, "What right have you to speak of 'our God'? You don't even serve Him, much less love Him. Go to your own gods." You know the apostle said of some, "Whose god is their belly, who mind earthly things." We must get things righted. There are people who never mention God only when they swear. It is the Master who sees to the interests of His servants. Maybe it would be a good thing for some of us to find out who our Master is, for the Good Book says, "No man can serve two masters." "Acknowledge Him in all thy ways, and He will direct thy paths." I have tried this motto for a lifetime, and can recommend it. Will you not begin to act it?

"TRANQUIL COTTAGE"

HOW glad I was, after reading letters that seemed like crossing a desert, to strike an oasis at last—a letter that did not ask for anything, and that letter from "Tranquil Cottage" made me tranquil and happy. The writer expected to come to the city of New York, and she would find me, and was sure that when she should shake hands with me she would be nearer the kingdom of Heaven. I was startled at first at the thought of the kingdom coming that way, and then I said, "Why not? If we are filled with faith and hope and joy why shouldn't it be contagious? And if the kingdom consists of peace and joy why shouldn't hands meeting feel the kingdom? Maybe we haven't been surcharged with this divine electricity, and as inspiration is the one thing anybody can have, and we are allowed to take the kingdom with a will, why not have it, and have people feel the kingdom of Heaven is near when they meet you? Here is something worth seeking surely." Then she said she had lovely red roses which she only wished she could get to me. And, somehow, I felt as if the roses had come to me in a spirit way and that I had the perfume of them. I could hardly believe my own eyes that she did not want anything, not even an answer to her letter.



OLD FOR HER AGE

THE letter interested me very much. She signed herself "Perplexed." So much in her letter touched my heart. She said, "It is hard on a girl to be old for her age, and I have always been that. Maybe you would make a little prayer for the girls (and boys too) who seem not to have been born straight anywhere, who are so old in some things and so young in others." Then she adds, "It is not a plain downright trouble that is the matter, but my life is a mixed-up trouble. It all seems tangled and crisscross."

When I read that letter a picture came before me of a past far away when I would get so distressed over a skein of silk (for the silk used to be in skeins instead of on spools in those days), and sometimes in trying to get it untangled I would make it worse, and then become irritable, and I can hear my sweet mother's voice as she would say, "Give it to me!" And she would get all the tangles out and I would hold out my little arms to hold the silk while my mother would wind it.

Oh, if I could only get the troubled and perplexed ones to hand over the tangled skein of heart life and outer life to the One who says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," but they work at the tangle all by themselves.

Then I thanked my young friend for her quotation from Mrs. Whitney, "If we could throw ourselves like broken china every time we have spoiled ourselves and our story, the back yards of creation would be full of the pitiful flinders of us." Well, I think God is making a great deal out of flinders in back yards. His kingdom is made up more largely than we think of broken pieces. I read one day, "Men only want the strong, the successful, the victorious, the unbroken, in building their kingdoms." Heaven is filling with broken lives, and there is no bruised reed that Christ cannot take and restore to glorious blessedness and beauty. He can take the life crushed by pain or sorrow and make it into a harp whose music shall be all praise. He can lift earth's saddest failures up to Heaven's glory. Why, He was sent to bind up the broken-hearted!

But my young friend had had some sweet cup taken from her lips, for she says, "Oh, Mrs. Bottome, do say to the girls that it is the little things that count, the little unselfish things." And do tell them to bear their happiness better than I did mine, not to let it make them selfish." But I must give one thought more, and this is really a question to me: "Could you say something in the JOURNAL that would sort of bolster up my waning trust in people? I am not cynical nor pessimistic and I am surprised I feel this way." Well, I have a receipt I use for myself, and what is good for me must be good for others. All that you speak of, the disappointment in others, only makes the background a little darker, which brings out the perfect friendship of the perfect Christ. When I have had such experiences, and I have had them, I say, "Well, there is One left who never disappoints." And somehow, in coming to Him who passed through all these experiences Himself, as I get close to Him the bitterness passes away and pity takes the place of the hard feeling.

Now I wonder if I have braced my young friend who is just entering college. I hope the future of my perplexed friend may be so much brighter than she anticipated, and that in a future she may look back and say, "I could not have spared one disappointment of my girlhood."

Margaret Bottome

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SOME IDEAS FOR CHURCH FESTIVALS

A Trio of Novel Methods

A FAIR OF THE DAYS

BY JOY LISTOR KINNAIRD

A CHARITY fair held in one of the large cities recently closed with a net profit of thirteen hundred dollars. Some hints relative to its management may be of service.

It was called "A Fair of the Days." There were six large booths, each representing a weekday, and down the broad avenue between them one passed under several large arches draped with bunting, the two at either end being decorated in many shades of red and bearing the legend, "Fair of the Days." In addition to these booths were two others pertaining directly to the household.

THE booth for Monday was decorated in blue—for obvious reasons—and here were kept for sale all the articles sacred to that busy day: work aprons of striped ticking with pockets for clothes-pins, laundry lists, clothes-pin bags of ticking, soap, bluing, washing powder, starch, clothes-lines, etc.

At Tuesday's booth there were kept the appliances for ironing day: iron holders—these were plenty and cheap and had a good sale; there were also books of waxed paper for ironers, wire stands, gloss starch, bosom-boards, with loop for hanging, clothes-sprinklers, patent irons, etc.

Wednesday's and Thursday's booths adjoined and were accounted the most attractive in the hall. The former was devoted to darning, mending, sewing and the thousand and one things which go to make up this nondescript day. Here was a bag for every occasion, from the gaudy little button-bag to the rich black shopping bag. There were darning-bags and dusting-bags, rag-bags, scrap-bags and knitting-bags, brush and comb bags and bags for opera glasses; also threaded needle cases, darning cottons and linens by the wholesale.

Its neighbor, Thursday, was devoted entirely to fancy-work, and the display was rich in the extreme. There were cushions of every size and color, from the serviceable blue denim outlined in white linen, to the costly affair in silk, plush, satin, silkolene, velvet or corduroy.

One set of articles that attracted a great deal of admiration was a toilet-set in white dotted Swiss. The Swiss was fine and exquisite, and every dot was embroidered in fine yellow silk to represent a buttercup. The bureau-scarf was quite long and lined with yellow satin; a short space from the edge was run a narrow strip of yellow satin ribbon, and across each end was a ruffle of deep white lace.

The square pincushion was made of Swiss over satin, the bottom was satin alone, and a twisted ribbon hid the seams; lace was cascaded up over one corner and in it nestled a yellow rosette. The two handsome bottles with their cut glass stoppers were hand-painted, the decorations being a loose bunch of buttercups.

Friday's booth was devoted to cleanliness; there were dusting-caps, bib-aprons, whisk-brooms, dusters, dust-pans, brooms, brushes, pails, chamois skins and silver polish.

At Saturday's booth there was everything to entice the housekeeper to buy: cake and pie tins, egg-beaters, steam cookers, pastry bowls, gem pans, pudding moulds, etc. At this booth were also sold all sorts of home-made cakes, pies, breads, biscuits, candies, preserves, jellies, syrups, canned fruits, vegetables, pickles, catsups, etc., as well as receipts for the same.

ONE very attractive booth was the one devoted to bed furnishings: pretty silk bed puffs, the comfortable cheesecloth or sateen duvet, the set of linen comprising sheets, pillow-slips and bolster-cases, and the embroidered counterpane with bolster to match.

There was also another booth devoted to linen doilies and lunch-cloths of every description; linen, book and magazine covers; linen, leather or birch-bark picture-frames; there were the useful little dresser toilet mats, in fact every lovely and useful article that the ingenuity of woman could invent.

Another feature of the fair was the fair newspaper, filled with current gossip, a short sketch of the fair and its purpose, and advertisements of the different booths.

It was a dainty souvenir to keep, being written on fine, thick, creamy paper, with "Fair of the Days" done in decorative letters upon the pretty parchment cover, of some ten or twelve pages, and tied with ribbon. It was sold for twenty cents a copy and added quite a nice sum to the revenue.

THE OLD-TIME CONCERT

BY MARY E. ESTES

THE interest shown in old-time manners and customs is so universal that any good representation of the same is almost sure to be welcomed with pleasure by the majority. Recognizing this fact, most religious societies have at some period of their history in their search for ways and means wherewith to replenish their treasuries, given in all its quaint simplicity the old-time concert.

IN the old Colonial days when the great and the great-great-grandmothers were young the singing-school was a well-established institution. It was usually held in the village schoolhouse, the schoolmaster often figuring as the singing-master. Thither at regular intervals through the long winter months tripped the grandmas with their escorts. Little did they imagine, as they lifted up their sweet voices in unison with the strong tenors and basses, that those same airs, even the very gowns they wore, would at some distant day be reproduced for the benefit of an appreciative audience; yet it may be safely asserted that with the exception of the Colonial tea the old folks' concert is the most popular of the old-time entertainments.

The success of an undertaking of this sort depends largely upon the adaptability for her office of the person having the affair in hand. She must, of necessity, have an accurate conception of the manner in which these entertainments were conducted in our grandmothers' day. She must also become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of that olden time. It should be her care to see that everything is in keeping. The first thing to be done is to engage the services of those who in her judgment not only possess good voices but who will at the same time most acceptably personate the characters designated.

Next, the members of the chorus having been selected, quaint baptismal names should be assigned to each, that all may be duly represented on the programme. One has but to go back to old Colonial days to find such names as have in them a flavor of old-fashioned simplicity: Penelope, Honor, Hepzibah, Prudence, Ophelia, Faith, Malvina, Mercy, Perseverance, Content, Deliverance, Remembrance, Comfort, Hope, Patience, Love, Humility, Priscilla, Roxana, Charity and Delight, the men being equally favored, as Ichabod, Repentance, Benajah, Elected, Faithful, Paletiah, Thankful, Increase, Fear, Abijah, Abimelech, Ebenezer, Hezekiah, Philander, Pelig, Josias, Erastus, Solomon, Ezekiel and Jonathan.

SUITABLE surnames having been affixed the next important thing to be considered is the music. The songs selected must have, in addition to the quaint homeliness of language and construction, that indescribable swing and "go" characteristic of such old-time airs as "Sound the Loud Timbrel," "Sons and Daughters of the Pilgrims," "Jehovah's Praise," "Strike the Cymbal," and the like. The leader of the chorus must possess in himself power to stimulate his class to just that degree of enthusiastic vigor needed to give the selections their necessary energy, without which they will prove disappointing.

The tickets and programme, both as regards construction and spelling, must be models of those sold and distributed in days long gone by. It would also be advisable that a few cautions should appear upon the latter as warnings to a too enthusiastic audience against unseemly expressions of delight other than "ye bringing of ye hands together." Young men in the audience may reasonably be admonished to turn away their eyes from "ye women singers" that they may not be unduly embarrassed.

It is always desirable, of course, and the pleasure of preparing for the entertainment is enhanced if it is possible for each participant to don for the occasion old and much-prized family heirlooms.

It is when from the dark recesses of chest and drawer are brought forth to the light of day grandma's various belongings that the interest deepens and the participants themselves receive their share of enjoyment: the old-time gowns, short in the waist, scant in the skirt, all made by hand, and so quaintly picturesque, also the old-fashioned shoulder capes and laces redolent of lavender. Here is the high comb that lent dignity to its wearer, and the old poke bonnet, which proved, no doubt, a fitting and becoming frame to a sweet young face long ago.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE

BY MRS. A. G. LEWIS



A BAZAAR, which will reproduce the peculiar features of a Maine, Vermont or New Hampshire village fifty years ago, cannot fail to attract the interest and patronage of the public. The affair must, of course, be arranged upon a large scale, if many of the buildings are to be represented, and a good deal of work and considerable expense are involved in preparation. Still, after the plans are made the work may be so apportioned that the various sub-committees may each assume a special part, making it thus easy for all.

THE centre of the room is reserved for the village green, and, if possible, the floor should be covered with green carpeting. In the centre stands the liberty pole. Around this green is a fence with posts set for foot passengers to pass through—the termini of well-worn paths across the inclosure. Beyond the fence runs the village street, and upon its opposite side—arranged all around the outer sides of the hall—are the country store, the church and post-office, the village tavern, the cobbler, harness and wheelwright shops, the grist and saw mills, lawyers' and doctors' offices, etc., etc.—the special buildings to be found in nearly every village. These buildings, a part of which only need to appear, their special signs indicating what they are, may be built of light wood frames covered with cloth and painted with special care to produce the effects desired. It is well to choose a fête day, either the Fourth or the County Fair, when all the people from the neighboring towns pour in to do their trading, go to mill, have the horse shod, their wagon tire set, consult the doctor and make their will. If the place is large enough let the vehicles with their loads appear, and let the costumes be true to the period without exaggeration—all wearing their "go-to-meetin'" best." The lemonade and gingerbread, also the root beer stands must not be forgotten.

THE sales go on in the village store, where every useful bargain is offered. Outside tinware and chair vendors compete with the German and Irish peddler whose pack is stocked with linen "spun ivy thrid meself on a leetle fut wheel," or with silks and laces of marvelous texture and price. The tavern serves as a refreshment room, and the cobbler and harness shops offer an entirely new stock for the day. The grist mill abounds in flours and cereals, and the saw miller sells novelties in woodenwares.

For entertainment the country singing-school "by early candle-light," the village lyceum "town meetin'," also the Dorcas society, quiltings, paring bees and parish tea parties may any or all become most interesting features of the bazaar.

Plenty of small trees and greens are useful in decorating.

CHURCH entertainments in which children take part are always attractive, and a Colonial tea given by little people is one of the most delightful suggestions that can be offered.

Children from five to ten years of age should be chosen, and their costumes ought to be suited both to the Colonial period and to the characters assumed. The costumes should be true in every detail to the period represented. If it is not possible or practicable to hire costumes, they may be all, even to the wigs, designed and made without the aid of a costumer. Patterns for each garment required may be ordered by mail at leading pattern stores. The special features of the entertainment are the supper or "tea," march, music, history or story and tableaux vivants.

Tables, conveniently low to accommodate guests in kindergarten chairs, are spread with simple but palatable food. A stately squire and dame preside at each table, dispensing hospitality to their tiny Colonial guests after the fashion of their day, small serving men and maids in costume assisting.

While the children are enjoying their supper their elders may be served in less formal fashion.

After supper the children may engage in marching for fifteen or twenty minutes, then take part in a series of tableaux representing various scenes in Colonial life. Those should be selected which represent the fortunes of domestic life in its happiest moods. The following order of arrangement is excellent:

First, an orchestral or piano arrangement of national airs. Second, a brief story explaining the tableaux about to be given. Third, tableaux. The stories must be simple in form, easy rhyme being preferred, spicy, amusing and well told. They may be read, but it is far better to select good reciters from the Colonial band, giving to each a story to be rehearsed at the proper moment. The tableaux may be arranged behind the curtain, while the musical numbers and stories are being rendered before the assembled company, so that there may be no tiresome waits between the story and the picture.

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DOMESTIC HELPS IN EMERGENCIES

By A. Marcy, M. D.

It will be a matter of surprise and of interest to many to learn that we have in our homes a valuable collection of medicines and remedies, and that these are to be found in our kitchens. There are so many condiments pertaining to the household which are really valuable, and which may so readily be utilized, particularly in cases of emergency, and where doctors and drug stores do not abound as they do in large cities.

In the first place no head of a family of children should go to bed at night without being assured that there is a good fire in the kitchen stove, and plenty of hot water in the tea-kettle. An attack of croup, of convulsions or of high fever coming on after nightfall will be shorn of half its terrors if there be plenty of hot water on hand. Water, both hot and cold, has been for so long a time regarded as an invaluable adjunct in the treatment of disease and accidents that a perfect or imperfect system of hydropathy has been brought forward in late years as a cure-all. Until recently cold water has been considered the more efficacious, but I know of but few cases, if any, in which warm or hot water is not of better service. In all wounds, bruises, sprains and inflammations, more benefit may be obtained from the latter, as well as more comfort. I must, however, insist upon a distinction between tepid and hot water. A very good rule by which to gauge the amount of heat is to bare the elbow and dip it into the vessel which contains the water. Water that is as hot as can comfortably be borne by the elbow is hot enough to begin with. Except in the case of a few persons the fingers are deceptive. In soaking a sprain or bruise, an extra supply of hot water should be on hand to add as the air cools that being used. When tepid or hot water is desired for continuous use it is most conveniently applied by wringing out a layer of cotton batting of suitable size and covering it with oiled silk or waxed paper. When these cannot be had dry flannel may be substituted. Care should be taken with such applications to have the water nearly boiling, so that a towel will have to be used in wringing the cotton.

BOTTLES and rubber bags filled with hot water are invaluable, but belong rather to dry heat as remedies.

The best methods of using hot water are as follows: For sprains of the ankle and wrist or any joint the part should be thoroughly soaked for half an hour at a time, night and morning, in very hot water. Any one suffering from a severe sprain will not require more than the first soaking to convince them of the advantage of hot over cold water. A flannel bandage should be applied firmly after each treatment. For bruises very much the same method should be followed, although the application need not be continued for so long a time. For wounds and sores the best method is to drip or pour for a few minutes. For styes and inflamed eyelids, and even for sore eyes, use water as hot as can be borne, by sopping. To stop bleeding, very hot water applied to the raw surface will be found efficacious. Remember the water must be very hot. For many forms of dyspepsia and biliousness, particularly a catarrhal condition of stomach, a goblet of hot water, drunk after the night's fasting, will give relief. For continued application, in the form of a poultice, as in catarrh of the breast, common in children, pleurisy, pneumonia, soreness of abdomen, etc., a jacket of cotton batting wrung out in very hot water by means of a towel and covered with oiled silk or waxed paper, as described above, should be used. A jacket thus applied will keep hot for several hours and will often break up serious chest troubles if applied promptly. It is, perhaps, needless to state that every preparation of clothing should be made in advance, that the cotton may be applied and covered while still very hot. This much attention has been given to hot water because there is probably no article of common use—so readily obtainable—that can accomplish so much good. The principle of moist heat enters largely into every poultice applied to relieve pain or favor resolution of inflammation. A little thought on the part of a mother will find very many uses for hot water in a family other than those which I have indicated.

THE subject of dry heat must be discussed immediately after hot water, inasmuch as hot water can so easily be made to furnish the dry heat when it is poured into rubber bags and bottles. Another ready means is to heat tin or earthen pie-plates, flat-irons and sand-bags. Dry heat is most serviceable in cases of shock or coldness from injuries and accidents. It is a convenient means of relieving many neuralgic or nervous pains in the side, back and abdomen. It has also the advantage of being cleanly and not annoying to the patient by disturbing the clothing. It is of great value for pain of a nervous character, while moist heat is better for inflammations. There is one use of dry heat which should always be kept in mind. In the ordinary influenza, or "cold of the head," so common in our climate, nothing can compare with the old-fashioned remedy of heating the soles of the feet before going to bed. One foot should be held at a time as close to live coals as can comfortably be done, and then rubbed with the hand when it smarts. This should continue five minutes for each foot, and the patient should immediately go to bed, having the feet covered with stockings. These can be removed some time during the night. Some people insist on rubbing with goose-grease or some other emollient, but the real good comes from the strong revulsive effect of the dry heat, and is far better than soaking the feet in a hot foot-bath, and much more efficacious as a remedy.

ONE of the next most valuable household remedies is mustard. This condiment is most prompt in its action as a rubefacient or skin-reddener. It is also a very active emetic when stirred into a cup of warm water—a teaspoonful heaped up to a small cupful. Its harmlessness makes it safe to repeat in a few minutes if necessary. It is thus very useful in cases of poisoning or indigestion accompanied by severe pain or cramps. But it is in the shape of an old-fashioned mustard plaster that it finds its greatest field for good. There are two ways of preparing a mustard plaster: Where the effect is desired quickly it should be made of pure mustard and hot water without any flour or meal, and covered with a thin piece of old muslin, laid next to the skin. It will always give timely notice of necessity for removal, as it begins to bite at once. As soon as the smarting becomes uncomfortable and the skin very red it may be changed to some other spot. Made strong at the beginning it will bear several changes back and forth, until the redness of skin warns the patient to desist. Where there is no haste, as in cases of deep-seated pain or chronic ailment, it is better to add to the mustard at least one-half flour and some glycerine or white of egg. In the event of these not being at hand, molasses or syrup makes a good substitute. Poultices made in this way are slower in action and may be allowed to remain quite a long time. They should always be removed when the skin becomes very red. Never use any vinegar in the preparation as it destroys the activity of the mustard.

Now as to the utility of mustard. Leaving out its effects as an emetic where the need exists to evacuate the stomach, we find it almost indispensable as an external application in cases of sick stomach, nausea, cramps, headache, "megrin," or sick headache, diarrhoea pains, acute or chronic, and many other uses which will readily suggest themselves to an intelligent person. So useful is this article that we would advise those going from home to always take with them a box of mustard and a roll of prepared plaster, which may be obtained from any druggist's. Lives have been saved, as well as pains relieved, by this domestic remedy. The localities for application will readily suggest themselves. Bear in mind the advantages of shifting, as, for instance, in cases of headache, from the back of the neck to the pit of the stomach, and in general to opposite parts of the body. Mustard and salt are also advantageously added to hot water, in which the feet are soaked for fever, colds, convulsions, headaches, etc. Mustard also makes a good draught to put on the wrists and ankles in cases of fever and convulsions. In such cases it should be mixed largely with flour or meal, and wet with vinegar, as here we do not want the rubefacient effect very strongly, and the vinegar aids in cooling the heat of surface. Many an infant, suffering from the general malaise of fever and its attendant discomforts, would testify to the great comfort of one of these "draughts," if it could but speak.

PEPPER, salt and spices may be used as other than mere condiments. An excellent gargle for sore throat can be made by mixing a teaspoonful of salt in a half cup of vinegar and water and adding a liberal sprinkling of black pepper. Pepper makes an admirable plaster for toothache, headache and many pains and aches, if thoroughly mixed with a little flour and water. Spices, especially cloves, cinnamon and allspice, mixed with flour or meal, but preferably alone, can be used for sick stomach in children and infants where mustard would seem too harsh. A good plan is to take a tablespoonful of each spice, put them in a flannel bag and dip in hot vinegar; apply hot below breastbone, and cover with dry flannel. The same vinegar should be heated a second time when the bag becomes too dry or too cool. Any of the spices made into a tea will be found useful to give inwardly in small quantities for sick stomach and diarrhoea.

FEW kitchens are without lard, which is valuable when mixed with flour as a cure for burns and scalds, while mixed with salt it forms a plaster for neuralgia. Lard is a good substitute for cocoa-butter, for anointing the body in cases of scarlet fever. Its usefulness in this way cannot be overestimated. The intense heat of skin in this fever, as well as the itching, are greatly relieved and the patient comforted by frequent applications of pure lard over the whole body. One will be surprised to find how rapidly the lard is dissipated, hence the necessity for frequent rubbing. Olive oil may be used for the same purpose, but its smell is objectionable to some persons and it is not always at hand. Cornmeal, bread and starch are three valuable adjuncts in inflammations, gatherings, felons, boils, abscesses, etc. Cornmeal in the form of mush, well-cooked, and with a little lard spread over it, makes a valuable poultice for the abdomen in painful affections of that part of the body. Care should be taken to make the poultice large, but not too thick, lest its weight make it uncomfortable. Bread with milk makes a splendid poultice for smaller applications, such as sores, boils, felons, etc. Bakers' bread is the best, because most porous. The milk should be brought nearly to boiling, and bread, free from crust, crumbled into it and cooked until the proper consistency is reached, adding a small piece of lard and applying warm or hot, as may be found most soothing. In all poultices it is generally best to let them come directly in contact with the part. They assist in producing resolution, or "scattering," if circumstances favor it, and if not, they favor the formation of pus and bring things "to a head," as it is often called, or prepare them for breaking or the doctor's knife. The effect of a bread and milk, or mush poultice is very comforting. If it is desirable to hasten the formation of pus by the "drawing process" baking soda should be added. This may easily be stirred in, and, of course, acts like a "lye poultice," once so great a favorite, especially in the country. The addition of soda makes the poultice quite painful to be borne, but hastens very much the suppuration. Another use to be made of bread is in the way of toast water. Bread toasted very brown and steeped in hot water, the toast water given in small quantities, is valuable in cases of nausea and vomiting. Baking soda is an excellent application for trivial burns which smart and annoy. It may be dusted thickly on the spot burned. A small spoonful in a half glass of water will relieve disagreeable heartburn or acidity of stomach.

STARCH, besides being useful for dusting the chafings so common in infants, makes a good application for erysipelas, eczema and larger excoriations. It may be made into a clear starch poultice by cooking, and applied cold. It will be found to give great relief in this way.

Tea and coffee have medicinal properties also. They are mainly restorative, but coffee, very strong and used without milk, is a powerful stimulant, and counteracts the effect of opiates, alcohol, etc. Hence it should be given freely in cases of poisoning by laudanum, not to the exclusion of emetics of mustard and salt however. Molasses is an old-fashioned remedy for burns and scalds. It may be applied upon cotton batting. It is, however, too disagreeable to be used when other things can be had. It may be added to poultices to assist in forming pus, but honey will be found preferable. Vinegar is very useful for sponging the skin in fever, bathing the forehead in headaches, and taken in tablespoonful doses inwardly it will arrest hemorrhages, especially of the metrorrhagic or puerperal kind. The dose may be repeated frequently.

It will be seen that I have mentioned many articles in daily use in our kitchens which are not only serviceable, but some of them almost indispensable. If I have been able to remind any mother of the remedies she always has at hand, and perhaps knows nothing of, and thus relieve some of her anxiety, as well as of her children's suffering, I shall consider my time to have been well spent.

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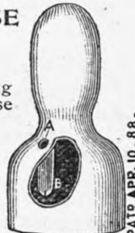
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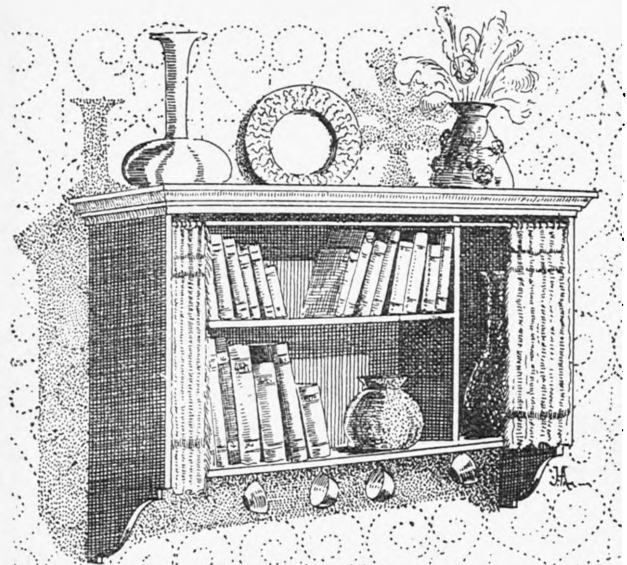
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THE EVOLUTION OF A BOX

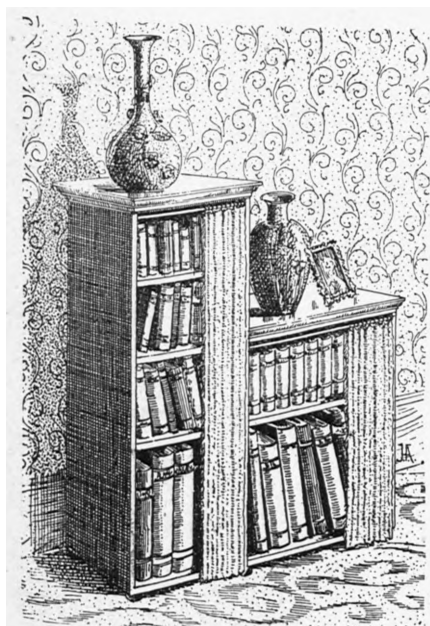
By J. Harry Adams

HERE are very few persons who would be willing to believe that from a few boxes, such as soap, shoes or canned goods are packed in, and with the addition of a little putty and paint and some draperies, could be made such attractive bits of furniture as cabinets, hanging shelves or bookcases, but nevertheless it is so. Of the many attractive and useful pieces of furniture that may be made from ordinary boxes and pieces of pine board several are illustrated on this page. If it should not be quite possible for the readers of the JOURNAL to make any of them the accompanying description will enable them to have these artistic and inexpensive pieces of furniture made by a carpenter or cabinet-maker under their personal supervision.

HANGING BOOKCASE

A HANGING bookcase of neat appearance and good proportions is shown in the title illustration. It is made from the boards of a dry goods box; the case when finished should be about thirty inches long and eighteen inches high from the bottom shelf to the top of the cornice moulding, and about seven or eight inches deep. It may be backed with boards or left open if desired. It should be provided with a shelf in the middle and a division at one side, the lower ends of the sides being allowed to project below the bottom of the case and cut in bracket shape, as the drawing shows.

A strip of cornice moulding should cap the cabinet all around the top. With several coats of paint of some desirable shade and the addition of a small brass rod, from



A STANDING BOOKCASE (Illus. No. 2)

which curtains may be suspended, the bookcase will be completed. A few brass hooks can be screwed under the bottom shelf, on which teacups may be hung.

STANDING BOOKCASE

ILLUSTRATION No. 2 suggests an idea for a standing bookcase made from a wooden shoe box and a square wooden box such as canned goods come in, the boxes to be screwed fast side by side and a cornice moulding nailed around the top of each. Shelves should then be arranged the proper distance apart to receive books of regular size, and six wooden balls made, and arranged under the case to raise it up from the floor. The rough parts of the wood should be rubbed smooth with sand-paper and all the nail holes puttied up, after which the inside and outside of the case should be painted to harmonize with other furniture in the room. With the addition of brass rods and some light curtains, some books arranged on the shelves and bric-à-brac on top, the standing bookcase will form an attractive and useful piece of furniture.

PRETTY WALL CABINET

THE design for a pretty wall cabinet is shown in Illustration No. 3, and is a very simple affair to make, as it is composed of three ordinary wooden boxes. Two of them should be oblong and of the same size, while the third is to be square, or nearly so, and not quite so deep as the other two. They should be arranged and fastened together side by side with screws and in the position as indicated in the drawing. A cornice moulding should be fastened around the top of the end boxes, and shelves arranged to accommodate books, etc. After the holes and cracks in the boxes have all been puttied up the entire cabinet should be treated to several coats of paint and then hung in position against a wall. A few hooks may be screwed fast under the cabinet, from which to suspend cups, and the top of the cabinet be arranged as directed for the bookcases.

FOR DAINTY CHINA

A RACK of shelves or a china rack makes a desirable piece of furniture for a dining-room. It may be used as a cabinet on which to display odd plates and pretty articles of china. A suggestion for a china rack is shown in Illustration No. 4. It will be found a very simple and inexpensive affair to construct. It may be made of boards obtained by breaking up some boxes of good size and of thin boards. The framework of the rack should be thirty-six inches high, twenty-four inches wide and not more than five inches deep; inside of this frame a number of shelves may be arranged sufficient distances apart to receive saucers and plates standing on edge. Cups of various sizes may be hung from hooks made fast to the under side of some of the shelves. It will not be necessary to have any back to this cabinet, as the china may rest against the wall. A cornice moulding should be arranged around the top and finished as the other pieces.

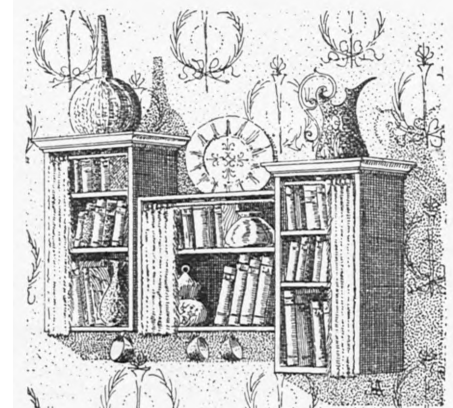
Curtains of silk or other desirable light goods may be used on this rack; if of plain material, odd designs may be embroidered on them, as shown in the illustration. A running design should be worked all around the outside edge, so that when the curtains are closed they will appear as one. Pretty curtains may be made from cheesecloth; it comes in almost all colors and makes an inexpensive and easily-arranged drapery for either open bookcase or cabinet.

If, instead of curtains for this rack of shelves, glass doors are used, they can be made at a small cost, and fastened to either side of the cabinet with hinges. Two doors are preferable to one, as they are much easier to handle, and a lock or catch should be provided to keep them closed. Glass doors, of course, will keep a great deal of dust out of a china cabinet or rack, and for that reason are more desirable to inclose fine china that is not in every-day use, but for cups and saucers that are used constantly the curtains will prove the most convenient.

A CORNER CABINET

IN Illustration No. 5 is a suggestion for a corner cabinet that may be made from a few smooth pine or white wood boards. It should be about six feet high. The sides against the wall should be twenty inches wide, making the width of the shelves from the front back to the angle about fourteen inches. Five or six shelves will be sufficient to hold all the books and bric-à-brac you would care to place in a corner. Across the top a piece of cornice moulding should be fastened. This cabinet may rest on the top of a surbase, and be held in position and from falling forward with two or three slim steel wire nails driven through each side into the wall behind the wood sides.

When making a cabinet of this size care should be taken in its construction, and particularly with the shelves; they must be very securely fastened to the side boards, as they will necessarily have to sustain a considerable weight if many books are placed on them, and although one book when handled does not seem to be very heavy, when a number of them are placed on a shelf it would be surprising to



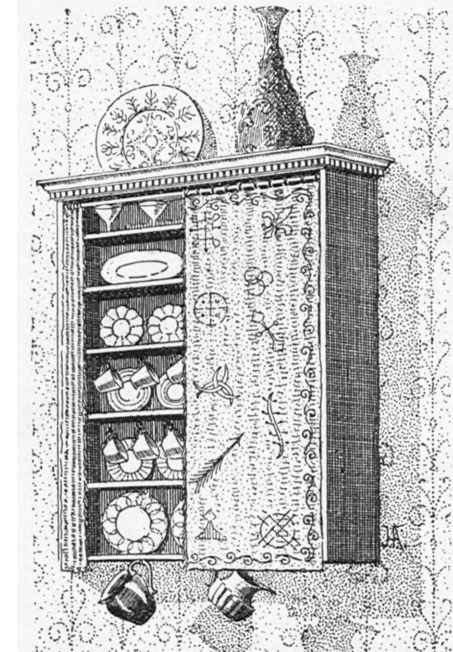
PRETTY WALL CABINET (Illus. No. 3)

find what a number of pounds their total weight would amount to. If the shelves are not securely anchored by means of long screws the result of a break-down might be disastrous, especially if valuable bric-à-brac should happen to be under the weak one.

Wood not less than seven-eighths of an inch in thickness should be used for shelves, for if thinner the weight of books might split the wood away from the screws or nails used to anchor them unless strips are fastened to the side boards under the ends of each one, and on which the shelves may rest.

ARRANGING THE CURTAINS

BRASS rods, from which curtains of appropriate material may be hung, will add greatly to the appearance. Instead of having one long curtain to hang from the top of the cabinet the effect will be much better if two or three shorter ones are used, so that while one part of the cabinet may be closed another may be open. In this way a more artistic arrangement may be obtained.



FOR DAINTY CHINA (Illus. No. 4)

The suggestions for a few simple and inexpensive pieces of furniture for the convenience and decoration of the home have been given. If the description be given to any carpenter he will find it an easy matter, with the help of the illustrations, to carry out the instruction; and if, instead of being made of boxes you prefer to have them of hard or fancy wood, you will find that a cabinet-maker or good joiner carpenter can make and finish any of them at moderate cost.

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GOWNS FOR OCCASIONAL USE

By Emma M. Hooper



ALL women will agree that illness loses many of its terrors if the surroundings are pleasant. This means appropriate dressing, which need not be expensive but must be becoming, and dainty and fresh also.

Those desiring maternity gowns will find that by using a little care in the selection of materials and designs their gowns may be made to disguise their condition. Such gowns should be made as attractive and healthful as possible. It is not necessary to clothe one's self like a guy in order to preserve health, and hygienic dressing does not mean homely dressing, as so many think after reading some of the present day essays upon the subject.

FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS

AT this season wear a combination suit of wool under a soft-boned corset or corset-waist, which should, of course, be of a larger size than usual. Over these come the black stockings fastening to the edge of the corset with supporters, which should have two short straps buttoning or pinning to the corset to prevent any pulling down. I do not believe in straps over the shoulders as they make nervous women almost hysterical and well ones impatient with the pulling. Shoes with low heels and half-round toes, amply long, but not sufficiently loose to allow the feet to slip in them. Now a light flannel skirt put on a yoke, or a divided flannel skirt if one fancies the idea. This skirt may button to the corset, as may an outside petticoat. The cambric corset-cover comes next, or you may prefer one of the low-neck sleeveless Swiss ribbed undervests worn under the last petticoat for a corset-cover. It fits without a flaw and when washed will not crawl up the back as many cambric ones do. Pure and plaited silk, lisle and cotton vests are put to this use. In this garb you are warmly, lightly and healthfully dressed and yet not following any expensive or dowdy fads. If you can afford a silk petticoat it will hold the dress out, never cling, and be as light as the traditional feather. Failing one of silk, try the mohair or lustre makes that have many similar qualities, but above all keep to a light quality.

MATERNITY HOUSE DRESSES

WRAPPERS, tea-gowns and sacques form the list. In the wrapper line the striped French or outing flannels in narrow designs should be made up as a half-tight princesse shape, with inside belt to hold the back to the figure. The fashionable berthia ruffle of the goods edged with rows of No. 1 ribbon or a feather-stitching of mediæval silk will aid in concealing the figure. Sleeves are full leg-of-mutton shape. The front of the garment must be cut amply long to avoid any uneven lifting there. Later in the year percales are made up in the same manner, with a trimming of embroidery. Another very comfortable design has a princesse back and Mother Hubbard or full loose fronts shirred at the neck. Dressing sacques are of China or surah silk, cashmere or flannel. Loose fronts, half-tight back, leg-of-mutton sleeves and a wide rolling or high crush collar are the features of this garment worn with odd skirts. Lace berthia or epaulette ruffles, jabots of lace down the front or accessories of the goods finished with rows of narrow ribbon or lace insertion. Ribbon bows may be applied wherever they can be placed; one of the latest is of a lot of loops without ends fluttering in every direction. The inevitable tea-gown for home afternoon and evening wear is of figured Japanese silk, striped taffeta, crêpon, cashmere, etc., with a loose centre front of Japanese or surah silk. The chiffon fronts over satin are beyond ordinary purses. Velvet trimmings, a touch of jet, heavy guipure lace, ribbon or silk answer for a crush collar, loosely-tied belt, yoke, revers, shoulder ruffle and such effects. Vandykes of lace over sleeves and as a yoke, with crush collar and cuffs of cherry velvet form the pretty trimming on a gown of navy cashmere having a loose front of changeable blue and cherry silk. Then one of gray has a front of old rose; velvet collar and ribbons to match, lace yoke over centre front. A striking combination shows the princesse tea-gown of black Fayette, with front of cardinal surah and a crush collar of the same bright color in velvet. Have the gown dark rather than light, but the centre front can be as gay as any one may wish. A slight demi-train to a tea-gown will give a taller look to the wearer. Do not trim the lower edge of a tea-gown unless able to have a fur edging.

FOR STREET WEAR

IN making a skirt, allowance must be made at the centre of the top for extra length, curving it up so that it will not pull up at the lower edge. In place of fitting the front closely with darts have a few gathers. The four-yard bell will be a good shape, with the gathers mentioned; no trimming is required. The pointed corsage having a loose Fédera front is seen for such costumes, the front being of soft silk and falling over the waist-line. Large leg-of-mutton sleeves, crush collar and extra trimmings like bretelles or a yoke may be indulged in. Very fussy garniture renders one conspicuous, which is just the effect to be avoided. The Eton jacket fronts pointed a trifle below the waist-line are excellent, with a blouse front of silk. Do not wear a round waist and belt after the third month. Trim in lengthwise lines to give a slender appearance. Wear plain goods, mixtures and narrow lines. Brown, navy, black and dark green are both fashionable and conservative colors to wear under such circumstances. The coats now worn to the knees over a skirt to match are satisfactory in every way. An easy fit attracts less attention than a perfectly tight one. Soft materials are better than heavy or stiff fabrics. The interlined skirts that stand out all around are just what ladies have long wished for at this time, but they must not be made too heavy.

DETAILS OF MODELS

A FOUR-YARD bell skirt of brown diagonal interlined with light grasscloth and gathered slightly at top of front; large leg-of-mutton sleeves; pointed waist of changeable brown and green silk in narrow line effects, with a crush collar of green velvet and loose front of green chiffon. For the street a knee-length coat is added, having a frock back and very large sleeves, rolled collar and revers of velvet. Another dress is of a navy blue mixture with a skirt like the one above described, and jacket fronts pointed a trifle below the waist. Loose front of blue and black silk and large sleeves of black velvet, with a crush collar to match. For street wear there is a half-long blue cloth cape having a collar of the velvet. The godet capes of fur, sealskin, astrakhan, Alaska sable, etc., having a sweep of eighty-five to one hundred inches and length of twenty-seven, are the handsomest of garments for this period of dressing. Black and brown cloth capes are worn half way to the knees and very full. A handsome black gros-grain skirt and pointed corsage has a loose front of black chiffon, jetted, and bretelles or braces of jet bands an inch and a half wide; crush collar and leg-of-mutton sleeves of bluet, leaf-green or mauve velvet. Above all have your clothes of a comfortable fit and then they are pretty sure of being healthful. Button all of the undergarments, which should be yoked, to the corsets.

FOR AN INVALID'S WEAR

IF only able to sit up in bed a loose sacque-shaped garment called a nightgale is most handy for slipping over the night-dress. It is made of cashmere or flannel and usually has the edges hemmed and feather-stitched; all of the pattern houses issue a pattern of it. When able to sit up for a time a wrapper of striped flannel having a princesse back and loose front is comfortable, worn with or without the night-gown, but I believe in changing all of the clothes when able to get out of bed. Do not fuss too much about dressing and thus become tired. Wear pure wool underwear, a soft-boned corset or corset-waist; then add a flannel and outer petticoat and the wrapper, with easy bedroom shoes of crochet wool, felt, wadded silk, etc. Dainty shoulder shawls and sofa-covers are always appreciated by one doomed to such a weary life as must be led in a sick-room. Plenty of cushions having removable denim or linen covers are necessary. Select colors for wrappers, shawls, etc., that are cheerful and becoming. Cardinal, garnet, reddish-brown, pinkish-gray, light blue, yellow, rose, bright old rose and cream are good sick-room colors. A bit of lace gathered in the neck and sleeves will help to conceal the marks of illness. Have soft materials, exquisite cleanliness and dainty colorings. Everything should be well aired before putting it on, and have all articles made to button or hook easily, as trying to pin garments on is so tiresome to one who is ill or nervous. Line the wrapper with soft percaline, and never face the lower edge with canvas. If of wash goods, like flannel, a lining is not necessary, unless the woolen feeling next to the flesh is disliked; if so, line the waist and sleeves. Never use a lining that rustles for a wrapper.

TEA-GOWNS FOR THE FEEBLE

WHEN a more elaborate toilette can be made have a couple of tea-gowns easy to fasten and of bright colors. Henrietta, crêpon, printed Japanese silk, etc., with a loose centre front of Japanese silk or surah are materials to be recommended. Line the skirt part with undressed cambric or percaline and the part above the hips with silesia or percaline. Pretty combinations are gray and pink, brown or navy and scarlet, the new bluet and cherry, rich purple and mauve, dark green or blue and yellow, navy and pink, gray and old rose, copper and pale blue. The sleeves are very large, with a lace, velvet or ribbon trimming at the wrists; back is cut as an easy-fitting princesse held by an inside belt, and the fronts have single darts, with the centre front of contrasting goods loose over a close lining. This is sewed in under the edge of the outer fronts and opens down the middle to ten inches below the waist-line. The goods are shirred in three straight rows at the top or in several rows imitating a round or square yoke. Others have a yoke of lace laid over the silk, which is flat, with the fullness from the lower edge of this. The edge of the outer fronts is trimmed with revers to the feet of velvet, lace jabots, lace laid on flatly, a triple box-plaiting of ribbon or silk or metal passementerie. Lace epaulette ruffles are also pretty, and from one side seam to the other is a crush belt of silk or velvet or ribbon tied in front. Crush collar of velvet in any case unless the wearer is stout, when one of the rolling collars will prove more comfortable. Expensive materials need not be put into such a gown, but have it of a cheerful color, prettily made and becoming to the one shut in from outdoor active life.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

SLEEVES are very large, being one-piece leg-of-mutton style that need three yards of twenty-inch to cut two of the correct size. Interline them from the elbow to the top with book muslin or very thin crinoline. If you want an elbow sleeve have it a balloon puff with a frill of the material, velvet or lace just covering the elbow. Do not be sparing of the velvet in making a crush collar; let it lie in easy folds lightly tacked here and there. Pointed corsages showing the regular darts have returned for evening waists. Full dress corsages are round, square or high necked. The latter style for full dress has come in with the great favor shown to black and white chiffon, the use of which amounts to a craze. Loose plastrons or Féderas dropping over the belt are worn by slender figures. Braces or bretelles of ribbon tied in bows on the shoulders are worn by young ladies. Lace points drop plainly over sleeve tops, form a yoke and are worn as a girdle with the points turned up. Lace and chiffon are combined even with fur on cloth costumes. Jet bands are stylishly worn as a yoke or braces, and looped waist pieces shaped for the shoulders or dress fronts in jet beads and spangles are very handsome on silk gowns. The striking feature of the season's dressing is the combination idea in waists and skirts. Velvet, chiffon, satin, changeable and plain silk waists are varied so as to suit every occasion. Small brocades and tiny stripes are in constant demand and the handsomest have velvet sleeves; all have velvet crush collars. Belts and bows are growing sufficiently wide to herald the return of the wide sash, especially in black satin, moiré and gros-grain.

THE SKIRT OF TO-DAY

THIS garment has become very important since French dressmakers sent over the early winter models from five to eight yards wide; but the universal pattern has been but four yards. After repeated trials every dressmaker acknowledges that these will not set properly unless interlined. The lightest weight of grasscloth will answer; then some add the usual canvas facing, others use only the interlining, and a third class put on a facing of the grasscloth in addition to the grasscloth. The lining and outside material should be as carefully fitted at the top as a waist is, and the back laid in three or four godets or narrow round plaits, which are held by elastic straps five and fifteen inches below the belt. Such a skirt should escape the ground all around. Made of satin duchesse, moiré, gros-grain, dotted taffeta, Henrietta, serge, mohair, etc., in black they are worn with any kind of a silk waist. Then come navy or brown skirts, and both the material and color may contrast with the waist. Black surah has come into play again for a useful skirt, and colored surah is somewhat worn as waists, but the silk for spring is fancy taffeta of a soft finish. Printed silks will also have a good season and fancy cotton goods will be more worn than ever. Velvet has been the chief trimming and millinery material. It always enriches whatever it is put with and is the most universally becoming material known. It softens all kinds of complexions, and will be used for crush collars, etc., all through the season. It is surmised that velvet ribbon will be worn again.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on page 31 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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FASHIONING THE SILK GOWN
By Isabel A. Mallon



CHRISTMAS gift that every woman likes to receive, and which many women do receive, is a black silk gown. It is a curious fact, but it is true, that men always see dignity in black silk, and in making a

present to some one close to them the material for a black silk gown is very apt to be chosen. The young husband likes to see his wife look matronly, and the elderly one likes to see his wife look elegant, attired in a soft, rustling silk. In years gone by silk gowns were made with great stiffness, and the decoration, if there was any, was flat in effect, and neither brought out the beauty of the silk nor added in any way to the appearance of the wearer. The dressmaker has grown more artistic, and nowadays the silk is draped and folded, decorated with soft stuffs or glittering trimmings, as is considered best, and while nothing has been taken from



A BLACK AND WHITE SILK COSTUME (Illus. No. 3)

the simple elegance of the gown, it is made so that it does not bring out every pound of flesh, or every startling bone, as it used to. Nothing is more unbecoming than an unrelieved surface of black silk, and nothing looks quite so prim and funereal; but properly and becomingly made no gown is so well suited to women of all ages.

THE TRIMMINGS IN VOGUE

RICH jet decorations, having mingled with them gold or steel, are liked upon black silk, although it must be confessed that while the jet looks richer with the contrasting glitter, still one is less likely to tire of the plain jet. Bands imitating colored stones are set into coarse white lace and used for vests, cuffs, collars or capes. They come out most effectively against the black background. Velvet, black or of a bright color, is liked upon black silk, and its use, as should the use of every decoration, depends upon the style of the woman who is to wear the frock. Plaited chiffon in faint tints is liked for a *gilet*, and tends, where the figure is inclined to be angular, to give it a full, round look. The old idea that an elderly woman's gown must be severe, and I am tempted to say, ugly, is no longer held. Youth and beauty do not require rich gowns and magnificent trimmings to bring out their perfections, but when middle age has come, then there is a right to claim all of the beautiful stuffs and all of the beautiful decorations, so that any imperfection of figure or face may be hidden entirely, or, at least, so nearly entirely that it is un-noticed.

A VERY ARTISTIC SILK GOWN

A SILK gown made by an artistic dress-maker for a lady of fifty is shown in Illustration No. 1. The skirt is made after the new style, which fits closely about the hips, and is very full and flaring in the back. The skirt trimming consists of a bias band of velvet laid in folds and knotted at intervals of three-eighths of a yard; this is set about the skirt a little more than a quarter of a yard above the edge. A coat basque of silk fits in at the back and flares away from the front, to show a somewhat long waistcoat of the black overlaid with coarse white lace thickly spangled with imitation sapphires. The turn-down collar on the coat is of black velvet. The inside one is a high stock of satin ribbon of the popular blue shade, which very nearly matches the sapphires. The sleeves are very high and full, but shape in at the wrist and display three straps of velvet caught on the outer sides with large sapphire buttons. With this dress is worn a small jet bonnet, having a jet and sapphire aigrette in front, while at the back ties of the blue ribbon come from under two stiff blue rosettes. White glacé kid gloves having four large buttons are worn.

Before selecting this design for her black silk gown, the owner of the material hesitated, as she had to consider the fact that she had grown very large. Two styles only are suited to the woman who has gotten too stout, and they are the round waist with a belt, and the skirt trimmed lengthwise, or the coat basque, which in this instance was selected. The short basque adds to the size.

ANOTHER SILK GOWN

SIMPLICITY is the keynote of the silk gown which is pictured in Illustration No. 2. The skirt is made after the received style, and so perfect is its cut and so exactly is it fitted, that it requires no trimming to enhance its elegance. The bodice is a round one, draped to fit the figure across the front, and having appliquéd upon the upper part, jacket fronts of finely-cut jet. The folded belt is of apple-green velvet, and fastens in the back under the plaited loops known as "donkey's ears." The collar is of velvet arranged in the same way, and the straps on the extreme edge of the sleeves correspond with belt and collar. The bonnet is a close-fitting capote of green velvet, with a border of large flat jets, cut in cameo fashion, and having two short black plumes standing up just in front. The gloves are of black undressed kid.

This gown could, of course, be developed in all black, but there is a liking for black silk gowns having upon them the material desired, velvet, silk or moiré, to give a touch of color.



AN ELEGANT SILK GOWN (Illus. No. 2)

BLACK AND WHITE CONTRASTS

BLACK and white has always been a very rich contrast, and naturally the more elegant the fabrics used, the richer the effect achieved. In Illustration No. 3 is shown the combination of black silk and white moiré. The skirt of the costume is made with the usual flare, although, like all the fashionable skirts, it does not really touch the ground. Its decoration consists of two sets of white moiré ribbons, two inches wide, that are fastened on each side of the front, come down within a quarter of a yard of the foot, and are there each arranged in an enormous bow and ends, these bows being carefully sewed to place, so that they almost seem as if appliquéd



ARTISTIC DESIGN FOR BLACK SILK GOWN (Illus. No. 1)

on the material. The bodice is a round basque with the flaring skirt that is now fancied on all basques. The belt is a folded one of white moiré, fastening just in front under small "donkey's ears." The upper portion of the bodice has round jacket fronts of white moiré overlaid with black thread lace made specially for that purpose and so properly shaped. The sleeves are in a full puff on each shoulder, are strapped at the elbows with folded bands of white moiré, and have a cuff finish of white moiré overlaid with black lace. The huge collar is of white moiré like the belt and fastens just in front as it does. The bonnet worn with this is of that black felt which looks like satin, and it is decorated with small rosettes of white ribbon and tiny white birds. White kid gloves are worn with this costume. Developed in all black, this would be a very rich-looking dress, or if one were wearing dull silk and crêpe, it would also be a suitable design, crêpe being used wherever the moiré was, except, indeed, in the place of the ribbon trimming on the skirt, and that should, of course, be omitted.

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PLAYTHINGS FOR CHILDREN

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil



THE origin of toys for the amusement of children is lost in the mist of ages. Dolls and small round balls resembling marbles have been found in the early Egyptian tombs. Roman children played

with pop-guns and bows and arrows before the commencement of the Christian era. Virgil refers to tops in the *Æneid*, and we know that the ivory dolls of the Romans were furnished with movable legs and arms for the greater pleasure of their little owners. No doubt some of the baby mothers who were overwhelmed in the storm of ashes that buried Pompeii clasped their dollies in their arms as they fell asleep for the last time. A study of the toys of succeeding generations would give a tolerably complete idea of the progress of the world. Articles made for the use or pleasure of the elders are quickly copied in miniature for the delectation of their juniors. It is only a few years since bicycles were invented, now a bicycle is a part of the outfit of every doll of luxurious tastes.

WE who were little girls a score or more of years ago have a vivid recollection of the importance that we felt when we put on our first pair of kid gloves. They were kept for wearing at church and solemn functions and never taken out on common occasions, lisle thread being considered all-sufficient then. Now, dolls' kid gloves can be obtained in sizes from five to twelve, and no Paris demoiselle is properly arrayed without them. The advance of luxury in the home is very marked within the last few decades. What were luxuries are now only comforts and the old-time comforts have grown to be necessities. "Plain living" is becoming a thing of the past; we must not let "high thinking" go with it.

Little girls should be encouraged in a fondness for dolls. In a very few it is undeveloped and requires to be stimulated. The mother instinct is usually strong; when it is weak it needs fostering. Sometimes it can be awakened by a pet kitten or dog more easily than by an inanimate object, but generally an attractive doll will prove irresistible. The variety is indescribable from the tiny china babies, that cost a penny, to the magnificent French dames, which are sold as bargains at fifty dollars. Beside the dear commonplace dollies that can be held comfortably in the arms, rocked to sleep, dressed, undressed and put to bed like real babies, there are innumerable members of the great family which are made for show rather than the delights of every-day use and petting. One of the most curious of these is the doll with the reversible face. It wears a cap, and on pressing a spring the plump, rosy face that has been smiling from its border disappears and a brown mulatto one, with shining dark eyes, turns into view. The effect is rather startling while the change is in process and might upset the nerves of a sensitive child. The Esquimaux doll, dressed from head to foot in white fur, with its pointed cap and long boots, is very pretty and not at all alarming. Negro dolls are said to be especial favorites with the little ones of that race. Anglo-Saxon children, as a rule, do not love them as they do their white-skinned competitors, unless they have some especially pleasant association with the dark faces. The red man is not forgotten, for dolls can be had with copper-colored complexions, dressed in Indian costume, and cunning little papooses, peeping over their mothers' shoulders, or strapped to a board ready to be hung up out of harm's way.

THE manufacture of dolls is an extensive industry. A single manufacturer in Birmingham received an order for £500, about two thousand five hundred dollars' worth of dolls' eyes at one time. Dolls are made in France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, England and the United States. Dutch dolls were exported to England in large quantities at one time, and in consequence all dolls were called in joke "Flanders' babies." An unbreakable doll has recently been made in this country which resembles in appearance the ordinary bisque doll with curling hair, but can be thrown on the floor with impunity. This characteristic is shared by the rubber dolls; however, in spite of their durability these are not attractive to children after babyhood. The English rag dolls are practically indestructible, but are better for the little ones who have learned not to put their babies in their mouths, a process that destroys the beauty of most dolls.

FROM the other side of the world we have Zulu dolls, fierce of aspect and scantily clothed, which no child would dream of cuddling. Dolls can be obtained dressed in every variety of costume from prince to peasant. Nurses and Quakers, ballet dancers and negro footmen, cooks and jockeys, all are represented. Babies in their christening robes, brides in their wedding dresses, orange wreaths and veils, and even, pathetic travesty of woe, widows in their *crêpe* and black-bordered handkerchiefs are mimicked for the amusement of the children. A generation ago boy dolls were seldom seen. The babies of to-day may choose between sailor boys in long and short trousers, Little Lord Fauntleroy in velvet coats and lace collars, and Harlequin himself with his fool's cap and bells, the latter gentleman being made of worsted and so unbreakable, a great advantage for junevile possessions. Another family of dolls which give much amusement to the little ones are the musical dolls mounted on sticks. They can be made to revolve and give forth more or less harmonious sounds. Whistling dolls, clapping figures, and performing dolls, moving head, hands and feet in response to the jerking of a string, are delightful toys for younger children, but do not take the place of their more human cousins with the little mothers.

A DOLL-HOUSE is a great pleasure to little girls, and even boys do not disdain to play with one if "the other boys" are not too near. Much satisfaction can be extracted from a home-made one, a large box with vertical and horizontal partition forming four rooms. A curtain is hung in front and the little housekeeper is as happy furnishing and arranging it as if it were one of the costly mansions with glass windows and real doors which are out of the reach of ordinary pocketbooks. Everything that is necessary to furnish a house can be procured in miniature, from lamps for the drawing-room to mops for the kitchen. Tubs, wringer and washboard for the laundry, a revolving clothes-horse and clothes-pins leave no excuse for the existence of soiled linen. Ranges in which a fire can be built, scales that will weigh the ingredients for a tiny batch of cake, tin bathrooms, with bathtubs that will hold water to give the washable dolls a bath, and refrigerators, which are exact models of the larger ones in every-day use, make doll housekeeping easy. A visit to a large toy shop is a revelation to those of us who in the days of our youth had to make our own properties for the dramas of doll life which we loved to enact. Here are not only dolls' fans, parasols, shoes and stockings, watches and earrings, bracelets and pins, but nursing bottles for baby dolls, two sizes, looking dainty enough to satisfy the hungriest dolly that ever clamored for sterilized milk.

TOY savings banks may be made to serve a very useful purpose in preventing the waste of odd pennies and teaching habits of thrift. It is well to have some special object in view for the savings and it should not always be a selfish one. The principle of sharing one's possessions and good gifts with others who are less fortunate ought never to be lost sight of in the education of children. To save that one may have to give, and to learn to give wisely are worth achieving.

The Uncle Sam bank represents the typical figure with his right hand outstretched. At his feet is a satchel with U. S. on the side. On pressing a knob on top of the box, which serves as a stand for the figure, and placing a coin in the right hand, the bag uncloses, Uncle Sam's mouth opens as if welcoming it, and the money drops into the satchel, which immediately shuts again. The cabin bank represents a hut with a negro standing in the door; a whitewash brush leans against the house; the coin is placed on the roof, and on touching the handle of the brush the negro stands on his head, spurns the money with his foot and it disappears into the bank.

In the eagle bank the money is put in the bill of an eagle. By pressing a lever she bends over her nest apparently to feed the young birds who stretch toward her with open mouths as if crying for food; as she stoops toward them the treasure which she holds falls into the nest and is lost to sight. The bad accident bank shows a black boy seated in a cart driving a donkey, while a smaller darky stands by the roadside. When the money is placed under the driver's feet the little boy springs forward, the donkey is frightened and rears and the deposit disappears into the body of the cart.

IRON toys are excellent for children who are old enough to play with them. Their durability is a potent argument in their favor, as every mother knows who has had to dry the tears called forth by the destruction of some fragile favorite. Fire engines, hook and ladder trucks, hose carts, fire patrol wagons, each holding their policemen and a driver, the fire chief's wagon, driven at full speed by the chief himself, and even a chemical fire engine to complete the equipment, can be procured in this material. Nor is this all, for iron engine houses, that will hold at least some of the vehicles, may be had also.

For boys with military tastes there are gun carriages with cannon and galloping horses, and soldiers enough to furnish all the armies of Europe with men. Those of more peaceful proclivities will prefer the trucks laden with boxes and barrels, the carriages drawn by fiery steeds, the street-cars, railway trains and steamboats with real wheels that will go round.

The bell toys are very ingenious and very noisy, a drawback to nervous elders who object to noise and yet have to be shut up in a small house with boys and toys. The simplest is a kind of bell between two wheels; when they are made to revolve the chime rings out. There is also a horse with a bell perched on his saddle, a goat with a rider whose feet strike the chimes as he prances along. Cinderella's chariot, the pumpkin drawn by rats, calls forth sounds which would certainly have prevented the original occupant from making her escape from the prince as she drove away from the ball.

Boys of larger growth are usually delighted with the mechanical toys perfect in all their details and which will do real work. Beside the locomotive, tender and car, which run on a circular track made of steel rails and wooden sleepers, there is a steam engine and force pump, a steam pile driver, a steam hoisting crane and many different kinds of engines with a variety of attachments. Steamboats are made in various sizes, with propellers and with side wheels, and steam fire engines that will force water through the hose.

A toy that gives great pleasure to little children is a tin monkey, gorgeous in a green coat, red cap and knee breeches, which climbs up and runs down a string. The cord is wound on a wheel concealed in the body; by increasing the tension the animal moves in the most natural manner possible, to the delight of the youthful operator.

The popular Brownie band are made to be used as ten-pins. They are represented as musicians, each holding a different instrument, and lose none of their quaintness in their new form.

Some of the more expensive mechanical toys are a laundress that turns her head and moves her iron as if busily at work; a doll with a butterfly net, which she swings to catch a butterfly, while another butterfly flutters about her as she turns her head, apparently to watch it.

AMONG the newer toys is a model of the Ferris wheel, with six cars, each containing two figures seated. It is made of iron and steel and is moved by clockwork. A locomotive, passenger car and tender are propelled by the same means on an elevated track, and also a miniature street-car with trolley wire and poles complete. The tracks are about eight inches from the ground, and are provided with a guard rail which prevents the cars from falling accidentally. Wooden toys are satisfactory for younger children, and though less durable than iron ones give a great deal of pleasure. The Columbus spiral tower has blocks with the letters of the alphabet strung on wires and arranged around a spiral spring. It stands five feet in height and can be compressed into a space of twelve inches, like our old friend Jack in the box. An open street-car with reversible seats, striped curtains, and conductor, and driver urging his horses, is an exact representation of what electricity will soon make a thing of the past. A tally-ho coach with four horses, but containing, instead of passengers, a set of alphabet blocks, combines amusement and instruction, while Santa Claus' sleigh with its prancing reindeer carries the same load.

In these days when manual training is being more and more strongly insisted upon and Sloyd is teaching even girls the use of saw and plane, a tool-chest is an acceptable present for boy or girl. They may be had with tools of varying degrees of efficiency according to the price. If intended for actual service it is better to buy a box and purchase the tools separately, getting the superior ones used by good workmen. Children usually have a plethora of toys at Christmas and on birthdays. After the first novelty has worn off it is well to put some of them away to be brought out subsequently when a dull day or a trifling illness makes a fresh sensation welcome. Toys that are in good condition when their first owners tire of them, or those that only need some trifling repairs should be put in order and sent to a hospital or a children's home. They will give an amount of satisfaction there which their more fortunate possessors were never lucky enough to extract from them.



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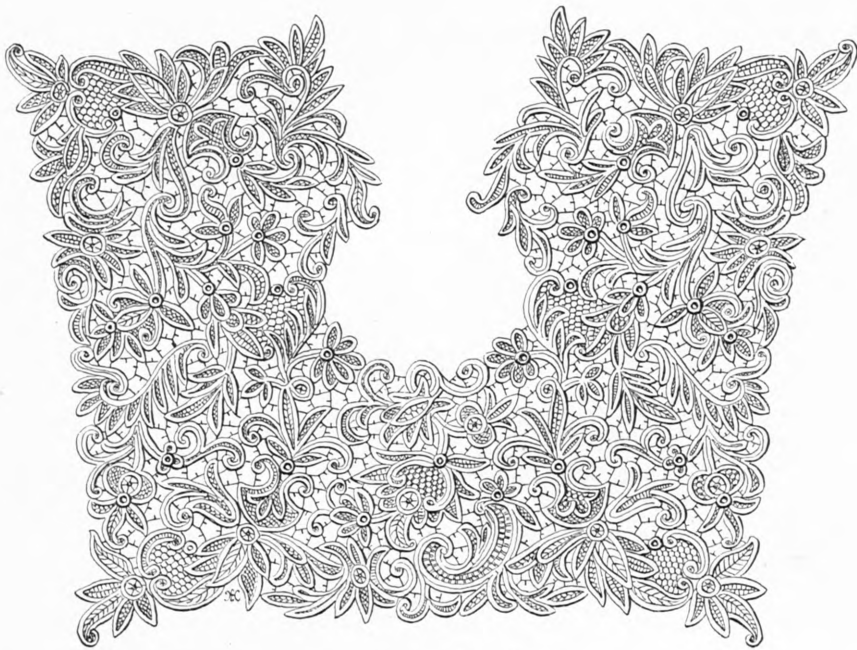
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VENETIAN POINT (Illus. No. 3)

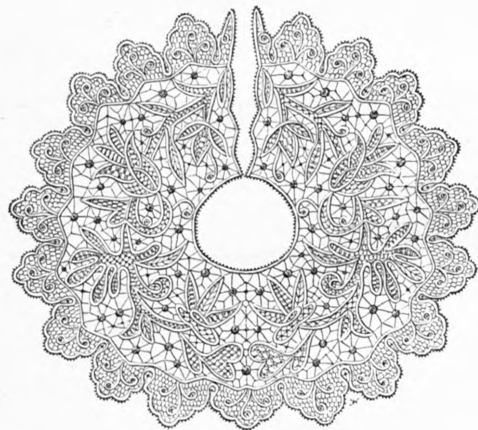
HAND-MADE LACE COLLARS

By Sara Hadley

LARGE sums are now being lavished by our wealthy sisters on the recently revived taste for large lace collars. The leading modistes cut the shapes to suit a particular style of garment, then skillful artists design patterns in lace to suit the varying shapes. In many cases the designs are adapted from real old point of different kinds, especially Venetian and Flemish, and busy fingers are set to work to carry out the designs from machine-made braids brought out expressly in great variety to suit these styles of lace, these same busy fingers needing only an ordinary needle and linen thread to weave these filaments which are so exquisitely lovely and so lacelike in their effect. When ex-

ecuted in cream color it is sometimes hard to distinguish them, without a very close examination, from valuable specimens of real lace.

DESIGN IN NEEDLE HONITON
ILLUSTRATION No. 1 is worked in the style known as needle Honiton. A very detailed description of the methods employed for this kind of lace has already been given in the JOURNAL. Three sizes of Honiton braid are needed for the pattern, in addition to a straight point lace braid. Rings or buttons made of fine linen thread form the centres of the flower forms. These can be bought ready for use. They are basted into position face downward before the braids are tacked on, for be it remembered the work is executed on the wrong side. This maxim applies to all lace-making with the needle. It gives facilities for greater neatness and strength in placing the braids and fastening off. The purl edge is sewed on last; it can be bought by the yard. It may be noted that the seven points in this collar are so arranged that two of them fall back and front of the sleeve, giving a squareness on the shoulder, with deep points at the front and back.

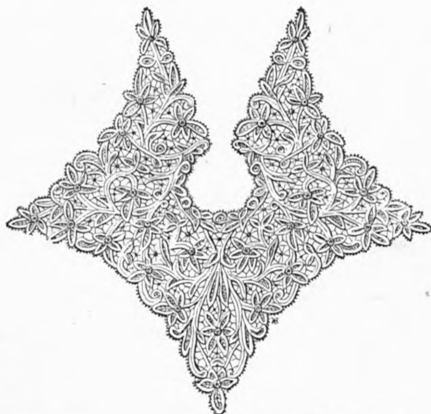


DESIGN IN OLD POINT (Illus. No. 5)

ecuted in cream color it is sometimes hard to distinguish them, without a very close examination, from valuable specimens of real lace.

COST OF MAKING

THE entire cost of making one of these collars will not exceed eight dollars; the simpler patterns calling for less material may be made for about five. When finished carefully they are worth, according to the elaborateness of the design, from thirty to one hundred dollars, but it must be remembered at the same time that they are worth nothing at all if every stitch is not placed exactly where it belongs. The expenditure of five dollars includes the pattern on paper muslin traced by hand in ink, so that friction in working will not obliterate the forms. It should be basted on to a sheet of wrapping paper, not too thick, but of the kind that does not tear easily. This gives the necessary firmness required to avoid risk of puckering. The five illustrations given show several designs cut to suit the prevailing fashions in sleeves, and the universal stock collar of soft silk, satin or velvet, with its many artistic folds and the tiny rosettes which make of it so pretty a neck finish.



DESIGN IN BATTENBURG LACE (Illus. No. 2)

spider wheels fill in the foundation. The raised buttons give great richness to the work, especially on a heavy braid, but they may be omitted at discretion in this particular design to economize both expense and time.

The uses to which Battenburg lace may be put are so many that any woman will find it well worth her while to study out the method of working it. It may be utilized as a dainty dress accessory as well as for the beautifying of many dainty pieces of table linen, such as finger-bowl, place and plate doilies. But in following out this and all lace patterns, it must be remembered that the chief beauty of any lace work is its perfect exactness, and that each stitch must be perfect and in its own particular place if any results are to be obtained. The task of working out any intricate pattern has a fascination for most women, and the work that has been accomplished by many women in this dainty art during the last few years has been as gratifying as it has been surprising.

It may be noted that when the light braids are employed, the purl edge, ready made, can be sewed on, but in all cases where heavy braids are employed it is better to work the purling with the same thread used for the fillings.

COLLAR IN VENETIAN POINT

THE square collar, shown in Illustration No. 3, is a magnificent specimen of modern lace-making, closely resembling an exquisite piece of old Venetian point. The braid should be sufficiently heavy to give a certain weight to the finished work, for anything like flimsiness would greatly detract from the beauty of the design. Rings and buttons of various sizes are combined to give finish to the work, and cannot in this instance be dispensed with, as they form an integral part of the pattern. A variety of lace stitches are employed to fill the spaces; they may be varied at pleasure, avoiding only those that are entirely solid. The bars are buttonholed and enriched with picots. These bars are somewhat tedious to work in comparison with twisted bars, but they are incomparably superior. This particular shape allows the dress sleeve to rise high between the points front and back.

A VANDYKE COLLAR

THE Vandyke collar, at Illustration No. 4, is suggestive of portraits by the old masters, adorned with just such pointed collars in Flemish lace, worn on rich velvet suits, whence the term Vandyke points. Only heavy braids are suitable for this design. All the bars are twisted and relieved with spider-web fillings. The stitches employed, especially for the points, may vary in detail, but should be of about the same solidity, avoiding the closest ones, so that the fillings may show up separate from the braid. This shape may be adapted for children.

DESIGN IN OLD POINT

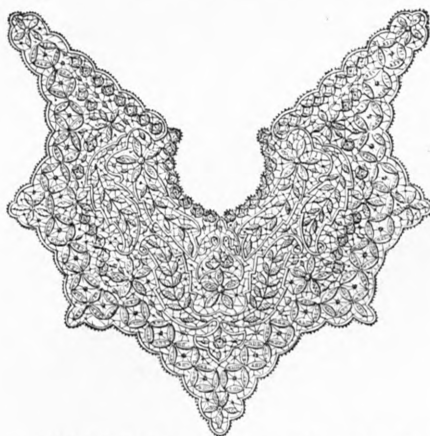
THE design in old point, shown in Illustration No. 5, if adapted for children's use is very effective when worked in cream-colored braid and thread, the effect of the



A VANDYKE COLLAR (Illus. No. 4)

pattern when worn by a boy over a dark velvet suit being particularly striking and elegant.

Illustration No. 5 is likewise suitable for children's wear, with a little adaptation; it could be utilized in heavy braids for trimming a girl's cloak. It will also be found especially effective for ladies' wear executed in light point lace braid of purest whiteness, the fillings being put in with very fine thread in fairy-like stitches as



COLLAR IN NEEDLE HONITON (Illus. No. 1)

open as possible, similar to those shown in the drawing, care being taken to follow the design closely. The design is held together entirely by means of spider-webs on twisted bars; these should likewise be worked in fine linen thread, a trifle coarser than that employed for the fillings.

On a demi-toilette of light texture for evening wear one could scarcely wish for a daintier, prettier or more becoming finish for the bodice than one of these hand-made collars done in fine white thread and lace braid to imitate the exquisite pattern of old point here given. Indeed any one of the designs here given, if faithfully carried out, will make any evening costume appear very attractive and elegant.

When one takes into consideration the fact that all women love lace, and that only the wealthy can afford to gratify their tastes in that direction, it may be imagined how welcome a gift one of these hand-made collars would be and how particularly pleased any mother would be to have one sent as a gift to one of her children.

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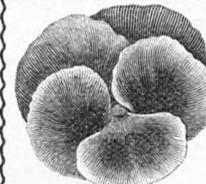
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CONSIDERED by him to be one of the best of all his recent songs, will be published in its entirety in the next (February) issue of the JOURNAL. This new song by the composer of "Robin Hood" is called "Roses of Love," and will attract at once by reason of that delightful charm of melody and musical rhythm, which made his "Oh, Promise Me" so deservedly popular. The words and full piano accompaniment will be given. Mr. De Koven's song will be published exclusively in the JOURNAL, for which it was written by the composer.




MR. DE KOVEN

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ANY girl or young man can, under the educational plan now being so successfully conducted by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, secure free entrance to either college, university or art school by availing him or her self of the offer so freely made by the management of this magazine. Already 150 scholarships have been given, and nearly 100 will be given this year. As the competitive element does not enter into the JOURNAL'S plan, the humblest girl stands the same chance as the most fortunately-situated young woman in the land. A simple request to the Educational Bureau of the JOURNAL will bring to any girl, young man or parent, a complete outline of the plan by which a college education may be secured free of all expense. These educational offers, involving nothing on the part of the receiver but energy and perseverance, are not limited as to time, but will continue in force so long as there are young people desirous of availing themselves of them.

DR. PARKHURST



The Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D. D.,

THE eminent New York divine and reformer, will begin, in the next issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, a series of articles calculated to interest every girl and woman in the land. Perhaps no man is today in such close touch with the different phases of life in this country as Dr. Parkhurst, and his clear and incisive style of writing makes it possible for him to convey the fruits of his great knowledge to others. His long occupancy of a prominent New York pulpit and his later reform work have given him opportunities for an insight into the moral and religious phases of womanhood, that makes him peculiarly fitted for the task of intelligently presenting some truths to both the motherhood and girlhood of America.

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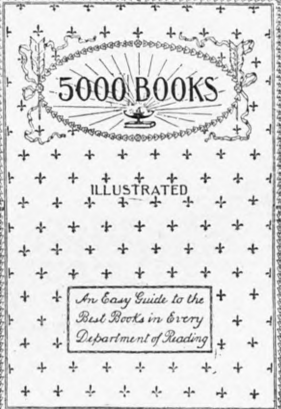
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THE PERPLEXITIES OF YOUNG MOTHERS

ARE numerous, and it was to meet their problems that Miss Elisabeth Robinson Scovil, of the JOURNAL'S editorial staff, compiled her sturdy little book, "A Baby's Requirements." Miss Scovil, as all know who read her articles in this magazine, is a thoroughly practical writer, and her experience for years as the head of one of the largest hospitals in America has given her unequalled opportunities for knowing every phase of an infant's life. This little book, a perfect standard of its class, is published by the JOURNAL at twenty-five cents, and a copy, postage free, will be sent to any address upon receipt of that amount.



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AS ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER

[Continued from page 4 of this issue]

I reached home that afternoon, and the next day I went to see Clara. I found her on fire to know what had happened. As clearly and concisely as I could I put before her the events which had occurred since I saw her. She showed the greatest interest in every detail of my account. In fact, her manner indicated a craving for detail. When I had made what I thought was a good finish to my story she said:

"Now then, Tom, there is one thing I particularly want to know: when you were talking to this girl about our willingness to help her, and when you were doing all those things you did, did you always remember to speak to her as one woman to another?"

This question struck me dumb. I did not know what to say. A backward mental glance at the events of the past two days made it still harder. Then up stood Clara, her face somewhat pale.

"Now, be honest, Tom, did you?"

I looked straight into her eyes. "Of course, I did not," I said. "I could not do it, and no man who is the right sort of a man could do it. But I spoke to her as a lawyer to his client. You must remember she is my first client."

Clara regarded me for a moment with a smile on her face, a very queer smile. "No, Tom," she said, "she is not your client at all. You know we were to act together in this matter, and as I know nothing of law we could not be her lawyers. There is my cousin Charles, who is a lawyer, and I know he would be very glad to take up this case."

"Your cousin!" I exclaimed with considerable excitement. "You do not suppose he would speak with her as one woman to another?"

"In his case," said Clara, "it would not matter."

Of course I agreed to give up this, my first case. It was reasonable that I should do so, and I did not argue about it. But it filled my soul with an active jealousy to think of that handsome cousin Charles taking charge of my client's affairs. Against this I argued, but my arguments were of no avail. Clara's cousin was a good lawyer; he was older than I; he had had experience and he had excellent partners, and the matter ended by my giving him a letter of introduction to Miss Rosley, and by putting in his hands her letter to Mrs. Grant, her fortunes and her destinies.

I thought of writing an explanatory note to the young lady, but Clara believed that this was needless. Her cousin could explain everything, and if a note from us should prove necessary she and I could easily write one when the time came to do so. The time for a note from both of us did not arrive, but about a week after I had parted with Miss Rosley at the Humphreys school, and before Clara's cousin had communicated with her, I received a letter from her. That letter I carried unopened in my pocket for three days.

I could not bring myself to believe that it was likely to be a letter which should be read and answered conjointly by Clara and myself, nor could I prevail upon myself that under the circumstances I ought to read it alone. Of course, it might be a very simple business note, but whenever I thought of it I seemed to hear a gentle, tender call for sympathy and help. I seemed to see a pair of blue eyes dimmed with tears, and two little hands outstretched toward me. These fancies may have been but stuff and nonsense, but they made such an impression upon me that on the third day I burned that letter without reading it, and I never received another.

Two years have passed since my visit to Wolvorton. I am married to Clara, and if I should be lying in a hammock and should see a speck in the blue summer sky I should call her to come to look at it with me.

Clara's cousin Charles is soon to be married to Miss Rosley. He managed her affairs, I am told, as well as could be expected of him, and, although he did not get very much out of the business, he got quite as much as he deserved. I never heard, for I took particular pains not to hear, what Miss Rosley thought of her change of lawyers. Charles is not one of my intimates, and we never have any confidences.

What I have here told was recently recalled by Clara, who came to me with a piece of gray paper in her hand.

"I was looking for some stamps in your desk," she said, "and I found this old postal note for ninety-five cents. I remember it very well. Shall I return it to Grace Rosley, and write on the back of it, 'As one woman to another'?" I really think she ought to have it."

I took it from her. "No," said I, "I think I shall keep it, but if you want to put anything on it you can write:

"A man's a man for a' that."

(Conclusion)

MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS

All questions of a musical nature will be cheerfully answered in this column by a special corps of musical experts.

JESSIE—There are two De Reszkes, Jean and Edouard. Both sing in opera.

CHICAGO GIRL—Theodore Thomas was conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society in 1877. Mr. Thomas has been twice married.

LISLE—Franz Liszt, the pianist and composer, began his musical career when only nine years of age; he was born in 1811, and died in 1886.

LANSING—Joseph Hofman, the young pianist, visited the United States in the fall and winter of 1887-88. It is claimed that he was born in 1877.

MARY LITTLE—The author of the popular song, "Sweet Marie," is Mr. Cy. Warman, of Denver, Colorado. The "sweet Marie" is said to be his wife.

LUCY—Emma Eames is an American by birth; she is the wife of Julian Story, the artist. (2) Von Bülow died in February, 1894; he was in his sixty-fourth year.

K. T. D.—With some hands the power to strike an octave is a physical disability which cannot be remedied. If it is possible of attainment, constant practice will secure it.

F. H. B.—The Wagner festival at Bayreuth last summer opened on July 19, and closed on August 19 with a performance of "Parsifal." "Parsifal" was also given on the opening night.

J. N.—A "mezzo soprano" voice is a voice of a compass between that of the soprano and alto—a low soprano. (2) The term "*pianette*" is used in England to designate a miniature upright piano.

NORAH—Wagner lived to see only five of his operas produced at Bayreuth. (2) Among the conductors of the Bayreuth festival last July were Siegfried Wagner, Hans Richter and Richard Strauss.

JANESVILLE—The twenty performances at the Wagner festival at Bayreuth last summer were attended by 35,000 persons and the receipts were \$175,000. It was estimated that about 4000 Americans were present.

PARVENUE—It is so difficult as to be almost impossible for a person of middle age with stiffened fingers, and time for only an hour's practice each day, to become a proficient pianist. By hard work and diligent practice during that hour and with much perseverance a small amount of execution may be acquired.

ROSEMONT—Madame Melba, the prima-donna, gives it as her opinion that no girl's voice should be cultivated until after her sixteenth year, and above all things she urges the girl with a voice to be careful of her health, and very particular as to her diet. This advice of hers may be well for you and your friend to follow.

G. L. M.—It is quite impossible for us to suggest a list of selections for piano performance, as we know nothing of your technical abilities or personal musical taste. Write to any of the large music dealers or publishers of your own or adjacent cities, asking them to send you their lists and catalogues of their pianoforte publications, from which you can then make a selection. Some dealers will send the sheet music itself, if the recipient will pay express charges, to be examined and selected from. This practice, of course, is not invariable.

M. S. W.—The key in which a musical composition is written may be recognized by its final chord, the laws of composition requiring that the final chord shall be the tonic. The lowest note of this final chord is the key note, which gives its name to the scale. If the composition ends in a single note that note must be the key note. "*Opus*" is a Latin word, meaning "work" and is used in connection with numbers to signify the successive order of the publication of musical compositions. The *opus* number has nothing to do with the order of composition.

V. G. W.—The modern minor scale is the one commonly employed, as the one best adapted to the requirements of modern music, and the most satisfying to the ear. The character \oplus signifies the removal of the foot from the loud pedal; the star sign is also employed for the same purpose. It is probable, however, that where both are used in the same composition, the star means that the pedal should be applied, this being its original significance when the pedal first came into general use. Czerny's "Velocity Studies" are the ones best adapted to the use of beginners.

F. M. B.—It is impossible to secure a practical knowledge of the Italian method of singing without a teacher. A good theoretical acquaintance may be acquired by reading, but a practical knowledge is impossible. The standard system of piano technique is Plaidy's "Technical School." A popular and extremely good one is William Mason's "School of Technique." Zwintscher is enthusiastically recommended by those teachers who have used it, and is to be found in a most excellent English translation by C. H. Porter. It is published in seven parts and may be secured through the JOURNAL.

NICETOWN—Madame Fursch-Madied died of cancer September, 1894, at Warrenville, New Jersey. She left one child, a daughter. (2) The honor of having invented the piano is claimed by the English, French and Germans. Father Wood, an English monk at Rome, is said to have been the real inventor in 1711, though Count Carli claimed the credit for Bartholomeo Christofori, of Padua, in 1714. The French attribute the invention to a Parisian named Marius, who, they allege, produced in 1716 a harpsichord in which hammers had been substituted for the old plectrum of quills. The Germans are the last in the field, with J. C. Schroeder, of Dresden, who claimed (1717) when 18 years of age to have constructed the model of a new clavier with hammers, upon which he could play loudly or softly.

ANONYMOUS—The best edition of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" is that of Lee and Walker, which may be procured through the JOURNAL. It contains the names by which the songs are popularly known. (2) The spaces between the fifth and sixth ledger lines above the treble clef are A and C. (3) The two banks of keys, or manuals of an organ, connect with two separate organs, each of which, when properly constructed, is complete in itself. The lower of the two manuals usually plays what is called the great organ, the most resonant and the fullest in tone. The upper manual plays what is usually called the swell organ, because it is inclosed in a box called the swell box, one side of which is composed of shutters like those of a Venetian blind, and which can be opened and closed by the use of pedals, causing the sound to swell and diminish. The organs are used in conjunction with each other in many ways, most commonly in producing quick changes in effect, as, for instance, by playing the swell organ with the stops out, *piano*, immediately after the great organ's *forte*. And again, by playing one organ with one hand, as a soft accompaniment to a melody played with the other hand on the other organ. Usually most of the solo stops are placed in the swell organ.

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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS
BY RUTH ASHMORE

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, to the best of my ability, each month, any question sent me by my girl readers.
RUTH ASHMORE.

MRS. H. C.—All social invitations should be acknowledged.

A. Z.—Try glycerine and rose water as a cooling lotion for your lips.

VIOLET—I think it very bad taste to permit a young child to wear much jewelry.

MISTLETOE—An invitation to a luncheon or dinner should be answered at once.

I. O. U.—I do not think it wise at any time for a young woman to marry a man whom she does not love.

MATILDA—Announcement cards are usually sent out within one week after the marriage has taken place.

RAMONA—Send your poem or article direct to the editor of the magazine in which you desire it to appear.

MARITA—Salad is eaten with a fork alone. (2) Guest cards are intended to show where each one is to sit.

MARY—Watermelon is usually eaten with a fork, while cantaloupes may be eaten either with a fork or a spoon.

AN ORPHAN—A girl of sixteen who is very tall should wear her hair braided and pinned quite low on the head.

MILLCENT—White, medium-weight, unruled paper, folding only once to fit in the envelope, is considered in best style.

DOUBTFUL—In sending a card to a reception which one cannot attend in person it is not necessary to write anything upon it.

HELIOGROPE—It is certainly very improper for a young girl to begin to talk to a man who merely happens to sit next her in a car.

TILLIE—When a gentleman asks you to dance with him and you desire to accept, all that you need to say is, "Yes, with pleasure."

CAPITOLA—A widow in deep mourning should wear no jewelry at all, unless, indeed, a plain onyx brooch is required to fasten her collar.

FRANKIE B. L.—It is certainly in very bad taste for a young man to, as you say, "make love to a girl when there is a third person in the room."

ESTHER—I do think it in very bad taste and also very improper for you to correspond with a man with whom you are only acquainted by letter.

H. V.—If a man friend is courteous enough to write you a letter of sympathy in your trouble, you should, of course, when you are able, acknowledge it.

E. BELL—I do not think "a nice girl" would answer personals in a newspaper, nor do I think "a nice girl" would correspond with a great number of men.

NELLIE J. K.—If the young man has always called this old friend by her first name there would be no impropriety in beginning his letter, "My Dear Mary."

EMMA L.—The card sent by your friend was probably intended to be what is known as a P. P. C. card—that is, her announcement that she was leaving the city.

X. Y. Z.—In writing to a man for the first time commence the letter, "Dear Mr. Brown." (2) It is not customary for a girl of fifteen to receive men visitors.

HOPEFUL—Under the circumstances I should advise you to tell the young woman that you love her and ask her to marry you. The direct way is always the best.

IVAH—When a visiting-card is turned over at one corner or in the centre it simply means that it has been left in person; this style has, however, gone out of fashion.

P. G. C.—There is no reason why one should not give a luncheon on one's reception day. It is, of course, proper to have your "at home" day on your visiting-cards.

CORDELIA—In addressing an envelope to a man friend, write "Mr. James F. Brown." A professional man would have the prefix that belongs to him used in place of Mr.

JAP—When soup is served to you in a restaurant in a bowl, and a plate is then put before you, you help yourself from the bowl to the soup-plate, and take your soup from that.

PANSY—An all-white gown is deeper mourning than a white one with black trimming. (2) I have never heard of sending a clergyman flowers at the time of his ordination.

ALYS—If the young lady whom you met at the house of a mutual friend expressed her pleasure at seeing you, you should have simply thanked her for her courtesy at the time.

MISS UNKNOWN—As soon as one is served at the table it is proper to begin to eat. (2) If one met a friend many times during the afternoon, one would bow and smile each time.

BYRD—A bride goes up to the altar with her veil over her face, but comes down with it thrown back. It is the duty of the maid of honor to throw it back immediately after the ceremony is ended.

ELISE B.—I don't know who your informant was, but I can assure you that Ruth Ashmore is so much of a woman that she is very much offended at having it supposed for an instant that she was a man.

EMO—The bride's parents should furnish the announcement cards. The bridegroom invites the clergyman to perform the ceremony, and an invitation, a formal one, is sent to him and his wife.

H. P. B.—A morning wrapper may be worn at breakfast in one's own home, but not in a public place. A tea-jacket or tea-gown is worn in the afternoon "at home," but not when one is giving a formal tea.

PATIENCE—A young man who has to support his mother, an aunt and a young brother is certainly not in a position to marry, and he would be doing very wrong to cease to care for these helpless ones merely to gratify his own desires.

OHIO GIRL—In passing one's plate for a second helping the knife and fork are laid on one side of the plate in such a way that they may not be easily displaced. This is done whether there is an attendant to pass the plate, or if that duty is performed by some one at the table.

JEALOUS—I think, especially if you are inclined to be a little jealous, that it would be best to leave the question of going out with other gentlemen to your fiancée. If, however, she is a wise girl, she will choose that you shall be her only escort. Pray accept my thanks for your kind words.

MADLINE—When the announcement of the engagement is not to be a formal one, then all that is necessary is for the young lady's sister or mother to tell various members of the family and intimate friends, and in a very short time it will be known far and wide. (2) High noon is 12 M.

CONSTANT READER—Even at an informal wedding the bridegroom would wear gloves. (2) It is very bad form to write "congratulations" on one's visiting-card and send it in answer to a wedding invitation. If you desire to send your good wishes to the bride, then a personal note would be proper.

INTERESTED—The favorite engagement ring is one in which some precious stone, preferably a diamond, ruby or sapphire, is set. If there is any inscription inside, it is simply the initials of the two people. Pray allow me to wish you and the little girl you say you love so dearly, all the happiness possible.

LILIAN—It would be polite when passing between two men who were conversing to simply say, "I beg your pardon." (2) The young woman to whom the seat is offered should take it, unless her companion happens to be an older woman, and then it would be quite proper to extend the gentleman's courtesy to her.

THREE ANXIOUS GIRLS—If a man persists in paying you distasteful compliments simply tell him that unless he stops you will have to limit your acquaintance with him to a bowing one, and cease all conversation. (2) I think, as you know that your family object to the gentleman, it would be wisest not to invite him to the house.

H. H.—It is quite proper, if you are prevented by illness, to send your card by post to the bride on her reception day. Address it only to the hostess. (2) If you are not acquainted with your friend's betrothed you are not expected to send him an invitation to your wedding, unless she should ask you to do this as a personal favor.

ONE OF THE GIRLS—One does not ask visitors who call in the afternoon to remove their wraps. (2) It is not necessary when sending your regrets to a luncheon to mention why you cannot accept, unless your excuse should be illness or a previous engagement. It is not necessary to send a card at the time to a luncheon party.

L. S. B.—If your betrothed neglects you this early I should advise your considering whether it will be wise for you to marry him. Many a single life is useful and more full of happiness than a married one, although I do like to think of my girls meeting and loving Prince Charming; but then, he must be the real Prince Charming.

I. C. W.—It would be proper for your mother to write personal notes to those friends whom you wish present at the marriage ceremony; they should also receive the formal cards of invitation to the reception. People whose acquaintance you do not wish to keep up after you are married, or those with whom you are on very formal terms, need not be sent cards.

LOUISE—I wish I knew just how to thank you for your charming letter. I do think if my health is any better that it is due to the prayers that have been said for me by my girls all over the country. The manner of woman I would be is the woman who is nearest to best in everything: in her thought of other people, in her care for them, and in her loving kindness to them. Don't you think this comes near the ideal woman?

ROSIE—A letter of condolence would begin like any other letter, "My Dear Miss Smith," or, "My Dear Charlotte," either would be correct, according to the extent of your intimacy with the person to whom you were writing. I should not finish any letter, except a business one, by signing it "Yours truly"; say "Yours cordially," or "Yours faithfully." (2) Try bathing your face in tepid water and Castile soap and using a very soft towel to dry it; this will, I think, remove the sunburn.

KENTUCKY GIRL—I do not see why a prospective bride should find it necessary to ask the clergyman to leave out the word "obey" in the marriage service; but if she has scruples about it, she might mention it to her betrothed and let him speak to the minister. (2) When one is returning visits and driving, it would be in very bad taste to have the coachman get off his box and take the card to the door; it is the lady's place to deliver her card in person, unless she has a footman to attend to it for her.

CORNELIA—I do not think it wise for a young woman and a young man living in the same city to correspond. It seems to me that meeting each other often, they ought to be able to say all that is necessary. (2) When a young man is paying a visit and the older members of the family are in the room, he should, in leaving, bid them good-night first, and afterward say his farewell to the young girl on whom he has called. It is in bad taste for her to go any further than the parlor door with him.

X. Y. Z.—When your hostess takes you to pay a visit on a friend of hers your card should be left with hers. (2) A lady does not rise when a gentleman is presented to her unless he is an elderly man or one of great distinction. (3) If one were visiting for a length of time it would be quite proper, when out with one's hostess, to offer to pay half of the expenses of any little trip or visit to a place of amusement; or, better still, first one might pay the expenses and then the other. During a short visit such things may properly be left to the hostess.

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**FLORAL HELPS
AND HINTS**
BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

L. D. D.—I do not know where you can obtain the flower you write about.

Mrs. A. C.—I cannot name the variety of Narcissus from specimen sent. The flower was broken.

E. H. B.—The Azalea should be pruned when making its annual growth, which is immediately after flowering.

Mrs. G. P. S.—It would be better to buy young plants of the Water Lily than to attempt growing them from seed.

AMATEUR—Oleanders frequently blossom in winter. They are pretty sure to do so if kept pretty dry at the roots during the latter part of summer.

Mrs. A. D.—The Rhododendron is a member of the Laurel family. It likes shade. In winter its foliage must be protected from the effect of sunshine.

Miss H. W. W.—The Corn Flower of which the German Emperor is said to be so fond is a near relative of our old Bachelor Button—*A. Centaurea*.

E. L. H.—The vine is Adulma. The leaf is Far-fugium. Give a loamy soil and plenty of water, with good drainage. Keep the under side of the leaves free from insects.

C. L.—Grow Clematis from seed precisely as you would grow any other plant. (2) The Orange likes a rather light, rich soil, and sunshine. Water moderately, and see that the plant is kept free from scale.

Mrs. L. E. S.—Do not cut back the "long shoots" which your Night-blooming Cereus sends out. These are branches, from which, later on, you will get flowers. Removing them destroys just so much flowering capacity.

A. W.—Powdered borax will drive ants away from the house, and perhaps it will cause them to leave their nests on the lawn, if sprinkled about them and dropped into them. Try it. It will not harm the vegetation, if it does no good.

Mrs. G.—The best *Lilium Harrissii* bulbs are the large, heavy ones, averaging from four to five inches in width. They cost more, but you are sure to get a great many more flowers from them than you can expect from the smaller and cheaper bulbs.

Mrs. J. B. S.—Carnations do not require a great deal of water. They are fond of sunshine, but do not like excessive heat. They are hybridized by fertilizing the flower of one variety with the pollen of another. You can obtain a good fertilizer at almost any drug store.

Mrs. S.—*Clematis paniculata* is white, and quite unlike our native variety. Its flowers are larger and have broader petals. Its foliage is abundant, and very attractive—something that cannot be said of most varieties of this popular flower. It is as hardy as *C. flammula*.

BEGINNER—Don't be too ambitious to begin with. Be content to "go slow." Try a few kinds, as I advise a correspondent in this issue. If you succeed with them you will have more confidence in yourself next time, and can undertake more with a better show of success.

Mrs. S. T. D.—Fir-tree oil is not cedar oil, and if your druggist tries to make you think so again don't let him impose on you. Fir-tree oil may not be mentioned in the pharmacopoeia, but there is such an oil, and you can obtain it of all large firms dealing in plants and florists' supplies.

IGNORAMUS—You can, of course, learn a great deal about the cultivation of flowers from books, but such knowledge will be more theory than anything else. What you need to do is to acquire knowledge of their requirements by personal work among them. That is the only way to become a practical florist.

AMATEUR—I cannot advise any one to start out in floriculture, with a view to making it a paying business, without first acquiring some practical knowledge of it. It is a trade, and one that must be learned, the same as any other is. The person who thinks to make a success of it without previous preparation is sure to be disappointed.

Miss A. R.—The Maidenhair Fern requires a soil of leaf-mould and a little sand. Do not remove the roots and half-decayed vegetable matter which you find in earth taken from the woods. Use it as it is. Keep the plant in partial shade. Keep the air about it as moist as possible, but do not apply large quantities of water to its foliage.

A. E. A.—If the Easter Lily, which you put out-of-doors in its pot, is starting to grow again, let it grow. You could not keep it back for winter flowering by cutting off its stalk. That would injure the plant. Let it blossom if it wants to, and get fresh, strong bulbs in fall for winter use. Do not depend on the old bulb for winter flowers.

W. F. N.—*Hermosa* is a Bourbon Rose. It is classed among the "ever-bloomers." (2) Queen's Scarlet is not what may be called a first-class Rose, but I advise its use by amateurs because it is more likely to give satisfaction than some of the more choice varieties. (3) *Portia* Carnation is a rich scarlet and one of the most popular kinds in cultivation.

Miss M. E. H.—The yellow Jasmine would undoubtedly be a failure in a hanging-basket. It must be grown in a pot, and requires considerable root room. It will increase in size from year to year, but can be kept within bounds by frequent cutting back. It blooms at intervals. The *Manetta* is almost always in bloom when successfully grown, which is quite seldom.

M. B. C.—It is impossible to dry Rose petals and have them retain their natural color. (2) If you have failed to root cuttings of the Oleander in water, the cause of failure probably lay in the fact that you did not take them when the wood was in the proper condition. It should not be old wood, with a tough bark, neither should it be new growth on which no bark has formed, but in a half-way stage.

S. T. T.—Your Chinese Primroses failed because you had not potted them properly. The crown of the plant should be elevated above the soil, which should slope away from the plant to the edge of the pot, so that the water which you apply will run away from the plant instead of standing about it, as it would if there was a depression in the centre. Water in contact with the crown induces decay, and this often destroys the plant.

Miss W.—If you want to shorten the stalk of your *Dracena* you can do so by making a few cuts in the stalk at the place where you want roots to start. Then tie sphagnum moss about this place and see that it is kept moist. After a little while roots will form. When they have developed considerably cut the stalk neatly across below the roots, with a sharp knife, or any tool which will not injure the stalk, and pot the newly-rooted top in soil.

Mrs. G. S.—Heliotropes grow very readily from cuttings, if put in saucers of sand, and kept moist but not wet. (2) *Gladiolus* should not be grown in pots if you want them to do their best. Put them in the open ground. (3) Queen's Scarlet, *Hermosa* and *Agrippina* Roses are best for house culture. (4) Your Primrose cannot be expected to be always full of flowers. It must rest occasionally. If you want it for winter flowering it would be well to pick off all buds that form until December.

O. O. B.—The profits of small-fruit culture depend on several things: the market, the choice of varieties, the soil and—the gardener. In order to know what kinds to grow most profitably, what soil to grow them in, what care to give them, and how to dispose of your fruit to the best advantage, I would advise you to consult some practical man who has had experience in this line, and whose success is proof that his knowledge is not simply theory. Success is a good theory put in practice.

M. B. S.—I wonder if you looked sharply at the under side of the leaves of your *Nasturtium*? Perhaps the red spider was at work on them. You would have to look closely to see him. I have often seen plants of this flower completely ruined by his work in hot, dry weather. The only remedy is water, applied to the under side of the leaves very liberally every night. If the injury was done by other pests I would apply kerosene emulsion. There would be no harm in applying it, if no other enemies were found at work.

Mrs. T. J. D.—The *Cineraria* requires a good deal of water when growing and flowering, considerable pot room, and the best of drainage. It is pretty sure to be attacked by the aphid. Insect powder should be applied to the lower side of the leaves when they are damp. It is well to make this application before you see an aphid, on the principle that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. If your plants are in bloom you must not pinch them back, as you will gain nothing by it. This flower is not a steady bloomer. It is comparatively worthless after having given one good crop of flowers. The leaf sent seems to be from some variety of the shrubby *Spiraea*.

Mrs. W.—There is a double *Agapanthus*, but it is not as desirable as the single kind. Many flowers are not improved by doubling. The Pansy, Lily, *Amaryllis*, and other flowers of similar classes, are much prettier single than they would be if double, because doubling them would destroy some of the peculiarities which constitute their chief charm. The beauty of a Pansy depends quite as much on its markings as on its color, and a double flower would spoil the markings. The Lily is admired because of its beautiful form and classic outlines. To double it would spoil these. There is a double variety of the old Tiger Lily, and no one admires it, though a few grow it as a curiosity.

Mrs. M. A. G.—This correspondent writes as follows: "In *Floral Helps and Hints* you answer 'S. V. P.' by saying that *Lilium auratum* frequently fails. May I give my experience with this flower? I have grown it for ten years. I plant the bulbs in spring, six inches deep. They are not allowed to bloom the first year. Many times they do not show themselves above ground the first year. Each fall I cover them with a barrow of litter from the horse barn. This treatment is the secret of my success. The second year I had ten flowers. After eight years I lifted and divided the large bulbs, using same precautions as to depth in resetting. This spring I have eight strong stalks, and expect from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five flowers. I live on a high hill. I have several neighbors who are succeeding with this Lily."

LITTLE GIRL WHO LOVES FLOWERS—Coax your father, or "the boys," if there are any in the family, to spade up a bed or two in the garden for you next spring, and have some one who knows how show you about sowing seed properly. Watch them, and see how it is done, that you may learn the process and be able to depend on yourself in future. Keep the weeds from growing, and give the plants such care as they may need all through the season if you want good flowers. I would not advise you to try many kinds to begin with, but to confine your attention to a few of the best, until you learn what treatment they need. Then you can enlarge your garden and add to your list. You will find Sweet Peas, Poppies, Phlox, Balsam, Asters and Petunias a good half dozen to begin with. I venture the prediction that you will get so much pleasure out of your little garden that you will find work in it quite like play.

Mrs. P.—Yes, Ten-week Stock is a good winter bloomer, provided you grow your plants for winter use in pots all through the season. It has a long top root, and plants having such roots are always hard to transplant successfully. Indeed, you would probably fail to make nine-tenths of the plants grow that you lift from the garden bed. Therefore, sow seed in pots, and allow half a dozen plants to grow in each pot until they come into bloom. Pull up all that prove single—as a large proportion of the seedlings will—and keep that growing steadily through the summer, but do not allow it to bloom much. By frequent pinching in it will become bushy and compact, and be in excellent shape for winter blooming. The chief trouble with this plant in the house is its liability to attacks of red spider. To guard against this apply water to the under side of the foliage daily. Do not allow seed to form at any time if you want flowers.

H. R.—What I meant by letting the *Freesia* thoroughly ripen was a complete development of the bulbs, which process takes place largely after flowering. Grow the plants on until the leaves turn yellow. This indicates that the roots have completed the season's growth. If dried off as soon as the flowers faded the roots would be injured, if not spoiled, because they would be immature at that period. (2) Your *Heliotrope* may require a large pot, or it may not get water enough. This plant requires a soil of loam and sand, quite rich, and it must be given a larger pot as soon as the roots fill the old one. You can tell about this by turning the pot upside down, and allowing the ball of earth to slip out, as it will, readily, if you hit the pot sharply against something to loosen the plant. If you find a network of white roots about the soil give a larger pot. This plant forms a dense mass of very fine roots in the soil, and frequently it is difficult to make water penetrate it sufficiently to moisten all parts. This can be remedied by running a wire or knitting needle into the soil at the base of the plant. Make several holes, and see that they are kept open.

BALTIMORE—This correspondent writes that she has a peach tree in her garden which looks healthy, blooms well, but does not bear fruit, and she wants me to tell her what the reason is. If she had stopped to think it over she would never have asked me to answer such a question. What do I know about her tree, beyond the bare fact, as stated in her letter, that she has a tree that blooms, but does not bear? There might be a dozen reasons for its failure to fruit, but how am I to know anything about them? I am constantly receiving similar letters, in which the writers state the fact that a trouble exists, but nothing else, and I am expected to give a satisfactory and intelligent answer. I wish correspondents would read their questions over after writing them down, and ask themselves if they have made them so clear that they would be likely to be able to answer them if they had been asked to reply to them. Take it for granted, always, that I know nothing about your plants and their troubles beyond what you tell me. I must know, not only what the trouble is, but what treatment the plants have had, as to soil, watering, etc. These items of information often enable me to tell where the difficulty lies. They may seem unimportant to you, but they are really very important. This correspondent also says that her *Narcissus* has bloomed sparingly, and asks, "What can be the matter with it?" I don't know.

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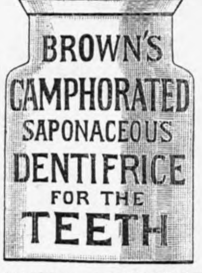
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HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

GREENHORN—Read answer to "Dressmaker" in regard to godet plaits.

OLD MAID—Black gros-grain of a large cord is durable and also fashionable again.

MATRON—Have full leg-of-mutton sleeves of black velvet, or a good quality of velveteen.

CLARA—Have a black cloth cape trimmed with astrakhan fur and of a three-quarter length.

L. E. S.—Your questions were answered in the JOURNAL of September, 1894, a copy of which will be sent you on receipt of ten cents.

MRS. L.—Add full leg-of-mutton sleeves of velvet or nice velveteen to your coat in seal brown, and take up the seams to make it closer in fit.

JOHN HALIFAX—You can use black astrakhan cloth for a collar, leg-of-mutton sleeves and edging down the fronts on each side, which will widen the fronts as well.

DORA, NELL AND OTHERS—Read answer to "Clara P." If the brooch is too expensive have a heart of gold without any precious stone, as a brooch is a favorite souvenir.

COUNTRY GIRL—Read answer to "Bride." (2) An even number of bridesmaids looks better than an odd array. (3) Twelve, three and eight o'clock are the favorite hours for weddings.

JOSIE—You cannot renovate velvet on a dress; it must be steamed and brushed up by holding it over a pan of boiling water, pile up, and brushing against the pile with a stiff whisk broom.

MRS. CHAS. W.—Do not put a baby in short clothes in January unless your climate is very even, which I hardly think the case judging from a little experience which I had in Iowa some years past.

MRS. C. M.—Read answer to "Stasia" and reverse the advice. You have the silk for the body of the waist, so buy velvet for the full sleeves and crush collar, three yards, in a contrasting shade.

DODO—Your selection of a name is not a happy one, neither is your idea of a white cloth afternoon gown trimmed with black lace. The cloth is all right, but trim it with jet and cherry velvet accessories.

SHADE—You can make a pretty shade out of Japanese silk and edge it under the pinked edge with *point d'esprit* lace; shirr the top, run No. 1 ribbon in the casing, draw it up and tie in full loops and ends.

J.—The sleeves of riding habits have changed since the advent of the large sleeves, and while they are no longer fitted plainly they are still of a coat shape, with a few gathers over the top, but never full like other sleeves.

COLORIST—The new red that has taken us by storm this season appeared in Paris in May, where they called it cherry, but it is too bright for that, and on the color cards seen in the dry goods trade it is called Jacqueminot and pivoine.

INA T.—Of course you can change your name to Avis if you wish, but after bearing the pretty name of Ina for twenty years you will probably have some difficulty in training your family and friends to say Avis. Why not let well enough alone?

MRS. D. M.—Make a full circular cape of your handsome velveteen, which has a novel finish, coming to well below the hips; line with quilted satin and trim with a yoke of jet points below a turned-over collar or thick ruche of satin ribbon.

SUBSCRIBER—The best qualities of velveteen are generally satisfactory. (2) Mixed goods of serge, sacking, chevot or camel's hair weave are the chief effects for winter. (3) In colors there are golden brown, cherry, cornflower blue and black.

B. B. S.—Your dressmaker is correct in regard to the corset. If you wish a perfect-fitting evening gown regardless of extra comfort, for a full-dress toilette can never be called a comfortable one, you must have a corset made for such occasions.

ZIPP—Have a warm golden-brown chevot having a red thread here and there, and brighten it with a crush collar of cherry velvet. (2) Old rose of a clear bright shade in Henrietta or Fayette trimmed with leaf green crush collar and belt and a cream lace yoke.

IDA—Your skirt should be four yards wide, so if less, add side panels of black moiré. Use the same for full puffs on sleeves; cut waist round, open in front and add a crush belt and narrow flat vest of moiré. Now brighten with a crush collar of cherry velvet.

MRS. J. B.—For every day have long cloaks made for the little girls from pretty plaid blankets, such as come for bath robes. They will take all kinds of treatment and keep the children warm during mid-winter in Wisconsin. You can have silk-lined hoods to correspond.

NEMO—A green or golden-brown velveteen skirt and leg-of-mutton sleeves can have a waist of pink Liberty satin, crêpe or a changeable silk introducing pink strongly, with a pink velvet collar. Velveteen promises to be very popular as long as the velvet fashion prevails.

R. P. A.—Wedding costumes were written of in the April issue. (2) Black satin rather than silk. (3) Wear a traveling dress or handsome visiting silk-and-wool costume. (4) A bride wears flowers and many carry a bouquet or prayer-book. (5) Thank your friends by note.

GRANNIE—Have a tea-gown of purple Henrietta, with a front of surah of a lighter shade and trim down the edges with a triple box-plaiting of black satin ribbon. Add a crush collar of either shade of velvet, bow and belt of satin ribbon and epaulettes of black guipure lace.

TAILOR GIRL—Read answer to "Puzzled" and make your vest and revers of black moiré fastened with jet buttons. (2) Dark red piqué gloves stitched with white or black look well with a black suit. (3) Silk-warp black fabrics are more dressy than the all-wool but are not more fashionable.

BRIDE—Have your sister for the maid of honor and the groom's sisters for bridesmaids with your cousins. (2) A pink wedding is the favorite one nowadays, but in this case you can still have the maid of honor in white as you prefer; pink for the other attendants and for the floral decorations.

MRS. JOHN F.—There is pure wool underwear that will not shrink if properly washed, but this latter clause explains nearly all of the trouble known with all-wool underwear. You cannot soak it, and each water must be of the same degree of heat. Neither must the wet garments freeze while drying.

STASIA—Use your three yards of garnet velvet for leg-of-mutton sleeves and crush collar and buy two yards of changeable silk in contrast, as green and old rose or pale blue and garnet; make this to wear outside of the black skirt, fitting it to the bottom of the waist-line; round in the back and slightly pointed in front.

CLARA P.—Let your bridesmaids wear skirts and immense sleeves of pink moiré, with round waists of accordion-plaited chiffon over satin; large pink felt hats trimmed with black ostrich tips and a large bow of five-inch satin ribbon; white suede gloves and shoes. (2) Give them brooches consisting of a lover's knot of pink enamel having a diamond in the centre. These cost from \$13 to \$25.

MRS. T. K.—For a woman of forty to dress in an elderly manner is simply absurd. Wear any of the fashionable colors, brown, tan, navy, green for the street and the now fashionable black. For evening wear heliotrope, old rose, the new bright reds, cream, etc. Black and white is very handsome for all ages, but do not try to confine yourself to black, gray and seal brown while in your prime.

AGRICOLA—Wear any color except dead white, turquoise, steel gray and brick red. (2) Your skirt should be at least four yards wide, so use a front breadth, cutting the present one down the centre, of velvet of a shade or two darker. Use the wide satin ribbon for large bows at each front seam near lower edge. Have crush belt, full elbow sleeves and rosettes draping lace around neck of the velvet.

TWO GIRLS—There is no reason why two girls of twenty-five should not travel alone in Europe. Conduct yourselves in a refined manner and you will be treated accordingly. It will be of great advantage if you learn enough of French and German to ask for a hotel, cab, waiter, etc. Many Germans speak English in the hotels and shops, but the men connected with the railroads are apt to understand only German.

LUELLA M.—Your large pale blue felt hat should be trimmed with a large Alsatian bow of five-inch satin ribbon and from six to eight black ostrich tips. (2) Add a full vest of blue chiffon to the black waist and strap it four times with narrow jet gimp, which should also trim the wrists and edge of coat basque. (3) Black velvet or cloth cape lined with blue, and black gloves stitched with blue, or *vice versa*, on a small hand.

WINNIFRED M.—If you clean a felt hat it will lose its shape from the wetting and should be reblocked, which only a professional can do, so it is just as cheap to take it to one in the first place. If a good brushing does not renovate it sponging it in a liquid made by boiling an old black kid glove in a pint of water until it is reduced to a half pint will give it a good black, but when you get it out of shape you cannot reblock it.

MRS. S. K.—Make your mother a striped flannel wrapper for ordinary wear, and one of gray and red cashmere and China silk for days when she is able to sit up more. In this issue gowns for invalids are written of. (2) Night-gowns of outing flannel or heavy, but soft, Canton flannel will be warmer for her than those of muslin. (3) Nothing is conceded to be as healthful as pure wool underwear for all ages and conditions.

A. A. A.—Use white lace on the gray without satin under it; use lace for yoke and epaulettes ruffles; lace insertion on skirt to make it seem wider, as it would be three yards and a half anyway. You could introduce a soft vest of green and gray changeable silk. (2) Gray chip hat, having white lace, moiré ribbon and much green about flowers, will be pretty, also gray kid gloves. Letters are answered as soon as the space permits.

K. F. H.—Wear corsets containing only genuine whalebone or French horn. (2) Shades differ from season to season, but you will be safe in using velvet sleeves. (3) Use velvet sleeves also in your brown jacket or velvet in one and moiré in the other garment. (4) A cape of your sealskin will be more stylish than any other garment and can only be done properly by a furrier. They will add more seal fur or use astrakhan as a combination.

DRESSMAKER—The handsomest hanging dress skirts worn in Paris are lined throughout with grass-cloth, fibre chamois or crinoline, but not the heavy skirt canvas as you seem to think. Interline your jackets with fibre chamois or crinoline. (2) Skirts are from four yards to four and a half in width, and the godet plaits at the back are caught with elastic ten inches below the belt to give them the rounded appearance that gives them the name.

X. Y. Z.—Have your serge made with an un-trimmed four-yard-wide bell skirt, leg-of-mutton sleeves and pointed corsage. Have wrists, edge of basque and front trimmed with jet bands an inch wide; the front trimming to be in bretelle style and continue over the shoulders and down the back. Then have a crush collar and V-shaped vest of a becoming color of velvet; cherry, old rose, turquoise or cornflower blue, reddish purple, leaf green or mauve.

SHELL—I have just learned of a way in which to repolish shell combs, but have not tried it personally. If there are any scratches remove them by scraping with the edge of a knife; then rub with a dry woolen rag covered with finely-powdered charcoal and water. Follow this by rubbing fine, dry whiting or precipitated chalk on the shell, previously moistened with vinegar. When this rubbing is over dust the palm of the hand with the chalk or whiting and rub with that.

TESSIE C.—To wear with your black silk skirt have a red velvet blouse and evening bonnet to match of the new shade known as pivoine; trim the waist with a yoke of jet Vandykes radiating from the neck, and add a little jet in the bonnet. (2) For indoor evening wear have a waist of pink or turquoise blue highly-finished satin (Liberty satin), with epaulettes of white guipure lace. (3) As your sister is to have a new black skirt to wear with odd waists let it be of moiré, and untrimmed.

PUZZLED—Your goods are of a chevot weave in an armure pattern and are known as chevot. (2) Have an untrimmed godet skirt gored at each seam, four yards wide and with four tiny box-plaits known as godets at back. Large sleeves, coat basque having a pointed vest front and long tapered revers. Finish all edges with two rows of machine stitching. You have sufficient of the material to add a reefer jacket or hip-length circular cape; if the latter line it with black surah, sateen or moiré percaline.

MRS. H. E. M.—A matron of thirty-five years of age may wear white, tan, golden and reddish brown, light gray, old rose, reddish purple, dark red, navy or any other blue shades if they are becoming. It is an exploded theory that women of this age should dress exclusively in staid and sober colors. (2) A black serge may have a godet skirt, using panels of moiré to make the old skirt sufficiently wide. Have slightly-pointed waist, sleeve puffs, crush collar, short, wide revers and a circular basque piece of the moiré.

LUNA P.—I agree with your mother about the black and Empire gowns are *passé*. Have a speckled taffeta in turquoise or the new light cornflower blue, pink, cream or pale yellow, at seventy-five cents to one dollar a yard. Make with a bell skirt from four to five yards wide, full elbow sleeves and a round waist, low, half-low or high neck. If the latter, have a crush collar of cherry, pink, blue or yellow velvet; if low, finish the neck with a ruffle of chiffon draped up on each side in front of the armhole with a full rosette of contrasting velvet, using cherry in preference. Wear a belt of No. 30 satin ribbon tied in two long ends and two short, upright loops at the back.

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