

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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"Neither spoke until the woman rose and put out her hand."

THE RECTOR OF ST. PETER'S

By Margaret Seymour Hall



HERE is no doubt about it," said Mrs. Plympton, with great firmness, "the man ought to get married." She spoke with a certain manner of one having the voice of authority, which was, indeed, the view which she herself

held upon the subject, being no less a person than the wife of the Senior Warden.

"You see," she continued, to her interested audience, the Wednesday afternoon sewing society, "an unmarried clergyman is always unsatisfactory in some ways, especially if he's young and good looking. The silly women will run after him and do their best to turn his head; and the nice, sensible ones have heard so many jokes about it that they are afraid to be civil, and they'll run away from him. Now, if he had a wife, it would all be settled and every one's mind would be at rest. Besides, it's a sin and a shame to think of our lovely rectory without a woman in it."

It will be gathered, from the above remarks, that a degree of interest had been created, in the parish of St. Peter's, by the advent of its new rector, the Rev. Arthur Middleton, and the parish of St. Peter's was not wont to regard itself as a source of agitation. Its former incumbent had been a dear, old gentleman, rightly beloved by his parishioners, but, at the same time, one with whom it was impossible to associate the thought of anything approaching excitement. He had never, through a long course in the ministry, been able wholly to free his mind from the idea that his hearers were living in the time of Edward VI, and his sermons (generally turning somewhat upon the Apostolic succession and eked out with copious quotations from the Early Fathers) while received with a contented acquiescence, could in no sense have been called rousing.

The place itself was one of those beautiful and wealthy New England towns with a river winding through the middle and dividing the factories and those who were employed by them, on the one side, from the wide, elm-arched streets where lived the prosperous manufacturers.

Into this peaceful community the new rector, who had been called from a bustling, new town in the far West, came something after the manner of an earthquake. He was a tall, dark, vigorous young man, who, if he failed to show a proper spirit of appreciation of the importance of the exact shade of altar cloths for the different seasons, and really seemed to look upon the vital question of candles wholly from the utilitarian standpoint of illumination, of-

fered, perhaps, compensations for this obtuseness in the amount of zeal which he threw into his work, and in the fire and eloquence of his preaching. Pews began to fill in a surprising manner. Aged members of the vestry, who had fallen into the habit of a gentle doze during the forty minutes' drone of the former rector, found this amiable custom to be quite impossible under his successor, and began with surprise, to realize that there were more important matters for theological discourse than even the settlement of the succession from Peter to Clement. The younger men, who were at first drawn by curiosity, were known to actually forego the delights of the Sunday morning nap for the purpose of helping in the schools.

It was among this latter class, indeed, that the greatest strength of the rector's popularity lay, which fact, it is to be feared, was not so much due to his learning and oratory as to the skill which he early displayed in the line of athletics. He not only joined the Fencers' Club and proved himself their superior with the foils, but played base ball on Saturday mornings, with the boys from the Academy, in a manner that won them to a firm following. It was impossible not to admire a man who could do such capital work "behind the bat," catching and running, or cover so much ground in "running the bases."

He established a mission in the worst part of the town near

the river, and the final height of esteem was reached on the evening, when, single-handed, he ejected Jerry Noolan, the noted tough, who, in a drunken and profane state, was attempting to enter with a view to smashing the windows during a session of the sewing school. "'Twas the purtiest scrap I iver seed," related one Mike O'Halloran, the organ blower, afterward to a delighted audience, "jist tuk 'im like a child, he did, an' waltzed 'im right along, and Jerry didn't have no more chantz than nothin'," and it was probably a tribute to this display of muscular Christianity, more than to any spiritual gifts, which caused the Bible class promptly to fill up to the point of overflowing.

Among the feminine portion of his congregation Mr. Middleton's success was not so well assured. It was not that he was rude or neglectful, but the truth was that they did not seem to interest him nearly so much as did the men and boys. He spoke to the young ladies in just the same tone that he used in addressing their mammas, and with even less enthusiasm, a thing which pleased neither party. Indeed, in their pity for his ignorance and the zeal of their efforts to bring him to a better state of mind, they even went so far as to select the very individual suitable to undertake the conversion, and, after wavering between several candidates, finally settled, almost unani-

mously, upon Mary Cartwright, the daughter of the Professor at the Academy, and the cleverest and prettiest girl in town. In choosing this young lady, in preference to a more wealthy damsel, it was felt that there had been shown a display of great liberality and concession to a supposed community of tastes and a common regarding of life from the professional and literary standpoint, and it was provoking that this large-mindedness on the part of the public should meet with an utter lack of appreciation. Miss Cartwright, let us hasten to add, was no party to the transaction, being very much taken up with plans of her own for going to France to study art. She was, in fact, one of the few dissenters from the idea that matrimony was a necessary adjunct to a clerical career. "Mr. Middleton has not asked us to manage his affairs," she said, "and I think it's most impertinent for us to attempt to interfere. If he wants a wife he's old enough to choose one and it would be a kindness to let him arrange it for himself." But she spoke alone, for the Reverend Arthur was singularly handsome, and eligible men were scarce. Indeed, the

popular sentiment was largely voiced by Mrs. Plympton, who thought that Mary Cartwright had much better be staying at home and finding a good husband for herself than flying off to the ends of the earth with the Lord knew who.

But, from the other side also, the match-makers were met with an obtuseness and want of comprehension that baffled the boldest. Even Milly Dyce, a young lady who was supposed to have solved the problem of serving God and Mammon at the same time; combining an angelic countenance and a great ability in church work with a carnal levity of mind which made her thoroughly enjoy the havoc that she habitually caused in the hearts of the clergy, could not flatter herself that she had produced the slightest impression. In vain she wound long Christmas wreaths of laurel, lacerating her pretty white hands in the toil; in vain she taught a class of very dirty and lively little boys, Sunday after Sunday; in vain she embroidered a most beautiful purple stole for Lenten services. The rector, who would have been quite capable, if not carefully watched by the sexton, of appearing in a green one, thanked her with great politeness but with just the same manner in which he spoke to Mrs. Plympton, and, apparently, without the slightest recognition of the fact that her cheeks were as pink as the heart of an apple blossom and her eyes two great blue orbs that "sang on like the angels in separate glory betwixt clouds of amber," as her latest conquest, the former curate, had been known to remark. He was very far gone, that particular curate, and was, in truth, rather a weak-minded youth who had been (most mistakenly) educated by the "Society for the Increase of the Ministry," and he had a way of coloring up violently and misplacing his words when she came late into church, which was trying to his hearers; but this is a digression.

Let us return instead to the Reverend Arthur Middleton, the recipient of popular attention. He was going quietly about his work with his usual devotion to it, and with apparently no more regard to the voice of the charmer than to the voices of the sparrows twittering in the church eaves. It was after an unusually hard round of parish work that he returned late on a certain afternoon in April, to his home. The diverse duties that make up a clergyman's calls had, during their course, shown him life in almost as many phases as there were hours in the day. In the morning he had gone for a row on the river with a crew of boys whom he was coaching in the latest thing in strokes. The lovely spring weather, the vigorous exercise made his blood tingle and toned him up for work. On returning to the dock he had been hurried off by a sudden summons to administer the communion to a poor soul in the hospital, sinking under the surgeon's knife; from this sick bed he had gone to the church for the wedding of two prosperous young people. After the wedding breakfast he returned



"An unmarried clergyman is always unsatisfactory in some ways, especially if he's young and good looking."

home to find a terrible tale of sin and sorrow waiting his advice; then came two or three applicants for parish alms, which cases had to be disposed of, and then he was called off to baptize a sick child. It was exhausting work, and with nerves aching and brain overtaxed he came back to his study and endeavored to compose his thoughts and to put in order his ideas for the sermon of the morrow.

The study was a beautiful room built by his predecessor who had possessed fine taste in architecture. There was a high arched roof. Two pointed windows on one side, and a large one on the other divided the book shelves which covered the three walls from floor to ceiling. On the remaining wall was a carved fireplace, brought from an old house at The Hague, and to the left of the fireplace were hung engravings of Dürer's Knight riding through the forest of the world, with Sin, a monster, lurking in the rear, and Death holding up before him the hour-glass, and of the statue of Savonarola, from the square in Florence. There was also a large photograph of Laurens' "Michael and Satan," from the Luxembourg gallery; all these denoting struggle and conflict. On the right the Madonna and Child enthroned, the Christus Consolator and the head of Corregio's Angel spoke of the peace beyond. The charm of the room lay more in the architecture and in that which always lies in many books than in attempts of its possessor to adorn it. The square table in the centre was clearly that of a worker, several volumes being heaped upon it, and a Hebrew version of the Pentateuch lying open for reference.

The rector had just selected his text and started to work when there came another knock. "Come in," he said wearily, hoping that no one else was either sick or in trouble and needing him, and the door opened, disclosing the round, red face of the youngest choir boy, a fascinating little scamp with a voice like an angel and an ingenuity in badness absolutely unique.

"Please, sir," he said, "Mr. Jameson sent me to say that we're going to practice a new tune to your hymn that you like so much, and he'd be glad if you'd come over to rehearsal and hear it."

"Very well," said Mr. Middleton. "Come here a minute, Dicky." Then, taking the child on his knee, he added, "And now what was the trouble last Sunday? I was sorry to see my boys misbehaving."

Dicky hung his head. "It was me. I caught a toad, it hopped in the window; I put a paper hat on it and spectacles; it made the boys laugh. It was awful funny," he added in justification.

"I have no doubt of that, Dicky, and some day you and I will go on a walk together and look for a toad and you shall show me, but do you think church is the place in which to play with toads?"

"No," Dicky admitted penitently, "and I won't do it again, but it's so hard to keep still."

"Yes, I know. It's hard for me too, and when I see the boys uninterested and misbehaving it makes it so much harder that sometimes I can hardly preach God's word at all to the people, and then I come home and feel sorry and ashamed all day."

This was a new thought to Dicky, who was clearly impressed and contrite, and the rector held him in his arms and felt the warmth of the little curly head on his shoulder with a strange thrill of pleasure.

The words came back to him that he had heard, a few days before, from an Irish-woman whose child he had christened. "It's your own you'll be holding there soon, your Reverence," she had said, and at the remembrance he felt a sudden ache of loneliness as he gazed out of the window with eyes that were looking at far-off scenes and days long past; a sense of lovelessness and unsatisfied heart hunger filled him. Why could not he have a home with wife and children like other men? Was there not some sweet womanly companionship that might yet make life full and happy?

Perhaps he was not such an embodiment of the deaf adder as he had appeared, for the image of Mary Cartwright rose before him—a clever, sensible girl and most attractive. Could he not try his chances there and find out whether it were really hopeless to combat her devotion to art? For a few minutes he let the pleasing thought gather in his brain and then he put it aside with a deep sigh. Too well he knew the hopelessness of it; once and for all he had tried and lost and cast his lot beyond all hope of change; the golden gates of Love would never swing back upon their hinges to let his dream of Heaven come again.

He put down the little boy at last with a gentle word and turned again to his notes. In the act of doing so the gold cross of the spire, clearly defined against the blue, caught his eye and his glance traveled from it to the graves in the cemetery at its foot. After all, what did it matter? Such a little while to toil and fret and then this soft green rest. The only thing of consequence was to bear one's self nobly and not to be a coward in the combat.

The twilight had fallen and the choir had begun to practice when he entered the church. All the lower end was in darkness, only around the organist and upon the faces and music books of the boys were patches

of light. Dicky was singing a solo, the words of which were destined in after days to always bring back the scene, at first with sharp pain, then the pain softened and at last was only peace; but always he could see the empty, dark church, the lighted chancel and the illuminated face of the boy as he sang "Art thou weary? Art thou languid? Art thou sore distressed?"

It was while listening and wondering how such a cry could come from an ignorant, happy urchin who had never known even the shadow of care, that the sexton touched him on the shoulder.

"There's a lady outside, waiting to see you," he said, "just by the side door."

With the hymn still ringing in his ears the rector passed up the aisle and out at the side entrance. There was a carriage waiting by the gate and, as he came forward, its occupant, a tall woman dressed in black, came up the walk. There was a slight illumination from the chancel windows and perhaps it was the faintness of the light that made Mr. Middleton look so white. He stood quite still for a minute and when he spoke it was only to ask a question and, as the woman answered, he turned and opened the door of the study and they passed in. A lamp was burning low and a fire was dancing on the hearth lighting the room with a cheerful glow. The woman looked around, contrasting it perhaps with something, and then she sat down. She was dressed rather shabbily, if one could think of such a detail in looking at her, for her loveliness was of the kind that it is beyond the power of poverty, age or sorrow to destroy, and under any circumstances she would have been beautiful. She had the reddish hair and transparent skin of one of Henner's paintings, and something of the same indescribable purity and charm of feature. There were lines in the face and dark circles under the great, brown eyes, but they only seemed to add a touch of pathos; even had it been otherwise she was lifted beyond all possibility of change for one faithful heart.

"Why have you come to me?" he asked once more. "Are you in trouble?"

"Yes," she said; then, going on slowly, "not one particular trouble; it's all trouble; everything is wrong and I have come to you for advice." She paused a minute. "I know I've no right to trouble you; I know how I treated you; but, in spite of everything, you've always stood to me for right and conscience, always, and, when everything else gave way somehow I thought of you. Now you must tell me what to do. You know how well my worldly schemes succeeded, don't you?"

"I had heard," he said, hesitatingly, "that your husband had failed, but I was told—I understood—"

She gave a short laugh. "You understood that it was one of those failures out of which a man comes richer than he went in? Well, you are right. It was just that sort of a failure. We didn't have to go to Mexico exactly but, of course, all right-minded people had no choice but to drop us. I've never blamed them for that, and worldly as I was I was honest at least, thanks to my bringing up I suppose, and the dishonest money was a horror to me. I couldn't enjoy it. I used to think of the story of the girl who sold herself to the Prince of Darkness for gold and then starved to death for want of an honest crust. Well, I've been down in those regions myself since, and I've choked with just that gold bread, and now, thank Heaven, we've lost it. It came dishonestly and it's gone in gambling speculations. Except for the little income that I inherited from my honest old father we haven't a penny in the world. Did you ever think that you would live to hear me congratulating myself on the fact that I'm poor? It's true all the same; but that is not what I came all this way to ask you. What I want to ask is this: Do you think that when you are bound to a person whom you hate and loathe from the bottom of your heart; one whose touch makes you shudder; a man without a conscience, without common honesty, that any law requires you to keep from cutting the bond and giving yourself a chance to breathe once more?"

She blazed out this last with a sudden fire of rage that was dreadful to him. The whole thing, the scorn, the burning passion, the coming off in this way in search of sympathy was so different from anything that he had ever known in her that he was filled with wonder.

"Do you think that I am exaggerating?" she continued. "I tell you the truth; every breath of air that I share with him is polluted for me. He is false and mean all through and through; there is not the first idea of honor in him. He is a gambler and a cheat. I have borne all that I can bear and now I have come to you to ask if I have not borne enough. I will gladly give him every cent that I have in the world; I can earn my own living. Tell me that I may leave him; tell me so. I don't know why I can't quiet my own conscience without your help, but you know I always used to come to you with everything, and perhaps my brain is getting weak."

"Does the man treat you badly?" he asked with sudden fierceness.

She shook her head. "No," she said, reluctantly, "not according to his ideas. He's fond of me in his way. I would give

worlds if he were not, but I suppose it's his perverseness and because he knows that I've never cared for him. It isn't that. If he beat me or deserted me I should ask no man's advice; but it's the moral degradation; it's the living with a thief and a liar. Can't you understand? Can't you see how such a thing would lower one's own character day by day? Why must I sink to his level? I want to be free and dream and go off to live my own hard, sweet, honest life."

She put her head down on her folded arm and sobbed, while, on the other side of the table, the Reverend Arthur Middleton felt himself suddenly weak and helpless at the sight of her pain and the thought of the long years of shame and mortification that must have driven her to this. A longing to comfort her, to tell her to be free, to help her to cut loose from the bonds that bound her, swept over him in a great wave of temptation.

After all the years of work and repression his old love rose up again and covered him with a sense of hopelessness and defeat. He who had felt himself so safe, so brave; who, in honest confidence and rejoicing, had applied to himself the words of the psalm: "I will wash my hands in innocence. Oh! Lord, and so will I go to Thine altar," now felt all his strength go from him in his hour of need. "I am a man before I am a priest," he thought, "how can I send her back to that scoundrel? There is every reason why I should help her, there is the tie of old association; we are two aliens together in this Eastern country. If I give her up forever, if I take a vow to never see her again may I not be permitted to think of her as free and happy? How can I thrust her back into misery, I who would give my life for her?" But all the time he knew, in his heart, that he was trying to blind his own eyes.

The choristers were still at their singing. "Many a sorrow, many a labor, many a tear" came softly from the church. There was no other sound; the woman had not spoken again but, as the last notes of the hymn died away, he began to speak:

"Alice," and his tones came low but unwavering, "you have come to me for advice and I must give it to you as my conscience dictates. You have no right to leave your husband; others may leave him but not you. You say that it is lowering your character to live with him, but it is not so. Did you have such a sense of honor in the old days, such a horror of dishonesty and worldliness? You know and I know that you did not. This much at least you have brought out of your suffering, and who knows what other lessons are waiting for you? Do you dare to slight them and say that you will not learn them? And is there nothing to be said from his side when you yourself acknowledge that you have never loved your husband? You are a far stronger character than he. Was there no influence that you could have exerted if you had cared for him? You know what you have promised and how—'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' I am His priest and I have no right to free you from your duty. You will guess what it costs me to say this to you," said the poor clergyman with a sudden faltering; "perhaps you know that it is not mere words when I say that I would go through any pain to spare you; but, if I must choose for you I can only choose the highest and I can only send you into the path of suffering."

Silence fell once more between them. The firelight danced on the wall lighting the stern figure of Savonarola with one hand upon the lion and the other holding on high the cross. Neither spoke until the woman rose and put out her hand. "Good-by, Arthur," she said brokenly, "it is for life this time. I promise never to see you again. I don't ask you to forgive me for the past because I know that you have done it, and I will make one more trial though I don't say that I'll succeed. Perhaps if I look on it as an expiation it may be a little easier. I threw my life away myself, I suppose, and we don't always have to wait for the next world to bring us punishment."

The parish of St. Peter's never has understood why their rector broke down so suddenly after that Easter. It was the extra Lenten services they said; he had done too much and it was always malarious in those slums near the river. If the old doctor and the nurse, who nursed him through the attack of typhoid, suspected another cause they never told, and it was not long afterward that he accepted a call to a large mission parish in the city. After he was gone a story was somehow started that he was a secret advocate of the doctrine of the celibacy of the clergy and was under a vow, and the story was repeated so often that finally nearly every one ended by accepting it as a satisfactory explanation. In deed it grew to be a favorite topic of conversation to many, among others to Mrs. Plympton, who held forth at length to any auditor whom she might happen to secure among the summer boarders.

"You would never have suspected him of ritualistic tendencies, my dear," she usually said in conclusion, "and you know how our dear Bishop disapproves of such things, but I know it for a fact. And one thing is certain: since he has been in the ministry he has never even looked at a woman."

HEART GROWTH

BY CORNELIA REDMOND

IN early days we passing fancies take,
Our love is changing, and our hearts untrue
As butterflies that flit from flower to flower,
For fickle childhood ever seeks the new.

But as the years go by we come to feel
That scenes and faces strange, and all the rest
Can never be the same as those we've known,
And that "old tunes are sweetest, old friends best."

THE PERFUMES OF ROYALTY

BY LUCY H. HOOPER



IT was Catherine de' Medici who, on her marriage with Henry II, introduced from Italy the custom of using perfumes into France. She brought with her, in her suite, one of the most skilled manufacturers of perfumes in Florence. This personage, known as René, the Florentine, opened a shop in Paris for the sale of his wares.

Under the patronage of the young Queen his products speedily became the rage, and his shop was crowded with aristocratic customers, who came there none the less because it was whispered that René was as skilled in preparing poisons as he was in making scents and cosmetics. The perfumed gloves that put an end to the existence of Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre (the mother of Henri Quatre) were said to have emanated from his establishment, and were a gift to the unfortunate Queen from Catherine de' Medici. Also of his making was the pomander chain, sent by his patroness to Queen Elizabeth at the time when there was talk of the marriage of Catherine's youngest son, the Duke d'Alençon, to the English sovereign. These pommanders, whether employed singly or in a chain, formed probably the most elegant mode of using perfumes that has ever been invented. The pomander was a hollow ball of gold or silver, perforated with small holes and filled with scent in a solid form, the odor of which was called forth by holding the pomander in the hand, or by passing each one of those that composed a chain of them slowly through the fingers. The one offered to Queen Elizabeth by Catherine was composed of twelve pommanders in gold filagree, enriched with precious stones and curious enamels, and united by a chain of gold, with a diamond set in each link. This gift must have been extremely acceptable to the great English Queen, whose passion for sweet scents is a matter of history.

The rage for perfumes at the French Court reached its apogee during the reign of Louis XV. His court was known throughout Europe by the name of the "Scented Court." The expenditure of Madame de Pompadour for this one branch of her toilette amounted to a hundred thousand dollars annually. It became the fashion for the host or hostess of a great entertainment to signalize to their guests what particular perfume was to be employed for scenting their rooms on the night for which the invitations were issued, and they were expected to use no other, so that the delicate effect of a unity of odors might be produced. At court a different perfume was prescribed for each day of the week. This all sounds very refined and charming, but it must be remembered that the utter disregard of the rules of cleanliness during this reign, and that of Louis XIV, even by individuals of the highest rank, rendered the use of powerful scents, to a certain degree, obligatory. The gorgeous palace of Versailles did not contain a single bathroom till one was arranged for the use of Marie Antoinette. That ill-fated Queen was very fond of perfumery, her favorite scent being essence of roses.

Perfumes went entirely out of fashion in France during the epoch of the great Revolution. They were brought back into vogue by the Empress Josephine, and have never since lost their hold upon society. Queen Marie Amélie, the wife of Louis Philippe, was fond of orange flower water, the scent of which recalled to her mind the gardens of her native Sicily.

The Empress Eugénie had, and still cherishes, a true Spaniard's taste for strong scents, her favorite odors being sandalwood and lemon verbena. Queen Victoria seldom uses any perfume except the homely and refreshing lavender water, of which large quantities are annually manufactured for her use. The Princess of Wales delights in that delicate scent known as wood-violet. The Empress Frederick uses quantities of cologne water, especially in the daily bath, which she, as a typical Englishwoman, never fails to take unless she be hindered by illness, employing in this way a quart of cologne water daily. The Empress of Austria prefers for toilet uses the delicate orange scent known as Portugal water. The Queen-Regent of Spain has a delicious perfume especially made for her use from the spice-scented blossoms of the carnation.



THE AUTHOR OF THE "ELSIE" BOOKS

BY FLORENCE WILSON

THE author of the famous "Elsie" books has succeeded in keeping her personality hidden so completely from a curious public that it is as almost an entire stranger to her readers that THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is able to present Miss Martha Finley.

She was born at Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1828, and for her first score or so of years, lived in different towns of Ohio and Indiana with her parents, Dr. James Brown Finley and Maria Theresa Brown. She was educated, for the most part, at home and in private schools in these different cities.

Soon after the death of her parents, about 1853, Miss Finley removed to New York, and a little later to Philadelphia, which she in turn left for Phoenixville, in the same State, and where she taught school for a number of years. During the war, and until 1874, her time was spent in either the one or the other of these places, and in the early part of 1874—her school having been destroyed by the war—she removed to Bedford, Pennsylvania, where she made her home with an aunt and a sister. While



MISS FINLEY

in Philadelphia, in 1876, at the Centennial Exposition, she visited relatives at Elkton, Maryland, and being in very poor health, and the surgeon whom she had selected as her physician residing there, she decided to make her home in that delightful town.

When about twenty-six years of age Miss Finley began her career as a writer, by contributing short stories to the children's departments of various Sunday-school papers. Writing at first anonymously, the success of her stories induced her publishers to ask her to sign them; and as her family objected to the publishing of her own name, "Martha Farquharson" was chosen as her nom de plume. Farquharson is the clan name, the Gaelic of Finley, the family being of Scotch-Irish ancestry.

Miss Finley's first successful Sunday-school book was called "Jennie White." "Elsie Dinsmore," the idea of which, Miss Finley says, was given her in answer to a prayer for something which would yield her an income, was begun during the war, and with no intention of ever being continued in sequels, but the requests for the continuation have been so numerous, and the demands of both public and publisher so imperative, that it has never seemed possible to bring the series to a conclusion. In addition to Miss Finley's stories for children she has published several novels.

Miss Finley has been an invalid for a number of years, and has done much of her writing while prostrated by illness. Despite this she keeps a bright and cheerful disposition, and is loved by all who know her.

In appearance Miss Finley is very pleasing. She is of average height, with a figure inclined to plumpness. Her hair is snow-white and forms a lovely setting to the delicate features and beautiful eyes beneath it. She dresses in the simplest taste, her favorite colors for her own wear being navy blue and gray.

Although the dogs of criticism have been let loose upon "Martha Farquharson" and her series of "Elsies," there has been almost no character in American juvenile fiction which has attained more widespread interest and affection. And for the author of this children's heroine there can be nothing but the kindest feeling. In her simple womanliness and Christianity she is a type of the best in American spinsterhood.

UNKNOWN WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

The Wives of Two Famous Literary Men

THE WIFE OF COUNT TOLSTOY

BY MARYA MENSCHIKOFF

IN 1860 Count Lyeff Nikolaevitch Tolstoy, then thirty-two years of age, resolved never to marry, and as an earnest of his resolution, sold the manor-house of his estate. Its purchaser removed the body of the house, leaving what had formerly been its wings standing as detached buildings, and in one of these the hermit Count took up his abode. To this place, two years later, he brought his bride, Sophia, the young daughter of a German physician resident in Moscow, and within its bare walls for seventeen years they made their home. No one who has not experienced the loneliness and retirement which such a residence entails can appreciate how absolutely within herself and her home the wife's interest must have been. And yet, in spite of this, the Countess Tolstoy (this is the spelling of the name used by the family upon their French visiting-



THE COUNTESS TOLSTOY

cards, and in writing in English) has a breadth of character and an aptitude for the larger interests of life, which has certainly not been developed from her environment.

Their summer home—and, indeed, the place where the greater part of the year is spent—is called Yasnaya Polyána (Clearfield), and is in the province of Tula. The grounds are extensive and beautiful, more from their rugged and wild picturesqueness than from cultivation or care. The house stands at a distance of about a mile from the highway, from which it is barely visible through the trees. Without and within everything is of the simplest. The park, with its stately avenues of trees, the lawns, forests and ponds of the estate are most beautiful, despite the neglect of later years. A grove and thicket occupy the site of the former manor, separating the wings. One of the wings is occupied by a sister of the Countess and her children, and the other has been enlarged to meet the requirements of the novelist and his family.

The daily routine of life at this Russian "Clearfield" is a simple one. In the morning, tea and coffee, with bread and butter, are served in the large hall, after which a stroll is taken through the woods to a small river, a mile distant, where a bath is indulged in. A twelve-o'clock breakfast is served under the trees, at which meal informality reigns, and where, for the first time in the day, the entire family assembles. After breakfast there is riding and driving, when the weather will permit, until late in the afternoon. Dinner is served out-of-doors.

The Countess is an extremely clever woman intellectually, and one who is more than a match for her husband in his arguments. She transcribes his books as they are written, as frequently as they are altered and revised, and in the case of the "Kreutzer Sonata," copied it four times before the book was finally completed.

The Countess, who is of necessity the financial manager of the family, has taken possession of the estate, which she administers for the good of her husband and children. She it was who issued, a few years ago, the cheap edition of Count Tolstoy's novels, on the royalties of which the household has been supported. To her firmness and determination the credit for the home in which the family reside, as well as the blame—if such it be called—for her husband's failure to practice the doctrine of a community of goods, which he so earnestly advocates, must be given; and her realization that a home must be provided for the nine children who have lived of the sixteen born to them, must be her excuse.

MRS. F. MARION CRAWFORD

BY ALICE GRAHAM MCCOLLIN

THE wife of the clever novelist and "citizen of the world," as Mr. Crawford has been styled, is in every respect what her husband's most enthusiastic admirers could desire, a beautiful, talented and charming woman, who, in her cleverness as in her personality, is well fitted to be the helpmate of a man of Mr. Crawford's ability. Mrs. Crawford, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Christopher Berdan, is the daughter of General Berdan, of the famous Sharpshooters. She was born at the Kimball homestead, West Lebanon, New Hampshire, and there she spent the first years of her life. In her early girlhood she went abroad with her father when he went to St. Petersburg to introduce the Berdan rifle. His home was at first in St. Petersburg and later in Berlin, in which cities his daughter was educated. She



MRS. CRAWFORD

returned to the United States in 1880, and remained here till 1882, during which time she met Mr. Crawford. Returning to Europe and then to Constantinople the acquaintance was renewed on Turkish soil, and their engagement followed soon afterward. They were married on the eleventh of October, 1884, at Buyukdere, on the Bosphorus.

At this time Mr. Crawford had been living about the world, first in one country, then in another, having no settled place of abode. Some time after his marriage, however, he bought a residence at Sorrento in Italy. The house, which is situated upon a bluff two hundred feet high overlooking the Bay of Naples, was rebuilt for his lovely young wife by Mr. Crawford, and here a great part of their married life has been spent, varied occasionally by journeys, which have extended as far as the Crimea and the Caucasus.

Mrs. Crawford is the mother of four children, Eleanor, aged seven, Harold, aged five, and Berdan and Clare, twin son and daughter, who will be three years of age this month.

In appearance Mrs. Crawford is beautiful. She is tall, very fair of complexion, with large, lustrous black eyes, and a great quantity of magnificent golden hair. Mrs. Crawford's excellent judgment and keen critical faculty are of the greatest assistance to her husband in his work, and he reads his compositions to her, day by day, as he writes.

A lover and talented student of music, Mrs. Crawford has devoted much time and study to the piano. She plays unusually well for an amateur. She is also an accomplished linguist, speaking four languages with fluency.

In spite of her long residence abroad Mrs. Crawford's affection for her native land is very strong, and both she and her husband look forward to taking up their permanent residence in this country. To this end Mr. Crawford has purchased land near his wife's birthplace, in New Hampshire.

The daily routine at Sorrento is a simple one. Both Mr. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford are good sailors, and spend as much time as possible on the sea. Moreover Mrs. Crawford is an admirable housekeeper, and in Italy housekeeping is not a sinecure. Mrs. Crawford was formerly an enthusiastic and accomplished horse-woman, but has of late ridden little, the country near Sorrento being mountainous, while meadows cannot be said to exist at all; and this, to one fond of the saddle, is the only drawback to what might well be described as an ideal existence.



ETHEL MACKENZIE McKENNA

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN

IT was the opinion of Sir Morell Mackenzie, the eminent throat specialist, that a father should give to his daughters, no less than to his sons, some vocation in life. A hard worker himself, he fervently believed in work; and in practical application of this view each of his three daughters was induced to take a profession, and to strive after excellence in it as though her daily bread depended upon the issue. One chose music, another art, while the eldest, Ethel, the subject of this sketch, found her *metier* in literature.

When Sir Morell Mackenzie's daughters, of their own free wills, made choice of their professions, he, in the midst of his arduous daily duties, directed their studies and superintended their training. And that this might be done more carefully, Ethel and her sisters were educated at home by a governess, assisted by one or two visiting masters. Ethel was seventeen when, "not being clever, like my sisters, at anything else," as she naively put it, journalism was decided upon as her career. From that time Sir Morell directed her course of reading with a view to her future profession.



MRS. MCKENNA

Under his advice Macaulay, Ruskin, Addison and other masters of style were diligently read, as well as the great novelists and poets; and the lectures upon English literature delivered by Professor Morley at the College for Women in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, were regularly attended by her. When Mr. David Anderson, a member of the staff of one of the leading London dailies, began teaching his profession, Ethel became one of his most diligent pupils.

His daughter's ability with the pen was of much assistance to Sir Morell, in preparing for the press the many articles made necessary by the controversy which followed the death of the Emperor Frederick. The opportunity for general newspaper work came soon after, and this clever daughter became the London correspondent of a Philadelphia newspaper; her letters soon attracted the attention of the manager of one of the American Literary Syndicates, who solicited her services for occasional letters on special subjects, and since that time Sir Morell Mackenzie's daughter has become a well-known figure in journalism.

In the summer of 1890 Ethel married Mr. McKenna, a young London solicitor. Their home is at York Terrace, Regents' Park. With her husband's consent Mrs. McKenna intends to continue her literary work, which the arrival of a baby boy has suspended for a time. She has her sanctum at York Terrace. The room is of medium size and very lofty, with wide, high windows hung with curtains of flame-colored brocade. The walls, papered with a quaint green Japanese paper, are partly covered by bookshelves, many of the varied occupants of which were given to Mrs. McKenna by their authors. A piano occupies one end of the room and at the other stands the old-fashioned mahogany desk at which Mrs. McKenna writes; scattered about the room are photographs and other articles of interest. On the desk is a writing-board, the gift of Ellen Terry. The silver lamp, engraved E. McK. from E. Y., was presented by Edmund Yates. The silver candlesticks on the mantelpiece testify to the kindness of Mr. Pinero, and those on the piano are treasured because they had Mrs. Kendal for their giver. These things all denote the artistic circle in which Mrs. McKenna moves, a circle in which dramatic art probably predominates.

THE LIFE OF A SISTER OF CHARITY

By James Cardinal Gibbons



GREATER love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Such was the philanthropy of the great St. Vincent de Paul, father of the poor, who labored strenuously for them, and extended his charity to all the miseries incident to mankind. St. Vincent de Paul was born April 24, 1576, in the parish of Puy, in France. Early in life he evinced a special love for the poor, and deprived himself of many conveniences in order to assist them. In 1599, he was ordained priest and shortly after, while on a voyage, the vessel being attacked by the Turks, he was captured and taken to Tunis, where he was sold as a slave. After two years he returned to France with his master, whom he had converted. He devoted himself henceforth to the exercise of the ministry, and in 1625, he founded the Congregation of the Mission. The members of this society were engaged in giving missions in the various cities, towns and country places. Aware of the misery among the poor, St. Vincent established Confraternities of Charity, the object of which was the relief of the sick poor.

A NUMBER of ladies of rank joined these confraternities, but, for various causes, it was found impracticable for them to render personal assistance to the poor. They were consequently obliged to rely on servants to distribute the nourishment and remedies to the sick; but these showed neither affection nor skill in the discharge of the duty. St. Vincent then saw the necessity of finding persons who would be willing, through motives of charity, to undertake this good work. During his missions in the country, he met with some young women who were anxious to consecrate their lives to God, and to them he proposed his charitable design. It was necessary for them to be instructed in their new duties, and for this purpose, toward the end of the year 1633, he sent three or four of these young girls to Paris to be placed under the care of Mademoiselle Le Gras. This lady was a widow, with whom he had been acquainted for years, and in whom he discovered a consummate prudence, an exemplary and solid piety, and an ardent and indefatigable zeal in the accomplishment of good works. Knowing her tenderness for the poor, St. Vincent judged that she possessed the qualifications necessary to train these young girls in the service of the sick. So great were the necessities of the poor at the time that Mademoiselle Le Gras was obliged to send her novices into different parishes, where their humane example incited others to offer themselves for like services. Thus gradually was commenced the community of the Sisters of Charity, servants of the sick poor. Mademoiselle Le Gras, their first superioress, was the daughter of Louis de Marillac and Margaret de Cannes. She was born in Paris, August 12, 1591. In 1613, she married Anthony Le Gras, secretary of Queen Mary de Medicis. Without neglecting her domestic affairs, she visited the sick, consoled and instructed them. On the death of her husband in 1625, she consecrated herself entirely to deeds of charity, under the direction of St. Vincent. He therefore found no one more worthy to be placed at the head of the community he was forming.

CONTRARY to the usual custom in religious communities, St. Vincent gave the Sisters "no cloister but the streets of the city, or the wards of hospitals; no cell but a hired room; no inclosure but obedience; no veil but holy modesty." This servant of God foresaw that a community designed for the service of the poor could not be inclosed; therefore, he prescribed for his spiritual daughters a manner of life compatible with the duties required of them, and which, at the same time, afforded them the means of attaining a high degree of perfection. Mademoiselle Le Gras governed the community until her death in 1660, the same year in which St. Vincent rendered his soul to his Maker. Like the grain of mustard seed mentioned in the Gospel, this society has so increased that it extends to the uttermost parts of the world. The members of this community make the ordinary vows of religion and renew them every year. The Sisters are admitted to their vows after a probation of five years. Wherever we go, the Sisters of Charity may be seen taking their way to the abodes of the miserable, and ministering to their wants. Among the plague-stricken, on the battle-field amid the groans of the wounded and dying, these women have always been found at the post of duty, regardless of danger, and even of life. Following the example of the divine Model, whose heart was filled with compassion for the poor, and whose hand was ever ready to relieve them, the Sister of Charity shrinks from no sacrifice, is appalled by no danger. She knows no distinction of race or creed.

THE principal employments of the Sisters of Charity are: The instruction of youth, the care of the sick and of the insane, of founding children and of orphans, and the assistance of the poor at their own homes. In the United States the Sisters are engaged in all these works. They discharge their duties with scrupulous exactitude. There are many schools under the supervision of the Sisters, where children are trained to acquire the knowledge necessary to fit them for positions in life. To the poor, the Sisters are friends indeed, for the most abandoned, on his couch of pain, finds at their hands the tender care of a mother.

In the "industrial schools" which they conduct, the orphans receive daily instruction in the ordinary branches of education, and in dressmaking and fine sewing. Each class is under the supervision of a competent teacher, and the finest handwork is taught, so that the orphans may become capable of taking responsible positions on leaving the asylum. Schools of this kind are numerous throughout the Union, and are well patronized. There are also asylums for foundlings and orphans, who receive the maternal cares which their tender age requires. Parish schools are entrusted to the Sisters, who educate poor children gratuitously. These are instructed in all that is necessary for their condition in life. In the select schools, young ladies pursue an academic course.

THE arrival of the Sisters of Charity in Jerusalem in 1886, was hailed with joy by the inhabitants. "Those people with the large white wings," excited their curiosity. Finding that they had come from Paris to take care of the sick poor gratuitously, and to render all possible assistance to the needy, the utmost confidence was placed in them. The Sisters began their work of charity, and their successful treatment of the sick elicited the admiration of the Turks who styled them "grand doctors of Paris." An incident is related concerning their first patient. A child, seriously ill and declared incurable by physicians, was brought to the dispensary. The usual simple remedies were administered and the child recovered, much to the joy of its parents. The news of this cure spread throughout the city, and the sick were brought from all parts to the humble abode of the "white doves," to secure similar favors. During certain periods of the year 1886, six hundred persons were daily received at this dispensary, and supplied with medicine and food. Outside the city of Jerusalem many lepers are still to be found, and these are objects of special interest to the Sisters. Unhappy victims of a loathsome disease, abandoned by all, they hail the visits of these charitable women with joy. Linen and remedies are furnished and their pains alleviated by every means that sympathy can suggest; comfortable rooms shelter the sufferers from the inconveniences of the weather. At the time of the first foundation in Jerusalem, a small house was rented by the Sisters.

IN 1891, during the cholera epidemic in Syria, the Sisters and the physician employed in their dispensary, set out daily on their mission of charity, in search of the poor victims, and everywhere ministered to their wants. His Excellency, Mustapha Assim Pacha, deeply moved by the courage and extraordinary charity of the Sisters, publicly eulogized their devotedness, and invited Mussulmans and Christians to thank God for having given to mankind such women to consecrate their lives and to alleviate the miseries of their fellow-beings, without distinction of race or creed. His Excellency placed an ambulance at the gate of the city of Damascus, and confided it to the care of the Sisters. Here Christians, Mussulmans and Jews were gratuitously served at the expense of His Excellency. Another interesting work is that of the "Misericorde," founded at Turin, in Northern Italy. What is a "Misericorde"? In every parish there exist evils, more or less grievous, more or less known. Who can tell what the poor endure from hunger and cold, above all in winter? Interrogate the Sisters of Charity, who know something of their sufferings. How will they relieve so many miseries? They establish the "Misericorde"—a poor-house, where two or three Sisters take up their abode and dispense the alms furnished by the "Ladies of Charity." Accompanied by these Ladies the Sisters often visit the neighborhood, seeking the needy and bringing them alms. Through the fervor of the Ladies, resources are increased, a larger house is purchased, the Sisters become more numerous, and a new work is commenced. An asylum for poor children; then a work-room for indigent girls; a Crèche, that is, a house where poor working-women may leave their infants, to be attended to during the day, while they are at work; an asylum for foundlings; finally, soups and remedies are distributed to the sick poor; all these works follow in rapid succession.

THE Sisters of Charity at first sought for the miserable, now the miserable seek the Sisters of Charity, who become the visible Providence of the parish and city. Thus, the work almost imperceptibly increases and branches out into divers other works, for the benefit of the miserable.

Benefactors furnish the means; the Sisters undertake the arduous labors of charity; the missionary, when necessary, gives encouragement, direction and advice. Several houses of the "Misericorde" have been established in Turin, and much good has been effected. In China, all the works of the Sisterhood are conducted in the ablest manner. Traversing the roads there one frequently meets two Sisters, accompanied by a woman to assist them, and by a man who carries the medicine-case. They wend their way to the different quarters of the cities and of the suburbs, or to isolated huts of the country. Often invited by the élite, treated with deference and confidence, devoted and courageous, they go everywhere, scattering blessings in their way.

VIOLENT persecutions take place from time to time, and these Sisters, whose lives have been spent in endeavoring to enlighten and improve the pagan, receive as their reward the crown of martyrdom. Does the good work cease with their death? Is the country then abandoned to its spiritual and corporal miseries? Scarcely has the news of the cruel martyrdom reached the ears of the Sisterhood, than numerous volunteers advance to replace the fallen. Penetrated with ardent charity, the tenderest ties fail to deter them from endangering their lives for the benefit of the poor. Now, as in the days of its holy founder, the community still exercises its labors of mercy and love to man, and so it will continue to do.

The Mother House of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, is located at Emmitsburg, Maryland, and here young ladies, desirous of consecrating their lives to works of charity in the community, are trained in the spiritual life and in the works of their choice. A probation of nine months precedes the "Taking of the Habit" of the Order. Five years then elapse before the young Sister is permitted to consecrate herself to the works by vows. Absolute freedom exists in this matter, no Sister being obliged to make the vows, in fact, it is only after repeated requests that the privilege is granted. Moreover, each year a formal petition on the part of every Sister is requisite to obtain for her the favor of renewing them.

A life of consecration to the works of mercy and charity, holds joys so pure and sweet that few, having once tasted its happiness, are willing to relinquish it. As long as there are sufferings to relieve, and griefs to soothe, the Sister of Charity will be found faithful in the exercise of her calling.

HAPPY CHILDREN OF SILENCE

BY THOMAS GALLAUDET

HERE is a pathetic interest attaching to those of our fellow creatures, especially children, who are dead to sound, and whose tongues are helpless to express the emotions of their minds and hearts. And yet it is a mistake to imagine that the lives of deaf mutes are altogether joyless. Those born afflicted have no consciousness of it. They are resigned to their condition, knowing not of what they are deprived. Deaf mutes generally are as happy as the average of people. Their sense of sight is doubly keen, and they take much pleasure in observing people and things. They like anything that calls into operation the sense of sight, as, for instance, pictures and natural scenery. They are pretty good judges of character. They like to visit places of amusement, and so keen are their powers of perception and intuition, that they enjoy the play as truly as the average theatre-goer. From being shut in so much they are naturally inclined to be jealous and suspicious, but education generally banishes such feelings.

AND they are not miserable nor unhappy. Many of them come from uncongenial homes, and through instruction and the efforts of their tutors are led to a higher plane in life and made capable of more real enjoyment. If they had been born in the full possession of their faculties, who knows what kind of a life they might have had to pass through? My mother, who was a congenital deaf mute, was nineteen years of age before she received any education whatever, though naturally bright and intelligent. In my father's school, so marked was her scholarship that from being my father's pupil she became his wife, and in the years that followed, she labored among deaf mutes in Hartford and in Washington with great success. Many of her old pupils speak touchingly of her, and reverently and lovingly call her "mother." If she had been blessed with a normal condition of the senses of speaking and hearing, she might have lived and died unknown in some small New England hamlet.

MANY people wonder how deaf mutes of six years old and upward are taught, by what means the tutor makes the first impression upon their minds. There are twelve foundation words, such as hat, key, knife, box, adze, etc., which twelve words contain all the letters of the alphabet. The teacher points to a hat, and says "hat." This is repeated until the class are pretty sure to remember it; and so on until the rest of the twelve words are mastered. Then the teacher goes a step further. Touching the hat, he says: "I touch the hat," and then asks: "What did I touch?" "What did I touch?" "Who touched the hat?" In this way the verbs and pronouns are taught. After this, they are taught to observe and perform acts, and to answer simple questions in sign language and writing. Enumeration is taught from cards, and the pupils are expected to express themselves in both figures and words. Penmanship is acquired by copying short lessons prepared in script. They are not taught printed letters at all. In the second year of their school life, journals are written on general topics. Another development is the classification of objects and the distinguishing of the various colors and shades. Colored papers are used to teach the scholars, and it is a matter of interest to note that girls can distinguish colors far better than boys. Arithmetic is taught from written cards. The instruction of these little ones is necessarily a work of patience, though education being principally instilled by means of object lessons, and the perceptive powers of deaf mutes being all the greater by reason of their deprivation of the senses of hearing and speaking, when once the mind is fairly aroused, the rest of the work is not so hard.

THE Abbe de L'Epee was the founder of the first school for deaf mutes in Paris, and was likewise the originator of the sign language, by which is understood the language of motion, conveying ideas by signs to the deaf, as we convey them by sounds to those who can hear. He used the single-handed alphabet, which is to-day the most popular. The beauty and usefulness of the sign language is that it can be used to convey ideas to mankind generally. An American may use it: a Frenchman may use it; a Chinaman may use it; an Indian may use it; a Sandwich Islander may use it. It is essentially a universal language. When the Abbe de L'Epee died, the Abbe Sicard succeeded him in his labors, and perfected the system. It was in his school that my father, Thomas H. Gallaudet, acquired a knowledge of the system in 1816. Bringing with him a French deaf mute gentleman, M. Laurent Clerc, in 1817, my father returned to this country and established the first school for deaf mutes in Hartford. Since that time, schools for deaf mutes have sprung up in different parts of the country, until now there are about seventy in all, with an aggregate attendance of over eight thousand. Much advancement has been made in this country, for the reason, chiefly, that the schools are under State patronage and control. In Europe, the schools are mainly supported by voluntary contributions. The National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, of which my brother, Rev. E. M. Gallaudet, LL. D., is president, is supported by the Government, and is empowered by Congress to offer degrees. Deaf mutes graduate from State institutions and go to this college to complete their education, and many of them acquire great proficiency in belles-lettres, the arts and sciences, and go out to take good positions in the world. Some return to teach in the State institutions whence they graduated. Connected with each school are industrial departments, where the different trades are taught. There are two methods of instruction: the first, and more general, is called the "combined system," whereby scholars are taught the sign language and also articulation; the second, the "oral method," which confines itself to articulation. Out of this educational system has grown what we call the "church-work" among deaf mutes. Services are held every Sunday morning and evening for hearing worshippers, and in the afternoon a service in signs is held for deaf mutes. St. Ann's Church, in New York City, was the first church for deaf mutes in the world.

MANY deaf mutes possess high intellectual and moral attributes. Many have risen, in the face of the most adverse and trying circumstances, to positions of emolument and honor. They marry—sometimes with hearing persons, but more often among their deaf-mute sisters—and only in a very few instances are their children born deaf and dumb. There would be more interest awakened in deaf mutes if the public possessed a more accurate conception of their actual condition and the peculiar circumstances attendant on their affliction. There is a tendency to exaggerate their misfortune. Most people think that they are good for nothing in the world; that when they once learn the sign language, that is all. Far from it. Their minds are trained, and their individual tastes encouraged. My experience, reaching through a lifetime, convinces me that there are few avocations which a deaf mute cannot pursue with comparative success.

THE COAST OF BOHEMIA

By William Dean Howells

[This story was commenced in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for December, 1892]

XVII



MRS. MAYBOUGH had an apartment in the Mandan Flats, and her windows looked out over miles of the tinted foliage of the Park, and down across the avenue into one of the pretty pools which light up its woodland reaches. The position was superb, and the Mandan was in some sort worthy of it. The architect had done his best to give unity and character to its tremendous mass, and he had failed in much less measure than the architects of such buildings usually do. Cornelia dismounted into the dirty street in front of it from a shabby horse-car, and penetrated its dim splendors of mosaic pavement and polished granite pillars and frescoed vaults with a heart fluttered by a hall-boy all over buttons, and a janitor in blue and silver livery, and an elevator-man in like keeping with American ideals. She was disgusted with herself that she should be so scared, and she was ashamed of the relief she felt when a servant in plain clothes opened Mrs. Maybough's door to her; she knew he must be a servant because he had on a dress-coat and a white tie, and she had heard the Burtons joke about how they were always taking the waiters for clergymen at first in Europe. He answered her with subdued respectfulness when she asked for the ladies, and then he went forward and for the first time in her life she heard her name called into a drawing-room, as she had read it was done in England, but never could imagine it. The man held aside the portière for her to pass, but before she could do so there came a kind of joyous whoop from within, a swishing of skirts toward her, and she was caught in the arms of Charmian, who kissed her again and again, and cried out over her goodness in coming.

"Why, didn't you expect me?" Cornelia asked, bluntly.

"Yes, but I was just pretending you wouldn't come, or something had happened to keep you, so that I could have the good of the revulsion when you did come, and feel that it was worth all I had suffered. Don't you like to do that?"

"I don't believe I ever did it," said Cornelia.

"That's what makes you so glorious," Charmian exulted. "You don't need to do such things. You're equal to life as it comes. But I have to prepare myself for it every way I can. Don't you see?"

She led her, all embraced, into the drawing-room, where she released her to the smooth welcome of Mrs. Maybough. There was no one else in the vast, high room, which was lit with long windows and darkened again with long, thick curtains, but was still light enough to let Cornelia see the elaborate richness of Mrs. Maybough's dress and the simple richness of Charmian's. She herself wore her street dress, and she did not know whether she ought to keep her hat on or not; but Charmian said she must pour tea with her, and she danced Cornelia down the splendid length of the three great salons opening into each other along the front of the apartment, toward her own room, where she said she must leave it. The drawing-room was a harmony of pictures so rich and soft, and rugs so rich and soft, that the colors seemed to play from wall to floor and back again in the same mellow note; the dimness of the dining-room was starred with the glimmer of silver and cut-glass and the fainter reflected light of polished mahogany; the library was a luxury of low leather chairs and lounges, lurking window-seats, curtained in warm colors, and shelves full of regular ranks of books in French bindings of blue and green leather. There was a great carved library table in front of the hearth, where a soft-coal fire flickered with a point or two of flame; on the mantel a French clock of classic architecture caught the eye with the gleam of its pendulum as it vibrated inaudibly. It was all extremely well done, infinitely better than Cornelia could have known. It was tasteful and refined, with the taste and refinement of the decorator, who had wished to pro-

duce the effect of long establishment and well-bred permanency. The Mandan Flats were really not two years old, and Mrs. Maybough had taken her apartment in the spring, and had been in it only a few weeks.

"Now, all this is mamma," Charmian said, suffering Cornelia to pause for a backward glance at the rooms as she pushed open a door at the side of the library. "I simply endure it because it's in the bargain. But it's no more me than my gown is. This is where I stay when I'm with mamma, but I'm going to show you where I live—where I dream."

She glided down the electric-lighted corridor where they found themselves, and apologized over her shoulder to Cornelia behind her: "Of course, you can't have an attic in a flat; and anything like rain on the roof is practically impossible; but I've come as near to it as I could. Be careful! Here are the stairs."

She mounted eight or ten steps that

study of the place by turning about and looking at it herself. "It seemed as if it never would come together, at one time. Everything was in it, just as it should be; and then I found it was the ridiculous ceiling that was the trouble. It came to me like a flash—what to do—and I got this canvas painted the color of the walls, and stretched so as to cut off half the height of the room; and now it's a perfect symphony. You wouldn't have thought it wasn't a real ceiling?"

"No, I shouldn't," said Cornelia, as much surprised as Charmian could have wished.

"You can imagine what a relief it is to steal away here from all that unreality of mamma's, down there, and give yourself up to the truth of art. I just draw a long breath when I get in here, and leave the world behind me. Why, when I get off here alone for a minute, I unlace!"

Cornelia went about looking at the sketches on the walls; they were all that mixture of bad drawing and fantastic thinking which she was used to in the things Charmian scribbled over her papers at the Synthesis. She glanced toward the easel, but Charmian said: "Don't look at it! There's nothing there; I haven't decided what I shall do yet. I did think I should paint this tiger-skin, but I don't feel easy

through you. I don't see how I ever lived without the Synthesis. I'm going to have a wolf-hound—as soon as I can get a good-tempered one that the man can lead out in the Park for exercise—to curl up here in front of the fire; and I'm going to have foils and masks over the chimney. As soon as I'm a member of the Synthesis I'm going to get them to let me be one of the monitors; that'll concentrate me, if anything will, keeping the rest in order, and I can get a lot of ideas from posing the model; don't you think so? But you've got all the ideas you want, already. Aren't you going to join the sketch class?"

"I don't know but I am," said Cornelia. "I haven't got quite turned round yet."

"Well, you must do it. I'm going to have the class here, some day, as soon as I get the place in perfect order. I must have a suit of Japanese armor for that corner over there; and then two or three of those queer-looking, old, long, faded trunks, you know, with eastern stuffs gaping out of them, to set along the wall. I should be ashamed to have anybody see it now; but you have an eye, you can supply everything with a glance. I'm going to have a bed made up in the alcove over there, and sleep here, sometimes—just that broad lounge, you know, with some rugs on it—I've got the cushions, you see, already—and mice running over you, for the crumbs you've left when you've got hungry sitting up late. Are you afraid of mice?"

"Well, I shouldn't care to have them run over me, much," said Cornelia.

"Well, I shouldn't either," said Charmian, "but if you sleep in your studio, some time you have to. They all do. Just put your hat in here," and she glided before Cornelia through the studio door into one that opened beside it. The room was a dim and silent bed-chamber, appointed with the faultless luxury that characterized the rest of the apartment. Cornelia had never dreamt of anything like it, but "Don't look at it!" Charmian pleaded. "I hate it, and I'm going to get into the studio to sleep as soon as I've thought out the kind of hangings. Well, we shall have to hurry back now." But she kept Cornelia while she critically rearranged a ribbon on her, and studied the effect of it over her shoulder in the glass. "Yes," she said, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, "perfectly Roman! Gladys wouldn't have done for you. Cornelia was a step in the right direction; but it ought to have been Fulvia."

"I should have clung to Fulvia's waist and thrust the dagger through her side,"

she chanted tragically; and she caught Cornelia in her arms for illustration. "'Dream of Fair Women,' you know. What part are you going to play to-day?"

"What part?" Cornelia demanded, freeing herself, with her darkest frown of perplexity. "You're not going to have theatricals, I hope." She thought it was going pretty far to receive company Sunday afternoon, and if there were to be anything more she was ready to take her stand now.

Charmian gave a shout of laughter. "I wish we were. Then I could be natural. But I mean, what are you going to be—very gentle and mild and sweet and shrinking, or very philosophical and thoughtful, or very stately and cold and remote? You know you have to be some-

thing. Don't you always plan out the character you want them to think you?"

"No," said Cornelia, driven to her bluntest by the discomfort she felt at such a question, and the doubt it cast her into.

Charmian looked at her gloomily. "You strange creature!" she murmured. "But I love you," she added aloud. "I simply idolize you!"

Cornelia said, half laughing: "Don't be ridiculous," and pulled herself out of the embrace which her devotee had thrown about her. But she could not help liking Charmian for seeming to like her so.

XVIII

THEY still had some time with Mrs. Maybough, when they went back to her, before any one else came. Cornelia could see that her features were rather small and regular, and that her hair was that sort of elderly blonde in color which makes people look younger than they are after they have passed a certain age. She was really well on in the thirties when she went out to Leadville to take charge of Charmian Maybough's education from the New England town where she had always lived, and ended by marrying Charmian's father. At that time Andrew Maybough had already made and lost several fortunes without great deprivation from the immoralities of



"She knew that he was ignoring her blunt behavior as something she could not help."

crooked upward, and flung wide a door at the top of the landing. It gave into a large room fronting northward and lighted with one wide window; the ceiling sloped and narrowed down to this from the quadrangular vault, and the cool, gray walls rose not much above Cornelia's head where they met the roof. They were all stuck about with sketches in oil and charcoal. An easel with a canvas on it stood convenient to the light; a flesh-tinted lay figure in tumbled drapery drooped limply in a corner; a table, littered with palettes and brushes and battered tubes of color, was carelessly pushed against the window; there were some lustrous rugs hung up beside the door; the floor was bare except for a great tiger-skin, with the head on, that sprawled in front of the fireplace. This was very simple, with rough iron fire-dogs; the low mantel was scattered with cigarettes, cigars in Chinese bronze vases at either end, and midway a medley of pipes, long-stemmed in clay and stubbed in briar-wood.

"Good gracious!" said Cornelia. "Do you smoke?"

"Not yet," Charmian answered, gravely, "but I'm going to learn. Bernhardt does. These are just some pipes that I got the men at the Synthesis to give me; pipes are so full of character. And isn't this something like?" She invited Cornelia to a

painting the skin of a tiger I haven't killed myself. If I could get mamma to take me out to India and let me shoot one! But don't you think the whole place is perfect? I've tried to make it just what a studio ought to be, and yet keep it free from pose, don't you know?"

"Yes," said Cornelia. "I've never seen a studio before."

"You poor thing, you don't mean it!" cried Charmian in deep pity. Cornelia said nothing, and Charmian went on, with an air of candor: "Well, I haven't seen a great many myself—only two or three—but I know how they are, and it's easy enough to realize one. What I want is to have the atmosphere of art about me all the time. I'm like a fish out of water when I'm out of the atmosphere of art. I intend to spend my whole time here when I'm not at the Synthesis."

"I should think it would be a good place to work," Cornelia conceded.

"Yes, and I am going to work here," said Charmian. "The great trouble with me is that I have so many things in my mind I don't know which to begin on first. That's why the Synthesis is so good for me; it concentrates me, if it is on a block hand. You're concentrated by nature, and so you can't feel what a glorious pang it is to be fixed to one spot like a butterfly with a pin

the process; he remained, as he had always been, a large, loosely good-natured, casual kind of creature, of whom it was a question whether he would not be buried by public subscription at the end; but he died so opportunely that he left the widow of his second marriage with the income from a million dollars, which she was to share during her lifetime with the child of his first. Mrs. Maybough went abroad with her stepdaughter, and most of the girl's life had been spent in Europe.

There was a good deal of Dresden in their sojourn, something of Florence, necessarily a little of Paris; it was not altogether wanting in London, where Mrs. Maybough was presented at court. But so far as definitively materialized society was concerned, Europe could not be said to have availed. When she came back to her own country, it was without more than the hope that some society people, whom she had met abroad, might remember her.

"You'll see the greatest lot of frumps, if they ever do come," Charmian said to Cornelia after her stepmother had made her excuses to Cornelia for her friends being rather late, "and I don't think they're half as uncertain to come as mamma does. Anyway, they're certain to stay after they get here till you want to rise up and howl."

"My dear!" said Mrs. Maybough. "Oh, I don't suppose I ever shall howl. I'm too thoroughly subdued; and with Cornelia here to-day I shall be able to hold in. You're the first Synthesis girl," she frankly explained to Cornelia "that mamma's ever let me have. She thinks they spend all their time drawing the nude."

Mrs. Maybough looked at Cornelia for the effect of this boldness upon her, and the girl frowned to keep herself from laughing, and then gave way. Mrs. Maybough smiled with a ladylike decorum which redeemed the excess from impropriety. Charmian seemed to know the bounds of her license, and as if Mrs. Maybough's smile had marked them, she went no farther, and her mother began softly to question Cornelia about herself. The girl perceived that Charmian had not told her anything quite right concerning her, but had got everything dramatically and picturesquely awry. She tried to keep Cornelia from setting the facts straight, because it took all the romance out of them, and she said she should always believe them as she had reported them. Cornelia knew from novels that they were very humble facts, but she was prepared to abide by them whatever a great society woman like Mrs. Maybough should think of them. Mrs. Maybough seemed to think none the worse of them in the simple angularity which Cornelia gave them.

Her friends began to come in at last, and Cornelia found herself, for the first time, in a company of those modern nomads whom prosperity and the various forms of indigestion have multiplied among us. They were mostly people whom Mrs. Maybough had met in Europe, drinking different waters and sampling divers climates, and they had lately arrived home, or were just going abroad, or to Florida, or Colorado, or California. The men were not so sick as the women, but they were prosperous, and that was as good or as bad a reason for their homelessness. They gradually withdrew from the ladies and stirred their tea, in groups of their own sex, and talked investments; sometimes they spoke of their diseases, or their hotels and steamers; and they took advice of each other about places to go to, if they went in this direction or that, but said that when it came to it they supposed they should go where their wives decided. The ladies spoke of where they had met last, and of some who had died since, or had got their daughters married. They professed a generous envy of Mrs. Maybough for being so nicely settled, and said that now they supposed she would always live in New York, unless, one of them archly suggested, her daughter should be carried off somewhere; if one had such a lovely daughter, it was what one might expect to happen any day.

XIX

THE part that Charmian had chosen to represent must have been that of an Egyptian slave. She served her mother's guests, with the tea that Cornelia poured, in attitudes of the eldest sculptures and mural paintings, and received their thanks and compliments with the passive impersonality of one whose hope in life had been taken away some time in the reign of Thotmes II. She did not at once relent from her self-sacrificial conception of herself, even under the flatteries of the nice little fellow who had decorated the apartment for Mrs. Maybough, and had come to drink a cup of tea in the environment of his own taste. Perhaps this was because he had been one of the first to note the peculiar type of Charmian's style and beauty, and she wished to keep him in mind of it. He did duty as youth and gayety beside the young ladies at their tea-urn, and when he learned that Cornelia was studying at the Synthesis he professed a vivid interest and a great pleasure.

"I want Huntley to paint Miss Maybough," he said. "Don't you think he would do it tremendously well, Miss Saunders?"

"Miss Saunders is going to paint me," said Charmian, mystically.

"As soon as I get to the round," said Cornelia to Charmian. She was rather afraid to speak to the decorator. "I suppose you wouldn't want to be painted with block hands."

The decorator laughed, and Charmian asked, "Isn't she nice not to say anything about a block head? Very few Synthesis girls could have helped it; it's one of the oldest Synthesis jokes."

The young man smiled sympathetically, and said he was sure they would not keep Miss Saunders long at the block. "There's a friend of mine I should like to bring here some day."

"Mamma would be glad to see him," said Charmian. "Who is it?"

Somebody began to sing: a full-bodied lady in a bonnet, and with an over-arching bust distended with chest-notes, which swelled and sank tumultuously to her music; her little tightly-gloved hands seemed of an earlier period. Cornelia lost the name which Mr. Plaisdell gave, in the first outburst, and caught nothing more of the talk which Charmian dropped, and then caught up again when the hand-clapping began.

Some of the people went, and others came, with brief devoirs to Mrs. Maybough in the crepuscular corner where she sat. The tea circulated more and more; the babble rose and fell. It was all very curious to Cornelia who had never seen anything like it before, and quite lost the sense of the day being Sunday. The stout lady's song had been serious, if not precisely devotional in character; but Cornelia could not have profited by the fact for she did not know German. Mr. Plaisdell kept up his talk with Charmian, and she caught some words now and then that showed he was still speaking of his friend, or had recurred to him. "I'm rather dangerous when I get started on him. He's working out of his mannerisms into himself. He's a great fellow. I'm going to ask Mrs. Maybough." But he did not go at once. He drew nearer Cornelia, and tried to include her in the talk, but she was ashamed to find that she was difficult to get on common ground. She would not keep on talking Synthesis as if that were the only thing she knew, but, in fact, she did not know much else in New York, even about art.

"Ah!" he broke off to Charmian, with a lift of his head. "That's too bad! There he comes now with Wetmore!"

Cornelia looked toward Mrs. Maybough with him. One gentleman was presenting another to Mrs. Maybough. They got through with her as quickly as most people did, and then they made their way toward Cornelia's table. She had just time to govern her head and hand into stolid rigidity when Wetmore came up with Ludlow, whom he introduced to Charmian. She was going to extend the acquaintance to Cornelia, but had no chance before Ludlow took Cornelia's petrified fingers and bowed over them. The men suppressed their surprise, if they had any, at this meeting of old friends, but Charmian felt no obligation to silence.

"Where in the world have you met before? Why, Cornelia Saunders, why didn't you say you knew Mr. Ludlow?"

"I'm afraid I didn't give her time," Ludlow answered.

"Yes, but we were just speaking of you—Mr. Plaisdell was!" said Charmian, with the injury still in her voice.

"I didn't hear you speak of him," Cornelia said, with the vague flutter of her hands toward the teacups.

The action seemed to justify Wetmore to himself in saying: "Yes, thank you, I will have some tea, Miss Saunders, and then I'll get some one to introduce me to you. You haven't seen me before, and I can't stand these airs of Ludlow's." He made them laugh, and Charmian introduced them, and Cornelia gave him his tea. Then Charmian returned to her grievance and complained to Cornelia: "I thought you didn't know anybody in New York."

"Well, it seems you were not far wrong," Wetmore interposed. "I don't call Ludlow much of anybody."

"You don't often come down to anything as crude as that, Wetmore," Ludlow said.

"Not if I can help it; but I was driven to it this time; the provocation was great."

"I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Saunders at home several years ago," Ludlow said, in obedience to Charmian. "We had some very delightful friends in common there—old friends of mine—at Pymantoning."

"What a pretty name," said Mr. Plaisdell. "What a pity that none of our great cities happen to have those musical Indian names."

"Chicago," Wetmore suggested.

"Yes, Chicago is big, and the name is Indian, but is it pretty?"

"You can't have everything. I don't suppose it is very decorative."

"Pymantoning is as pretty as its name," said Ludlow. "It has the loveliness of a level, to begin with; we're so besotted with mountains in the East that we don't know how lovely a level is."

"The sea," Wetmore suggested again.

"Well, yes, that's occasionally level," Ludlow admitted. "But it hasn't got

white houses with green blinds behind black ranks of maples in the moonlight."

"If 'good taste' could have had its way, the white house with green blinds would have been a thing of the past," said the decorator. "And they were a genuine instinct, an inspiration, with our people. The white paint was always beautiful—as marble is. People tried to replace it with mud color—the color of the ground the house was built on! I congratulate Miss Saunders on the conservatism of Py—?"

"Pymantoning," said Cornelia, eager to contribute something to the talk, but vexed to have it made much of by Mr. Plaisdell as a real value. Wetmore was looking away. He floated lightly off with the buoyancy which is sometimes the property of people of his bulk, and Ludlow remained talking with Charmian. Then, with what was like the insensible transition of dreams to her he was talking with Cornelia. He said he had been meaning to come and see her all the week past, but he had been out of town and very busy, and he supposed she was occupied with looking about and getting settled. He did not make out a very clear case, she chose to think, and she was not sure but he was treating her still as a child, and she tried to think how she could make him realize that she was not. He seemed quite surprised to hear that she had been at work in the Synthesis ever since Tuesday. He complimented her enterprise, and asked not how she was getting on there, but how she liked it. She answered stiffly, and she knew that he was ignoring her blunt behavior as something she could not help, and that vexed her the more; and she wished to resist his friendliness because she did not deserve it. She kept seeing how handsome he was, with his brilliant brown beard and his hazel eyes. There were points of sunny light in his eyes when he smiled, and then his teeth shone very white.

"Have you got that little Manet, yet?" Mr. Plaisdell broke in upon them. "I was telling Miss Maybough about it."

"Yes," said Ludlow. "It's at my place. Why won't Miss Maybough and Miss Saunders come and see it? You'll come, won't you, Miss Maybough?"

"If mamma will let me," said Charmian, meekly.

"Of course! Suppose we go ask her?" The friends of Mrs. Maybough had now reduced themselves to Wetmore, who sat beside her, looking over at the little teatable group. Ludlow led the rest toward her.

"What an imprudence," he called out, "when I'd just been booming you! Now you come up in person and spoil everything."

Ludlow presented his petition, and Mrs. Maybough received it with her provisional anxiety till he named the day for the visit. She said she had an engagement for Saturday afternoon and Ludlow ventured, "Then perhaps you'd let the young ladies come with a friend of mine—Mrs. Westley. She'll be glad to call for them, I'm sure."

"Mrs. General Westley?"

"Yes."

"We met them in Rome," said Mrs. Maybough. "I shall be very happy, indeed, for my daughter. But you know Miss Saunders—is not staying with us?"

"Miss Saunders will be very happy for herself," said Charmian.

The men took their leave, and Charmian seized the first moment to breathe in Cornelia's ear: "Oh, what luck! I didn't suppose he would do it, when I got Mr. Plaisdell to hint about that Manet. And it's all for you. Now come into my room and tell me everything about it. You have got to stay for dinner."

"No, no; I can't," Cornelia gasped. "And I'm not going to his studio. He asked me because he had to."

"I should think he did have to! He talked to you as if there were no one else here. How did you meet him before? When did you?" She could not wait for Cornelia to say, but broke out with fresh astonishment: "Why, Walter Ludlow! Do you know who Walter Ludlow is? He's one of the greatest painters in New York. He's the greatest!"

"Who is Mr. Wetmore?" Cornelia asked evasively.

"Don't name him in the same century! He's grand, too. Does those little Meissonier things. He's going to paint mamma. She's one of his types. He must have brought Mr. Ludlow to see me. But he didn't see me. He saw nobody but you! Oh Cornelia!" She caught Cornelia in her arms.

"Don't be a goose!" said Cornelia, struggling to get away.

"Will you tell me all about it, then?"

"Yes. But it isn't anything."

At the end of the story Charmian sighed, "How romantic! Of course, he's simply in a frenzy till he sees you again. I don't believe he can live through the week."

"He'll have to live through several," said Cornelia. "You can excuse me when you go. He's very conceited, I think, and he talks to you as if he were a thousand years old. I think Mr. Plaisdell is a great deal nicer. He doesn't treat you as if you were—I don't know what!"

(Continuation in May JOURNAL)

OMENS FOR MARRIAGES

BY RHODES MACKNIGHT



SINCE marriage became an institution there have been certain signs and superstitions clinging to its celebration through all ages and in all countries. Even in our own day we have not entirely lost sight of them, and it is doubtful if there is

ever a bride who does not cherish every happy omen. Few people are dauntless enough to risk being married on Friday, and all have more or less respect for that old shoe which is invariably thrown after the newly wedded pair. Almost all brides wear during the ceremony some trifling thing borrowed from a girl friend as a propitiatory offering, also something blue and a piece of silver in one shoe. All brides-elect rejoice when the marriage day dawns brightly, remembering the old adage:

"Blest is the bride upon whom the sun doth shine,"

and all are equally certain that

"To change the name and not the letter
Is a change for the worse and not the better."

It is curious how these superstitions are handed down from generation to generation and how impotent, reason and common sense are to do away with their hold upon the human mind. Say what we will, we are by nature, if not by education, given to superstitious cautiousness.

In the earliest times among the Jews the fourth day of the week was considered the unlucky day for maidens to wed, and the fifth for widows. The Romans also believed that certain days were unfavorable for the performance of the marriage rite, these being the Nones and the Ides of each month, also February and May and many of their festival days. June was considered the most propitious month for matrimony, while May was to be especially avoided, as it was supposed to be under the influence of spirits inimical to happy households. This superstition prevailed for centuries in Italy, and also is even now prevalent in some parts of England; and marriages in May are prohibited in China. There was at one time a prejudice in England against marrying on "Innocents' Day," the twenty-eighth day of December, said to commemorate Herod's massacre of the children. It has always been thought unlucky to marry in Lent, even among people outside of the Established Church. An old line runs,

"Marry in Lent and you'll live to repent."

"May never was ye month of love"

is older still; and another says:

"Who marries between ye sickle and ye scythe
will never thrive."

As for days, it was at one time believed that all those who married on Tuesdays and Thursdays would be assured of happiness; but later on a well-known rhyme tells us:

"Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all!
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all."

Aside from the mere time for the ceremony, omens are almost numberless. In the Middle Ages it was considered ill-luck if the bridal-party, in going to the church, met a monk, a priest, a dog, a cat, a hare, a lizard or a serpent; while all would go well if a wolf, a spider or a toad were encountered. In the South of England it is held to be unlucky for a bride to look in the glass after she is completely dressed, before she goes to the church; so a glove or some other article is put on after the last look has been taken in the mirror. This omen is well known in America.

Among the Romans signs were looked for with great care, and no marriage was celebrated without an oracle being first consulted. And after the consultation every trivial occurrence was looked upon as an omen. Since then every country, every community almost, has had its own particular superstitions. In Scotland, for instance, it is considered the unhappiest of omens if a couple are disappointed in getting married on the day fixed. In the Isle of Man no bride nor groom goes to the altar without a pinch of salt in the pocket. In Yorkshire it is considered the height of ill-luck for a person to go in at one door and out at the other before and after the ceremony, and among the various curious superstitions in many parts of England is one to the effect that a bride will be unhappy in her marriage if she does not weep on her wedding-day; still another, that the newly-wedded pair must be driven from the church by gray horses, to insure felicity.

To America the superstitions have been brought by immigrants. Among our German citizens there are many quaint customs to be found attending the ceremony; and so with the Irish, the Scandinavians, the Slavs, and other nationalities. But there are no omens of the soil, and it is curious to reflect that even while enlightened people discard all other superstitions, those relating to matrimony seem to hold full sway. While they may not be believed in, they are yet taken into consideration.

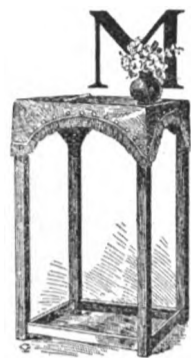


My Father As I Recall Him

By Mamie Dickens

IN SIX PAPERS: CONCLUDING PAPER

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DICKENS' READING TABLE

which must attend upon his public farewell would have a bad effect upon him. But it had no immediate result, at any rate, much to our relief.

LAST WORDS SPOKEN IN PUBLIC

I DO not think that my father ever—and this is saying a great deal—looked handsomer nor read with more ability than on this, his last appearance. Mr. Forster writes: "The charm of his reading was at its height when he shut the volume of 'Pickwick' and spoke in his own person. He said that for fifteen years he had been reading his own books to audiences whose sensitive and kindly recognition of them had given him instruction and enjoyment in his art such as few men could have had; but that he nevertheless thought it well now to retire upon older associations, and in future to devote himself exclusively to the calling which first made him known. 'In but two short weeks from this time I hope that you may enter in your own homes on a new series of readings, at which my assistance will be indispensable; but from these garish lights I vanish now, forevermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful, affectionate farewell.'"

There was a dead silence as my father turned away, much moved; and then came from the audience such a burst and tumult of cheers and applause as were almost too much to bear, mixed as they were with personal love and affection for the man before them. He returned with us all to "Gad's Hill," very happy and hopeful, under the temporary improvement which the rest and peace of his home brought him, and he settled down to his new book, "Edwin Drood," with increased pleasure and interest.

His last public appearances were in April. On the fifth he took the chair at the news-vendors' dinner. On the thirtieth he returned thanks for "Literature" at the Royal Academy banquet. In this speech he alluded to the death of his old friend, Mr. Daniel Maclise, winding up thus: "No artist, of whatsoever denomination, I make bold to say, ever went to his rest leaving a golden memory more pure from dross, or having devoted himself with a truer chivalry to the art-goddess whom he worshipped." These words, with the old, true, affectionate ring in them, were the last spoken by my father in public.

About 1865 my dear father's health began to give way, a peculiar affection of the foot, which frequently caused him the greatest agony and suffering, appearing about this time. Its real cause—overwork—was not suspected either by his physicians or himself, his vitality seeming something which could not wear out; but, although he was so active and full of energy, he was never really strong, and found soon that he must take more in the way of genuine recreation. He wrote me from France about this time: "Before I went away I had certainly worked myself into a damaged state. But the moment I got away I began, thank God, to get well. I hope to profit from this experience, and to make future dashes from my desk before I need them."

It was while on his way home after this trip that he was in the railroad accident to which he alludes in a letter which I quoted in the last number of these reminiscences, saying that his heart had never been in good condition after that accident. It occurred on the ninth of June, a date which five years later was the day of his death.

EDITORIAL NOTE—Miss Dickens' successful reminiscence series concludes with the present article. The thousands of readers who have followed her interesting narrative will reach its conclusion with regret. The series was commenced in the issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for November, 1892; complete sets of the six issues, covering the entire series, can still be had, and will be sent, postage free, for sixty (60) cents, by sending that amount to the JOURNAL. As these articles will not appear in book form they can only be had complete in the pages of the JOURNAL.

A RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN 1865

HE wrote describing his experiences: "I was in the only carriage which did not go over into the stream. It was caught upon the turn by some of the ruin of the bridge, and became suspended and balanced in an apparently impossible manner. Two ladies were my fellow-passengers, an old one and a young one. This is exactly what passed—you may judge from it the length of our suspense: Suddenly we were off the rail and beating the ground as the car of a half-emptied balloon might. The old lady cried out 'My God!' and the young one screamed. I caught hold of them both (the old lady sat opposite, and the young one on my left) and said: 'We can't help ourselves, but we can be quiet and composed. Pray, don't cry out!' The old lady immediately answered: 'Thank you; rely upon me. Upon my soul I will be quiet.' We were then all tilted down

ward. Then I stumbled over a lady lying on her back against a little pollard tree, with the blood streaming over her face (which was lead color) in a number of distinct little streams from the head. I asked her if she could swallow a little brandy, and she just nodded, and I gave her some and left her for somebody else. The next time I passed her she was dead. Then a man examined at the inquest yesterday (who evidently had not the least remembrance of what really passed) came running up to me and implored me to help him find his wife, who was afterward found dead. No imagination can conceive the ruin of the carriages, or the extraordinary weights under which the people were lying, or the complications into which they were twisted up among iron and wood, and mud and water. I am keeping very quiet here."

This letter was written from "Gad's Hill" four days after the accident. We were spared any anxiety about our father, as we did not hear of the accident until after we were with him in London. With his usual care and thoughtfulness he had telegraphed to his friend, Mr. Wills, to summon us to town to meet him. The letter continues: "I have, I don't know what to call it, constitutional (I suppose) presence of mind, and was not the least fluttered at the time. I instantly remembered that I had the MS. of a number with me, and clambered back into the carriage for it. But in writing these scanty words of recollection I feel the shake, and am obliged to stop."

We heard, afterward, how helpful he had



CHARLES DICKENS IN 1868

Taken in New York, by Gurney, during the novelist's American visit, and generally accepted by Dickens' family and friends as the most satisfactory portrait extant.

together in a corner of the carriage, which then stopped. I said to them, thereupon: 'You may be sure nothing worse can happen; our danger must be over. Will you remain here without stirring while I get out of the window?' They both answered quite collectedly 'Yes,' and I got out without the least notion what had happened. Fortunately I got out with great caution, and stood upon the step. Looking down I saw the bridge gone, and nothing below me but the line of rail. Some people in the two other compartments were madly trying to plunge out at a window, and had no idea that there was an open, swampy field fifteen feet down below them, and nothing else. The two guards (one with his face cut) were running up and down on the down-track of the bridge (which was not torn up) quite wildly. I called out to them: 'Look at me! Do stop an instant, and look at me, and tell me whether you don't know me?' One of them answered: 'We know you very well, Mr. Dickens.' 'Then,' I said, 'my good fellow, for God's sake, give me your key, and send one of those laborers here, and I'll empty this carriage.' We did it quite safely, by means of a plank or two, and when it was done I saw all the rest of the train, except the two baggage vans, down in the stream. I got into the carriage again for my brandy-flask, took off my traveling hat for a basin, climbed down the brickwork, and filled my hat with water. Suddenly I came upon a staggering man, covered with blood (I think he must have been flung clean out of his carriage), with such a frightful cut across the skull that I couldn't bear to look at him. I poured some water over his face, and gave him some to drink, then gave him some brandy, and laid him down on the grass. He said, 'I am gone,' and died after-

ward. Then I stumbled over the dying! How calmly and tenderly he cared for the suffering ones about him!

But he never recovered entirely from the shock. More than a year later he writes: "It is remarkable that my watch (a special chronometer) has never gone quite correctly since, and to this day there sometimes comes over me, on a railway and in a hansom-cab, or any sort of conveyance, for a few seconds, a vague sense of dread that I have no power to check. It comes and passes, but I cannot prevent its coming."

I have often seen this dread come upon him, and on one occasion, which I especially recall, while we were on our way from London to our little country station "Higham," where the carriage was to meet us, my father suddenly clutched the arms of the railway carriage seat, while his face grew ashy pale, and great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and though he tried hard to master the dread, it was so strong that he had to leave the train at the next station. The accident had left its impression upon the memory, and it was destined never to be effaced. The hours spent upon railroads were thereafter often hours of pain to him. I realized this often while traveling with him, and no amount of assurance could dispel the feeling.

AT HOME AFTER HIS AMERICAN TOUR

EARLY in May of 1868, we had him safely back with us, greatly strengthened and invigorated by his ocean journey home, and I think he was never happier at "Gad's Hill" than during his last two years there.

During that time we had a succession of guests, and none were more honored, nor more heartily welcomed, than his American friends. The first of these to come, if I remember rightly, was Mr. Longfellow, with his daughters. My father writes describing a picnic which he gave them: "I turned out a couple of postilions in the old red jacket of the old Royal red for our ride, and it was like a holiday ride in England fifty years ago. Of course, we went to look at the old houses in Rochester, and the old Cathedral, and the old castle, and the house for the six poor travelers."

"Nothing can surpass the respect paid to Longfellow here, from the Queen downward. He is everywhere received and courted, and finds the workingmen at least as well acquainted with his books as the classes socially above them."

Between the comings and goings of visitors there were delightfully quiet evenings at home, spent during the summer on our lovely porch, or walking about the garden, until "tray-time," ten o'clock. When the cooler nights came we had music in the drawing-room, and it is my happiness now to remember on how many evenings I played and sang all his favorite songs and tunes to my father during these last winters while he would listen while he smoked or read, or, in his more usual fashion, paced up and down the room. I never saw him more peacefully contented than at these times.

"IMPROVEMENTS" AT "GAD'S HILL"

THERE were always "improvements"—as my father used to call his alterations—being made at "Gad's Hill," and each improvement was supposed to be the last. As each was completed, my sister—who was always a constant visitor, and an exceptionally dear one to my father—would have to come down and inspect, and as each was displayed, my father would say to her most solemnly: "Now, Katie, you behold your parent's latest and last achievement." These last "improvements" became quite a joke between them. I remember so well, on one such occasion, after the walls and doors of the drawing-room had been lined with mirrors, my sister's laughing speech to "the master": "I do believe, papa, that when you are an angel, your wings will be made of looking-glass and your crown of scarlet geraniums."

And here I would like to correct an error concerning myself. I have been spoken of as my father's "favorite daughter." If he had a favorite daughter—and I hope and believe that the one was as dear to him as the other—my dear and beautiful sister must claim that honor. I say this ungrudgingly, for during those last two years my father and I seemed to become more closely united, and I know how deep was the affectionate intimacy at the time of his death.

The last "improvement"—in truth, the very last—was the building of a conservatory between the drawing and dining rooms. My father was more delighted with this than with any previous alteration, and it was certainly a pretty addition to the quaint old villa. The chalet, too, which he used in summer as his study, was another favorite spot at his favorite "Gad's Hill."

MEETS QUEEN VICTORIA

IN the early months of 1870 we moved up to London, as my father had decided to give twelve farewell readings there. He had the sanction of the late Sir Thomas Watson to this undertaking, on condition that there should be no railway journeys in connection with them. While we were in London he made many private engagements, principally, I know, on my account. I was presented at the Drawing-room that spring, a short time after my father had been presented to the Queen. At her request, Mr. Arthur Helps (afterward Sir Arthur Helps) presented my father to her.



THE EMPTY CHAIR AT "GAD'S HILL" PLACE

As every one who meets our gracious sovereign is made to feel her charm of manner and address, so my father was charmed with her dignity and kindness. She granted him a long audience, which he appreciated greatly, and which I think she must have

enjoyed, as she sent him afterward her book on the "Highlands," and, through Mr. Helps, two photographs of herself, which I have now in my possession. My father presented her with a set of his works, which are kept, I believe, in her own private library at Balmoral.

During this last visit in London, my father dined with Mr. Motley, then American Minister; met Mr. Disraeli at Lord Stanhope's; breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone, and was to have taken me to the Queen's ball, but this last he had to give up as he was suffering greatly from his foot. He had to excuse himself, also, from attending the General Theatrical Fund dinner, at which the Prince of Wales was to preside, but was able, a week later, to go with me to Lord Houghton's to meet the Prince of Wales and the King of the Belgians at dinner. This effort, however, was too great, and before the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room, he sent me a message begging me to come to him at once, and saying that he was in too great pain to mount the stairs. No one who had watched him throughout the dinner, seeing his bright, animated face, and listening to his cheery conversation, could have imagined him to be suffering acute pain.

AT "GAD'S HILL" ONCE MORE

HE was at "Gad's Hill" again by the thirtieth of May, and soon hard at work upon "Edwin Drood." Although happy and contented, there was an appearance of fatigue and weariness about him very unlike his usual air of fresh activity. He was out with the dogs for the last time on the afternoon of the sixth of June, when he walked into Rochester for the daily mail. My sister, who had come to see the latest improvement, was visiting us, and was to take me with her to London on her return, for a short visit. The conservatory—the "improvement" which Katie had been summoned to inspect—had been stocked, and by this time many of the plants were in full blossom. Everything was at its brightest and I remember distinctly my father's pleasure in showing my sister the beauties of his "improvement."

We had been having most lovely weather and in consequence the outdoor plants were wonderfully forward in their bloom, my father's favorite red geraniums making a blaze of color in the front garden. The syringa shrubs filled the evening air with sweetest fragrance as we sat in the porch and walked about the garden on this last Sunday of our dear father's life. My aunt and I retired early and my dear sister sat for a long while with my father while he spoke to her most earnestly of his affairs.

As I have already said my father had such an intense dislike of leave-taking that he always, when it was possible, shirked a farewell, used only to wave our hands or give him a silent kiss when parting. But on this Monday morning, the seventh, just as we were about to start for London, my sister said: "I must say good-by to papa," and hurried over to the chalet where he was busily writing. As a rule when he was so occupied, my father would hold up his cheek to be kissed, but this day he took my sister in his arms saying, "God bless you, Katie," and there "among the branches of the trees, among the birds and butterflies and scent of flowers," she left him, never to look into his eyes again.

In the afternoon, feeling fatigued, and not inclined to much walking, he drove with my aunt into Cobham. There he left the carriage and walked home through the park. After dinner he remained seated in the dining-room through the evening, as from that room he could see the effect of some lighted Chinese lanterns, which he had hung in the conservatory during the day, and talked to my aunt about his great love for "Gad's Hill," his wish that his name might become more and more associated with the place, and his desire that he be buried near it.

THE CLOSING DAY OF HIS LIFE

ON the morning of the eighth he was in excellent spirits, speaking of his book, at which he intended working through the day, and in which he was intensely interested. He spent a busy morning in the chalet, and it must have been then that he wrote that description of Rochester, which touched our hearts when we read it for the first time as its writer lay dead: "Brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods and fields, or rather, from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time, penetrate into the cathedral, subdue its earthly odor, and preach the Resurrection and the Life."

He returned to the house for luncheon, seemingly perfectly well and exceedingly cheerful and hopeful. He smoked a cigar in his beloved conservatory, and went back to the chalet. When he came again to the house, about an hour before the time fixed for an early dinner, he was tired, silent and abstracted, but as this was a mood very usual to him after a day of engrossing work, it caused no alarm nor surprise to my aunt,

who happened to be the only member of the family at home. While awaiting dinner he wrote some letters in the library and arranged some trifling business matters, with a view to his departure for London the following morning.

It was not until they were seated at the dinner-table that a striking change in the color and expression of his face startled my aunt. Upon her asking him if he were ill, he answered: "Yes, very ill; I have been very ill for the last hour." But when she said that she would send for a physician he stopped her, saying that he would go on with dinner, and afterward to London.

He made an earnest effort to struggle against the seizure which was fast coming over him, and continued to talk, but incoherently and very indistinctly. It being now evident that he was in a serious condition my aunt begged him to go to his room before she sent for medical aid. "Come and lie down," she entreated. "Yes, on the ground," he answered indistinctly. These were the last words that he uttered. As he spoke, he fell to the floor. A couch was brought into the dining-room, on which he was laid, a messenger was dispatched for the local physician, telegrams were sent to all of us and to Mr. Beard. This was at a few minutes after six o'clock. I was dining at a house some little distance from my sister's home. Dinner was half over when I received a message that she wished to speak to me. I found her in the hall with a change of dress for me and a cab in waiting. Quickly I changed my gown, and we began the short journey which brought us to our so sadly-altered home. Our dear aunt was waiting for us at the open door, and when I saw her face I think the last faint hope died within me.

All through the night we watched him—my sister on one side of the couch, my aunt on the other, and I keeping hot bricks to the feet which nothing could warm, hoping and praying that he might open his eyes and look at us, and know us once again. But he never moved, never opened his eyes, never showed a sign of consciousness through all the long night. On the afternoon of the ninth a celebrated London physician, Dr. Russell Reynolds, was summoned to a consultation by the two medical men in attendance, but he could only confirm their hopeless verdict. Later, in the evening of this day, at ten minutes past six, we saw a shudder pass over our dear father, he heaved a deep sigh, a large tear rolled down his face and at that instant his spirit left us. As we saw the dark shadow pass from his face, leaving it so calm and beautiful in the peace and majesty of death, I think there was not one of us who would have wished, could we have had the power, to recall his spirit to earth.

I made it my duty to guard the beloved body as long as it was left to us. The room in which my dear father reposed for the last time was bright with the beautiful fresh flowers which were so abundant at this time of the year, and which our good neighbors sent us so frequently. The birds were singing all about and the summer sun shone brilliantly.

"And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.
For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Those exquisite lines of Lord Tennyson's seem so appropriate to my father, to his dread of good-byes, to his great and simple faith, that I have ventured to quote them here.

You remember that when he was describing the illustrations of Little Nell's death-bed he wrote: "I want it to express the most beautiful repose and tranquillity, and to have something of a happy look, if death can." Surely this was what his death-bed expressed—infinite happiness and rest.

BURIAL AT WESTMINSTER

AS my father had expressed a wish to be buried in the quiet little church-yard at Shorne, arrangements were made for the interment to take place there. This intention was, however, abandoned, in consequence of a request from the Dean and chapter of Rochester Cathedral that his remains might repose there. A grave was prepared and everything arranged when it was made known to us, through Dean Stanley, that there was a general and very earnest desire that he should find his last resting-place in Westminster Abbey. To such a tribute to our dear father's memory we could make no possible objection, although it was with great regret that we relinquished the plan to lay him in a spot so closely identified with his life and works.

The only stipulation which was made in connection with the burial at Westminster Abbey was that the clause in his will which read: "I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious and strictly private manner," should be strictly adhered to, as it was.

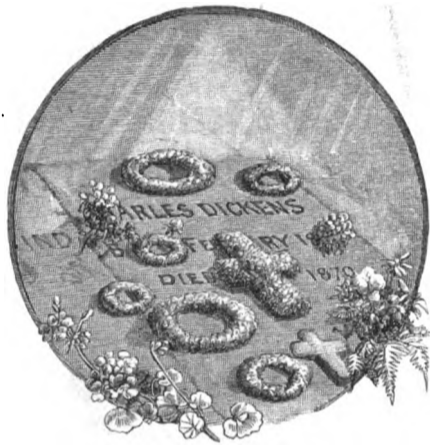
At midday on the fourteenth of June a few friends and ourselves saw our dear one laid to rest in the grand old cathedral. Our small group in that vast edifice seemed to make the beautiful words of our beautiful burial service even more than usually solemn

and touching. Later in the day, and for many following days, hundreds of mourners flocked to the open grave, and filled the deep vault with flowers. And even after it was closed Dean Stanley wrote: "There was a constant pressure to the spot and many flowers were strewn upon it by unknown hands, many tears shed from unknown eyes."

And every year on the ninth of June and on Christmas Day we find other flowers strewn by other unknown hands on that sacred spot. And every year there comes to us from America, from a lovely woman whom we have never met, many of your beautiful colored leaves to be placed with our flowers on that dear stone. And this although it will be twenty-two years in June since he died.

And for his epitaph what better than my father's own words:

"Of the loved, revered and honored head,
thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, nor make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the hand was open, generous and true, the heart brave, warm and tender, and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike! and see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal."



THE GRAVE OF DICKENS
In Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey

ARE WOMEN TIMID?

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE



"IMD as a woman," is a time-honored simile of men. It has been used so much and so long that women themselves have come to consider it entirely just. Many of them, indeed, seem to consider timidity, if not a virtue, at least a grace of their sex, and assume to feel it when they do not. Their knowledge of man tells them that he likes to think them timid, in order to emphasize, in this regard, their contrast with himself. It is agreeable to him, perhaps, to play the hero and protector at a cheap rate, as any man may do when they express terror at the sight of a worm, or the hooting of an owl. It may be suspected, in truth, that he, whether constitutionally or compulsively brave, does not relish the idea of courage in a woman; the association is unpleasant; it makes her seem masculine. He is prone to believe courage his exclusive property, and that her possession of it is a sort of infringement on his rights.

WOMEN are unquestionably timid, under ordinary circumstances, and about little things which excite at once man's admiring disdain and superabundant self-esteem. They are afraid of the remote, the possible, of what scarcely includes peril. They will shriek at the approach of a mouse, or a harmless snake; will tremble at a loud peal of thunder; will turn pale at the sight of blood; will show marked agitation at such trifles as would cause only ridicule in the most timorous of men. This is largely due to extreme nervousness, in which our women excel, to over-sensibility, to excess of imagination, qualities commonly lacking in masculine nature. But they are ascribed, naturally enough, to timidity, of which, indeed, they form a not inconsiderable part.

Are women timid, in a strict, in a severe sense? How do they acquit themselves in times of great trial, in enduring terrible anguish, in the face of inevitable death? There they are more than a match for men, who misunderstand them generally, because they are not cruel, being unable or unwilling to inflict pain, to make wounds, to torture and destroy. They are unfitted for soldiers is an argument often used against them; they will not fight professionally; they refuse to adopt the trade of military homicide. But is this a defect or a merit? Does it indicate that they are cowardly or enlightened? If we were as highly civilized as we think we are, should we want to go to war? should we have any occasion to? This is a grave question certainly—one that may not be easily nor hurriedly answered.

BRavery or courage may be shown in other and worthier ways than by fighting, about which mankind has been disordered from the first, but which is slowly, though steadily declining. Fighting is the condition of savagery, which women as a sex have never practiced, nor really sympathized with. Their fearlessness is exhibited not in causing suffering, but in bearing it, and this is the noblest, the most exalted form of fearlessness. They have fortitude, the best element of courage, far beyond their brothers. To such fortitude we owe the perpetuity of the race, and many of the benefits and comforts that we daily enjoy, without ever thinking of their source.

Women timid, forsooth? Much as we may talk of their being so, our talk is not an echo of our reason. Every man of us relies on their courage measurably in the ordinary affairs of life, and entirely in most of its crises. We usually begin with our mothers, and end with our wives. But whatever their relation, they are an inestimable help to us in every great trial, by their calmness, strength, decision and hopefulness. Unhappy he who at such a time has no feminine counselor, sustainer and friend. How many men have borne testimony to the invaluable aid of woman, when the future blackened, and fortune seemed inexorable! How many more might bear such testimony, were they but willing to speak! Is woman not constantly upholding weakness, inspiring morality, stimulating higher motives? Not a hundredth part of her efficiency in this way is known, nor ever will be known. She is rarely conscious of it herself; it is regarded by her as a part of her duty, as a matter of course, and he who is supported, lifted to a loftier level, often chooses, through self-love, to ignore her assistance. Her acts, under such conditions, are the result of moral courage, the essence of all courage, and of the kind of which men have so plentiful a need that they instinctively go to her for a supply.

BUT of the courage on which man especially piques himself—call it by what name you will—the courage that defies danger and death, is she not an equal owner with him—nay, a larger owner than he? Does not observation continually prove it? Has it not been shown in every age, in every land? In time of pestilence, when men, frightened out of their wits, desert their posts, and flee like cowards, she is apt to stand firm, to seek every opportunity to do good, to be so sympathetic and benevolent that fear has no place for lodgment in her breast. During the ancient and the middle ages, when the plague desolated whole countries, a dozen husbands, as the records attest, deserted their infected wives and children, where one wife deserted her family. She who braved the scourge in all its horrors may have turned pale at hearing a ghastly story, or swooned to see a painful accident. Such is the incongruity of woman who is forever doing what we least expect. Her greatest surprises are in rising, when occasion requires, grandly and gloriously above what we, dullards that we are concerning her sex, conceive to be her natural level. Wherever self-sacrifice or magnanimity is demanded, she may be reckoned on implicitly to touch ideal heights.

In the accounts constantly reaching us of shipwrecks, how nobly women bear themselves almost invariably; while men, despite their reputation for intrepidity, are often so seized with panic as to lose all sense or thought of dignity or becomingness! It is generally the women who are the cooler, the quieter, the more resolute, the better prepared for the worst that can happen. The simplest and the humblest of them, who have never dreamed of self-assertion, frequently meet death, like the Electras, the Antigones, the Iphigenias of the Greek tragedians. They go down to a watery grave without a tremor, without a murmur. And the wonder is that they have never been trained, as men are, not to flinch before the buffets of fortune. Perceiving the dire need, they are suddenly adjusted thereto by their potent will, and pass uncomplainingly into eternal silence.

HISTORY teems with such examples. During the terrors of the French Revolution, the most delicately nurtured, the most luxuriously reared, the most sensitive daughters of the old aristocracy passed through crowds of the insulting, maddened populace, to the gallows, as ghastly as unmerited, without appeal or lamentation. Plebeian women, in desperate exigencies, are as fearless as the haughtiest patricians. Rank or no rank, they are alike equal to the sternest obligation. Honest men who have seen woman tried again and again are eager to admit that she holds a courage that they cannot command.

Women are timid when peril is far away; as it approaches, their daring rises to meet it; fairly confronted with it, they overtop it quite. They are not brave to do wrong, to speak evil, to injure humanity, as men so often are; but, in the cause of good, of advancement, of pure unselfishness, they parallel Cæsar and Lincoln. The courage of men is lauded and trumpeted; the courage of women is passed over and unappreciated. Viewing all this, would it not be well to adopt a new adjective—heroic, in place of heroic to express the highest courage?

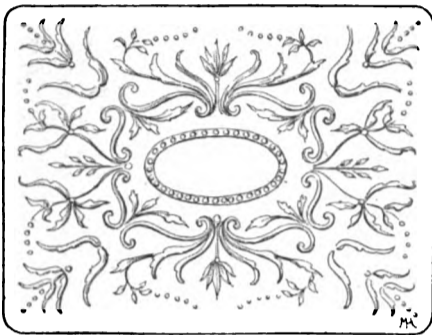
DAINTY AND EFFECTIVE EMBROIDERY

As Taught at the Boston Society of Decorative Art

By Maude Haywood



FOR THE LID OF A TRINKET-BOX (Illus. No. 1)

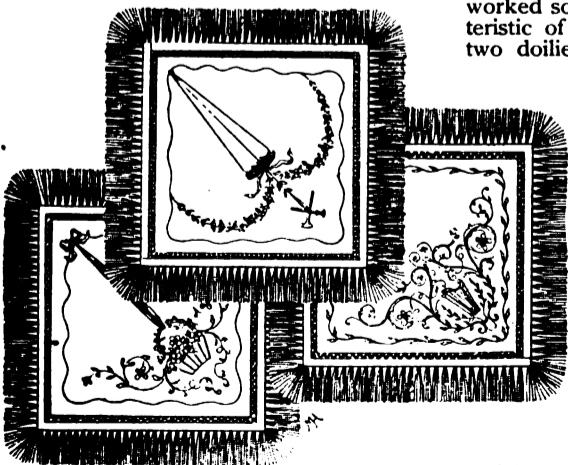


MARIE ANTOINETTE DOILIES (Illus. No. 2)

in the JOURNAL, was started with the view of helping a class of women, whom by other methods it is usually most difficult to reach, and to render that aid with tact and discrimination. These societies develop the talents, for their own practical benefit, of refined women, who are thus enabled to earn money in their own homes by the work of their fingers, in what is certainly to be regarded as a congenial and fitting manner. But the Boston society has aimed to be, and is something beyond a merely charitable organization; it is a real factor in the development of modern art work, particularly in those branches of home decoration which it specially embraces. The standard is avowedly high, and in order to prove acceptable the work submitted, the simplest as well as the most ambitious must, of its kind, be the most excellent possible, in order to take rank among that exhibited for sale by the society.

WORK OF THE SOCIETY

THE work of the society is extremely varied in character, and embraces different branches of decorative art, but especially embroideries. The work of contributors is sold on the usual ten per cent. commission, but the society is made self-supporting by means of the income derived from orders executed on the premises, directly under its own auspices, by regular salaried employes who are trained to the work under an able superintendent, and it is mainly by the work thus produced that the artistic position of the society should be determined. It may be said with justice that beyond the technical excellence of the embroideries, special attention is paid to the designs employed for them, which are almost all made by the society's own designers, being either original or adapted from the best standard models. Few naturalistic floral designs are used, except for such pieces as a cot-spread or baby-



MARIE ANTOINETTE DOILIES (Illus. No. 2)

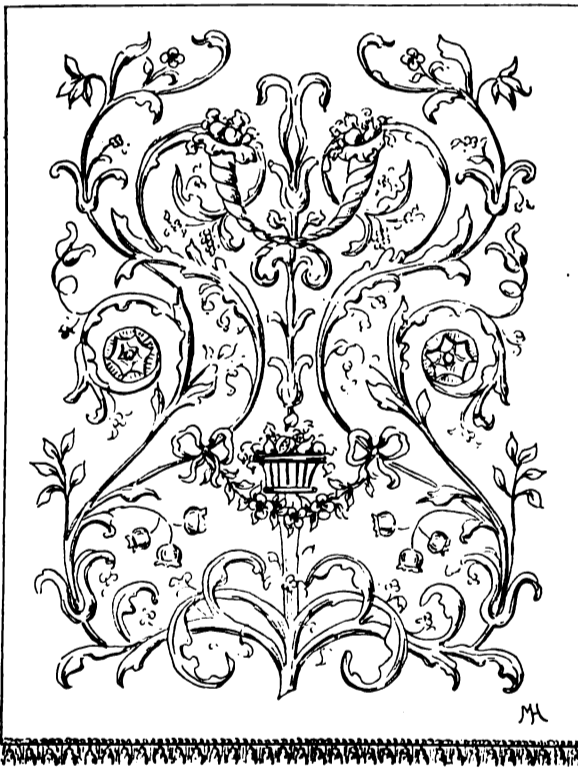
carriage cover. For table and other decorative purposes, the renaissance, either French or Italian, as well as the later French styles, are mostly affected. In coloring the preference is usually for light, delicate and harmonious tones.

EMBROIDERY ON VELLUM

AMONG the specialties of the society's work is the art of embroidery on vellum, of which a specimen example is given in the photograph frame shown in Illustration No. 3. The vellum employed for this purpose must be very firm and of smooth, even surface, the best kind being imported. The embroidery upon it is executed in the ordinary manner and is not difficult to manage, while the effect is dainty and unique. Frames and other objects manufactured in this style are extremely popular for wedding presents, for which they certainly appear particularly suitable. The photograph frame shown here is set in a narrow moulding of white and gold, while the inner mounting around the opening for the picture is entirely in gold. The main lines of the design are rendered in Japanese gold thread, couched on, while the flowers, trailing foliage and grapevine twisted about this foundation, are embroidered solidly in natural coloring kept very soft in tone. The whole effect is light and delicate, harmonizing with the ivory tint of the vellum, which forms the groundwork of the design.

MARIE ANTOINETTE DOILIES

FOREMOST among the exhibits shown rank the doilies for table use. Those pictured in Illustration No. 2 are selected from one of the prettiest sets for dessert-plates. The designs are in the Marie Antoinette style, and they are executed upon fine white linen lawn. They measure, including fringe, seven inches each way, the actual design occupying about four square



ITALIAN DESIGN FOR PORTIERE (Illus. No. 4)

inches. The flowing line, which in each case forms the boundary of the embroidered pattern, is of gold thread; between that and the fringe is a narrow border of drawn-work, which adds to the effectiveness of the doilies. The embroidery is worked solidly, in varied coloring, characteristic of these little French designs. No two doilies in the whole set are alike, various emblems and devices being used, but the same general idea in the arrangement is maintained throughout. Another set of doilies, more ordinary in design but carried out with very dainty effect, have floral sprays worked in the corner of each. A lunch-cloth and napkins to match were worked wholly in white, having discs cut out in the corners and filled in with lace stitches. Many of the pieces intended for table use are rendered in white only, with special attention paid to the elegance and beauty of design. The careful finish observable in all the work is specially noticeable, being a requirement that is always counted as indispensable to success, and the lack of which, so it is said, is a frequent cause for the rejection of work offered by contributors, that is otherwise very good in its general scope and aim. This is a valuable point for workers to remember and profit by.

A CENTRE-PIECE OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY

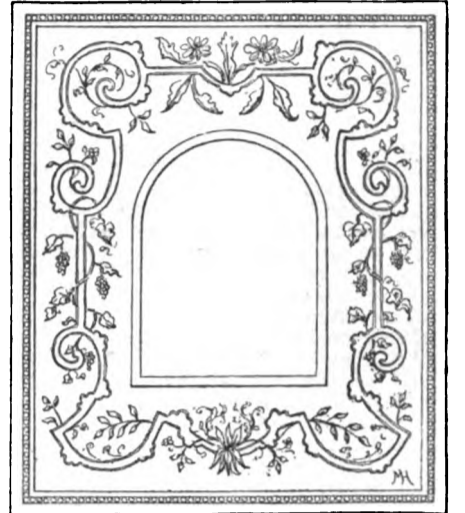
THE centre-piece shown in Illustration No. 5 has an extremely beautiful and handsome effect, which it is impossible to adequately reproduce in a drawing, since one of its chief charms lies in its delicate and harmonious coloring. It is circular in form with a repeating design arranged to form a border. The design is worked in white, shaded through the softest tones into a light but positive green; the outlines and markings are rendered in Japanese gold thread. The foliated forms, which repeat themselves throughout opposite each other, and are designated in outline in the drawing, are worked in long and short stitch, the flowing lines, emanating from the central form of each repeat, and which aid greatly in giving the design its peculiar character, are in white silk and the gold thread. The rest is worked solidly in silk, and all the lines indicated in the illustration are rendered in gold thread. The finish is a scalloped edge buttonholed with linen thread, tiny picots being worked on the centre of each scallop. The whole effect is attractive and unique, particularly as to color.

ITALIAN DESIGN FOR PORTIERE

ILLUSTRATION No. 4 shows a very handsome Italian design for a portiere. It is embroidered in the Italian stitch, the coloring throughout being kept somewhat subdued. The ornament forming the basis of the design is rendered in shades of yellow or dull gold, the little flowers introduced all over the pattern, as well as the fruit, are rendered in naturalistic coloring—the general impression produced being that of a harmony of rather low, soft tones. The piece was worked by the society. Another old Italian design was shown for a lambrequin, being a flowing pattern with all manner of quaint forms and devices introduced. It is a good and characteristic example of work of the period to which it belongs. A

MANY DAINTY ARRANGEMENTS

ILLUSTRATION No. 1 gives the design which may be carried out for the lid of a trinket-box, either upon a light or upon a dark ground. One box was made of a deep, rich green velvet, with the embroidery in various shades of delicate greens with pinkish tones judiciously introduced, the little round forms indicated in the drawing being rendered in gilt spangles. It was lined with white satin. An equally pretty,



EMBROIDERED ON VELLUM (Illus. No. 3)

but quite an opposite effect is obtained by embroidering the same patterns, also principally in greenish tones, upon an extremely delicate pink velvet ground. The boxes are of an ordinary oblong shape with rounded corners, measuring nine by seven inches and being a little over three inches in depth, a size that is sensible and likely to be generally useful. They stand upon little gilt feet, which add to their elegance.

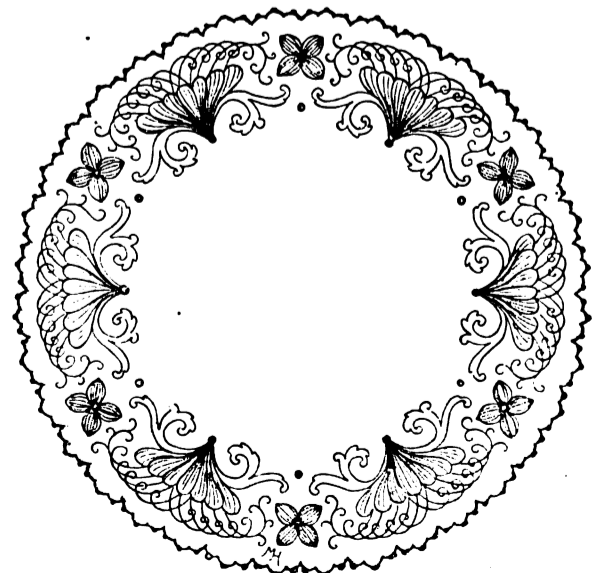
A dainty little arrangement for afternoon tea well deserves description, namely, a small table which is sold completely fitted out and ready for use. The one shown was a round one of wicker-work enameled white, with a very little gold introduced. The top had a white cover exactly fitted to it, the pattern of the table being such that an edging of the wicker-work stood up half an inch or so all around it. Upon the cover, which had a pretty design of violets embroidered upon it, was arranged a tea-set, including tea-pot, cream-pitcher, sugar-bowl and cups and saucers of fine china, upon which were painted graceful sprays of violets in dainty coloring, the rims and handles being enriched with gold. A lower shelf, also round, was provided with a similar cloth, upon which the cake-dishes and plates might be set. The whole was very pretty, effective and inviting.

DECORATION AND INLAID WOODWORK

OF the contributors' work, other than embroidery, the most noticeable and commendable was that of two ladies skilled respectively in fan painting and inlaid woodwork. Of the latter were quite a variety of articles in tasteful and original designs, and executed with great care and precision. Besides a number of small objects, such as boxes, paper-knives and writing-cases, there was on view a good-sized cabinet with shelves and drawers, suitable for a daintily-furnished boudoir. The fan decorations are by a French lady, who executes her work in the pretty designs and dainty coloring generally considered characteristic of French decorative painting. She makes a portion of her income by taking pupils in connection with her work for the society. The designs include figure subjects that are very successfully treated, some of them being little pastoral scenes, and others entirely fanciful in style.

EMBROIDERED BOOK COVERS

AMONG the smaller articles, which, however, may be regarded as an individual production, are embroidered covers for the Boston "Blue-Book," which, as everybody doubtless is aware, is the name given to the Boston elite directory, to be found in every home of any social pretensions. The necessity of providing its very ordinary binding with a cover that shall make it fit to take its place among the handsomer volumes upon the parlor or library table, has given rise to the manufacture of more or less elaborately embroidered covers for this purpose. One of them is illustrated to form the initial letter of this article. It is made of royal blue velvet and lined with silk to match. The design is worked in embroidery silk and gold thread, with good effect. Blue is, of course, the favorite color for these covers, but other shades are also employed.



A CENTRE-PIECE OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY (Illus. No. 5)

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

As Seen After an Absence of Ten Years

By F. Marion Crawford



It is an invidious and thankless task to speak of the changes wrought by time in woman as an individual. A woman is of the age she feels, a man of the age he looks; for men grow old from the inside and woman from the outside. There is no denying that, although a man of forty years may often be younger in appearance than a woman of the same age, he has, as a rule, fewer illusions, if he have any at all. Fortunately, society has fixed a limit beyond which no woman who respects herself ever lives, until she suddenly grows old all at once. For her that bourne from which no traveler e'er returns is considerably further removed than the farthest point admitted to have been ever reached by a woman not a grandmother. But woman, as woman, is quite a different subject from woman as an individual mother, sister, wife or sweetheart. The one grows ten years older; the other adds to her many graces by the development of ten years. To a wanderer who has been long absent that graceful growth is made suddenly apparent on his return, as it cannot be to him who has dwelt continuously in the same society. The nation, the city, the hamlet, have grown and developed marvelously in one decade, and with them woman has approached at least one degree nearer to perfection than she stood before. In ten years it seems to me that the American woman has not grown older, but has grown up. Not that real, actual, cruel age has much to do with the womanliness of the fair, individually or as the better half of creation. Cleopatra was forty when she met Mark Antony, and considerably nearer to fifty when she died for his sake. The Trojan war lasted ten years, and Helen was no schoolgirl when it began, yet when it was over she was still young and fair.

If I am to be privileged to say what I think of the change I find in the American woman after an absence of ten years, it is necessary that I should judge her in some way or other, by some standard, some measurement, some criterion, which may lead to a definite result. And how is a woman judged? Eyes, nose, mouth, teeth and figure—those are the common answers; but the facts within, undreamed, unknown, not manifested to all the world, are those which give the measure. If the tree be judged by its fruit, and man by his deeds, woman must be judged from the heart and the feelings. From these proceed the circulation which animates the woman's being.

And what are feelings? Let the grossness of the simile be forgiven—the feelings are the raw places where the burden of life has lain heavy, and has scarred us and drawn our blood. We may hide them, or they may force themselves into view, according as some of us harden or soften on the surface, but they alone modify the inborn instincts as distinguished from the outward character. With each of us our character, as the world knows it, is a mere shell affected by the social atmosphere in which we live, as the material of a building in which the same family dwells for one generation or many, is acted upon by sun and rain, and wind and weather. The more womanly woman is, the stronger are those natural instincts, the less is the process of life a hardening one, and the less is the outer shell formed and modeled by contact with the world. In all good respects the American woman of to-day seems to be more womanly, and not least in her bodily development and physical growth.

It strikes me very forcibly that the American girl of to-day is taller, stronger and better looking than her immediate predecessor of ten years ago, and considering what havoc American beauties have done abroad there is no predicting the destruction they may be destined to spread in the future. I say this merely in passing, since no man who knows the world well would think of comparing beauty with charm in the armory of woman's weapons. True beauty necessarily belongs to one of a certain number of types. The charm of charm lies in the fact that it escapes definition as completely as the odor of a wood-violet in the spring, or the sensation produced by a strain of rare music. Perhaps it is true, after all, that charm is but real womanliness; and if this be admitted it is no wonder that the American woman has more than she used to have. Something of the vast effervescence which overflowed our society in the sudden fermentation resulting from great political and social changes has begun to subside. The congenial elements have found each other, and are uniting in their due proportions; the uncongenial have been settling slowly, surely, to their own places.

The sphere of the American woman to-day is broader, and at the same time more clearly defined than it used to be. The discovery of her natural occupations has led her to find out her natural talents. There was a time, not very long ago, when frantic housekeeping was spasmodically interrupted by frantic gayety, when the young wife or the young daughter danced half the night and rose pale and hollow-eyed at seven in the morning to give the man of the house his breakfast. Women drove a sort of tandem existence, with gayety for a leader and the vanity of useless duty for the hard-worked wheeler. Occasionally the one or the other kicked, plunged and behaved in a diabolical manner, to the extreme annoyance of his fellow and the confusion of the driver. But even our American men have discovered that one cannot do everything in the course of one human life. The generation that ate its luncheon standing, with its overshoes on, and almost expected its wives and daughters to do likewise, has begun to pass away within a very recent period. Men still make haste to be rich, but they are discovering that haste alone is not a source of wealth. Woman is one of the sensitive plants, and is affected immediately and directly by the atmosphere which others create around her. With a very little opportunity she creates an atmosphere of her own, infinitely more pleasing to men than the one they bring with them. And that is what the American woman of to-day has at last a chance of doing; she has begun to create her own atmosphere, is breathing it and flourishes accordingly.

The growth and improvement in taste have been enormous, and I do not believe that good taste is to be attributed only to good education. It is the natural outcome of womanly nature which refines itself as soon as it has the opportunity. There used to be an extraordinary stiffness, if I may call it so, in American taste, which contrasted strongly enough with the grammatical license of the speech of those days. Within the last ten years the language of what calls itself society has improved by resuming something, if not all, of the Anglo-Saxon rigidity. Taste, on the other hand, has grown more facile, pliant and graceful. It is no longer a distinctive sign of social superiority to have a semi-classic marble statue in the hall and the stone effigy of an uncle or aunt in the dining-room. Moreover, the successors of those æsthetic monstrosities are fast disappearing, too—the expensive and bad imitations of Oriental stuffs, the profuse crops of useless knick-knacks which used to make tables unserviceable for ordinary purposes, and rooms almost uninhabitable for beings endowed with motion. An astonishing number of women now know the difference between a good etching and a bad one, between a picture and a daub, between a portrait painter and an unscrupulous impressionist. I might multiply instances and examples indefinitely, but I have said enough to draw from many the usual answer—that all this is only the external life which concerns the surroundings, can be learned, marked, inwardly digested, and got for ready money, but which must not be taken as the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual good taste. But I do not agree with those who give me this answer. I believe that external æsthetics do really and truly proceed from an inward and ethical source, and that the desire for beautiful surroundings comes from a love of beauty which is a sort of beauty in itself.

In one respect the position of the American woman differs fundamentally from that of her European sisters, though it is probable that the difference will not outlast another generation. Man plays little or no part in her existence before dinner-time. There is not what may fairly be called a leisure class of men, though there is a very large leisure class of women. There are, of course, a considerable number of young men who have neither the inclination nor the necessity for increasing the wealth they have justly inherited or expect to inherit, but neither æsthetically nor ethically do they appear to have reached the stage of development attained by their women. They keep very much together; they follow all sorts of pursuits in which women have no share; they love the club and they abhor the drawing-room. As a body they despise, as foreigners, the men who spend most of their time in women's society, and in this respect, though with different pursuits, they closely resemble the English country gentleman of the last century. In all civilized societies where there is much leisure the men are ultimately closely drawn to that class of women whose conversation is most charming. Intelligent men ultimately gravitate toward the houses in which gifted women are ready to exchange their ideas with others, and to promote the exchange of their own among themselves.

The word salon in this sense has almost a permanent footing in the English language. The social centre it describes exists in most cities of Europe and will be the next distinct development of American society. Its existence is certainly a sign of a very high development and is eminently a public good in all respects. To have what we agree to call a salon a woman needs many and good qualities and gifts, all real and enduring, and hardly any of them depending upon chance. She must possess tact of the highest and most refined sort, for nothing is harder than to bring men of genius and high intelligence together, and to keep them from quarreling when they have met. The woman who has a salon must efface all small vanities, all pettiness and morbid sensibility, in order to be respected by those whom it is so hard to rule. She must know how to be boundlessly hospitable, even with the most limited means, how to make men think tea is nectar, and toast ambrosia. She must understand social distinctions thoroughly enough to make them disappear at the touch of her wand, herself a sort of impersonation of freedom, in whose presence all men find that equality which they seek in vain elsewhere. No very young woman can be all that.

Society here is certainly tending surely, if not rapidly, to such results. In a state where the activity of men of equal social footing is so great, so far-reaching and so many-sided, the salon must ultimately find a place, and an important one. The comparative absence of the influence of tradition in almost all that Americans do is destined to make our society the most interesting in the world, for it will be the one in which individuality will be most free of all limitation. Nor do I think that we need feel much anxiety for our social future. That individuality of ours may be to some extent without form, but it is certainly far from void. Our women will find the forms for us, are finding them already, and themselves assuming many of them. Moreover, in the highest state society has ever attained, it is, I think, true that the outward forms and observances have proceeded from, or have been dependent upon, the women of the time, while man has always had a sort of monopoly of originality. This seems to me undeniable, and if it is really true, it proves that woman has been, is, and is to be the natural civilizer in what is really the best sense of the word, for civilization does not mean the telephone any more than society means clubs. Invention is one thing, application is quite another, and the ultimate application of the civilizing means, invented by man, is found in every man's own home, and is very generally carried out by the women of his family. There is no denying the supremacy of what all men in all ages have loved, wept for, fought for and cherished; there is no denying that through man's heart woman rules man's hand, and that for his success, happiness, even greatness, woman is therefore supremely necessary to him.

The married woman plays a much larger part in our society to-day than she did ten years ago, and the almighty girl has lost some of her supremacy. We are not ruled by Daisy Miller as we once were, though the foreigner still seems to think so, and makes the girl the central point in most of his sketches of Americans abroad. But Daisy Miller was a very real and living person when Mr. Henry James immortalized her. It was thought at the time by many that she represented a tendency in the future. It seems to me, on the contrary, that she was even then becoming a relic of the past. The omnipotence of the pert maid is most complete in the village, where she necessarily has more leisure, a lighter heart and less to think of, than the farmer's wife or the laboring-man's helpmate. The impression she produces comes from her vitality, not from her intelligence. Marriage in the life of the village is a much more serious affair than in that state of life to which society considers that it is called. It means hard work, a large family, mouths to feed and clothes to wash. In other words, it means service, if not servitude, even with the assistance of the modern farming machinery, which did not exist in the days when Daisy Miller's progenitrix began to be, and when such a state of things as exists in our time was not even dreamed of. The village drama, if the village had one, was no doubt fundamentally like the drawing-room tragedy of our time, but the actors were not the same. They were generally considerably younger and brought more activity and less thought to the events in which they played a part; more sentimentality and less passion, more conventional stage business and less original power. In the pastoral state none but the very young had time for much sentiment. But we have changed all that and Daisy Miller no longer plays the "leading lady" in the comedy. That is a sign of civilization, because civilization means all that which diminishes the difficulties of material existence and tends to promote the development of what we have agreed to call the higher side of human nature, as well as to create depths of polite baseness, of which the lower side never dreamed.

Woman's intellectual and artistic development, instead of being crushed, stunted and chilled by marriage and the course of married life, proceeds, on the contrary, nowadays almost without interruption to its next stage, bringing with it, as a natural consequence, that increase of power over immediate surroundings which only intellectual development can bring. Daisy Miller was developed by the transition from the village to the city, from the country to the capital, and could never be a permanent personage in society. No doubt it has been a great disappointment to her to find this out, but it has been a great relief to other people. Man turns with a sense of rest and satisfaction from her noisy and thoughtless conversation, and even from the contemplation of her "pretty ways," to associate with a being far better fitted to be his companion. Men, as a rule, take the best they can get where women are concerned, and are not always thankful, for though easily pleased, because easily flattered, men are not easily satisfied in the long run, because they are not easily amused. I would not have it thought by this that I conceive woman's mission to be the amusement of man; but if she cannot amuse him she will find it exceedingly hard to have any mission at all where he is concerned, and she will find it most easy to play a part in his life if he plays one in hers. The mutual relations of men and women are most likely to be pleasant, and will afford most charm to both parties when they know each other well, in other words when they have grown beyond the stage of the village boy and girl.

As I have said, there has been a great change in this of late. The girl does not insist upon spending her whole time in the corner with the man of her momentary choice, making every one uncomfortable and behaving like a spoiled child if she is hindered. She will, of course, never take the position with us into which she is forced by the peculiarities of European society, and if some of these European manners and customs are thrust upon us, it is because they have not altogether decayed in the countries to which they belong. Our girls will never be shut up in convents, and it is to be hoped will never go to such extremes afterward as are reached by their little sisters abroad. Fortunately for us, the tendency of all modern life, and especially of all modern society, is to abolish such extremes, and to make life more compact for those who have to live it, though perhaps less interesting, or at least less exciting, for those who write and read about it. In the present state of things the young American girl has a great advantage over the European. She has the companionship, in many cases, of a mother who has seen, and instinctively understood the defect of the old order and the change it is undergoing. The old-fashioned parental authority of the mother over the daughter is turning into something much more like the influence of an older sister over a younger, and that is a distinct improvement. There is more real confidence between them than formerly; there is more real community of interests, of likings and dislikings. The young girl is less precocious, but she is more formed, better educated, in the true sense of the word, which is ethic rather than æsthetic. I am not rash enough to talk about the rights of women, but I am not foolish enough to deny that they have many; and I am quite willing to concede that the chief of all their rights is to have a "good time," because, if they do not, they will make things as uncomfortable for us as they can. The woman of our age seems to be going about it in the right way, for she does not mean to have it all to herself, but shows a readiness to part with a modest share in our favor. Socially situated as we are, it is distinctly the American woman's province to show the American man how to live, to make him care for those elements of existence which are good in themselves and good for him, until he instinctively connects all that is really worth living for with his natural companion. That companion, I repeat, is not girl but woman, grown up and developed, cultivated, clever if need be, but always appreciative and never capricious beyond the bounds of tact.

Let me here conclude this attempt to express what has most struck me on returning to my own country after a long absence. That absence has given me the opportunity of seeing a contrast which must escape unbroken observation, and is my only excuse for speaking upon the subject. But it is a pleasant contrast. It is pleasant to find that we are approaching nearer to a settled state of society, in which, though the overflowing vitality of the half-childish girl may be missed by some as it loses influence, yet the great majority of men welcome gladly the advent of full-grown woman—of her who knows taste from fashion, wit from smartness, pride from vanity, and social distinction from ballroom popularity—of that rounded and satisfying feminine element in life to which the young turn for inspiration, the strong for healthy converse, the weary for rest which is more delicious than idleness, and the old for the fresh fragrance which alone recalls life's outlived spring.



MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS

WALTZES

BY REGINALD DE KOVEN

Composer of "Robin Hood", "The Fencing Master", "The Knickerbockers", etc.
Dedicated, by the composer, to the Southern readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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INTRODUCTION.
Allegro moderato.

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time, featuring a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The score includes various dynamic markings such as *p*, *mf*, *f*, *ff*, *cres.*, *sfz*, and *pp*, as well as performance instructions like *A la valse.*, *a poco animando e cres.*, and *rall.*. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) and asterisks (***) are used throughout to indicate where the sustain pedal should be used. The piece concludes with a *rall.* marking and a final chord.

2

TEMPO DI VALSA.

No. 1.

p legato.

cres. *poco rall.* *a tempo.* *cres.*

ff *p* *For Ending.* **FINE.**

*Ped. * Ped. **

Animato.

D.C. al Fine. *Ped.*

INTRODUCTION.

VALSE.

No. 2.

rall. *mf* *sostenuto.* *a tempo.*

cres. *Ped.*

First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music consists of chords and melodic lines in both hands.

Second system of musical notation. Includes performance markings: *f*, *rall.*, *a tempo.*, *cres.*, and *Ped.*. A section is labeled *For Ending.* and ends with *FINE.*

Third system of musical notation. Includes performance markings: *ff*, *sfz*, and *D.S. al Fine*. The system is divided into two parts, labeled 1 and 2.

INTRODUCTION.

VALSE.

Fourth system of musical notation, labeled **No. 3.** Includes performance markings: *mf*, *rall.*, *f a tempo.*, and *Deciso.*

Fifth system of musical notation. Includes performance markings: *marcato.* and *poco rall.*

Sixth system of musical notation. Includes performance markings: *cres.*, *ff*, and *Ped.*

Seventh system of musical notation. Includes performance markings: *Con energia.*, *cres.*, and *ff*

Eighth system of musical notation. Includes performance markings: *f*, *cres.*, *ff*, and *FINE.*

4

No. 4.

VALE. *Con spirito.*

f

Largamente.

f

cres. . .

Ped.

cres.

Ped.

cres.

ff

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. *

5

CODA.
Con spirito.

The musical score consists of seven systems of piano and bass staves. The first system begins with a *f* dynamic. The second system includes a *cres.* marking. The third system features a *Ped.* marking with an asterisk. The fourth system starts with a *rall.* marking, followed by a *Grazioso.* section with an *mf* dynamic, and includes several *Ped.* markings with asterisks. The fifth system begins with a *f deciso.* dynamic. The sixth system includes *marcato.* and *giocoso.* markings. The seventh system concludes with a *p* dynamic and a *Ped.* marking with an asterisk.

6

f pesante. *cres.*
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

ff marcato. *p* *rall.* *mf a tempo.*
* Ped. *

cres.

rall. *f a tempo.* *cres.*

ff. *poco pressando.*
Ped. * Ped. *

stentato. *molto. f*

rall. *a tempo.* *sfz*
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

THE BROWNIES 'ROUND THE WORLD

By Palmer Cox

IN TWELVE STAGES: FIFTH STAGE

THE BROWNIES IN ENGLAND



The Brownies next when plans were laid, A visit to Old England paid;

They sought the country towns and all, At Shakespeare's birthplace made a call. Found time around the house to stray Where lived and loved Ann Hathaway. At length, one eve, as shades came down They reached the streets of London town. On London bridge they sat in rows, As on a fence some watchful crows, Commenting on the structures grand, That here and there the river spanned, Or spelling out the vessels' names That floated up and down the Thames. Said one, who gained extended view: "If the ambitious Romans knew When they this city founded here Beside the river broad and clear That it would still keep spreading fast Till largest in the world at last, They doubtless would have kept the yoke Much longer on the British folk."

Another said: "We little know How soon a town will stretch and grow If it is situated right The trade of nations to invite." So rich in wonders was the place They hardly knew where first to race. Some wished to visit Tyburn Hill, Or Smithfield, that gives one a chill, As through his mind the records run Of butcher work that there was done More wished to race along the Strand, Or by the Bank of England stand And estimate about the gold And silver bullion it can hold. The Brownies hunted for an hour To gain a view of London Tower; At length, an open view they found, That showed its towers square and round. Said one: "The Tombs on Centre Street Seems like a pleasant country-seat Compared with that old frowning pile That oft held kings in durance vile, And saw the blood in torrents flow So many hundred years ago. Within it lies, if tales are true, The proofs of what hard hearts can do— The block, the chain, the prison cage, And tortures of a vanished age. 'Tis told that Julius Caesar laid Its corner-stone with great parade, And in its dungeons, dark and deep, Did many a valiant Briton keep. Next, William I, the Norman brave, Its massive, snow-white tower gave; Then, as the centuries onward rolled, And kings grew more self-willed and bold, Still higher towers were made to grow And deeper dungeons dug below, Till now it seems fit place to hide The noble blood of Europe wide. Here baron, duke and count might blink, In unison with fetter clink, Like many a one who here was cast On small pretense in ages past."



Another said: "An outward sight Will not content the band to-night, So to the gate at once we'll race And gain an entrance to the place. And through each hold and keep we'll go, From turret high to dungeon low,

To view the arms and fixtures strange, Preserved so well through many a change, To be a lesson full and free



And heavy fashioned halberds viewed That paths at Agincourt had hewed, Where Henry, on St. Crispin's day, In face of odds showed no dismay. They climbed inside of armor old

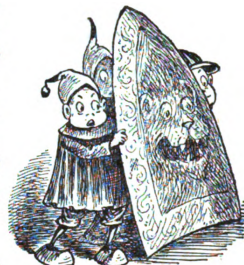
For generations yet to be." Soon through the place the Brownies ran This lance to view, that helmet scan, Or gaze upon an ax with dread, That lopped off many a royal head;



And peeped out where the visage bold Of some crusader oft had frowned Upon his turbaned foes around.

They ran for refuge when some sound Would spread a sudden fear around. Thus hours were passed within the walls, Still visiting the cells and halls, And corridors and stairways strong That called to mind some crime or wrong. Then other parts of town they sought That wakened other trains of thought. From Ludgate Hill the Brownies flew When old St. Paul's appeared in view. Said one: "It looks as fine as when It left the compasses of Wren; No greater monument could be Erected to his memory." About the place some hours they stayed Then to Westminster Abbey paid A visit, where they rambled round, And soon the Poets' Corner found. To moralize, as well they might, Before the busts and statues white,

Last night for hours I groped astray In streets where best I know my way; 'Tis hard to go when brightest light is in a fog extinguished quite. From door to door, from stone to stone, To work your way by touch alone. All native tact for nothing went As here



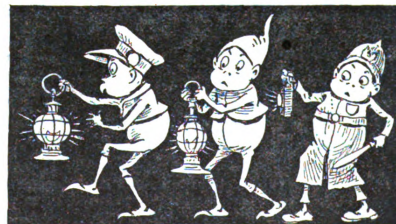
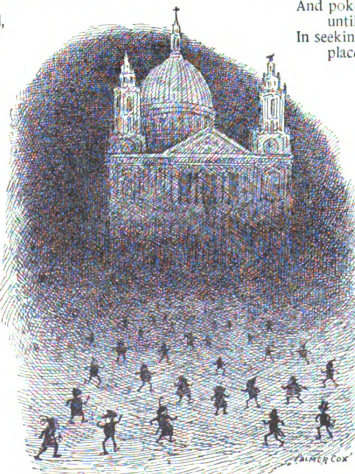
and there with body bent And fingers spread, I felt about To find some mark would help me out. I tumbled down three cellar stairs, Then into holes for street repairs; Ran twice against a watchman's legs Who lay asleep upon some kegs. And next a watering trough I found, And falling in was nearly drowned. Through many trying scenes I passed Ere I to Gad's Hill crawled at last. 'Tis dangerous work for us to stay Where one can't tell the night from day; We cannot keep our bearing right, Know when to hide, or come in sight.

No doubt, on this historic ground Ten thousand wonders may be found Would interest the Brownie mind With moral lessons well defined,



The helmet cleft the corselet bent, The baldrick pierced and symbol rent Showed some Sir Knight had sure enough In Palestine found usage rough. They chained each other to the wall, They tried the thumb-screws, racks and all, So they might be the better schooled In what went on when tyrants ruled; They crowded some into a hole Where not a ray of daylight stole, To cheer the heart or show the face Of those who languished in the place. Behind the shields that turned aside The weapons that the Pagans plied,

That were by skillful hands designed To represent some master mind. More nights than one they slacked their gait In fogs that wrapped the city great, And poked about until distressed In seeking for some place to rest. Some tried with lanterns to nurse Their way to points they better knew, While others sought some place to hide Until the pall would drift aside. Said one: "This town so large and fine Would be a favorite spot of mine If fogs were not so often spread To keep you moving round in dread.



Of which we might for ages speak, Nor have a subject trite or weak, But let us now some plans advance To cross the Channel into France."

Nobles Isles beneath the sky, We must leave as on we fly.



Nobles Isles beneath the sky, We must leave as on we fly.

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AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR



HE woman in business is being written of to such an extent that I should think she would be tired of reading about herself. She is, in every sense, the subject of the hour. Never before has she received such attention. Our periodicals fairly teem with her. The great successes achieved by her are written of and talked about. The marvelous chances ready and open to her in the busy world are pointed out. An audience in a large city only a few evenings ago was, for example, told by the speaker, that "every woman holds in her hand to-day the key of her own independence." And that key was a career in the business world. Said this woman: "Literature beckons, art invites, every business office says 'Come'; factories are begging for women to work their looms and turn their wheels." Then we were told, too, that "ninety per cent. of the women who have gone into business have made successes far beyond their highest expectations." And the lesson intended to be drawn by those women who were not in business was that of "Go, thou, and do likewise."

"WELL," says some reader, "do you not believe in all this?" In one sense, yes; in another, no. I believe heartily in any written or spoken suggestion or hint which will point the way for any woman with whom it is absolutely necessary to earn her living—who must (note that I say must) go out and battle with the world. Into the hopes and life of such a one all of us are ever ready to enter. I believe, too, in doing everything in our power to make the world of business easier and pleasanter for those women who are already in it. The utmost that we can do for them is little enough. Woman's path in the rough working world is hard at its best, and he or she who can, by pen or word of mouth, remove one stone from that path, is in direct touch and spirit with the highest and noblest type of modern philanthropy. In these respects I believe in the spirit of the many articles written, and the countless addresses delivered, touching the woman in business, or the chances open to her who needs must seek a living.

BUT there is increasing among us constantly a type of woman who is an unfortunate outcome of this over-discussion of the woman in business, and upon her mind it is having a disastrous effect. It is the young woman—for she is usually young, often very young, more's the pity—who seeks a business career, so that she may be what she calls "independent." As a rule this young woman comes from a home of some comfort. But there are brothers and sisters in the family, and her father cannot give her as large an allowance as she thinks she ought to have; therefore, she wants to earn it herself. Generally she wants to "dress a little better," and she wants to earn some extra "pin-money" for that purpose. Or, there may have been a few sharp words at home, growing out of some trivial "right," which she felt she was "old enough to have," and, being strong-headed, she "simply cannot stand it." Sometimes it is a lover's quarrel, and she has left home to show "him" that "woman can be independent of man if she wants to be." At other times the village or town in which her parents have a comfortable home has become too contracted. She craves for city life, and for "employment and independent means in the large city." This kind of girl usually "can do anything at all." All she wants is "a chance." But one thing is certain: she "is tired of her dull home life, which is the same, day in and day out," and she seeks "independence." She wants to cut loose from a life of dependence in the home, and breathe the freer spirit of independence that a business career insures! If you ask her if it is a case of necessity that draws her to business, she usually flushes up and resents the imputation of poverty. She wants "independence," that is all; and with the methods pursued by some to urge such a girl to go into business I have no sympathy. Upon this type of girl has much evil been wrought by just such sentiments as those I have quoted in the opening paragraph of this page: sentiments of theory rather than of fact.

FOR, really, judging from the manner in which the possibilities of business life for woman is pictured by writers and speakers, one would imagine that there were thousands of women engaged in business to-day purely from personal choice, or for the rollicking pleasure or fun to be found in commercial strife. Now I doubt not that there may be found, here and there, a woman who is in business from personal choice or love of it. But I am dealing with the rule, and not with exceptions, when I say that out of every thousand women in the outer world, nine hundred and ninety-nine are there simply because of one fact: of necessity, and not because they like it. And if the choice were given these nine hundred and ninety-nine women, every blessed one of them, my friend, would leave it to-morrow. It is all very well for some of our speakers to paint the business world for women a rosy-hued color. It sounds pretty, but it isn't true. There is no such thing as independence to be found in it, or to be derived from it, and none know that fact better than the women who are in business. I may, with these words, rub off some of the varnish from what is called "the great mission of woman," but it is high time that a little truth should be spoken, to counteract the mass of palaver and rubbish that is being written and uttered.

I AM surrounded every working day of my life with women in business, and I know something of their lives. My particular lines throw me constantly into contact with this class of women, and, in writing of them, I shall have at least the satisfaction of knowing whereof I speak, and in this respect it seems not unlikely that I differ from some who write and speak on this topic. I think I know something of what a young woman hourly and daily suffers who must earn her livelihood. The privilege has been given me to contribute, in part, to the support of several hundred of the bravest and nicest little women whom God ever ordained should toil for their own bread and butter. And I have been allowed, too, to enter into their lives and been given their confidences. Scores of self-supporting girls and women are my personal friends, and it is they, and not I, who speak these words on my page this month. I am simply their mouthpiece when I counsel every woman, young or old, to keep miles and miles away from the business world, unless actual necessity drives her to its borders. Believe me, my young woman, when I say that there is no independence in the business world for any living woman. A business career means drudgery, to which home duties are a perfect elysium of leisure. There are no such disappointments to experience, no such pains to bear, no such blighted hopes to suffer, no such indignities to be compelled to accept, no such heart-breaks or mental anguish in the hardest kind of domestic work, as there are in even the easiest positions in the business world. The poorest, hardest-working woman in her home is a queen of independence compared to the woman in business, whether she be employé or employer.

NO person, however favorably he or she may desire to view the matter of business life for a girl, can honestly say to her that in such a career she will find "the key of her own independence." On the contrary, it means absolute dependence, and not only that but the severest kind of trials and privations. In her home she may have been under orders but the orders came from her mother; in the office or store she is under the orders of a stranger, who, to put a truth quite plainly, cares nothing for her save the amount of work that can be gotten out of her. It is useless to deny that business is built upon selfish lines. This must be so. The sole object of business is to make money. Methods of attaining that end may differ, but the purpose is the same. Hence everything and everybody that comes within the attainment of that end is judged purely upon selfish lines, and measured by cold and calculating standards. The sensitive womanly nature never wants for respect, but it may at times be forgotten. The man in business is an entirely different animal from the same man met socially at the home of a friend, or when seen in his home. I do not say by this that a gentleman ever forgets the respect due to woman in or out of business, but the manner in which a man at his ease, and a man overcharged with business perplexities and worries shows that respect may be widely different. I have known women in home life to suppose that allowances are made for their sex in business life. This is not so for the reason that it could not be so. No business could exist if conducted on such lines.

A YOUNG woman faces a succession of hard trials when she turns to a business career. It is easier for her to think that she can do what she sees others doing than it is for her to do it. It is not so easy to be compelled to rise at a certain hour day after day whether one feels like it or not; to eat a hasty breakfast, or let me say rather to bolt it; to go out into the biting frosts of the winter and the torrid heats of the summer; to leave the comforts of home behind and those dearest and nearest to us; to be compelled to write when the eyes will scarcely keep open from the ache in the head; to eat either a cold lunch spread on the knee or mingle with the elements in a cheap restaurant; to see the wardrobe running behind with no time to sew or replenish it; to go through the strain of a long day's work only to return home at eventide often too tired to eat; to feel too exhausted to do aught in the evening but to remain home and seek early rest to gain strength for the morrow, to go through the same routine of mental and physical anguish. Will any one call this a life of independence? And yet this is what thousands of girls go through day after day, year in and year out, until at twenty-two they look thirty. Enough is it that such a life should be led by those whose circumstances demand it.

I KNOW that hundreds of young women are attracted to a business life by the reports which we meet so frequently in print as to the number of successful women in business, and the large incomes earned by them. These stories are made very attractive, and I know how apt these things are to influence the unknowing. But I happen to personally know something of many of the women whose incomes are made the basis for writers and speakers to urge other women into business careers. Often have I wished that I might feel privileged to tell in print the actual truth about these reports as it has been told me by some of these "successful women." We have read of them earning all the way from two to twenty thousand dollars per year, but some people have a very easy way of rolling thousands of dollars under their tongues. It is easier to say that there are five hundred women in the business world of New York, for example, who are earning four thousand dollars per year than it is to prove it. There are a far greater number who are not earning four hundred dollars. Last evening I took the pains to gather from my scrap-book some printed statements anent this subject of the earnings of successful women. I collated a list of eighteen, of whose incomes I have a personal, and, I think, an accurate knowledge. These women were cited as having yearly revenues of from six to twenty-five thousand dollars per year, and in not a single instance were the figures given correct. In fact, in thirteen cases the printed figures were more than double the actual incomes. I do not mean to imply by these remarks an unbelief that women in business have failed of success. Women have succeeded in business in numbers of cases, but not, by any means, to the extent the public has been asked to believe. To make the statement quoted in my opening paragraph that "ninety per cent. of the women who have gone into business have made successes far beyond their highest expectations," is to make an assertion far, far away from the truth. Not twenty per cent. have. It is all very well to give encouragement to business women. I believe in it, but not at the expense of truth.

IN like manner, too, is it dangerous to make it appear too easy for women to succeed in business life to-day. More doors are open than ever, it is true, and it is well that it is so when we consider the larger number of women who are forced to earn their living. But to magnify the opportunities for women is wrong and pernicious in its effect. It is not a whit easier for a girl to succeed in business now than it was fifty years ago, and the thousands of girls who have left their homes and gone to the cities have found this out. More women are being employed. Yes, but success isn't made easier by that fact. The requirements necessary to every position are just the same, just as exacting and equally as onerous. The conditions of business life have not changed because women have come in where men formerly reigned supreme. It is all well enough to use a pretty phrase and say to an audience of young women that "literature beckons, art invites, every business office says 'Come'; factories are begging for women to work their looms, and waiting to turn their wheels." But, all the same, my dear young woman, business men are not standing on the walks beckoning, inviting and saying "Come," nor are our factories begging, nor their wheels waiting for women to turn them. That's all fol de rol. Business isn't conducted that way, except in the minds of a few of our platform women. There are too many girls seeking employment, too many women nearly starving for want of work, and not a profession or trade is waiting for one single woman.

THERE is no sense in this urging girls or women to go into business, and the sooner that fact is believed the better it will be for the happiness of thousands of young women who are now being misled into disappointment. The girl who must go to work needs no urging; she will find her place without the help of agitators, whose chief capacity seems to be the turning of flowery phrases. And for the girl who is led by such remarks to a foolish notion of "independence," the business world has no room. She simply usurps the place which another and far more needy should occupy. Business is too practical a thing to be used as a play-toy. The self-willed or strong-headed girl who thinks she is oppressed at home will find "independence" farther away from her in a business career. Her "pin-money" she will find made at a dear cost when she seeks to earn it in an office, store or shop. It is all that strong men can do to withstand the wear and tear of business life, and women, never meant by the Creator to engage in business and constitutionally unfit for it, had best give it a wide berth unless it is absolutely necessary.

THE atmosphere of commercial life has never been conducive to the best interests of any woman engaged in it. The number of women in business who lose their gentleness and womanliness is far greater than those who retain what, after all, are woman's best and chief qualities. To be in an office where there are only men has never yet done a single girl any good; it has done harm to thousands. The effect may scarcely be perceptible, but the evil has been done, nevertheless, in a very large percentage of instances. It may be only in a single article of speech; it may be only in an unconsciously-assumed manner that belongs to men rather than to women; it may be only in thoughts; it may be only in a changed way of looking at things—a "broader" way it is frequently called—but the one fact remains: the girl has not been benefited by her business career. I know whereof I speak, and I deal not in generalities. I have seen girls enter the offices of our great cities and I have watched them from their first day. I should like to be plainer on this subject if I could, for the benefit of those girls to whom a business career is so attractive. But there are some things better left unsaid. And in these remarks I mean no disrespect to the great army of working-girls. They know what I mean; they know how true is the picture drawn. They know how loth they would be to see younger sisters in the places they occupy, unless dire necessity demanded it. A business career is not apt to be refining to a girl, even under the most auspicious circumstances. The best we can hope for her is that she is strong and brave enough to retain every good quality she possessed when she entered upon it; she cannot hope to add to either her gentleness or womanliness. It may not take from her, but be sure it will give her nothing.

The women in business to-day are the truest believers that the commercial world was never intended for their sex. Circumstances drive many to it, but that is all. The home has ever been woman's truest sphere and it will ever remain so. There she is unequalled, a rightful, undisputed queen. There lies her greatest power, her surest influence, and there every true friend of her sex wishes her to remain unless circumstances force her out of it. And then, wherever her lines are cast, may God speed her; may friends help her and strangers be kind to her.



[Selected from hitherto unpublished shorthand notes by T. J. Ellinwood, for nearly thirty years Mr. Beecher's private stenographer and authorized reporter.]

ON the night of Good Friday I always try to feel bad, but I can't. I try to look into the tomb, but I can't see anything there but the angels. I try to make myself feel sorry that Christ laid in the tomb, but I am so glad that I hardly know what to say. I can shut out more or less, but the fact is, by a mere act of imagination, I see angels present all the time interpreting the meaning of this sublime event. The stone is rolled away for me, and I can make believe that the tomb is there; and the garden which contains it is more than the garden of the new Jerusalem, to my imagination.

THOUGHTS ON GOOD FRIDAY

TO be sure, there are sides to this which are very tender. I rejoice to-day in the thought that Christ would be willing to lay down His life for me, if it were needful, again; that He would engirdle me with an unspeakable sweetness and beauty of love, as a testimony to me of the strength and endurance of His care for me; that He would be willing to lie once more in the sepulchre if only so I might be comforted with the hope of immortality; that God represents Himself no more by figures drawn from the throne, no more by the lion of the tribe of Judah, no more by any elements of force, but as a Father who sends His Son as a testimony of His love, to lay down His life for me, and wraps me up, as it were, in His eternal love. These thoughts come home to me, this Good Friday night, with a great deal of power. There is a sacredness in the thought of one that is so thought of and loved of God.

So my reflections have been around about the sepulchre, and, after all, only to men of ignorance was it a dark sepulchre; only to men of fear was it a frightful sepulchre. To us, who have hope and love to interpret it, it is a beautiful sepulchre. Not with silver, nor gold, nor marble, nor precious stones could any place be built that would be so beautiful to our thought as the rock-hewn sepulchre in which Christ slept. There was life where we seek death. It was more than all the thrones that were on earth. They have perished; they are gone; but the death of Christ stands as the great event of time, and the life out of that death stands forever and ever as the marvel, the memorial and the adoration of the universe.

THE LAST HOURS OF CHRIST

IF you search the Bible for information concerning the last hours of Christ, His deportation and His tomb, you will find very little that is definite. I suppose, among the traditions, that which places the tomb of Christ in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is correct. There is an unbroken tradition, reaching back at least to the year 30, that Constantine built a church over the sepulchre. John says that near by the cross there was a garden in which was a sepulchre wherein man had never lain. It was new. We know that the habit of the Jews was to hew out sepulchres. The foundation on which the whole country was, as it were, superimposed, was limestone, filled with caves which were appropriated for burial purposes. The tombs there were cut in the rock—not in such hard rock as our granite, or anything of the kind, but a very easy-cutting limestone. And in the garden, it is said by the latest chroniclers, within a stone's throw of the place where Christ was crucified, there is this sepulchre. That is the nearest we can come to the fact. Everything else is indefinite. But while a world of speculation has surrounded the act of His dying, and the meaning of His suffering and death, one simple declaration on His part fills the whole sphere of inquiry—"Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for a friend." Christ died for the love which he bore to the human family. The vindication of justice, the fulfilling of the law, the satisfying the public sentiment of the universe, as a ground and reason of Christ's suffering, has been the speculation of theologians; but there need be no speculation in regard to His testimony, which is that in interpreting the divine nature to mankind it was necessary that He should bear suffering as a test of His love; that He should die as the means of appealing to the judgment and imagination of men, His love representing God's love.

CHRIST DURING HIS BURIAL

THERE is one question in connection with this subject which I do not know that I have heard much discussed, namely: "Where was Christ when He lay buried in the sepulchre?" If there is anything that we should suppose would have been definitely given in the New Testament, it is some word about the time of Christ's arrest and crucifixion, and the duration of his burial; but we are all at sea on these subjects. Where was the sepulchre? Not only is the exact spot not located, but it is merely traced.

There is a certain strange parallelism in this respect between the history of Moses and the history of Christ. Moses died out of sight of men. He was buried in a place unknown to his people. The Israelites, prone to idolatry, could not ascertain where his body was laid. Therefore they never had a chance, to make a pilgrimage to his tomb, and worship it. All of him that was left to them were his memory and his statutes.

So uncertainty in regard to the physical elements connected with the life and death of Christ breaks men's hold, as it were, upon the outward, and gives them an impulse toward the inward. There is enough of the external in the Gospels to satisfy the needs of our material being, and give it a hold on this life; but when you come to insist upon a regular, continued, symmetrical development of Christ's physical life clear through to the end, the ground falls from under you. And yet the Gospels have done much to unfold the spiritual nature. There is that in them which meets the necessities of the lowliest minds, and satisfies the cravings of the highest.

DEATH IS NOT ANNIHILATION

THERE is one single sentence uttered by Christ that plays over the surface of the tomb with a faint iridescence: "I have power to lay down My life, and I have power to take it up again." Otherwhere in the Scripture, it is said: "God raised Him up." He says He had power to raise Himself up. To many it is a stumbling-block to say that Christ is God, and that yet He died—as if God could die; but I think a moment's reflection will free one from any such idea as that. When we say that a man dies, we do not mean that he is annihilated, but that he is changed, and that he steps out of the body into the spirit land.

If it pleased an All-Wise God to incarnate His Son in the body, when He died His Spirit merely passed out of the body. The change at death is a change, not in the sense of the termination of life, but in the sense of a difference of circumstances; and it is just as conceivable that this should take place in a body incarnating God, as that it should take place in a man. If the Spirit of Christ dwelt within Him, then, in our ordinary parlance He was not dead, but was only in a trance; but that He died as men die is everywhere the teaching of Holy Scripture.

If, then, His Spirit went out from His body while He was in the sepulchre, where did it go? Did He descend to Hades and preach during His absence? Could so important a thing as that—the ministry of two or three days, or of a single hour or moment—have taken place, and we be dependent for the knowledge of it upon a mere incidental expression?

The best modern interpreters of the Bible hold that the passage in which He is spoken of as having descended to Hades means that He went down to the region of the dead and preached to those that were there; in other words, that out of the body, as a ministering Spirit, He went on with His redemptive work toward those that had ceased to dwell upon the earth—looking very strongly toward a secondary probation, or a probation after death. Or, did He ascend to the Heavens? Where was His conscious being? It is not stated. Not a ray of light is thrown upon the question. All the evidence we can collect upon this point is simply to this effect: That so far as He was known to humanity He ceased to be known when He was inclosed within the sacred sepulchre.

All the rest is simply and only a matter of pure conjecture. It is not disallowed to the poetical imagination, but it is not necessary to faith. It is permitted to curiosity, but it is not substantiated by fact. Respecting it there never can be anything more than philosophical speculation.

THE SEPULCHRE IN A GARDEN

FOR twenty-five years of my ministry I have taken very great delight in the thought that the sepulchre of Christ was in a garden. Death in the midst of blossoms! Death surrounded by life and growth! Death, that all the world dreads and represents as hideous, inclosed like an unlighted gem, in the glorious setting of radiant flowers of beauty! If there was any place on earth that was dismayful to the disciples it was the sepulchre, where their hope lay buried. Poor fellows, poor, trustful women, whose whole life of faith was dependent upon the wonderful power and wisdom and goodness of Him whom they loved and followed, and who, all at once, dropped out of their sight, in the hands of His enemies, and was shut up in the prison of a rock-door tomb, and was gone! But black as the mouth of the grave looked to them, it was the most radiant spot in creation; it was the most glorious place in the history of humanity; it was the place that was more full of lustre than any other upon the broad face of the earth, in their eyes; it was the place that seemed to have buried everything from their sight, from their hope and from their love. Yes, it was a sepulchre in the garden.

THE MINISTRY OF FLOWERS

IN respect to flowers, it is not my love for them alone that leads me to wish that they might be upon my platform every Sabbath day. I feel that, emerging from ecclesiastical and social conditions of worship, what we need above everything else, aside from the direct inspiration of God's Spirit, is to reproduce the old pastoral feeling that the church is a family—not an empire, not a kingdom, but a household of faith—and that the members are brethren. The house where they worship ought not to be sepulchral, but ought to produce a feeling of cheerfulness as far as possible.

The social qualities are essential elements of the second higher class in the development of church feeling, and especially so where city churches are concerned. Ever since I have been the pastor of this church—and I have been its pastor from the time it was formed—it has been my constant effort to break down such formalities as I thought stood between men in religious association. I have never encouraged persons to come in here as if they were coming before an awful God. I have rather encouraged the other feeling—"Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Though I have felt that anything in the nature of frivolity or of secular occupations in the house of God was unfit, yet I have never felt that the cheerful intercourse of Christian brethren in God's house before or after service was unbecoming with the spirit of religion. I believe that it is precisely what existed in the time of Christ, and that it lies in the line of the sympathy of the whole sacred Scripture.

I have also had a wish that we might gather into the church such associations with Nature as should lead men to carry their Bible with them in the store, in the street and in the field. Although it has been easy for me to use that which was given me of the power of illustration, it has not been my habit to use it except for the purpose of impressing the truth; and so far as I have employed it, both in my writings and teachings, it has been from an earnest desire to so bring the highest moral considerations into connection with the elements of nature in every-day life.

THE GARDEN IN THE CHURCH

I AM desirous that those who have been brought under my ministry should see a great deal more around about them than other people are accustomed to see. In looking at the clouds I want them to have some thoughts higher than those of secular things. In listening to the winds I want them to hear something more than the sounds of mechanical forces. I want the shaking of the leaves of the trees to be as the clapping of hands to them. I want the seasons to be to them preachers. And I want the influence of all these things to be on the side of sweetness, faith, hope and inspiration. Therefore, as I preach a sweet religion, and not a sour one, as I preach the beauty of holiness, and not simply the terrors of the law, as I preach the bright and glowing character of the Lord Jesus Christ, I enjoy having these testimonials of the garden and the field brought in here. Especially do I esteem them because they educate men to go out into the garden and the field and have flowers associated with their own imagination. This cannot be otherwise so long as they love flowers in connection with the worship of God. I do not believe a child, brought up under my ministry in this church, will ever see flowers till he dies without having some thought of religion, of the sanctuary, and of the inspiration of flowers. So, flowers at our service have a meaning. They are not in any special way a symbolization; they simply bring things common into higher relations on a principle of association; and having them on the platform, besides affording pleasure, to a certain extent interprets a part of my idea of the Christian ministry.

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MY SWEETHEART AND I

By Ruth Ashmore

THAT'S the way I think it ought to be worded. Because, then, the trace of selfishness that suggests itself in "Me and My Sweetheart" is entirely lost. And there can be no real love where selfishness exists. You may smile at this, my dear girl, and think that then there must be very little love in the world; there is only a little bit, but you have a right to your share of it. Your sweetheart and you! I wonder if you know what that means to people whose sweethearts have drifted from them, whose sweethearts have forgotten them, or whose sweethearts have been taken away from them by that inexorable tyrant, Death? The days are long and sunshiny, and the knowledge that you possess a sweetheart, a real one, ought, it seems to me, make your heart dance with delight, every duty should become a pleasure and every pleasure seem tripled.

Perhaps you have known your sweetheart for years, perhaps you have only known him for a few months, but, nevertheless, he has discovered that you are the one woman for him, and the one whom he wishes to have walk beside him all his life, sharing his sorrows and his joys. And you? You are only too glad to be his companion. And thus being of one mind, it becomes necessary that you shall think out what are your duties toward each other, for life is not all love, though, as far as you two are concerned, you may make it so.

MAKE HIM YOUR FRIEND

FIRST of all it is necessary that your sweetheart should be your companion and your affectionate friend, as well as your lover. Indeed, unless you combine these two—the friend and the lover—the love will wear away, and the lover will grow weary. So, it seems good and right that you should think of the things which interest him, and also think out things which ought to interest him, and by pleasant talk make him aware of them. What I mean, my dear girl, is that while the expression of love is right and proper, and that it is quite right that the man who is to be your husband should greet you with a loving kiss and words that tell of his affection for you, still your hold on him will be greater if you make him interested in the books you have read and the plays you have seen, or if you talk to him about some question which has interested you and about which you have a decided opinion. In this way you will become companionable, and, let me tell you, that while it is the easiest thing in the world for a young girl to get a sweetheart, it is only by becoming his good friend that she can keep him.

THE MARMALADE OF LOVE

"BUT," says some girl who has very independent ways, "why shouldn't he cater to my ideas; why should I cater to his?" Oh, my dear, what a mistake you are making. You are not catering to his ideas, you are only doing that which is right and womanly, and endeavoring to keep the love which you have gained. You may discuss nothing more serious than the difference between yellow and brown hair, and your sweetheart may say to you that brown locks are the loveliest in the world, and his eyes may tell you the reason why he thinks so. Then you may defend golden hair the evening through, and when you two part you have had a merry little time, you have made your sweetheart forget the cares of life, and it has been entirely because you talked about something that each was interested in. Another evening it may be a book; another evening you may let him explain to you all about the politics of the country, and still another happy time you two may build castles in the air about the little home which is to be yours, which you both look forward to as a positive reality. Treat your sweetheart always as a friend; let him know of the great love that is at your heart, and let it find expression in words once and a while, but remember that a continued expression of it is like the giving of many teaspoonfuls of marmalade—the hungry one will tire of it, and yearn for plain bread and butter. Give plenty of the bread and butter of affectionate friendship, and every now and then add to it a spoonful of marmalade of love.

I like the old-fashioned word "sweethearting." But it, like all good things, has its written and unwritten laws, which must be strictly observed by the girl who wishes to retain her sweetheart's respect as well as love. I think the law that must be most closely observed is that of discretion.

SURROUNDED BY YOUR FAMILY

BUT that one little word, discretion, covers a very wide ground. It means that not only must you be careful in what you say and think, but you must be wise in the giving of good things, and no matter how much your sweetheart may seem to long for your presence, you must not let him have too much of it. When he comes to see you in the evening let him come where all the rest are, mother and those bad boys, and the other girls—let him come right into your home-life, see what it is like and how you fill your place; in time your interests will become his. You hang your head when I say this—you think you would rather see him alone; well, it is not such a long time since mother was a girl herself, and she will manage, before he goes, that you shall have fifteen minutes, or half an hour, to talk over with him whatever seems of most importance to you. That half hour will seem to both of you more than all the rest of the evening, but do you think it would have seemed so much if you two had been alone all the time?

It is possible that your sweetheart is going to escort you to a concert; then let him take you from the very midst of your family, your mother wishing that you may have a good time, and, my dear girl, if he always thinks of you as surrounded by care and consideration, his self-respect, when he is honored with the charge of you, will keep him from doing or saying anything that would not be done or said in the home nest.

SMALL COURTESIES OF LIFE

IT is possible that your sweetheart may never have had any sisters to tell him of the little things that annoy women, and that he has never before cared enough for a girl to give her the right to make known to him what she thinks are odd little ways. Once or twice he has caught you by the arm in getting through a crowd, or when you were walking together in the evening; naturally you did not like that. Well, tell him so, but don't draw your arm away and be cross about it; instead, look him right straight in the face, and say: "Dear boy, I would so much rather lean on you than have you lean on me." Then slip your hand where it belongs, under his left arm, close to his heart. Suppose your sweetheart should incline to scarfs you don't like. I once heard a girl tell a man she hated him because he wore a pale blue scarf. You needn't be as positive as that, but you can suggest to him that as a blonde he always looks better in an all-black scarf, while as a brunette he can wear the white ones all day and put on the black ones for very formal occasions. Men are very much what women make them, and it is the easiest thing in the world to teach your sweetheart how to act and dress according to the social laws, and he will never dream that he is being taught, but will believe that every suggestion has emanated from his own brain. Let him understand that he is never to be anything but respectful and considerate of your family, and make this an unwritten law by showing respect and consideration for his.

Never permit him to gossip over the affairs of his family with you. Their secrets are not yours, and you have no right to know them. If something is forced upon you, make up your mind to think the best of it. This is something you will never regret. Don't let your sweetheart, because you have told him you love him, neglect any of the little courtesies about which you were so careful before he had gotten this confession of your love. Set nothing down to lack of thought, but giving proper thought to all small politenesses yourself, exact the same from him. Never let that meanest of all things, jealousy, enter your heart. If the man is worth your love, if you have promised to trust and believe in him, you are wronging him when you permit suspicions to come to you, and it will injure you in every way. If, before you told him your love, you had not thought out whether the love he offered you was a good and true one, then it is possible you deserve to suffer from your carelessness, but if you believe in your sweetheart you are insulting him when you let yourself become a prey to jealousy. Politeness is one of the cardinal virtues, and its great value is never so much appreciated as when every one of its laws are observed between people who care for each other. A slighting word, a rude gesture or an impolite action has done more to break love than all the unfaithfulness or change of heart that ever existed. A great break can be healed, but a thousand little ones can only result in that destruction. I call on you, if you want to retain your sweetheart, to remember this.

JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY

IT is undoubtedly pleasant to receive presents from those we love, and usually a girl's sweetheart enjoys giving to her. But many a young man has, because of his love, been more generous than just, by giving the girl he loved gifts that he could not afford. For this reason the wise maiden will refuse to accept, even from her sweetheart, gifts of great value, and when she comes to know all his affairs she may show greater wisdom by refusing to take anything of greater value than a flower or a few sweets. Every girl loves a pretty ring, and for this reason many a man has gone into debt to give to the girl of his heart a diamond ring, which he could not afford, but which she seemed to yearn for. Personally, I think it in much better taste for a girl to have a very simple engagement ring, a gold loveknot or a blue enameled one being really more appropriate for the engagement than a ring set with precious stones. There is a certain vulgarity in the wearing of jewels by young girls, and that it is an engagement ring does not excuse the assumption of an enormous diamond. A ring which has some sentiment attached to it, or one that has its own story for two, is a thousand times more to be desired than the kind of ring that can be bought by anybody. Certainly, you do not want to begin your engagement with, as its souvenir, a ring that has caused your sweetheart to assume a debt, for that would be a very bad commencement.

If your sweetheart is away from you it goes without saying that you will write to each other. Now, I do not want to start a grain of suspicion in your mind, but I must say this: do not write to him everything you would say. Men are proverbially careless, and you do not know whose eyes may rest upon your letters, and strangers might find in them a source of amusement that would be extremely mortifying to you. Then, too, while you may give your sweetheart, for his own special pleasure, one picture, do not let him decorate his rooms with innumerable photographs of you for strangers' eyes to rest upon and strangers' lips to criticize. Frenchmen say that if you are looking for the woman a man loves you will not find her picture in his room; that though there may be pictures of many other women there, the woman of his heart cannot be found. It is the woman who is not there whom he loves.

ABOUT YOUR RELIGION

SOMETIMES you tell me that you and your sweetheart get into heated religious discussions. If I were you I wouldn't do this. No man was ever convinced of the beauty of religion by argument. You must make your faith a living one to impress your lover with its beauty and worth. Your religion must show itself in your every-day life, and by your works he will know how great and beautiful a thing it is. I do not think that happy marriages ensue when people have exactly opposite opinions, and very decided ones, about their beliefs, and for that reason I should not advise your acceptance of a man whose faith is different from your own. Many a girl will tell you that she knows of such marriages, but a happy marriage presupposes similarity of thought about matters of great importance, and certainly one's religion is the most important. Faiths in which people have been born and educated mean much to them, and a house divided against itself is certain to fall. Into the religious question about you and your sweetheart comes the consideration due to your father and mother, and I must say, in answer to many of my girls, that I cannot advise them to marry against the wishes of their parents. I believe that if a girl will tell her father that she believes she loves a certain man, and will ask why he objects to him, that she will be made to understand it all. Fathers are reasonable creatures, especially where the happiness of their daughters is concerned, for we all know that though they may have a certain pride in their sons, it is their daughters who always get closest to their hearts.

A TINY SERMON

TO the girl who has a sweetheart I would say be as careful of your love as if it were the most fragile china, and do not let it by fret be nicked in any way, for you want nothing less than a perfect love. This may be yours if you will guard your love. Your love may be as ideal as you please, and yet, because love itself is above the mere things of earth, it can yet govern your life practically, so that, for dear love's sake, the unkind word will not be spoken, and the cruel thought will never enter your heart. Sometimes, for dear love's sake, we suffer, but the love itself is so well worth having, that one can endure the pain. To you and your sweetheart I say be faithful, be true, be loving, have a great affection for the friend, with the great love that goes to the sweetheart, and you will attain that perfect union that on the day when you two become one will show itself in your lover's face, and the lookers-on will know that "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on Page 39 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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A TRIO OF PRETTY LUNCHEONS

By Mrs. Burton Kingsland

WHEN LILIES ARE IN BLOOM.

AN EASTER LUNCHEON OF LILIES WHITE AND PURE



A LUNCHEON appropriate to Easter-tide should be marked, above all, by a profusion of flowers suggesting thoughts of the renewed earth bursting into beauty and bloom—death out of life—and the blossoms considered most typical of the lovely season are usually lilies because of their purity and sweetness.

Everything about the table should be white, relieved only by green foliage. Have for a centre-piece a cut-glass bowl filled with Easter lilies.

Radiating from the centre-piece the long-stemmed lilies may be placed so as to bring a cluster of blossoms before the plate of each guest. The long, spiky leaves adorning every inch of stem, make an effective decoration in themselves, and a round table, so treated, is prettier than any other form.

The little silver or cut-glass receptacles, holding the white sugared bonbons and little frosted cakes, find their places in between the lily stems. Dried orange-peel, cut in tiny slivers, and crystallized with sugar, is a novelty that is much liked, and is a decorative feature for a white table.

The candles should, of course, be white, set in silver or glass candelabra. I have seen pretty shades made to represent water-lilies, and bobèches may be improvised by sticking the candles in the hearts of small, artificial annunciation lilies, which are readily procurable about Easter-time.

At the place of each guest I would have a large Easter lily filled with sprays of lilies-of-the-valley, with two or three small leaves for contrast—the whole set in a slender wine glass. It makes a flower-holder fit for a fairy. It may be tied at the end with a bow of white satin ribbon, upon which the lady's name may be written.

With a little thought the menu may be composed entirely of white dishes:

Clam Bouillon in Cups
Fish Soufflé
Sweetbreads with Mushrooms à la Béchamel
Asparagus—White Sauce
Broiled Chicken
Lettuce Salad
Ice Cream

ONE of Sherry's most successful designs for ice cream last season was composed of a large Easter lily, made of translucent sugar, which held a number of flowers of various colors, made of ice cream. A spray of the natural lilies was tied to the stem of the sugar flower with a pale green ribbon, and the effect was exquisitely chaste and dainty. A simpler form, which I have seen frequently of late, consists of three small lily-of-the-valley leaves, to which a bunch of the natural flowers is tied with a narrow white ribbon.

Some little souvenir of the occasion always seems to give pleasure, and an Easter lily traced on Bristol-board would require but the most superficial knowledge of drawing to imitate quite acceptably the natural flower. The petals should be very delicately indicated with a few lines of palest gray, and the calyx of yellow green, a faint shadow throwing it in relief. The ladies' names may be traced on one petal, and something appropriate to the character or circumstances of each may be written on the reverse side.

To one whose life has not been all sunshine, might be given the message:

"God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold,
We may not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold!"

To some other, blessed by much affection:

"As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters";

while quotations of a more impersonal nature may be distributed, for instance:

"It was the time when lilies blow"—

from Tennyson's "Lady Clare"; or

"Lilies, silvery white,
Made of frozen light!"

It is not a vision of Utopia that social functions may be interpenetrated by a spirit of mutual helpfulness in the direction of nobler living and higher thinking. Wherever a pure, sweet woman meets her kind, there goes forth an unconscious influence, like the perfume of the lilies we are considering. A gentleman once said that, "A gracious woman at the head of her own table, amiably desirous of promoting the happiness of her guests, while at the same time giving a tone of purity, refinement and high principle to the conversation, may be said to be present at her own apotheosis."

A FEAST OF RIDDLES

A UNIQUE LUNCHEON AS PLEASANT AS IT WAS NOVEL



A UNIQUE luncheon was given recently at the house of a lady whose friends have named her "The Goddess of Hospitality," from her frequent entertainments, and the enjoyment she seemed to take in gathering her friends about her under delightful conditions. The invitations were issued for a "Conundrum Luncheon" and were riddles in themselves, and the recipients wondered how such an idea would find expression.

At table, each lady found at her place a wild rose or sweet-brier blossom, painted upon Watman paper, about the size of the palm of the hand, and cut out following the outline of the flower. The reverse side of the blossom was also painted with its calyx and part of the stem and cut into shape. These formed the covers of a little book containing about a dozen leaves. A drop of mucilage between each leaf held all firmly together, at the edge of one of the left-hand petals.

Oysters were already on the table when the guests assembled, but on each leaf of the little flower-books was a conundrum in verse, the answer to which would give the name of each course in turn, thus furnishing a novel menu. While enjoying one course the ladies amused themselves by trying to guess the one next in order, and the answers were in each case correctly given before its appearance.

THE following was the menu selected for this occasion, but it will require but a very slender rhyming faculty to adapt the idea to any other choice of dishes. The riddles in this case were composed, with one exception, by the hostess.

The bouillon was thus suggested:

"I come of a noble French family,
Godfrey—of Crusader fame,
Must be known to you all I'm certain,
And I am the last of the name."

The lobster à la Newburg:

"Black and ugly we lived,
But no sooner are dead
Than we turn for your pleasure
A beautiful red
And are martyred by thousands
That you may be fed."

The lamb chops, garnished with a purée of chestnuts:

"Part of an ancient sacrifice
Garnished with something rather nice."

The mushrooms on toast:

"My first is coarse and homely food,
The cotter's fare, but still 'tis good.
My second you may quick define
The place in which we sleep or dine.
My whole, when fresh and nicely cooked,
No epicure e'er overlooked."

The ducks:

"I live in the water, I live in the air,
I live on the land, I can live anywhere.
Sometimes I am wild, sometimes I am tame,
Sometimes I'm a 'salmi,' sometimes I am game."

The ice cream:

"Although cold by nature
I'm favored by all,
And there's scarcely a dinner,
A luncheon or ball,
At which I'm not present.
I'm happy to say
There is no house in town
Where I've not the 'entrée.'"

The bonbons:

"My mission in life is a sweet one I claim,
For the children's eyes brighten at hearing my name."

THERE often comes to both hostess and guests, after leaving the table, a little blank sensation as though things had come to an end, and one is at a loss what to do next. The custom of serving the coffee in another room tides over this feeling. The company forms itself into a new combination, and once seated, conversation is taken up with renewed interest and flows easily into fresh channels.

On the occasion that I am recalling, the hostess conducted her guests to a second-story library, where the coffee was served.

In a row on the low bookcases and on the tables, were scattered about a motley assemblage of ridiculous articles, whose mysteries were also conundrums to be solved. Each was numbered, and the ladies provided with pencils and tiny blank-books in which to write their guesses. The hostess explained that each article was intended to suggest the title of some well-known book.

A six-inch toy man climbing down a ladder, further supplemented by a hideous little monkey at the top, was intended for Darwin's "Descent of Man." A bowl of cracked ice interpreted Tyndall's "Forms of Water." Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times" was represented by a sheet of the "Times" newspaper.

Photographs of the "Father of his Country" and of Martha Washington illustrated "The Virginians." A doll, with its head turned quite around, stood for Bellamy's "Looking Backward." An engraving of some chicks just emerging from the shell, suggested, "Innocents Abroad," by Mark Twain. A new tin pieplate as it was taken up to be examined, recalled "As in a Looking-Glass," while a drawing of a distracted father trying to quiet a crying baby, made one echo Bulwer's question "What Will He do with It?" There were many others, of which but three or four remained unsolved. A burned-out candle was intended to suggest "The Light that Failed," by Rudyard Kipling. A photograph of the Venus de Medici, painted flesh color, stood for Austey's "Tinted Venus"; a plateful of coins, Reade's "Very Hard Cash," and Dickens' "American Notes" was interpreted by a sheet of music, upon which they read the notes of "Yankee Doodle."

A prize of a dainty photograph frame was awarded to the most successful guesser, while a box of bonbons surmounted by a flock of geese made of cotton wool (procured at a Japanese store) was the "booby" prize, a booby and a goose being considered to be not dissimilar.

FOR ALL-FOOLS' DAY

A LUNCHEON FOR "THE MERRY FIRST DAY OF APRIL"

TWO young girls, to whom the word "fun" embraces all that is worth living for, gave a luncheon to their companions on the first of last April. The invitations read: "Come, 'catch folly as it flies' at one o'clock, April first," to which one girl replied:

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and another, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

The guests, half suspecting a hoax, found the decorations of the table were intended to symbolize the day. In its centre was a large fool's cap of pale yellow satin, with narrow yellow ribbons criss-crossed around it, to which were attached little round bells—the "badge of office" of fools and jesters.

The name-cards were in the form of fishes; the fish is, in France, the type and expression of the customs of the first of April. As we use the term "April fool," they say, "Poisson d'Avril," in allusion to the fact that they are easily "caught."

At each place appeared a round bonbonnière, about six inches across, surmounted by a doll's head and trunk, without arms, the dress being gathered around the neck with a lace ruffle, and the edge pasted around the cover of the box. Each one was different. One doll was dressed to represent a king's jester. Another, painted a dead white, with a close-fitting white kid bonnet, and a dress of white linen, was intended to suggest the French "Pierrot," their national clown, while another of papier-mâché had the hooked nose and prominent chin of "Punch." These boxes, when opened, revealed peanuts, white beans, coffee-grains, etc., beneath which the sweets lay concealed.

FOR a young girls' luncheon it is pains thrown away to prepare delectable dishes and choice viands.

The ice cream is always to them an attractive feature. In this case the young hostesses were familiar with the English dish known as "gooseberry fool"—a compound of crushed gooseberries and cream. Substituting strawberries, and freezing them in the cream, made what they called "strawberry fool."

After luncheon the guests found in another room, scattered about, various odd articles. Two cups of smoking tea on a table, and near them a paper-cutter shaped like a dagger; a single rose in a vase, a painting of a ship at sea, and a few gold coins. It was explained that several poets' names were written upon folded slips of paper. Each guest, in turn, was to draw one, and some object in the room was meant to suggest a line of the author whose name had been drawn.

The one holding the name of Cowper had no difficulty in pointing out

"The cup that cheers, but not inebriates."

Moore was readily recognized by the "rose" that was "blooming alone"; Shakespeare by the paper-cutter:

"Is this a dagger that I see before me?"

The marine view suggested Coleridge:

"A painted ship upon a painted ocean!"

The gold recalled Hood's:

"Gold, gold, gold, gold,
Bright and yellow, hard and cold."

A red-cheeked apple decided the fate of the prize, as its predecessors had the fate of the world, the young woman who drew Milton's name recalling the line:

"Of man's first disobedience,"

The prize was a fan composed of narrow white ribbons, fastened in such manner to the slender ivory sticks that, opened in one way it apparently all fell to pieces, a truly "April fool" fan; but treated in the reverse way it mended itself.

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PEOPLE WHO BORROW TROUBLE

By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage



FROM my childhood up I have always hated the habit of borrowing. I was brought up to avoid it, and I am glad of it. My father was its greatest opponent; my mother, gentle soul, never said much; she simply never borrowed. By her life she taught the precept. Not alone in the borrowing of arti-

cles for the home, as so many are apt to do, but mother never borrowed trouble. To her it was like a sin, and her children have preached her gospel after her. No habit of mind and heart is more woefully wrong; it puts one into a despondency that absolutely unfits a man or a woman for either the duties or the pleasures of life.

WHAT KEEPS OUR SOULS FRESH?

I REMEMBER well the lesson taught me in my garden as a boy. I planted two rose-bushes—one thrived beautifully, the other perished. I found the dead one on the shady side of the house. So, with our dispositions like plants, they need the sunshine. Expectancy of repulse is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has upturn many a fine business, and sent the man dodging among the note-shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long-beaked vultures of scorn and back-biting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them.

How poorly prepared for religious duty is a woman or a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune! If he prays he says: "I do not think I shall be answered." If he gives he says: "I expect they will steal the money." Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to his children: "Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite," and the only difficulty in the play was that the children could not keep up with their father. The M'Cheynes and Summerfields of the Church who did the most good cultivated sunlight. Away with the horrors! They distil poison, they dig graves, and if they could climb so high they would drown the rejoicings of Heaven with sobs and wailings watching for misfortunes.

You will have nothing but misfortune in the future if you sedulously watch for it. Hunt for hawks and bats, and hawks and bats you will find. Hunt for robin-red-breasts, and you will find robin-red-breasts. One night an eagle and an owl got into a fierce battle; the eagle, unused to the night, was no match for an owl, which is most at home in the darkness, and the king of the air fell helpless; but the morning rose, and with it rose the eagle; and the owls and the night-hawks and the bats came a second time to the combat; now the eagle, in the sunlight, with a stroke of his talons and a great cry, cleared the air, and his enemies, with torn feathers, tumbled into the thickets. Ye are the children of light. In the night of despondency you will have no chance against your enemies that flock up from beneath, but, trusting in God and standing in the sunshine of the promises, you shall "renew your youth like the eagle."

FORGETFUL OF THE PRESENT

THE habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because it has a tendency to make us overlook present blessings. To slake our thirst the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into our brimming cups. To feed our hunger the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down with full udders from the clover pastures to give us milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into our laps. Alas, that amid such exuberance of blessings we should growl as though we were soldiers on half rations, or sailors on short allowances; that we should stand neck-deep in harvests, looking forward to famine; that one should feel the strong pulses of health marching with regular tread through all the avenues of life, and yet tremble at the expected assault of sickness; that we should sit in our pleasant homes, fearful that ruthless want will some day rattle the broken window-sash with tempest, and sweep the coals from the hearth, and pour hunger into the bread-tray; that we, who are fed by Him who owns all the harvests, should expect to starve; that one whom God loves and surrounds with benediction, and attends with angelic escort, and hovers over with more than motherly fondness, should be looking for a heritage of tears! Has God been hard with thee, my dear woman, that thou shouldst be foreboding?

HAVE WE REASON FOR THANKS?

ARE you so unfortunate? Has He stunted thy board? Has He covered thee with rags? Has He spread traps for thy feet, and galled thy cup, and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a lifelong calamity? If your husband or son come where your gold and silver are lying about, you do not watch them, for you know they are honest; but if an entire stranger come there, you keep your eye upon him, for you do not know his designs. So some of us treat God; not as a father, husband or brother, but as a stranger, and act suspiciously toward Him, as though we were afraid He would steal something. It is high time you began to thank God for present blessings. Thank Him for your children, happy, buoyant and bounding. Praise Him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore Him for morning light and evening shadow. Praise Him for fresh, cool water bubbling from the rock, leaping in the cascade, soaring in the midst, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock and clapping its hands in the tempest. Love Him for the grass that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank Him for a Bible to read, and a cross to gaze upon, and a Saviour to deliver.

Many Christians think it is a bad sign to be jubilant, and their work of self-examination is hewing down their brighter experiences. Like a boy with a new jack-knife, hacking everything he comes across, so their self-examination is a religious cutting to pieces of the greenest things they can lay their hands on. They imagine they are doing God's service when they are going about borrowing trouble, and borrowing it at thirty per cent., which is a sure precursor of bankruptcy.

SHALL WE BE WELL OR SICK?

THERE are women to whom I write who are in feeble health, and they are worried about the future. They are making out very well now, but they are bothering themselves about future pleurisies, and rheumatisms, and neuralgias, and fevers. Their eyesight is feeble, and they are worried lest they entirely lose it. Their hearing is indistinct, and they are alarmed lest they become entirely deaf. They felt chilly to-day, and are expecting an attack of typhoid. They have been troubled for some weeks with some perplexing malady, and dread becoming lifelong invalids. Take care of your health now and trust God for the future. Be not guilty of the blasphemy of asking Him to take care of you while you sleep with your windows tight down, or eat chicken-salad at eleven o'clock at night, or sit down on a cake of ice to cool off. Be prudent and then be confident. Some of the sickest people have been the most useful. It was so with Payson, who died deaths daily, and Robert Hall, who used to stop in the midst of his sermon and lie down on the pulpit-sofa to rest, and then go on again. Theodore Frelinghuysen had a great horror of dying till the time came, and then went peacefully. Take care of the present, and let the future look out for itself. Don't be oblivious of a future before you, but don't worry and fret about it. Live in the present the very best you know how: let your kindnesses to others be of to-day, your life an immediate example for others.

THE UPWARD WINDING WAY

YOUR way may wind along dangerous bridle-paths, and amid wolf's howl and the scream of the vulture, but the way still winds upward until angels guard it, and trees of life overarch it, and thrones line it, and crystalline fountains leap on it, and the pathway ends at gates that are pearl, and streets that are gold, and temples that are always open, and hills that quake with perpetual song, and a city mingling forever Sabbath and jubilee, and triumph and coronation.

You do not give your son at school enough money to last him several years, but, as the bills for tuition, and board, and clothing, and books come in, you pay them. So God will not give you grace all at once for the future, but will meet all your exigencies as they come. Through earnest prayer trust Him. People ascribe the success of the Cunard line of steamers to business skill, and know not the fact that when that line of steamers first started Mrs. Cunard, the wife of the proprietor, passed the whole of each day when a steamer sailed, in prayer to God for its safety and the success of the line. Put everything in God's hands and leave it there. Large interest-money to pay will soon eat up a farm, a store, an estate, and the interest on borrowed troubles will swamp anybody.

TRYING TO CROSS COMING BRIDGES

WE cannot always have smooth sailing. Life's path will sometimes tumble along declivities, and mount a steep and be thorn-pierced. Judas will kiss our cheek, and then sell us for thirty pieces of silver. Human scorn will try to crucify us between two thieves. We will hear the iron gate of the sepulchre creak and grind as it shuts in our kindred. But we cannot get ready for these things by forebodings. They who fight imaginary woes will come out of breath into conflict with the armed disasters of the future. Their ammunition will have been wasted long before they come under the guns of real misfortune.

The present is sufficiently taxed with trial. God sees that we all need a certain amount of trouble, and so He apportions it for all the days and years of our life. Why try to gather it all up for one day or one year? It is a cruel thing to put upon the back of one camel all the cargo intended for the entire caravan. Let every week bear its own burdens; every day bring its own worries. If they are given to us it shows that they are intended for us and that we have the strength to bear them and the ability to cope with them. The shadows of to-day with thousands of JOURNAL readers are thick enough—why implore the presence of other shadows? The cup is already distasteful—why halloo to disasters far distant to come, and wring out more gall into the bitterness?

Make the Easter-tide of 1893 memorable for one thing if for no other: that you will resolve not to borrow trouble ahead. I am not of that class of men who believe that to men have been given all the drudgery and hard work of this world. An astonishing amount has been given to women. In the guidance of your home you have need of every particle of strength to meet present difficulties. Do not, therefore, borrow ahead. Meet the troubles of to-day, but do not invite those of to-morrow.

THE GUIDE OF US ALL

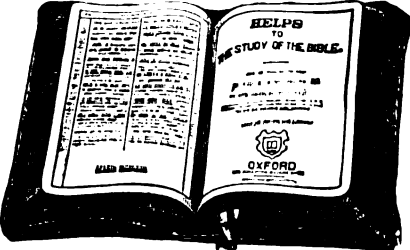
THE life of every man, woman and child is as closely under the divine care as though such person were the only man, woman or child. There are no accidents. As there is a law of storms in the natural world, so there is a law of trouble, a law of disaster, a law of misfortune; but the majority of the troubles of life are imaginary and the most of those anticipated never come. At any rate, there is no cause of complaint against God. We should rather look around us and see how much He has done to make us happy: His sunshine filling the earth with glory, making rainbow for the storm and halo for the mountain; greenness for the moss; saffron for the cloud; crystal for the billow; procession of bannered flame through the opening gates of the morning; chaffinches to sing; rivers to glitter; seas to chant, and springs to blossom, and overpowering all other sounds with its song and overarching all other splendor with its triumph, covering up all other beauty with its garlands, and outflashing all other thrones with its dominion—deliverance for a lost world through the Great Redeemer.

God has promised to take care of us. The Bible blooms with assurances. Your hunger will be fed; your sickness will be alleviated; your sorrow will be healed. God will sandal your feet, and smooth your path, and along by frowning crag and opening grave sound the voices of victory and good cheer. The summer clouds that seem thunder-charged really carry in their bosom harvests of wheat, and shocks of corn, and vineyards purpling for the wine-press. The wrathful wave will kiss the feet of the great Storm-walker. Our great Joshua will command, and above your soul the sun of prosperity will stand still. Bleak and wave-struck Patmos shall have apocalyptic vision, and you shall hear the cry of elders, and the sweep of wings, and the trumpets of salvation, and the voice of Hallelujah unto God forever.

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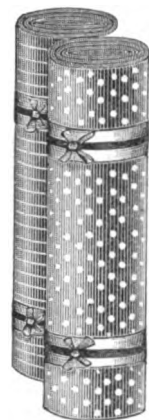


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A LITTLE SUBURBAN COTTAGE

The Art of Furnishing it Cheaply and Tastefully

By Ella Rodman Church

THE cottage may be a commonplace house in a country town, or it may be a tiny affair of rustic prettiness; the former is the more common type, and it is equally common to find it furnished in stereotyped city style.

The moquette or velvet carpets, the regulation amount of sofas and easy-chairs, even the pictures are the same; the young man and the maiden still bow at the Angelus, while opposite them another young man and woman are acting the "Old, Old Story."

Why not give the uninteresting house an individuality of its own by clothing it appropriately and making much of any advantages it may possess? It will cost no more, and the result will be a constant source of gratification.

ONE'S first emotion on renting a simple country house is usually one of anger, and the builder or designer is the object. Why could not the halls and rooms have been made a respectable size? The parlor and sitting-room are almost invariably shorn of anything like fair proportions; the sleeping-rooms are mere closets, and, were not the evil so common, it might be thought that these boxes of dwellings were intended for a race of pigmies. Such as they are, though, we must make the best of them; and if we make anything worth having, how much greater the triumph, than if half the work were already done to our hand in generous dimensions and artistic finish. People entirely devoid of taste can scarcely spoil the pleasing impression made by a gabled house with recessed windows and picturesque rooms; but when it comes to beautifying a pasteboard structure, with as much expression about it as a sheet of paper, a woman of nerve fairly warms to the task.

One of the first points to be considered is that of giving a look of space where the space itself is absent. To do this every available nook must be utilized; and if the house has a veranda make everything of that in warm weather, even to the extent of fitting it up with cheap rugs, an easy-chair and lounge, and pretty awnings, unless it should be already well draped and shaded with vines. A wall-lamp at each end, fastened to a pillar, will help to add to its cheerfulness. A small table for books and work, and a hassock or two, will complete a well-furnished little outdoor parlor.

THE hall of an unlovely little country house is enough to make the aesthetically-inclined householder weep; but she would better give the whole of her mind to the subject of civilizing it. Its furnishings should vary for summer and winter, and a most convenient ante-room is thus created for both seasons. The summer equipment may consist of a cool, cheap matting, an unobtrusive hatrack, a few camp-chairs, and a low, oblong table—one of the folding kind, that can be bought at from \$1.00 to \$1.25—to hold papers and magazines. A pile of cushions in one corner is always a desirable addition, and the prettiest economical covering for these cushions is Turkey red, and quite an elegant and Oriental air may be given by outlining discs over it with gold embroidery silk. With a pretty hanging-lamp, this will be by no means a commonplace entrance hall. For winter: brightness and comfort, unless there is a furnace in the house with a register in the hall, the handsomest decoration that can be placed there is an open stove. Money and trouble are well bestowed on this cheery welcome from outside cold and storm, and the plainest surroundings seem idealized by its ruddy glow. The wise woman will therefore, figuratively at least, put her money into the fire, and let the other things go.

Next in order comes the floor covering; and here a red carpet that continues up the staircase should be had if possible. A good quality of ingrain, with a small, conventional figure, would look well, and a white goatskin or Angora rug at the foot of the stairs gives a pretty finishing touch. A wall paper in pale salmon or pink terracotta, and without a pattern or having a very indistinct one, would be desirable, with the ceiling in cream color, and a very little red introduced in the frieze. With a chair upholstered in dull red leather, on either side of the stove, the small, low hatrack opposite, and the plants drooping from their box over the doorway, the ugly hall is transformed into a bright and most attractive-looking introduction to the house proper.

A COTTAGE bedroom is capable of so much prettiness on a small outlay that it is a pleasure to take it in hand. The red woodwork, however, must not find its way up-stairs, a cream white or pale pink being preferable. Matting for the floor, with a small rug at the bedside, is clean and pretty; and the room with pink woodwork could have a cream-colored paper or the palest of sage green. If preferred, a Kensington art rug for the centre of the floor can be had in very pretty tones of green or in gray with pink daisies. For the windows scrim or cheese-cloth curtains with broad hems, tied back with ribbon of the prevailing color. A cotton fringe with little balls or tassels makes a pretty finish to these curtains and can be ripped off when they need to be washed. As the principal feature of a bedroom is the bed this should receive the first attention. The mattress should be a comfortable one, even if this necessitates a plainer bedstead, as the bedroom, more than any other apartment, is primarily for use. An ordinary iron bedstead may be enameled in pink or white, or any other color desired, and put in one corner—where a fascinating drapery can be arranged on a tester of broad triangular shape fitting into the corner; or, if the size of the room will admit of such an encroachment on its space, place the head only against the wall and hang the drapery over a short pole fastened above it. This drapery will be very pretty of pink cheese-cloth, or of cretonne in a pattern of small pink roses and buds on a cream-colored ground. A dressing-table, lounge and chairs can be covered to match; and where cheese-cloth is used a lining of silesia will give sufficient body for furnishing a spare room. The bed-cover also should match the drapery. And with such inexpensive fabrics a cozy, pretty bedroom may be arranged on a very small outlay. The cretonne is of course more durable than the cheese-cloth, and it seems particularly appropriate for country rooms.

THE various prettinesses that can be indulged in, even with a frugal mind born of a limited purse, are quite bewildering, and among them window-seats that are not what they seem are particularly desirable. The man who builds a cheap country house has, unless there is some woman to enlighten his ignorance, the crudest possible ideas on the subject of closets, and the perplexed housekeeper is thankful for any contrivance that helps to supply the deficiency. Every one likes window-seats that can be sat upon, and they greatly improve the looks of a room; when they can also be used as receptacles for clothing the sum of their attractions seems full. A box of the right size fitted into each window, and having a lid well-stuffed on the top, if covered neatly with the cretonne or cheese-cloth will be found to answer the double purpose of ornament and use; and the same arrangement can be carried out for dining-room and parlor. A washstand can also be made, and concealed from sight when desired, by fitting into a corner three triangular shelves beginning quite near the surbase and leaving just room enough between to make the height of the top one, which holds the basin and pitcher, convenient for use. These shelves should be made of smooth pine and painted any color that harmonizes with the room, a short pleating of cheese-cloth or cretonne finishing each front, with full gathered curtains of the same, fastened against the wall on narrow rings over each side of the triangle. A fourth shelf over this can support the long curtains that will conceal the shelves and their contents. A useful little hanging closet, or a closet with shelves, can be manufactured in the same way; and a Duchesse dressing-table, made out of a packing-box in which straight shelves have been fitted, is an old story. This brings the necessary furniture down to a bureau or a chiffonier, and this can be easily accomplished by going to a manufactory and buying the article unpainted. The color selected can then be applied with the addition of a few lines of gold, and a much more refined article than usually falls to the lot of those who are obliged to content themselves with cheap painted furniture will be found quite in harmony with the other belongings. A few good illustrations from periodicals, and framed in common pine, painted to match the woodwork, will seem transformed into something rich and rare when hung on the walls, and with a pretty table and a shelf of books, a very satisfactory bedroom has been accomplished.

Such a room can be varied both in color and material to suit different tastes, exposures and seasons, but its main features are particularly desirable for a combination of tasteful and economical furnishing.

THE walls of the small parlor must be carefully considered and likewise the curtains. The effect, too, of the green foliage that surrounds a country or village house should be taken into consideration in furnishing it, and especially in the lower part. For this reason blue should generally be avoided, except in a very pale tone relieved with red. This shade of blue is particularly desirable for the walls of small rooms, as it is a cold, receding color and imparts a look of space. A paper without pattern of any kind, like the ingrain or granite papers, should be used.

For a parlor carpet, where the house is to be furnished on an economical scale, nothing is more satisfactory than one of Brussels ravelings in shades of red all the way to cream color. Made as a rug, with an inconspicuous border in the same tints, it is a really handsome floor covering and one that sets off the furniture instead of eclipsing it. About a foot of stained floor should show between the bordering and the woodwork. There are also art ingrains which come with borders in all the desirable colors, and one of these in dull red would have an excellent effect. For summer use, curtains of cheese-cloth in the natural color, edged with some pretty and inexpensive lace, would be suitable, the wooden poles with brass trimmings to be of the same color as the woodwork; in winter, chenille curtains in old red, with the material fringed out at top and bottom, and about three-quarters of a yard turned over at the top by way of lambrequin. Instead of the regulation sofa, which is always an expensive piece of furniture, a straight, medium-sized lounge without ends can be used, covering and gracefully looping it at the corners with a Bagdad portiere showing plenty of red and blue in its stripes.

Small tables and a pretty corner cabinet for choice bits of china, a low bookcase, home-made or otherwise, a few well-chosen pictures, and little else is required for the furnishing of our country parlor. Cheap-looking and unmeaning little articles of bric-a-brac should be avoided, but especially should they never find their way to the mantel. Better always a look of bareness than of bad taste. Avoid a clock, which has no excuse for being in a parlor as reminding visitors of the flight of time, and place on each end of the mantel china candlesticks or candelabra, which can often be found both cheap and pretty. Should one be fortunate enough to own antique plated ones so much the better. The choicest picture should be placed over the mantel; and some vases of graceful shape and good coloring will complete all necessary decoration, beyond the central glory of an open wood fire in spring and autumn, and coal in winter. Brass andirons and fender will add their peculiar glow and brightness, while in summer the dark aperture can be beautified with great jars of blooming shrubs.

WHERE the means are limited the dining-room is apt to be a bare-looking apartment, with its regulation table and chairs, and sideboard, and little of anything else. The dining-room of a country house, that is sitting-room as well, should be especially bright and attractive, and if it is furnished in conventional style the woodwork should be painted the same color as in the parlor, while the walls show a warm shade of golden-cream. A Kensington rug in rich browns will look well on the floor. The table and chairs must be there, but as they cannot receive much attention from those who are using them, if they are well made and the chairs of a comfortable shape it will be all that is necessary. Light oak is a good color for a small room and its other furnishings.

In place of the stereotyped sideboard, which is expensive and takes up more than its share of room, let the carpenter make some low shelves long and deep, the upper ones going only half-way across from each end, then cover the entire structure, outside and inside, with gold-colored felt or canton-flannel. Plenty of brass-headed nails on the edge of the shelves will make a handsome finish. A wide bracket-shelf across the nearest corner of the room can be treated in the same way, and will answer admirably every purpose of a sideboard at about one-third the expense. Curtains of gold-colored material like the sideboard covering, will be just the thing for winter; but in summer light écu material, or only the linen shades will be cooler. Large china jars with covers, for the mantel, separated by a clock, and a few etchings on the walls would complete a very tasteful room. An apartment flooded with sunshine, that seems to caress the little group of well-to-do plants in the window, is furnished according to no set method, yet all its belongings seem to belong, from its broad, roomy sofa, covered with cheerful cretonne and having hospitable pillows suggestive of delicious naps, to its old-fashioned mahogany table that answers many purposes beside that of dining. Such a room grows and is not made, and whoever has such a dining-room has a home and not merely a house. A house of six or seven rooms, including two very small ones and a kitchen, could probably be furnished as described, on from five to seven hundred dollars.

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HINTS ON PAINTING SPRING FLOWERS

By Maude Haywood



THE power of painting flower pictures really well and artistically, demands a fuller knowledge of art principles than most students are willing or able to understand, while the art of representing the inner spirit and poetry of these fair creations by the depicting of their outward form and color is the mission of the true artist, but too seldom realized by many who, nevertheless, handle palette and brush with the utmost confidence.

"A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

This saying may be truly quoted of many a one of whom it might be added in explanation that "nature ne'er could find the way into their heart," and who yet are in some way attracted to the work of attempting to outwardly represent those living forms, the inner meaning of which, having never personally felt, they are unable adequately to express, nor do they themselves see the lack of it in their own pictures, and in those of their fellows. Poetry and painting are arts very near akin, whose joint message is to open the eyes and ears of men and women to those beauties around them, which seeing they do not perceive, and hearing they do not understand.

A BRANCH of apple-blossom, painted out-of-doors, as it is growing and blooming, relieved against a sky background of tender blue, may speak to the heart of the painter, and through the medium of his art, the message be shadowed forth, according to his ability, of all that spring means and promises of renewed life, and of all that blossoms typify, the fair, frail, fleeting things that in their perishing but strengthen and deepen their life, thus forming the fruit that grows and ripens until the harvest. Are there some who mentally answer, when offered such a standard for their work, that these aims are too high, too far-fetched? My friends, there are many of us who have yet to learn that the humblest are often the nearest to high and hidden things, and that as far as our subject is concerned it has often been found that those least influenced by conventional methods have learned both to see and express in their art most clearly and forcibly the truths of nature. That which is most necessary with artists is to have a steady, single-minded aim, that rises with the onward progress and development of their powers, and is never fully attained in this world, for—

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

To say that such principles may not be applied to so simple an art as that of flower-painting is not allowable. One of the secrets of making life beautiful is the power of working out the highest principles in common, every-day things.

TO follow our thought into the practical side of the work. Our teachers say, and the pupils must grant, that it is impossible to properly paint a flower unless one is first able to draw it, and yet is this fact realized and acted upon as it should be? Study carefully the form of a blossom and then its exquisite detail and gradations of outline; surely a few moments will suffice to show a student of nature that it is impossible to represent it adequately in a perfunctory or hasty manner. The rapidity and facility which is the result of knowledge, is far different to the hurried and meaningless lines which are the evidence of ignorance or inexperience. Excellent practice for a beginner, or for one whose lack of ability equals the position of a novice, is to take a single flower of simple form (with and without its attendant foliage), but always just in the manner it grows, and to draw it from every possible point of view, noticing how the various changes affect its outline, and carefully preserving and showing in each sketch its characteristic features. Proceed then to take another blossom of a similar kind but a different variety, and treat it in the same manner. Gradually the more difficult sorts, and finally double flowers, involving the most complicated drawing, should be attempted and diligently practiced. Not only single flowers, but the foliage and growth of a plant must be studied and drawn over and over again, until every part is so thoroughly familiar that the artist could readily reproduce it from memory. Indeed, it is an excellent study, and one not sufficiently appreciated, to form a habit of drawing from memory, by constantly redrawing sketches and pictures afterward without the model; it teaches the student to learn the various plants by heart, so to speak, which is a useful knowledge to all, but particularly to a future designer in the treatment of floral subjects.

ALTHOUGH a scientific knowledge of flowers is by no means necessary for an artist, a thorough acquaintance with the plants, their structure and growth is certainly essential, and a careful observation of their habits and individual peculiarities should also be assiduously cultivated. From the very early days of studentship many different sketches of every plant within reach should be made with painstaking accuracy, of every part, from root to bloom, in every stage, from bud to seed-pod, and of all kinds, both drawings of the separate parts in detail as well as of the plant or tree as a whole. These are to be viewed purely as studies, not as pictures, nor finished compositions. They have a double value, for what is learned in making them as well as for what they are worth for future reference and guides in decorative and other work.

BESIDES the power of drawing well the subject, it is necessary, in order to make a good painting, to have a proper appreciation of tone and of light and shade as influencing and controlling the effects and harmony of color. Many artists go so far as to say that tone is of more value in a picture than color. It is certain that the centre of interest in a painting is made mainly through the disposition of the light and shade. The most brilliant color loses its quality if placed in deep shadow, merging into the background. The comparatively minor importance in most cases of local color is a point to be realized by students, who usually are very long before they grasp this fact in theory, and are still slower to put it into practice in their work. Since, unfortunately, it is not always, nor even most frequently, possible to paint studies out-of-doors, the management of the light in the studio may be considered another important element in successful flower painting. A north window is the most desirable, and a cross-light is to be altogether avoided. Since the rule is that the light should come from above at an angle of about forty-five degrees, the lower part of the window at which the artist works should be shaded, as well as any other windows facing in a contrary direction. The light should be strong and concentrated, but the sun's rays must not shine directly on the study. It is obvious that the arrangement of the flowers with regard to the light will greatly influence the effect of the study. Those parts of the group that are wholly or partly in shadow must be painted lower in tone, with an entirely different set of colors than those employed for the flowers and foliage turned toward the light. The usefulness of studies executed in black and white only, lies in the fact that their effect depends entirely on the drawing and the light and shade for their effect, the value of which is therefore impressed upon the student, who never will regret time spent on such work, even if the color-box be left long unopened. Increased facility when colors are finally taken up will amply repay the preparatory study, while to plunge prematurely into the conflicting difficulties of a painting in color, with an uncertain knowledge of how to set about drawing the subject, and a lack of ability to recognize the difference between color and shadow, can only result in failure, whether the student perceive and recognize it as such, or not.

AS to color, again and again it has been said, and may be repeated as often, that the simpler the range of pigments employed the better, as a rule. No palette can be regarded as arbitrary. Each artist will differ more or less as to which colors are best to use and which are indispensable. It is greatly a matter of habit, as well as of judgment, which are preferred and employed. Further than that, the proportions of the various colors used, and the manner of mixing them, are far more important in attaining a particular result than the naming of the actual paints. It is this fact that makes an artist hesitate to say that for any special flower these or those colors shall be mixed, knowing that startling effects might easily be produced if a little too much or too little of one or other of the pigments be employed. And yet there are positively many amateurs who will lightly skip over this and other articles until they come to the point where, finding explicit directions, they will expect by following them to produce good results, with the certainty of a correct solution of a mathematical problem, whereas success in art-work is the outcome of the right apprehension of certain principles, and does not lie in the following of any definite rules. The eye must be trained to see color before the student can reasonably hope to reproduce it correctly; and, whether a beginner or already far advanced in the profession, an artist will always find there is more work to be done by the head than by the hand.

TO the workers, however, who for the lack of experience and instruction, find the problem of mixing colors an ever-recurring source of uncertainty and perplexity, the following hints may be helpful for the painting of flowers, which, being now in bloom, are, and should be forming the subjects of study to many just at the present time. First and foremost as particularly suggestive of spring come the fruit blossoms, branches of which, either large or small, may be painted according to the suggestion already given, just as they grow, a delicate sky background being the most suitable and effective, the stems being allowed to disappear out of the picture, and the tone of the background blended into them to avoid harshness of line. Usually this method is preferable in purely flower subjects to the introduction of a vase or other accessories. For the sky in such a picture cobalt and white, with a little yellow ochre added to it, will give a good color. If the mixture prove too bright add a touch of black. Care must be taken not to put enough yellow ochre to make the sky appear green in tone. For the blossoms in the shadows use lemon yellow and black, which may be glazed with rose madder if they prove too green. Another good mixture for the gray shadows of white flowers is cobalt, yellow ochre and white. The shadow color of white flowers, toward the centre where the tone is influenced by the reflections of the yellow stamens, should always be rather greenish. The pink color in the blossoms is rendered best with scarlet vermilion and white. Use rose madder only where a purplish tint is needed. The secret of painting apple-blossoms is to make the color of them clear and of a pure yellowish pink, avoiding particularly the Magenta shades. The stamens are painted with lemon yellow, the deeper touches being of cadmium. The brown branches and twigs may be rendered with raw umber and Vandyke brown, with the high lights of brown madder and white. The tender yellowish-green leaves may be obtained with lemon yellow, ivory black and white, the bluer lights on the foliage with cobalt, yellow ochre and white. For darker leaves raw sienna, Antwerp blue, white and a little yellow chrome may be employed. A little burnt sienna for sharp shadow touches will be found effective. Black, judiciously employed in very small quantities, is extremely useful to deaden shades that appear too crude. In going over the list of colors suggested for this study it will be seen that the actual number employed is very small, the same combinations, but mixed in different proportions, being employed for various tones.

THE question of how to obtain pretty foliage greens is a cause of anxiety to many beginners. They fall principally into the errors of monotony and crudity, partly because they are apt to use the ready-made greens, which rarely yield satisfactory results. Another tendency to be avoided is that of not giving as careful attention to the drawing and the painting of the leaves as to the rest of the picture, while they are, as a matter of fact, quite as characteristic and often more difficult to reproduce well, than the flowers themselves. The chromes are to be used with caution in mixing greens, partly because their reputation for stability is not very good, but also because they are liable to produce harsh and crude tones. Besides the colors already mentioned indigo, the siennas and the cadmiums may be employed where deeper and richer greens are required. For high lights of a yellowish hue employ pure lemon yellow, for grayish lights, cobalt and white toned with yellow ochre. Do not try to make out the veins and markings too distinctly; aim rather to block in the forms correctly by means of broad masses of light and shade, which must be drawn just as carefully as the outlines themselves. The coloring for violets and all shades of mauve and purple flowers can be attained in the simplest manner by the mixture of Antwerp blue, crimson lake and white in various proportions. For very deep tones, such as those seen in the dark purple heartsease, the two colors, Antwerp blue and crimson lake, are employed without any white, and instead of being mixed are laid on separately and worked one into the other with the brush. Yellow flowers should as a general rule have no white used with them at all. It mars the purity of the tints. The cadmiums are of course the best colors to use in such flowers as yellow daffodils for the local tones, pale lemon yellow for the high lights, with raw umber and cobalt blue in the shadows. For blossoms that approach an orange color in their tone, such as some varieties of crocuses, and also certain tulips, orange cadmium may be employed, and, if necessary, a glazing of rose madder be added afterward. In the flower commonly called forget-me-not the local color may be rendered with cobalt blue, mixed with a touch of emerald green. For the pinkish tone in the buds employ rose madder. In the shadows of the flowers raw umber, cobalt and a little white can be used; where this is too green some rose madder worked into it will neutralize the tone.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Haywood's answers to correspondents, under the title of "Art Helps for Art Workers," will be found on Page 37 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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THE BONNETS OF EASTER

By Isabel A. Mallon

THE bonnets that are to bloom in the early spring-time give promise of being gorgeous enough to satisfy the most Oriental taste, while by their modification the simplest may also be pleased.

Very often the spring styles appall one by their, I am tempted to say, exuberance, that is, flowers and feathers run riot upon them, while ribbon and lace make airy backgrounds for all the other beauties. But this year, while magnificence is the key-note, it is still a magnificence that recognizes artistic effects, and does not give the impression of colors and shapes thrown together without regard to results.

The shaded velvets of the winter are brought out in exquisite contrasts for the early spring, and pale green shaded into violet, rose into green, lavender into yellow, and gray into a perfectly pure white are conspicuous, not by their delicacy of color, but by the skill that has brought together two dainty shades, preserving the identity of each, and combining the virtues of both. Ribbons, both narrow and wide, matching these velvets, will be used for bonnet strings, unless, indeed, one can only endure the shaded velvet close to the hair, and then, even on the most dainty bonnet, the black velvet ties will be used.

THE MATERIALS FANCIED

ALL of the fancy straws, especially those weaves of yellow straw in the very open-work designs, obtain, and the best milliners buy rolls of the straw braid and



SIMPLE AND IN GOOD FORM (Illus. No. 3)

shape it themselves to suit the head of each individual customer, something that a woman who has had to endure a badly-fitting bonnet will delight in. Stiffened lace, almost écreu in color, is again chosen for the small-brimmed hats that, possessing ties, absolutely become bonnets. Chip, in black, white and the pale wood shades, is noted, and is liked because it bends so easily, and the chapeau can be made to suit the face by giving it a curve here or a point there.

Black lace, except when it is used to form a brim, is not chosen for spring bonnets, shirred net being given the preference. However, it is by no means unusual to see a bonnet with a crown of black chip and the brim of stiffened black lace, the lace chosen for this purpose duplicating in black the very popular Irish lace. Coarse straws do not bid fair at this time to be popular during the coming season, but as they are usually chosen somewhat late, and as they offend form garden or rustic hats, they will probably be counted of value a little later. For the ordinary daytime bonnet, the smooth English straw is liked, and as it may be gotten in all colors it becomes very easy to make one's costume an absolute symphony if one has a fancy that way. But, as during the last season, it is only necessary that the hat should be harmonious, it is not necessary that it should match the gown in color unless one's special fancy directs.

Bonnets formed of a wreath of flowers, small roses are most fancied, usually have an open crown and a band of gold or straw braid at the backs, so that the ties may seem to come from something stronger than the dainty blossoms.

SOME OF THE SHAPES

IN bonnets, the shapes, although they seem many in number, may be said to be limited to two—the modified poke and the small, close-fitting bonnet that has as yet been given no other name than the capote. The changes, however, are rung on these two shapes by bending the brims, inserting odd crowns, or by peculiar placing of flowers or ribbons, breaking the outline and making the bonnet itself seem like an entirely new shape. The capote, with its very narrow, close-fitting brim, will have a Mother Goose crown set in it, its brim covered with velvet in capote fashion, and a saucy little rose or aigrette standing just up in front, while the funny little crown is literally strapped to position with either gold, silver or ribbon bands. The same liberties are taken with the small poke bonnet. The brim is, it is possible, cut right through on one side, that side turned over and either a bandeau of flowers or a lace fan seems to escape over and hold the brim itself in position. The black satin pokes, about which there has been considerable talk, are affected only by those few women who have the courage of their convictions, that is to say, who do not mind looking a bit conspicuous, or, having many bonnets, can afford to wear the picturesque black one once or twice, and then throw it aside. This seems extravagance and people of much refinement very properly count that vulgarity.

A PICTURE BONNET

IN Illustration No. 1 is shown what I consider the picturesque bonnet of the season, and that is the small poke. Its crown, which is slightly square, but not very high, is of wood-colored chip, and its brim is of stiffened écreu lace; underneath the brim is placed a wreath of very prim-looking pink roses; they are rather far back, so that they come close on the hair, and make a soft framing. The exquisite pink of these roses is most wonderful, but a close examination shows that they are of velvet and each one is delicately tinted by hand. About the crown are two bands of gold galloon, caught at the side with small gold pins; a soft gros-grain ribbon of pale pink is draped on the brim, brought forward just in front, turned and fastened with a gold pin, and then, coming down each side, it forms the ties, which are arranged in a very prim bow, with two ends under the chin. A bonnet very much after this style is of pale green chip, with a brim of green straw, the ribbon and roses being of white, a clear, pure white, that is most artistic against the green.

A BONNET FOR THE BRUNETTE

THE trying crimson shade called petunia has again appeared. It is, of course, impossible for blondes, but on brunettes, if it is carefully managed, it is very becoming. The petunias themselves are developed in satin, and illustrate in the deep intense color the reason why in materials this name was given to the color. A bonnet, upon which the fashionable shade is seen, is pictured in No. 2. In shape it is a close-fitting capote, with a rather low, round crown. The material is straw lace, lined throughout with petunia silk, so that glimpses are seen here and there through the lace-work when the bonnet is upon the head. There is absolutely no trimming on the bonnet except three large petunias at one side near the front, and these are pinned to their position by a crescent of gold. The ties are of the petunia ribbon and are rather wide. By-the-by, it would seem natural to suppose that this color would combine well with black, but the contrast is decidedly glaring and rather offends the eye.



PRETTY FOR A BRUNETTE (Illus. No. 2)

THE GREEN AND WHITE CONTRAST

ILLUSTRATION No. 3 shows a bonnet of the fashionable green and white combination. It is of fine chip, has a rather low, square crown and a medium brim. The brim is underfaced with heavy white silk that just shows. About the crown is a wreath composed of small white star flowers and fine green ferns, two rather large ferns standing up defiantly, not absolutely in front, but very near it. The ties are of white ribbon, one coming from out the crown and passing under the wreath, while the other is just over it and seems to strap it down at the back. These ties are not looped, but are drawn up and fastened by tiny pins that simulate small green leaves. This little bonnet is without doubt one of the best specimens of that rare combination, simplicity and good form, that I have seen, and in copying it one can feel that while the original colors need not be adhered to, they



A PICTURESQUE SPRING BONNET (Illus. No. 1)

have a special smartness of their own that makes them desirable. In pink and black, in pink and olive, in blue and gray, in yellow and gray, or, indeed, in any of the contrasts that are harmonious, this little model will look well.

AND THE BLACK STYLE

THE general woman is thoroughly in sympathy with me in her liking for a black bonnet, and yet I should like to impress this upon her mind: an all-black bonnet, that is one without a touch of color, too often tends to bring into prominence every little line and every care that has left its mark upon one's face. I think it would be wiser if the little bit of color, indeed even a single rose, should be used with the black. It can always be made detachable, so if there should be a necessity for the all-black, a fan of lace or a black aigrette can easily take its place.

A black bonnet that I think very charming is of black Neapolitan braid, has quite a low crown, and a brim not unlike that of a poke bonnet. About the crown is another crown of sparkling jet. The brim is bent up slightly to one side and there peeps out from under its darkness a glowing crimson rose. The ties are folded ones of black net with plaited frills of lace at each end, and are to be crossed over and fastened with a jet crescent. If one wished it to be all black a knot of black velvet ribbon, fastened with a jet ornament, could take the place of the rose, but where is the woman whose years are so many that the rose is not hers by right of her womanhood?

THE LAST FEW WORDS

AFTER seeing all the pretty bonnets and refusing to be tempted, I am sufficiently courageous to give the advice that I always think is needed, and that is, do not buy your bonnet in a hurry.

Do not buy a bonnet that is too elaborate to be in harmony with your gowns, and do not buy a bonnet until you, yourself, are convinced of its becomingness, and are not simply governed by the milliner.

Do not buy a bonnet in a hurry, but give to its choice a proper amount of time and consideration, and then you will get one that will not only suit you in every respect, but will, because of its perfect harmony, because it seems to belong to you, delight the eyes of the world that looks on. Again and again do I insist that you owe it to the world to look well, and therefore be careful in choosing your bonnet.

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LIFE IN THE INVALID'S ROOM

IN FOUR ARTICLES: FIRST ARTICLE

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil

THERE are a few general principles on which the art of nursing is based. Every woman should make herself familiar with these, and try to put them in practice when she is obliged to nurse a case of illness. A sick person requires fresh air, cleanliness, proper food and rest, in order to be put in the most favorable condition for recovery. To cut off any one of these is to lessen his chance for life in the struggle with disease. How to secure these for him becomes a very important question to the nurse, who desires above all things that her patient may live. She must not, through carelessness or ignorance, leave a loophole to admit the enemy she is striving to keep at bay.

REST FOR MIND AND BODY

A SICK person should be kept in bed, and a very sick person should not be allowed to leave it for any purpose whatever. Appliances can be obtained which render it unnecessary, and these should be used. All exertion should be avoided as far as possible. The bed can be arranged and the sheets changed with very little movement. A good nurse will make every motion tell, and not worry her patient with futile ones. Rest of mind is as important as rest of body. Worries, large and small, must be kept at a respectful distance. If things go wrong in the household, or at the office, the invalid cannot help it, and should not know of it.

NECESSITY FOR FRESH AIR

EACH time a well person breathes he throws off into the air a quantity of carbonic acid gas and a certain amount of waste animal matter which the blood has collected in its passage through the body and given to the breath when it met it in the lungs. This expired air is no more fit to be breathed over again than ashes are fit to make a fire. In addition to this a sick person casts off, through every pore in the body and through the excretions, diseased tissue, which helps still farther to poison the atmosphere. This stale air must be disposed of, and it is the duty of the nurse to devise some way of doing it without exposing her charge to a draught, or giving him cold. This is an easy matter in a large, airy apartment, with two or three windows and an open fireplace—the ideal sick room. Unfortunately, ideals are not very often met with in real life. The problem too often presents itself in a small room with one window, no space to put the bed out of the draught, and heated by a close stove, a radiator or a register.

What is to be done? There is plenty of pure air outside, and a sick person suffering for it inside. They must be brought together. The windows must be opened. This sounds very barbarous, and would be positively forbidden by the friends of nine out of ten patients. But there is all the difference in the world between knowing how to do a thing, and doing it without knowing how. Make the preparations carefully, and there is no danger. Get a piece of board the exact width of the sash and about four inches high. Raise the lower part of the window and put it in, shutting the window down upon it. This separates the two sashes and admits a stream of fresh air, directed upward, so that no draught is felt. If the weather is mild, instead of the board use a strip of flannel, pinning it securely in place. It is best, in this case, to lower the upper sash if possible. In a window whose upper part is stationary, it can be made to open by removing the cleats underneath it, on the outside, and keeping it in the desired place with a stick. Sometimes the windows in an adjoining room can be opened, and the air pumped into the sick room by swinging the door back and forth a few times. Three or four times a day open an umbrella, place it on the bed between the head of the occupant and the window, throw a shawl over it, making a kind of tent, put an extra blanket on the invalid, make up the fire, or turn on the heat, and throw the window wide open for five minutes. This will freshen the air. If it can be opened at top and bottom the ventilation will be more thorough. Avoid chills. In winter keep plenty of heat going, with the window open as described, well guarded. The thermometer in the room should not fall below 65°, and usually stand at 68°. In diseases of the chest it should be 72°. Warm, fresh air is needed. Protect the patient with extra covering.

KEEPING THE PATIENT CLEAN

THIS means more than appears on the surface. The sick person himself is a centre of contamination. The poison that he generates must be removed as quickly as possible. His body and its surroundings must be constantly purified to effect this object. To give a bath in bed have ready beside the bed two blankets, two towels, a sponge or cloth, as preferred, and a little ammonia or borax, the clean clothing warming at the fire or on the radiator.

Double a blanket and spread it over the bedclothes. Holding it in place with one hand, with the other draw away the clothes underneath, leaving the patient covered with it alone. Move him to one side of the bed, double the other blanket and spread it on the vacant side; move the patient back on it. Draw the night-clothes up to the shoulders, raise the arms and slip the clothes over the head, draw them off the arms, keeping the person well covered with the upper blanket. Beginning with the face, bathe the whole surface, wetting a little at a time and drying that portion before proceeding farther. When all is done, bring the warm clothing rolled up that it may not get cold. If two garments are worn, slip the sleeves of one inside those of the other that both may go on as one. Put in the arms first. Raise the head, holding the back of the night-dress gathered in the hand from hem to band, slip it over the head and draw it down smoothly.

SOME GENERAL DIRECTIONS

DELICATE children, and very old and feeble persons, cannot bear a bath more than once or twice a week. These may be rubbed from head to foot with a dry cloth once a day, without removing the clothing, except when it is necessary to change it. The doctor should be consulted as to the frequency of the bath. When the bedclothes are to be changed, warm the fresh sheets. Move the patient to one side of the bed, push the soiled lower sheet toward him, on the cleared space lay the clean sheet, tucking one side under the mattress. Lift the sick person on the smooth part of the fresh sheet, pull off the soiled one and cover the rest of the mattress with the fresh one. To change the upper sheet lay the clean one over the bedclothes, with a blanket on top of it; draw the other clothes from beneath it and replace the blankets above it. It saves washing to keep two sets of sheets and blankets in use, airing them in the sun when off the bed.

Never leave a vessel containing excretions in the room for an instant after it has been taken from the bedside. Wash, scald and disinfect it in another room.

If there is a close stove, register or radiator, keep a tin vessel filled with hot water on it that the evaporation may moisten the air.

Bad news, letters that would cause anxiety, tiresome visitors who do not know when to stop talking, and, indeed, most visitors, must be excluded. The tastes and wishes of the patient should be consulted without constantly teasing him to express them.

A quiet cheerfulness should reign in the sick room; only gentle words and kind looks should be found there. Impatience must be met with patience, and the querulousness of weakness with the forbearance of love.

PROPER FOOD FOR INVALIDS

WHEN a sick person has a temperature of 101° or over, he should be fed upon liquids only. The power of the stomach to digest food is impaired, and there is no use in filling it with a mass of solid food which, in its weakened state, it is not able to take care of properly. Beside this, or because of this, there is usually little appetite, and the sufferer turns away in disgust from delicacies that would seem irresistible in days of health.

It is a common idea that a person who is being fed upon fluids is receiving very little nourishment, and, in fact, is in some danger of starving. Those who cherish this belief do not know that all food is converted into a liquid state before it can be absorbed into the system. In giving a sick person fluids we are only trying to save nature trouble, and to relieve her from extra exertion at a time when it is necessary for her to husband her strength and resources. We do this by presenting the food to the stomach in such a form that it can be easily acted upon by the digestive organs. It must be digested and assimilated before it can nourish the body, so it is useless to give more than can easily be disposed of. From a quarter to a half pint of liquid food once in every two hours is ordinarily sufficient.

MANY MODES OF PREPARING MILK

MILK contains all the elements that are required to sustain life. It is usually the chief article of diet when solid food is prohibited.

There are many ways of preparing it, and these have three ends in view, to render it more palatable, more digestible and more nutritious. After living upon milk alone for a few days many invalids become exceedingly tired of it. The skillful nurse will never permit this stage to be reached. She knows that her patient must depend upon this food for nutriment, and she tries to give it so that it will not pall upon the flagging appetite. To secure this she must vary the mode of presenting it. It may be given just brought to the scalding point, but not allowed to boil, and served in a cup like tea or bouillon. Ice cold, just taken from the refrigerator in summer, or the cold closet in winter, and served in a glass. Frozen: To do this have two tin kettles, one much larger than the other. Put the milk in the smaller one, and stand it in the other; fill the space with pounded ice and coarse salt, two-thirds ice to one-third salt, well mixed. In ten minutes, with a knife, scrape the congealing milk from the sides of the can, and beat the mass thoroughly. Repeat this operation every ten or fifteen minutes, until the whole is frozen. The beating makes it smoother. Sugar and any flavoring can be used if ice-cream is desired, and water-ice can be frozen in the same way. Flavored: Add sugar or salt, vanilla, lemon, rose-water, stimulant, as brandy or whisky, when it is ordered; or, if permitted, a little strong coffee or tea to disguise the milky taste. It is prepared in various ways to render it more digestible. Mixed with lime-water, add one or two table-spoonfuls of lime-water to each glass of milk. Vichy and soda-water may also be used, more being required. Peptonized: This process partially digests the food before it is taken, and relieves the stomach of some of its responsibility. A pancreatic extract is used for the purpose, and can be purchased from the druggist, who will weigh it in five-grain powders, adding fifteen of bi-carbonate of soda to each. Dissolve one in eight table-spoonfuls of warm water, and stir it into a pint of milk. Cover, and let it stand in a warm place for an hour. Then place it on ice to stop the digestive process. Sometimes it is stirred into cold milk, and this has the advantage of not developing the slightly bitter taste that follows the other method, and which coffee is said to conceal. When the milk is vomited, or passes away in curds not digested, this should be tried. Sterilized: Put the milk in clean bottles, wrap the bottles in flannel, stand them in a pot of hot water, let it come to a boil, and when the milk steams cork the bottles tightly and boil half an hour. Keep the milk in a cold place until used. This destroys any minute germs that may infest the milk and cause disturbance in the digestive organs. To make it more nutritious other substances are added to it, albumen, for instance, in the shape of white of egg, one to each half pint of milk, well shaken together in a bottle or self-sealing jar.

OTHER NUTRITIVE LIQUIDS

COCOA, clam-juice, oatmeal, Indian-meal, wheat-flour, arrowroot, cornstarch, farina, etc., in the form of gruel—these require to be well boiled. It is said that if a small quantity of ground malt be added to gruel it increases its nutritive properties. Eggs may be given beaten raw, with stimulant, if it is required, or flavored with salt or sugar, and mixed with cold or boiling water. The latter must be added slowly, stirring quickly to prevent curdling. Beef-juice: Mince the meat fine, cover with cold water; in two hours squeeze it through a cloth and give the liquid. It cannot be boiled as it coagulates, but may be warmed slightly, or frozen, and given as ice. Beef-juice, squeezed from the meat, may be given alone or mixed with an equal quantity of cream or milk, seasoned with a pinch of salt. If chicken is used the juice is nearly white. A little common beef-tea may be added to the juice if the raw taste is disliked. Cooked beef-tea contains very little nourishment.

SOME SOLID FOODS

WHEN solid food is allowed milk toast, bread and butter, eggs cooked in various ways, blanc-mange, custard, and baked potatoes may be given, gradually leading up to oysters, sweetbreads, lamb chops, steak, game, quail, stewed fruit and delicate vegetables, which belong to the diet of a convalescent.

When a sick person has been fed upon broths and animal food for some time a craving for vegetables is felt as soon as convalescence fairly begins. In large cities they can be obtained, even in winter, and the choicer varieties of canned vegetables can be used when fresh ones cannot be procured. Asparagus, boiled and laid on squares of toast spread with a very little butter, is acceptable to those who like it. The small green French peas, which come put up in glass jars, are very nice cooked for a few minutes and heaped about a mutton chop. The tender inside stalks of celery, finely sliced and made into sandwiches with thin slices of bread and butter, are not to be despised. The outer stalks may be stewed with a little cream.



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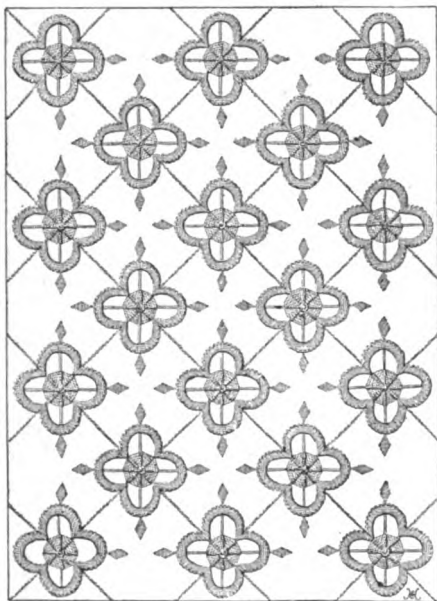
MOULD CROCHET FOR APPLIQUÉ WORK

By Margaret Sims

IN response to the increasing interest shown by readers of the JOURNAL in all parts of the country, with regard to the novelty presented by the use of raised moulds for crochet work, I offer yet another page of designs intended for appliqué work of all kinds, which may be utilized upon the richest, as well as upon the most inexpensive materials. A glance at the illustrations will at once demonstrate the fact that very little ingenuity is needed in order to evolve countless graceful and effective designs from the numerous shapes at command, combined with embroidery more or less elaborate, for the decoration of innumerable articles of fancy work intended to adorn and brighten our homes.

DESIGNS WITHOUT NUMBER

PROMINENT among decorative trifles may be mentioned wall-pockets, portfolios of all sizes, music-cases, loose book-covers, blotters, card-trays, photograph-frames, fancy boxes for trinkets, needle-books, workbags, footstools and tidies of every description, sofa-cushions, table-scarfs, table-covers, curtains, lambrequins, screens, transoms and bedspreads, surely a goodly list, but by no means exhaustive, opening up delightful possibilities for fascinating work,

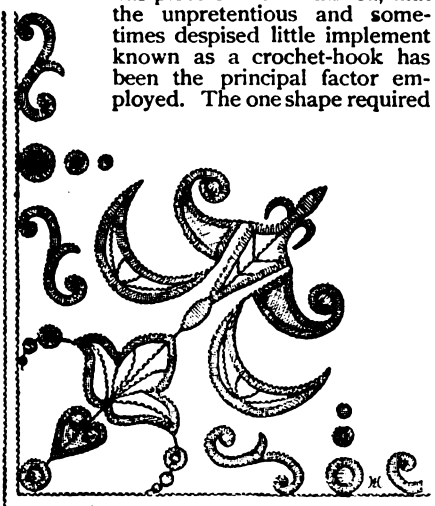


AN IDEA FOR A BLOTTER (Illus. No. 1)

equally suitable for employment on the shady piazza through the bright summer days, or by the cozy fireside on long winter evenings. Mould crochet, in all its phases, whether in open or applied work, possesses one great attraction, especially for a slender purse or a busy woman: it is unequalled for richness of effect as compared with the time and money expended upon it, although not difficult of execution.

NOVEL IDEA FOR BLOTTER

IF carried out according to the suggestions given, the design in Illustration No. 1 will have the effect of a richly-embossed surface. To the uninitiated it is hard to believe, when contemplating this piece of work finished, that the unpretentious and sometimes despised little implement known as a crochet-hook has been the principal factor employed. The one shape required



CORNER FOR TABLE-COVER (Illus. No. 3)

in this pattern measures two inches across. As will be seen by the illustration eighteen are called for in a useful-sized blotter, the dimensions being about nine and a half

inches by thirteen. These measurements may be decreased or increased at pleasure; if increased, a nice music-portfolio or magazine-cover could be made, or a still larger receptacle for drawings. The blotter or portfolio can be plain on the under-side if desired. Almost any coloring, either in light or dark tones, looks well, but in either case it is best to make the wheels filling the forms of gold thread. This part of the work is carried out with an embroidery-needle, the wheel being similar to one of those often used in drawn-work. Suppose we make the foundation for our blotter of écu linen, which forms an excellent ground for a variety of combinations in color. To carry out the particular scheme in question the moulds should be covered with old gold, taking the finer make of lustrous thread specially manufactured for crocheting over moulds. The stitch employed is simple—close double crochet. The crossed lines can be drawn on the material by the aid of a ruler; they should then be embroidered regardless of the spaces apparently missed where the forms and their fillings cover the lines. This method will be found much simpler than fastening off between the forms, or missing the spaces allotted to them. The crossed lines are worked in thick stem-stitch; the diamonds finishing off each scallop are carried out in satin-stitch. The lines and diamonds should be in two rather light shades of terra-cotta, the darker being taken for the lines; if preferred the forms may be covered with a medium shade of the same color.

After the lines are worked there will be no difficulty about placing the finished moulds in position on them, exactly where the lines cross. The diamonds should be worked last, after the moulds are neatly sewn down within the edging formed by the crochet stitch. Care should be taken to match exactly with sewing silk the thread employed. Crochet silk may be substituted throughout, if preferred to the linen thread, but this is almost a needless extravagance in view of the lustrous sheen on the thread, especially noticeable in the finer make, so that it is scarcely distinguishable from silk.

The covering for both sides of the case should be cut in one piece; when the work is finished it should be neatly and evenly stretched over two pieces of cardboard, leaving room enough between the cards to allow them to be flat when the blotter is closed. The lining should match the leading color in the work.

DRESS OR CLOAK TRIMMING

THE beautiful design shown in Illustration No. 2 is specially adapted for trimming dresses or spring cloaks. It is hoped that it may meet the needs of the large number of our correspondents who have requested suggestions for dress trimmings to be carried out in the new style of crochet work. It may be noted that the component parts of the design in question are exceedingly simple, while the effect as a whole equals the richest and most expensive passementerie.

The trimming, when finished, measures a trifle over four inches in width; if it is desirable to make it narrower, with a straight edge on one side, such a plan is easily managed by leaving out the pointed forms on one side, substituting a heading for the circles, such as may be found on the edging for window shades in the November issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

If a black trimming be called for then crochet silk twist must be employed; the lustrous thread does not come in black. Gold thread mixed with black silk makes an elegant combination, the gold being introduced for the picots and centres. For mourning purposes black silk should be used throughout. For colored trimmings the lustrous thread will answer in almost every case; it can be mixed with gold thread or not, at discretion. For opera wraps a mixture of gold is very appropriate.

The moulds are first covered in plain double crochet, then the picots are made thus: 2 d c into row covering the moulds 4 ch; 1 d c into the second d c just made; repeat from the beginning. A larger space between the picots must be left at the sides; the forms must be caught together in working, exactly as shown in the drawing. The circles have no picots on them, but just a plain row of single stitches worked into the row covering the moulds. For this row gold thread can be used.

DESIGN FOR TABLE-COVER

THE design in Illustration No. 3 has been specially made for decorating quickly and effectively the covers so much used for small fancy tables, also for the dainty tea-tables that grace every parlor. For a tea-table the foundation should be of cream-colored cotton twill; the table should be square, so that a washable, embroidered centre-piece of white linen, also square, may be placed on it in the form of a diamond, the corners reaching to the edges of the table. A round centre-piece would suit equally well, but must, in like manner, be sufficiently large to touch the edges of the table without turning over. The design on the table-cover may be carried out in white and gold, or else in very delicate colors, mixed or plain, likewise embellished with gold thread. All the fillings are worked on the material, either in stem-stitch or chain-

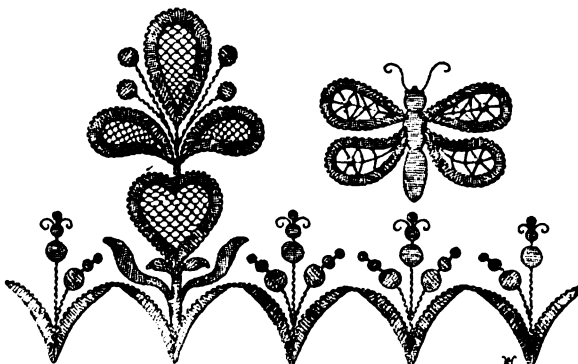


CURTAIN OR PORTIÈRE BAND (Illus. No. 4)

stitch, and long, straight stitches put in diagonally. After the moulds are covered with close double crochet an outer row of gold thread, in single stitches, may be added. Great care must be exercised in placing the moulds correctly, the centre ones being first basted in position. They should be sewn down with fine sewing silk. The outer edge may be hemmed or finished off with a fringe. A richer scheme of color may be adopted for a cloth, plush, velvet or brocaded silk table-cover, or the whole design may be carried out entirely in gold.

CURTAIN OR PORTIÈRE BAND

ILLUSTRATION No. 4 presents an effective suggestion for curtain or portière bands. The scroll-like forms measure a little over three inches from end to end; when placed as shown in the drawing it takes ten to

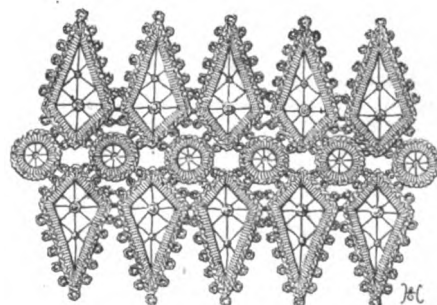


GROUPING THE MOULDS TOGETHER (Illus. No. 5)

make about half a yard. The working is very simple, consisting first of a close row of double crochet, then a second row of double crochet in a contrasting color or in gold thread, taking up the front as well as the back stitch. The moulds must be caught together in course of working. The fillings should be of thick gold thread, put in with an embroidery-needle. Coarse, lustrous thread or silk is used for covering the moulds.

BORDER FOR LAP-ROBE

ILLUSTRATION No. 5 exemplifies how ingeniously the moulded forms may be pieced together to represent conventionalized objects. The border under consideration would serve to embellish a lap-robe, a large table-cover, a piano-cover, or a curtain valance equally well; it also makes a charming lambrequin. The forms are covered with double crochet and filled in before



(Illustration No. 2)

sewing down. All the circles are embroidered and outlined with stem-stitch, also the calyx of the flower-like form. Coloring is a matter of individual taste. The foundation material to be used is likewise a matter of choice—it may be rich or simple.

No adequate idea can be formed of the exceeding beauty of this work merely from the designs given in black and white; they must be seen completed in order to arrive at a proper appreciation of the results.

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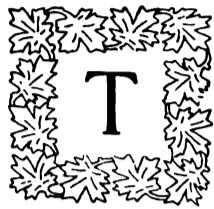
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THE FIRST SPRING SEWING

By Emma M. Hooper



TO the head of the household the first thought of spring brings suggestions of cotton gowns for the little ones and "grown-ups," which are begun often before the fashions are sufficiently settled to warrant a decision upon the woolen and silk dresses. The merchants fall into line with this custom by showing dainty cottons and challies before the standard and novelty woolens and mixed silk and wool dress goods, which are, strange to say, worn before the cottons, which are fashioned in advance. In the way of colors you will find the reddish purples, lavender of a red and pinkish cast, golden brown, reseda and faint emerald green, brownish tan, navy blue, old rose of a purplish tint, a faint or faded magenta, an almost salmon pink, rose, butter cream, yellow and rose-de-chine (lavender pink), shades most fashionable for 1893. Black will be much worn combined with a color, also cream, but not a dead clear white. These shades will prevail in silks, woolens, cotton dress goods and millinery.

NEW COTTON FABRICS

MANUFACTURERS have outdone themselves in the coloring, combinations, finish and designs of cotton goods, the latest novelty in this line being a silk effect in the general finish over the surface and in stripes. This silky finish is said to remain after the material is washed, but do not place unlimited faith in this very elastic assertion, for, personally, I never saw a silky cotton look as well after as before washing, though they may be made to look very well. There are ginghams and zephyrs in large and small plaids, showing light blocks cross-barred with bright colors, checks, hair-line, half-inch and wider stripes, coming from America, France or Scotland, and selling for fifteen to fifty cents per yard; also corded stripes, broché lines and stripes, divided by tiny black or white lines. Cotton pongees are an excellent imitation of the printed silks in the designs and silky finish, and come as low as fifteen cents in black, white, navy and medium grounds. The promised "rage" of the season, however, is a dotted printed Swiss of semi-transparency, thirty-two inches wide, costing thirty-nine cents a yard. This is the old dotted Swiss in white and light grounds, having printed designs in wash colors of garlands tied with ribbons, bouquets, single flowers, trailing sprays, etc., that are simply exquisite in pattern and shades. White nainsooks, plaided in large blocks and printed in colors, are also washable, as the material has been washed after the printing was done. The corded dimity will be in vogue, owing to the fancy for corded effects, and this both wears and washes well; it costs thirty-five cents and is a yard wide. French nainsook and India linen, at twenty to seventy-five cents per yard, thirty-six inches in width, are standard plain white dress cottons. Irish lawns are seemingly coarse, but wear well, and come in fast-colored designs of stripes, polka dots, scrolls or floral patterns on a clean white ground. French and linen lawns are showing lovely designs of corded, hair-line and half-inch stripes or dainty blossoms thrown carelessly over a white or light-tinted surface. Nothing wears better or looks more presentable after a visit to the laundry than a linen lawn.

CHEVIOTS AND PERCALES

COTTON cheviots in mixtures and stripes strongly resembling the woolen goods, have a soft finish and are used for boys' dresses and ladies' shirt-waists. Madras is used for the same purposes, and is more of a basket weave in different sized stripes, showing light and medium shades broken by tiny white or black lines, the latter effect being quite prominent in all cotton fabrics. French percales have a high glossy finish, covered with flower, dot, scroll, stripe and irregular designs in colors upon a light surface that washes beautifully with ordinary care.

The swivel or silk ginghams are especially intended for shirt-waists, which seem doomed to be universally worn again this season, and are in plain colors, broché and stripes, with a "feel" and appearance of wash silk; these are thirty-two inches wide, costing fifty-nine cents per yard, and are certainly lovely to look upon, even though they may not "wash perfectly." Sateens come in floral and striped patterns, but are not as much worn as the more novel cottons. When they are worn they are made up more for street than house dresses. Piqués and heavy cords will be made up, in tailor style for the street.

MORE NOVELTY FABRICS

A LOVELY silk and linen batiste looking like silk muslin is double width and one dollar and a quarter per yard, but it is kept with the cotton goods, though handsome enough for a dressy evening gown. The regular batiste is from thirty cents per yard, thirty-two inches in width and comes in what are called "printed silk patterns" on black and light grounds that make cool and pretty house dresses. The French organdies in black, cream, Nile, pink, mauve, yellow, and faint blue tints are covered with designs of natural-looking flowers in single and bouquet effects that seem too handsome to be printed. These dresses are to be lined with colored silk and elaborately trimmed with lace and satin ribbons. Colonial serge is a splendid imitation of woolen goods, making serviceable dresses, and cotton crépes have become so much prettier in material and designs that they will be greatly used, being as low as fifteen cents per yard, and most attractive for inexpensive summer evening dresses, in fact, many of the new cottons introduce crépe effects in the way of stripes alternating with plain ones. When you may pay from ten cents to one dollar and a quarter per yard for a cotton dress surely the assortment is not limited and there seems no excuse for a lack of clean and pretty summer dresses.

THE PLAINEST OF DRESSES

A DRESS for morning wear that must be washed frequently should be unlined, the waist made with bag seams, sewing them first very near the edge on the right side and then stitching again on the wrong side, so that no raw edges show, and the skirt finished either with a deep hem, straight ruffle about six inches deep, or one row of insertion above a four-inch hem. Do not use insertion unless prepared to take the trouble to sew it on the dress, cut the material away from behind it and hem the edges down. It is well to turn the skirt in at the top a trifle, as zephyrs, percales, in fact, all cotton goods will shrink more or less, and an extra inch is often more precious than balm. The round waist is cut sufficiently long not to slip up, and has a drawing-string at the waist-line. This is trimmed with lengthwise strips of insertion or of the Russian colored cross-stitch embroidery, with collar, belt and cuffs to correspond. Another plan shows tiny jacket fronts, cuffs and girdle of nainsook embroidery, while other dresses are worn with one of the many pretty silk, cotton, leather or metal belts. Plain gowns that are genuine working dresses have the same gathered skirt, from four to five yards in width, with a shirt-waist having three box-plaits, back and front, shirt sleeves, rolling collar and cuffs, and a leather belt. Bertha and bretelle ruffles, jacket fronts, yokes, revers, deep cuffs, belts and girdles all appear in embroidery. Quaint waists of the surplice style are full from the shoulders, lap at the waist-line and are edged on each side with embroidery that folds over a V of insertion. Pearl buttons are worn on these wash dresses. The percales are simply trimmed with collar and cuffs of Russian cross stitch, white or colored embroidery. Do not make the mistake of fitting a wash dress tightly, or of putting cheap lace on a work gown. Have several cotton gowns neatly made, rather than a few elaborately trimmed, and remember the ironing will come when the weather is warm and patience limited.

SUMMER MATERNITY GOWNS

SEVERAL correspondents have lately written to remind me that I promised to give some hints early in the spring upon summer maternity gowns and underclothing, in time to have them made before the warm weather. This seems just the time to accomplish one's sewing, and these necessary dresses must therefore receive due attention. One correspondent asks if she can only wear black for such a gown, which shows the prevailing idea that black alone decreases the size, but dark gray, brown, navy blue, indistinct mixtures and narrow stripes all have the same effect, and the present Empire styles are admirably suited for this rather puzzling style of dress, where comfort, health and modesty must be consulted. Medium and dark shades are less prominent, though in a warm climate a wrapper of striped nainsook or corded dimity made in the much-ridiculed, but very comfortable Mother Hubbard fashion, would be cool, neat and really luxurious, without being expensive or too conspicuous. Skirts may be put on yokes and lengthened in front, and worn with jackets trimmed with jabots of inexpensive lace, held by ribbon loops here and there. The jackets have perfectly loose fronts and half-tight back, with full sleeves.

SOME GENERAL DETAILS

A SUBSTITUTE for corsets may be found in thin muslin corset covers, softly boned in the front, side seams and back, or one of the many health waists advertised in these columns. Many ladies wear a soft-boned and large summer or ventilated corset next to the gauze vest, and outside of this a cambric corset cover. The stockings may fasten to supporters from the corset, and the drawers, also short and long petticoats, are on deep yokes, which much reduce the size of the waist. Nothing should drag in weight or compress the body, but the clothes may at the same time be tidily firm and fit one. Whalebones and belts should be used in the dresses, as usual, and the dress made to fit loosely but yet smoothly, having the neck and armholes amply large. For the morning have the white wrappers spoken of, or a narrow striped gingham, and make the latter either as a princess with a loose front or in Mother Hubbard style, with a square or round yoke, full sleeves and the front cut longer in the centre to avoid any drawing up. Trim only with collar and cuffs, or a yoke, perhaps, of embroidery. Do not line these wrappers, as they will be frequently washed, and make them with bag seams. A challie tea-gown of a medium ground and small figures should have a princess back, loose fronts, bias ruffle, sleeve puffs to the elbows and deep cuffs below; to make it very dressy the loose centre front would be of plain China silk—two widths if narrow—with jabots of lace down the sides and a belt of soft folds loosely placed across the front. If this prove too expensive have a front of plain challie, with a thick ruching of the same in box-plaits up the sides and belt of the same, only across the centre front. Before hemming the centre belt it in on the person to allow for the drawing in at the waist-line.

FOR THE STREET

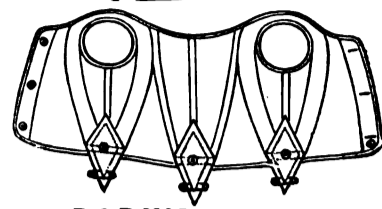
A BLACK China silk, a brown and tan striped cheviot, a navy blue serge or whipcord are all suitable for a street dress. The first may be lined in the waist with the mixed silk and linen lining, which is delightfully cool. The skirt may be made in Empire shape, described in the February issue, with three narrow ruffles, three to five rows of satin ribbon, No. 7, 9, 12, 16, 22, using the narrower at the bottom, or three bias overlapping folds, each an inch and a quarter wide. Cut the centre front longer at the top, sloping it upward at the belt, and in place of a belt arrange the top as for a belt and then cord it with a bias strip over ordinary twine, which will allow the skirt to slip to the bottom of the waist-line. The waist may have a deep coat-tail back and slightly pointed front, with a loose Empire belt from the side seams, having one five-inch bone in the centre to slope it to the front; bretelles of lace continuing over the shoulders, and a ruffle of the same at the bottom of the large puffs that meet the close cuffs at the elbows, and a full vest of crépe or silk of a becoming color. A navy blue whipcord has a six-gored skirt, slightly gathered at the top, trimmed with three folds; a pointed back to the bodice, jacket fronts cut to point below the waist-line in front and sloped in the side seams; full sleeves, having deep silk cuffs, which silk also forms a neck ruffle and full vest, which ends under a fitted belt pointed on the lower edge and continuing around the edge of the basque. The half-long capes are admirable wraps, as are the long driving and dust cloaks in Empire fashion that fall loosely from a yoke back and front, with a collar of contrasting velvet, or silk, or the same cloth, waterproof Japanese silk, mohair, etc.

INDOOR COSTUMES

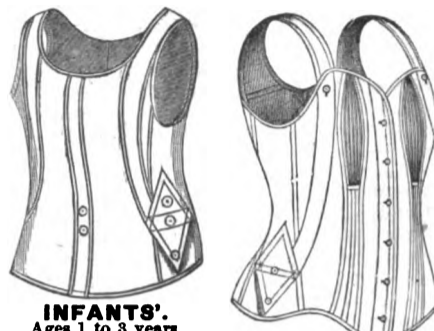
STRIPED challies, lawns, cotton pongees, wash silks, narrowly-striped zephyrs and batistes are all suitable for the Empire gowns for the house, that when made of semi-transparent goods need a princess lining of silk, sateen or plain lawn. These gowns have a short yoke of guipure lace over silk or colored sateen, with the full robe gathered in under the edge of the yoke and flowing free to the floor; large sleeves to the elbows and close below, with deep lace cuffs. Sash of soft silk in loose folds passed around the body just under the arms, hooking at the side or knotted there, with ends to the floor. Another style for a lawn has a full skirt, measuring five yards, with a deep hem and a flounce of Russian lace laid flat on; a round waist with only shoulder and side seams; full-topped sleeves and pointed girdle of the goods well boned; and collar, cuffs and bretelle ruffles of the lace. A black pongee, having small colored flowers, green, mauve, etc., makes up prettily as an Empire dress, tea-gown or in a gathered skirt, full sleeves, round, unlined waist. It may have a fitted belt, pointed at the lower centre, back and front, rounded on the upper edge to the figure and boned; cuffs and full round jacket fronts, with a loose front of colored crépe matching the tiny flower pattern. Loose fronts disguise the figure and should be of silk crépe or the thin China silks that cling easily to the form.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on Page 36 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

The Double V Waist



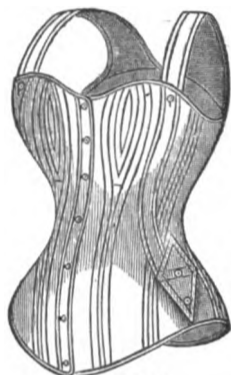
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COSTUMES OF EARLY SPRING

By Isabel A. Mallon

IT has always been said that while the fashions originated with Frenchmen that they were made adaptable and possible by American women. Of the absolute truth of this there is a little doubt, but generalizing it may be accepted. The hideous fashion of wearing a train skirt in the street never was approved by any dressmaker of reputation, but it was seized upon by womankind at large and made a fad. Grasping an unsuitable style in this way, they will be equally prompt to object to the introduction of one that is ugly and unnecessary, but which is much talked about just now, I mean the hooped skirt. Having seen it in all its ugliness, women will not wear it, and although it is certain that skirts will be made fuller, it is equally certain that the crinoline will not be adopted. All the new costumes show skirts escaping the ground; bodices with somewhat sloping shoulders, but even these are not exaggerated, and decidedly full sleeves. Decorations upon skirts are rather more general, and in many instances the effect of a double skirt is gained, by the uplifting of the skirt proper, which gives a glimpse of what seems a petticoat of a contrasting color underneath; over this there invariably hangs the quaint pocket of the style of long ago, and this pocket is usually made of the same material as the petticoat.

AMONG THE MATERIALS

THE materials first shown are the soft suitings, the smooth-faced cloths and the rather heavy bengalines; then, the rich black satin, which makes the most elaborate spring toilette, and which, after much opposition, is counted the most fashionable of all materials. The small check stuffs are much liked for gowns that are intended to be given general wear, and developed in the simple tailor-made fashion. In colors the suitings are of all the wood tints, the many grays, écu shades that are almost white, soft, dainty greens, and decidedly dark blues; where cords are noted the rainbow or shaded effects are produced, and, although these are among the new stuffs, still I do not advise the choosing of them, because they have been in vogue so long a time. Most of us when getting a nice dress, expect it to last more than one season, and it does not seem likely that the contrasting colors will obtain much longer.

One of the prettiest contrasts in corded suiting shows a line of bottle green and one of very pale blue; the trimmings and facings upon this dress are all of pale blue, and the bonnet accompanying it is made of green twigs encircled by a wreath of forget-me-nots. In bengalines almost every known color is seen, and for very elaborate costumes the rich silk is combined with brocade, that is to say, the brocade furnishes the petticoat portion, the pocket and possibly the waistcoat. A French fashion in cloth frocks is noted in the use of two colors, a light and a dark one; in this way old rose cloth and dark green are combined, wood and dark blue, pale blue and dark green, and gray and deep brown. The dark shade must always be very dark so that the contrast is most decided. Colors that seem to tone into each other are not desirable any more, though time was, and not so very long ago either, that the creed that the truest art is harmony, not contrast, was believed in, and practiced by both artists and women, and dress-makers were forced to follow after them, and to adopt it.

THE FASHIONABLE CLOTH GOWN

A COMBINATION gown is made of smooth broadcloth, the dark shade being bottle green and the light one blue, that exquisite blue to which, appropriately enough, has been given the name of baby blue. The under-skirt, that is to say the petticoat, is of green cloth, but it only extends to a little above the knees on its silk lining, so that great weight is avoided; over this comes the pale blue; in the back it is gathered so that it is quite full and allowed to fall in perfectly straight folds so that not a glimpse of the green is seen. It is then draped across the sides and front sufficiently far from the lower edge to show about an eighth of a yard of the green, and on the right side it is raised a little more, so that quite a good deal of the green shows and the contrast is effected. The bodice of the blue cloth fits in the back like an ordinary long position, while in front a full, soft waistcoat of green chiffon shows out from under square jacket fronts of the blue. This is belted in by folded green velvet. The jacket fronts have tiny pendants of gilt outlining them, the high, folded collar is of green velvet, and the sleeves, quite full, but shaping in well to the arm, are also of green velvet. The bonnet is a small Marie Stuart shape of green chip trimmed with velvet ribbons that shade from pale blue to green, and has a cluster of blue blossoms poised just near the front. This may be styled a cloth costume, although velvet forms a conspicuous part of it, but in describing any toilette this year the material that forms the skirt is supposed to give the keynote to the gown, and no matter how many more stuffs may be used upon it they are not referred to in speaking of it. It is predicted that we will have velvet frocks, a prediction that it is hoped will not be fulfilled.

AN EASTER GOWN

BLACK satin, that exquisite, shimmering, trying material, has the preference over other fabrics this season. I say trying, because any woman who inclines to great breadth, or even to a little over the usual amount of flesh, must not attempt to wear it. It is essentially the fabric of the slender woman, giving to her curves that she never possessed, and concealing her angles in the most charitable manner. The black satin gown will, it is possible, be very much worn, but it is the black satin coat that will have the greatest prestige given it. However, women who look well in it are wise to have both gown and coat of the same fabric. In illustration No. 1 is shown a black satin gown that will make its first appearance in public on Easter morning. The skirt, which is much wider than those worn lately, is trimmed with five rows of ribbons of velvet of

five different widths, the narrowest being at the bottom, and the difference between each row being that of the upper ribbon. The effect is decidedly odd, but pleasing. The bodice is very simple, being a draped one, and having satin sleeves; this is because the skirt is never supposed to be worn without the coat, which is the most important part of the toilette. It reaches almost to the knees, has a fitted back and a half-loose front; the seams are all piped with a threading of jet, and down each side of the front is an elaborate jet trimming; the sleeves are very full, and shape into deep cuffs overlaid with jet. About the shoulders is an Empire cape of guipure lace which comes from



A DAINY SPRING COSTUME (Illus. No. 2)

under a yoke of jet. The collar is overlaid with a band of jet, and the bonnet worn with it is a small black satin poke with a jet coronet, and a cluster of pink roses under its brim; the ties are of pink velvet ribbon.

A VERY DAINY GOWN

IN these days originality of design and faithfulness in carrying out an idea are counted of special worth in frocks. The simplest materials, prettily developed, are quite as smart as the more expensive ones, and are conceded to be in better taste for young women. Our American women do not sufficiently value the beauty of youth, and long before they need it they assume the magnificence that really only belongs to middle age. A very dainty gown specially suited to a young woman is pictured in illustration No. 2. The material is wood-colored suiting of a very light weight. About the skirt, which is decidedly full, is a single ruffle of brown silk. The bodice is made with a yoke overlaid with coarse écu lace, and about the waist is a folded belt of brown silk, from under which fall two brown ribbons that hold the brown silk pocket. The sleeves, quite full, are of the brown silk and shape into cuffs of the material covered with the coarse lace. The hat worn with this is of wood-colored chip, decorated with a drapery of brown velvet, and three or four spikes of mignonette. The perfect simplicity of this gown does not detract from its very chic appearance, simplicity, like a flower, always having an individuality of its own.

THE FEW LAST WORDS

IT is just possible that I lean to old customs for I feel sure that it is the right of every woman, as far as possible, to have a new frock on Easter Day. But I want to say this to her: Her Easter Day gown, naturally of heavier material than the one she would select for the summer days, must not be worn out of season; instead, when the early spring days are over it should be put carefully away to reappear and be of use for the autumn months. The wise woman, as far as clothes are concerned, is the woman who always has a gown to suit the occasion, although it is possible her gowns may not be as many in number as the woman who is not wise, but who has too many party gowns, not enough street dresses, too many tea-gowns and no outdoor wraps.



AN EASTER MORNING TOILETTE (Illus. No. 1)

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DOMESTIC HELPS AND CULINARY HINTS

Helpful Suggestions from Experienced Minds

MAKING THE TABLE ATTRACTIVE

BY HELEN COMBS

FOR a wedding breakfast or luncheon, where a cold collation is served, the beauty of the table may be much enhanced by a little ornamentation of the cold meats and game. A few general directions will enable the amateur cook to turn out almost as successful work as the professional caterer. The ordinary kitchen utensils are all that are absolutely needed, though it would pay the housekeeper, who does much ornamental cooking, to buy a set of the metal pipes which are used for decorating wedding cakes. With their aid she can achieve more artistic results than by using the old-time paper funnel as a decorating medium.

PREPARING MEAT GLAZE

MEAT glaze may be bought in bulk at the large groceries, and all it needs is to be placed in a jar, which is set in a saucepan of boiling water till the glaze is melted. If preferred, however, it may be made at home, by taking some strong unseasoned stock, made from a shin of beef, carefully removing all fat, and passing it through a jelly-bag till quite clear. It must then be placed on the fire and boiled rapidly till a little poured on a plate will set. Care must be taken, to watch closely and stir constantly or it will burn. It will keep a long time if stored in small jars or glasses and kept in a dry place. To glaze a ham have it boiled sufficiently and set it in a moderately hot oven for half an hour. This prevents any stringiness when carving. Trim neatly and put away till perfectly cold. Have ready some melted glaze and give the ham three coats, using a broad, camel's-hair brush and allowing each coat to set before the other is applied. If the decorating pipes are not to be had, make some funnels out of stiff, white paper. Cut off the pointed ends, cutting some very small, and the others larger. Work some fresh butter with a fork till it is moderately soft. Half fill the funnels with this, close the tops and you are ready to ornament the ham. By a gentle pressure on the funnel the butter will be made to run out in a thin stream. This is to be laid in dots, circles, trellises, flowers or any other designs on the dark glaze. With a little practice some very fine results may be obtained. A border of very large dots or a thick, wavy line should go all round the ham, and by using the funnel as a pen, any appropriate motto can be added. A frill around the shank finishes the decoration.

GLAZED BEEF TONGUE

BOIL a large tongue, and as soon as it is done remove the skin and trim away the unsightly parts of the root. Then with thin iron skewers, one through the tip and two through the root, fasten it firmly to a board. This will give it a good shape when cold. It should then be glazed and ornamented in the same manner as the ham, though the designs must necessarily be smaller. A very pretty one is a running vine with fruit and leaves. The butter may be tinted green with spinach juice, or pink with cochineal, and sometimes the tiny silver pellets are used, stuck in the centres of the butter dots.

DECORATED POULTRY

ROAST chickens may be treated the same way as the ham and tongue, and boiled ones may be cut up, or put on the table whole and decorated with pink and green tinted butter, and a little bright green parsley and slices of cut lemon. Beets, also, make a nice decoration, cut into stars, crescents, etc., but they should be rather sparingly used. When serving cold poultry it should be arranged upon the dishes with as much care as possible, the joints should be neatly separated and the slices off the breast should be cut thinly and evenly. Nothing can be more appetizing than a prettily and daintily arranged dish of cold chicken, turkey, grouse or duck.

OTHER USES FOR GLAZE

ALMOST any kind of a joint, which is to be served cold, will be improved by one or two coats of glaze, and where the butter decoration seems inappropriate a little fresh parsley looks very nice on the dark shining surface. The green tops of celery also make a very refreshing and appetizing garnish. All small birds may be glazed, when it is intended to serve them whole, but very little ornamentation will be needed for them. It must be borne in mind, however, that the glaze cannot be applied until the article receiving it is quite cold, and that after it is on, care must be taken not to expose it to any undue warmth, as that would cause it to melt.

THE ART OF BROILING

BY FRANCES E. LANIGAN

BROILING is the most wholesome and the most delicious method of cooking meat, and one of the most palatable ways of serving either fresh or salt fish. Care must be taken that the fire is fresh and bright, but not too fierce, and that the broiler is in good order; a pair of meat tongs will also be found of great service, as under no consideration should the article being broiled be pierced by a fork. Birds are usually split open before being broiled, and steaks and chops neatly trimmed, all superfluous fat being removed. Fish, such as salmon and halibut, when cut into steaks, is usually wrapped in oiled white paper before being placed upon the gridiron, but with smaller fish this is not necessary. Kidneys should be split through lengthwise and a skewer run through them to keep them flat. A special sort of gridiron is sold for broiling oysters upon, which may also be used for tomatoes and sardines. All broiled food should be seasoned and served as soon as possible after its removal from the fire. A liberal supply of butter will add to its tooth-someness, as will hot plates. Birds are usually served upon thin slices of buttered toast, and garnished, as are broiled meats, with parsley, cress or celery tops; fish should always be laid upon a folded fringed napkin on a long, narrow platter. An average-sized steak should take from eight to ten minutes in cooking; chops from seven to ten; birds from fifteen to twenty-five, and fish, of the average size, about fifteen minutes; slices of cod, salmon or halibut, if wrapped in oiled or buttered paper, from eighteen to twenty minutes, and mackerel, if split, fifteen minutes.

SELECTION OF MEAT AND POULTRY

BY MARY LEE WHITE

MEAT, to be perfectly good and wholesome, should be firm under pressure of the fingers, should show distinctly the branching veins and should be a clear red in color; a pink hue signifies the presence of disease, while that of a dark purple indicates that death resulted from natural causes. Good meat should present somewhat the appearance of marble; the fat should be firm and suety but never moist nor flabby.

If perfectly wholesome no disagreeable odor should be noticed when the meat is cut through with a knife or when warm water is poured upon it. If any odor is perceptible be sure the meat is unsound and will shrink in boiling, whereas good meat will not lose in weight by cooking. Beef that has been killed a fortnight is considered the best eating, and the brisket is the best, (the shin the most economical) cut for soups, the brisket being also frequently used for cold cuts. The ribs and the porter-house cuts are the finest for roasts. Cross ribs and lower sirloin cuts are desirable for pot roasts and the porter-house, the sirloin and the tender part of the round for steaks. They should be cut at least two inches in thickness, as should also mutton chops which are cut from either the ribs or loin. Veal should be white and smooth, with the fat hard and white; newly-killed veal changes color quickly; the most desirable roast of veal is the loin with the kidney, while the choice cut of lamb is the hindquarter. Particular care should be taken in the selection of pork, as it is exceedingly injurious if not perfectly sound and healthy. The grain of good pork is fine, the skin cold, the fat white and firm and the rind thin.

When choosing poultry select birds that are plump and broad across the breast, showing some fat in the back, with white, fine-grained skin, smooth legs, and toes that may easily be broken when bent back. The absence of these signs indicates that the fowls are old. Poultry that is dry-picked is considered the best; poultry that has been scalded before being picked, may be recognized by the skin, which will look smooth and be tightly drawn over the flesh. When purchasing spring chickens to broil, select those with yellow legs and firm white skin, those with dark legs are usually of an inferior quality. If, as sometimes happens, you are offered by your marketman birds that have had their feet chopped from the legs, look askance at the proposal. This means usually, though not invariably, that the poultry while in storage have come into temporary possession of cats or rats, and the claws have been the parts to be attacked.

FOUR SUGGESTED RECEIPTS

BY FOUR CONTRIBUTORS

FO make one gallon of Tanaka chow-chow pickle, place in the bottom of a gallon stone jar, a layer one inch deep of finely-chopped, hard, white cabbage, a handful of chopped white onions, one teaspoonful of salt, one of granulated sugar, half a teaspoonful of ground mace, ditto of allspice, one teaspoonful mustard seed and one of black pepper seed. Repeat this until the jar is full, tightly pressing as much in the jar as it will hold. When full, pour over it as much of the best cider vinegar, cold, as will completely cover the cabbage. Allow it to stand for three days, filling up with vinegar as it is absorbed by the cabbage. Then drain off the vinegar from the jar, and place in a porcelain-lined kettle. When hot, but not boiling, put in as much ground mustard as will make a thick mush. Watch carefully, and stir constantly until it boils one minute. When this is done turn the entire contents of the jar into the kettle and stir, thoroughly incorporating the cabbage with the boiled mustard. Take off the fire as soon as mixed, replace in jar and tie up. This pickle will be ready for use in three weeks and will keep for months.

CANVAS-BACK DUCKS

TO prepare canvas-back ducks care must be taken to draw the trail without breaking the entrails. If this is accomplished the ducks need not be washed, but simply wiped out with a soft, dry cloth. Then sprinkle them inside with white celery, chopped fine, and a little salt, and allow them to cook in a brisk oven from eighteen to twenty minutes. Serve hot with thin slices of fried hominy, and currant jelly.

GRILLED SIRLOIN STEAK

CUT a steak an inch thick from the sirloin. Brush it over on both sides with warmed butter, season with salt and pepper and grill from fifteen to twenty minutes. When sufficiently cooked, lay the steak on a very hot dish, place under and over it some dainty little pats of epicurean butter, surround it with a border of smoking-hot potato croquettes and serve at once. To make the epicurean butter, put about two ounces of perfectly fresh butter on a plate, and work into it thoroughly and patiently, with the point of a knife, a rather high seasoning of cayenne, mushroom powder, mixed herb powder, lemon juice and minced parsley, with a pinch of salt; then set the butter in a cold place, and when quite firm stamp it out in tiny shapes and use.

LOBSTER SALAD

SELECT two small, heavy and very lively male lobsters if it is possible for you to have them boiled at home. If you cannot do this, see that the tails are stiff and sufficiently elastic to spring back when you bend them. If, however, you are to boil them, fill a kettle with warm, but not boiling water, into which you have thrown a tablespoonful of salt, and place the lobsters, heads downward, in the kettle; cover closely and boil over a very quick fire for half an hour. Remove them from the water and put where they will cool. Then separate the tails from the bodies and twist off all the claws, shake out the liver (the greenish matter) and the coral carefully. Draw the body from the shell, removing and discarding the stomach, which will be found immediately under the head. Split the body down the centre and pick out the meat from the cells. Cut the under side of the tail shell, from which you can then remove the meat in one solid piece, split this and you will uncover a small vein running its entire length, which is sometimes red, which, with the stomach and the spongy fingers between the body and shell, must be discarded. Crack the claws and take out their meat. Reserve both tail shells and body shell, which wash in cold water and remove the thin lining shell from the under side of the tail with scissors. Wash two heads of lettuce carefully. Cut the lobster meat into small dice with a silver knife, and put in a cold place until the mayonnaise is ready. For this you will need a shallow bowl, which must be cool, and a silver or wooden tablespoon. Beat for one minute the uncooked yolks of two eggs, add a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne pepper and a little dry mustard. When you have these well mixed add, drop by drop, a gill of olive oil, stirring steadily and being careful not to curdle the dressing by reversing the motion. Add a few drops of lemon juice or vinegar and then alternate the oil and acid until you have used a half pint of oil. If, through any accident, the dressing should curdle, by commencing again with two other yolks and adding the curdled dressing slowly, and continuing with oil, you can rectify matters. Dry the lettuce leaves thoroughly and put them around the salad dish. Join the shells in the form of a boat, with the large body shell in the centre and place on the leaves on the dish. Toss the lobster meat and mayonnaise thoroughly together with a silver fork and put in this shell boat. Sprinkle with the coral, which should be mashed to a powder. Serve immediately.



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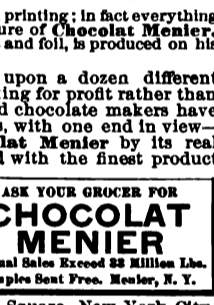
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WHEN CLEANING HOUSE

By Maria Parloa

IT is here again—the season of house-cleaning—to be greeted with different degrees of welcome, or horror, by the several members of the family. Some people appear to think there is no good reason for this annual thorough cleaning of the house; others, however, are really glad when the time comes round again, because it furnishes an opportunity to take account of stock, as it were, discarding the worthless, and renewing wherever it is necessary. When the cleaning is finished, pride and content come with the feeling that rest and comfort can be taken with a clear conscience in a house that one knows is in good condition from top to bottom.

SYSTEM ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY

EVERY house certainly should have a thorough cleaning every year, that there may be a check put upon the accumulation of dust or dirt which might breed disease, even if no other reason influenced the housekeeper. This yearly cleaning need not be a season of discomfort to the family. If possible, a little extra help should be engaged, but even if this be out of the question the work can be done in such a way that every one shall not be worn out by the time the cleaning is finished. Too much should not be attempted at once. If one room be taken at a time and be finished before work is begun in another, the whole house can be cleaned without any great difficulty. It is always wise, if possible, to wait until the necessity for furnace or stove fires is past. If the house be heated by stoves, and there be some rooms in which a fire is needed only in the coldest weather, such rooms may be cleaned first, the stoves in the other rooms being removed later. There should be a perfect system in doing this work. Housekeepers differ in regard to the part of the house where the cleaning should begin, some commencing with the attic and others with the cellar. Since the furnace must be cleaned some time, and dust may escape through the pipes into the various rooms above, it seems to me that the proper place to begin is down-stairs.

CLEANING THE CELLAR

IN no part of the house is it so important that the cleaning be thoroughly done as in the cellar. Not a corner should be slighted. Begin with the furnace. Have the registers closed in every room. Remove all the cinders and ashes and clean out all the flues and pipes. Many housekeepers have the pipes removed, but the smoke-pipe is really the only one that it is necessary to take down. This pipe is liable to rust, because of the moisture it gathers from the chimney; nevertheless, if there be no way of heating and drying the house during a cold, damp period in summer except by building a fire in the furnace, it would be cheaper to renew this smoke-pipe every few years than run the risk of having the family made ill from receiving a chill. While the men are in the house to clean the furnace it would be economy to have them clean the flues in the range and also the chimneys. Open the cellar windows, to bring everything into the light. Have the coal bins cleaned. Brush everything free from dust. Now sweep the ceiling and walls as well as the floor. Brush the walls once more. Wash the windows and any closets, shelves or tables there may be in the cellar. Now have the walls white-washed. Before the various articles stored in the cellar are put back in place, brush them again. Sweep the floor once more. Paint with black enamel varnish the iron parts of the furnace and also any iron pipes that may be exposed to moisture. An excellent whitewash may be made by putting eight quarts of unslacked lime into a large tub and pouring over it enough boiling water to make a paste. Stir well, and cover until cold, stirring occasionally, that the wash may be smooth. Dissolve one quart of salt in two quarts of hot water. Dissolve, also, half an ounce of indigo in about a pint of hot water. Add these substances to the slacked and cooled lime. Now beat well, and add enough cold water to make the mixture the consistency of thin cream. The wash will then be ready to use. A tub of charcoal and another of lime are excellent things to keep in the cellar. They make the cellar sweeter and dryer, and the charcoal is, of course, very convenient to have on hand for fuel. The unslacked lime should be put in a tub or barrel, with space for it to expand to twice its bulk. It slacks in the air and expands rapidly during the process.

FROM CELLAR TO ATTIC

AFTER the cellar is cleaned the next move is to begin at the top of the house and work down. It is not safe in these days, when houses are kept almost as warm in winter as they become in summer, to take it for granted that anything is perfectly free from carpet-bugs, moths and other insects. Every article in the store-room should be examined, brushed and shaken. All the boxes, drawers and closets should be brushed, wiped and lined with new paper. As a measure of safety all receptacles should be saturated with naphtha just before their contents are replaced. Woolen goods, furs and feathers should be wet with naphtha and folded in old cotton or linen sheets. They will be perfectly safe for a year or more, provided they have been thoroughly shaken and brushed, so that no insects' eggs remain in them. Pieces of carpets and other large articles should be hung out-of-doors, on lines, before being put away. Having taken care of the closets, drawers, boxes and stored goods, the next thing will be to clean the room. Brush the articles of furniture and set them outside the room. Brush the walls, ceiling and windows. After sweeping the floor wash the windows and wood-work, and also the floor, wiping very dry. Let the room air for an hour or more; then return all the articles to their places.

TAKING UP THE CARPETS

THE chambers are next in order. Have the bedding taken to the yard, spreading a large furniture cover under the mattresses and pillows. Put the blankets and other coverings on the line. All should be well beaten with a rattan. Brush all the dust from every piece of furniture, cleaning and arranging the drawers. Remove everything from the closet. Put all the light pieces of furniture out of the room and cover the large ones. Take down the pictures, brush and wipe them, and set them in another room; also take down the draperies. If there be a carpet on the floor remove the tacks with a tack-lifter, being careful to put every one of them in a box or bowl. It is not only extremely painful, but also dangerous, to step on a rusty tack, and the housekeeper should make it a matter of conscience to see to it that none are left lying about. When all the tacks have been removed fold the carpet carefully and have it taken down-stairs. It saves the house from dust if the carpet be rolled up in a furniture cover—a soiled one, of course, serving the purpose. Take up the carpet-linings, fold them, and place them in a furniture cover. They must be spread and brushed in your own yard or taken away by the carpet-cleaner. The small yards in city houses are not the proper places for cleaning carpets, as the dust rises and enters all the surrounding houses. There is, in some cities, a law against beating carpets in such narrow quarters. If one live in a place where it is possible to have this work done on the premises without injury or annoyance to one's neighbors, it is most desirable that the carpet be beaten and brushed at once, that it may be laid on the floor as soon as the room is ready.

SWEEPING AND DUSTING

WHEN the carpet and linings have been removed from the room sprinkle the floor with either moistened sawdust, fine sand or bits of paper; then sweep up the dust. Go over the floor a second time. Brush the ceiling and walls of the room and closets, being careful to get every crack free from dust. Clean, with a small brush, the tops of the doors and windows, the window-sashes, the ledges and blinds and all the grooves in the woodwork. For the walls and ceiling use a broom covered with canton-flannel or any old flannel. Let the strokes on the walls be straight downward. If there be a fireplace in the room spread thick papers on the hearth and clean both the grate and fireplace. Take the bedstead apart and lay each piece on the floor, grooved side up. Be careful that there is not a particle of dust left in it. Pour naphtha into every groove. Be generous, for it is not expensive and will hurt nothing. Have near by a bowl of naphtha, into which dip the ends of the slats. If there have been any indications of insect life in the bed or room spray all the cracks in floor, walls and woodwork. Now sweep the floor for the third time and wash it with hot diluted lime-water, which is made by pouring four quarts of boiling water upon one quart of quicklime, and letting the mixture stand covered for several hours; then pouring into another pail the clear water. Put one quart of this water to two gallons of hot. The boards will be made whiter and sweeter by the use of the lime-water.

WASHING PAINTED SURFACES

NOW wash the paint. If it be white do not use ordinary soap. Wring a flannel cloth out of hot water and dip it lightly in whiting. Rub with this, and then wash off all the whiting; next wipe with the cloth wrung out of hot water, and finally rub with a dry flannel until the surface is perfectly dry. Have a pointed stick for all the grooves and corners. If the woodwork be grooved a great deal, as is now the fashion, a small scrubbing-brush, such as is sold for cleaning kitchen boards, will be found helpful, as a few strokes the length of a long grooved panel will clean it perfectly. If soap be preferred to whiting use the white castile, as this will not turn the paint yellow, nor will it soften it, as is apt to be the case with soaps in which the alkali is strong. Now wash the blinds, then the window casings and ledges, and finally the glass of the windows. Take the covers from the furniture and dust again, washing the mirror in the dressing-case. Clean and polish the furniture. Lay the carpet and put the furniture and other articles in place. When all the chambers are finished clean the hall and stairs. All the chambers and upper halls are to be cleaned in the same manner, one room at a time. If the stairs are carpeted take up the carpets and have them cleaned and put away until all the front part of the house has been cleaned.

ROOMS ON THE FIRST FLOOR

THE rooms on this floor nowadays are generally shut off by portières, over and under which the dust sifts into the adjoining rooms when one of the series is being cleaned, unless the housekeeper provide the proper screens. Have for this purpose sheets of strong, unbleached cotton, a yard longer and wider than the height and width of the openings. If you take down your portières and tack these sheets on the top and at the bottom of the casings, the other rooms will be well protected. Now dust and remove the small ornaments. Beat and brush the upholstered furniture. Remove from the room as much of the furniture as possible. Take down the window draperies and shake the dust from them in the yard. Have the dining-room table made its full length, and lay an old sheet over it. Spread the draperies on this, one at a time, and wipe them with a clean piece of cheesecloth; then fold them carefully, if they are not to be hung again until fall, and, pinning them in clean sheets, put them away in boxes or drawers. Next take down the shades, and after wiping them with a clean cloth, roll them up and put them aside until the room is cleaned. Cover the large pieces of furniture, and if there be carpets to be taken up proceed in these rooms as directed for the bedrooms. If there be brasses take them to the laundry or kitchen to be cleaned. Take down the shades of the chandeliers and wash them. If the carpets are to be taken up they should be removed at once, and if they are not, brush the ceiling, walls, woodwork, windows, blinds and ledges, and then sweep the carpet. When the dust settles sweep a second time; be careful to brush the corners and edges thoroughly with a small broom. After the carpet is thoroughly swept saturate the edges and corners with naphtha, leaving the doors and windows open, of course. Now clean the paint and windows. When the room is clean put three tablespoonfuls of household ammonia in about six quarts of water, and, wringing a clean cloth out of this, wipe the carpet. Change the water as soon as it becomes dark. Replace the furnishings. Of course, if the floors be polished, half the burden of house-cleaning is removed.

CLOSETS, KITCHEN AND PANTRY

LAST, but not least, on the programme, comes the back part of the house. Beginning with the china-closet, remove and wipe all the dishes. Brush the walls, ceiling and shelves. Take the drawers to the kitchen and wash and wipe them, afterward drying them in the sun or before the fire. Wash all the woodwork and the floors before replacing the dishes. Clean the kitchen closets and pantry in the same manner. Wash and scour all the wooden, tin and iron utensils, getting them perfectly dry and sweet in the sunlight, if possible. Line the shelves and floor of the pot-closet with thick brown paper, and put the utensils in place. Take down the kitchen shades and wipe them with a clean cloth. Brush the ceiling and walls. If the walls be painted wash them in warm ammonia water—four tablespoonfuls of ammonia to six quarts of water. Have ready a second pail of clear hot water and a clean cloth. Go over the washed space with the clean cloth and water; then wipe dry. If the woodwork be hard or grained wash it in the same manner, using, however, only half as much ammonia. Wash the windows, scour the tables and sink, clean the pipes and faucets, black the stove and wash the floor. When all this is done go over the woodwork with a flannel dampened with linseed oil and turpentine—half of each; then rub with a dry flannel. The laundry and back halls should receive the same attention. Then the piazza and yard should be put in order.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Parloa's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Everything About the House," will be found on Page 38 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

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



LAST winter I was staying at the house of a friend who is as busy a woman as I know. There is scarcely a man of my acquaintance who has a greater number of responsibilities. One morning she was about to attend a very important meeting. Great interests were at stake, public questions were to be discussed and settled, and there was so much difference of opinion among the members of the body upon which devolved the decision that my friend felt that she must have her mind alert and ready to meet and answer objections, to persuade men far older and more experienced in life than herself of the justice and wisdom of her plans, and to devise means for carrying them out. You would have expected her face to be clouded with care, but it was far from that. Making her way through snowdrifts, from the door, she turned to wave a playful good-by to me as I stood at the window. Then I saw her stop. I could not understand her gestures to me, but following her eyes I discovered a bird floundering in the snow. Imagining it was hurt or frost-bitten I hastened to get some crumbs, and to see what I could do for the little creature who had called out my friend's sympathies. I knew she could not stay to minister to the little thing, but before I could get out-of-doors the bird had flown and I could not find it. The morning passed. My friend returned from the exhausting contest. We might naturally have expected her to come in in a listless way, and to have thrown herself down upon a lounge, giving no sign of interest in anything but her own fatigue; quite different was the fact. Before she had closed the door behind her, I heard a merry voice calling out: "Where are my bird books? I must find out what that stranger was that I saw as I left the house this morning. Do you know what a beautiful bird it was? How strange its marks were, and did you hear its cry?" I confess I had scarcely noticed either, and then she told me that last summer, although she had many vital questions occupying her mind, she made a study of the birds in the neighborhood of her country home. Never an enthusiastic child was prouder of a possession than was my friend over her knowledge of eighty-three different kinds of birds, watched and noted by her own eyes in one short summer, and she was quite right about the bird she had noticed that morning. It was one of a flock coming from the far north, strangers to the "haunts of men," and fearless of the creature man, whom they saw apparently for the first time. In the University grounds, college men, faculty and students gathered to watch the birds, and the birds were quite willing to be watched, almost to be caught, lighting fearlessly on shoulder and head.

How restful to tired women would be this study of the birds. Suppose we compare notes about those we see. With one's own unaided eyes much can be discovered, but a pair of opera-glasses or field-glasses would be a great aid.

* * *

I WANT to tell you how much I like the idea of the woman who turned her back to the crack in the wall. It sounded like a true woman determined to make the most of life. Somebody has said, "Life is what we make it." I have always thought it might better have been put, "Life is how we take it." We can't always make things over just to suit ourselves, but we can accept them as they are, in such a sweet, womanly way as to insure respect and love from others. I don't think it is selfish for a woman to desire love and attention and courtesy, but if she finds these things are not hers, let her stop a little and see if in herself she can't find the lack of inspiring material. Ten to one she will discover that though outwardly she has been doing all sorts of self-sacrificing things, in her heart she was selfishly despondent and grieving over what she felt was some great neglect. It just resolves itself into a mathematical problem. Each of us has only so much time in which to think, and if we fill that time with thoughts of ourselves, we must subtract that much from our thoughts for others.

Long ago I was impressed with the subject of an old sermon, and I have had constant occasion to think of it in my own life, and to speak of it for others. It was, "The expulsive power of a new affection." It is true that if we fill the mind and the time with loving thoughts toward others, we shall have none left for our own imagined miseries. Our real troubles, if borne with a loving spirit, will call out more blessedness than pain. How often it is the testimony of one who has passed through bitter experiences that they have revealed a surprising amount of goodness, tenderness and devotion in old friends, and have brought new ones from unexpected quarters.

MAY I say to "A. I. R." that in our town, of six hundred inhabitants, we had what we called an experience or dollar social. As we needed money immediately for church work, our time in which to earn our dollar apiece was limited to two or three weeks. Besides selling popcorn in sacks and balls, taffy, cookies, eggs, penwipers, holders, crochet edgings, several ladies worked on the principle that a penny saved is one earned and did their own washing. One lady cleaned and sold the old bottles that will accumulate in any house. One gentleman did his own shaving until he had saved his dollar. By not using much capital we had money to buy some of the things sold, and in that way helped each other. At the social each gave his experience, which was very amusing and interesting, and forty dollars was the result of our experience and hard work. "The Loyal Workers"—a society of children ranging from nine to fifteen years—are trying this plan. Some are sewing carpet-rags at twelve and a half cents per pound. There are a dozen ways to earn money for a good cause. I'm a firm believer that where there's a will there's a way.

These very ingenious ways of raising money may be helpful to others. We forget, do we not, that to do one's own washing in order to save a little money perhaps deprives the washerwoman of very much-needed work? But everything which prevents waste is certainly a good thing, and often a large amount of money may be gathered from such trifles as would scarcely have been supposed worth considering.

* * *

SO many pleasant nooks and corners in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL tempt one to enter and chat with their pleasant occupants and "presiding queens," that I hesitate which to select, taking it for granted that those who come on business will not be refused admittance to these sanctums nor denied an interview with their inmates and visitors. So, by your leave, I select "Just Among Ourselves" and, as I tell my tale of woe, I can but wonder if my sisters are in like perplexity. In this favored day, when "all the world's a kin," so near are we brought to each other by rapid transit and communication, and innumerable friends, besides "uncles and cousins and aunts," who visit us from far and near, how shall we maintain the true spirit of hospitality, and say to each new-comer "Welcome," when perhaps the last guest has but just departed, and there has been no time to cheer up the home or set the house in order? This is no vexed question, perhaps, where there are many servants, but in our country homes, where there is only one servant, on the mistress and the mother comes the added duty of entertaining, which, often for various reasons, is no light nor easy burden, and which is not lightened, even by the love wherewith she loves her guest. Would not this all be materially remedied if we would, when inviting guests, name the day for them to come and the length of time we hope they can remain? And would not such an understanding add to the real comfort and enjoyment of both the hostess and guest? And now a word for our young ladies. Do not write, without an invitation, even to your "dearest friend," that you are coming to see her, and never accept an invitation to visit her, unless accompanied with a note or a direct message from her mother. Never prolong your visit beyond the stated time, no matter how swiftly and pleasantly the days have passed, unless urged to do so by the mistress of the house, who alone knows its demands, and plans and arranges its work, all of which may be delayed and interfered with, to minister to your pleasure and entertainment. The seamstress who was engaged to repair the daughters' wardrobe cannot come, the wish to attend the convention in an adjoining town cannot be gratified, the visit to see a sick friend must be postponed, and so on *ad infinitum*, and all this has detracted from the pleasure that is due others, by your visit and your presence in their home. The model guest is she who "seeks not her own" but is kindly considerate of others.

ONE GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY.

Your suggestions about accepting invitations and making visits are very timely, but part of the trouble comes, not from the one who accepts the invitation, but from the one who gives it. If we were thoroughly sincere, and our guests could really depend upon the truth of our expressions of desire to see them, they would be in a much better position to judge of the proper length of their stay. Thoughtless inattention to the convenience of others is always bad, but it is worse, I think, when it comes from a guest who is admitted into the sacredness of the home. To keep a quick and thoughtful eye upon the household needs would make many a guest welcome where she is now dreaded. Saving unnecessary steps, treating the dainty furnishings of the guest-room with care, and observing the order of the household—not disturbing it by being late to meals—in these ways a guest may make herself thoroughly enjoyed.

* * *

WHILE every heart has its own sorrows it also has its joys, and I fail to comprehend the nervous, discontented manner that so many married women manifest regarding their home-life and the welfare of their husbands, and can but believe that the majority of women think too much about trifles concerning their husbands. Too much sentiment is a lack of good sense, and I do not agree with "M. E. G.," who advocates a man's cause to the extent that the husband must be the sole subject of a wife's thoughts. I think there are times when there is something a little more soul-inspiring than a man's dinner, or his presence even, and truly believe if every married woman who has a home would take an hour, more or less, every day away from the narrow limits of household cares, and try to elevate her thoughts to something higher and better in life than her husband's mere physical welfare, and the ordinary humdrum gossip of every-day affairs, this world would be brighter and better.

It is in the line of just such a letter as this that the plan which "G. W. S." outlines will be helpful.

A LETTER from one of the readers repeats the old injunction, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." May I, another of the motherless ones, come to you for help? Is it always wrong for a Christian girl to become the wife of a man, otherwise all that could be desired, but an unbeliever? I once promised never to be the wife of one who is not a Christian, but then I was a child and knew nothing of the power of love. I have great faith in you. Do you believe marriage with an unbeliever is never in accordance with God's will?

How can two people live happily together whose fundamental principles are entirely different? Small differences can be easily adjusted. If the man is really an "unbeliever," I cannot see how you could be happy with him, but that is a very much misused word. Men who have deep religious natures, who are thoroughly conscientious, are sometimes called unbelievers because they cannot subscribe to a certain creed. A promise made when you were a child, I cannot think is binding upon you as a grown woman. The question you ask must be decided from your present knowledge. You were not capable of settling it when you were young, and no one has a right to settle it for you. Children are often required to sign pledges and to make promises which can only weaken their honesty; often they cannot, in any sincerity, feel themselves bound to do what they have vowed to do under the pressure of urgency or under a momentary excitement. A promise which shall last a little time may sometimes be asked of a child, but even then with caution.

* * *

I SHOULD like to help "X. Y." in her dilemma, regarding her young brothers, by relating an instance in my own life, which may reveal to her the cause and the cure, for their seeming dishonesty. When I was eleven years old I had a set of school-mates who were accustomed to having spending money, and hence candy, at their disposal. Such privilege was not accorded me. This I felt to be a great injustice, to remedy which I decided to help myself from my mother's purse, to that which rightfully belonged to me (?), a few cents each day. In doing this I had a distinct spirit of disobedience, nothing more. When my mother learned of it, she administered three effectual forms of punishment. She first explained that my act was theft—this thought horrified me. Then she had me return some chocolates which had been bought with part of the money, explaining to the clerk why I did so—to instill honor. And finally, led me to think that she could not allow me to accompany her on an anticipated visit to a sister, lest I might disgrace her by stealing money from my sister—humility. I was effectually cured. The originating cause was one which my mother could not have guessed—the influence of my associates at school.

Your frank account of your early experiences is gratifying to me, and, I think, will be to many other mothers. It is so common for children to throw all the blame of their faults upon their parents, that your generous exculpation of your mother from blame is as delightful as it is unusual. It, however, may serve to make mothers more watchful of the influence of the companions of their children.

* * *

I AM much interested in the letter asking suggestions in regard to a course of reading. A few days ago I heard an essay read before an association of young women teachers, and the advice given them in regard to reading will apply equally to all women. The idea given was this, that a woman's reading should extend in four different directions at the same time: (1) The current literature of the times, in order to know what is going on in the world. (2) Good hard study in some one direction to toughen the "mental fibre": mathematics, for instance. (3) Every one should have a hobby, that is, some special branch that she reads whenever she has a spare moment, and because she thoroughly enjoys it: travels, history, botany, geology. (4) Reading in the direction of one's work; for a teacher, school methods, etc.; for a housekeeper, hygiene, sanitation or organic chemistry. Under the first I would suggest magazine articles, items of general interest in daily or weekly newspapers, book reviews and good recent fiction. Under the second, mathematics, the miscellaneous examples in the "Franklin Written Arithmetic" are very good "mental gymnastics"; or study any good school algebra or geometry. Under the third, read travels with a geography at your elbow. Select a country of which you wish to know something, perhaps Japan. Read Miss Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," and "Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings," by Prof. Morse. Or, if you prefer the Sandwich Islands, Australia and New Zealand, read "Under the Southern Cross," by Maturin Ballou. The magazines are full of short sketches of travel in Europe and America. In American history, take a good school history for a condensed outline, then read C. C. Coffin's books, "Boys of '76" and "Building the Nation." In English history, read Green's "Short History of the English People." It is interesting reading and not very short. In literature, "Primer of English Literature," by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, published by D. Appleton & Company. It has a good list of review questions in the back. In connection with that read the writings of any of the authors mentioned in it which you think would interest you especially. The Appletons also publish "Science Primers," which are very entertaining reading: physical geography, geology, botany, physiology. Under the fourth, "E. L. H." can make her own selection. Perhaps these topics will help her to classify her reading for herself, always remembering that it is not the quantity which she reads that is to help her, but what she reads and remembers, and so makes a part of herself.

General intelligence can only be acquired by a familiarity with "current topics." If a woman be wise she will keep herself in touch with the literature of the day in sufficient measure to enable her to enjoy general conversation among thoughtful people. Happily, there are methods now pursued which enable the busy man or woman to know what are the principal events of the time without reading a mass of unnecessary detail. With such general reading it is very useful for every one to have some special study which may be pursued with thoroughness; and all this is not inconsistent with a busy housewife's life. A woman who succeeds in carrying out this plan will be an invaluable guide to her children.

A. J. H. Abbott

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HEART TO HEART TALKS



EASTER! The beautiful anniversary day in this month of April never seemed so lovely to me as this year. Such grand ones have passed out of our sight; and I am so glad they are not dead. When Bishop Phillips Brooks left us I thought of the words of Robert Browning. Speaking of the new literature which makes death its theme, he said: "Death! Death! It is this idle, cowardly carping on death that I so dislike. For my part I deny that death is the end of life. Never say of me that I am dead." And so he held to the close of his life. Easter means Life! Life! Eternal Life! Hold the truth closer than ever to you, "he that believeth in Me shall never die." To believe in Jesus is to disbelieve in death. I know full well how sad it is to have them leave us even for a little while, but they were so much and said so much that we only have about time enough now to live what they taught us. The old lines have come so freshly to me of late:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

IN DEED AND IN WORD

WHAT made some of those who have gone so loved and now so missed? Their sincerity; their manliness; their enthusiasm for humanity; their love of Christ. Well, will it not be wise now to "ponder and act"? Your sphere may not be so wide; your light may be a very small one; but you remember it was only the light of a tallow candle that a man passed up to the porthole when he heard the cry, "A man overboard." But that little light fell on the rope, and the man in the waves caught it and was saved. Do not stop at thinking how little you can do; do it, do the little. Live with an Easter morning in your soul because you believe in Him who said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and you will know the truth of the lines:

"While thou art in Me and in thee I abide
What had can there be to the Easter-tide?"

WHAT CAN BE DONE

I WAS much interested in an account given me by the wife of a well-known layman of our church, which shows the adaptability of our Order. The minister called on her and asked her to take the afternoon class. It had completely run down and the members could not be persuaded to come, and the minister was discouraged and asked this woman I speak of if she would not take the class and see if she could build it up. At first she declined, but afterward said to the minister: "Will you let me lead the class in my own way?" "Certainly," he replied, "only do lead, I do not care how." So she took the class-book and saw the names of most of the prominent women of the church. She set apart a day—took her carriage and called on them all, and told each of them that she wanted to form a Circle of King's Daughters in their church, and would they join her Circle? She wanted the work of the Circle to be especially, first of all, their own mental and spiritual improvement, and would like to have the meetings in her house. They all consented to join. The next week her parlors were filled. She told them of her inner life, and with the tact of a woman drew from them their experience, and then told them of what she had mapped out as the course they would pursue. She said she thought it would be profitable to have some knowledge given each week of the biography of Methodist women, and then they would find out the poor and needy connected with their church and spend half the hour in talking over ways and means to help them. This course was pursued and the class became more and more interesting, and it was not long before the half hour was devoted to the relating of the religious experiences of the week, and after a time the women found out that they were actually attending class, the thing they thought they could not do!

UP IN THE GARRET

I FOUND such treasures up in the old garret to-day. I do not wonder that a friend of mine misses her garret so much, for all her beautiful apartment. I like to rummage in an old garret and to-day I discovered a little old writing-desk. I even found the poem, "The Magical Isle in the River of Time," and really it seemed to me as I read the letters that I was indeed on the Magic Isle. You know the poem says:

"And the name of the Isle is the beautiful past,
And we bury our treasures there.
Oh, this beautiful Isle with its phantom-like show
Is a vista unendingly bright,
And the river of time in its turbulent flow,
Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,
When the hours were a dream of delight."

And to me the hours were not sad that I spent on that beautiful Isle to-day. I read letters of my own that had never been sent, and I felt the truth of the saying that "the meanest record of thyself hath worth." I found the minor chord in my letters. One thing is certain, I did not have to say it was better with me in the past than it is now. Life ought to be a progress in all that is good and useful, and happiness will follow like a shadow. It was strange, but when I came down-stairs I took up a paper for a minute, and the first thing that caught my eye was "Garret Windows," and the writer went on to tell how you can raise flowers, and keep them growing all winter in your garret, when they would die if in the sitting-room. I indulged in a few thoughts about the plants that we have growing up in the garrets of our minds and hearts, for in our soul-houses we have garrets, I think, as well as parlors.

THE FIVE-CENT GLORY

WELL, I finished up my delightful old-fashioned afternoon all by myself with meditating on what a woman called her "five-cent glory." I was so interested in reading about her. She lived in a brick row on a city street—no back yards, the writer said, to the houses, only a little paved inclosure to keep the ash-barrel and the swill-pail, but in front of all the row of houses about ten feet square of ground. The woman had six small children, did all her own work, even to the washing and ironing. Her husband received a very small salary—so that every nickel counted. But one day she found a five-cent-piece on the street and she determined to make a flower-garden with it, and she did it. She bought five cents worth of seed—the California—and having carefully prepared her little bit of ground, she sowed her seed, and as if the seeds sympathized with her, every one sent up a tiny plant. "I call it my five-cent glory," she said to a friend, "and the whole block seems to share in it and be proud of it." And she said she hadn't a doubt but she would see all the bare, grassless yards dug up and planted with seeds when the next spring came, for in the early autumn her little yard was a glorious mass of flowers. I was not interested in that little front yard merely as I read it, but the old thought came back of making the most out of the little we have to make this world brighter. I am so sure we are unlike that woman who made so much out of her five cents, that it became a five-cent glory. We perhaps would have said, what is the use of trying to make a garden out of so little? The old story over again. She hath done what she could. When will we learn the lesson? And then others will attempt when they see we have succeeded with so little. Nothing is so effective as an object-lesson. Do the little you can do. Now let us look around and try. Maybe the garden is to be made indoors instead of outdoors. Perhaps you have thought the soil so hard that there was no use in trying. I did not tell you how hard that woman worked at the soil before she put a seed in it. You will have to be very kind, and thoughtful and considerate with those around you before any seed that you want to sow to bring forth flowers can go in. Maybe some in your own family are very hard and yet I believe that love persisted in and kind deeds will soften them at length and then you will have your seed-bag all ready and you may yet have flowers where all now is a desert. Deserts are only gardens waiting for seed.

"I WISH I OWNED THIS COTTAGE"

THE word "owned," as it was uttered with so much emphasis, took hold of me. The dear one said: "I wish I owned this cottage. I would pull down those old curtains." I am sure I do not know what other changes she intended to make, for I interrupted her with: "Oh, that is the trouble with so many Christians." Christ does not own them in the sense that they have utterly yielded to Him as the Owner, and, so to speak, passed over the deed; and there seemed to be a new meaning in the words of the apostle: "Whose house are we." I think there is an inner consciousness on the part of many professed Christians that they have not come to their best. There are a good many "old curtains" that need to be taken down, and there is a renovation, an interior renovation, that needs to take place, and what the same apostle speaks of as being "thoroughly furnished." And the need is at times a felt one. There is a good deal of renovating and changing going on in many houses, always wanting something new, and I very much fear a good deal of this activity is the attempt to "fill an empty mind." The house that especially needs to be put in good order is ourselves. We are the house, and what is needed is to pass it over to the Owner, and let Him go to work, for it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do. Mind, I do not say there will be nothing for us to do. When He takes possession, and tells us to take the old curtains down, they must come down; when He asks that some rubbish shall be removed, we must do as He says.

What He really wants is an empty house. He will clean it and furnish it, but He does not do it until He owns it. You know how it is with you, if you live in somebody's else house. You say: "I cannot afford this or that; I don't own the house." But let the house be given to you, and then you will see to it that something is done. Oh, what palaces He would make of us; not merely apartments, not merely one of a row of houses, but palaces—"fashioned after the similitude of a palace"; or if only a cottage (smaller gifts, a lesser personality), yet we should be beautiful cottages, because He would make the most out of us. But alas, He so seldom gets full possession. We say truly: "Others, Lord, beside Thee, have had dominion over us"; but will we not let the past suffice? Will you not who read this say: "I will not own myself any longer; I belong to the Lord Jesus Christ," and will you not mean it as you say it?

PURPLE BAGS

THE ingenuity of the Daughters in our Order proves the truth that love is ingenious. I begged from a sweet Daughter in Lockport, New York, one of the little purple bags used in her Circle, only about the length of your finger; a piece of purple satin ribbon, folded and sewed at the sides and frayed out a little at the top and a string run in, and there you have the little purple bag. Into that purple bag goes one penny each day. Each of the members have a bag, and if those who have more pennies to spare than others put more than one penny a day in the bag no one knows it. One penny a day is all that is asked for. All the bags are emptied at the meeting of the Circle, and the contents of these little purple bags sent ten happy little children into the country the past summer. The same Circle, the "Go Forth" Circle, make true their motto, "He that winneth souls is wise." I have some of their pretty leaflets before me now. There is a place at the station given to them, where every week they may place their leaflets and papers, so that any one can go there and get literature provided by the King's Daughters, and they have shown such good taste in their selections. Little books with pretty pictures on the outside, are there. One was headed: "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good," and as I opened it I found Chauncey M. Depew's reply to Julian Hawthorne, a very valuable tract. Then each of the Circle have a card, a maltese cross, with their motto on one side and their names arranged on the other, telling the days when certain ones will be prayed for by the members of the Circle, and so changed from week to week that each one can see the day on which she will be specially remembered. At the top of the card I read these words: "Pray for one another." Then they showed me a very pretty bookmark one of the Circle made, and sold so many of them that they were enabled to do a much-needed charity with the money. The bookmark was violet satin, with the maltese cross at the top, and "In His Name," just under it, and the verse printed on it was:

"Just to leave in His dear hand, little things,
All we cannot understand, all that stings,
Just to let Him take the care sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear changed to blessing.
This is all, and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best,
Secret of a happy day,
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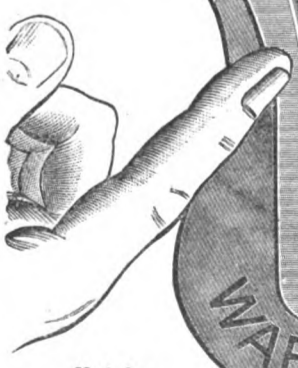
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LITERARY QUERIES

Under this heading the EDITOR will endeavor to answer any possible question of general interest concerning literary matters.

J. S. W.—Bret Harte resides in England.
 A. A.—Dr. Talmage's full name is Thomas De Witt Talmage.
 M. D. A.—Jessie Fothergill died in England two years ago.
 COUNCIL HILL—Moliere lived between the years 1622 and 1673.
 GRINDER—College journalism originated at Dartmouth in 1800.
 A. P. P.—The estate of John G. Whittier was probated at \$133,729.
 JOE—Sue Chestnutwood Perkins is the author of "Honor Bright."
 LEWIS—Mrs. Henry Wood, the author of "East Lynne," died in 1887.
 E. D.—"Sweet Lavender" is the title of a novel by Josiah Allen's Wife.
 S. S. R.—"Oliver Optic" is the nom de plume of William Taylor Adams.
 RUTH—Rose Terry Cooke died at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on July 18, 1892.
 LOTTIE—The poem "The Mistletoe Bough" was written by Thomas Bayley.
 TENNESSEE—The author of the "Bab Ballads" is W. S. Gilbert, the comic opera librettist.
 CITY GIRL—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe resides at Hartford with an unmarried daughter.
 BOSTONIAN—Sir Walter Scott was born in 1771; he wrote "The Lady of the Lake" in 1809.
 TARRYTOWN—Charles A. Dana is editor and one of the proprietors of the New York "Sun."
 CELIA—The name of Eugene Field's eldest daughter is Mary French Field; she is still in her teens.
 H. F. N.—A sketch of "Edna Lyall," with portrait, was printed in the JOURNAL of November, 1892.
 LOS GATOS—The verse which you send is a translation of an eight-line sonnet of Heine's, the German poet.
 NEW LISBON—Longfellow and Lowell are both buried at Mount Auburn, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
 GEORGINE—"Le Petit Journal" of Paris has the largest circulation of any daily newspaper in the world.
 NANCY LER—"Samantha Allen" and "Josiah Allen's Wife" are the nom de plumes of Marietta Holley.
 ELLIS—Shirley Dare is the nom de plume of Mrs. S. D. Powers; she is an American, not an English woman.
 M. L.—The first play written and acted in America is said to have been Burgoyne's "Blockade of Boston."
 S. C. B.—The song "Stonewall Jackson's Way" was written by Dr. John Williamson Palmer, of Baltimore, Md.
 T. N. K.—The first paper in the United States to publish a Sunday edition was the New York "Herald."
 T.—Ralph Waldo Emerson died at his home in Concord. He left three children—two daughters, one of whom is married, and one son.
 AMBER—We are quite sure that you may, with perfect safety, submit the plot of your story to the editor of any one of the New York magazines.
 ANXIOUS READER—Miss Mamie Dickens, who has been contributing to the JOURNAL, is the eldest daughter of the great novelist. She resides in England.
 DORIA—Any dealer in stamps can supply you with unused English stamps. (2) Address Prof. Drummond in care of his publishers. (3) There is no such translation of Tourgeniff.
 DONELL—Horace Greeley founded the New York "Tribune" in 1841. (2) "Mrs. Partington" was the nom de plume of B. P. Shillaber, a Boston newspaper man. He died at Chelsea, Massachusetts, in 1890.
 M. W.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox's two best known volumes of poems are: "Poems of Passion" (\$1.00) and "Poems of Pleasure" (\$1.00). The JOURNAL can supply either, or both, at prices named, postage free.
 ELDER JONES—The essentials of a good short story are many; a good plot, brevity, action and natural writing are among them. (2) Do not model after any writer. Success in literature is now made upon original lines.
 NELLIE B.—We cannot encourage you in the idea that your manuscript was returned to you unread. Every manuscript that reaches us is carefully scrutinized, and we are quite sure that yours could not have proved an exception.
 LANSING—Sir Walter Scott declined the poet laureateship of England; upon his declination Southey was appointed. An account of the circumstances connected with Scott's declination may be found in Lockart's "Life of Scott."
 A. H. MCC.—As I have said before, the best way to apply manuscripts to the most probable channels is to carefully read the current magazines, and enter into the spirit of their policies. Eleanor Kirk's book, "Periodicals that Pay Contributors," gives a good list of magazines, etc. The JOURNAL will send it to you for one dollar.
 JAMES W.—If you wish to secure a copyright you must send by mail, or otherwise, prepaid, a printed copy of the title of your book, and your full name and address to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., also one dollar. The legal fee for recording a copyright is fifty cents, and for a copy of this record an additional fee of fifty cents is charged. The copyright secures to the person procuring it the sole right to print and publish the book for which the copyright has been given.
 HUMANIST—Wolcott Balestier was born in Rochester, New York, on December 13, 1861. He died at Dresden, Germany, on December 6, 1891. He left this country in 1888, and took up his residence in London as the representative of an American publishing firm. He was essentially literary in his tastes, had written considerably, and was a very hard and enthusiastic worker. He had the happy faculty of winning the affectionate regard of all with whom he came in contact. In the autumn of 1891, partly on business and partly for rest, he, although quite unwell, made the visit to Germany from which he never returned. His sister is married to Rudyard Kipling.

ART HELPS FOR ART WORKERS BY MAUDE HAYWOOD

Under this heading I will be glad to answer every month, questions relating to Art and Art work.

TO CORRESPONDENTS—I am obliged to repeat the fact that I cannot undertake to answer letters by mail, although I will most gladly give any help or information in my power through this column. Replies will be given in their order with as little delay as possible.
 E. A. P.—Mr. Charles S. Reinhardt illustrates for "Harper's Magazine" and other periodicals.
 J. A. G.—In an article published in the JOURNAL for December, 1891, entitled "The Revival of Pyrography," particulars were given with regard to the work.
 L. H. H.—The article "A Few Words to Designers," about which you inquire, appeared in the JOURNAL for January, 1892. You can obtain a copy of that number by writing to the JOURNAL office and inclosing ten cents.
 IMOGENE—The color you inclose may be obtained in oils with yellow ochre, black and white, adding a very little cobalt to gain the bluish tinge. In oil painting you will find indigo a useful addition to your range of blues.
 M. S. F.—In making up the quilt of silk handkerchiefs (the coloring and character of which you omit to describe) they might possibly be effectively united by an insertion of crochet-work in colored threads, selected to harmonize with the tones in the handkerchiefs.
 NELL—Write to the school named for the desired information. (2) The JOURNAL offers opportunities of free training in art. Address for particulars The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. (3) Apply to the Institute for Artist-Artisans, 142 West Twenty-third Street, New York City.
 KATHARINE S.—In order to make the fixative for chalk or charcoal drawings, dissolve half a drachm of gum-mastic in two ounces of alcohol. This is applied after the completion of the drawings by means of an atomizer. The expression that you ought to have used is to "atomize" the drawings.
 M. I. B.—Either academy boards or canvas may be used, but the latter is preferable to work upon, particularly for highly-finished paintings. (2) The coloring in oils and in water colors may be identical but the effects are differently rendered. Greater depth and brilliancy are more readily obtained in oils while transparency and delicacy of tone may be considered as more especially characteristic of water colors.
 V. F.—The general rule is to use unfluxed gold over color. If the painting has been fired, however, the fluxed gold may be employed. Also in outlining and veining leaves, before they have been fired, fluxed gold may be used if care be exercised to lay the gold just beyond the color for the outline, and to remove the paint by scraping it out in the places where the veins are to be. Unfluxed gold ought to be used for stippling over color.
 SHIRLEY—Pillow-shams may be made in various ways, either embroidered with border or an all-over design; they may be finished with lace. The plainest kind are made quite simply, but with the monogram or initials in the centre. As to whether they are more reasonable if you make them yourself or buy them ready-made, it entirely depends on how valuable your time may be. Of course the actual outlay is less if things can be made at home.
 YOUNG ART STUDENT—Yours is the most difficult kind of a question to answer satisfactorily, so much depends on individual circumstances. One woman might begin to make her art-work lucrative almost from the first, and side by side with her studies in a training school, while another might never succeed in attaining sufficient success to earn an independent livelihood. With you as with others all must depend on personal ability and exertions.
 ENGLEBERT—I hardly think books will help you very much. Once the principle of sketching in pencil (or any other medium) is grasped, rapidity is merely a question of practice. Draw carefully, aiming principally to reproduce the characteristics of any object with as few strokes as possible, and omitting all unnecessary detail. Facility will come insensibly. Carry a sketchbook always, draw everything, draw constantly, and preserve all you do, by which means you can note your progress.
 D.—For a low room only a very narrow frieze may be used, if it be employed at all. The effect of height can be increased by tinting the ceiling moulding in suitable colors, thus leading the eye upward. In your case the ceiling might be covered with a paper of pale sky-blue tone, and the wall-paper with the prevailing shade, a delicate olive green. The moulding may be tinted with two shades of the light green, introducing also a little delicate pink, which will accord with the old rose tone in the other decorations.
 A. W. S.—If you wish to keep the coloring of the decorations entirely in blue and white, you might like to carry out an idea that was recently most effectively rendered for a bedspread. The material was a good quality of round thread French linen, and upon this a quaint old English design was rendered in several shades of blue, flax thread being employed. Another suggestion is to work the pattern entirely in white upon colored linen, in your case a suitable blue should be chosen. Whether you have pillow-shams or not is entirely a matter of taste. If you have them they must accord in character with the bedspread.
 DOT—Drawings for reproduction in magazines are usually made either with pen and ink or in wash. They are made as a rule larger than they are intended to be when published. It is absolutely necessary to have a thorough knowledge of drawing in order to become a successful illustrator. Study with that object in view, making the best use of whatever opportunities for learning may come in your way. The pictures in the best illustrated periodicals will show you the standard required. In working by them, however, remember to make your own drawings quite two or three times the size, with the shading lines, of course, correspondingly more open.
 A READER—Certainly you may begin immediately to draw and sketch with pen and ink. It engenders accuracy as correction is difficult. Use India ink on Bristol board or smooth paper. (2) There are possibilities of obtaining lucrative work for those able to design clever and original advertisements. (3) As to the probable income and previous learning necessary, no definite idea could be given, as they necessarily vary according to individual ability and opportunities. As far as a stranger can judge merely from the tone and style of a letter, I should be inclined to be sanguine of your future success, but warn you that a real success is only attained through a determination of overcoming many difficulties by the way.



Desiring to give the admirers of Ivory Soap an opportunity to contribute to its literature, the manufacturers offered prizes for the best twelve verses suitable for use as advertisements. 27,388 contributions were received. To the following was awarded the

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 Ivory Soap has bid its beauties
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 Silver spoons, my souvenirs,
 Vie with windows, in their gleam
 Owing to the magic influence
 Of the Ivory's power to clean.
 Blankets, too, have felt its spell
 And left the tub like Alpine snow:
 Laces, in their gauzy whiteness,
 Still another laurel throw.
 From fine bric-a-brac poetic,
 To prosaic washing dishes,
 It is peerless in its action
 And obedient to our wishes.
 And the hands that labor with it
 Gain in softness, day by day.
 Ivory Soap be ever with us,
 Faithful servant, true alway.

FLORENCE DUNREATH BREWER, Portland, Me

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We believe that our Soups are unequalled for flavor, strength and purity. Tasting them will make a believer of you. We make



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are far superior. Ladies of taste once having enjoyed the delicious flavor that is given to cakes, puddings, creams, etc., by Dr. Price's Vanilla or Lemon Extract, could not be induced to use any other.

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Send \$2.00 for a large **FUR RUG** 5 1/2 feet long and 33 in. wide. Perfect in every respect. Long, soft fur. Silver, white or Grey. Suitable for any Parlor or Reception Hall. Moth Proof. Cannot be equaled anywhere for double the price. Sent C. O. D. on approval. Lawrence, Butler & Benham, 70 High Street, Columbus, Ohio. Our Illustrated Book on Carpets and Curtains, FREE.

Diogenes looking for a man

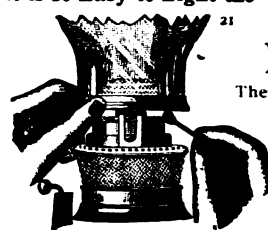
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If your grocer cannot supply you, write us and we will send you our catalogue and copy of "From Tree to Table," telling you of our products.

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EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE

BY MARIA PARLOA

MISS PARLOA will cheerfully answer, in this column, any question of a general domestic nature sent by her readers.

FRANKFORT, KY.—You will find instruction in doing up lace curtains in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for May, 1892.

MRS. J. P. G.—Drape your oriel window with soft China silk. I would use a color that suggests warmth. Yellow or orange would be good for this.

H. H. B.—Yes, bouillon may be served in teacups. Not many housekeepers have the regular bouillon cups. Thin slices of bread or small rolls should be served with it.

READER—To restore polished furniture mix together one part of alcohol and three parts of sweet oil. Rub this on the furniture with soft, old flannel; then polish off with a clean piece of soft flannel.

MRS. J. J. W.—In Florida they dig shallow pits, in which sweet potatoes are put and then covered with dry earth. The potatoes keep well in these "banks." I do not know how far north this mode of keeping sweet potatoes would be safe.

ECHOES—Certainly, it is in good taste to have on the parlor mantel a clock that strikes the hours and half-hours. It is also a great convenience to guests, who will not be apt to miss a train or car if the clock be in the room to remind them of the flight of time.

MRS. J. H.—You might try melting the lard with one tablespoonful of soda. When it is hot cut up half a dozen raw potatoes and fry them in it. I think this will sweeten the fat unless it be badly tainted, in which case I would advise that you make it into soap.

MRS. J. C. P.—After-dinner coffee is served in small cups at the end of the meal. It should be very strong. It is usually taken clear, but it is customary to pass cream and block sugar with it. Fashionable people frequently have the after-dinner coffee served in the parlor; or, in summer, on the piazza.

A TROUBLED HOUSEKEEPER—Ask at a manufacturing stationer's for the crinkled paper. If there be none near you ask your local stationer to get it. I prefer not to give business addresses in this department. (2) It would be perfectly proper to have the same kind of carpet in the reception room and parlor.

SUBSCRIBER, Los Angeles—Yes, there is a stove-polish which can be applied with cloth and does not require polishing with a brush. It comes in the form of a paste, but must be made still moister. I am unwilling to make this column an advertising department; but ask your grocer, and I am sure he will have the article.

H. J.—The question as to whether certain colored studies are suitable for framing can only be decided as a matter of taste. Pictures that are brilliant and rich in color will bear mounting in gilt frames much the same in character as might be chosen for the original paintings, if the reproductions are good enough to be deemed worthy of a handsome setting.

JESSIE—Your wisest course would be to have a cabinet-maker polish the piano, but if that be impossible try this receipt, which one of the JOURNAL readers kindly sent me: Mix together one part alcohol and three parts sweet oil. Wet a soft flannel with this and rub over the polished surface; then rub smooth with a clean piece of soft flannel. It will require a great deal of hard rubbing.

NANETTE M.—The pudding you mention is what is known as Topsy Parson. It is made by sticking blanched almonds into stale sponge-cake, then moistening with sherry, and finally pouring soft custard over it. Where wine is objected to a flavor may be imparted by the addition of the extract of vanilla to the custard. (2) Rub your leather chairs with a piece of flannel wet with kerosene; then place them in the air to dry.

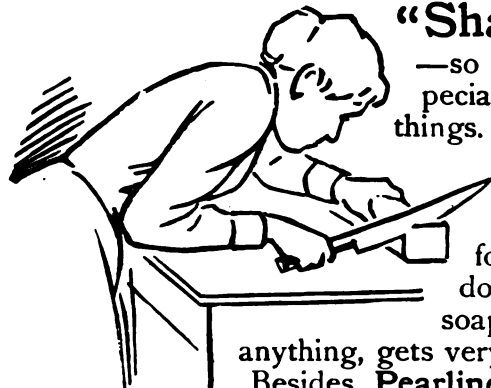
MAY—Unless the rooms be furnished strictly in one style, as white and gold, for example, it would be both proper and pleasing to have variety in style and color of chairs. Of course, care must be taken that the colors harmonize. Chenille is used for table-covers, but unless it be in subdued colors you might be better pleased with other fabrics which are no more expensive and do not look so common. My own choice would be to have the bookcase in the parlor, but many people do put it in the dining-room, when it must be a choice between the two.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER—Here are some of the ways in which trays are used: The waitress passes the food on a small tray; she also uses it in removing the small articles from the table. When handing a glass of water, milk, etc., to any one a small tray should be used. Luncheons or meals are taken to rooms on trays which are first covered with a large napkin or a tray-cloth. It is wise to have a tray of good size, on which the dishes can be placed when the table is being cleaned after a meal, and on which the clean dishes can be carried from the kitchen to the china-closet.

INTERESTED READER—I think that your trouble with the granulated sugar comes from not beating the sugar and butter together enough. If the cake be made with butter, or if it be sponge-cake, perhaps you do not beat the sugar and yolks of eggs together. In either case the sugar and the other ingredients should be beaten together until the sugar becomes moist and is thoroughly blended with the butter or egg. There are several grades of granulated sugar, and the coarse kind will not blend perfectly with other ingredients. Use the fine granulated sugar and follow my other suggestions, and I think you will have no more trouble.

GRAND RAPIDS—Here is an outline of the method of making a chair from a barrel: Leave the bottom in the barrel; then cut half the staves off, about a foot and a half from the floor. Nail strong cleats on the inside of the staves, a little below where they are cut off. Nail strong bands of ticking on these, having the bands cross each other. Put a cushion on this support, and cover the edges and inside of the chair with a padding. Cover the whole with chintz or cretonne. Such chairs are neither graceful nor comfortable, and in these days, when one can get a pretty and easy chair for about three dollars, it is hardly worth while to try to make such furniture at home.

JENNIE F. C.—Every manufacturer has different grades of goods. Although the quality of the china has much to do with the price the decoration has a great deal more. The shape, too, controls the price. For example, there is an exhibition to-day in a Boston store window a set of about one hundred and fifty pieces of Wedgwood. It is a reproduction of a very old blue set, and is really handsome. The price is only nineteen dollars and fifty cents. In the same store one can buy a small Wedgwood vase or pitcher which will cost as much as this entire set. I would advise you to visit several of the stores, where they make a specialty of fine china and learn, from observation and inquiry, the difference in china and special makes and decoration. Books on pottery will help you to a clearer understanding of this subject. I am sorry that I cannot tell you of a book of moderate price on this subject, but if you will send me an addressed and stamped envelope I shall be glad to send you a list of some of the books which I own and find delightful to study.



"Shave your Soap

—so the soap makers say, especially if your washing delicate things. Now, in the name of common sense, what's the use? When you can get

Pearline, in powder form for this very reason, why do you want to work over soap, which, if it's good for anything, gets very hard and difficult to cut.

Besides, **Pearline** is vastly better than any powdered soap could be. It has all the good properties of any soap—and many more, too. There's something in it that does the work easily, but without harm—much more easily than any other way yet known.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. 302 JAMES PYLE, New York



HOW TO BUILD ARTISTIC HOMES

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They are clear, transparent, not misty. Look at your chimney. How much of the light is lost in the fog?

Be willing to pay a little more.

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A. L. DIAMANT & CO., 1624 Chestnut St., Phila.

LEARN ABOUT Alabastine Wall Coating

See page 32 March number Circular of Tints free. **Alabastine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.**

REMOVES GREASE Carpets, etc., and Gloss from Black Silk. Useful in every household. **CANTILIAN CREAM** Sold by druggists, dry goods dealers and grocers. Sample Bottle by Mail, 20 cts. **V. C. LORD, Agt., W. Roxbury, Mass.**

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MOTHERS

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This size by mail, 35c.



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Softens, Heals, Feeds and Beautifies the Skin.

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Soothingly Helpful in Salt Rheum and Eczema.

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To reduce our stock of Music we will send by mail, post-paid, 70 pieces full sheet music size, including songs, marches, waltzes, quadrilles (with calls), etc., by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, etc., for 20 cents. Comrades and 100 songs, words and music, 5 cents. Satisfaction given or money refunded. **Q. L. HATHAWAY, 339 Washington St., Boston, Mass.**

The MONITOR INCUBATOR

You can get one Free. Gives satisfaction everywhere. Send stamp for large book, No. 57. Address **A. F. WILLIAMS, Bristol, Conn.**

SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS BY RUTH ASHMORE

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

FLOY—White dotted muslin is in good taste for a commencement dress.

A. D. MCK.—A very tall girl of fifteen should wear her skirts below her ankles.

E. L. J.—It is not considered proper for young girls to go to a matinee unless an older woman accompanies them.

PHENEY—Try bathing your eyelids in very warm water to keep them from swelling. (2) It is extremely vulgar to chew gum.

CALIFORNIA GIRL—I do not think there is any school of acting where managers educate young women free of charge.

C. A. E.—It is not customary to refer to a supper when an invitation to a concert is given, unless the supper is to be a very formal affair.

J. A.—Even if the bridegroom is a clergyman it is not considered in good taste to prefix his name on the wedding invitation by "Reverend."

JESSIE D.—If a man friend asks you to go to the supper-room, and you have already made an engagement for this purpose, simply tell him so.

FAY—The young girl is quite right to refer to her father and mother when she is asked to do something of which she is sure they would not approve.

X. Y. Z.—It would be perfectly proper to be quietly married and then have a reception in the evening; the bridal party could then form the receiving one.

M. H. H.—Speaking from experience I can only say that I think the most convenient way to wear a watch, during business hours, is in chateleine fashion.

MADGE—Because the young man insists in no reason why you should give him your photograph; in fact, to my way of thinking, it would seem a reason for refusing it.

ANNIE N.—Crape is worn for at least six months after the death of a father, and plain black for six months. During that time it is not customary to go into society.

A SUBSCRIBER—When a young man with whom you have no acquaintance sends you his visiting-card take no notice of it whatever, as it is a piece of great impertinence.

M. N. O. AND OTHERS—I have told my girls a great many times that it is never proper for a gentleman to take a lady's arm, but it seems as if they cannot, or will not remember.

ORA AND OTHERS—When you reach home thank the young man for his kindness in taking you to drive or ride, or to the theatre, or whatever the special courtesy may have been.

DORA—I must decline to give any information about depilatories, as I think them all more or less injurious. (2) Write to the woman who is the author of the article to which you refer.

MARY L.—Pure almond meal is perfectly harmless, and cannot injure the skin. If it should do no good, and I always believe it does, it will at least make for you a most delightful bath.

EFFIE F.—Will you allow me to say to you that I do not think a girl of fifteen should receive any attentions such as you describe from young men, and I would advise your having a little talk with your mother.

L. U. S.—In signing your name to a letter, unless it should be to a member of your own family, or a girl friend, sign your name in full and do not use a nickname or any affectionate abbreviation of your Christian name.

K. L. N.—No acknowledgment is necessary to a wedding invitation; if it is a home one, and you do not go, send your card with your good wishes on it; if it is a church one, make a call on the bride's first reception day.

G. G.—To keep your lips in good condition I would advise that you never go out into the air without having a little vaseline rubbed on them; it need not be enough to show, but can be enough to keep the cold from affecting them.

LELAH—A letter should never begin "Dear Friend"; it should be written, "My Dear Mr. Brown," or if you are intimately acquainted with the young man, and in the habit of calling him by his first name, it could be "Dear John."

MIRIAM—As your friend's brother has been so courteous to you, it would be proper to ask him to call upon you with her. Unless his engagement to some one has been announced you are not supposed to know anything at all about it.

I. A. C.—Benzoin can be bought in any quantity desired from a druggist; it tends to whiten the skin, and a few drops of it put in the water in which one bathes one's face tends to freshen and give the skin an entirely new feeling. It is essentially a skin invigorator.

M. S.—In taking a bit of bread or cake use your fingers for lifting it from the platter. Cake should be broken in small pieces and eaten from the fingers. (2) To eat honey or syrup the amount desired is put with a knife on a small bit of bread, and that is eaten from the fingers.

ONA—If some one who has not been invited to your wedding, and who is not related to you in any way, sends you a present, all that you can do is to write a note of thanks for it. At a late day it would be in extremely bad taste to send the invitation that has been withheld before.

A CONSTANT READER—As you are a busy little woman I should advise you to read the better class of novels, for they will teach you to speak good English, and if you like the historical ones a general idea of the history of the world may be gotten in a pleasing fashion.

L. C.—If you have an engagement to a card party, and a friend arrives to visit you, it is allowable, if you are very intimate with your hostess, to write and ask her permission to bring your guest; otherwise you explain the situation to the guest, and you go, having accepted, while she remains at home.

VIOLET—When there are only two visitors they should, of course, be introduced to each other, and the hostess who does not attend to this is very rude. At a large reception what is known as a "roof introduction" is sufficient to permit two ladies to speak to each other, although they need not continue the acquaintance.

ELLEN—There is no impropriety in a man friend writing to you without having asked your permission; but it rests with you to decide, by answering the letter, whether the correspondence shall be kept up. (2) The invitation to a concert may be given by letter, or verbally when the young man is in the habit of seeing you every day.

A. C. N.—Thank you for your kind words about the article on "Girl-Life in New York." The fact that you know it to be absolutely true is an encouragement to me. No work is degrading; it only becomes so when it is poorly done. I would advise your taking what your hands find to do, and doing it in such a way that it will be an honor to you.

BIRT—The teaspoon should be always in the saucer when not used for stirring the tea and coffee. It is considered an evidence of ill breeding to leave it in the cup while drinking from it. (2) A pretty evening gown for a blonde with dark gray eyes would be one of pink cloth, made after the Empire fashion, and having high puffed sleeves and sash of pink satin.

A. E. W.—It is improper for any woman, either young or old, to receive presents from men, to permit them to kiss her, and especially wrong to accept marked attentions from married men. No woman can afford to do this; not only will she lose her self-respect, but she will lose that something which is of great importance to her—her good name.

ADDIE E. T.—End your letter to the gentleman with "Very cordially, Annie Brown." (2) I do not consider it in good taste for a young girl to go to places of amusement, first with one young man and then with another. (3) As the draperies in your room are pink and green, and your bedstead brass, I should think white enameled furniture would look very pretty.

LIESCHEN—Neither wine-glasses nor water-glasses are set out on the sideboard, but are placed in the cupboard portion of it, unless, indeed, you should have a special closet for glass. China and silver are usually put on the sideboard unless you are among the happy people who possess so much beautiful china that a particular receptacle is required for it.

MARY G.—It is possible that vaseline, like all oily stuffs, will darken the hair, but it certainly tends to make it grow. (2) Grease your hands with cold cream or vaseline, and wear gloves as much as possible. Use tepid or hot water in bathing them, but do not use hot water at one time and cold at another. With a little care your hands should look very white and soft.

FIDELIS—Any trace of olive in the complexion means to avoid all olive shades of tan, brown or green, Nile, violet, Magenta, brick reds, navy blue (unless with red combination), orange, bluish white, steel gray and lavender. Clear or reddish browns, pinkish gray, red shades, bright old rose, light yellow or pink and reddish purple should prove becoming to you.

INTERESTED READER—A few drops of camphor in a small tumbler of water, used as a gargle, will tend to make your breath sweeter; however, the best thing for you to do is to discover the cause of the trouble and remove that. It may be that your stomach is in bad condition, or that your teeth need attention, and in either case I would advise your finding out the root of the unpleasantness and removing it.

FRANCES B.—If, as you say, you love the man you are about to marry, and your love is returned, the fact that his sister dislikes you need not trouble you much; in fact, need only trouble you in one way. Try, by your pleasant manner and unflinching courtesy to her, to obtain her liking, and even if you should not, you will at least have retained in this way your own self-respect in the knowledge that you are doing what is right.

AN ADMIRER—If there is a weaver of straw in the town in which you live it would be best to have the much-prized basket mended by him, and then you can put a bow of ribbon so that the new is hidden from the old. To stay at home and make money is something many women seem desirous of doing, but to make money it is necessary to face the workaday world and to wrest from it, by hard toll, the dollars that are given for value received.

TEXAS GIRL—Wash your scalp thoroughly with warm water and ordinary brown soap, giving it another bath for the removal of the soapuds. By giving this treatment once a month, using clean brushes and brushing your hair with much regularity, your head should be entirely free from dandruff. Deep wrinkles under the eyes, especially under the eyes of a young girl, usually come from ill-health, and a physician should be consulted about them.

CARISSIMA—The white spots on the nails are usually bruises, and if you are in the habit of pushing down the skin at the root of the nail with a metal tool that will very easily account for their appearance. Use, instead, for this purpose a soft, orange-wood stick, and be careful not to strike your nails with the scissors or any hard instrument. (2) To increase the growth of the eyebrows I would choose vaseline in preference to the mixture you mention.

COLINA—When a number of men are presented to you in one evening it is not necessary for you to express pleasure at meeting each one—a simple bow is sufficient. No matter how much you have seen of the young man, and notwithstanding he is intimate with all your friends, it is not permissible at any time for you to call him by his first name unless you are engaged to him and expect to marry him. (2) I do not think it in good taste for young girls to exchange articles of jewelry, such as rings and scarfpins, with young men.

HOLLY—The rule in walking is the same as that in driving—keep to the right. (2) As a rule, I do not think it advisable for young girls to attend medical lectures unless they intend to study medicine. But in all questions of this sort the right or wrong should be decided by circumstances. If there should be any special reason why you should attend a course of lectures relating to physical laws, and your mother is willing that you should, there can be no harm in your doing so. (3) On getting the flowers, even if you do expect the giver to call very soon, it is right and proper for you to acknowledge the receipt of the blossoms at once.

ELIZABETH—A bride usually is provided with table and bed linen, and, of course, if her parents are wealthy, she may have as much more toward furnishing her house as they may wish to give her. It is only absolutely expected of her, however, that she should bring her own clothes. The bride's father should pay for the carriage that takes the bride and groom from the house to the station. For a daytime wedding in the summer it would not be necessary to have the rooms darkened and the gas lighted; instead, the golden sunshine could look in and bring its best wishes. When a bride is dressed in white she should wear white gloves, as also should the bridegroom.

GRACE—No acknowledgment to a wedding invitation is necessary, especially when you have no acquaintance with the bride. My dear girl, you are very foolish to conclude that the man who sent you the invitation meant to "cut" you by doing so. If you had rejected him it was impossible for him to "cut" you. (2) There is an old superstition that anything with a point will cut love, but I very much doubt whether a real love would suffer by the acceptance of a pin. (3) Washing the hair every night is not good for it. (4) If your skin is harsh, dry and scaly from the cold, rub in some vaseline every night and see if that will not soften and restore it to its normal condition.

PERPLEXED WOMAN—At what you call "an old-fashioned tea company," the hot oysters would be served first, and by the gentleman of the house, while the lady is serving coffee or tea. After that the plates would be removed, cold ones substituted, and the cold dishes, meats and salads, which have been on the table, should be passed around. Then all should be taken off in the way of substantial before the sweets are served. The napkins used, while not the largest dinner size, should still be quite large ones. If two people are present who are specially distinguished, the host would lead with the lady on his arm, and the hostess bring up the rear on the arm of the gentleman.

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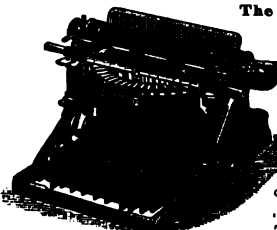
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THE OPEN CONGRESS

In which any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered when addressed to the editor of "The Open Congress," care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

C. G.—General Custer left a widow, but no children.

AUNT ANNE—Alcohol is said to be a good tonic for the skin.

LETTY—Mr. Beecher is buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

TWIN GROVE—The "Sabbath Day" journey of the Hebrews was 2,000 cubits.

MRS. A. E. B.—Albani, the prima-donna, is still alive; she resides in Paris.

N. B.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage was born at Bound Brook, New Jersey.

H. H. G.—Anna Dickinson is in her fifty-first year; she was born in Philadelphia.

CIVIL SERVICE—The pay of all Government officials is regulated by Congress.

LETTY—The proper pronunciation of mayonnaise (salad dressing) is may-on-naize.

P. H.—The length of the Presidential term in France is nominally seven years.

VIOLETTA—The name Gertrude means "all truth"; the name Dorothy "gift of God."

TESSIE—It is said that the violin is the most important of all musical instruments.

MRS. M. W.—When writing your name in your books write simply "Mary White."

NELL—Harvard Annex ranks fourth among the colleges for women in this country.

STOCKTON—The proper place for the teaspoon is the saucer. Never leave it in the cup.

MAE—Spring begins March 19; summer, June 20; autumn, September 22; winter, December 21.

DAVENPORT—The coldest winter, according to several authorities, occurred in the year 1435.

INNOCENT—As soon as possible after her "at home" a bride should return her wedding calls.

LAURA—Dr. E. Winchester Donald succeeded the late Phillips Brooks as rector of Trinity Church, Boston.

FAYETTE—"Agnosticism" is the belief that the existence of a personal God cannot be proved nor disproved.

H. H.—It is true that the famous mare Nancy Hanks was named after the mother of Abraham Lincoln.

ANNETTE—Bouillon may be either sipped from the cup in which it is served, or eaten with a spoon as soup is eaten.

C. L. X.—Andrew D. White, of New York, succeeded Charles Emory Smith, of Philadelphia, as Minister to Russia.

LITTLE DORRIT—The newest way of serving celery is to place two or three stalks on the side of each bread and butter plate.

KANSAS—The widow of General Grant resides in New York City; she receives a pension from the United States Government.

BEDFORD—The name holly comes from a Welsh word for "armor." It is so named because of its spiked and glistening aspect.

J. S. W.—Parrots should be fed on soaked bread, mashed potatoes, nuts, fruit and rapeseed. They should be given frequent baths.

NILE—We know of no market for the sale of the wings, breasts, heads, etc., of birds. It is an industry of which we have never been able to approve.

E. A. F.—Psyche was a nymph who married Cupid. Venus condemned her to death for this, but Jupiter, at the request of Cupid, granted immortality to her.

VICTOR—There is a statute law which provides that when a legal holiday falls upon a Sunday the day following shall also be observed as a legal holiday.

SING SING—President Arthur's sister, Mrs. McElroy, was mistress of the White House during her brother's term of office; his wife died January 12, 1880.

BROOKLINE—The unusual attitude of the arms in the statue of Garfield at Washington, D. C., is explained by the fact that General Garfield was left-handed.

ISABELLA—The Brooklyn bridge was opened on May 24, 1883; its total length is 6,537 feet; it is 135 feet above the river, computed from the middle of the span.

L. T. A.—Virginia was named in honor of Queen Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen," in whose reign Sir Walter Raleigh made the first attempt to colonize that region.

No GOOD—The expression "modus vivendi" is Latin; it means "mode of living," or "mode of rubbing together." "Modus operandi" means "mode of working."

HARRY B.—The "Soldiers' Homes" are supported by State funds. The legislatures of the States in which they are located appropriate money for their maintenance.

LALLA—Not all the people who use crests have a right to them. The right is inherited by legitimate descent or else granted by the ruler of the country acting with the heraldic office.

K. B. B.—We should advise you to send the announcement cards by mail as soon after the wedding as possible. (2) The Statue of Liberty in New York harbor is lighted by electricity.

MAUD AND H. B.—For information concerning the New York School of Applied Design for Women write to the Secretary, Miss Ellen Pond, No. 200 West Twenty-third Street, New York City.

JOURNAL READER—"Mardi Gras" are French words signifying "Fat Tuesday." The festivities which occur in New Orleans on that day were introduced by the French residents of that city in 1827.

PORTLAND—To detect the difference between butter and oleomargarine boil a tablespoonful of each, and you will find that the butter will not make much noise, but the oleomargarine will hiss and splutter.

COLUMBUS—Grace Darling died October 25, 1842, aged twenty-six years. She is buried at Bamburgh, Northumberland. She accomplished the rescue of the S. S. Forfarshire, on the night of September 7, 1838.

MELVILLE—A "cold wave" is technically described as "a fall of temperature in twenty-four hours over an area of 50,000 square miles, the temperature in certain parts of this area descending thirty-six degrees."

V. S. R.—The school age differs in the different States. In some States children are admitted to the public schools at as early an age as four years; in others at five; in several at six; in some at seven, and in one (Texas) at eight.

OPHIR—The Columbian stamps will only be in use during the year 1893. There are fifteen stamps in the series, ranging in value from one cent to five dollars. Each stamp bears a different design illustrative of the discovery of America.

T. S. W.—There was at one time a school for library work in connection with Columbia College, New York, but, if we mistake not, it has been transferred to the State Library at Albany, N. Y. There is such a department in the Drexel Institute in this city.

EDNA—Students who have a good elementary English education will be admitted to any of the regular courses of Drexel Institute at Philadelphia. A preliminary examination will be required. Any further information can be obtained from the president of the institute, James MacAlister, LL. D.

LESTERSHIRE AND OTHERS—We must decline to answer questions concerning the pronunciation of words that are in every-day use. Any one of the standard dictionaries may be consulted by those who are desirous of settling the pronunciation of any particular word in the English language.

J. L. T.—There can be no impropriety in your answering the door-bell; if the person at the door happens to be a visitor, and a stranger, and offers you her visiting-card, take it, and with some pleasant words bid her welcome and tell her who you are. This will relieve you both from an embarrassing position.

ANN ARBOR—If you are desirous of securing a patent we should advise you to consult a good patent lawyer; his knowledge will help you in securing what you want with less delay than you will be likely to encounter if you attempt it by yourself. Application for a patent must be made to the Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ARTISTE—Meissonier's "1814" is a small canvas, eight inches by twelve in size; it represents Napoleon during the second day of the battle of Leipsic; he is seated on his famous white horse Marengo, looking earnestly at the field where the next day's battle is to take place. If we mistake not, this picture is in the possession of a gentleman in Baltimore.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS—Pairs of articles, two or more articles of exact counterpart, handkerchiefs, scarfs, needle-work, articles of wearing apparel, perfectly whole and complete in themselves, whether sent in execution of an order or as gifts, cannot be considered in any sense as samples, and cannot be sent through the mails to foreign countries unless prepaid at five cents per half ounce or fraction.

PENELOPE—Ice cream may be eaten with either a fork or a spoon. (2) When a civility is accepted it should be acknowledged. (3) When oysters are served upon the half shell they are usually placed upon the table before the meal is announced. (4) An article upon gifts for the nursery was printed in the JOURNAL of December, 1892, a copy of which will be sent you for ten cents. (5) Your handwriting is very good.

ANONYMOUS—We cannot take any notice of anonymous letters. Any person who objects to an answer given in this department should write, giving his reason for differing with us, and inclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope which will insure him a prompt reply, and also our authority for the answer, which, in his opinion, we have given incorrectly. We should like to encourage criticism of this sort, but it must come to us in a straightforward manner.

PROVIDENCE—It is always courteous to answer an invitation. An invitation of a formal character is usually answered in some such form as the following: "Miss — regrets extremely that she will be unable, owing to a prior engagement, to accept Mrs. —'s invitation to dinner, for Wednesday, March Third, 76 De Lancey Place, February Twentieth"; or "Miss — accepts with pleasure Mrs. —'s invitation to dinner, for Wednesday, March Third, 76 De Lancey Place, February Twentieth."

CORRESPONDENT—Although there is no written or specified law which would prevent an employe holding confidential relations with the employer from divulging his private affairs, there certainly should be an unwritten law that would deter any person possessed of any sense of honor from so doing. Persons who occupy the position of stenographers necessarily learn much concerning the private affairs of their employers, and should, under no circumstances, speak of them either inside the office or out of it.

STRONGHURST—We cannot give you any advice about making your will. So important a matter should have your most serious consideration, and the advice of some one legally competent to instruct you as to the proper way of disposing of your money and your property. So many estates are brought into litigation through improperly-executed wills that it is the part of wisdom for people who are sound in mind and body to attend to protecting those who are dependent upon them, while they are capable of giving proper instructions and directions.

MRS. J. P.—According to Chief of Secret Service Drummond, the defacement or mutilation of any coin which the Revised Statutes of the United States, as is known, make illegal, applies as well to the engraving of them for making ornaments, to the splitting and hollowing out of coins, to the shaping of coins into bowls for souvenir spoons, etc. The purpose of the law, which provides a penalty for its violation, is to prevent the defaced and mutilated coin from passing into general circulation, the chipplings being the defrauder's profit, and the use of such coins for fraudulent purposes.

NORWICH—While it is quite permissible to take a bone of any kind between the fingers we cannot think that it is altogether the proper thing to do at the dinner-table. (2) A bride should not be congratulated; wish her much joy, and congratulate the bridegroom on having attained happiness. (3) It is quite proper for ladies to retain their bonnets at a wedding reception. (4) Allow your table napkin to lie upon your knee when you are not using it; to decorate the front of your gown with it would be absurd. Oranges, when eaten with a spoon, are usually cut around across the grain. While at table a good and safe rule to follow is always to do that which will attract least attention.

SCHOOL GIRL—The following is the prediction to which you refer:

"Lordlings, all of you I warn,
If the day that Christ was born
Fall upon a Sunday,
The winter shall be good, I say,
But great winds aloft shall be;
The summer shall be fair and dry;
By kind skill and without loss
Through all lands there shall be peace;
Good time for all things to be done;
But he that stealth shall be found soon.
What child that day born may be,
A great lord shall live to be."

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FLORAL SUPPLEMENT TO THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

FOR APRIL, 1893

THE FLOWERS WITH FACES

BY ADA MARIA FITTS

WHAT are your thoughts as you blossom,
sweet flowers,
And bask in the sunshine through bright
summer days?
Smiling and growing through many long hours,
Uplifting your faces to greet the sun's rays.

What do I see in your sweet little faces?
Dainty they are in their tints manifold.
Lessons for all in the world's busy places,
Colors blue, white, royal purple and gold.

Smiling though drear be the weather and
cheerless,
Lifting your heads to the rain's cooling
shower;
Gem of the flowery creation—thou'rt peerless
Surely has Flora blessed thee with a dower.

Thy resting-place lowly, still upward thou'rt
gazing,
Thy magnet the sun, and thy balm fresh'ning
showers:
Fair example of purity! All should be praising
This loveliest one of the summer's fair
flowers.

Give me pansies all shades, from the white to
the golden,
The purple and blue and each hue that they
wear;
For no others I care. Oh! their dainty sweet
faces
In life and in death my affections shall share.

MY GARDEN ON THE FENCE

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER

I HAD been so happy in the thought that I had at last secured a pleasant, comfortable house to live in, that I had, in my eagerness to take possession and become settled, forgotten to take any note of my new surroundings. But an accidental glance into the yard at the back of the house dismayed me, and changed my enthusiasm into what might almost be called disgust. I had indulged in visions of vines and flowers when we should be domiciled in our new home, and instead of this appeared a very small yard, with a rough board fence, about ten feet high, through which neither light nor air could enter. I tried not to be discouraged, and for weeks tried to contrive a way by which I could hide the fence and brighten the little yard.

AT last a comforting idea came to me. I collected, or caused to be collected, all the empty soap and starch boxes that I possessed, and all that our grocer could give me into the bargain, and had them nailed along the top of the fence. They were further made secure by being placed upon iron brackets, which were fastened to the fence at regular intervals. To the outside of the boxes was fastened a strong wire net three feet high, framed in wood, for the vines, which I intended to plant, to climb upon. I then had the boxes filled with good, rich earth, and in them planted such vines and flowers as seemed most likely to grow under such circumstances. I was rewarded; my flowers grew beautifully, and soon my "garden on the fence" was a source of pleasure to those who passed our house, as well as to myself. But the uncouth boxes were a sore tax to my beauty-loving soul; they were a disappointment and a constant source of annoyance to me, and I felt that something must be done to remove their unsightliness and to make the fence garden more artistic. The following spring I had the ugly boxes removed and a row of strong iron brackets fastened the entire length of the ledge of the fence. A carpenter then made a box over a foot deep, and of the same width, and fastened it to the fence; it was then painted green and filled, not only with earth, but with the plants that would prove best for a summer fence garden and a winter window garden.

SUCH plants as it would be necessary to bring into the house during the winter were placed in suitable pots, and then sunk deep into the earth which filled the fence garden, so that they might easily be removed before frost, without injuring or retarding their growth. So far as possible I prevented the winter plants from blooming in the summer by pinching off the buds, and thus giving them every facility for becoming strong and vigorous for winter blossoming. Among the vines and flowers that made glad my heart with their growth and brilliant blossoms, and which I thought gave pleasure also to the passers-by, were the ampelopsis, clematis, morning-glory, moon-flower, honeysuckle and ivy. The vines clambered over the wire netting, instead of falling over the flowers in the box, and when the marandia-vine and the honeysuckle were in bloom they not only covered the trellis, and sometimes almost hid the wooden frame from sight, but sought their way also up the sides of the house and twined round about the windows.

THE sweet alyssum proved a treasure. Planted along the edge of the box it crept over the corners of the rough board fence, made a pretty border, and occupied little room. In choosing the plants I endeavored to secure those that would require least space, and in the choice I was guided by the advice of a florist. Violets, pansies, oxalis, lilies-of-the-valley, mignonette, pinks, forget-me-nots, nasturtiums, palms and ferns were all found available, and all did well in the box on that rough board fence, which threatened at one time to cloud and make unsightly the new home. After a three years' trial I came to the conclusion that the fence garden had given more pleasure, both to myself and to outsiders, than could have possibly been obtained had I been in possession of a piece of ground inside my fence to cultivate.

When autumn and cold weather came, the vines and any other plants which I felt could withstand the frosts of winter were left out in the box, and those too tender to bear the cold were taken indoors. Such as would bloom were carefully cherished as window plants, and the others were put in the cellar to remain until summer should again demand their presence in the fence garden. All through the winter the window plants were carefully guarded from extreme cold; they were watered with warm water, and occasionally with suds, to which a little ammonia had been added. All through spring, summer and autumn the suds left from the washing were thrown upon the flowers in the box, and occasionally they were given a good watering with the hose. Thanks to this care the garden on the fence was for many years a source of pleasure to the neighbors, as well as to myself.

THE first year I did not remember that the boys and girls who are let loose on our street are somewhat inclined to be mischievous, consequently my plants, just ready to blossom, rapidly disappeared. They were pulled up by these children and sold at such low prices that there was no difficulty in finding customers. At last I was compelled to seek aid from a policeman, and the boys were caught. He gave them a well-earned shaking, and then, at my request, let them go, on their promise not to touch the plants again. This hint from the boys led me to put up the wire netting, which proved not only a protection for my plants, but a very satisfactory arrangement for the vines to climb over. So in the end I have the boys to thank for suggesting a very convenient and pretty trellis.

I have had no further trouble from the boys; we are now the best of friends. They like to watch my work and talk with me, and are very happy when I give them a flower or two occasionally. I often wonder if I had done so from the first, would a police officer have been needed? My plants were regularly and carefully watered, showering them with a garden hose, screwed into the water pipe in the kitchen sink. Every Monday they received a bath of soap-suds. I imagine this process of watering may have been, in part, the reason why the bugs and insects have never injured my garden on the fence.

THE CLIMBING ROSE

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN

BESIDE a stunted oak a wild rose grew,
A pale, sweet, climbing thing, that softly
threw
Her reaching tendrils out in search of rest,
And found it on the oak tree's rugged breast.

The jealous breeze strove hard to part the two,
And, failing, called the spiteful blast, who blew
A challenge to the oak. The latter heard,
And his long-stagnant veins were strangely
stirred.

His stiffened arms, though new to love's sweet
art,
Defied the blast. The rose against his heart
Heard murmur low: "I am a stunted tree,
But I will live, dear rose, or die for thee."

And, thus begirt with new-born love and pride,
He did, each day, new battle for his bride;
And while he fought, the rose fresh blossoms
blew,
And smiled and clung to him, and grew and
grew.

"She grows so fast, so fast!" the poor oak
said.
"Full soon she'll tower above my stunted head,
And then, alas! some taller, finer tree
Will come a-wooing my dear rose from me."

Then drank he every nourishment at hand,
And strove he every fibre to expand;
Deep drove his roots into the earth below;
"Dear God, I want to grow," he prayed, "to
grow!"

And nature smiled, and whispered to the rose:
"Behold, sweet one, thy work! the scrub-oak
grows!"

GROWING THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

BY WILLIAM K. HARRIS

HERE is no plant that requires less trouble to grow, where an ordinary quality of flower will satisfy, than the chrysanthemum, which may be said to have become the most popular flower of the autumn.

Where extraordinarily fine blooms are desired, extra care is necessary, but even then there is no plant that will give a more liberal reward for the pains bestowed.

ANY ordinary, good garden soil will grow the chrysanthemum moderately well. The plant is a gross feeder, and therefore needs a liberal supply of manure. Mixed stable manure from horses and cows is the best and safest to use. Chemical or artificial manures will answer but should be used sparingly and diluted with water. If mixed manures cannot be readily procured, horse manure will answer very well, but it should be well decomposed before being used. To begin the culture of the chrysanthemum prepare your garden by digging the ground deep, that you may insure good drainage. This is a very essential detail to insure a healthy growth to any plant, but especially so with the chrysanthemum. Dig in plenty of manure which will give food to the plant, keep the ground porous and assist in making perfect drainage, and admitting air to the roots of the plant. Do this from the first to the tenth of May. Procure the requisite number of plants and plant them about twelve or fifteen inches apart each way. When planted water the plants well to settle the soil. When the soil has become partially dried loosen it with a hoe or garden trowel, and keep it well stirred up during the entire season. In about two or three weeks the plant will have grown six to eight inches high; then pinch the tops out in order to make them branch. It will be necessary to determine for what purpose you will want the plants. If to bloom where they are growing and to produce very large, fine blooms you must allow them to have only three or four shoots; if they have more remove the weaker ones. Keep them tied to stakes to prevent either wind or rain storm from breaking them off.

IF you should want fine specimen plants you should pinch the tops off three or four times during the early summer (not later than the first of August), so that the plants may be of symmetrical shape, and the many branches will form, bearing many flowers. The blooms will be correspondingly smaller, yet of fine form. During their growth in hot, dry weather, it will be necessary to sprinkle the foliage with water morning and evening, and when the soil becomes dry to give a thorough watering with weak manure water, composed of one-half of a peck of chicken manure to one barrel of water. Let this manure stand a few days, then use when wanted. About the middle of September or the first of October, the plants will begin to show their flower buds. All chrysanthemums produce about four times as many buds as the plant should be allowed to carry, therefore if you wish to have fine blooms all these surplus buds must be removed. Nature, with her liberal hand, often attempts too much at the expense of quality. The disbudding of chrysanthemums properly is the great secret in growing fine blooms. No shoot nor branch should be allowed to carry more than one bud to bloom, and that bud should be what is termed the crown bud, if it has one, if not then let the terminal bud remain to bloom. The difference between a crown and terminal bud is this: The name conveys about the same meaning, but there is quite a difference. A strong-grown shoot will have one bud at the top only, and just below this the crown bud. It will throw out three branches, and each of these branches will have a cluster of from six to eight buds. The end or top bud of this cluster is what is termed the terminal bud. A weak or an ordinary-grown shoot will form a cluster of buds the same as a branch, therefore, let the terminal, or top bud, remain to bloom. Remove all others as soon as they are large enough to be removed without injury to the stem.

NOW we have arrived at the time of the year when they must be protected from frost. Frost will do more harm to the buds than it will to the blooms. The best way to protect the chrysanthemum from frost and storms is to place a board frame around the beds and cover with a hot-bed sash. Where that is not convenient, another good method is to get what is known as tobacco cloth (all seed stores have it for sale). Make a frame around the bed of plants by driving stakes in the ground. Tack a strip on top of the stakes a few inches above the plants and surround the whole with tobacco cloth. Make the requisite number of frames, from light strips of wood, to cover the bed, and cover the same with cloth. They can be put on in the evening when there is a likelihood of frost, and removed in the morning. Chrysanthemums can be kept quite late in November by the above method. I have known a kerosene stove to be used with success on a very cold night.

If it is not desired to have the plants bloom where they have been growing, they can be lifted in the early part of September, and planted in pots. Water well and shade them for a few days. Moving them will cause them to bloom later than if left where they grew.

IN conclusion it may be well for me to name about twenty varieties that will make a good collection. There are over three thousand varieties grown. Many of them are very inferior. To choose from this long list, each one having an elaborate description, would be confusing to any new beginner. The Ivory, Miss Minnie Wanamaker, Jessica, Domination and L. Canning are all white of different forms. The Gloriosum, Eldorado, W. H. Lincoln, Hitch-zeroth and Kioto, all yellows of different styles. The Advance, Girard, Mrs. Irving Clark, Violet, Rose and Mermaid are of the different shades of pink.

Mrs. Wm. Bowen is red and bronze.
Mrs. A. J. Drexel, crimson.
Harry May, bronze.
W. W. Coles, red.
Sorcel de Or, orange.
John Good, white and pink.
This list includes the most distinct colors.

WHICH IS THE SWEETEST FLOWER?

By George H. Ellwanger

W HERE a man of the world asked in public—and the dilemma might include Benedicts as well as bachelors—who among his fair acquaintances was the most fascinating, he would, undoubtedly, hesitate long ere he

framed a satisfactory reply. To name a preference were invidious. Among so many of the fair, including both the matrons and the maids, each possessing distinct claims to recognition, to say nothing of the widows and their bewitching wiles, how might he decide with justice or without incurring offense? Were the query confined to eyes, or intrinsic physical beauty alone, apart from all sentiment or psychic attraction, he might not necessarily hesitate so long as to be hopelessly lost in comparisons. But even in beautiful irises, the outward and visible soul of woman, he must perforce discriminate, for lovely eyes, framed in lovely eyelashes and curtained by lovely eyebrows, are one thing; the art of using them is another.

Independent of mere beauty of feature and form, however, woman, to be womanly and beautiful in the highest sense, must possess a something besides—an individual fragrance and charm essentially her own. To be sure, this fragrance is often subtle and impalpable—manifest to some, a totally latent quality to others. It may be active or passive, volatile or durable. It may linger in a laugh, it may vanish in a smile. The intellect may radiate a superlative grace; even languor may command an added charm. So that when the poet declared that "beauty draws us by a single hair," he had reference not so much to the allurements of the sex in general upon masculinity in general, as to the insinuating spell shed by a single individual upon another. *Souvent femme varie*; may there not, perchance, exist a woman, as Thoreau says there is a flower, for every mood of the mind?

THE PAGEANT OF THE FLOWERS

IT is possibly much the same with flowers as it is with the gentler sex, a flower being for the most part essentially feminine. To specify a single flower or species, therefore, as the flower of flowers, would seem equally invidious.

Let us linger, nevertheless, amid the garden and outward nature, through the sweet cycle of the seasons, and view the pageant of the flowers. Let us bend down caressingly to them, and mark their forms, their colors and their fragrance. Let us look deep into their eyes, and declare, if we may, which one of all we love the best. By the term "sweetest" should naturally be understood charming or lovely, those definable or indefinable qualities which unite to gratify the greatest number of senses at the same time, and leave the most pleasing impression upon the mind. Distinction between flowers out-of-doors, many of which are not so attractive growing upon the uncut stalk or as a mass, and cut-flowers; between beauty of form, beauty of color and beauty of fragrance, must also enter into consideration. Many cultivated flowers would appear entirely out of place growing wild, while the simple charm of many a wildling were fled, viewed under other environments than those of its native haunts. The fox's furtive grace becomes lost under captivity; the shy orchid requires its shy surroundings to fully yield its sweetness. The woman who is, and looks her loveliest at home, may appear plain at a ball, as inversely she may shine resplendent amid the glare of lights; a flower is in many cases almost equally susceptible to surroundings. The pond-lily's silver chalice and the cardinal-flower's gorgeous spire reveal an added radiance when imaged in the mirror of some sequestered forest pool. To inhale the true fragrance of the arbutus you must wrest it from beneath its mantle of russet leaves; to savor the full aroma of the wild honeysuckle it must be seen flaming amid its foil of green in a swamp in June.

Again, underlying these various distinctions, or components, is the sentiment with which a flower may be invested. Doubly sweet is the first violet of spring, or the first rose of summer, when its petals have been previously reflected upon the heart, and are rendered dearer through association with one we love. The life-everlasting, lifting its ashen blooms on serene autumnal pastures, while the last crickets chant and leaves are crimsoning in the copse, exhales a more delightful fragrance and possesses a more refined beauty through its symbol of immortality, and its freshness, in the fading of the year.

FLOWERS FROM FIELD AND GARDEN

IN like manner, one appreciates the early flowers of spring the more from their precocity. The vernal flora brings the song-birds with it, as the summer floriage evokes the locust's minstrelsy and sets the timbrels of the Gryllidae in tune. The budding willow catkins woo the first blue-bird and song-sparrow; the marsh-marigold welcomes the first bobolink. The inflorescence of the apple hides the oriole in its foam; the mullein and the thistle proclaim to the goldfinch the harvest of the year.

The early flowers of the garden, how they hurry forth at the call of the south wind, each one an aspirant for the crown of beauty—the snowdrop foremost to pierce the mould; the hyacinth bending beneath its weight of perfume; the daffodil blowing its trumpet of gold; the lily-of-the-valley tinkling its silver bells; the deliciously scented poet's and tazetta narcissi and jonquils; the rosy little garland-flower; the primrose, violet and pansy; and all the lovely throng of lesser aspirants for the vernal prize! Who may declare which among them is the sweetest?

IN THE GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE

THE fleeting and sweet-smelling censer of summer succeeds when the scent of lily and rose and lilac hangs heavy upon the air; when wistaria, syringa and honeysuckle disburse their fragrance. Are not each and all of these likewise beautiful in their season? The fugacious multitude of spring wild-flowers appears, like Beauty in her virgin bud, to be followed by the throng of summer plants—Beauty "fair in her flower." In the garden flowers and flowerlets innumerable are opening and shedding their petals, coming and going at their appointed time, dotting and festooning the varying garland of the year. August ebbs away and autumn hastens on—Beauty in its full-blown bloom—to apparel garden and field with numberless composites, from purple aster and goldenrod to the yellow host of the wild sunflower tribe. To the spring and summer belong more strictly the fragrant flowers. The "sweetest" flower is scarcely to be found in autumn, though the stocks, the second inflorescence of the Japanese honeysuckle, and the latter-flowering roses bloom and burn. The chrysanthemum, too, with its varied shapes and hues, and its chaste Japanese sister, the larger white anemone, appear hand in hand to brighten the evening of the year—the former reflecting the October after-glow, the latter heralding the November rime. Under glass in winter, when skies lower and winds are raving without, many favorite exotics luxuriate, to perpetuate the heyday of summer within. The violet and narcissus, pansy and mignonette, lily-of-the-valley, carnation and nasturtium bloom anew. Lilies whiten and azaleas flame; while the rose still blossoms, a dream of delight. The heliotrope, cyclamen and freesia, the orchid in its many singular forms, with various other flowers of the tropics, succeed one another as candidates for supremacy. From all of these who shall choose the sweetest? Of the jasmine and stephanotis, gardenia and passion-flower who shall declare which is the most fragrant? Who may pronounce between the rose and the violet? Such frigid subjects as the camellia and calla may not possibly enter into consideration. Icebergs among flowers, they exhale no fragrance or harbor no refined graces. The same conditions will apply, in a lesser degree, to many others, like the cineraria, gloxinia and Chinese primrose.

THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS

BY the majority of the poets who, as Leigh Hunt says, double every delight for us with their imagination and their music, the rose has been accorded the title of queen among flowers, with the lily as a close competitor. But in the consideration of the sweetest flower, it were unwise, as well as unfair, to accept hastily a general estimate. The poet, like the prose writer, too often follows where others have led, and is unduly biased by the opinions or predilections of his predecessors. Moreover, the poets who thoroughly know the flowers of which they sing, are few. The verdict of the world at large, on the other hand, by which the rose is also placed first among flowers, may not always be accepted as authoritative in matters aesthetical. In any event, the estimate as regards the rose were too generic, and not sufficiently specific. So many species and so great a multitude of varieties are included under the genus *Rosa*, that a war among them would seem inevitable at some time without more precise distinction. Were any one variety, or any one class, singled out as the *summum summarum*, it were another matter.

THE LESS PRETENTIOUS FLOWERS

IN British verse the daisy has received its full meed of praise; and the daffodil, narcissus and primrose have not remained unhonored and unsung. To Chaucer, the English daisy, even though scentless, was, as is well known, of all flowers the sweetest. To it he attached the sentiment of constancy. Burns, also, chose the gowan or daisy "for simplicity and unaffected air"; and his lovely apostrophe to his favorite flower must ever remain one of his best-remembered lyrics. James Montgomery's eulogy, in turn, has rarely been exceeded by that of any poet to any flower. Who would not love it, with its associations, as it "smiles upon the lap of May, and twines December's arms!" It is a chronicle of the seasons in itself, an epitome of the changing year.

Wordsworth, likewise, pays a most graceful tribute to the daisy, though not equal to his tribute to the daffodil. His favorite flower was the lesser celandine. "*Belle et douce, Marguerite!*" exclaims Leigh Hunt. "We would tilt for thee with a hundred pens against the stoutest poet that did not find perfection in thy cheek." The daisy of the British bards, *Bellis perennis*, will, of course, not be confounded with our own wild daisy or Marguerite. Herrick's preference is not quite plain, though one generally associates him most closely with the daffodil.

Alexander Montgomery's favorite was the lily. Shakespeare's was the violet; and, loving violets, how could he help but love the pansy or heartsease—his own "Love-idleness" and Cupid's flower? The violet of Shakespeare is *Viola odorata*, one form of which has its corolla white, with a dash of yellow upon the nectary. Its typical color is a deep purple-blue, although it runs into pink, lilac and other shades, down to pure white. Yet how will this explain the passage in which the violet figures most beautifully in literature, just to recall which exhales a delectable aroma:

"Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath!"

In the Middle Ages the prize awarded to the best poet was a violet of gold:

"And in the golden vase was set
The prize—a golden violet."

Next to Shakespeare, Barry Cornwall is warmest in the violet's praise; but more fragrant and graceful still is Mortimer Collins' "Violets at Home." Holmes, Story, Aldrich and J. Burton Wollaston have all celebrated the violet in verse. "The breath of flowers," observes Bacon, in his essay of gardens, "is far sweeter in the air than in the hand. That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet." The inflorescence of the orange is yet more marked in this respect, becoming delicate instead of cloying out-of-doors, as the sweet wave of fragrance of the Missouri current, and the clethra in bloom, becomes, likewise, doubly pungent. As a general rule, it may be stated that flowers of allied scent to the lily, like the honeysuckle, tuberose, jasmine, nicotiana, petunia, daphne, night-flowering stock, and others, give forth a much more powerful perfume at night. Some flowers, indeed, which discharge a strong odor in the evening, are almost entirely scentless by day.

Lowell chants the panegyric of the dandelion in one of his best-known poems:

"Dear, common flower, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.
Thou art my tropics and my Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime,
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed no space nor time."

Holmes acknowledges "a passion for the blue hyacinth," but "loves the damask rose best of all." Charles Lamb preferred the rose. To Hamerton's artist eye the corolla of the primrose is the perfection of nature's yellow; "for it shows all the delicacy the color is capable of; and if you seek that coloring elsewhere you need not look for it on the earth, but may haply find it once in a twelvemonth in the purity of the clear heaven after sunset."

FAVORITES OF THE POETS

MORE than any other of the floral tribe, the rose has been chosen as the type of beauty and its ephemeral nature. The sentiment expressed in the familiar apostrophe "To the Virgins, to make much of Time," in the *Hesperides*, has ever been a favorite with the bards of all times and of all countries, from remote antiquity to the present. Its attar perfumes the poetry of the Orient, and its odor breathes through the love-poems of the Greeks and Latins, and all modern peoples.

"Fair is the rose, yet soon its beauty flies!
Soon the sweet violet, soon the lily dies!"

sang Theocritus; as Ausonius moralized before him in another tongue:

"*Collige, virgo, rosas dum flos novus et nova pubes,
Et memor esto avum sic propeperare tuum.*"

Collect, Oh, Virgin! roses whilst the flower is
fresh and thou art young,
And remember, likewise, that thine age is
quickly hastening on.

Echoing the precept of Wisdom: "Let us crown ourselves with roses, before they be withered," are Shakespeare's lines in the mouth of "Viola":

"For women are as roses whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour."

FLOWERS GREAT MEN HAVE LOVED

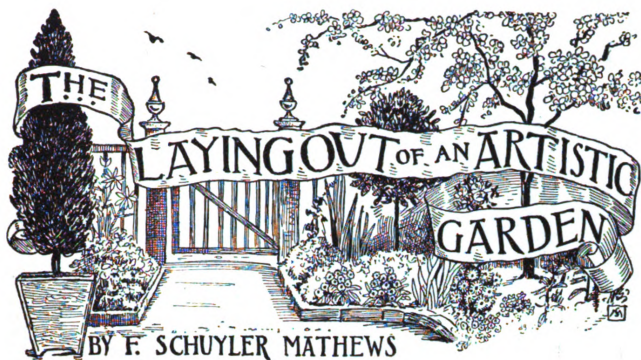
LINNÆUS went down upon his knees before the splendor of the gorse, but his favorite among the host of flowers he knew and loved so well was the little rambling wildling, *Linnæa borealis*, to which he gave his name, and which he selected for his badge, with the motto, *Tantus amor florum* (so deep my love for flowers). Ruskin revered the foxglove as typical of the various stages of human life. Sunflowers and hollyhocks were Hawthorne's especial favorites. Richard Jefferies' favorite was the first wild rose of June. Thoreau would have some poet sing in praise of the bulbous arethusa. He, himself, is poet-laureate of the pond or sweet water-lily, and of the poke-weed or garget. His volumes are fragrant with the pond-lily's breath. "How transitory the perfect beauty of the rose and the lily! The highest, intensest color belongs to the land; the purest, perchance, to the water. It is the emblem of purity, the resurrection of virtue." Next to the rose the lily proper, with the white or Madonna lily as the type, has been extolled as much, if not more than any of its sisters. I recall no poet who has sung the praises of one of the most beautiful of its genus, and of all flowers—the Japanese golden-banded lily, with its pyramid of gorgeous blossoms and aromatic, penetrating perfume. Less known, but possessing equal, if not superior attractions, is another tropical species, the majestic Himalayan lily, *Lilium giganteum*, justly termed "king of lilies." Its beauty might only be fully portrayed by a poet. Towering upon its stalk to a height of eight or nine feet, with its huge, heart-shaped leaves and tubular flowers, it looks like the inhabitant of some tropical jungle, a sacred flower of the far East, glorious in its stateliness and its grace. Its suave, haunting odor sets me dreaming. Fragrances as of jasmynes, honeysuckles and gardenias; redolences as of cascarilla and clove-carnation; spices as of benzoin and santal, cling to its long, chaste chalice and scent the entire garden in the evening. Then the cernuous poise of its grand flower cluster nodding from the tapering stalk, and the refinement and beauty of the white violet-stained blooms! Individual among flowers, its great censer should be scented on a warm July night, out-of-doors, to obtain the full flood of its subtle, delicious perfume. Were its blossom not too large to be worn on Beauty's breast, I would fain pronounce it the "sweetest" flower.

There is no accounting for tastes, however; and, especially, there is no accounting for individual likes and dislikes regarding odors. Coleridge declared that carrion at a distance smelled like elder-flowers, while the sage of Walden disliked the bouquet of the wild grape, the honey scent of Mount Hybla. Perhaps the sense of smell discriminates more acutely than the sense of taste. Yet fragrance, it would seem, must be a necessary component of the truly sweetest flower. A flower without fragrance is a bird without song, a woman without smiles. Each may be beautiful, it is true, but each must be wanting in charm.

FLOWERS THAT RECALL MEMORIES

HOW the honeyed breath of the locust brings up the country and childhood scenes! The mere odor of a tuberose in a room may recall a dear, dead face; or the scent of violets or lilacs stealing through the dusk of the garden's close, bring again a vanished form to one's side. The lupine, staining whole hillsides with its blue, as if it were a reflection caught from the sky above; the spring swamplands aflame with the yellow fires of the marsh-marigold; or the vernal woodland carpet, waving with countless thousands of spring-beauty and wind-flowers, may furnish, perchance, to an artist the flower of his ideal. Preferences of this kind must exist with all flower-lovers; distinctions "nice as an evanescent cloud," that may not be analyzed. Like imagination, association enriches everything. As regarded by individual preference there are, without a doubt, numerous other flowers than those thus briefly specified, which might lay claim to the title of the sweetest flower. But may the sweetest flower be specified? Can a blush be analyzed, or a smile be defined? Is it possible, among so many, to single out one which is the fairest and loveliest of its sisterhood; which in itself is the essence of the sweetness of the year? General opinion would place two flowers as candidates-in-chief: the rose and violet, or the violet and rose. But consider the number of other lovely and delicious aspirants, each of which is beautiful in its season, that this would consign to a second place—the lily, narcissus, carnation, primrose, lily-of-the-valley, and how many, many more!

No; after all there is, and there is not "a sweetest flower" in the accepted sense of the preferment of one flower above all others. The sweetest flower calls for another definition that is down in no botany save the botany of the heart; for the flower of flowers must ever be the one one's sweetheart loves, or the flower she wears, whether it be a bunch of violets twined amid her hair, or a rose of June blossoming upon her breast. Ah! that beauty, like the flowers of the spring-tide, might always bloom anew, and man, like the amaranth, might never grow old!



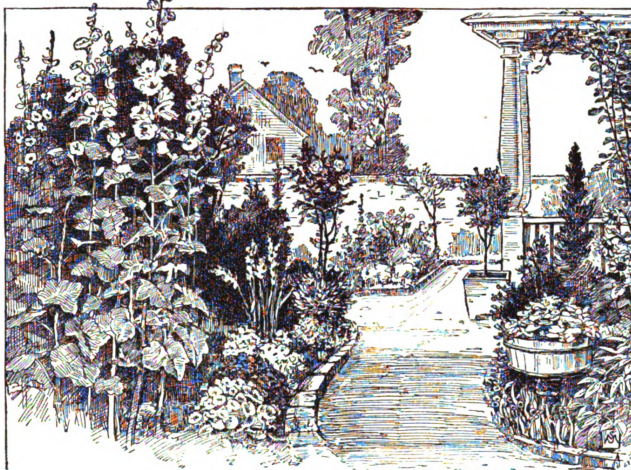
HERE is an atmosphere of something in our homes to-day, indicative of artistic progress. The spirit of art has crossed the threshold and has laid its fingers upon almost everything;

furniture, curtain, lamp and rug have felt the touch of artistic hands.

We are particular about harmonizing the colors of the furniture and curtains, but are indifferent to the row on the color question between the scarlet and pink geraniums just beneath the parlor window. Evidently we do not care about color harmony out-of-doors; we let the garden color take care of itself, or, possibly there is a gardener who sees to it, that pink, scarlet, crimson and blue shall have a chance for a standing disagreement during the summer months. And further, the velvet green of the close-clipped lawn, the circle exactly defined by the coles, and the neatly-trimmed rose-bushes leaning in an orderly manner against the fence, however perfect they may be, do not make our garden artistic! The perfection of art is not the perfection of the machine. The artistic flower-garden must sacrifice every geometrical principle to the greater one of perfect beauty. What is it that will make the garden a thing of beauty? Perhaps the explanation of a simple art principle will be the best kind of an answer.

WITHOUT going into particulars it may as well be understood that a certain art principle refuses to admit that there is any beauty or harmony in the close companionship of pink and yellow, or pink and scarlet flowers. If the principle spoke, it would say: "You will spoil the delicacy of pearl nasturtiums if you place them anywhere near the powerful scarlet gladioli." Still another rule would say: "You would much better discard every notion of a circular, star or crescent-shaped lawn bed, that is, unless you can find nature growing her daisies in geometrical patterns on the June meadows!" It is better by far that the bed should adapt itself to the requirements of sun and shade, and path and lawn; whether it should look like a horse-shoe or a patch-work quilt is a matter about which we can be quite indifferent if we produce beautiful effects with colors and natural forms. All this is the negative side of the art principle; its positive side requires that we should be picturesque, that we should be natural at all hazards, and that we

thing we must remember that "consistency is a jewel"; art says so as well as Robyn Roughhead. The garden should look as if it belonged to the house. If the style of the latter be Eastlake or Queen Anne, with a great deal of roof and irregularity, we may adopt a free and broad way of treating the garden. If the house be Colonial, we should use some of the conventional forms occasionally seen in Kate Greenaway's pictures; hedges in military line, rose-bushes in painted tubs, prim as old maids, shrubs trimmed into regular figure, looking like constables that stand for law and order. These forms may savor of the geometry I have condemned, but the old-fashioned garden is consistent; it breaks no art principle; its conventionalities are absolutely



SOME FORM AND COLOR CONTRASTS

subordinate to the picturesque, and the picturesque sometimes demands the help of a regular, straight or curved line.

IN arranging the flower beds, our opportunity lies mostly with the annuals; these we should have in plenty, but not necessarily in lavish variety. The African and French dwarf marigolds, stocks, poppies, nasturtiums, calendulas, sunflowers, sweet peas, lupins, balsams, centaureas (bachelor's buttons), zinnias, petunias, portulaca and phlox drummondii; with these and with certain bulbous plants we can produce an endless variety of artistic effects. The French marigold, for instance, is a perfectly conventional plant, as symmetrical and tidy as any one may find in a Kate Greenaway garden. Note my sketch; that is just the way the marigold likes to shape itself. Now look at my drawing of the poppy; it is one of the French variety; notice how it sprawls and leans all over everything; nothing is more unconventional looking; it is as untidy as a pretty girl with unkempt hair, and with pins in her dress where buttons should be! Do we need to be told that these plants should not be seen together? Regardless of color harmony, evidently we have something else to consider—character! The marigolds want room, light and air all around them. If they are set in a long, straight bed, they should be at least four feet apart, and each one should be of a different tone of yellow from its neighbor; in the spaces between is a chance for the blue Swan River daisy, or the dwarf pearl nasturtium. The poppy, like a good many odd characters, should be let alone; plant the seed and let the flower bloom according to its own sweet will; as it is the flower of all others for striking distance effects, give it a chance where there is air, strong sunlight, and a background of shady, green trees. Note the suggestion of contrast in my sketch.



POPPIES WITH DARK BACKGROUND

should accept the very best of all nature's truths of color and form, and grace and strength. Leaving the principle now for its practical working, we may as well go into the spring garden and plan it for some beautiful occupants. Before we do any-

It may be as well to say now that packages of seed labeled "choice mixed" are a "snare and a delusion!" that is, so far as color is concerned. It does not pay to plant seed which will bring about promiscuous color results. If we take the risk, there is a perfect "Jason and the Dragon's Teeth" experience in the end. As soon as the flowers begin to bloom they riotously disagree in the color line. The rose nasturtium is killed by the scarlet King of Tom Thumbs; the lemon-yellow marigold by the reddish brown one; salmon-pink phlox fights with that which is magenta in hue; pink asters quarrel with blue ones, and scarlet zinnias with their wine-colored relatives! All the garden is in a state of anarchy! It is better, by far, to purchase in separate packages seed that will yield flowers of specified hues.

WE must not let the orange nasturtium mix with the pink, the straw-color, the crimson, or even the maroon variety; and certainly such odd characters as Edward Otto and Bronze, need complete isolation. If we rightly manage our orange and scarlet in the garden, we will use them sparingly and give them strong positions. We would better plant the profuse-blooming dwarf nasturtiums in tubs raised two feet above the ground level; place the scarlet tub in the most conspicuous position, and that containing the pearl (nearly white) variety where it will have a dark, shady background. We must not forget that crimson, purple, violet and even magenta are colors of close harmony with each other. A large bed of asters in these color tones, irregularly yet systematically distributed, is very beautiful. It is a mistake to make color in a garden define any regular form. There is no rule in such a statement, yet when we undertake anything of this character we violate a fundamental principle of

MY title sketch shows what I mean by contrast of form. We can understand the artistic value of the irregular lines in an apple-tree, and we also know the artistic value of the formal dark evergreen in the drawing. The irregular little tree is picturesque and unconventional. The evergreen is regular and decidedly conventional. Such trees add greatly to the artistic effect of a garden; they are both absolute in un-



MARIGOLD FOR NEWEL

likeness to each other. The tall castor-oil plant, the graceful stalk of Indian maize, and the towering sunflower are greatly needed for their effect of form. There is nothing more graceful and odd, more contrastive and pretty in its foliage colors than the amaranthus (the love-lies-bleeding); we should work it in somewhere near our rockery. If we have no rockery, we certainly ought to have some rocks somewhere in our garden; the gray color, not to speak of the rugged form of a lichen-covered stone, is an element of beauty not to be overlooked.

Most of our annuals give us some little character of form, but many of them should be relied upon for color effect alone. For form, nothing is prettier than some of the evergreen trees, and they also furnish the shadowy green background we need. A little Norway pine, about four feet high, in a tub, is quite as pretty as many a palm, and it costs nothing but a little labor and care. Effects of light and shade require occasionally the proximity of white petunias and deep crimson ones. Petunias are great color factors, dahlias are not. Gladioli and lilies are strong in both color and form contrast, and whenever they are relieved by a dark background we may be sure of an artistic effect. Note the arrangement aiming toward relief in my sketch of the garden. The rosebush shows its full figure; scarlet gladioli are relieved against a dark green shrub; pink hollyhocks against a neighboring, but distant tree, and white petunias show their color beside crimson ones. It may be suggested that such arrangements are purely picturesque, and apply only to the picture which is confined to a single view-point, whereas the garden is seen on every side. But experience will show beyond doubt that the garden which is laid out picturesquely from a single view-point is much more likely to contain artistic effects obtainable from other positions.

In conclusion, I may as well add that the artistic part of anything is directly traceable to the art principle which governs an artist in his work. It is a mistake to think that the artist works at any haphazard arrangements. It is almost invariably the case that in copying an object he arranges it in a different position from the one it occupied in nature. He does this because by arrangement he can best represent the truth and beauty of nature; therefore, by an art principle we should direct our work in the garden, if we desire to represent not only our love for flowers, but a regard for their artistic relation as well.



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THE PANSY AND NASTURTIUM

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

No one need expect to have many flowers or good ones from the pansy, from seed sown in spring, until fall sets in. The hot, midsummer weather is sure to make whatever flowers do appear, weak and inferior; and many who buy choice seed, expecting large, fine flowers as soon as the plants begin to bloom, are sorely disappointed, and think they were cheated in their selection of a "strain"; but let them wait until cool, fall weather sets in and they will find that there was no reason for complaint. The plants that bear inferior flowers in June and July will give large and richly-colored ones in September and October. What they wanted was cooler weather.

GROWING THE PANSY

PANSIES are not annuals, though they bloom the first season. In order to secure the best results from them the seed ought not to be sown until August, and the seedlings kept for next season's blooming. In this way, if they come through the winter well, we have plants which will be in a condition to begin flowering as soon as snow is off them, and we can have large crops of magnificent flowers all through the early portion of the season. If good flowers are desired in the early part of the season the best plan is to buy young plants at the florist's. Procure a package of seed, also, and sow it in August, for next season. Plants from seed sown at that time will not be likely to bloom much, if any, in fall. At the coming of cold weather cover them with evergreen branches. They like a free circulation of air, and must not be covered in such a manner as to prevent it. Branches keep the snow from packing down about the plants and becoming compact, and therefore furnish a better protection than anything else. Healthy plants will generally be found full of buds when the snow melts away from them in spring.

If you prefer to grow your own plants in spring choose a location that is cool and airy, if possible, and if it can have shade during the afternoon all the better. The pansy objects decidedly to our fierce sunshine, and shrinks from it as much as possible. Let the soil in the bed be mellow and light and rich. No other fertilizer suits this plant as well as rotten manure from the cow-yard. It should be old enough to be friable. Work it into the soil well. I would advise sowing the seed in a box or pan, and letting the plants grow there until they have made one or two sets of leaves. Started in that way there is no danger of mistaking them for weeds, as it is very easy to do if you sow them in the ground where weeds are sure to spring up. But do not start them earlier than the first of April in the house; they grow in a weak, spindling way if kept in rooms with much fire-heat.

THE PICTURESQUE NASTURTIUM

THE popularity of this flower steadily increases from year to year, and it is well deserved. As a bedder it has great merit, being a most profuse and constant bloomer from June to the coming of frost, provided it is kept from exhausting itself by forming and developing seed, which it will do in great quantities if left to itself. It is a most showy flower for prominent locations, and the various scarlet, crimson, maroon and light yellow varieties form a very pleasant contrast with the shield-shaped, pale green foliage, while both flowers and foliage show finely against a setting of velvety sward. Years ago it was a popular flower. It grew in every old garden, generally known as "sturtion," and more people call it that to-day than give it its proper name. It is one of our best flowers for cutting. A few of the intensely-colored varieties, with half a dozen leaves in a slender vase, or a whole handful in a bowl, make a most brilliant and charming ornament for the table or the mantel. In a room furnished in white and gold nothing finer can be selected than nasturtiums in the way of floral decoration. The dark, rich colors seeming, in certain lights, to be nearly gold in tone, are almost sufficient to illuminate a room.

When used in beds on the lawn do not make the grave mistake of planting them with other flowers. They combine well with nothing but themselves. If contrasts of color are desired plant the very dark sorts in the centre of a circular bed and surround them with pale yellow kinds. If you want an edging for the bed you will find the Madame Salleri geranium, with pale green foliage edged with white, the very best of anything you can select.

It is well to cut off a good many of the nasturtium's leaves, as they are produced so plentifully that they often hide the flowers. The half-climbing varieties can be trained to a trellis with fine results. If preferred as bedders they can be made bushy and compact by pinching them in sharply. Many varieties are well suited to culture in beds without attention of this sort. Do not give them a very rich soil. If you do they make rank growth of branch, and give but few flowers. Plant them in a sunny location.

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After the Honeymoon.

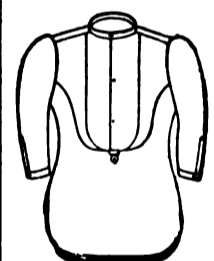
Their honeymoon was over,
The timothy and clover
In all the summer fields was
turning brown.
'Twas morning, she sat sighing;
Bedewed with dismal crying
She puckered up her forehead
in a frown.
Floors sadly needed scrubbing,
Black kettles needed rubbing,
Her castles in the air had
toppled down.

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SEEDS FOR THE SUMMER GARDEN

By Eben E. Rexford



THOUGH it will be a long time from the coming of the florist's catalogue to the making of next summer's garden, most lovers of flowers will be likely to anticipate that work more than once, and very delightfully, by going over the catalogue's pages and trying to decide on what flowers to select. It is very pleasant, very perplexing work, there are so many kinds to select from, all attractively described, and many so attractively pictured on the fascinating pages that we are likely to become bewildered. There is an "embarrassment of riches." We can have but few kinds, perhaps, and it is difficult to decide which those few shall be. We want the best, but who shall decide which is best where all are represented as being so good that one cannot do without them without losing a great deal? Perhaps I can help you somewhat in making a selection. Let us go over the catalogue together.

PLANTS OF BRILLIANT FOLIAGE

HERE is the antirrhinum, more generally called snapdragon. This is a favorite old plant because it blooms so freely all the season, requires but little care, and is very showy. Note the description of varieties: Scarlet and yellow; orange and scarlet, with white throat; yellow; crimson, with white throat, and pure white. Surely here you get some rich colors, and in combinations calculated to give you a most brilliant bed. Ageratum, a most charming little flower, not as showy as some, but beautiful for all that. The flowers are delicate masses of downy petals, in pale, soft blue, pink and white. The dwarf-growing sorts are excellent for edgings for beds, as they grow in a compact mass and are quite covered with blossoms. This plant is very useful for cutting from. You will be delighted with it. So you will with sweet alyssum, which is also useful for edging. It bears short spikes of pure white flowers which are very fragrant. Do you want a bed of plants having richly-colored foliage—something that will "grow like a weed" and require about as little care? Then you should try the amaranthus, with its bright crimson and dark maroon foliage, and long, drooping, tassels flowers of blood-red. Some varieties have green, red and yellow foliage, but the crimson and maroon varieties are most satisfactory. Used with some of the bright yellow varieties of coleus as a border for the bed, this plant produces a brilliant effect. Now we come to the aster, one of the best annuals we have. No garden is what it ought to be unless it has a bed of this plant. It is not only beautiful in form and color, but it has the merit of growing with as little care as a cabbage, and then, too, it comes into bloom at a time when most other flowers are past their prime. It is a fall flower, standing well to cold weather, and it may be had in white, pink, red, blue, purple, and there are variegated ones. The best, to my notion, are the white and the soft rose-colored ones. They are shaped almost exactly like some varieties of the chrysanthemum, and are quite as fine. Indeed, I have known the white varieties sold for chrysanthemums to persons who were not very familiar with flowers. Be sure to have a bed of asters. They are always welcome to the eye, and are excellent flowers from which to cut.

CHRYSANTHEMUM AND CALLIOPSIS

YOU will be sure to include the balsam in your list, if you have ever grown this charming plant. You can suit your taste as to colors—white, purple, red, rose and pale yellow, with many varieties beautifully striped and spotted with contrasting colors. The shrubby chrysanthemum has a relative in the annual variety which is quite as showy, if not able to boast of as great a variety of colors, as its popular cousin from over the sea. Some varieties are exceedingly rich in color and markings—crimson with a white centre, white with a crimson centre, yellow and brown, double white, double yellow, and the gorgeous new sort, "Lord Beaconsfield," rich crimson maroon, striped and edged with gold, with a circle of that color surrounding an "eye" of richest brown. These plants make a most showy and brilliant bed on the lawn. Try them. If I could have but one yellow annual it should be the calliopsis. Yellow, did I say? The colors range from the richest shade of yellow to maroon and golden-brown, and very striking effects are secured by using them in combinations. If you want a tropical-looking group of plants get a package of ricinus seed and plant it in a rich soil. These plants grow from four to ten feet high, often with leaves three feet across, of dark, rich, lustrous bronze and olive colors, shaded with red and copper, having metallic effects when the light glints across them. They are noble plants and very easily grown.

OTHER GRACEFUL PLANTS

THE celosia is a plant deserving much more attention than it gets. As an individual flower it is not as attractive as many others, but in beds it never fails to give satisfaction, if well-grown. The "feathered" varieties are most desirable, being more graceful in form than the older kinds. Colors: red, crimson and yellow. The poppy has come to the front again, and I am glad of it, for it is really a beautiful flower, and especially so the Shirley strain, whose colors range from rosy-white to bright red, carmine and crimson. The petals seem cut from silk, so lustrous are they. The great double varieties with fringed petals of white, and rose, and scarlet, often tipped with contrasting colors, are gorgeous, and give an Oriental effect to the modern garden. Be sure to have some poppies. If you want an all-the-season show of flowers with the least possible trouble, you will select the petunia. What a bewildering variety of color it is able to furnish! Violet, purple, crimson, rose and white, some with white throats, some with lace-like veinings, some with fringed petals, and others edged and rayed with contrasting colors. It is difficult to decide which is most desirable, the petunia or phlox. Most persons will want both. One of the most beautiful beds of annuals I ever saw was composed wholly of one variety of phlox—Leopoldii, bright rose with large white eye. Most persons make the serious mistake of buying mixed packages of seed, that is, packages containing seed of several colors. The result is never satisfactory. The crimsons, pinks, violets and lilacs in which this flower comes, do not combine well. They spoil each other by lack of harmony. Keep each color by itself if you want a beautiful bed of phlox, or, if you prefer a combination of colors, get a package of each color, so that you may know just what combinations you are going to have. The pink and white and pale yellows go together well.

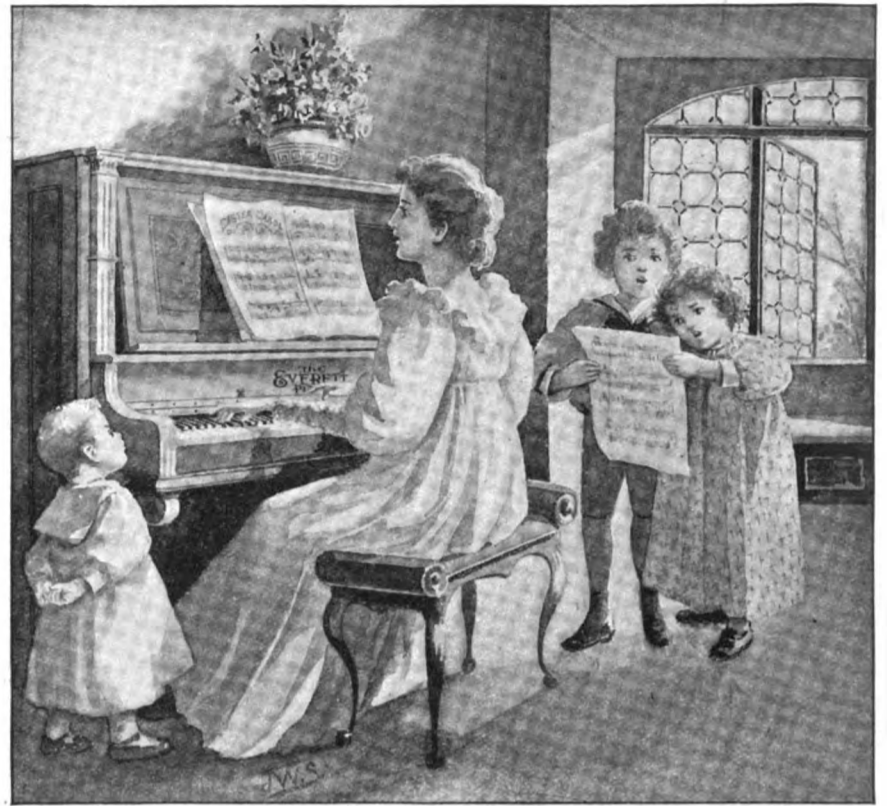
HEDGES AND SCREENS

IF you want a hedge, or low screen, you can make a most showy one by using the zinnia. This plant grows from two to three feet high, branching so freely that each plant is a mass of foliage and flowers from the ground up. Nothing is more easily grown. All it asks is a soil of moderate richness and no weeds about it. The flowers are shaped much like those of the dahlia but are not as large. They are mostly double, in scarlet, yellow, orange, purple, salmon and white. They remain fresh for a long time after cutting. To cover a screen or old fence, or for training up about a window, or the veranda, who can want anything more beautiful than the old morning-glory, which is a morning-glory indeed, when its blue, and pink, and purple, and white blossoms are open to the sunshine of a summer day? In delicacy and daintiness of form, color and texture, we have no flower that excels this. Of course, you will have sweet peas. Every garden must have them if it would be what it ought to be. You will want a good many plants, for you will want to cut from them daily in their season, to decorate the table, the parlor, to wear and to give to your friends. Indeed, you cannot have too many.

SOME FLOWERS WE LOVE

FOR low beds, where the location is hot and dry, no plant is quite equal to the portulaca. It not only stands the hottest exposures but seems to take delight in them. Of the easiest culture. Very showy and profuse. Of course you will want a package of mignonette seed, for the summer bouquet does not seem complete without a branch or two of this plant to give it fragrance. While not showy, it is really beautiful, and it is a lovable plant that one does not feel like being without after growing it one season. A good old flower is the centaurea, better known among country people as bachelor's-button. The blue varieties are among our very best flowers of that scarce color. The gypsophila is a charming flower for use in making up bouquets. Its tiny mist-like blossoms give a greater charm to larger flowers with which they are in contact. Fine for borders and edgings. I have not made mention of all the good flowers, by any means, in this article, but I have named none but good ones. Every one can be depended on to do well with fair cultivation. Of course, the better care you give them the better and more satisfactory the results. In the list will be found variety sufficient for a large garden. Most of them will come into bloom early in the season and continue until late in the fall, if kept from forming seed. Nearly all are free bloomers, and many are more showy than any of the costly bedding plants sold by florists.

Let me give a word of advice in conclusion: Keep each variety by itself if you want your garden to be as beautiful as it can be. Beds containing half a dozen kinds in a jumble of colors, are always unsatisfactory; avoid them as you would a pestilence.



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LOOK on page 13 of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for Feb'y and read about our SPECTACLES FOR SCENERY AND SNOW. It's interesting. 25 cents per pair with case postpaid. Catalogue free. M. F. KOENIG & CO., Drawer K, Hazleton, Pa.

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HENDERSONS' CURLED AND CRESTED ZINNIAS.



"**W**HAT are they?" So asked hundreds last Summer who saw for the first time flowers of this horticultural phenomenon. There is no better known annual plant than the Zinnia, or, as it is popularly called, "Youth and Old Age." So if this new floral claimant is so distinct as to puzzle both professional and amateur horticulturists, we can scarcely hope to present an engraving which will convey any adequate idea of its unique and wonderful beauty. Our Catalogue, mentioned below, contains a beautiful colored plate, on which is shown eight full-sized flowers of as many distinct types, but the seed offered will produce dozens of varieties, not only entirely different from the types portrayed in colors, but of equal, and in many cases, of much greater beauty. At first glance the flowers suggest a

ROSETTE OF RIBBONS

The flowers are large, full and double; the petals being twisted, curled and crested into the most fantastic forms, entirely free from the stiffness characteristic of all other varieties in this family of plants. A remarkable feature in this novelty is that it should present in so short a time such an overwhelming variety of colors, every possible shade and color found in Zinnias, and, in many classes, only attained after years of culture and hybridization, this new comer has reached at a single bound. It is less than four years ago that we detected, in a large bed of Zinnias at our Trial Grounds, a single plant, from which sprang this marvelous new race—marvelous not only in its distinctiveness, but in the myriad variety of colors with which it has already adorned our gardens. A full history of HENDERSON'S CURLED AND CRESTED ZINNIAS will be found in our Catalogue offered below.

Price of Seeds (mixed colors) 25 cents per pkt. 3 pkts. for 60 cents. 6 pkts for \$1.00.

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with every order for a single packet or more will be sent, gratis, our Catalogue of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" (the price of which alone is 25 cents), on condition that you will say in what paper you saw this advertisement. The 150 pages of this grand Catalogue are strewn with hundreds of new engravings and embellished with eight beautiful colored plates, all of which truthfully portray the "Cream" of everything in SEEDS and PLANTS. If the Catalogue alone is wanted, it will be mailed on receipt of 25 cents, which can be deducted from first order.

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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS
BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

C.—I do not know any rose called the Macartney rose.

A. G. B.—To keep insects from ivies apply kerosene emulsion, prepared from formula frequently given in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

J. P. D.—I can tell you very little about the care of orchids, as I only grow a few of them in my greenhouse. Write to some florist who grows orchids for information as to their culture.

F. D.—Yes, there is a white oleander, but it is not as extensively grown as the pink variety because it is only semi-double. It is very pretty to grow with the pink sort, as a contrast, if one has room for it.

ANNA—In regard to the summer care of the fernery empty it in the spring, and re-fill in September, using fresh, vigorous plants. One newly started will be much more satisfactory than an old one summered over.

READER—The best vine for training over an arch is the English ivy. If you want a more rapid grower use the passion-flower or Madeira-vine or senecio marcoslossus. The ivy is good for years, and nothing is more beautiful.

DR. F.—The Moreton Bay pine is a very beautiful plant, resembling our native hemlock somewhat in habit. It does well in pots, but it would not flourish if kept for long at a time in the parlor—the air there being too dry. If you have a greenhouse you can easily grow it, using it in the parlor as required.

A. H.—The variety of rose known as queen's scarlet is the most desirable for window culture because it grows more vigorously, blooms more freely, and seems better adapted to the conditions which prevail in the living-room than any other. It is a rich, velvety scarlet, not very durable, but very beautiful when the buds are beginning to expand. It is also very fragrant.

J. W.—Daphne odorata is a charming old greenhouse and parlor plant, having rich, shining foliage, evergreen in character. It bears clusters of pink-white flowers at the tips of the branches which are very fragrant. The plant becomes quite a shrub with age, is easily grown, and is always a favorite with those who own it, but, for some reason, not very generally cultivated.

NINA N.—To arrange plants effectively in a bay-window I would have one or two shelves extending around the window, the upper one a few inches lower than the bottom of the sash. In the centre of the window I would have a small stand on which to display my best plants. On the casings, halfway up the window, three or four pot-swinging brackets would be pretty, with baskets of hanging plants suspended from ceiling. Vines can be trained up and about the frames, and across overhead.

M. J. B.—If your chrysanthemum fails to bloom cut off the shoots and all the suckers which appear about the old plant, making independent plants of each one. Pot in rich soil, in four-inch pots, water well and shift as soon as the roots fill the pots. Feed well, all summer, also water freely. Chrysanthemums insist on having a great deal of rich food and liberal quantities of water. They must also be given more and more root-room, until you have them in ten or twelve inch pots, if you want fine specimens.

A. K.—The presence of a small black fly about plants will account for the leaves persistently dropping. This is probably the trouble with your begonia, as flies are developed from worms in the soil and these worms attack and injure the roots of the plant. Give lime-water applications, and in order to make this effective use fresh lime—a piece as large as a teacup to a pailful of water. When dissolved pour off the clear water and apply enough to thoroughly saturate all the soil in the pot. Better put a cork in the hole in bottom of pot before applying the water, so that it may be forced to remain long enough to penetrate the soil.

B. G.—For rapid growers morning-glories are desirable and very beautiful all the season. If you want a perennial try the Japanese hop, which grows rapidly and gives a dense shade. The wild cucumber is one of our best vines, growing with wonderful rapidity, and having pretty foliage and charming white flowers, succeeded by odd-looking fruit. The Madeira-vine forms a pretty screen if one has tubers enough. In order to produce much of an effect they should be planted not more than six inches apart, in a rich, light, warm soil. I think you will find the morning-glory the best of anything you can select, all things considered.

A. F. H.—Plant sweet-pea seeds as soon as possible in spring in open ground. Do not wait for warm weather, as April is the proper month. Make a trench four or five inches deep, scatter the seed an inch or two apart and cover to a depth of an inch at first. As the plants grow draw the soil about them until you have the ground level. In order to grow this most beautiful flower well you must give it a chance to get its roots so deep that they can be kept cool and moist in hot weather. Give a trellis of brush, or strings stretched on wooden supports, or, better, stretch woven wire along the rows. Be sure to cut off all the flowers as soon as they begin to fade, to prevent formation of seed.

C. E. M.—The reason that your tuberoses do not flower is that this plant blooms but once at the north. I presume your first bulb had blossomed before you got it. The young plants ought to bloom with age, if properly ripened, but it is seldom that they receive proper treatment from the amateur to make them what they ought to be. Better get flowering bulbs from a florist this spring, which, as soon as received, put in light, sandy soil, cutting off the old, dried-up roots at the base of bulb before potting. Do this with a sharp knife, cutting close to the bulb, as, if this is not done, quite frequently the old roots decay before new ones start, and disease is communicated to the bulb which often prevents blooming. After potting water moderately, and keep in a warm place until the top begins to grow, then place in a light, warm window, watering only when the surface of the soil looks dry. In June, or earlier if you are in a location where late frosts do not come, you can turn the plants out of their pots into the garden beds, or, if preferred, you can keep them growing in pots. This method is probably most satisfactory, because you can remove them to the house when frosty nights come in the fall, without injuring the roots as you must, more or less, in lifting the plants if bedded out. The important item to bear in mind, if you keep your plants in pots through the summer, is to see that they never get dry at the roots. If they do you will be pretty sure to be disappointed about flowers. As the plant is a native of the south, where the seasons are not only warm but long, it is necessary for us, at the north, to start them into growth as early as possible in spring, in order to secure flowers before cold weather. Generally, plants bedded out are just getting ready to bloom when early fall frosts come, and must be potted or covered to secure flowers.

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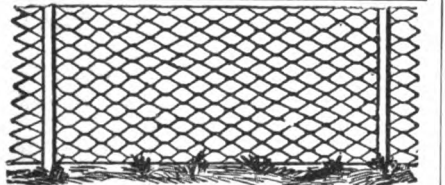
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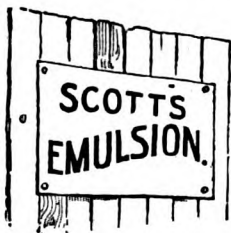
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