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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

MARCH 1898

TEN CENTS



THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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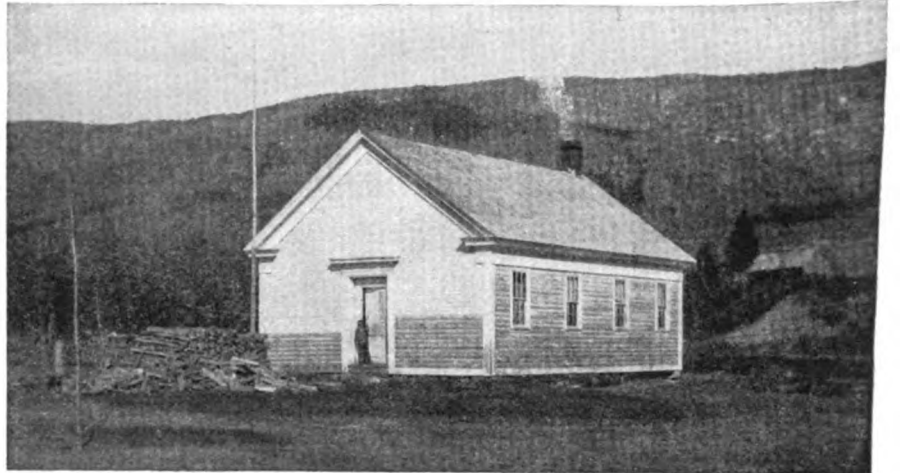
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MEETING THE TEACHER



THE COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSE



THE END OF A HARD DAY



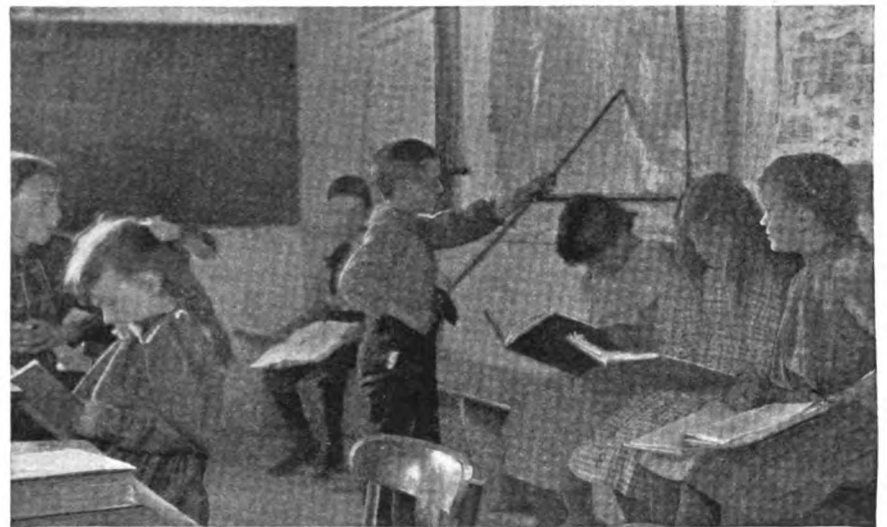
ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL



HELPING A LITTLE ONE WITH HER COAT



A VISIT FROM THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE



THE CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY



SETTLING A DISPUTE AT RECESS



PLEASE, MAY I GET A DRINK ?

A Day in the Country School, from Photographs by Clifton Johnson



HOW PHILIPPA'S HUSBAND MADE HER SMILE

By Alice Wellington Rollins



THE LATE ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS

It is with a sense of deep regret that we are compelled to announce that the end of the "Philippa" sketches is reached with the present contribution. They were to have been continued through several issues of the JOURNAL, until Mrs. Rollins had rounded out the delightful character which she had so successfully introduced. But serious illness came when in the midst of her work, and on December fifth last Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins passed away. What her death meant in a personal relation to the editors of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will be felt in a general sense by our readers. Mrs. Rollins had won her way into the affectionate regard of the JOURNAL readers. She lived to see the success of the publication of two of her sketches, and from every direction letters of congratulation came to her. So stimulated was she by these evidences of a popular approval of her last literary work that she tried, only the day before her death, to work upon a new "Philippa" sketch. But strength failed, and the pen slipped from the fingers which had so ably guided it. It has been a pleasure to the editor to publish the sketches which she finished; it would have been even a greater pleasure to have published those which Mrs. Rollins had in mind. But it was not to be, and the JOURNAL parts with Mrs. Rollins' work with a regret which printed words can but feebly convey.

THE EDITOR.



"RY roses first," suggested Phyllis. "You know somebody said that we become accustomed to pain, but never to beauty. Everybody smiles when he sees a rose, even a hardened criminal."

"A hardened criminal might, but not Philippa," said Lewis.

When Philippa found the rose near her plate at dinner that evening she simply picked it up and said calmly:

"What a splendid Dijon! Did you find it in the garden, Lewis, or at a florist's?"

"At the florist's, Philippa," meekly answered her husband. "Thank you for recognizing it as my taste rather than the gardener's. But couldn't you smile a bit over it, Philippa? People usually smile when somebody gives them a rose."

"Even a hardened criminal," added Phyllis.

"But I am not a hardened criminal," responded Philippa. "I am merely a hardened recipient. When you have an attentive husband who brings you roses every day you begin to take them as a matter of course. I have become accustomed to beauty, as you see, as other people become accustomed to pain."

"That is very pretty Philippa; still, it seems to show a little lack of appreciation, and even a husband might get tired of bringing roses when they were no longer appreciated. Phyllis smiled sweetly when I brought her one."

"I don't doubt it," said Philippa, glancing toward Phyllis with slight scorn. "And then Phyllis stuck it in her belt, with a pin run through it, and in another hour it will be faded and she will throw it away. Now I have put mine into a vase of water, and to-night I shall put it out on the piazza where it is cool, and to-morrow I shall change the water again, and it will keep fresh for a week."

"But smiles don't keep fresh for a week, Philippa. It is more than a week since you smiled for me. A husband likes a smile given to him while he waits, and fresh every hour. Besides, Philippa," insinuatingly, "you could do all the rest of it and smile, too. Really, it makes you seem a little hard to want to appreciate it in your own way and all by yourself."

"Well, I would rather be a nut that is a little hard on the outside, but sound to the core, than a grape, which is all sweetness and concession, and then ferments as soon as you are out of sight."

"Still, think of the combination, Philippa: of nuts and grape juice! Don't you remember the charming things that happen across the walnuts and coffee?"

"Yes, perfectly. But in the meantime pray let me remind you that you are neglecting the soup."

A FEW days later Mr. Grant sauntered into his wife's sitting-room with a book.

"I want to read you something, Philippa, from Lafcadio Hearn."

"I know what it is," she said, glancing sharply at the dark blue cover, with the silver bamboo in it. "It is the chapter on 'The Japanese Smile.'"

"Precisely. Let me call your attention to the following passage in which a Japanese asks, 'Why is it that the foreigners never smile? You smile and bow when you

speak to them; but they never smile. Why?' If he had asked you that question, Philippa, how would you have answered him?"

"I should have hoist him with his own petard. Let me call your attention to another passage"—and she took the book from his fingers, rapidly turning the leaves—"here it is: 'The smile is taught like the bow; like the prostration,'—and he goes on to say, 'like all the nice points of etiquette.' That is precisely my objection to it; it is a mere habit, a mere matter of form, and doesn't mean anything at all."

"But, Philippa, he also goes on to say that this etiquette comes from the natural kindness of heart. Even when his heart is breaking, the Japanese smiles; he does not wish to burden you with his grief. How would you horrify him, Philippa, by looking so glum when you are not really glum at all."

"Not more than he would horrify me by looking happy when he wasn't happy at all. Lewis, if your heart were breaking, and you did not let me know it at once, and unmistakably, if you didn't run to find me and let me know, and insist upon my comforting you, or at least sharing your trouble, I should immediately lose all respect for you as a friend. I read an aphorism somewhere the other day about too much cheerfulness. It said a canary would sing all the year round, whatever the weather and however small his cage, but the writer preferred the sincerity of the robin, who won't sing unless it is really spring. When you hear him you can put confidence in the calendar."

"Why, Philippa, I wrote that aphorism myself, and thought it rather neat at the time!"

"So I supposed."

"And, Philippa, that doesn't alter the argument. For even the robin sings occasionally, when, as you say, it is really spring. I will let you off from smiling habitually, like the canary, if you will only smile occasionally, like the robin, when I have really made you particularly happy. I warn you that I don't give up the contest by any means."

"I WOULD try diamonds now," suggested Phyllis a few days afterward. "Next to roses there is nothing like diamonds for making a woman smile. Her birthday will be on the fourteenth; you can do it then."

"But Philippa abhors jewelry. I was at my wits' end to know what to put in the engagement ring. She said she wasn't rich enough to wear diamonds—"

"But, surely, you reminded her that you were rich enough to give diamonds?"

"I did, and I also reminded her that even a lover had some rights, and if I enjoyed giving diamonds I had a right to give them, even if she didn't enjoy getting them. But she wouldn't have it, and she said she was not beautiful enough to wear pearls, and not young enough to wear baby-blue turquoise, and—well, yes, she acknowledged that she was homely enough to wear a topaz, but as that would occur to everybody immediately she preferred not to be reminded that she was old and fallow. She also confessed that she had not the courage to wear opals, and that nothing would induce her to wear an emerald or a ruby. So we compromised on a sapphire; she said that did not pretend to be a diamond, and it was such a dark blue that it was not so foolish as turquoise, and—in short, she would wear it. So I found a superb one, and never 'let on' that it cost twice as much as the diamond I wanted to get."

"And she is awfully fond of that ring. She was quite white one day when she thought she had lost it. Get her another sapphire. I think you might even venture on a whole necklace of sapphires."

"No, oh, no! Philippa would never wear a necklace."

"What a pity you didn't fall in love with me, Lewis! I could have accepted necklaces with so much grace!"

Mr. Grant sighed.

"I never realized what an essential quality that would be in a wife. But how would it do to give her the value of a necklace in a big check for one of her fads—say for the Free Kindergartens?"

"Capital! she would be delighted."

"Of course she would be delighted; Philippa is always appreciative; but the question is, would she smile?"

"I'm not sure; that is doubtful. But it's worth trying."

A FEW days later, at dinner, Mrs. Grant said suddenly:

"Lewis, Wednesday will be my birthday."

"I have not forgotten."

"And I thought, as you always give me something very nice,—"

"I had thought of a diamond necklace, my dear."

The look of astonishment which she turned toward him was worth the effort, Mr. Grant afterward said, even if it were not a smile.

"A diamond necklace, Lewis! How perfectly and absolutely ridiculous!"

"Ridiculous, of course. But I am pledged to make you smile, you know, and I thought if it struck you as ridiculous you might go into convulsions of laughter."

"It is too serious for laughter, and no smile would be worth so much money. I hope you haven't ordered it?"

"N-o-o—I haven't. It occurred to me that it might probably be wiser to give you a check and let you select the stones yourself."

"And would you mind if I spent it for something else?"

"Certainly not. It is your birthday, not mine. What have you in mind, my dear?"

"Well, if you don't mind, I should like very much to increase my subscription to the new building for the Free Kindergartens. Did you think of giving me as much as a hundred dollars, Lewis?"

"A hundred? Would a hundred dollars please you?"

"Very much."

Mr. Grant rose slowly, opened his pocketbook, crossed the room, and laid before her a check already made out:

"Pay to the order of the Free Kindergarten Association five hundred dollars. LEWIS GRANT."

"Why, Lewis! you had thought of it yourself! How you always anticipate my wishes!"

"Not more cleverly than you always anticipate mine."

"And, Lewis—Lewis—" Mrs. Grant's voice shook a little—"I can't tell you how I thank you." She raised her eyes to his, and two tears trembled down her cheeks.

"My dear Philippa"—Mr. Grant took his wife's hand and lifted it gallantly to his lips—"it would sound as if I were a brute if I were to mention at the club that I thought more of my wife's tears than of her smiles; but I assure you these tears in your eyes to-day—"

The rest of the scene was so entirely intimate and personal, that perhaps it was fortunate that the butler was tempted to prolong a conversation in the pantry with the housemaid, and so was a little late with the next course.

"I OFFERED her the necklace, Phyllis," he explained the next day.

"And she accepted it?"

"She accepted the check, and will also select the stones herself."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Phyllis. "Think of Philippa in a necklace!"

"Oh, she will not select the stones for a necklace, but for the foundation of a new building for the Free Kindergartens."

"But did she smile, Lewis?"

"No, she didn't smile; but she told me that the little Kindergarten children would smile when they got into the new building, which would be better."

"I suppose you have tried all your good stories?"

"Every one of them; but she had either heard them before, or told me a better one, or anticipated the climax; or else she couldn't see anything funny in them at all, and wondered what I found in them to laugh at."

"If you could only manage to make yourself ridiculous in some way—"

"Thank you, at least, for implying that I should find it hard to do so."

"What I mean is that it is a pity you ride the bicycle so well. If you were only a beginner you could trust the situation to create a smile in a heart of stone; but you ride too well."

"Couldn't I learn something else?" inquired Mr. Grant with a show of anxiety.

"Nothing quite so sure to secure the result that you are aiming at. We must think it over."

However, the best-laid plans of mice and men not only often gang a-gley, but are frequently a waste of effort. It is the unexpected that happens, and if you leave a situation alone it will frequently occur of itself. So it happened one morning when Mr. Grant, the gentlest and most dignified of men, had been betrayed into very unwonted rage and strong language at a culpable neglect of the coachman, involving serious danger to a favorite horse, that he glanced away casually from the offending and humbled James, to discover his wife, leaning against a tree not far off—and—yes!—actually laughing!

"Philippa!" the flow of unusual language ceased, but his ordinary diction could not immediately assert itself, owing to the shock of interruption. "Philippa!" he mopped his brow helplessly, and then, with a sudden inspiration, demanded sternly, as if she were the guilty one, "why are you here?"

"I came to order the horses."

"I will give the order. At what hour do you want them?" this with increased dignity.

"At ten, please."

"Very well. I will attend to it."

Being thus assured, Philippa walked away.

LATER in the day he murmured with the air of one

nerving himself to explanation, "Philippa!—I owe you an apology for this morning. Of course, I did not know you were there."

"But what difference did my being there make, Lewis? Men never seem to worry over having done or said something out of the way; they only worry when a woman has overheard them or found them out. It always reminds me of those scribes in ancient history who washed their hands carefully when they had to write the word, 'Jehovah.' As they wrote it very seldom, it would have been better if they had washed their hands oftener and not needed to do it when they came to a sacred word. Men don't try to keep their souls clean; they only clean them out carefully when they are going into the presence of their mothers or sweethearts. If you were doing something undignified it was just as undignified before I got there. Apparently you were very much mortified, but I haven't a doubt that as soon as I was out of sight—and hearing—you finished your conversation with James. Besides, I don't see that you need be very much ashamed; James deserved the rebuke, and he has often needed a stronger reminder of his duty than I—with my limited knowledge of English—could administer. You used very strong language, but you didn't mean anything worse than I meant the other day when Hilda broke one of my Napoleon cups, and I said, 'Oh, dear, oh, dear.' Then, too, you forget your triumph; I can never deny now that you once did make me smile."

"I am not so proud of it as I thought I actually should be, Philippa."

"Very well. Will you forego the pleasure of boasting over the smile if I promise never to betray the situation that caused it?"

"I will. But isn't it a little hard, Philippa, that men at the club should be able to say I never can please my wife and make her smile?"

"They never can say so unless you tell them. How do they know what I don't do? And, besides, you once acknowledged yourself that though I never smile, I also never frown. Now, what a fine thing for men at the club to have to say that you never displease your wife?"

"Even when I get into a rage, and—"

"Even when you get into a rage, and—"

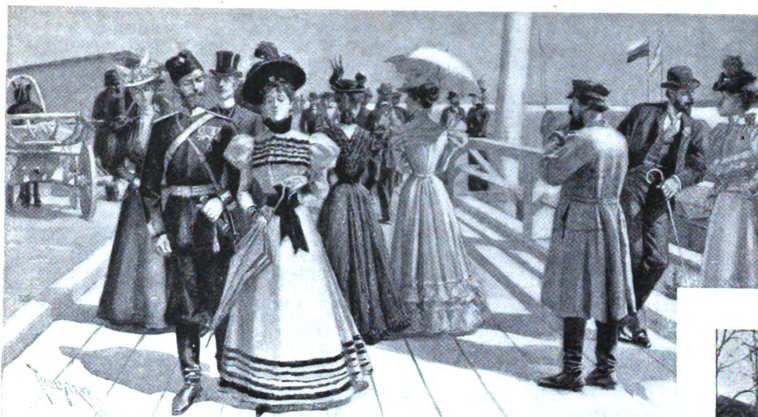
"What a reformer you would make, Philippa. If you had been horrified and reproached me I should probably have braved it out and repeated the situation. As it is, and you simply reveal to me that I am occasionally ridiculous, I shall probably never use extreme language again. I never could do it without seeming to see that smile of yours. Now, if moralists could only manage to show that sin is ridiculous as well as wrong, how quickly the world would reform! Yes, Philippa, what a reformer you would make! We have heard a great deal about a woman's smile leading men into temptation; but something might be written about her smile leading them out of it."

"Write it, then," commanded Philippa.

And he did.

Editor's Note—The sketches in Mrs. Rollins' "Philippa" series that have appeared in the Journal are:

"The Mistakes of Philippa," November, 1897
 "Philippa on Her Honey-moon," December, . . .
 "After Philippa was Married," January, 1898
 "How Philippa's Husband Made Her Smile," March,



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

A FASHIONABLE KRASNOYARSK PROMENADE ON THE BANKS OF THE YENISEI RIVER

IN FASHIONABLE SIBERIA

By Thomas G. Allen, Jr.

[Author of "Across Asia on a Bicycle"]

STRANGE as it may seem there are fashions and fashionable life in Siberia. The wives and daughters of the rich merchants and gold-miners modify French styles for their costumes, which are made suitable for the Siberian climate, and the Tartar love of color is given free scope

mistaken for a man. Her forehead, cheeks and mouth are covered, leaving only the tip of the nose exposed to the biting cold. It is difficult to understand the pleasures of sleighing under such conditions, but it is the fashionable amusement of the upper classes, in imitation of Court circles in Saint Petersburg, and in Siberia, as elsewhere, fashion dominates.

In the choice of furs for personal adornment little taste is exercised by the Siberian lady. Sables are used exclusively, and the social standing of a woman depends largely upon the number of skins displayed by her when arrayed for public gaze. The details of a social function in Siberia differ materially from those with which we are familiar. At one of the grand balls

daughters. For five months of the year he lives in the open air, either at the mining camp or in the hunting field. He is an early bird under all circumstances, and invariably rises between seven and eight o'clock, although he may have had but a couple of hours' rest. Nearly every meal is succeeded by a nap. However, dressing operations do not take very long, for when he retires the Siberian only divests himself of his coat and boots. Shirts are unknown in Siberia, and in many houses beds, also. The samovar is set on the dining-room table at eight A. M., together with eggs, black and white bread, sardines, jam and cakes, etc. Breakfast is eaten, and washed down by five or six glasses of tea stirred up with sugar, cream and sometimes jam. At one o'clock dinner is served, and at five in the afternoon another small meal, much like that of the morning, is taken. A meat supper follows at nine o'clock. "Winter for pleasure, summer for work," is the Siberian gold-miner's motto. In the former season, which com-



SIBERIAN MERCHANT AND WIFE WITH THEIR WINTER EQUIPAGE



CONTRASTING TYPES SEEN IN SIBERIA

in their dress. The modifications sometimes produce a result which is picturesque and often ludicrous to the stranger. The peasantry alone retain their National dress, but even they are more or less influenced by European fashions.

During the summer, which is comparatively short, the fashionable world amuses itself at the Siberian resorts and watering-places, much as we do in the Western world. Functions



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

THE FAVORITE WINTER PASTIME OF THE FASHIONABLE LADIES OF SIBERIA



MORNING CALL IN THE FASHIONABLE QUARTER OF KRASNOYARSK

similar to our lawn parties are a favorite means of diversion during the warm weather. The gay dresses of the ladies, together with the brilliant uniforms of the Army officers, backed by the luxuriant foliage, make a picture most unlike one's preconceptions of a desolate land of snow and ice.

In winter, however, all is changed; sables enwrap the summer butterfly and a more characteristic life begins. Sitting in her sleigh a Siberian lady may be easily

graceful feminine accomplishment.

The kitchen, however, has for the lady of the land a peculiar fascination. Very often while dressed in silks and satins, and conversing with her guests, a hostess will proceed to fry a "blin" or pancake, and eat it with the greatest gusto. The other ladies are at liberty to follow the hostess' example if they choose.

The Siberian civilian gentleman leads an exciting and eventful life in comparison to that of his wife and

mences about the first week in October, the large cities become whirlpools of activity. Balls, theatricals, masquerades, suppers, horse-racing, sleighing parties and snow-hills (or tobogganing) keep the places alive till the return of spring. There are one or two good theatres in every city, and, considering that artists are all engaged from European Russia, the prices are not ruinous. But

gayety reaches its zenith at Christmas, for this is the masquerade season, when, to quote the words of a fair acquaintance who has a fondness for society, "We sometimes do not go to bed for two or three days at a stretch."



A TYPICAL SUMMER HOME BREAKFAST ON THE LAWN



MY GLAD feet shod with the shining steel,
I was the god of the winged heel.

The hills in the far white sky were lost;
The world lay still in the wide white frost;

And the woods hung hushed in their long white dream
By the ghostly, glimmering, ice-blue stream.

Here was a pathway, smooth like glass,
Where I, and the wandering wind, might pass

To the far-off palaces, drifted deep,
Where winter's retinue rests in sleep.

I followed the lure, I fled like a bird,
Till the startled hollows awoke and heard

A spinning whisper, a sibilant twang,
As the stroke of the steel on the hard ice rang;



And the wandering wind was left behind
As faster, faster I followed my mind;

Till the blood sang high in my eager brain,
And the joy of my flight was almost pain.

Then I stayed the rush of my breathless speed,
And silently went as a drifting seed—

Slowly, furtively, till my eyes
Grew big with the awe of a strange surmise,

And the hair of my neck began to creep
At hearing the wilderness talk in sleep.

Shapes in the fir-gloom drifted near;
In the deep of my heart I heard my fear;

And I turned and fled, like a soul pursued,
From the white, inviolate solitude.

LILIAN BELL ON THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

*The Sixth of Miss Bell's
European Letters to the Journal



That Fearful Time on the Channel—The
"Hela" in a Pitching Sea—A Bloodless
Incident that Scared the Yacht's Company

ON BOARD THE YACHT "HELA." AM just able to sit up, and I couldn't think of a thing I wanted to eat if I thought a week. I came on this yachting trip because my Polish friends begged me to come to them this way, and said I would enjoy it. They said it would be an experience for me. It has been.

The "Hela" started out with a party of ten on board, who were on pleasure bent. We have come up the English Channel from Dinard to Ostend, and before we had been out an hour we struck a gale, to which veterans on seasickness will refer for many a long day, as "that fearful time on the Channel."

On the whole, I don't know but that I might be considered a veteran on seasickness myself. I have averaged crossing the Channel once a month ever since I've been over here. I have got into the habit of crossing the Channel and I can't seem to stop. It always appears that I am in the wrong place for whatever is going on, for just as sure as I go to London somebody sends for me to come to Paris, and I rush for the Channel, and I have no sooner unpacked my trunks in Paris, and bargained that service and electric lights shall be included, than somebody discovers that I am imperatively needed in England, and I make for the Channel again. The Channel is like Jordan. It always rolls between.

But even in crossing the Channel there is everything in knowing how. I have discarded the private stateroom. It is too expensive, and I am not a bit less uncomfortable than when occupying six feet of the settee in the ladies' cabin, with my feet in the flowers of another woman's hat. In fact, I prefer the latter. The other woman is always too ill to protest or to move. I have now, by long and patient practice, proved to my own satisfaction what serves me best in case of seasickness. I will not stay on deck. I will not eat or drink anything to cure it. I will not take anything to prevent it. I will not sit up, and I will not keep my hat on. When I go on board of a Channel steamer my first act is to shake hands with my friends and go below. There I present the stewardess with a modest testimonial of my regard. I also give her my ticket. Then I select the most desirable portion of the settee, near a porthole, from which I can get fresh air. I take off my hat and lie down. The steamer may not start for an hour. No matter. There I am, and there I stay. The Channel may be as smooth as glass, but I travel better flat. Like manuscript, I am not to be rolled. Sometimes I am not ill at all, but I freely confess that those times are infrequent and disappointing.

NOW, of course, this is always to be expected in crossing the Channel, but my friends said in going up the Channel we would not get those choppy waves, but that I would find that the "Hela" swam like a duck.

In analyzing that statement since, with a view to classifying it as truth or otherwise, I have studied my recollections of ducks, and I have come to the conclusion that in a rough sea a duck has every right to be seasick, for she wobbles like everything else that floats. For real comfort, give me something that's anchored. Nevertheless, I was persuaded to join the party.

Everybody came down at Dinard to see us off, and quite a number even went over to Saint Malo with us in the electric launch, for the "Hela" drew too much water to enter the harbor at Dinard at low tide.

We were a merry party for the first hour on board the "Hela"—until we struck the gale. It seemed to me that our evil genius was hovering over us from the first, and simply waited until it would be out of the question to

turn back, and then emptied the vials of her wrath on our devoted heads. It did not rain. The sun kept a malevolent eye on us all the time. It simply blew just one straight, unrelenting, unswerving gale. And it came so suddenly. We were all sitting on deck as happy as angels, when, without a word of warning, the "Hela" simply turned over on her side and threw us all out of our chairs. I caught at a mast as I went by and clung like a limpet. There was tar on the mast. It isn't there any more. It is on the front of my new white serge yachting dress. Jimmie coasted across the deck, and landed on his hands and knees against the gunwale. If he had persisted in standing up he would have gone overboard. The women all shrieked and remained in a tangled heap of chairs, and rugs, and petticoats, waiting for the yacht to right herself, and for the men to come and pick them up. But the yacht showed no intention of righting herself. She continued to careen in the position of a cab going round Piccadilly Circus on one wheel. The sailors were all running around like ants on an ant-hill, and the captain was shouting orders and even lending a hand with the ropes himself. I don't know the nautical terms, but they were taking down the middle sail—the mainsail, that's it. It did not look dangerous because the sun kept shining, and I never thought of being frightened. I just clung to my mast, watching the other people right themselves, and laughing, when suddenly everything ceased to be funny. The decks of the "Hela" took on a wavy motion, and I blinked my eyes in order to see better, for everything was getting very indistinct, and there were green spots on the sun. Suddenly I realized that I was a long way from home and that I was even a long way from my stateroom. I only had just about sense enough left to remember that the mast was my very best friend and that I must cling there.

AFTER that, I remember that somebody came up behind me, and pried my hands loose from the mast.

The doctor's voice said, "Can you walk?" I smiled feebly and said, "I used to know how." But evidently my efforts were not highly successful, for he picked me up, white serge, tar, green spots on the sun and all, and carried me below, a limp and humiliated bit of humanity.

Mrs. Jimmie and Commodore Strossi followed with more anxiety than the occasion warranted.

Then Mrs. Jimmie sent the men away and I felt pillows under my head, and camphor under my nose, and hot-water bags about me, and I must have gone to sleep or died, for I don't remember anything more until next day.

They were very nice to me, for I was such a cheerful invalid. It seemed to surprise them that I could even pretend to be jolly. I knew that it must be an uncommon gale from the way Commodore Strossi studied the charts, and because even his wife, for whom the yacht was named, was ill, and she had spent half her life on the sea. The poor little French cabin-boy was ill, too, and went around, with a Nile-green countenance, waiting on people, before he was obliged to retire from active service.

The pitching of the yacht was something so terrible that it got to be hysterically funny. It couldn't seem dangerous with the sun streaming down the companion-way, and past my stateroom windows. About five o'clock they began to tack, and then I heard shrieks of laughter and the crash of china, and groans from the saloon settee where young Bashforth was lying ghastly ill.

AT THE first lurch my trunk tipped over, and all the and most of them struck me on the head. It frightened me so that I shrieked, and Jimmie came running down to see if I was killed.

As I raised my head I saw his horrified gaze fairly riveted to my face, and I felt something softly trickling down. I touched it, and then looked at my hand and discovered that it was wet and red.

"Good Heavens, your face is all cut open," gasped Jimmie, in a voice that revealed his terror.

Mrs. Jimmie was just behind him and I saw her turn pale. In a flash I saw myself disfigured for life, and probably having to be sewed up. The pain in my face became excruciating, and I began to think yachting rather serious business.

"Run for the doctor, Jimmie," said his wife. Jimmie obediently ran.

"Does it hurt very much, dear," she said, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Awfully," I murmured.

The doctor came, followed by François, with a basin of hot water and sponges, and a nasty-looking little case of instruments. Mrs. Jimmie held my hand. They turned on the electric lights and opened the windows. Jimmie had my salts. The doctor carefully wet the sponge and tenderly bathed my cheek, and I held my breath ready to shriek if he hurt me. Commodore Strossi stood at the door with an anxious face. Suddenly the doctor reached for a broken bottle half hidden under my pillow.

"Oh, what is it, doctor?" asked Mrs. Jimmie. "What makes you look so queer?"

"This is iodine on her face. Her bottle has emptied itself, that is all."

We gazed at each other for a moment or two, then I nearly went into hysterics. Jimmie's face was a study.

"You said it was blood, Jimmie," I said.

"Well, you said it hurt," he retorted.

"Well, it did. When you said I was covered with blood it hurt awfully."

The doctor went out much chagrined that he had not been called upon to sew up a wound. I had a relapse, brought on by young Bashforth's jeering remarks as he frantically clung to the handles of the locker which formed the back of the settee where he lay prostrate.

I WAS too utterly done up to reply, for two days of violent seasickness rather takes the mental ginger out of one's make-up. But Fate avenged me in this wise. The door of my stateroom opened into the dining-room, and my bed faced the door. Opposite to me was the settee on which Bashforth was coiled, and back of him was the locker for the tinned mushrooms, sardines, lobster, shrimp, caviar, deviled ham and all the things which well people can eat. This locker had brass handles let into the mahogany, and to these handles the poor fellow clung when the yacht lurched.

His cruel words of derision had hardly left his pale lips before they tacked again. He was not holding on, but he hastily snatched at the handles. He was too late, however, for he was tossed from the settee to the legs of the dining-room table (which, fortunately, were anchored), without touching the floor at all. He described a perfect parabola. It was just the way I should have tossed him had I been Destiny. He gripped the table legs like a vise, coiling himself around them like a poor navy-blue python with a green face. He thought the worst was over, but in his last clutch at the locker he had accidentally opened it, and the next lurch of the yacht all the cans bounded out and battered his unprotected back like a shower of grape shot. The yacht lurched again and the cans rolled back. She pitched forward, and again the mushrooms and deviled ham aimed for him. The noise brought everybody, and at first nobody tried to help him. They just couldn't see because of the tears in their eyes from laughing. As for me, I managed to crawl to the foot of the bed and cling to a post, so weak I couldn't wipe the tears away, but laying up an amount of enjoyment that will enrich my old age.

Finally, Jimmie got sorry for him, and went and tried to pick him up. But he was laughing so, he dropped him.

"Oh, Jimmie," I pleaded. "Don't drop anybody who is seasick. Drop well people if you must. But put him on the settee carefully."

"I'll put him there," said Jimmie, wiping his eyes on his coat sleeve. "But I don't say I'll do it the first time I try. I'll get him there by dinner-time—I hope."

It was dangerous to ridicule anybody in that gale, for the doctor in the companion-way was leaning in at my window and laughing in his big English voice, when the "Hela" lurched and pitched him half-way into my stateroom. There he balanced with his hands on my trunk.

He was rather a tight fit, which interested Jimmie more than young Bashforth, so he left the boy and came around and pried the doctor back into the companion-way.

THE "Hela" was a fickle jade, for no sooner would she shake us up in such an alarming manner than she would seem to regret her violence, and would skim like a bird for an hour or so, with no perceptible motion. She would not even flap her big white wings, but she cut through the water with a whirr and a rush which exhilarated me, as flying must stir the heart of a seagull.

She behaved so well after five o'clock that they decided to try to eat dinner from the dinner-table—a thing they had not done since we started. There were only four of them able to appear—Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie, the doctor and the Commodore.

They put the racks up and took every precaution. The only mistake they made was in using the yacht's lovely china, which bore the Strossi crest under the "Hela's" private flag.

Jimmie and his wife sat opposite each other. I put three pillows under my head, the better to watch them, when suddenly the yacht tilted. Mrs. Jimmie and her chair over backward. Jimmie saw her going and reached to save her. But he forgot to set down his soup-plate. The result was that she got Jimmie's soup in her face, and that he slid clear across the table on his hands and knees, taking china and table-cloth with him, and they all landed on top of poor Mrs. Jimmie (who, even as I write, is in her stateroom having her hair washed).

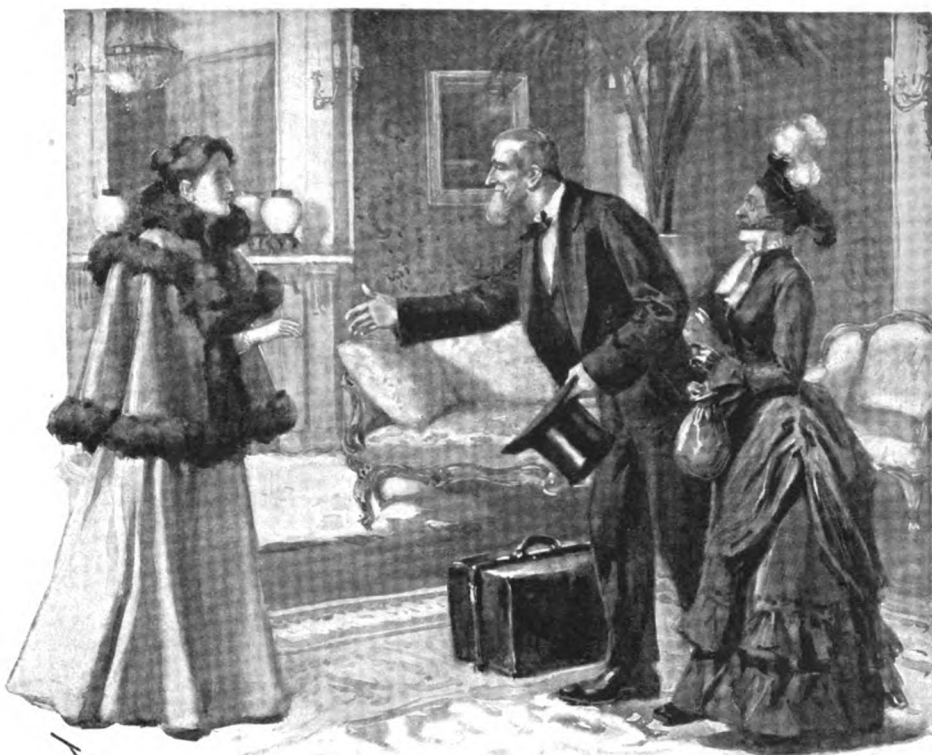
Her chief wail, when she could speak, was not that her head ached from the blow, or that she was half strangled with tepid soup, but that Jimmie had broken all the china. She could not be comforted until the Commodore proved that some of the china had been broken previously, by showing her the fragments wrecked on the first day out.

That last catastrophe has apparently settled things. Everybody has turned in to repair damages, and, perhaps, afterward to sleep.

The Commodore is studying the charts on the dining-room table, and the captain, an American, has just put his head in at the door and said:

"She's sailing twelve knots an hour under just the fores'l, sir, and she's running like a scairt dog."

*The sixth of a series of letters written by Miss Lilian Bell for the Journal. The letters already published are:
"Going Abroad," October, 1897
"First Days in London," November, "
"Among the English," December, "
"First Days in Paris," January, 1898
"Among the Parisians," February, "
"On the English Channel," March, "



"COUSIN ZEKE STOOD UP WHEN HE SAW ME AND HELD OUT HIS HAND"

THE INNER EXPERIENCES OF A CABINET MEMBER'S WIFE

As She Writes Them to Her Sister at Home

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

ELEVENTH LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 11, 189—

Dear Lyde:

NOW, about my talk with Jack after we reached home from the reception given by the Brazilian Minister. I wasted no time with him, but came directly to the point: "What does all this mean? What has come between you and Marion?" Jack was fearfully downcast. "That cad, Bynington, I suppose," he growled. "He's rich and I'm poor. Money will buy any girl raised in Washington." "Is this the way men talk nowadays about the women they love?" I asked. "Yours can't be a very high order of love." Jack sat up straighter, looked more of a man and replied: "You're right, Mrs. Cummings, I needn't be a cad, too, need I? Ten days ago at your house Marion Tyler declared she would go off with me and be married without her parents' consent if they wouldn't give it. We arranged to meet at the English Legation ball. On the afternoon before it I received a note wishing me

wants to have. It didn't take long to make friends with her again. She nearly sent me to the dogs once—I can't think of anybody who'd go with me as surely now." Think of it, Lyde! A mere boy of twenty-eight talking that way! He evidently saw how shocked I looked, for he continued quickly, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Cummings. That is no way for me to talk before you



"JACK'S ACQUAINTANCES WERE BOWING AND STARING AT HIM RIGHT AND LEFT"



"HE TOOK MY HAND, LEANED DOWN AND KISSED IT"

—I forgot myself. You have been so good to me. May I go in with you? Perhaps you can save me from the dogs." We went into my library and I gave that boy the best talking to he has had since he was turned over his mother's knee. I was so sorry for him that I could have cried while I talked as he stood by the open fire with his left hand made into a fist supporting his head as he looked intently into the flames. I asked him if he had no mother. "No, worse luck," he replied, "my mother died when I was only a little shaver."

"Then, perhaps, you have a sister or some relative who stands out in your mind as a type of a pure woman?" "Not one. I haven't a near relative except my father, who has lived in Paris for years. He never comes home, and never gives me a lift, though he must be worth about a hundred thousand. He's supposed to be sick, but he

can skip around socially at a pretty lively rate for a sick man—and he knows how to spend money. I haven't seen him since I left West Point. No, Marion had been my one idea of a good woman until I met you, Mrs. Cummings. I'm afraid my friends have been a bad lot, but I fell in love with the first good woman I came across, and now she's let me down I'll never believe there's an honest one living."

"Nonsense, you don't believe a word you are saying. Did it ever occur to you that perhaps Marion is not altogether to blame," I inquired—"that she may have some good reason for her conduct?"

He looked at me eagerly, saying, "Do you know any reason, Mrs. Cummings?"

"No, I do not, but I intend to trust Marion until I have proof positive against her. The situation is as inexplicable to me as to you, but I love the girl enough to at least ask for an explanation." His face grew stern as he turned to the fire again, saying: "A man has some pride. I've told that girl my whole life—turned myself inside out for her inspection. There was more bad than good in the showing, but girls don't care alone for the good in a man. People would say the affair with Mrs. Deming was the worst thing about me, but I consider it far from that because she was an old hand. I was pretty young and green, but never did anything I was ashamed of, even if I did do things I regret. I'm not trying to excuse myself. I deserve whippings enough, dear knows, but I wanted the woman I cared for to believe the best of me, and she swore she did believe every word I said. Since I've known Marion I've lived a perfectly correct life, so she has no right to turn on me. No, Bynington's rich and I'm poor, and that ends it."

"Look at me, Jack," I said, calling him by his name for the first time. "You have no mother and no anybody to talk to you. I think almost as much of you as I do of my own Tim. Your temptations have been awful. All I can do is to pray my boy may never have as many. I am country born and bred without much of what is called worldly wisdom, but I have good eyes and ears. The woman who loves you best of any on earth is Marion Tyler; your worst enemy is Mrs. Deming, even though she may pretend other things. I'm not in the habit of talking against women, but I will say this, that Mrs. Deming is bad to the core—she could not love any one in the right way. It is plain to be seen that she has loved you in the wrong way, and although I know nothing I firmly believe she is at the bottom of Marion's behavior. You'll not go to the dogs with or without Mrs. Deming as long as I am in Washington, for the reason that I intend to follow you around and head her off until I get to the bottom of all this trouble."

Jack bit his lips and I saw him try to swallow the lump in his throat. He took my hand, leaned down and kissed

it, murmuring something about all the angels not living in Heaven. I laughed the best I could, and told him how gratifying such an act would have been when I was seventeen, with an ideal of a man who was constantly dropping on his knee before me or kissing my hands at every pause in the conversation. Then I told him to amuse himself in the library while I dressed for dinner, to which he was, at my command, to remain, and go with us afterward to the theatre, where we were to be entertained by Mr. and Mrs. President in their box, she having given me the privilege of taking one guest with me. Not having cared to invite any one I decided to keep watch over Jack by having him accompany us.

He went over to his club, where he keeps a full-dress uniform, returned in state attire, dined with us, and then we all went to the theatre, Jack, Henry and I, and the first people we saw in the audience were the Tylers, Marion and Mr. Bynington. It was a gala night at the theatre. The play was "The Rivals" given by Jefferson, who is almost as great a man as the President in

good-by and announcing her engagement to Bynington. Of course I didn't feel like turning out that night, but I went. Marion and Bynington weren't there, but Mrs. Deming was. Estelle has a short memory when she

Editor's Note—The fourth of the series of letters narrating "The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife." The first of these letters appeared in the December, 1897, issue of the Journal.

Washington. I felt the honor of being in the President's box very much—in fact, I always find it an honor to be with Mrs. President, not alone because she is the first lady of the land, but because of the generous, kind, fascinating lady she is. Lady is the word for her. I felt a really wicked triumph as Jack sat behind Mrs. President holding her fan and occasionally using it by leaning forward and fanning her from the side in full sight of the Tylers. They would not know how he got there, and I think Mrs. President was surprised to see in my guest an undistinguished person. I haven't many virtues, but loyalty to my friends is one of the few I possess.

I talk so much about myself and Washington that my letters must sound selfish—but I think you understand.

Tell Maizie the President does not have a gold coach driven by six horses, but rides in a plain black carriage driven by two horses, and I have even seen him driving himself in what she would call a buggy with only one horse. He often walks about the streets alone just as an ordinary man would do, but his wife always goes in a closed carriage. Tell her he likes little girls as much as Uncle Henry does. One little girl wrote to him, saying:

Dear President:

I'm only seven years old and my mama says you won't answer this letter, but I said you would. I want your picture cause I think your luvly an I aint got a father. I'd like to play your him. Have you any little girls?

Yours respectfully, ANNIE DALTON.

The President sent her his photograph with a kind letter telling her she must come to see him some day.

Mrs. President showed me the letter, and permitted me to copy it just as I am doing for you now. She is making a collection of the interesting letters they receive, to look over when she is an old lady, she says.

With love and regards for any inquiring friends,
I am your sister, EMMY.

TWELFTH LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 1, 189—

My Dear Sister:

AND how do you find yourself to-day?

The most maddening trial of family loyalty I have ever had was when Cousin Zeke Thompson and his wife Polly came on last week. You know I haven't seen them for years, not since they settled on the farm in Illinois, but he is our cousin and had to be treated well.

The first I knew of their advent they came to call late one afternoon just as I was dressing for a Cabinet dinner. After looking at the card, on which was written Mr. and Mrs. Zeke Thompson, I was about to send down word that I only received on Wednesday, having no idea who they were, when suddenly I realized who they might be. I literally collapsed for a minute, then rose to the occasion, finished dressing, and went downstairs without an idea of what to do with them as I had to go to the dinner. As I went downstairs I heard him say to her, "Polly, do set down! Don't be peerin' round. Good manners is the proper thing in the Capital. There ain't a doubt but Cousin Amelia will show us everything in good time. Set right down—I hear somebody comin' now." As I entered the room Cousin Polly was sitting down in a hurry. Cousin Zeke stood up when he saw me, and holding out his hand said, as he put a new, shiny valise on the floor, "Well, well, Cousin Amelia! This is a pleasant surprise all round. I guess we're just 's surprised to find ourselves in the Capital as anybody'd be to see us. You ain't forgot your Cousin Polly I know, though you've come to be such a great lady." Meantime he had kissed me, and Polly did the same thing, saying, "Howdy, Cousin Amelia? It does beat everything the style you're livin' in! I hope your blood relations ain't unwelcome." I hastened to inform her to the contrary, and Cousin Zeke chimed in with a long explanation about how they came on an excursion to kill two birds with one stone by seeing their relations and the Capital at the same time.

"We come to town somewheres 'round two o'clock, but we reckoned we'd sight-see a spell, then call an' ask you to recommend a first-class boardin'-house, as hotels is too costly fur Polly 'n me." All of which meant that they wished me to entertain them. I explained my situation about the dinner, told them my man would get them a boarding-place for the night, after which Mr. Cummings and I would be glad to have them stay a few days with us. I simply couldn't turn that woman loose in my house alone. You remember how inquisitive she always was. I wish you could have seen them, Lyde!

If country people would only dress simply as they do at home when they come to town how much better they would look! Cousin Zeke had on an old "stove-pipe hat" resurrected from the garret, I know, and dating from some time when I was a child, for I dimly remember seeing father with one on. His overcoat was comfortable and sensible, but when he took it off he disclosed what looked like a second-hand dress suit several sizes too large for him. Imagine a dress suit to travel in! As he glanced down at himself he said, "I heard that at the Capital dress clothes was the fashion, an' so I just went to a man who keeps a tailorin' shop in our nearest town an' told him to show me the cheapest dress clothes he had in stock, an' I was really s'prised when I got 'em hum to see 'em fit so to'able well. We wanted to be 's well dressed as the best when we did visit the Capital."

Polly had on a good black silk dress made in the style of twenty years ago, the skirt elaborately beruffled. Her dress was all right, but, ye gods! her bonnet! It was made of dark purple velvet and trimmed with yellow ostrich feathers, two standing up straight on one side, while one plume fell down to her shoulder on the other. I never saw such a concoction in any country neighborhood—it was Polly, not the country, coming out in her.

These were the only clothes they had with them excepting a change of underwear in their bags, and we had to take them about for nearly a week in those things.

Henry seemed to think them a great joke, and was just as kind as he could be to them, as I tried to be, but not having seen them for years, and never having been very fond of them, I considered it an imposition. I simply had to give up my entire time to them with the exception of my reception day, when in the afternoon Henry took them through his offices, and to the White House by special permission. They were tickled to death with their private view of the President's bedroom, and Mrs. President's "settin'-room," as Zeke called it. Henry kept them away until my hours were over, and they never knew that a reception had taken place in their absence.

Jack Garven helped us out by escorting Cousin Polly down town on a tour of the shops while I took Cousin Zeke out to the Soldiers' Home. I wish you could hear Jack's description of that morning! When they reached the crowded part of Pennsylvania Avenue Polly said, as she recovered her breath after an adventurous crossing of the street, "I'd like to buy a present fur Amelia. She's been real hospitable—surprisin' so considerin' she's so tony, an' we ain't seen her before in years."

Jack asked what she wished to buy. She said, "I ain't settled on anything's I know of yet. We'll just look 'round. That's the way Zeke an' I did when we went to Springfield, oh's long back's fifteen year." He took her into a large jewelry store and made the clerk bring out a glittering drawer of diamonds. She asked the price of a diamond ring, and when told it was three hundred dollars she caught her breath and Jack's arm at the same time, exclaiming, "Do tell! I reckon I won't take it." Jack insists that he behaved well as he only looked at the clerk and grinned. He promenaded her the length of the business part of the avenue. For the first time in her life her tongue had a rest. Nothing was left of her usual loquaciousness but the exclamation "Do tell!"

Jack's acquaintances were bowing and staring at him right and left, but he kept on serenely, returning their bows with "a perpendicular face," as he calls it. They looked at everything from the diamonds to millinery, but she did not find anything that suited her as a present for me. She finally said, "Things is dearer here than in Springfield. Don't you think Amelia'd like a tidy 'r some other real handy thing about the house? I noticed she didn't have a single tidy about." Jack had but a limited idea as to what a tidy was, and even less idea as to where they were to be bought, but a shopgirl directed him to the top floor of one of those shops whose stock contains the earth and the fullness thereof. Jack guided Cousin Polly by the arm to the elevator and wedged her into the crowd going up. When the elevator started suddenly Polly grabbed Jack about the waist, crying, "What's that?" "It will go smoother in a minute," he assured her, but she was not to be assured and began to scream, "Murder! Murder!" at the top of her voice. "Let me out! Let me out! I'll be killed!" holding on to Jack for dear life the while. The people hardly knew whether to laugh or to be afraid of her as a raving maniac. Jack tried his best to calm her, but she carried on so that he got her off at the second landing and walked her downstairs. I suppose she had heard of an elevator, but never having been in one she thought the earth was rising with her. When out on the streets once more she showed plainly her suspicion of Jack's intentions toward her by insisting upon being taken home, but she was by this time almost hysterical from the elevator experience and the noisy bewilderment of the streets, so Jack got her into a carriage and brought her home.

During the drive Polly recovered her native self-confidence and impertinence. She said to me when they came in, "I had a real enjoyable time, Cousin Amelia. We saw some real pretty things I'd like to have bought fur you, but they's all too big to carry hum. Zeke 'll have to go with me next time, an' we'll get you something real nice to remember us by."

Jack told me his side of the story with roars of laughter as soon as we were alone, but I am afraid he got the worst of it after all because one of his young messmates had seen him promenading with Polly and followed them all over town. When Jack reached his quarters his room was decorated with all sorts of home-made mottoes, such as, "A modest country bride becometh any man." "Congratulations on the bonnet." "Love comes like a summer sigh, but goes if she can't make pie."

The best part of the joke is that with all their chaffing they can't find out who Polly was. Everybody knows Jack has no country relations.

Polly never uttered a word about the elevator episode, but confided to me that "the young officer is real handsome and well-intentioned, but he's too foolhardy to be protectin' the lives of American citizens." I think Cousin Zeke was duly grateful for the visit. When he left there was real gratitude in his honest face as he said, "We've had a real nice time, Cousin Amelia. It's the first visit to a distance we've took in our lives, an' we ain't just used to things, but you and Cousin Henry have been real good to us, and we ain't lackin' in appreciation. When you come our way you can calc'late on stayin' a spell to our house. We're just plain country folks, but we can feed you on spring chicken an' real cream, an' downright hospitality. We'll count on seein' you soon."

If they did enjoy it their pleasure was a compensation for all the inconvenience they put us to.

I was glad I could furnish Jack Garven that much diversion because the poor fellow is unhappy although he tries hard to show a brave front. Marion did not keep her appointment with me because her mother was ill and needed her, consequently I am still in the dark. All I can do is to keep Jack from Mrs. Deming, whose married sister is visiting her. I had no idea there was a sister until I met her the other day. It seems she married young a poor Army man against her father's wishes, and has lived for ten years at posts in Texas and Dakota. Her father will do nothing for her except permit her to visit him without her husband, who is now on the point of a court-martial owing to his having sworn at a superior officer when he was intoxicated.

What troubles people have! Money can buy anything but happiness. Gossips will be having it that Jack and I are on the eve of an elopement, no doubt, owing to our frequent appearances together. They are equal to putting a wrong construction upon the friendship of a woman forty-seven years old and a boy of twenty-eight.

He is impetuous, but I know he will keep his word not to have anything to do with Mrs. Deming, but in return I must offer him my most motherly consolations. I gave Henry fair warning that he might hear some report of my dangerous goings-on.

Enough chitchat—I expect I am growing long-winded. Stop me if I am.
Lovingly, EMMY.

Editor's Note—In her next "letters," in the April Journal, "Mrs. Cummings" finds out the true reason of the unhappiness in the love affair of Miss Tyler and Jack Garven, and, as she divined, Mrs. Deming was at the bottom of it. The latter comes to "Mrs. Cummings'" house, meets Jack, and there is a scene. The April installment of the "letters" deals almost entirely with the unhappy love affair, of which "Mrs. Cummings" has made herself a part, and is singularly interesting as revealing the characters of the actors in the scenes.



LIVING ON \$200 A YEAR

By A. H. Zander



HERE are thousands of people who firmly believe that they would have to starve if their total income were only four hundred dollars a year. In this little article I will show how we not only live on my salary (as teacher) of four hundred dollars a year, but save nearly two hundred dollars per annum out of that sum.

We live in a small country place in Wisconsin—and, of course, rent is cheaper in the country than in the city—and have the advantage of a small garden for raising vegetables. We are a family of four—my wife, a boy of three and a little girl of one, and myself.

As to wearing apparel: During the past year I have bought, for fifteen dollars, one suit of clothes for "best wear," using my "best" suit from the year before in the schoolroom this year. For the present year I will probably buy only one pair of trousers, as I have a good coat and vest for every-day use. Of course, we take good care of our clothes; sometimes a patch is wanted, and the need is supplied by my wife. From our old clothes my wife, by the aid of her sewing machine, makes clothes for the little ones, which are fully as good, if not better, than those we can buy in the store. For the house my wife wears calico dresses, which she makes herself, and which look fully as neat and becoming as dresses made of more expensive material. Her cloth or heavier dresses she makes over each year, and so she has not bought a dress, other than calico, for three years.

For underwear we buy flannel and shaker flannel cloth, which my wife makes into garments. She also knits our stockings (except the summer cotton stockings). My overcoat has done service for four years, and will give me another winter's wear, after which a great coat for our boy will probably be made of it. My wife and I each require two pairs of shoes a year.

THE FOOD IS PLENTIFUL, GOOD AND SUBSTANTIAL

WE SET a good, substantial table, but nothing elaborate, of course. From the annexed grocery bills for six months, which are taken from our grocer's book, it will be seen that eggs constitute an important part of our food. I believe that eggs are fully as nourishing as meat, and we can buy them at less cost. We, however, use two pounds of meat a week. On an average we also consume two pounds of butter and six quarts of milk a week, and about fifteen bushels of potatoes a year, which we raise ourselves. For preserves my wife, every summer, puts up about thirty quarts, principally apples, pears, peaches and cherries, which we buy in the city.

Our meals we find abundant in quantity and variety. For breakfast we have coffee, coffee-cake, bread and butter, with eggs or fried ham occasionally. For dinner we have boiled potatoes with butter gravy, boiled cabbage or other vegetables, and pudding or pie, and coffee. Sometimes we have pork and beans, and sometimes some egg preparation, as potato pancakes, dumplings, etc., while with one meal in the week we have meat. For supper we have the remains of our dinner, with fried or baked potatoes and eggs. We have coffee with every meal. On this fare we thrive well.

Since good reading matter should be in every home we buy THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and another dollar magazine, besides subscribing for an educational journal and two weekly papers.

Of course there are sometimes setbacks, such as doctor bills, etc., which may come when least expected, but it is not always so. Suppose you manage your income this year so as to save one hundred dollars and put it out at interest. You may have sacrificed a little enjoyment or a little luxury, but you will be tenfold repaid in the enjoyment of the new experience of being a money-lender instead of a borrower. Suppose you lend out your one hundred dollars at five per cent., which rate is paid here; you will have five dollars more to spend the next year on a few extras, if you will, and enjoy them a great deal more than if it were a part of the principal; and five dollars will go a great way if you learn how to spend it.

THE COST OF CLOTHING AND FOOD FOR A YEAR

FOLLOWING is a tabulated statement of groceries bought for six months, together with all the other items of expense for a year—from September to September:

JANUARY			FEBRUARY			MARCH		
Baking Powder	\$0.15	1 pint Oysters	\$0.20	12 dozen Eggs	\$1.35			
1 doz. Oysters	.40	1 lb. Crackers	.06	Lard	.93			
7 dozen Eggs	.98	7 dozen Eggs	.98	8 lbs. Sugar	.40			
Lard	.37	Yeast	.47	4 qts. Vinegar	.32			
Starch	.10	6 lbs. Sugar	.30	2 lbs. Coffee	.16			
Chocolate	.05	3 lbs. Coffee	.48	Yeast	.12			
Raisins, Cinnamon	.16	Yeast	.10	5 gals. Kerosene	.70			
Sugar	.30	Syrup	.20	Rice	.08			
1/2 gal. Vinegar	.08	Salt	.05	Chocolate	.08			
4 gals. Kerosene	.56	Soap	.25	Baking Powder	.15			
Beans	.32	4 gals. Kerosene	.56	Lemons	.05			
Total	\$4.15	Total	\$3.50	Total	\$4.34			
APRIL			MAY			JUNE		
Salt	\$0.05	Lard	\$0.60	Half Month				
11 dozen Eggs	.99	14 dozen Eggs	1.26	4 lbs. Sugar	\$0.20			
3 lbs. Coffee	.42	Yeast	.14	8 dozen Eggs	.72			
Cocoanut-shreds	.10	4 gals. Kerosene	.56	Lard	.31			
Lard	.48	Soap	.25	1 gal. Oil	.14			
4 gals. Kerosene	.56	6 lbs. Sugar	.30	2 lbs. Coffee	.08			
Beans	.16	3 lbs. Coffee	.42	1 B. Brick	.08			
Soap	.10	Chocolate	.07	Vinegar	.08			
Lemons	.05	1 lb. Cheese	.14	Yeast	.08			
Crackers	.10	Lemons	.10	Starch	.10			
6 lbs. Sugar	.33	Total	\$3.84	Total	\$1.96			
Total	\$3.42	Total	\$3.42	For whole month	\$3.42			
Total for entire year, \$46.34								

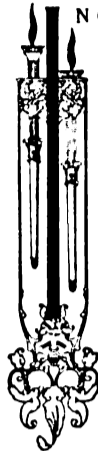
SUMMARY OF EXPENSES FOR THE YEAR			
Groceries	\$46.34	Flour	\$10.00
Rent	20.00	Buckwheat Flour	1.00
Suit of Clothes	15.00	Dresses	3.00
Shoes	12.00	Magazines and Papers	5.00
Underwear	8.00	Meat	10.00
Butter	15.00	Incidentals	40.00
Milk	12.45		
Total for year, \$213.82			

It will readily be seen that, as the aggregate annual expense of myself and family is \$213.82 yearly, I am able to lay aside \$191.18 each year out of my salary of \$405.



By Bettina Welch

CHAPTER I



OLD Jerusalem, some week or more before the Crucifixion, sat in the abode of Zerviah, the potter, an aged Jew, stroking his white beard solemnly, as he watched the laborer remove the hardening clay from his wheel. From the next room came the voice of Tamar, the daughter of Zerviah, softly crooning an old Jewish melody as she went about her household work. She was the darling of her father's heart, this motherless girl, and was the sole tie that bound him to his workaday life.

Anon he looked up from his labor, pausing for a moment as the venerable Jew observed thoughtfully, "Thou sayest this life is but as the vestibule to the great temple of eternity?"

"Even so, father," replied Zerviah, bending his head low over the vessel he was shaping.

"Then, what wouldst thou of this Nazarene? Truly following His teaching, sittest thou not now within the temple, without long pausing in the vestibule? What meaneth it all, my son?"

"Nay, thou mistakest, father. He is but the Son of God come down to earth to suffer for our sins and give us surer promise of another life. Not as thou takest it, a man that would set up a Kingdom of Heaven upon earth. Thou seest not now, but—"

At that moment Tamar, tall, dark and beautiful, stood before them, a roll of household linen under her arm.

"I will tell thee, Father Ammiel," she began in a clear, rich voice, the color mounting to her cheeks, "it meaneth this: The Son of God hath come among us to reclaim despairing souls, and to give all sinners chance to save themselves from lasting torment. It meaneth that Christ, incarnate, is with us, that our Messiah is come."

The aged Jew raised his hands in horror and uttered the one word, "Blasphemer!" in tones of distress.

"Thou knowest not what thou sayest," he added sorrowfully, as he stole from their presence.

The next morning, as Zerviah wrought, Tamar entered with a roll of parchment in her hand.

"Shall I read it thee?" she asked, as the color came and went in her cheeks.

"From Judas?" her father asked.

She inclined her head as the blushes deepened.

"Thou lovest him?" he continued fondly.

"I have found grace in his eyes," she murmured.

"Then read," the old man said, as he wiped the sweat from his brow and sank upon a low bench to rest.

She sat in the doorway and unrolled the parchment, then began in softened tones:

"From Capernaum, Judas Ish Kerioth, follower of Jesus Christ, by the will of God, to Tamar, daughter of Zerviah: Grace and peace be unto thee, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. And yet thou canst not know how, as I write this 'Jesus Christ,' the old doubts once more torment me. His power hath so taken me, and His nature hath such hold upon mine that I know not if in my heart I believe. He consenteth not with us, He consenteth not with the Romans, He consenteth with humanity. He preacheth in the highways and multitudes follow. No more, until I meet thee, on the second day from Sabbath. I am strong in body, but weak and sad in soul until I look into thine eyes. Give greeting to thy father. My love be with thee. Amen."

"He believeth not," said Zerviah sadly. "He is a leader of the people, and followeth the Christ but to win Him to his side."

"Father," cried the girl, throwing her arms about the old man, "thou canst not think him so vile."

"He believeth not in the Divinity, my child. He but seeth the power of the Man, Judas, that hateth the oppressor, careth not to see—"

"Thou wrongest him, that I know," she replied, with hot tears welling up in her eyes, "and when he standeth before thee thou shalt hear him then disclaim thy words."

Some days later there was gathered about the synagogue a motley throng of Greeks, Phrygians and Romans, intermingled with Capuans and Athenian women. Suddenly the crowd gave way for a tall, swarthy man with a powerful head and figure. He strode swiftly toward the potter's dwelling.

"It is Judas returned," said a gayly-attired Athenian, throwing the folds of her white robe over her shoulder.

"He will have none of thee," laughed a Roman Sybarite, "that thou shouldst make much of his coming."

The woman gave him an angry glance and disappeared.

As Judas passed, many were the salutations that greeted him. He was a political leader, a man of the people, beloved by many and feared by some.

"A follower of the Christ for his own ends," said a Phrygian, envious of his success.

"No more a believer in the Messiah than I," snarled a sordid Jew with malice in his eye.

"Yet, withal, thou canst not say he lieth; thou canst not say he stealeth; thou canst not accuse him of many things at which thou art most apt," interposed a fair-faced Greek at his elbow.

The only reply was an angry growl from the Jew.

The man, Judas Iscariot, or Ish Kerioth, in Hebrew the man of Kerioth, was at this time a prominent figure in Jerusalem. Those who believed Jesus an impostor thought Judas was fascinated by the power of the Man and eager to win Him to his own cause. Others, who believed in the Messiah, saw in Judas only a complete conversion and a zeal to follow Christ. The fierce doubts raging within his breast were known to none save Tamar, so the inferences drawn from his allegiance to our Saviour were such as could be measured by his action and outward signs of fealty.

Meeting Tamar at the door he took her in his arms, and for a time she wept silently on his breast. At length

she raised her head and said, smiling through her tears: "Thou hast forgotten my father."

They greeted Zerviah as they entered the house, where the three sat until midnight discussing the great question of the hour. Tamar battled valiantly with her lover's doubts, but at length he went from her, sore at heart and in a mist of uncertainty. Knowing he could not sleep he gathered his robe about him and walked upon the lofty wall of Azachias until daybreak.

CHAPTER II

THE next night Christ and the Apostles were at supper in Bethany. It was the custom of the Jews at meals to recline upon long couches placed about the table, Christ and His followers were attended at Bethany by Mary and Martha.

In the course of the meal Mary, whose adoration of Jesus was boundless, took a pound of costliest spikenard and anointed His feet. The house was filled with the odor of the precious unguent, and when Judas turned and saw Mary he asked, "Why was this waste of the ointment made? For it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor."

She was wiping the feet of Jesus with her luxuriant hair, and looked up reproachfully at Judas, as the Master replied, "She hath wrought a good work on Me. For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good: but Me ye have not always."

Then He spake at length of the Gospel, saying it would be preached throughout the world, and that wherever it should be heard this act of Mary's would be made known. Whereupon Judas drew apart to ponder and to study the figure of Christ. Tall and perfectly formed, with head nobly poised, a fearless calm in the eyes, yet withal, a look of boundless sorrow, there was about the Man of Galilee what we nowadays would call a magnetism, a resistless force which held and moved all with whom He came in contact. Judas meditated upon this Personality and a strange fear possessed him. This Man of power, who was He? The question tormented him peculiarly, for he had begun to doubt the Divinity, and to feel a gnawing jealousy of this Being's influence. As he pondered a dark thought assailed him. He would deliver Him over to the Chief Priests in Jerusalem. The idea took a powerful hold upon him. He feared lest the power of this Man might lessen his own, and he determined to betray Him. He could not rest, and at length he stole from their presence and hastened to Jerusalem.

There, before the sun rose, he had bargained to deliver Christ over to the Jews for thirty pieces of silver.

The next night Judas went again to Jerusalem for a few short hours with Tamar. A terrible conflict raged within him, and he hoped that communion with her bright, pure spirit might lessen his anguish. His conscience smote him sorely, and remorse was hard upon his soul, yet he did not attempt to recall his miserable bargain. Jealousy of the Man's influence wrought upon him and held him back. As he walked toward the home of Zerviah he mused upon the marvelous humanity, the flawless composure of the Christ, and the more he pondered the more rebellious he grew. At length he reached the door and heard Tamar singing a sweet and simple hymn of the Christians. The words smote upon him like a sword, and he started back as if to avoid a blow, then advanced quite fearlessly, crying, "Tamar, my own!"

He took her to his heart, and she looked into his eyes with a trusting smile which faded quickly as she asked: "How is it with thee, Judas? What hast thou done, my heart, that the shadow lies in thine eyes?"

"Many nights have I been sleepless, mine own, and have walked upon the city walls, alone with the stars," he answered evasively.

"Nay, thou tellest me not all the truth, for I see in thine eyes that thou art sore distressed. What is it? Tell me, wilt thou not?"

"I've told thee all, I promise thee," he made answer, as he drew her closer, then added, "Thou knowest our marriage feast hath waited but upon the day when we might have a home within Jerusalem?"

"Yes, yes, I know," she smiled, diverted by the prospect of happiness to come, "and bringest thou now the hope of such good fortune?"

"I have in mind a well-kept garden with an olive grove, hard by the temple. Within this purse are silver pieces ample for its purchase. Behold!" he said, drawing from his bosom a long, silken purse.

"Thou wert but a poor man and knewest not whence would come thy change of raiment. Thou hast put away all that thou mightest follow the Master. How is it, then, that thou hast gained the silver?"

A vivid flash of lightning and a deafening crash suddenly broke over them. Judas grew livid, while Tamar, forgetful of her doubts, sprang to his arms and hid her face upon his breast. The rain fell in torrents, and as Zerviah entered from the court he exclaimed:

"What! Judas! I had not known that thou wert here. Thou must bide with us to-night, for it were death to go forth in such a storm."

"Nay, father, I must return to Bethany. I have come but to tell her that our marriage need no longer be delayed. Yet I know not," he continued, releasing her, "if she hath for me that love which once was mine. She hath doubted—"

"Thou mayst not say it," the girl cried passionately, putting her hand over his mouth, "for I love thee better than my life, and do now repent me of having doubted thee. But thou wilt not go forth in such a night?"

"Yes, to Bethany," he replied, replacing the purse in his bosom, "but thy smile hath made the midnight noon."

So saying he embraced her with great tenderness, and then went forth into outer darkness.

"T'WAS Judas delivered Him over! Judas, the people's friend!" the cry rang through Jerusalem. From lip to lip, from one to another the Jews repeated it.

"It was Judas, and he repenteth!" cried the Christians, "Judas, the traitor! Judas, the accursed! He repenteth, and hath thrown the silver pieces on the floor of the temple, and hath fled!"

White and terrorstricken Tamar heard their cries and rushed wildly through the streets to the home of her father, where she found the old man with his head upon his arms, leaning heavily upon the window casement.

"Thou wilt say it is not true? Speak, father, speak!" she cried piteously, falling on her knees at his feet.

"It is not—it cannot be that Judas—oh, God in Heaven, Christ on earth, hear me! Speak, father, speak!" she continued in agony.

Slowly Zerviah raised his head and looked at her. He moved his lips, but no sound came from them.

"I see," she cried in scarcely audible tones, "'tis true and thou wilt not—" but the last words were wholly lost as she fell heavily forward on her face.

About the noon hour Judas rushed madly into the potter's shop, and finding it deserted went into a farther chamber, where was Zerviah sitting beside a low couch upon which lay Tamar. The old man looked up but spoke not. A deadly chill possessed Judas.

"Father," he faltered, "how is it with Tamar?"

"Better than with thee," was the reply in a broken voice. "She is in Heaven."

"Oh, God of our fathers!" cried the other, falling forward with arms outstretched toward the still figure.

"Touch not the hem of her robe," said the old man in a stern voice, "thou traitor, thou bargainer with Jews."

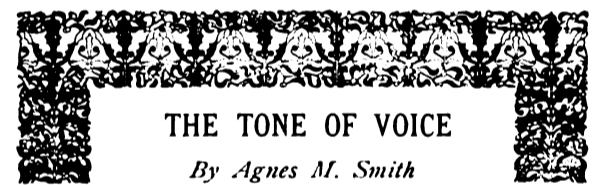
Gradually it grew dark and they were sore afraid. The potter arose and went forth into the street. Toward Calvary the clouds hung darkest, and thunder rolled ominously. Men spake in whispers and trembled as they spake. Within, Judas wept bitterly at the bier of Tamar. Darkness continued, and when Zerviah returned he found the traitor lying as one dead. Suddenly, about the ninth hour, the earth trembled with an awful roar. Judas rushed wildly out into the darkness. He sped madly through the streets where people were running hither and thither, crying, "The veil of the temple is rent in twain!"

Farther on, others were beating their breasts and moaning: "This was indeed the Son of God!"

Covering his face with the folds of his robe the desperate man ran swiftly onward until he reached an old garden without the city. There he fell on his face and cried aloud in an agony of remorse. Thus he continued for some hours, when at length he arose and went resolutely toward a tree, whose rose-colored blossoms swayed softly in the night wind. To-day such trees are to be found in and about Jerusalem and are called Judas trees. The leaves and blooms seemed to tremble as he drew nearer. Unclasping his girdle he fastened one end of it to the nearest bough, and making a noose of the other hanged himself in dark despair.

Some Jews, passing that way next morning, saw the body swaying in the breeze. One of them approached and said, turning to the others:

"Behold! 'Tis Judas, the traitor."



THE TONE OF VOICE

By Agnes M. Smith

ONCE read a short poem with a title like, or something like, the above. I do not clearly remember the verses, but the spirit of the lines is still with me, and since reading them the even tone of voice has seemed to me to be an object well worth striving for.

I do not know that the poem mentioned children in connection with its little sermon, but it seems to me that this would be the most important feature of the whole matter. Take any day, almost, within your remembrance, since your babies came, and call to your mind the things you said to them between daylight and dark, and the tone of voice in which you said them.

In the morning, when your little girl was trying to dress herself, you said: "I wish you would hurry." Try putting the accent and the upward inflection on the word "hurry," and see if it does not sound better. Then, at the breakfast-table, when you happened to look at that small son of yours and found him making "hash" of his milk and the rest of his breakfast, and stirring it with his finger, you might have said, "What are you doing?" (rising inflection), but instead you said: "What are you doing?" I do not pretend to say that this plan will work like a charm at first, but if it does not, perhaps the chief reason is that you have not always spoken to your children in that way, and it may take time for them to grow accustomed to the new and better way.

Then, when your little daughter wanted to wear her "birthday dress," and asked if she might do so, you said, "You know perfectly well that you can't." You might have said, "No, dear, we are going to keep that dress for best, and if you wear it now it will not look 'best' any longer."

If you want your little girl to learn to be a help to you, do not say to her, "I want you to take that duster and dust everything in this room; you are plenty big enough." Instead of that, tell her that you want her to learn to be your little housekeeper, and to see how nicely she can dust the room, and if you can, call to mind some of the things that you used to do when you were a little girl, and tell her about them. She will be interested.

And as for your little son, do not say to him abruptly, "You must do this," or, "You must do this right away." Help him to find some pleasure in doing the things which are to make a man of him, for they will never seem to him like pleasures if your voice is not sweet when you speak to him about them.

Remember that tone of voice! Do not find fault any more than is necessary, and when it is, do it in a quiet voice, and keep the tones even.



THE DOCTOR

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

By Hamlin Garland

HAMLIN GARLAND

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

*PART IV—CHAPTER IX

HE next morning brought a dreaded change of air. The terrible east wind from its gray and troubled waste of icy sea swept over the city. It roared in the elms until they lashed their dripping waters against Tregurtha's windows and howled at the casement a threat of death. Everything was gray and cold and depressing. He thought at once of Celia and of the danger this change brought to her. He thought of the groups of poor children down with diphtheria, and the cold, comfortlessness of their homes, and he grew savage and sombre.

It was one of his worst mornings. He went about his morning duties with a mechanical air. It seemed useless to fight against these mighty forces of Nature, but he called his carriage around, and went out into the driving, bitter wind with the grimmest face his coachman had ever seen him wear.

"Good-morning, Terry," he said without looking up. "The Mills cottage."

"All right, sorr. It's a bad day for sick folks, I'm thinkin', sorr."

"It is. How is Mary?" "She do be complainin' of her side again, sorr, but she got me breakfast."

"We'll call by-and-by."

"Thank you, sorr." Men stopped his carriage in the street to complain of the weather, and of their colds, but he hurried on.

The chill, salt air lay heavy in the carriage, raw, penetrating, deadly. Outside, the rain beat upon the leathern top in slashing gusts. Every face he saw was grim and set in battle-lines like his own.

The wind came from the sullen polar stream which moved slowly to the south, carrying great, gray mountains of ice on which the waves broke. It was a wind which pinched the blood, sapped the vitality and killed, and Tregurtha was rightly filled with apprehension for his little patient. She was all too weak to safely face such cold and dampness.

As he entered the room Mrs. Warner was leaning over the bed, saying: "There, there, my baby! Don't worry about it. It'll all come right someway. You know the Doctor said you wasn't to talk any more about it. Just get well as quick as you can."

"But I am stronger! I'm strong enough to go back home. Don't you think so? Mother, we can't be in debt to him. Don't you see? I must get to work right off."

There was a wild note in the girl's voice. She seemed quite determined to rise. The mother pressed her back upon her pillow. "Now, Celia, child, lie down again; that's a good girl! Oh, I wish the Doctor would come! You are feverish again. Lie down, dear."

"Mother, Mamie was right; we can't live here, we must get into our own home."

Tregurtha stepped forward and stooped over her. "This is your home, Celia, just as long as you care to stay." His words meant little, but the emotion which seized him found some utterance in his voice.

The girl lay silent. A faint, scarcely-perceptible flush rose to her cheek, and there was bewilderment in her big, round eyes.

He smiled upon her cheerily.

"There, now, don't say anything more about it. When you get well we'll talk about it, but right now you must be very quiet and do as I tell you." He put his hand on her forehead. "You've disobeyed me already." Don't do so again. You must get well for my sake now."

She reached her hands toward him like a little child, and, seized by a sudden impulse, he lifted her again in his great left arm. How pitifully light and frail she was!

She put her hands about his neck with a moaning cry. His heart moved like that of a mother when her first-born child is laid against it. He seemed half mother, half father. She was to him not a woman, only some half-childish, half-angelic creature, all soul and sense.

"Now, go to sleep, little one. I'm going to take care of you." He kissed her with great tenderness and gently laid her down upon her pillow.

He sat for a long time with his head held low, listening to her breath, studying her face, his hand holding her wrist. For more than an hour he sat so, ministering to her, and when, at last, he disengaged his hand and rose, his face was both sad and savage. Death had come upon the gray, east wind. "Call the mother," he said to the nurse, who stood nearby. "We have failed."

As he left the room he realized the feelings of the many fathers to whom he had said: "There is no hope."

CHAPTER X

IT WAS an unusually warm day for May, and the windows of Tregurtha's office were open, and the air, laden with the peculiar fragrance of newly-uncovered earth, mingled with the smell of small, growing plants, came in



DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY

"YOU WALK WELL. IT WOULD HARDLY BE NOTICED THAT YOU ARE JUST RECOVERING FROM A WOUND"

to him, powerfully transporting him. He was back on the slow-moving Brandywine; he was sitting once more in the open door of the old barn of the homestead. Sitting where the sun always fell warmest, where the hens lay and sang gleefully to welcome the coming of the spring. There was a dull ache in his heart. With closed eyes he could see the elbow in the sunny stream amid the trees, and the old stone house, the home of his boyhood. He was thinking how different the world seemed to him then—before a knowledge of the vice, crime and despair of it all had come to him.

His lips trembled a little and his eyes softened as he seemed to hear the voices of the old-time farmyard.

"Oh, world of sun and storm," he thought. "A hell thy actuality; a Heaven thy possibility. Pain every day, like an autumn sky; happiness, faint, fleeting spots of sunshine, like the flecks that pass over a field of corn."

He fell into another long reverie, broken at last by a knock at the door.

"Come in," he said, rousing up.

"Some one to see you, Doctor—a lady."

"Tell her to wait. No, show her in." He was a little annoyed at this interruption.

He did not rise, but reached over to replace his book in a revolving bookcase at his side.

"Take a seat, madam," he said, giving a final whirl to the bookcase, and turning about.

"Ah! How do you do, Miss Burr?" He rose to his feet quickly. "Pardon me, I was hardly expecting to see you to-day."

He stopped on perceiving her confusion. She was looking down at the carpet. Her face was a scarlet mask, her eyelashes had fallen and her lips were trembling.

"I am surprised to see you out. Did you walk? I hope all is well at your house?"

"Yes, I—I came—I just came in to let you know how I was getting along. I—I— You hadn't called."

Strange that a commonplace courtesy of this kind should thus confuse her. Tregurtha sat rigid and silent for a few moments, wondering at the change in the supercilious, domineering girl.

Once more Sadie tried to break the appalling silence in which she felt he was reading her innermost thoughts.

"I was just going by—I thought you'd be glad to know how I—how my foot was."

He came to her rescue now.

"I'm very glad to see you. It's more than proper, it is blessed for you to drop in. I've had such a procession of dyspeptics, lunatics, and every other tick, that it's a positive pleasure to see one of your superb health—barring the foot. I'm glad to see you looking so well."

He rose and closed the door which was partly open. This action, in her nervous state, seemed to be highly significant, and the blood, which was beginning to ebb, surged back and mounted to her hair.

"What's the latest news from the Symphony concerts and the pug-dog fair? I've been so busy of late I'm getting behind the times, positively."

His tone was so cool and jocular, she (poor ostrich) thought her real self hidden after all. She gained courage to look at the great, tousled head and shining black eyes projecting above the bottles on the desk.

"I haven't been down town yet. Do you think it safe for me to go?" she asked, with a sudden thought that such a question would serve as an excuse for her call.

"Well, that depends. Let me see the foot again." He peered over the bottles. With some hesitation she pushed out her shoe.

"H-m!" he said professionally. "Got back into a fashionable boot, eh? I reckon it's about well—but they say you women will endure anything for looks. We men go in for comfort—see the hats we wear, and vests, all the cloth in front." Then, dropping his professional tone to one of cordial friendship, he went on: "I do feel a little guilty about my neglect, but the fact is I have seized every opportunity to escape to the fields and woods. You see we doctors do sometimes grow morbid, and must get where the jays and crows are. They are healthy for the reason that the unhealthy ones die off surely."

"But you promised to come, and I—mother and I—looked for you."

"I presume you're right. But I couldn't even fulfill promises."

He looked at his watch. "Four o'clock. Well, now, I have a call to make up on Chestnut Street. Suppose we walk along together toward your home. It's too fine a day to be indoors. Come, that is just the thing to do."

She grew radiant with pleasure as she waited, admiring his powerful shoulders as he wriggled, man-fashion, into his coat. His familiar gesture of brushing his hair

back from his brow with his left hand held a charm for her. They went out on the piazza, he with his small valise in his hand. As he was just a trifle in advance of her, he held up his hand to her elbow to be sure that she came safely down the steps.

"Haven't quite got back your confidence yet," he said. She looked at him in surprise again. Everything he now uttered seemed to her to have hidden meaning.

"I mean your ankle is not quite what it was before our first meeting. But it'll be all right soon if you are careful and don't wrench it again—it'll be all right soon."

He repeated himself mechanically as he assisted her down the steps. Her lithe and powerful figure, splendidly clothed, full-blooded and magnetic, was not without its effect upon him, as he owned to himself while they moved slowly up the walk. The rich beauty of the girl was grateful to his aesthetic sense, sickened as he was with the decay and querulousness of age and the morbid breath of vice. That she loved him he now understood. Her extraordinary confusion, her inability to talk arose from the cowardice of love in the presence of the object of passion. His knowledge of men and women was profound, and he thought he understood her feelings.

*"The Doctor" was begun in the December (1897) JOURNAL.

She well knew that she had gone out of the usual feminine province in calling upon him, and, made supersensitive by her love, was overwhelmed with confusion, when a very little self-possession would have concealed the real object of her visit.

They had traversed the entire block before he began speaking again.

"You walk well. It would hardly be noticed that you are just recovering from a wound."

"It feels a little weak, though."

"How warm the sun lays out on the land! I have been full of dreams to-day. The day is in some way magical; in fact, I was back on the old homestead near the Brandywine when you came in. Neighbor Cassidy's hens singing in their coops in the back yard had floated me far away, and I lay once more on the hay on the barn floor where the warm sun shone in."

"I am sorry if I disturbed you." She was recovering herself at last, and spoke more firmly. "But I never think of my past that way."

"Why should you? Your present is fuller of joy. Womanhood has not brought to you the same bitter knowledge it has brought my manhood. If it had, you, too, would look back to the days of dolls and rag dresses with the same tenderness that I feel as I look back to the time when the general wickedness of the world had not yet touched me." He seemed determined to appall her, to disgust her. "We're all filled with evil anyway. Lust and greed possess us all. Each man strives to rise on the head of the other. But never mind that now. Hear that jay! What buoyancy is in that; and the calls of the woodpecker, how they ring through the hollows of my brain. And there goes a crow—caw, you black angel, the voice of March is still in your rough throat."

The girl was silent. She could not understand his mood. But there was something unusual in his excitement that stirred her strangely.

"Let's go down to the pond—if you feel equal to it. There is a very pretty glimpse of the brown woods from there. I'm not tiring you, am I?" The solicitude in his voice was sincere, and her heart beat so fast she could hardly speak.

"Oh, no, no! I shall enjoy it ever so much." ("He has forgotten his call," she thought.) They turned into a street with overarching elms on either hand, with the pond shining like steel at the end of the vista.

"Sit down on this bench," he urged, as they reached the edge of the pond. "Is your cloak quite warm? The wind gathers cold across the water. I think you had better put on my muffler—prayer, put it on," he insisted, winding it about her neck. "If I feel chill I will turn up my coat collar and walk around. Now, do just as I say."

"Oh, if I had not gone to see him," she cried in her heart, then thought, "but if I had not this happiness would not have been mine." Her helplessness returned again, as she sat looking up at him pacing back and forth before her, his eyes fixed on the scene.

Over the smooth crowns of the hills the cawing crows flapped sturdily, the jaybirds called from the trees which fringed the shore, and occasional cries of the woodpecker—the drum-major of spring's battalions—answered. The water rippled under the feet of the soft wind, and the ground here and there had already sent into the roots of the grass reviving blood. The girl saw it not; she was at a crisis in her life which no scene from Nature could soften or avert. When hate, or love, or death is present Nature's power is weak.

She was very handsome in her neat-fitting, stylish jacket, and her large black hat became her brilliant color well. Her veil softened the bold contour of her face and added interest to the expression of her eyes, which were black as velvet under arching brows.

"The beauty of Boston lies in its environs. What could be finer than Brookfield with such rural glimpses as this? If all people might but enjoy it."

"I was so sorry about your patient, the young girl," she faltered.

He turned. "Yes! I was defeated there. Her vital force was eaten up. She gained at first, but—well, there is this to remember: life gave her little, and death could take little away. I made her last days a little easier. That much I have retained out of it."

He fell into a silence as he paced up and down before her, a silence that was terrible to the girl, but she dared not break it.

He spoke at last. "I am old to-day. Life, with all its concerns, takes on a purely mechanical aspect. Consciousness and conscience are secretions of the brain, and the good deed is like the metallic click of a revolving cam."

He had a perverse, almost uncontrollable desire to hurt her, bruise her, shock her, make her think. Her beauty, and health, and comfort roused him—brought to mind the blue-eyed girl slain by foul air, and noise, and work. It was only by a sudden wrench that he got hold of himself and kept silent until his mood changed.

"Ah! it is beautiful here. I wish all the world could live so. There'd be little use for doctors."

This abounding altruism had been one of the fascinations of his presence. Under all his sneering comment there ran a sleepless desire for the well-being of others. Scoffer at all religion, he was faithful as a nun in his ministrations to those who suffered. He was absolutely moral, too, in the light of the Golden Rule. These paradoxical facts had seized hold upon her with a power that was absolutely irresistible.

She was pondering upon these things when he turned to her and said in a low voice, so changed, so tender she hardly recognized it:

"My girl, what have I said or done that you should love me—at all?"

This abrupt question struck her dumb. She raised her eyes in a wild surprise an instant, then dropped them. Her face grew tremulous and flushed.

He went on: "I'm not worth it. I'm not a fit subject for a young and beautiful woman to love. I've lost all the romance out of life. I have not vulgarized it, I have simply gone past the romantic conception to the philosophical. I'm no longer young. I never boasted beauty of feature—I do not understand—it moves me to feel the regard of a girl like you."

He turned away for an instant as a couple of maids went by with a child's carriage. When he looked at the girl on the bench he perceived a tear stealing slowly out for each quivering eyelash; her bosom rose and fell.

"It touches me to know that my life and presence have, after all, some grace. Your regard for me does not arise from gratitude—of that I am glad. I marvel that people should tolerate me—like me. It can't be my mind, for that is a nest of horrors, where the hates, and habits, and desires of ferocious ancestors, men and women, crawl and stir—barbarous hates and sacrificing appetites, remorseless greeds. As for my body, it is well enough, but what is flesh at its best?"

There was a moment's silence, during which his eyes dwelt on the far circle of hills.

"There flies a jay across the pond, and under him a boatman is rowing a boat. They are both moved alike—both are in a subtle sense mechanisms, and the Invisible Powers move them and us as they move a leaf in the wind. Our several courses are resultants merely of opposing forces. We are conscious of our helplessness, the jay and the leaf are not—such is the glory of man."

He paced up and down a few times, looking very strong and handsome, the keen wind bringing a touch of color into his face.

"I have done nothing to call forth such regard from you—or any one. I repeat, I am not worth it. If I had done something—saved your life gallantly, expanded your intellectual horizon, or made your life richer and deeper—but I have done nothing."

"Yes, you have. You helped me," she said, but if he heard her he gave no sign.

"I have debated this with myself; I am still human enough for that. But I thought myself safe from the charge of ever gaining from one so beautiful and happy as you are a moment's serious consideration. I am old, I repeat, and I have lost all direct and personal interest in life. I am only the driven horse, and force is the driver. I pursue medicine; I do good because I can't help it. As I was not instrumental in bringing myself into the world so I shall not take the task upon myself of leaving it. In order to live I must eat, and in order to eat I must either live on my own labor or the labor of others. There is no other ground. This is my philosophy. All that I have told you as if in jest I now repeat in unmistakable seriousness. This philosophy, which seems horrible in your eyes, is the result of vast study, and is final."

The girl looked up at him now. She no longer avoided his glance, she no longer felt shame. Great, new thoughts, strange and awe-filling, rose within her. Her clasped hands grew tense. She half whispered:

"How can you live so?"

"Easily enough. I have a very comfortable time of it. I never grumble nor look gloomy, as you know, and I have good muscles, as you also know; but the whole

race of man and his concerns get more and more trivial every succeeding day. I believe the whole of creation to be a blotch, a mange, which death alone can wipe away."

The wind blew in her wide, dark eyes. The crow sent his weird note across the water, and in the sky the clouds thickened. The girl's thought took wider circles than ever before in her life.

"I ought never to marry," he went on, in the tone of one arguing with himself, "because I cannot fulfill the demands of marriage, and because, holding the philosophy I do, it would not be right. You are beautiful, young, have wealth and many friends—it is impossible that you should turn to me!"

"It is possible," she whispered, with twitching lips.

Tregurtha sat down by her side. He seemed deeply moved. "It is wonderful." He took her hand. "I thank you for it, but why do you care for me?"

She flushed again and her eyes fell. "Because—because I can't help it."

"The woman's answer." His voice was very kind and grave. "And I care for you, but not, I'm afraid, as a man should care for a wife. I mean it has not the self-sacrifice that is in your regard for me. It would all be gain to me, and I can't permit so unequal a bargain."

Like a broken lily the girl's head dropped and her face perceptibly whitened.

Tregurtha looked at her with eyes that dreamed. He took her hand in his and studied it as if it were a book.

"I wonder if I am wrong?" he said musingly. "I wonder if it is still possible for me to be humanly happy like other men?"

The girl's hand fastened upon his fingers. Her face turned toward him in an agony of wordless entreaty.

He rose, smiling down at her. Never had he looked at her like that before. His eyes were soft and she thought they seemed tear-dimmed. "It would be a strange thing if you should outface my theories and break my loneliness," he said. "If it will make you happy—but remember, I do not ask it—it is too much to ask." He stooped toward her. "Shall we walk toward home? The wind is getting chill."

His voice was wondrously gentle, and the girl rose to meet him, smiling, transfigured with joy, the tears brushed from her eyes. There was deep pathos in her yielding action, and Tregurtha, being deeply moved therewith, added a touch of lover's grace.

"If you are to be my helper, my companion in adversity, I must take care of your health, and I warn you there is nothing so treacherous as a warm day in early May."

(THE END)

MOTHERHOOD

By Esther Cottrell

MARK'ST thou the strange, sweet radiance in her eye?
She has been near to Heaven's shining portal.
And there, while Death and Life stood watching by,
Hath plucked, with trembling hand, a flow'r immortal.

HOMEWARD

By Harry Holt, Jr.

AS TO the ark the weary dove returned
Bringing and finding peace and happiness,
So, ever is the wanderer's spirit turned
Homeward to find love's truest blessedness.

EASTER GIFTS FROM BITS OF LINEN

By Mrs. E. M. Lucas

THE tender thought that prompts the sending of some simple gift at Easter time will often more forcibly remind one that there is joy and glad new life on earth than will the reception of more costly gifts. Endless opportunities for suitable selection are offered in dainty linen boxes. These are made by covering each piece of a stout pasteboard box (which has been pulled to pieces) with fine, smooth-surfaced linen. The linen is first lightly embroidered in some floral design which accentuates the spring-time; or an amusing or loving sentiment may decorate the cover.

An oblong box for gloves may be of pale gray linen, with a few passion flowers worked on the sides in rich purples with white and yellow touches, and green leaves and tendrils. The cover may bear the inscription, "Every hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened on its back," worked in yellow, and scattered over the surface little fagots tied with bowknots and flowing ends. The bows may be embroidered in yellow, or tiny bows of narrow yellow ribbon may be used. The box is then finished with a silk lining over scented cotton.

A tender thought is to send a box embroidered with violets, containing bonbons, with a big bunch of the real flowers to match the embroidered blossoms.

A dainty conceit is a box covered with linen, pale green as to color. Over the entire surface of the sides is scattered detached rose leaves of pink with crumpled curled edges. On the cover is a suggestion of a rose, only the yellow centre and a single leaf remaining, and the quotation:

"Keep me in mind by the subtle power of fragrance."

With some sprays of blue forget-me-nots goes a box of pure white linen, whose delicate, pale blue lining savors of orris-root. On the sides are a few tiny blue flowerets with their golden hearts. On the cover is embroidered a cross with garlands of forget-me-nots drooping over, and the words:

"Faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves—forget-me-not."

FOR FILMY VEILS AND BRIGHT JEWELS

A VEIL-CASE calls for two bits of white linen eight inches square. These are hemstitched and lined with pale green silk, with a sheet of scented cotton between. A tiny vine forms a running border worked in the palest tints of green, blended to produce a shimmering effect.

The centre contains a bit of sentiment, as

"Filmy veils for her dear face."

The two pieces are fastened at the back with ribbon bows of pale green that act as hinges. Ribbon ties close the case. The veils are folded and laid within.

A charming little novelty is a jewel tray made of a circle of delicate ecru linen about twenty-two inches in circumference. A few snowdrops worked in ivory white, each tiny petal tipped with pale green, and with long green stems, encircle one side, and across the other one reads:

"Life holds a charm these blossoms see,
An emblem of hope's ecstasy."

The mat is lined with pale green silk, basting the two firmly together. A thin interlining of cotton may be used with good results. Take a piece of bonnet wire and sew it all around about a quarter of an inch from the edge; then hem the edge over the wire, and work the edge (over the wire) in long and short buttonhole with coarse silk. This will secure the wire in position. Remove the basting threads. The edges may now be bent up into any fanciful shape. Fill it with vanilla nougatines.

Another trifle recently seen was a tiny cart of willow enameled in white, the body lined with cream-tinted linen. A small pasteboard lid was covered on both sides with the linen, the outer part of the lid embroidered with a few lilies-of-the-valley in white and subtle shades of green. The lid was secured with pale yellow ribbon bows, and the handle of the cart was twisted with the yellow ribbon, and a bow tied in the hub of the wheel. The little receptacle was filled with bonbons, and tied to the cart was a bunch of natural lilies-of-the-valley.

FILLED WITH PERFUME AND PLEASANT REMINDERS

AN ODD little card-receiver and sachet combined may be made of fine white linen. Cut three pieces square, about six and half inches. Sew to form small oblong bags, three in number. Near the top a few scattered violets are worked. Make at the bottom of each bag a small pocket, lining with a bit of violet silk; simply put a straight band three inches wide across and stitch it down. The pockets may be embroidered with violets or with something like this:

"Tiny tattle-tales are we,
Telling you your callers be."

Stuff the bags with perfumed cotton, turn in at the top and gather snugly together. Tie with violet ribbon, leaving loops to hang by, and catch the corner of each bag to its neighbor, thus forming a triangle.

A pretty fancy is an odd minute-book. This is a plain-backed blank-book with leaves. The cover is incased in linen, and a pencil is secured to the book with long loops. The book is to be filled with scraps and bits of verse.

Another cover was of red linen. A white Easter lily, with yellow stamens and green stem, shows against the background. Below the flower is:

"The value of wisdom decreaseth not with time."



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN

"SUNDAY MORNING ON THE BOWERY
OVER A CENTURY AGO"

WHEN FASHION GRACED THE BOWERY

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

[Author of "The Anglomaniacs," "A Bachelor Maid," "A Son of the Old Dominion," "Good Americans," etc.]

THE broad thoroughfare boasting the pretty old Dutch name of Bowery, in New York City, shows to-day little more of green than appeared to Noah's dove on her first journey from the Ark. Its buildings are a bald array of nineteenth-century commonplace. Of all marts of commerce, surely the cheap clothing store for men is the dreariest of aspect, the least susceptible of picturesque effect.

In the modern Bowery, this variety of emporium is predominant; the frequency of its appearance having led to stories and jokes in numbers, embalming the locality as a sort of fakirs' paradise. It has been left for a popular song to put the finishing touch to the mortification of this scene of Father Knickerbocker's early rural pleasures. A topical ditty setting forth the disastrous adventures of a wight who ventured to go a-shopping in the Bowery—of which each stanza ends with a woeful "I'll never go there any more"—is said to have actually decreased the trade of the shops along its borders. Certain merchants, arising in their wrath to protest against this result, petitioned the City Fathers for a change of name for their ill-fated street. But the mere suggestion called forth a hailstorm of disapproval from New Yorkers jealous to preserve the traditions of their town, and the petition has been tabled.

NEW YORK PURCHASED FOR \$25 WORTH OF GEWGAWS

IT WOULD be, indeed, a dull and fat-witted set of civic authorities under whose sway such a forsaking of this time-honored nomenclature was to become possible. As every one knows, the name Bowery is a relic of the Dutch dynasty upon Manhattan Island, and is derived from the "bowerie," or farm, of the earliest settlers of New Amsterdam. In May, 1626, when the ship "Sea Mew" dropped her anchor off the present Battery, good Peter Minuit landed with his men to open traffic with the Manhattan Indians for possession of the site they occupied. For about twenty-five dollars' worth of beads, buttons, ribbons and other cheap gewgaws, the red men parted with their right to real estate now worth many thousands of millions in gold. Minuit's band, after constructing for their needs a fort, dwellings, a warehouse and a church, established upon clearings on the shores of the East River six "boweries," or farms, that, stocked with the cattle, sheep, hogs and fowls brought over in their ships, were to supply the tables of the colony.

Up to this period the fashionable attire seen on the Bowery had consisted of full, close-fitting suits of cinnamon-brown lightly draped with the skins of animals, and decked with strings of wampum. The ladies, to be sure, wore their hair clubbed behind the neck, in "beaver tails"—something like those approved by modern wheelwomen. After the occupation by the Dutch, the natives further adorned their costumes with such agricultural implements as hoe-heads and axe-helves strung around their necks, and used their stockings for tobacco-pouches. When the Indians retired from the outskirts of the town the settlers were for some years far more intent upon

wresting a livelihood from the soil than in taking thought for the adornment of their persons. Mention is made of the shabby appearance of the burghers six years after the "Sea Mew's" arrival, when the new Governor, Wouter van Twiller, came out to succeed Peter Minuit.

Van Twiller, stepping ashore, saw line upon line of Dutch faces—men and women—numbering three hundred, all woefully shabby in point of clothing. Of the many pairs of breeches worn by the men, the best had been put successively outermost, till all were in tatters, and the women had patched and washed their gowns and kerchiefs over and again. But the fortunes of the thrifty settlers were on the eve of substantial increase.

STUYVESANT'S OLD-WORLD STATE AND SPLENDOR

THE first care of the new director was to encourage greater love of rural life. He found the people in general rather more inclined to be traders than farmers. Although he went on annexing land, laying out "boweries" and planting orchards, it was hard work indeed to persuade his fellow-citizens to take up their abodes outside of the stout palisade serving as a city wall, that extended all the way from river to river, partly along the present line of Wall Street.

By the time, however, that Petrus Stuyvesant followed Kieft, who had succeeded Van Twiller in the rulership of New Amsterdam, a decided inclination toward colonizing the suburbs was manifest. Especially in demand as country-seats were the East Side "boweries," continuing so to be for many long years thereafter. Here the slopes toward the sparkling river, where all varieties of marine edibles were to be caught, were yearly covered with rich fields of maize and other grains; the orchards were garlanded with ruddy apples and pears; vegetables, melons, grapes, small fruits, and flowers grew abundantly.

After Stuyvesant's stormy political career was run—when he had returned from his voyage to Holland to justify his action in surrendering Fort Amsterdam to the English—he went into residence at his own East Side country home on an estate that had cost him sixty-four hundred guilders. Amid its fertile acres the site of the present Bowery was included. Although many another dignified citizen and progenitor of well-known New York families of to-day soon afterward built a fine house and flaunted his magnificence in this quarter, it is with the doughty Stuyvesant that we are always the most apt to associate the most noticeable appearances during his time of Old-World state and splendor there.

THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE STUYVESANT ORCHARDS

THE Stuyvesant mansion, burned down in 1777, was more substantial than splendid. Its prim façade overlooked a Dutch garden laid out in wheels and oblongs bordered with cut box. Just such a plaisance was the one planned by Peter the Great, of Russia, for his Catherine, to be seen blooming with the flowers of to-day, at Peterhof, on the Baltic Sea, one of the beautiful summer residences of the present Russian Court.

It is to be regretted that, while other nations are able to hold on to attractions belonging to a bygone age, so few are found on Manhattan Island. No trace of the great Peter of New York now remains in the acres he once owned, save the mausoleum embodied in Saint Mark's Church in the Bowery. Of the orchards planted by the truculent Governor for his own delectation in hours of ease, the melancholy survivor was the well-known pear tree that, until recent years, stood at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue. This tree, reputed to have been brought over from Holland, and said to have been planted by Stuyvesant's own hand, fell, at last, a victim to the envious tooth of Time. Its wood, cut into sections, was distributed among relic-lovers heedful of the antique glories of their town.

AN OLD-TIME SUNDAY MORNING ON THE BOWERY

A PLEASANT picture occurs to me of a summer progress of the family of Governor Stuyvesant to and from the meeting-house, for divine worship in the Fort near the Battery. In a brave coach, drawn by shining horses, is ensconced the Governor himself, whose long, laced coat half hides his wooden leg banded with silver. He wears a carefully-curled peruke, and holds his hat upon his knee, in order to court the cool sea breeze that fans his rugged visage. His lady, sitting in state beside him, is, in their staid and phlegmatic community, accounted a brilliant personage; her gowns came out from her native Paris, and her silken hood is worn over frizzed and powdered hair; her embroidered hose and high-heeled shoes, her rings, bracelets and lockets, with the gorgeously-bound book of devotions suspended by a golden chain to her waistband—may be depended upon as models of the very latest modes. Mrs. Bayard, the widowed sister of the Governor, occupies a seat in the coach facing them.

After service in the bare Colonial church (where the dominie's sermon, however eloquent, was always brought to an end by three raps from the clerk's stick at the moment when the sands of the hour-glass had announced that the preacher's limit of time had been reached), the Stuyvesant party passes out between rows of respectful gazers. All the outlying spaces of green turf around the sanctuary—built by old Kieft in 1642—are filled with the vehicles of country folk who have come in from their "boweries" to service. The sky is blue and clear, the air cool and fragrant on every side, and the eye rests upon lovely views of river and woodlands.

WHEN VEGETABLES AND GRAIN WERE GROWN IN GOTHAM

OVERHEAD, from a flagstaff in the centre of the parade-ground, fly the blue and white and orange colors of the West India Company's banner, and the great arms of a Dutch windmill upon the bastion creak leisurely upon their axle. After a brief and sober interchange of greetings with their friends and acquaintances, and followed by the eager gaze of the commoners in the crowd, the family of the ex-potentate reënter their coach and are driven home.

The East Side consisting of a series of hills and hollows, the progress of the fat horses is not rapid. Stuyvesant's stern face relaxes as he looks out over the region he has done so much to bring under cultivation. Better than the natural beauties of the landscape, he loves the spots his tenants have converted into smiling, fruitful farms.

Opening wedges of civilization in a savage world are these "boweries" with their crow-gabled wooden cottages, each having a stoop overgrown with brier roses, their tulip beds, their bee-hives and goose ponds, in an *entourage* of garden patches and fields of corn and barley.

The contented tenants of these cottages liked, in their turn, to gaze after the stately turnout of the great family that gave such consequence to their neighborhood, and most of them held on to their little "boweries" until the land was, at too tempting prices, bought up for the estates of wealthy men, in the course of years to be entirely swallowed up in the maw of a mighty metropolis.

SKATING AND SLEIGHING WERE THE WINTER DIVERSIONS

THE road followed by Stuyvesant to his country-seat was always a favorite rendezvous of the youths and maidens of earliest New York. Hither were directed many of their excursions, drives, and "out-parties"—as they called their picnics. In winter, when not assembled for skating upon the Collech, the favorite amusement of Hans and Katrina seems to have been a sleighing frolic in Jan Derickson's four-horse sledge to Harlem, where they had a dance and a supper at the hostelry of Mynheer Borsum. Ten couples ("packed close, as it suiteth young men and maidens to ride," said the old chronicler) was the sleigh-load; and after a repast of bread and hot chocolate, concluding some hours spent in capering to the fiddler's strains, the party returned to town.

Speeding by moonlight over hard-frozen roads, past manor house and cottage wrapped in deep repose, the chief adventure of the return was apt to be a stop on the Kissing Bridge (at Second Avenue and Fiftieth Street, across the rivulet flowing from Tea Water Spring), at which point custom allowed the cavalier to demand of the lady he escorted the privilege of a special salutation. Unless this toll were yielded the cortège came to a halt, or else it turned in another direction.

By the time these artless days of old Gotham had been succeeded by the stater ones of English domination—in the middle Colonial period—much of the land in the Bowery region was covered by the estates of solvent citizens, who, following Stuyvesant's example, owned two establishments, passing from one to the other in smart London-made chaises, sometimes in Sedan chairs and palanquins, with liveried menials in attendance. An astonishingly gay pageant was this procession: the men wearing coats and small clothes of such brilliant hues as crimson, light blue, salmon or royal purple; the women resplendent as paroquets in their brocades woven with threads of gold and silver, their laces, paint and powder. For their equipages, milliners, wig-makers, costumes and furniture, with the thousand-and-one small necessities of fashionable folk, were brought over sea in every ship; and the fact that the fashions were six months or a year after date made not the slightest difference to New Yorkers of the eighteenth century.

HOW FASHIONABLES OF THOSE DAYS DRESSED

AT THIS time it was the custom for society to resort to the mead-houses and tea-gardens, some of which were reached by following the drive along Bowery Lane. Even the most luxurious citizen of modern New York has not attained the pitch of appearing in Central Park in a gilt coach drawn by four milk-white horses. The nearest approach to this in our streets is the annual procession preceding the opening of a big circus—"The Greatest Show on Earth." But such was a not uncommon apparition in the Bowery in the days when good Queen Anne sat on the throne of Britain.

We may please ourselves by studying the costumes and appearance of the inmates of such a vehicle, who have just descended its steps and taken possession of a table within an arbor of honeysuckle, to enjoy the nectar of the gods, served by a young person of Dutch build and cleanliness.

The mother of the family wears a gown of violet silk shot with gold, worn open over a petticoat of violet velvet, which is edged with silver lace. Her long-waisted, tightly-laced bodice is half veiled with a necktie of filmy gauze edged with point lace, that falls in a billowy frill over the breast. Upon her head is a coil of stiffened muslin, like a coronet. Her powdered hair, her cheeks touched with rouge, her perfumes, and the rustle of rich stuffs when she moves, make her a stately background for the younger women who surround her. One of these—her elder daughter and a recent bride—wears a dress of rose and silver atlas over a rose-colored satin petticoat. Her ruffles are of costliest lace. In her lap lies a bouquet of gillyflowers, a gift of the beau who leans over her holding a jeweled snuff-box in one of his gloved hands. A gold-headed cane and jeweled sword-hilt form minor accessories of his costume of sky-blue silk with silver-brocaded waistcoat, as he chats with her about the new "tragi-comedy" wrote by Mr. Dryden.

A SOCIETY DÉBUTANTE OF A CENTURY AGO

NESTLING under the wing of her mamma is the *débutante* of fifteen, who is made happy by a new gown and hat of pale green satin, with a petticoat of India muslin trimmed with fine Mechlin lace. The stockings sported by this favored damsel are of green silk, clocked with silver; her little shoes are of drab embroidered leather. That she is, for the first time, allowed to make one of the grown-up party in the arbor at the mead-house fills her young being with satisfaction. For the moment she can afford to dispense with the society of a male attendant. But when a smartly-dressed young fellow rides up, by-and-by, on horseback, and dismounts, flicking the dust from his beautiful riding boots and breeches, as he consigns his steed to a groom and hastens along the gravel walk to join their group, a flush of innocent joy comes into her cheeks. He is her betrothed, and upon her next birthday she is to give him her hand in marriage, and go away to be the lady of a fine house his father has built for the young couple upon the patrimonial acres. All this has been long arranged between the families.

The married pair will live with her mamma at Whitehall during the winter season, and in spring resort to their "seat" in Bowery Lane. One might, perchance, even now, find the names of the two by searching among the old stones in Trinity Church-Yard, where their dust has long mingled, but the spirit of their young love "exists alway"! That marriage at so tender an age as hers is, by later generations, deemed something of an offense against good form, is a marked advance upon this especial fashion of the Bowery.

RECORDS OF A QUIANT ADVERTISING SHEET

THERE were many taverns and road-houses along the way. A quaint document of the Colonial period is the advertising sheet of an old literary innkeeper of the Bowery, by name Joe Clapp, of which a reprint is to be seen at the Astor Library. Its title, "The Several Stages from the City of New York to Boston, and Where Travelers may be Accommodated," begins as follows:

"From New York to Boston is accounted 274 miles. From the Post-Office in New York to Joe Clapp's in the Bouwerie is 2 miles (which generally is the bating-place where gentlemen take leave of their friends going so long a journey), and where a parting glass of generous wine,

"If well applied, makes their dull horses feel
One spur in the head's worth two in the heel."

To this is appended a tabulated statement of distances between the taverns all along the route as far as the "great town of Boston, where many good lodgings and accommodations may be had for love and money." Numbers of rhymes, old saws, and items about things of general interest are scattered throughout the pamphlet to amuse the traveling public. The Boston post, running weekly in summer and fortnightly in winter, must have taken the last stirrup-cup of the journey into New York at Joe's, and thither traveled wayfarers at all seasons of the year, to drink their ale in pewter tankards (bought at "Joseph Seddell's, Pewterer"), and to exchange oracles about the trend of municipal and national events.

OLD LANDMARKS AND SPORTS OF EARLY NEW YORK

ACCORDING to the map of New York in 1763, by T. Maerchalckm (more easily written than pronounced), we may see that Nassau Street, where it is intersected by Deerham Street near the Powder House on the Common, is merged into "The High Road to Boston." This highway, the present Bowery, then continues northward past Bayard, Saint Nicholas, Hester's, Judith, and Saint Hevius' streets, where the limits of the chart bring it to an end. Landmarks to be observed on either side are the Poor-House, the negro burial-ground, the pot-baker's, tan-yards, the Jews' burial-ground, and ropewalks. The names of the streets given, some of them forgotten in favor of those now recognized by prosaic numerals, represent a suburban village, then recently laid out on the west of the Boston Road.

In 1759 Oliver de Lancey's horse ran from the Palisade Gate, at Wall Street and Broadway, "to King's Bridge and back again, being upward of thirty miles, in one hour, forty-seven and a half minutes."

At the sign of the Marlborough's Head in the Bowery Lane, a lot of land belonging to Robert Bennett, in Sackett's Street, was advertised to be "shot for" on Easter Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, on the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth of April, with a single ball, at one hundred yards' distance. "Every person that inclines to shoot for the above-mentioned lot of land," goes on the advertisement, "is to lay in five shillings before he fires, his price for every shot, and whoever makes the best shot in the four days mentioned shall receive a good and warrantable bill-of-sale of the aforementioned lot of land from Robert Bennett."

WHEN THE BOWERY WAS A FAVORITE SPEEDWAY

SUCH were some of the sights and diversions familiar to the old Bowery under English domination. After the Revolution it was still part of the favorite drive of leading New Yorkers. In December, 1789, President Washington records that he "exercised with Mrs. Washington and the children in the coach, between breakfast and dinner—went the fourteen miles round." This route followed the Bowery to McGowan's Pass (in the upper end of what is now Central Park), turning thence westward to the Bloomingdale Road, where there were numerous villas and country houses, and from there turned back to town by way of the banks of the Hudson.

Chief Justice de Lancey had a fine country-seat off the Bowery Road above Grand Street. Mention is made of a splendid avenue of trees extending from his stone dwelling up to the Bowery. This estate—the owner being Samuel Hake, whose daughter married Frederic de Peyster, possessed an establishment in this locality after Spinglers and Elliots, and the list is of goodly length. For the May races everybody turned out in their best equipages and costumes, and the Bowery, during a portion of the day, was alive with the pageant of fashion.

With the march of the new century began the demolition of the inequalities of hill and dale that made the East Side picturesque. A municipal decree to lay out the streets in this quarter resulted in an upheaval, making the whole region resemble the track of a tornado. In vain were squibs, caricatures, remonstrances in print, lavished by citizens upon the authors of their woes. Progress, that, in order to go fast enough, must make the rough places smooth before her, carried out the work begun.

HOW THE FASHIONABLE BOWERY BECAME TRANSFORMED

A DEAD-LEVEL having been thus secured, streets were laid out, pools and marshes filled in. The Kalch or had loved to skate—was drained, and the Tombs prison ultimately arose upon the scene of so much innocent outdoor sport. But as late as 1825 the country north of Astor Place was occupied chiefly by quiet farms and orchards. A favorite resort for pleasure-seekers among the leading families of the town was the Vauxhall Garden, whose performances occupied a portion of the site of the present Astor Library. This famous old resort extended from Broadway to the Bowery and nearly to Bond Street southwards and the like, before audiences or spectators sauntering or sitting under the trees in Continental fashion.

With the demolition of Vauxhall (the second of its wavered away for good and all from the Bowery Lane. As well expect to see there, nowadays, a Sedan chair or an Italian chaise, as a fine lady afoot. The Bowery Theatre and the "Bowery Boy" had their thoroughfare has subsided into a haunt of traffic. It is but a filament of reverence for his city's past that binds the modern New Yorker to this resort of his gay and distinguished predecessors.

THE IRISH STEW THAT TRAVELED

By Margaret Woodbury



NOT being a scientific philanthropist, I feel modest about telling of my methods of helping my fellow-creatures. The following instance, however, seemed so simple at first, and now appears to be so far-reaching in its effects, that I offer it to the consideration of other busy housewives, who would be happy indeed to help their hungry kin.

I was called down to my kitchen to see Maggie Flood, who wanted some money for something to eat. I found Maggie to be a stout child of twelve years. I had never before seen her, although her mother had worked for me on several occasions when I was more anxious for help than to have my work well done.

"Well, Maggie, what is it?" I said.
"Please, mother sent me to ask for some money to get some dinner. She is in bed with the bronchitis, and father he ain't got no work, and we haven't got nothing to eat. Mother says she'll work it out when she gets well again."

I had tried this plan, and knew that I was too weak-minded to insist upon the payment of the debt, after Mrs. Flood had washed all day, but I could not give her money right out, for she was shiftless, and, besides, it would not help matters.

After thinking a few minutes I said: "I can't give you money, Maggie, but I'll tell you what I will do. Nancy" (turning to my cook), "you are going to make one of your fine Irish stews for luncheon to-day, and I wish you would show Maggie how you do it."

NANCY, at first disposed to resent my suggestion, eventually took it kindly, and a little later I found her and Maggie working side by side, Nancy giving a demonstration lesson which Maggie followed step by step, peeling potatoes, and slicing carrots, parsnips and onions. Nancy was saying as I came out, "Go and get the small kettle and put in these things, as I tell you, and then you can go home and tidy up the rooms. But be sure and come back at half-past eleven to finish the stew."

I went down to the kitchen just before twelve, and found Maggie going out the door with a large tin pail on her arm, with "color in her cheek and courage in her eye."

"Well, Maggie," I said, "how is the stew?"
"Oh, marm, it's fine," she answered. "Would you just smell of it, and see! ain't it lovely?"

So the cover was taken off, and I was moved to tears by the strength of the onion, as it was released from the pail.

Maggie went off happily, remarking, "Oh, but it's fine and strong." The next day she brought back the pail, and I was asked to come down to hear of the success of yesterday's dinner.

"Oh, Mrs. W—," said the child, "me father, he came home and he said, 'Cold nothin' for dinner to-day, I expect,' and says I, 'Oh, father,' says I, 'just smell it,' and I took off the cover, and he made up his nose and took a big smell, and says he, 'Here's onions, anyway, thanks be to Praise.' Then I put the pail on the table, and never a word came out of him till you could almost see the bottom of the pail, and there was enough for Tim and mother and me besides, and I've put some more potatoes into it, and there's enough for to-day."

Maggie's gratitude knew no bounds, and that she profited by her lesson was shown by what her mother told me the next week.

"I can't be thankful enough to all of you," Mrs. Flood began. "My man comes home sober now, because he says his dinner is so strong and good that it keeps him warm. We always have a good soup now, since Nancy told Maggie how to keep the kettle going with bits of vegetables and bones. Maggie, she goes to the market and gets bits of meat for five cents, when the men are trimming the big joints, and a potato here, and an onion there, a carrot or a turnip, and pops them into the pot, and the father, he admires it so, and always he says there's a different taste to it every time, accordin' to the thing in it that there's the most of."

NANCY, who was now an ardent philanthropist and an advanced reformer, told her to send Maggie the next day to learn how to make a pie from her bits of meat, with a potato crust; and the next Sunday the Flood family sat down to the new dish with great hilarity.

"Maggie told me, marm," said Nancy, after returning from the Floods, where she had gone to learn about the pie experiment, "that there was a new baby next door, and the other three children had nothing to eat for their father and themselves till she took them some stew; and the mother had some of the soup, and said it heartened her up, so Maggie taught the oldest daughter (nine years old) to make it."

That family being launched, Maggie's father brought a man home with him, a young fellow whose wife was ill, and he took lessons in the possibilities of a soup-kettle brought back some of his own cookery.

A few days after, the child was clearing up after dinner, and going to the door in answer to a knock, found there a boy of fourteen or fifteen, who said, "Are you the girl who makes them fine stews?" She assented promptly, and the boy told her that he wanted to learn to make one, because his father was out of work and his mother was dead, and ended his story with, "and there's four of us boys, and I am the oldest."

So Timmy White became a pupil and an expert. The last circle in the pond, from the little pebble thrown so many weeks ago, Maggie's mother told me of yesterday. It seems that there is a little old cobbler living near the Floods, who is alone in his own room, and who never speaks to any one if he can help it, except to Maggie, who had always visited him, and played with his dog, and fed his bird with chickweed.

One day last week she went in, and found the old man eating his dinner of tea and bread, and straightway told him about the magic pot at home, from which came forth treasures new and old, and so excited her friend's curiosity that at last he let her bring him a cup of the precious compound, and then start a supply for him in a tin pail.

This is all, my sisters! But does it not surprise you when you consider the probable descendants of that one Irish stew made in my kitchen?

THE ELAINES BUILD A HYACINTH BRIDGE

By Mrs. Mark Morrison—Drawings by Alfred Brenun



NUMBER VII

HORRIBLE sea monster once lived in a beautiful lake where the Elaines had made their home, but he had been enticed away, and the question then arose how to protect the lake against his return. The Elaines held a council to decide what was best to be done.

One said: "The only outlet from the lake is an underground stream flowing into the river. Let us train the ferns and willow branches to fall over the mouth of the outlet and hide it."

"That will never do," said a wiser Elaine, "because fish find their way by feeling, and not by seeing, and the monster would know that the passage was open by feeling its current with his gills."

"A cousin from the Northern Lights," said a third Elaine, "taught me how to whistle up the North Wind. I'll call it to breathe into the outlet and fill it with ice."

"Violent measures are never good," said the wiser Elaine, "the ice would keep out the sea monster, but it would pen up the overflow waters in the lake, and they would soon grow stagnant and unhealthy. It is very hard to do harm to others without injuring one's self."

THEN an Elaine boy with a beautiful face said: "The belief of our race has always been that beauty and gentleness could overcome all evil and offset all danger. We have never tried to injure or even annoy our enemies. The sea monster was enticed from our lake by following the sweet music from the beautiful jewel-decked boat laden with flowers which floated before him. Now I know a flower, the water hyacinth, which will grow on the surface of the water. Let us plant this at the mouth of the outlet; it will soon grow all the way across, and then should the sea monster return he will spare our fairy homes, rather than seek to pass through and so destroy anything so wonderful as a bridge of leaves and flowers."

But the wiser Elaine laughed: "Much heed a sea monster would give to a frail flower bridge growing in the water. Monsters can be coaxied toward what they wish to do anyway, but not to leave unfulfilled their wicked plans, yet plant the hyacinth if you wish to. It is true that the weapons of the Elaines are beauty and gentleness."

So the beautiful boy, whose name was Ernel, planted his hyacinth on the river bank just below the mouth of the outlet. He knew nothing of the flower, save that it grew rapidly, floating and blossoming on the water, and that it was sweet and beautiful. The other Elaines hung curtains of cobweb there, but, knowing that the sea monster could break through all of these, for a long time they often met to discuss the danger of his return before the flowers should have grown all the way across the stream, but two years passed and he had not come.

THE hyacinth had gathered so many others of its kind about it that they had grown their roots from one bank of the river way to the other, making the very bridge for whose completion the Elaines had watched with great anxiety.

The Elaines were so anxious to have their hyacinths grow rapidly lest the bridge should not be done in time to keep out the monster, that when there were no stars they came and held down their fairy lights, so that these flowers could see to grow at night. Finally, with all this loving care, they grew, and twined and twisted themselves together as hyacinths had never done before.

Ernel often visited them, and took turns with the other Elaines in watching on the river bank, for the Elaines always kept a sentinel there to give them warning should the sea monster return. One day, while walking upon the floating blossoms, as he had often done before, caressing them, he came to the opposite bank, and so found that the flowers had grown clear across the river, standing like little blue-coated soldiers, ready to defend the home of their fairy friends. He could hardly wait until it was

"THEY HELD DOWN THEIR FAIRY LIGHTS SO THAT THESE FLOWERS COULD SEE TO GROW AT NIGHT"

time for him to return to the lake, so eager was he to impart such good news.

"The flowers are true protectors," he said joyfully to the other Elaines; "their sweet and winsome beauty reaches now from one side of the river to the other, making a sure barrier against any foe. No enemy can reach us now without first trampling them."

SUCH words caused great rejoicing among the Elaines, and Queen Modesta gave a beautiful party in honor of the flower bridge's completion. She arranged that her guests' amusements should consist of plunging down in the lake with lighted jewel lamps in their hair, to teach the little fishes that if they swam out where it was deep, away from their fairy home, there were large and cruel fish who might spear them or even swallow them alive. Other Elaines lighted their pink shells with the jewel lamps, which the Queen had provided for all, and sailed up and down the lake playing on their golden zithers, while the Elaines riding on the fireflies waved blazing torches as they drove through the air, and they all sang to the little fishes that had come to the surface of the water at the sound of their music:

"We very much wish,
You dear little fish,
You'd stay in the lake,
For your safety's sake.

"Oh, why will you roam
From your own safe home?
Our prettiest girls
Shall feed you on pearls,
And just what you wish,
If you'll stay, little fish."

Then all the little fish said, "We'll stay," but their answer made Ernel very sad indeed.

"ARE they safe in our care, after all?" he said to Queen Modesta and his sister Corinne. "Who knows when the sea monster may return and swallow them all? If he is hungry and remembers the many fish in this lake, we cannot be certain that he will stop for a bridge of flowers. Who is watching the river to-night?"

"No one is watching the river to-night," said Modesta. "Every one wanted to come to the party, and I had not the heart to send any away to the lonely river bank; besides, we have watched for two years and the sea monster has never returned."

"Nevertheless, this is the time of year when the fish in the sea, as well as in all lakes and streams, grow restless and swim away from home. I will go myself and watch on the river bank."

Then Ernel drove his firefly out into the dark woods to his hyacinth bed. When he reached there he saw that the moon cast her pale, beautiful light on the flowers and all about, so he let the firefly go and sat down on a blue blossom. But as he rocked on the water in his real "fairy's cradle," a horrible form with white, fishy fins, and a head which had a beak like a parrot, rose above the waves not far from him. It was the sea monster coming back. Ernel knew that he had no time now to reach the lake and warn the Elaines, but he longed to do something to save his home from this monster. There were hundreds of flowers blooming all around him, and he flew from one to another, whispering to each: "Remember that your friends, the Elaines, are in danger. You alone can save us, only hold fast to each other."

THE little flowers nodded, and oh, how fast they grappled their strong roots under the water! The crickets and frogs made their sad night sounds. The moon went out of the sky. The river seemed to flow faster in the darkness. On came the sea monster. Down

came his huge side among the flowers, crushing out the sweet lives of many, but even as they died their roots tightened their hold around their companions. The monster felt himself entangled in a soft, silky net. He plunged and plunged, trying to break it. It bent with him, but rose again, fast and firm as ever, a net like silk yet strong as iron, its meshes the roots of the water hyacinth, yet strong enough to resist the monster, which was as large as any whale, because there had never been a quarrel among these flowers—one root had never pushed another away, they had grown lovingly entwined together, all the thousands of them like one family.

Now let the sea monster plunge! Let him gape with rage and lash his angry tail, one blow of which would break a ship to pieces. If he loosens one root are there not thousands and thousands more?

ERNEL forgot his own danger. Like a bright-winged butterfly he flew from flower to flower, right in the monster's path, whispering his message over and over to each little trembling blossom: "Hold fast, don't fight back, only hold together!"

Down would go the bridge of flowers when the monster struck it. Up it would come again when he thought it gone. The slippery roots became tangled about his fins, broken pieces were washed into his throat and eyes. "What was this strange enemy," he thought, "which did not strike back, yet could not be turned aside?"

At last he made so furious a lunge that the hyacinth bridge was torn half in two. He had come up the river to feed on the little fishes, which he well remembered in his old home, the lake, and now he detected two of them on the other side of the flowers just at the mouth of the outlet. He exerted all his strength to reach them, and flung himself more violently than before into the net of hyacinths. The flowers shook and wavered, their torn petals and broken leaves were floating far down the river. Ernel gave a moan of despair, he thought they could hold together no longer. But just at that moment two hunters, attracted by the noise which the creature made splashing in the water, came to the shore. There were two sharp reports. The monster turned and fled back to his home in the sea, but the water behind him was crimson, and before he had gone far his great body rolled over and the hunters shouted to each other, "He is dead!"

ERNEL crept into a flower and laid there faint and trembling. He feared that he would be blown away by the night wind or would fall into the river, because he felt too weak to cling to the small flower that held him. The hunters, too, were picking a few of the hyacinth blossoms to carry away with them, and he feared that they would pick the one in which he lay, too faint and weary to escape. He uttered cry after cry of distress, but no one heard him. He thought of the fairy lake all alight with the moving jewel lamps and the flashing fireflies. He thought of the sweet Queen Modesta and of his sister Corinne.

"Ah, how happy they are," he thought; "they have all forgotten me, watching alone on the dark river."

But they had not forgotten him. See, here is a light coming. Hush! Some one is calling, "Ernel! Ernel!" Then across the hyacinth bridge, with the twinkling jewel lamps in their golden hair, come two of the most beautiful of all the Elaine maidens, Corinne and Queen Modesta. For the two little fishes that had swum down the underground stream, and had seen the fight of the sea monster and the flowers, had hastened back to tell the Elaines and the other little fishes, who were glad enough now to remain in their safe, happy lake and not go off trying to find deeper and gayer waters again.

"WE WERE so anxious for you," said Corinne to Ernel, "and we came very swiftly as soon as the little fishes told us. Now, dear brother, you must lie down on our wings. See, we will stretch them out so, and we will carry you to the shore where the nightingale is waiting. Listen, do you not hear him singing?"

As the nightingale flew home over the dark woods, bearing the three Elaines on his wings, he sang exquisite melodies, and the Elaine maidens accompanied him on their golden zithers, which they always have with them. Soon they raised their own sweet voices, and these were the words they sang:

"Fly, nightingale, fly o'er the dark wood,
Far is the river where brave Ernel stood
Facing grim death alone with the flowers,
Risking his dear life that he might save ours.

"Bloom, bright hyacinth, on the dark wave,
Brave little soldiers a city to save,
Long shall the Elaines thy victory praise;
Oft in thine honor their glad voices raise.

"Happy, oh, happy, the nations would be,
Hyacinth blue, if they grew close like thee,
Grew, as thy roots grow, no quarrel between,
Oh, would that all men thy battle had seen."



"THE ELAINES RIDING ON THE FIREFLIES WAVED BLAZING TORCHES AS THEY DROVE THROUGH THE AIR"



THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

MARCH, 1898

THE DECAY OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

EVEN the most zealous advocates of the Sunday-school concede the fact that its strength is on the wane. Attendance is on the decrease and those who do attend are lukewarm in their interest. It is a common experience with parents nowadays to have their boys and girls beg off from going. A careful study of over two hundred Sunday-schools reveals this condition in nearly every case, and inquiry among parents and Sunday-school workers only serves to corroborate the self-evident facts. Here and there the publication of a movement of extreme resort only serves to show how desperate is the condition of things. There are exceptional cases—in such a school, for example, as that which the JOURNAL will in an early number describe, the reverse of all this is true. But for the most part, the average Sunday-school is in a state of mouldering decay, and the question is eagerly raised, "What is the matter?" Oddly enough, it finds slow answer. I say oddly enough, because the real reason seems so clearly apparent even to a casual observer—so close is it to the surface.

CERTAINLY no strong glasses are needed to convince any one that of all stupid, dull and almost lifeless institutions the average Sunday-school of to-day stands preëminently at the head. Whatever spirit it had seems to have entirely left it, and if, as an institution, it rests to-day on embers instead of living coals, the fault is its own. It is leagues behind any other phase of the church in all that appertains to a live interest: it seems years removed from the progressive spirit of the outer world. Everything has passed and left it behind. And yet the Sunday-school is supposed to be an institution with special aims of application to the young, who, if they crave anything, demand freshness of interest and progress of idea to attract them.

Consider for a moment the average mental ability of the typical superintendent of our modern Sunday-school, and where in all Christendom will you find men who, as a rule, are more distinctly lacking in personality and magnetism? And here is one of the fundamental causes of the present decay of the Sunday-school. I have in mind not less than twelve different men who are acting as superintendents of our Sunday-schools. Not one of these men has even a suggestion of force: not a spark of personal magnetism, not a personal possession which goes to draw children to him or to the school over which he presides. In five of these cases the men have been failures in business: by men in the outer world they are passed over, and yet the church places them in positions which call preëminently for every element which they so distinctly lack. The superintendent of a Sunday-school strikes just exactly the same keynote for success or failure to every teacher or scholar in it as does the head of a commercial establishment to every man or woman in his employ. The life of any organization, religious or secular, emanates from its head, and to that rule there is no exception. The vast majority of people, young and old, are like sheep: they follow a leader. To be a successful head of a Sunday-school calls for a man with the instincts of leadership: a man who will infuse life into the school: hope and courage into his teachers: who is fertile of mind and infinite in capacity: who can draw children to him and retain their interest. The duty which lies before the Sunday-school superintendent is not an easy one. Not only must he elevate his children in a spiritual sense, but lessons of the highest morality must be taught: an influence refining to mind and nature must be exhorted, and all the time the interest of the children must be arrested and held. Infinite variety of method must be sought. The young quickly tire of anything which long remains the same, and that is why they are tiring of the Sunday-school. It has too long remained the same. It has fallen into a rut, and the fault lies between the presiding spirits of the school who have no ability for their positions, and the churches who have placed them there or allow them to remain.

THE great majority of our Sunday-schools need a complete change, an entire overhauling—and the work should begin at the superintendent's desk in a great many cases. What he is, as I have said, the school will be, and for that reason a strong, attractive personality should radiate from the platform. A weak man—weak, I mean, in any sense—in personality, in mental attributes, devoid of originality, has no place at the superintendent's desk in any Sunday-school. I care not how earnestly he may love the children. That is all very well: it is one attribute for the position, and a leading one. But to love children is one thing; to understand them is quite another. A man's heart may be of the tenderest, but if he has not quickness of mind, alertness of idea, strength of character: if he is not infinite of resource, he is not the ideal man for the Sunday-school. A room full of children of all kinds of temperaments cannot be held together Sunday after Sunday merely by the exhibition of affection. And particularly are the strong elements of character essential in cementing the interest of the older scholars to the school. Statistics show that the greatest losses in Sunday-school attendance have been in the adult classes. When the average boy and girl reach the age of fifteen, and from that along to twenty-one, the Sunday-school of to-day is absolutely unable to hold them. It is powerless.

Thousands of young men and young women of these ages are to-day drifting away from the Sunday-school. It is a lame excuse which holds the bicycle and other Sunday pleasures responsible for this. The real cause lies with the absolute unattractiveness of the Sunday-school itself. There is plainly nothing in it or about it to hold the young people. To blame the young for absence from the Sunday-school room is simply to shift the responsibility. To the few schools where these young people do go by the hundreds, and in some instances by the thousands, they go gladly. But why? Because they know a fresh interest will be given to each service, whether in a new speaker, a new form of lesson, new music, new exercises, or in the new way which an old truth will be put. Young people are not unwilling to go to Sunday-school: to say that they are is to slander them, or to know nothing of them. They are willing enough to go. But it must be made worth their while to go. And this making it worth while lies entirely with the personality who presides over the school. Methods to attract the interest of the young—methods free from sensationalism—there are without number. But only a fertile mind knows them, or, better still, can originate them. And only a strong magnetic personality can hold young people after they are once attracted to the school.

YOUNG people are far quicker to discern strength of character in men than many are willing to believe. They know instantly when a man of strong personality, of executive ability, of broad-mindedness, of cultivation, of force of character, stands before them. Boys and girls alike admire such a man: and respect and attention are immediately given to him. They cannot analyze the qualities which draw them, but instinctively they feel the drawing strength of personality, and are attracted closely to it. Such men are what our Sunday-schools need, and until men of that fibre are brought into service things will not only remain as they are, but will grow worse. It is not meeting the question to say that these men cannot be had, or that they are unwilling to take up the work which it entails. The right spirit will draw the right men. A man exists for each place. But he must be sought. He will not come unbeckoned. Our churches have a great deal to say about going out into the highways and byways looking for the unsaved. This is all very well as far as it goes, but a little more strength of character in the mental fibre of the men who govern our churches would infuse new life into church and Sunday-school. And if more pains were taken to press forward strong personalities into the active service of church work, it is possible that the unsaved might the more readily come out of the highways of themselves. It would be better if our churches did a little more drawing than seeking. And in their Sunday-school work this is particularly true. A Sunday-school should and can be made so attractive that young people, telling each other about it, will feel glad to come to it unbidden. This is not an impossible condition. Such a school is not ideal nor visionary. There are such. The trouble is that there are not enough of them, and the number will not grow larger until a tower of strength, a magnetic beacon-light, is put at the superintendent's desk in each Sunday-school in the country. There is where the reform must begin.

IF MEN of broader views and keener perceptions were superintendents of our Sunday-schools, the necessity for a few changes in the teachers would very quickly follow. And one of these changes would be that the end with a superintendent, a competent assistant or two, and a systematic librarian. The sooner that our churches realize that women, and women alone, should be the teachers of the young in their schools, the nearer they will come to the ideal condition. No man ever lived who understood child-nature as does a woman. What to a child is a study is to her a natural gift and an instinct. We cannot expect true sympathy and correct understanding of a child from a man. That belongs to woman, and spiritual truth should be taught our children only by minds to do and can understand the natures and warm-hearted woman in a Sunday-school class can do more in one afternoon with a benchful of children than a man can hope to do in a month. And the men who as teachers ought to realize this. To teach a lesson as it should be taught to the mind of a child can never be done by a man tired from a week's business, and who can only give his evenings to the preparation of the lesson—evenings which, of necessity, mean a tired brain and a lack of freshness of thought. Even had men the sympathetic natures of women or the unerring and instinctive understanding of children—if all things were equal in their daily vocations, and what they mean in drain upon a disadvantage impossible to overcome. Lords of creations in this world to which we are and should be the humble subjects of women, and one of these things is to do with a child, the better for the child. And the more men we have as teachers in our Sunday-schools, the better it will be for the children and the schools.

BUT no woman, occupied in business during the week, should, either of her own volition or under pressure, allow herself to be permitted to act as teacher in a Sunday-school. Too often is this mistake allowed to be raised against it. When a woman is engaged in business for six days of a week her Sunday should be to her a day of rest. Some will say that the difference in the work is a rest in itself. But that is theory: as fact it does not and cannot hold good. Teaching half a dozen or more children anything is a mental strain, and the strain of a woman of business has no right to allow herself to take on. She cannot do it in justice to herself. Too many of our women break down while they are yet young. And the trouble is that they attempt too much. A woman engaged in business is physically and mentally tired at the end of the week. And she cannot add Sunday to her

other days of work. She cannot do it in justice to her scholars, for from her they cannot receive the benefit of that fresh and careful study and preparation of the lesson which the school and the scholar have a right to expect from their teacher. She has not the time to adequately prepare herself, unless she does it at the expense of her employer or her own business welfare. From whatever point she looks at the matter she is doing an injustice, unconscious though she be of it. When a woman goes out into the business world to work for her closest kin, she does enough, and her share for the general good. No more should be asked of her. It is plenty, and God knows that to many a brave girl and woman it is more than plenty. It is a standing rebuke to any minister or church officer who asks any business girl or woman to work on Sunday, no matter how agreeable such work may either seem or be to her. It is work: it calls into exercise the faculties which should be at rest one day of the week. Women are sometimes led into this work against their own will and judgment, when in their hearts they know they should not undertake it, and when every pulsation of the brain cries for rest. They do not like to refuse because their minister or superintendent, or some church officer, asks it of them. All too often is this the case, and all too blind are our churches to this fact. It is time that a little more consideration be exercised here. Here again comes in the necessity for the right man on the superintendent's platform. No superintendent, with the best interests of woman at heart, should ask or allow any girl or woman employed during the week to take a permanent class in his school, no matter what may be the circumstances or necessity, and no man who sees a woman at work during the week should ask her to do so. Our Sunday-schools need new life: they need women as teachers, and they need them badly. But God forbid that any school, wherever situated, should get one spark of life into it at the expense of a single ache endured by a woman who earns her living six days of a week. No church has a right to lay another straw on her shoulders. Her place in church or school on Sunday should be that of auditor: not of worker.

THE influence of a little higher order of intelligence is vitally necessary in our Sunday-school classes. We demand this of our teachers in our secular schools, and parents have a right to ask it of the Sunday-school. It is not enough that the Sunday-school teacher should be spiritual: she must have intelligence wherewith to apply her spirituality to the very best advantage, and by the most attractive methods. Young girls are to-day teachers who should be in classes. To bring home a spiritual lesson to the mind of a child is not play: it is an art, and calls for experience with children, a knowledge of human nature, an understanding of the very highest and deepest truths of life. Experience is authority. I have only admiration for the beautiful picture presented by a young girl teaching a class of Sunday-school children, and I yield to no one in an honest appreciation of the spirit and motive of such a duty. But when I consider the practical good accomplished, I cannot say that I am quite so enthusiastic. Young girls in their formative years are not the ones to form the minds of our children. "But," says some one, "you are narrowing things down very closely. Our teachers should not be men; they must be business women, nor young girls lacking experience. Whom shall we get, then?" Whom? My dear friend, there are scores, yes, hundreds of women in every community in this land who would be better off in every way if they had some special work to do: a specific object given them. Such women there are in plenty: warm-hearted, sympathetic, godly women whose hearts are filled with unexpended love. Women, perhaps, deprived or bereaved of children: others among that army whom man, in his peculiar blind search for happiness, has overlooked and left as unclaimed blessings: other women simply waiting and longing for some work to do. There are such: hundreds of them. But it is for the churches to draw them or find them and give them their life work, and then properly support them in the Sunday-school room. There is no lack of material, though the general cry is to the contrary. The real trouble is that not enough pains are taken, not enough actual hard work done, to find these women. The question for the church to ask itself is whether it is close enough to the people to know them. A gentlewoman is naturally timid: slow to come forward: her very nature rebels at thrusting herself to the fore, no matter what the impulse or the work in sight. But she never rebels at being discovered in the right way. And the gentlewoman—the woman of birth, of refinement, of fine mental attributes, who is in sympathy with the highest truths in life, who knows these truths from having lived them and can tell them to others—that is the type of woman the Sunday-school needs to-day. That is the only kind of a woman who can efficiently teach a child, and teach it the highest truths from the right standpoint. The point of view is just as important as the lesson: sometimes more so.

I KNOW one such woman who was discovered by a superintendent, and no class of scholars can be closer to their teacher. Scholars long to get into her class, and the Sunday-school hour seems all too short to them. A woman of gentle birth, carefully bred, she exhales upon the children of her class the same influences for good which her own children feel. Some might call her a woman of the world, for she is wealthy, with a fixed and active place in society. But she draws her lessons from that life, and her scholars detect an atmosphere of grace and refinement about her that is always pleasing to young and old. Morals and manners are interjected into the lesson of the day, and the result is that her class is rare and additions no longer permitted because of present proportions. Nor does her teaching end on Sunday: it is continued throughout the week in her home in social intercourse. That is true Sunday-school teaching, and that is the quality which we need in our schools. I make no plea here for a mental religion: a spirituality which feeds the mind and leaves the heart hungry. But neither do we want our children's spiritual teaching based on a low and mediocre order of intelligence. There is such a thing as satisfying the heart and teaching the mind at the same time. And that is what the Sunday-school should do. It is its work, and a work which it is not doing. Instead, the average Sunday-school of to-day is a rebuke to intelligence and a discredit to the church.



THE AUTHOR OF "TITUS, A COMRADE OF THE CROSS"

By Mrs. Laura M. F. Lake

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

IN THE real country, in an old-fashioned mansion aptly called "The Manor," lives Florence Morse Kingsley, the author of "Titus." And when one says "Titus," there comes before one the thought of the great book which has stirred the hearts of millions of people.

It was not strange that the publisher telegraphed for the author to come to see him, supposing that the writer of the book must be a man, for while through it there is all the tenderness that would be put in it by a woman, there is, at the same time, the strength that would emanate from the brain of a man. "Titus" is more than a merely wonderful book. During the last three years over one million copies of it have been sold, the number surpassing, in the same length of time, the phenomenal sales of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "Titus" has been translated into Swedish, German, Spanish and Japanese.

THE dainty little woman best described by the Scotch word "bonnie," who is the author of "Titus," has gray eyes, which speak in the quick and fascinating manner that only such eyes can, and her bright face is framed by a fluff of light brown hair. She impresses you always as a woman and a gentlewoman. Surrounded by books from her girlhood, the daughter of one clergyman and the wife of another, thoroughly well educated, it is not strange to the world at large that she should write a successful book, but yet it is a great surprise to herself. When asked about herself she said, with many a merry laugh: "There seems so little to tell. First of all, I like to be thought of as a woman, not as a maker of books, not as somebody who is different from any other woman, for my home life is most important of all."

"My work? I fear I don't do it after any received fashion. It would be impossible for me to make a skeleton of a novel and then build around it. No, I write chapter after chapter, and almost unconsciously my characters become so thoroughly alive that of themselves they work out their destinies."

OF "TITUS" it must be said that it was the result of the belief of my mother in me. A favorite uncle wrote to me that such a book was wanted, and said, "Write it; you can do it." I did not believe that I could, but my mother insisted. "You can, it is in you; write the book. It will be a success." That year I was a very busy woman, for I had a young son, and "Titus" was written with many interruptions. I would go off to write a chapter, be interrupted by a baby voice, drop my pen, rush downstairs to see whether there had been an accident of any sort, or whether my little folk were having some special good time in which they wished me to join.

"While writing 'Titus' I forgot all about the possibility of its being a success or failure; I only grew to love the story. And yet it came to me in an odd way. The hours were so filled up that I seemed to have no time to think, but I have always been in the habit of waking early, and when the sun was just rising those lovely summer mornings, it seemed as though the story of 'Titus' came to me in a dream and as if I were compelled to write it."

I WAS the oldest, and for many years the only daughter, consequently I was my mother's close companion. What blessed gifts mothers are! My father had an extensive library, though it was essentially the library of a clergyman. He was eager for me to read, but as we were not near any large public library I had to read what I could, and not what I would. However, from these books I grew to love the Orient. Egypt seemed to me a land of mystery and fascination, and if I have in any way pictured life in that country as it should be, my knowledge of it is due to that which I learned from my father's books, and from the inspiration which came from my mother's sympathy.

"I am a true college girl—a Wellesley girl—and my ambition for my only daughter is



MRS. KINGSLEY IN HER STUDY

to have her graduate at my college. I remember those days with the greatest pleasure. Can you fancy me as the captain of a boat club? And yet I was, and spent many a happy day on the lake, which is the pride of the true Wellesley girl's heart.

"Of the modern novelists, Rudyard Kipling is my favorite. Whenever I get a little downhearted I read a jungle story, and find myself immensely cheered by it. I have been a fortunate woman, no great sorrow having ever come to me. The Angel of Death has not entered the doors of my household, and severe illnesses have been unknown. My quartette of boys, and my one girl are happy, hearty, healthy children, and as I said before, my greatest joy is in being a woman and having all the pleasures in life that come to a woman."

MR. KINGSLEY'S study is at the top of the house, under the eaves, and from the windows she can look out far over into another State and see the great ocean. About her are the pictures painted by herself, as well as by her artist parents. Books of reference—those in Greek and Latin, as well as in English—books that are simply a delight, not merely tools, and pretty bits of bric-à-brac that collect themselves in the room of a refined woman, surround her everywhere. But the door of this room is never closed against any member of the family, and the busy worker is never too busy nor too tired to listen to some childish story of woe or happiness from any one of her five children.



MRS. KINGSLEY'S CHILDREN

THE wonderful success of "Titus" is more of a surprise to the author than to the world at large, because, while it is the dearly loved child of her brain, still she never dreamed that such popularity would come to it. Yet it is easily understood, for all through the story is the tender touch of a woman. None but a woman could have thought of making that repentant thief a man who had been mistaken, a man who had been misjudged, a man whose life had been a sorrowful one.

Her love for children is shown in the way in which she pictures the baby, who, in its play, fell from the roof of the house and then was made well by the Divine Healer. In speaking of this she says: "I kept thinking of my own little baby. He was such a beautiful boy, so dimpled, so white and so plump, and as I wrote about that baby who lived so many hundred years ago I imagined that it was mine, and I could understand exactly how that mother felt, and how she welcomed and worshiped Him who brought back her darling to life."

MR. KINGSLEY has been a very hard worker, having, since the publication of "Titus," three years ago, produced "Stephen, a Soldier of the Cross," and "Paul, a Herald of the Cross," while there has just been published "Prisoners of the Sea," which is a tale of the seventeenth century. Of her appreciation of her work she tells a funny story. Just after her book, "Prisoners of the Sea," was finished her house caught on fire; after she was sure the children were safe she gave all her thought to looking after what they cared for, and never once remembered the valuable copy, which was in a trunk in one of the upper rooms. Fortunately, the fire was a slight one and no misfortune came to the book.

In these days of pessimism it is delightful to meet a woman who is so entirely hopeful as is Florence Morse Kingsley. It is more than delightful, it is a special grace to meet a woman who, like this one, has the spirit of belief so firmly implanted in her. I think that if one doubt had ever existed in her mind she could not have written "Titus." It is essentially a book of belief, not only in the Christ, but in humanity. It tells what the woman thinks, that there is no human

being in whom there is not a little leaven of good. The world to-day is in need of more women like Mrs. Kingsley, just as it is in need of more books like "Titus."

THE charming gentlewoman, whose home tells the story of her life, is a contradiction to the received idea of the woman who writes. With her, while her work with her pen means much, still her duty as a wife and mother, and a clergyman's wife, comes first. Two afternoons in the week are devoted to teaching poor girls how to sew. Much time must necessarily be given to her home and the little people in it, and yet she finds time for social duties, and is always a charming, intelligent companion to her husband. With a smile she tells how, when in doubt as to Greek and Latin, she goes to him for help. Her married life is, indeed, an ideal one.

AND so the life of this bright woman is spent in a sweet, womanly way, and the world at large, only catching glimpses of her perfect femininity in her books, should always consider her, even while she stands highest as an author, as she wishes to be, as a woman. Knowing her, one can only wish for her what she wishes for us all on the last page of her great book: "God grant that every one of us shall be numbered with that exceeding great multitude who stand before the throne and before the Lamb, crying, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.'"

For "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."



MRS. KINGSLEY'S HOME ON STATEN ISLAND

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WHEN THE HEART IS HEAVY

By Ruth Ashmore

ONLY a woman knows how sensitive is the heart of a girl; how easily it is hurt; how easily, by a careless word or an indifferent look, it may be made to feel so heavy that it becomes a veritable burden. There are few of us, remembering our girlhood, who do not know that suffering—intense suffering—is brought to a girl oftenest by those who love her best, and oftenest with no intention of wounding her. It is not always easy for a girl to be brave of heart. The world and its bitter experiences is like an unread book, and a girl can only become courageous, as men become heroic, through suffering.

THE ART OF MAKING OTHER PEOPLE HAPPY

SOME supersensitive girls almost invite the pain from which they suffer so keenly. And the getting into this state of mind is one of which I would like all my girls to beware. Just at first you are sensitive to what seems an unkind word; in a little while you doubt even the kind word if the mode of expressing it does not seem as hearty as it should. And in a shorter time than seems possible, you busy yourself looking for the word that was never meant; for the tone that was never thought of, and for the neglect that was never intended. You have simply, my dear girl, gotten yourself into a morbid state, where the tears are quick to come. The heart is heavy, and you are a sorrow not only to yourself, but to every one around you. The antidote? It is a very practical one. Busy yourself in making other people happy. Relieve somebody else of some of the burdens of life. Work, and work so hard and so well that you will not have time to analyze all the talk that is going on, and being a help rather than a hindrance, you will find your heart growing light, the smiles coming oftener than the tears, and you, yourself, will be glad because you are of some use in the world.

That is the way to look at it. There are times when life seems a heavy load to carry, but remind yourself that God has put this burden upon you, and what you make of it will be. Whether a heavy load or a crown of glory, be sure that it is wisdom to lift it up gladly, bear it with a brave heart, and lay it down, as you can, if you will, triumphantly.

THE LITTLE WORRIES THAT TEST CHARACTER

TO EACH one of us there come great sorrows and great joys. These are the events of life. The sorrow or the gladness surges over one, calls forth all of one's mental strength, is endured or enjoyed, and then is over. It is the little worries that, coming into your life, are going to make you either a woman of worth or a woman of worthlessness. Which are you going to be? Are you going to allow yourself to carry about with you a heavy heart because you think you have been injured? During the long day it is possible that the mother who loves you best has no time to say a loving word to you; her hours are filled with loving deeds. You come in from school, or from the pleasure that her self-denial has made possible; you approach her with a pleasant greeting. She may smile, but she is too busy to answer it in kind. You go away feeling yourself a much-abused creature. You count yourself misunderstood, and you almost doubt whether your mother loves you. Foolish girl! Think of all that your mother has done for you; think of the loving, tender words that were said to you when you were in real sorrow; when you wept because of a great disappointment, a disappointment that the rest of the world would have thought small, but which your mother understood, as only a mother can.

PUTTING YOURSELF OUT OF THE CIRCLE

YOU were with a party of friends—you were one in that group who did not know about the book which was being discussed, the strange country the others had visited, or the people of whom they talked. Gradually you drifted out of the conversation, and slowly, but certainly, there came over you a sense of neglect. You were convinced that your presence was not desired. You were certain that nobody was interested in you. And you drew away from the rest and allowed your heart to grow heavy—for what? A little act of forgetfulness. And yet, how easy it would have been for you to have listened with interest to whatever was under discussion, and to have shown your appreciation of the topic by asking some questions concerning it. The time will come when you will be the one who is absorbing all the attention, and how will you like your friends to behave to you as you have behaved to them? Putting yourself in somebody's else place is a good antidote against the heaviness that comes when you allow yourself to think that you have been neglected.

You are busy in the workaday world trying not only to earn the bread and butter for yourself, but to give a helping hand to others. It may be that it is the little children at home; it may be that it is the mother whom you love; it may be any one of those who are loved and respected who need help, for whom you are working so faithfully.

WHEN HUNGERING FOR COMMENDATION

YOU are a brave girl, and you keep on doing right, but once in a while your heart grows as heavy as lead, and with a living sorrow. Everything that you do seems to be taken for granted. Every act of self-denial is only regarded as a duty that you should be glad to assume. And you would like, once in a while, to have a word of commendation. Such words mean more than people dream of to the girl like you, who is giving her life, day in and day out, for others. It is more than possible that those to whom you are so generous never dream of the praise for which your heart is hungry. They think that you know how well and how thoroughly they appreciate all that you do, and are quite conscious of all your unselfishness, although they may not seem to be mindful of it.

But after all, being only a girl, you would like the appreciation to be given to you in spoken words. Not because you wish to have your good deeds whispered around the world, but when you are giving so much of yourself, the words of loving commendation, the kiss that would accompany them would be like a cup of cold water given to the thirsty traveler in the desert. You would be encouraged to work better, and to be even less selfish, and your heart would be made glad if you could feel that those for whom you work understood you and sympathized with every little pleasure and every little worry in your life.

KEEP ON DOING THAT WHICH IS RIGHT

BUT suppose the word of appreciation is never said to you; suppose your life of self-denial is accepted merely as a duty—then what shall you do? It seems like cold comfort, but, my girl, you must try and be as brave as you can and keep on doing that which is right. The knowing that one is doing the best that one can for those who are helpless is, after all, a great reward. The knowledge that somebody else is a little warmer, has a little better food, or that a little child may go to school, or that a younger girl than yourself is being trained to help you—I tell you, my girl, it is fine, even if the word of commendation never comes in this world, to feel in your own heart that God approves. I never feel so proud of American girls as I do when I think that so many of them are working honestly and quietly to help those who are weak and helpless. And I do believe most sincerely that God, being merciful as well as just, will give them a reward here as well as hereafter. So if, in the office, at the desk, in the store, or wherever the working hours may be spent, you feel your heart a bit heavy, think over all that I have said, and let your heart grow light.

WHEN DEATH COMES TO YOUR HOME

TO YOU whose heart is heavy, because death has entered your home, there seems to have come the greatest of all griefs. But, my friend, the grief of death is as nothing to the living grief. To think this may give you no consolation while the sorrow is fresh. But when your intense grief has quieted a little try and remember how many other sorrows there are, and compare your own with them. Each girl to whom has come the loss of a loved one suffers in her own way. And I do not say to her, forget that one who is dead, and blot him out of your life. But I do say to her, think of him kindly and justly, for we are too prone to remember our dead in a foolish way; too prone to give them virtues which they never possessed, talents of which they had no knowledge, and in this way to make our very sorrow lack the dignity it should possess.

When some one has gone out of your life you have every right to grieve, but you have no right to let the sorrow for the dead so fill your life that those who live and love you are neglected. You have no right to make an idol of that one who is no longer with you, and to neglect and be chary of your love to those who are alive, and, like you, suffering. Death, when it comes, usually makes of a girl a woman; and it has long ago been realized that it is the duty of a woman to be the consoler. She must be the one who makes all life the better for her being in it, because, in the hour of great desolation, she must look forward to the future.

NO GRIEF MUST BECOME A BURDEN

IN THE household where the father has been taken away, too often there is the question staring you in the face of how to care for all the others. You have no right to sit down and nurse your heavy heart. No matter how weak your heart may feel, you must, by the grace of God, inoculate it with bravery, go out and face the world and do whatever seems to be your duty. To mourn and mourn for the dead becomes a sin. No woman has a right to make her grief a burden to the rest of the world. It is true that when this sorrow comes to you—this sorrow of death—a deep wound may be made in your heart. But, my friend, all wounds heal if they are properly treated. Ask the Great Physician to show you how to bear this sorrow which has come into your life.

FINDING STRENGTH AND SOLACE IN PRAYER

I HAVE said nothing to you about prayer, because each one must do as her heart dictates. You may feel that you can throw all your grief aside, because God will help you, while another, less quick to realize that sorrows purify, that it is the sorrows of life that make us strong, will have to wait many hours, perhaps many days, before she can feel that God will help her, and that He has done that which was best for her. It is hard—ah, my girl, I know it as well as you—but when we can bring ourselves to see why we were made to suffer, then the time has come when we can thank God for our every grief.

FINE CLOTHES DO NOT COUNT FOR MUCH

PERHAPS you feel that you look shabby. You have gone to make a visit to a friend's house in the country, and you find there a group of girls who are charmingly dressed. You are suddenly conscious that your hat is not of the newest shape. You are certain that your gloves are not immaculate, and you feel overwhelmed with mortification because your gown has not the stylish air peculiar to the newest fashion. You let your heart grow heavy because you feel that you do not appear well, and yet, my dear girl, the world does not think as much of fine clothes as you imagine.

Be courageous, force yourself to be pleasant, and say the bright thing that comes to your lips. Give your friends credit for thinking more of what you know and what you are than of your personal appearance, and try your best to look with admiration at the pretty belongings of the other girls, while with your admiration there must not be a particle of envy. Hard? Of course, it is hard. You are just as young, just as pretty and just as attractive as your friends; but if fortune has given to them some good gifts that have not come to you, be sure that in this world everything is equalized, and comfort yourself by thinking that you possess something which these girls have not. Your shabby gown may represent some special self-denial that each girl would be glad to make. Perhaps you are saving the money to help along the sister whose voice is to be trained, while that other girl whose frock is so fine is lonely in having no sister to whom she may dedicate her life.

MAKING YOUR LIFE ONE OF SELF-DENIAL

REMEMBER that the mere outer shell is not everything. It is true that it is your duty to make yourself look as well as possible, but having done this duty, do not allow yourself to grow morbid because the casket is not as fine as the soul that it enshrines. Think what you have in life that is good. Think out what the future is to hold for you, and then you will forget these petty worries, and your heart will grow light, and the world will seem full of sunshine. To yourself make a jest of the much-worn frock and the old-fashioned hat, see the funny side of it, and remember that there is many a bright brain under a hat many seasons old, and that an old-fashioned bodice may cover a very happy heart. We all know what it is to be grieved about one's personal appearance. Every one of us has longed either for beauty of person or beauty of apparel, but if we can make the days brighter for others, and make our own lives full of self-denial, then, like that sweet flower, the mignonette, our qualities will surpass our charms.

Who ever enjoyed a piece of mignonette because of its appearance? It is a quiet, brown-looking little flower, never in fashion like the orchid, but sweet-smelling, fresh-looking, and a veritable joy, whether it be blooming in a big garden or standing in a glass on the table or desk in your room.

THE END OF THE SERMON

I MEANT it to be one that would suggest to you the virtue of a glad heart. I hoped it would be one that would help you understand how, when the heart is heavy, it may be made light. But I shall have done what I most of all wish if I can make any one of my girls believe that there is always a remedy for a heavy heart. It may be in work—it oftenest is. It may be in thinking out the joys that have been given to you, and the sorrows from which you have been saved. It may be in helping others by sympathy, or in whatever way help is most needed. But the heavy heart can always be made light if self is forgotten, and the needs of others are remembered, and, as far as possible, relieved.

Not one of us can learn to become light-hearted in a day, or a week, or a month, or a year, for it is the lesson of life, this knowing how to lift our hearts up, and give from them help unto those who are in need. It is a good fight—this one against allowing one's self to be submerged in personal griefs—it is a good fight, and out of it you can come conqueror if you will.

Do you intend to give up the fight and fall by the wayside overcome by a heavy heart, or to go along through life as a brave woman should? You must decide this early in your life. And you will, I feel sure, decide to do that which is right, and then your heart will never be heavy, nor your conscience disturbed, unless you fall. And when you fall, thank God, you can always rise again if you keep up a brave heart.

Editor's Note—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on pages 28 and 29 of this issue of the Journal.

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EASTER HATS AND BONNETS

By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE LATEST DESIGNS



ILLUSTRATION NO. 1

LEGHORN, Manilla, chip and raffia, in all colors, are used for the new spring hats, as well as an absolutely new straw braid with a satin finish not unlike the silk-covered braids which obtained during the winter. Sailor hats, that always have an assured position, are in a new material in the form of woven bulrushes, which, after being braided, are shaped, and generally edged with a narrow black velvet ribbon. Linen crash is also used for this kind of hat. The most striking of all are those of white or gray felt intended for summer wear.

RICH ribbons of velvet, silk, satin and moiré are all used, being plaited and shirred, while piece fabrics, heavily embroidered with beads and spangles, also obtain. The fashionable colors are periwinkle blue, anemone blue, heliotrope, champagne, the light shades of ruby, brown, pearl gray, pink and pale green. Fanciful combinations are noted in the flowers.

There is a decided fancy for putting the trimming, that may take the form of a bunch of flowers, a bow of ribbon, a drapery of velvet or satin, under the brim on the left side, so massed as to have it come well on the hair. This is



ILLUSTRATION NO. 3

particularly well shown in the large cream-colored Leghorn hat edged with black velvet, which is shown in Illustration No. 1. The crown is medium in height, but is quite hidden under many white plumes and flaring white aigrettes. The specially stylish sailor hat in Illustration No. 2 is of pearl-gray straw, and has in crush fashion a broad Pekin ribbon of white satin striped with gray and black around the crown. On the left side the ribbon is arranged in the high shirred drapery, while from under the brim on the same side is the wing of a sea gull, and a tiny bunch of white feathers at the back.

THE very novel flower-trimmed hat in Illustration No. 3 is made of mixed straw and horsehair in a dull green, and in the shape of three berrettes grading in size; the trimming, which is directly on top toward the back, is of wood violets with leaves of pale gray-green velvet.

The walking hat in Illustration No. 4 is of pale gray silk, with straight crown and brim slightly curved. A ribbon of blue and gray plaid is about the crown, while near the front is a full, high aigrette of pale blue.

A new hat that tends to the sailor shape, and shown in Illustration No. 5, is of



ILLUS. NO. 4



ILLUSTRATION NO. 6

soft heliotrope raffia, with a flat Tam crown of heliotrope velvet, a drapery under the brim, and two flat coq feathers.

THE feather-trimmed hat in Illustration No. 6 is made of light yellow Liberty satin shirred in three rows around the flat centre, each of the rows being edged with black velvet. The hat curves from the back, and has two bunches of plumes clasped in the centre by a big Rhinestone ornament and allowed to flare.



ILLUSTRATION NO. 5

At each side, under the brim at the back, are two rosettes of black velvet. This hat may be developed in silk. The shape will, without doubt, be reproduced in straw.



ILLUSTRATION NO. 8



ILLUSTRATION NO. 12

THE flower-and-ribbon-trimmed hat in Illustration No. 7 is of mode straw with a rather low crown and a slightly curved brim. A large bow of turquoise-blue satin ribbon is on the crown near the front, and yellowish-pink azaleas and their foliage cover the remainder of the crown and intermingle with the loops. Under the brim at the back is an elaborate bow of the turquoise ribbon.



ILLUSTRATION NO. 10

ostrich tips that flare toward the front. This bonnet may be reproduced in almost any other color with very satisfactory results.

THE specially stylish little capote in Illustration No. 9, with a crown of yellow straw and a fancifully bent brim of white horsehair, has a simple decoration of a rosette-like bow of anemone-blue ottoman silk, and a bunch of white aigrettes that come out from some downlike, pale blue feathers.

Illustration No. 10 shows a hat of wood-colored Manilla, which has a rather broader crown and flatter brim than that of last year. Around the crown is a band of black grosgrain ribbon, and just in front are two stiff feathers (really the novelty of the season), being those of the Central American quetzal, remarkable because they have a beautiful green beetle shine.

A HAT in exact contrast to the last is the black one of woven horsehair shown in Illustration No. 11, which is as open and airy as if it were lace, and yet which is sufficiently strong to stand much wear. Toque-like in shape, its only dec-



ILLUSTRATION NO. 11

oration is two beautifully curved and wonderfully tinted quetzal feathers.

THE very small capote in Illustration No. 12, of which two views are given, is made on a skeleton frame of bows of pale heliotrope satin ribbon, a group being on each side, with high wings of stiffened guipure spangled with jet.

AMONG the fashionable flowers there are roses of all colors, and it would seem that every flower from field and hothouse that is known to us is copied in cotton, silk, satin or velvet. There are huge bunches of periwinkles, showing little foliage with them; knots of pansies in purple, yellow and brown; bouquets of the big double Parma violets having no leaves among them, and any number of pinks and roses.



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THE EASTER JACKETS AND WRAPS

By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE LATEST DESIGNS

DURING the last year there has been no special change in the designs for capes and jackets, always excepting the Russian blouse, which has been given such popularity that its survival during the coming season is not looked for. For the early spring there is a decided change in both jackets and capes. Entirely close-fitting jackets are seldom worn. They tend either to the Russian blouse effect or to the semi-fitting styles. The blouse effect should be avoided by all women who have short waists or measure more than twenty-four inches about the waist. For these figures the jacket with the fitted back and the straight front is advised. Sleeves will continue to be tight, though upon the shoulders there will be some fullness, and they will oftenest be capped by loose drapery which is for no special reason called "jockey."

CAPIES are more elaborately trimmed than ever before, and their linings are no longer in vogue, preference being given to plain moirés, rich silks and velvets. The coat skirt or basque will this season be cut shorter but not so full, and not rippling as it was last season. The cape is regarded as a necessity, although it is not supposed to give any warmth, or to be anything more than a beautiful adjunct to a stylish costume. The enormous bow, with its long ends, usually of silk muslin or chiffon, is tied under the chin, or else the ends are made extra long, and are then drawn about the waist and tied in sash fashion at the back.

Care must be taken, if one wishes to have these long ends and loops on a cape, to know just how to tie the sash drapery. A bow badly tied, or improperly placed, will give an air of bad style, that inexplicable something that means that your wrap looks awkward on you, or that you did not choose the proper wrap. The woman is unfortunate who does not realize what is required to make a garment becoming.

THE soft, glossy satin cloth, in fawn, buff, brown, heliotrope, the new blue, bright red, black and white, continues to lead for the new jackets. Corkscrew cloths, covert coating and serges are also liked in this line of colors. Oddly enough, a great fancy is being shown for bright scarlet, especially in serge. For wraps, a heavy ottoman silk that has a decidedly broad rib, and is called "summer velvet," is liked, while moiré, silk and cloth are overlaid either with embroidery, chiffon or silk muslin, as seems most harmonious. The very simple jackets



CAPE OF OTTOMAN SILK

that depend on the style of their cut for their good air are outlined with a strip of white cloth, usually less than an inch wide, which comes from under all the edges, or may simply outline the revers and collars. Strap seams and stitchings obtain, but the strap seams are usually very elaborately embroidered, and so made very decorative. Gold and sil-

ver galloons, half an inch wide, are noted on white, red and buff coats. It must be confessed that this is rather startling, but the combination is approved by the best dressmakers. For absolute summer wear it is hinted that coats of linen or duck will be seen elaborately braided with white cotton soutache or feather braid in outlines covering the entire garment. The fabric will be pale buff or gray tone, and the linen shades will look fresh looking.



A RUSSIAN BLOUSE EFFECT

IF POSSIBLE, greater vogue is given to buttons than ever before—those of pearl, tortoise-shell, gutta-percha, horn, gold, silver and paste all being seen; but the real novelty is a gilt button covered with an enamel of ruby, emerald or sapphire, showing its gilt edge, and sometimes a tiny gilt pattern in the centre. All jackets tending to blouse effects require belts, and those best liked show one large buckle in the centre with two ornaments in harmony at the sides. Cut-steel buckles and ornaments are greatly liked, and are most effective, especially when worn against black or white.

The laces used upon the jackets, while they are most effective and absolutely real, are not costly. They are oftenest coarse white or écru, and when black is used it is in the form of a design not unlike the Russian lace, but it is made of fine braid with a few coarse, sketchy lace stitches, done in a heavy thread, joining it together. Fine French lace is occasionally seen on capes, but these are invariably the capes dedicated to elderly ladies. Good dress-makers do not hesitate to cut their lace to suit the jacket design, fitting it here and there—in side jackets, in revers; for a basque, in side forms, or in whatever way the best and most artistic air may be obtained. Then every line of the lace, every flower or petal, is utilized.

A JACKET that partakes of the nature of a Russian blouse, and that is decidedly new, is here pictured. It is made of black satin cloth, and has the desired effect achieved by the disposition of the front tabs. These are fastened by fancy buttons of mother-of-pearl. Shoulder caps are of white cloth outlined with narrow black silk braiding, while the cuffs, also of the same material, match them in design and decoration. The high collar is outlined with braid, and the semi-fullness at the waist is held in under a white leather belt. This jacket is usually worn slightly open to display its lining of white moiré. With it is one of the new large black hats, with one flaring white feather, caught by a paste buckle, decorating it just in front. Developed in fawn trimmed with white, or in one of the new blue shades decorated with black, this jacket would be becoming, especially to a slender figure.

THE short cape which, during the early spring, takes the place of the fur one, and later of the feather boa, must, above everything else, be stylish-looking, and be worn so that a certain air of elegance is achieved. The especially effective cape in illustration is made of the new coarsely-ribbed ottoman silk in the new blue shade. It is cut to fit the figure, but a flare is achieved below the shoulders, and a jabot just in front at each side. The edges are defined by a narrow, sparkling passementerie, and the seams are overlaid with a heavy embroidery in black. The high, flaring collar is finished to harmonize, and even when one is wearing it the bright-flowered lining shows well by contrast.



CAPE WITH GUIPURE COLLAR

ANOTHER cape shows an enormous white guipure collar laid over black silk, as shown in illustration. Its curved edges are outlined with one deep frill of black silk muslin, graded in width so that it is deeper over the arms and at the back than in front. It is completed by a huge bow of plaited silk muslin made elaborate by black lace ends. While white silk muslin and white chiffon, as well as gray and écru, will be used for such capes, it cannot be doubted that the preference will be given to black, not only because it will stand more wear, or is adapted to more costumes, but its wearer will grow less weary of it.

THE large plastron front is noted on one of the new jackets, but as it is rather heavy-looking it is scarcely to be commended for the spring and summer. It appeared on a semi-fitting jacket of new blue satin cloth, which had all its edges outlined by a fold of white cloth, after the fashion that has been described. The plastron fitted at the neck, but hung in a rather sharp point over the belt (the fullness was drawn in under a belt of black leather), all its edges except the upper one being defined by the white cloth. Three buttons were placed at regular intervals on one side, forming a decoration. A coat of this sort should only be worn by a woman of slender figure.



HELIOTROPE CLOTH JACKET

ANOTHER new jacket, shown in illustration, is of heliotrope cloth, and is decidedly suggestive of the Eton jacket, although its back is lengthened by a short basque cut in curves and outlined by a fine black braid. The front is open and displays a full jabot of white lace, which contrasts in an odd but effective way against the revers of ruby velvet. The seams are strapped, and decorated where they meet at the waist-line by a fancy black button. The collar is very high, outlined with black braid, and lined with and showing an edge of ruby velvet. The sleeves are rather narrow, but have a slight fullness at the shoulders, coarse black lace in frills being the finish at each wrist. Of course, this coat could be developed in any combination of colors fancied, or made entirely of one color, but the combination shown is the one in which the coat first appeared from its clever designer.

THE simpler coat, but an extremely stylish one, shown in illustration, is of fawn-colored cloth. It is almost close-fitting, and opens over a vest of white piqué. From under the arms a jacket of white guipure is started over the coat proper, and just an inch below the waist this slips into a seam, which has been purposely arranged for it, and forms a second basque under the first. The sleeves fit the arms, but have an easy fullness at the shoulders and flare pronouncedly at the wrists. The high collar is of the fawn cloth lined with white moiré (as is the whole jacket), and permits the collar of the vest to be seen in front. At the lower end of the jacket closing a fastening is achieved by means of a



JACKET OF FAWN AND WHITE

fine gold chain and two gold buttons. These buttons are, of course, very tiny, scarcely noticeable, and yet they seem just the right thing in the right place. And to achieve this air is, after all, to succeed in making a garment of any kind. Fancy clasps continue to be liked, but simplicity marks them for her own, and the very heavy imitation ones are counted very bad style. By a skillful arrangement of buttons with cords an artistic clasp may be achieved.

A CAPE which is especially adapted to summer wear, and which shows the favored sash effect, as shown in illustration, has a foundation of white silk, which is overlaid with frills of black silk muslin. The collar, which turns over, is of white silk overlaid with black guipure lace and edged with a narrow plaiting of black silk muslin. The long, full ends of the silk muslin start from each side of the collar in front and are drawn softly to the waist, fastened there securely, carried about the waist, and tied at the back in large loops and ends.



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THE NEWEST SPRING GOWNS

By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE LATEST DESIGNS

WITH the newest Easter gowns comes a soft, supple skirt, which clings closely around the hips and widens gradually toward the edge, where it has a width of between four and five yards. No stiffening material is employed for this, the idea being to get an easy curve. Very often, to produce this effect, a separate and rather elaborate underskirt is furnished. The bodice which has the invisible fastening continues in vogue, although many costumes have a tight back with a semi-loose plastron.

Sleeves continue to be quite close-fitting, with a slight fullness at the top. The neck dressings are less complicated, the decoration above the high collar covering only one-third of the neck.

MECHANICALLY plaited skirts are much liked. The "sun ray" skirt is revived by a new process of puckering the material in rows of narrow shirrings, separated at intervals by rows of wider shirrings, which gradually increase so that a flounce of four or more inches is achieved at the bottom of the skirt; this skirt is particularly liked in soft silk or muslin. Skirts of very broad-striped material usually show a front breadth having a seam with the material cut on the bias, so that a perfectly plain and very pronounced V is achieved.

IT WOULD seem as if "tiny" described the trimmings of the spring and summer frock. Horizontal or vertical lines, and decorations achieving circles and

THE costume of red serge shown in accompanying illustration, may, of course, be developed in any color fancied. The skirt is cut in the received way and is trimmed with rows of black satin galloon. The bodice is tight-fitting in the back, but has a semi-loose front, trimmed, like the skirt, with black satin galloon. The collar and plastron of white silk are overlaid with guipure lace. The sleeves are quite tight, and are trimmed from the shoulders down to the wrists with black galloon applied in curves. Narrow frills of black *mousseline de soie* fall over the hands. The belt is a soft crush one of white silk. For early spring wear this gown would be pretty made of a pale gray cashmere trimmed with white silk galloon, and white silk overlaid with silver decorations, or, if a quieter effect were fancied, with black guipure.

AMONG the colors which will be most worn this spring are champagne, brown, blue, pink, heliotrope, bronze green, red, black, as a matter of course, and white, most important of all. Combinations of black and white will also be seen.

ANOTHER effective but simple costume, made of gray cashmere, is shown in illustration. Its fashionably cut skirt shows a curved decoration in gray silk braid. The bodice fits in the back, is semi-loose in front, and trimmed, as represented, with curves of the braid. The flaring cravat of white silk muslin and lace, coming from under the high collar and falling to the waist, really decorates the front. The sleeves are close-fitting and quite plain, being merely outlined at the wrists with gray braid and showing pipings of white silk muslin. The belt is a crush one, of very soft bright yellow silk. This design would be equally effective in one of the new shades of blue or of bronze green, with black braid for garniture.

A GOWN in absolute contrast to the last is shown in illustration. It is of moderate-colored cashmere. The strap across the skirt, which is very fashionable, is trimmed with narrow plaitings about an inch wide, of silk taffeta showing wood and white colorings. The bodice is semi-fitting, and has one broad revers outlined with a frill of taffeta, and two large paste buttons decorating it. The belt is of the taffeta, and the collar is of the wool outlined with the taffeta, while the close-fitting sleeves have no decoration but their edge frills of taffeta. In white, trimmed with black, in red trimmed with either white or black, in either pink or heliotrope trimmed with white, or in a gown showing one color only, as an all-black cashmere trimmed with black taffeta, this design would be good. It would develop especially well in a plain, smooth cloth, but it must always be remembered that whenever smooth cloths are used additional care should be taken in regard to the fit, as a gown fashioned after this design depends almost entirely upon its perfection of fit to give the perfection of style demanded for any gown as simple in construction as the one shown. More attention is being paid to the cut and hang of the dress skirt. The necessity for this care is better understood by modistes, and improvement in this respect is marked, as a skirt that is not properly fitted and hung will spoil the effect.

THE more elaborate toilet in illustration shows what might be called the tiny trimmings. The foundation of the skirt—that part which shows—is a figured silk. It is covered with a skirt of plain heliotrope silk, cut so as to show the figured foundation on the left side, while it is attached to it by an elaborate embroidery of white silk, and the edge is hemmed with a frilling of plaited silk muslin about an inch wide. These skirts, slashed on the sides and displaying contrasting materials, are likely to be very much worn. The bodice is covered with puckered white silk muslin in rows half an inch apart. The plastron shows a blouse front of the figured silk, with a smaller plastron and collar of almond-green velvet. The tight-fitting sleeves of the figured material have small "jockeys" hanging over them. The hat worn with this gown is one of the new and most favored shapes, and is elaborately trimmed with mallow flowers.

A blue silk gown, showing the plaited skirt which is so much in vogue, is shown in illustration. It has the shirrings so arranged that the narrow and wide effect is obtained with the deep flounce at the bottom. The bodice is of the blue silk, with an appliqué of white lace over the yoke, while the front is covered with white guipure. The sleeves are of the blue silk, with the square top draperies of blue silk covered with white lace. The sash is a simple black silk one, with long ends drooping from the bow which is at the back. The high collar of lace has a deep flare frill of silk muslin about its edge.

A COSTUME which depends for its stylish appearance on its bodice is the one of deep purple cashmere shown in illustration. The skirt is quite plain, and the bodice, which has a tight-fitting back and a semi-loose front, is divided into three zones by having its black embroidery arranged in the centre on a cream-colored ground, while the upper and lower sections are on dark purple. The sleeves are embroidered and so is the high collar. The capote is of dark violet straw embroidered with scattered aluminum spangles, and decorated on one side with a bouquet of white gardenias, from which rise a bunch of shaded purple ostrich tips and a dark purple aigrette.

points, are covered with the tiniest possible shirrings and puckerings of silk muslin, or very thin material, outlined by absolute miles of white or cream lace a quarter of an inch in width. Narrow braid is applied profusely. Jet in fine passementerie is used, and special trimmings made to fit certain portions of the bodice are noted in braid, lace or jet. Belts are more popular than ever.

CASHMERES, which have been neglected for the last five years, are again revived. Light-weight fancy goods with invisible checks, corkscrews and covert coatings are all liked. In novelty suiting there is a woolen brocade showing a closely woven pattern of dark wool on a brighter ground of mixed wool and silk. In silks, taffetas, especially those showing a white warp, will be prominent. Foulards will obtain, while many richer silks, having grounds of figured *moiré*, upon which is a regular satin design of the same color, will be much used. White silk skirts, trimmed with black *mousseline de soie* and decorated with black embroidery or guipure, are new and fashionable.



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COSTUME OF GRAY CASHMERE



GOWN OF MODE-COLORED CASHMERE



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MAKING A MODERATE WEDDING OUTFIT

EASY LESSONS IN SEWING: NUMBER FOUR

By Emma M. Hooper



THE greater number of young women preparing for marriage cannot afford an outfit costing over a hundred and fifty dollars, and many of them must be content with one which may be purchased for seventy-five. When the sum that may be expended reaches three hundred dollars house linen is generally included, and the bride-elect is financially comfortable, though even with the latter sum of money, discretion must be used in purchasing the bridal outfit.

With seventy-five dollars to expend a bride who is to be married in the spring may add to her belongings three sets of muslin underwear, six pairs of hose, corsets, an alpaca and a flannellette petticoat, and six handkerchiefs, allowing ten dollars for these articles. Sun umbrella at two dollars, shoes and ties for five dollars, and one straw hat trimmed with flowers and ribbon, besides a sailor or walking hat for general wear, for five dollars more. Two cotton shirt-waists may be made for a dollar, making them with a yoke of two points at the back, shirred front, and bishop sleeves gathered into a cuff. A general-wear suit of the always-serviceable blue serge may be made with a five-gore skirt, with facing of haircloth or other stiffening ten inches deep, and three rows of black mohair braid put on in long, slightly curved scallops. The jacket may be Eton in shape, or a fitted blazer lined with blue sateen and trimmed with braid on the edges, moderate sleeves, and a turn-over collar ending in small revers. This suit may be kept to within seven dollars and seventy-five cents, and will answer for a journey, outing and street wear, with the cotton waist, or one of wash silk at thirty cents a yard, made similar in style to the cotton ones. For best wear a cashmere gown of gray, beige or bright blue for a skirt, and round blouse with small sleeves, high collar and narrow folded belt of satin of a darker shade, with a tiny yoke of the same covered with white lace and ruffles of the lace down the centre.

CAREFUL BUYING MUST BE DONE

A REMNANT of four yards of taffeta for a bodice may be bought for three dollars. If trimmed with a ribbon belt and collar, and lace in the neck and wrists, it will make a dressy bodice, costing altogether four dollars. This may be bought to harmonize with the skirt of the visiting gown, and a pretty style for making it would be a close-fitting back and blouse front, the latter with tucks across the top, simulating a yoke. This will make a change of dress for an evening entertainment, and should be rather light in color, as, for instance, white and green, pink, blue or violet, with ribbon of the same color. For a wrap have a tan cloth jacket at seven dollars, as this color is never out of style and may be worn at any time. Two gingham frocks for morning wear should be made with seven-gore skirts, and round blouse waists with bishop sleeves. These dresses, which do not need any trimming, are worn with linen collars and silk ties. Three dollars may be allowed for these, and two dollars for collars, leather belt, and cravats.

TWO USEFUL AND PRETTY GOWNS

A WHITE piqué made up in a skirt and Eton jacket needs only stitched edges for the trimming, and will be found cheap and dressy for midsummer, and cost only two dollars, and another dollar will buy a yard of fine lawn for a tucked vest made like a blouse front with ruffles of lace between the tucks and on the collar. The leather belt may be worn with this outfit. Two pairs of gloves will surely cost two dollars and a quarter, and a flannellette dressing-sacque scalloped around with silk and tied with ribbon at the neck, may be evolved out of seventy cents, with the material at ten cents a yard. This jacket should be made with a turn-over collar and not be lined. A neat dimity at twenty-five cents a yard, trimmed with a ribbon belt and collar, will absorb three dollars, making sixty-one dollars and twenty cents. This last gown may be made with a round waist, a cross-tucked yoke, and small sleeves with a cluster of tucks just below the short puff. The ribbon collar lies in folds without the bow, and the belt has a short bow to the left of the front.

If the white piqué is chosen the dimity cannot be kept within the sum. In buying ribbon collars and belts it is wise to remember that both black and white are very fashionable, but black is trying to many complexions, while ivory white or cream is not.

Editor's Note—In these "Easy Lessons in Sewing" the following have appeared:
I—How to Make a Dress, August, 1897
II—The Sleeves and Trimming, October, "
III—Making a Petticoat, December, "
IV—Making a Moderate Wedding Outfit, March, 1898
This series will continue with special articles on millinery, dressmaking, etc.

THE DAINTY WHITE WEDDING GOWN

FOR the lowest sum expended upon an outfit only a white organdy of medium price—fifty cents a yard—may be allowed, but this may be worn two seasons during the summer, and also to winter evening entertainments. Ten yards of the organdy and a white lawn lining, lace for the neck, waist and edging, tiny crosswise or lengthwise tucks, according to the figure, will amount to six dollars and fifty cents. Taffeta ribbon for a collar and belt, the latter tied on the left and the collar in front, will cost eighty cents. Add white slippers, hose, glacé hook gloves, and a veil of white tulle two yards square, for five dollars, and the limit of seventy-five dollars will be reached.

THE MORE EXPENSIVE BRIDAL OUTFITS

FOR the outfit at a hundred and fifty dollars I would still recommend a white organdy wedding gown, but a quality costing seventy-five cents, with better tulle for the veil, a ribbon sash with long ends, no loops, and ruffles on the skirt trimmed with lace. These changes will bring the cost up to twenty dollars, with veil, gloves, etc.
For a trousseau costing two hundred and fifty dollars the wedding gown may be of white figured taffeta silk at a dollar a yard, requiring fourteen yards for a skirt of five gores with a dip of two inches at the back; small sleeves, having a short puff; round blouse, with fitted back and low, loose front; square yoke, and vest of chiffon in accordion plaits, belt of same with sash ends, wrist and collar ruffles of chiffon, and on the low neck and high collar a tiny pearl gimp as a finish. This costume will cost twenty dollars. The tulle veil, gloves, white hose and slippers will cost six dollars and a half.

THE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-DOLLAR OUTFIT

THE list of underwear given as a guide in the seventy-five-dollar list will be a guide in this, only have four sets, making the cost fifteen dollars; and a colored silk petticoat for seven dollars, as a good quality of silk gives in the extra wear. Three pairs of kid gloves, two pairs of black shoes, and russet ties, will use up eleven dollars; a sun umbrella or parasol, two dollars and fifty cents; tan cloth jacket, ten dollars, and two hats—with the inevitable sailor for midsummer—ten dollars more. As accessories are so necessary nowadays five dollars is not too large a sum to set aside for ties, collars, belts, etc., having a leather and a silk one of the latter article. It is well to count upon ten dollars being expended on making over gowns that will answer for the second wear. Two cotton shirt-waists, plaid and striped, and one of white lawn will be a dollar and eighty cents. Black skirt of gros-grain or satin at a dollar will take ten dollars, and a striped taffeta waist, five dollars, will give a costume for day and evening wear. A mohair or cashmere gown will cost twelve dollars, and answer for church and visiting. The blouse style made with a tiny yoke effect is recommended for this dress, as it will be the prominent one of the season. A piqué jacket suit will require nine yards at thirty cents a yard, and four pearl buttons. Colored gingham at twenty cents a yard will make a gown to be worn with a linen collar, tie and silk belt, costing two dollars. Ten yards of organdy, or twelve if any ruffles are put on the skirt, with a lawn lining, Valenciennes lace for edging tucks or ruffles on waist and sleeves, and taffeta ribbon for collar and belt, amounts to five dollars and twenty cents, giving a total of one hundred and twenty-six dollars. The sum remaining may be devoted to bed and table linen.

BUYING THE NECESSARY HOUSE LINEN

FOR one bed allow a comfortable or pad, to lie next to the mattress, for a dollar; three pairs of cotton sheets, three dollars; the same number of pillow-cases, a dollar and a half; three bolster-cases, a dollar; one pair of blankets, four dollars; two white counterpanes, two dollars, and a mixed down comforter, covered with silkoline, for three dollars and fifty cents. Six bathing towels, three dollars; and a dozen huckaback for the same price. Two table-cloths, two yards long and as wide as the table needs, will be four dollars and fifty cents, with a dozen napkins to correspond of the five-eighths size. A three-yard cloth of nicer quality and larger napkins will be five dollars, and allow another dollar for small tea napkins. Two dollars may be easily expended upon two roller towels and tea-cloths for the kitchen, bringing the sum up to thirty-five dollars, with a pad to cover the dining-table. As this exceeds the sum left from the gowns, etc., by eleven dollars, that amount must be saved in some manner. Do this by having an alpaca petticoat in place of a silk one, an eight-dollar jacket rather than one at ten, and a taffeta dress skirt instead of one in one.

FOR THE THREE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR OUTFIT

WITH a three-hundred-dollar outfit two beds are provided for at a cost of thirty-one dollars; double the number of towels, twelve dollars; bureau-covers and splashes of dotted Swiss over sateen for three dollars, and pillow-shams at two. If a bed-cover, to place over the bolster as well, is preferred, it will cost as much as the shams and counterpanes. For the table have a cover to protect it from warm plates, seventy-five cents; three ordinary cloths with a dozen napkins, five dollars; two longer, better cloths and a dozen napkins of a larger size for eight dollars; a dozen tea napkins and the same for fruit, two dollars. Allow three dollars for roller and tea towels, making sixty-seven dollars spent for table and bed linen, with the result of a reasonable supply for the young housekeeper in moderate circumstances. Of course, some of these articles may be given as wedding gifts. In preparing the linen the sheets, pillow and bolster cases may be hemstitched, and the initial embroidered in the centre just above the hem; the towels marked with an initial in white or colored cotton to match the border, an inch above the border, using a medium-sized letter. The table-cloths have the initial in the centre half way between the edge and centre of the table; for this there is a long, slender initial, and a smaller one to correspond in one corner of the napkins.

THE PERSONAL BELONGINGS OF THE BRIDE

THERE remains now the sum of two hundred and thirty-three dollars, and with this to spend allow thirty-five for the necessary underwear, hose, etc.; silk petticoat, seven dollars; two pairs of ties and shoes, eight dollars; belts, collars, neckties, handkerchiefs, etc., eight dollars; parasol, three, and three pairs of kid gloves, four dollars. The wedding gown of white taffeta, veil, gloves, etc., already described, will be twenty-six dollars and fifty cents; tan or black jacket for ten dollars, and three hats for the same price. This includes a large flower-trimmed hat, a sailor merely banded, and a walking or turban shape simply trimmed with wings and ribbon. Three cotton shirt-waists should include one of white lawn, two dollars; and the useful silk waist for evening wear, with lace yoke, collar and wrist ruffle, will be five dollars. This should be of white and light green, pink, violet or turquoise-blue striped taffeta. Eight yards of black satin will answer for the skirt, costing ten dollars when made. For general wear a tweed or serge of light weight in royal blue, beige or golden brown may be made with an Eton or short, close-fitting jacket and a very full silk vest for ten dollars.

BE CAREFUL IN SELECTING THE COLORS

FOR street wear the bright royal and slightly greenish shade called water or porcelain, brown, mode, beige and gray will lead. The latter in cashmere, which fabric is again in favor, makes a handsome church costume made in the blouse style. It is made with yoke and vest of white silk covered with white lace; collar and finish on cashmere front of steel and jet, turquoise or green bead gimp; belt of the same with buckle to match, or one of colored or gray satin, and a skirt trimming of bias gray satin bands in straight or curved cross rows. This dressy gown will cost fifteen dollars, and a black *mousseline* boa to wear with it, three. Gray or white hook gloves, a black parasol, and a black hat with *mousseline* and pink or blue flowers, finish out a costume thoroughly refined and not expensive. A tea-gown of printed Japanese silk at thirty-five cents a yard, with a loose centre front of plain silk, and trimmed with ribbon bows and lace in the neck and sleeves, will cost almost ten dollars. Navy and pink or cherry, gray and pink, mode and scarlet or golden brown, and red or pink are excellent schemes of color for this gown. A wash-silk shirt-waist in blue and white requires four yards and a half at thirty cents a yard. For both day and evening wear have a taffeta or foulard silk at a dollar a yard, made with a round waist, blouse front of black net, and jet and colored beads and spangles; collar made with a band to correspond, and belt and skirt trimming of several rows of velvet ribbon. This toilet will cost twenty-five dollars.

SOME GOWNS OF COTTON FABRICS

PINK organdy made over pink lawn, and trimmed with lace and ribbon, may be evolved for eight dollars, and a dimity one in violet or green and white, simply fashioned with a tucked yoke and sleeves, costing two dollars and a half, will be found both useful and pretty. Allow ten dollars for making over last season's gowns. A white lawn wrapper for room wear will cost three dollars, with yoke of embroidery, collar and skirt of edging. A cotton duck skirt of dark blue, to wear in the morning with shirt-waists, will cost only a dollar and a half. A white lawn or dotted Swiss made up without lining, and with bag seams, need cost but five dollars, including a ribbon belt and collar, and the inexpensive Valenciennes lace finish. This makes a total of two hundred and nineteen dollars, leaving fourteen for a dressmaker to assist with the most important gowns, besides the sixty-seven spent for linen, or three hundred for the outfit.



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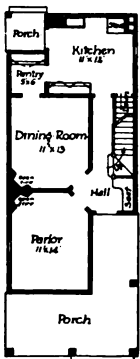
By the Journal's Special Architect

This is the seventh of the series of "The Ladies' Home Journal's Model Homes of Moderate Cost." Each house plan is the work of a celebrated architect, exclusively engaged by the Journal for this work. He is the most skillful originator of moderate-cost houses in America, and these plans represent the careful study of years.

All the designs in this series belong exclusively to the Journal. The management can vouch for the absolute accuracy and practicability of the plans and figures.

IN RESPONSE to many requests I present in this number a plan for a house which gives a suggestion of what may be done with a lot twenty-five feet wide. I cannot offer any very novel plan for a lot of this size. The rooms must, of necessity, be strung in a line, and there is neither room for much side porch nor the projection of bays. But the plan outlined is a good working one, and one in which the kitchen, as well as the other rooms in the house, may be reached from the hall.

BY THE corner doorways entering the parlor and dining-room these rooms have somewhat the effect of opening into each other without sacrificing wall space. At the same time the space added to the hall gives some excuse for calling it a reception-hall, and does, at least, save it from being merely an entry.



First Floor Plan.

tile, if any, additional cost, by making the entrance to the hall at the side, but by this arrangement the porch would be cut off, and you would be compelled to reach it through the parlor, thereby losing the side porch, which is always a very great addition to the attractiveness of the house.

BY HAVING two chimneys you will be enabled to have either a small fireplace in each of the rooms, or where economy is an object, stoves may be used to heat the rooms, doing away with the necessity of a heater, but have both if possible, as the fireplace and the heater together offer great advantages. Nothing can be more satisfactory or more artistic than a hard brick fireplace with hearth of the same. If you want to use coal, a basket grate with fire-brick back, will convert the fireplace into a grate, and the cost of both brick fireplace and grate is much less than that of a built-in grate.

IRON backs are usually used where the facing is of tile, but tiles are open to the objection that they are continually becoming loose, and chipping at the edges.

The artistic side of the fireplace is not its only claim; it is an economy, for much of our weather is such that a little fire for an hour or so in the morning will make the room comfortable for the day, and with open fireplaces in the living-rooms of a house, the lighting of the furnace may be delayed often for weeks in the autumn, and dispensed with early in the spring. Nor is this all. It has been found by experiment that it is easier to heat a room by furnace heat when there is a fireplace in it, even without any fire, as the chimney tends to draw up the cold air from the bottom of the room and to draw down the warmer air from above.

And this means, also, that you will have a more rapid change of air in the room, provided the air from the furnace is not burnt out. To secure this, great care must be bestowed on the furnace. It is wiser to go cold than to have impure air to breathe, for the human body is a good furnace in itself, and will warm the blood well if you feed it fuel in the shape of food and good air.

REMEMBER that the air you and your children are to breathe in the cold weather must largely come through the furnace pipes, consequently its source must be investigated. This is too often the damp cellar, with dark corners where forgotten rubbish or decaying wood is throwing out noxious vapors. Either the outside air must be brought to the furnace in a proper conduit from some sheltered but open and clear point, or the cellar must be kept dry and light, and made sweet with whitewash. All provisions should be put into separate compartments, or else a separate cold air chamber may be built having an outside window, which should be left open, and connecting with the air inlet of the furnace. Proper ventilation in the cellar is an absolute necessity.

THE construction of the furnace should be such that the entering air does not come into contact with the fire-pot, where it has the life burnt out of it, and becomes mixed with gas which leaks through cracks or joints in the fire chamber. There are a great many furnaces in the market which are made on good principles, consequently an inferior one should never, under any circumstances, be considered.

I HAVE dwelt upon this point because it is almost always lost sight of. Owners of houses almost always insist upon sanitary plumbing, but seldom on sanitary heating, which is quite as important a consideration from a sanitary point of view.

COMPLETE PLANS FOR BUILDING THIS HOUSE

Architects usually charge from \$50 to \$100 for the complete building plans for a house. To a person building a \$1500 to \$1750 house, such an outlay is considerable. Hence the services of an architect are often dispensed with. To supply this want The Ladies' Home Journal, owning the plans of this house, will furnish to any of its readers the complete building plans of the house here described for five dollars (\$5), postpaid. These plans cover all details and specifications. This offer is not intended, in any respect, to compete with nor interfere with the work of architects. To the Journal there is no profit whatever in these plans: the offer is simply made to help its readers in their desires to build artistic homes.

The plans and descriptions of model homes which have already been published in the Journal have been:

- "A Model Suburban House" (costing from \$2000 to \$2500), in July, 1897, Journal.
- "A House for a 30-Foot Front Lot" (costing from \$2200 to \$2600), in September, 1897, Journal.
- "A \$2200 House for a Small Square Lot," in November, 1897, Journal.
- "A House for a Thousand Dollars," in December 1897, Journal.
- "An \$1800 City Brick House," in January, 1898, Journal.
- "A Model House for \$1000 to \$1250," in February, 1898, Journal, and
- "A \$1500 House for a Twenty-five-Foot Lot," in March, 1898, Journal.

The working plans and complete details and specifications for any of these seven houses can be had by any person sending five dollars (\$5) to the Art Bureau of The Ladies' Home Journal. Orders for plans of houses other than those mentioned above cannot be filled.



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SOME NEW PLANTS OF THE YEAR

By Eben E. Rexford

MOST of the new plants and novelties of the year seem to be new varieties of the old ones. Judging from the advance notices sent out by the dealers, the florists are content to experiment with the old stand-bys rather than ransack the corners of the earth for new plants hitherto unknown except by those who have explored in the interest of natural history rather than of the dealer in plants.

A NEW GERANIUM CALLED MARS

ONE of the most meritorious plants offered the present season for the first time except, in a very limited way, for trial to the trade, is a Geranium called Mars—an American product, by-the-way; therefore it ought to appeal to our pride in home production and meet with the favor it most certainly deserves. It is offered as a bedding Geranium, but my knowledge of it is confined to its behavior in the greenhouse, as plants sent me last season for trial were not received until too late to make use of them in the garden. Under glass it has proved a constant and most wonderfully free bloomer. In fact, it has never been out of bloom. It is of bushy habit, an ideal bedding plant, and requires absolutely no pruning, when grown in pots, to make it take on a symmetrical form. In this respect it is quite equal to the variegated Madame Sallerol.

Its foliage is pretty—green, zoned with brown—and its flowers are fine. They are a bright salmon-rose at the centre, passing to pure white on the upper half of the petal. The individual flowers are of good size, nearly circular in form, and produced in trusses of good size, and so freely as to literally cover the plant with bloom. If it does as well out-of-doors as in the greenhouse—and a Geranium that does well there generally does a great deal better out-of-doors—this variety will prove to be an exceedingly valuable one, especially for edging beds containing varieties of a larger habit of growth. For massing it will be exceptionally fine.

ONE OF THE BEST DECORATIVE PLANTS

IPREDICT for the Asparagus Sprengeri a much greater general popularity than Smilax has ever had, and that it will take the place, to a great degree, of that favorite plant for decorative purposes, because of its remarkably easy cultivation. Any one who can grow a Geranium can grow this plant. It requires a rich, light, loamy soil, plenty of root room, and a moderate but regular supply of water while making rapid growth, and nothing more, except to be kept from the frost. It has all the grace of a Fern's freedom of growth. Its branches, which have a most graceful droop if allowed to grow naturally, will attain, under ordinary cultivation, a length of three or four feet, clothed their entire length with foliage of a rich, dark, shining green, admirable as a background for flowers. Against a mass of these plants a few Roses or Carnations show remarkably well, and produce a fine effect, thus making it possible to decorate a room satisfactorily and artistically with a few of them and a comparatively small quantity of cut flowers. The effect of a fine specimen is that of a fountain of foliage. The pot will be completely hidden by it.

For mantel decoration—in fact, for any purpose where a trailing plant is desirable—it will prove invaluable, as it lasts well, and nothing could be more graceful and airy, except a Fern, and indeed, this plant has some qualities that render it really superior in general effect to our finest Ferns. It will, I feel confident, take the place of Ferns, to a great extent, in room decoration, as soon as its merits are understood. Asparagus plants sent me for trial last year have given me more pleasure than any plants of recent introduction which have come under my notice.

ARE WE GOING TO HAVE A DAHLIA CRAZE?

THE Dahlia has proved the truth of the old saying that all things come to him who waits. After years of neglect this once popular plant has been taken in hand by the florists, and now it looks as if we were to have a Dahlia craze. The semi-double varieties will be more popular than the single sorts, because of the greater mass of color afforded by their larger flowers, and the old, very double type will be again in favor. Some of the new varieties are described as being wonderfully fine, especially a white kind called Snowbird, and a soft yellow variety named Mrs. Dutton, but there are so many listed as new that further special mention would be out of place, so I refrain therefrom.

*In the next, the April, issue of the Journal, in which special attention will be given to "Flowers and Home Gardening for Pleasure and Profit," Mr. Rexford will write of "The Revival of the Old Fashioned Flower."

NEW GLOXINIAS AND CHRYSANTHEMUMS

AMONG Gloxinias we are offered a new variety, to which the name of Snow Queen has been given. It is a pure white, with a pale yellow throat. Another variety called Scarlet Queen is offered by a few dealers. It is said to be superb, very floriferous, of the richest imaginable color, and with foliage of the *Crasifolia* type.

Among the new Chrysanthemums there are, as usual, a great number of new varieties, some of which may prove equal, or superior, to the good old standard sorts, but this can only be proved by giving them a trial. Some of those which come most highly indorsed by the judges of the Chrysanthemum committees before whom they were shown are: William H. Chadwick, bluish white; Our Dear Friend, canary yellow, and Mrs. C. H. Pierce, dark yellow. Of the long list William H. Chadwick seems to have scored the most points at the fall exhibitions. But I am frank to say that of all the Chrysanthemums I saw at the fall shows last year, I saw none that suited me as well, all things considered as many of the older ones. Such varieties as Major Bonnafon, Ada Spaulding, Ivory, Golden Wedding and Cullingford seemed to attract the most attention. Another thing that I was glad to see was that the craze for the enormous exaggerations in the shape of flowers, which formerly prevailed at the Chrysanthemum shows, had passed away, seemingly never to return again.

NEW CARNATIONS DO NOT DISPLACE THE OLD

IT IS much the same with Carnations as with Chrysanthemums, in the production of new kinds. There are, perhaps, a score of new ones offered, all of which are claimed to be great improvements on the old sorts, but very likely three-fourths of these will have been discarded by next season, to give way to others "in every way superior to anything heretofore known in this line." We have some fine kinds among the older Carnations, and it is very difficult to improve on them. Judging from what I have seen of the new claimants for popular favor, Argyle, carmine pink, and Evelina, pure white, are likely to be the leaders this season.

CANNAS ALMOST AS LARGE AS GLADIOLUSES

THERE seem to be still more surprises in store for us among the Cannas. We are promised some new ones with flowers almost as large as those of the Gladiolus, and quite as rich in color. Judging by the great improvement which has taken place in the Canna during the last half-dozen years we can readily believe almost anything that is claimed for it. It was but a comparatively short time ago that we grew it for its foliage alone. Then a variety appeared having flowers of considerable size, and the florists, ever on the alert, saw a possibility of evolving a new class of Cannas, and went to work in earnest to bring about such a result. How well they succeeded is shown by such varieties as Flamingo, Madame Crozy, Florence Vaughan, and a dozen other standard sorts. Now we expect new varieties each year, with flowers so large, so brilliant and so freely produced, that it is hard to decide whether we prize the plant most for these flowers or its foliage. When a plant possesses dual merit of this kind it must be popular, and we cannot set too high an estimate on the Canna for use in the garden.

SOME NEW VARIETIES OF FERNS

AMONG the Ferns the one that seems to me most likely to appeal to the amateur florist is one of the *Nephrolepis* class, catalogued as *Bostonensis*, or, more popularly, the "Boston Fern," so-called, I believe, because it was first brought to the attention of the trade by a Boston florist, with whom it is supposed to have originated. This variety is identical with the old favorite, *N. exaltata*, except in the development of its fronds, so far as I can see. These are of greater length, consequently a plant of it produces a more striking effect than one of the old variety. The fronds, because of this peculiarity, have more of a spread, and, therefore, a more graceful droop and curve. This Boston Fern seems to require the same culture as the older variety. It is probably a "sport" from the Sword Fern, and an improvement on it. It will make a fine plant for the parlor or the window garden, where so few Ferns do well. If those who grow the Ferns and some other plants of that class would give the same attention to a Fern of this sort, they would have a plant from which they would derive a great deal more pleasure than the Rubber Plant or some of the more common sorts of Palms can give, because this particular Fern has a grace and beauty which these plants never have, and it requires much less care.

THE IDEAL OF FLOWERING BEGONIAS

AMONG flowering Begonias the one most likely to meet with favor is Gloire de Lorraine. This variety is of ideal form, both as to plant and flower, and its wonderful floriferousness will be sure to make it a general favorite if it proves suitable for amateur culture, as is predicted by the dealers. Its flowers are quite similar in form and color to those of the charming old *Welloniensis*, but they are produced much more freely all over the plant, which has a naturally graceful habit that will help to make it a favorite with those who want something particularly fine in all respects for individual use in the parlor window.

ONE OF THE BEST HARDY BORDER PLANTS

IGAVE Rudbeckia, Golden Glow, a trial last season, through the courtesy of its introducer, and I was greatly pleased with it. It is of the very easiest culture—one strong point in its favor. It begins to bloom in July, and from that time on it is continually in flower, only ceasing with the coming of frost—another point in its favor not to be overlooked. And it blooms with great freedom, producing a grand effect, because it sends up dozens of stout stalks which branch freely, and every branch is laden with buds and blossoms in all stages of development. The flowers are of a very rich shade of golden yellow, moderately double, and shaped so much like those of the semi-double Dahlias, that my plant was often mistaken for one of them. The flowers, which are from three to four inches across, are borne on long, slender stems not at all prim nor frequently are, and on this account they are very valuable for cutting. Indeed, I found this plant so extremely satisfactory in this respect that I shall grow an extra number of them the coming season to furnish cut flowers for home use. Unlike the Helianthus, there is nothing at all—even in the slightest degree—coarse about this evolution of a well-known native plant.

THE DOUBLE SWEET PEA AGAIN

WE ARE to have double Sweet Peas again, I see. I am sorry the florists consider it worth their while to continue their experiments with this charming flower in this direction. To "double" a Sweet Pea is to rob it of one of its greatest charms, its individuality—the very thing that makes it so much a favorite with us. If we are ever unfortunate enough to have double Sweet Peas forced upon us, to the exclusion of the old variety, then this flower will speedily lose its present popularity, and the florists, instead of having gained by their efforts, will have lost by them. Mark this prediction. I will stand by it. In "doubling" some flowers we spoil them, and this would surely be the case with this flower. Last year I grew a few of the double ones, and I want no more of them. The increase in the number of petals took away the dainty, airy grace of the flower, and made it quite another thing than the dear old Sweet Pea that I have the same fondness for that I have for an old friend. However, the public disposes of such matters, and I have confidence enough in the good taste of the rank and file of flower-loving people to believe that they will not grow double Sweet Peas, except as a novelty which one season will give enough of.

A NEW VARIETY OF VARIEGATED PLANT

ONE of the best variegated plants of recent introduction seems to be the Abutilon, Souvenir de Bonn. I was sent a plant for trial, and it has proved to be all that was claimed for it, and we all know that the florists are never over-modest in making claims for their new plants. It is of sturdy, compact habit if pinched back a little during the early stages of its development. It sends out freely, all along the stalk, short, spur-like branches, and these are well-clothed with foliage of medium size, of a rather light green, beautifully edged and irregularly marbled with ivory white sometimes shading to creamy yellow. It will be noticed that I have said that the foliage was of medium size, and I would call particular attention to this merit, because, as a general thing, the foliage of most Abutilons is so large as to be almost coarse. It is not so with this variety. The leaves are produced so plentifully that there is none of that "thin" effect so common to the more rampant-growing varieties. A specimen gives a mass of foliage clear down to the pot, and so thick that it cannot be seen through when well grown. The effect is, therefore, very pleasing.

A fine plant of it is, among shrubby plants, what the Madame Sallerol Geranium is among low growing plants—always a "thing of beauty," and quite as effective for greenhouse decoration and the ornamentation of the window garden as most flowering plants are. All the charm of the plant is not confined to its foliage, for it blooms quite freely. Its flowers are a combination of yellow and pale red, and though possibly not quite as attractive as those of most varieties of Abutilon which are grown for the beauty of their flowers, it is still very decorative.

Editor's Note—Mr. Rexford's answers to his correspondents, under the title of "Floral Helps and Hints," will be found on pages 32 and 33 of this issue of the Journal.



IF YOU have not seen our **MANUAL OF EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN FOR 1898**, you have missed seeing the greatest publication of its kind in the world. For either here or abroad it is the premier **SEED AND PLANT CATALOGUE**. It is hardly fair to call it a catalogue, because it is actually a book of **200** pages, 9x11 inches, the cover alone of which is the handsomest of its kind ever produced. The **Manual** is embellished with over **500** engravings, nearly all new, and these in turn are supplemented by **6** colored plates which are veritable triumphs of the lithographer's art. It costs us **30c.** to place a copy in your hands, but to give it the widest distribution possible we propose to send it to any one **FREE** on receipt of **10c.** (stamps) to cover **FREE** postage. We no longer sell our seeds to dealers; but if any one has been buying our seeds of their local dealer, we will send the **Manual** without charge, provided they **apply by letter**, and give the name of the **local merchant** from whom they bought our seeds.

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TWENTY-FOUR PLAIN AND FANCY STITCHES

By Emily Ross Bell

F STITCHES made on a straight line the simplest is the feather-stitch in Illustration No. 1. Commence the stitch at the far end of the line and work toward you, holding the thread down when making the stitch. Begin Stitch No. 2 at the left-hand side, and take stitch on lower line, then to upper line, crossing the thread over the work to stitch on lower line.

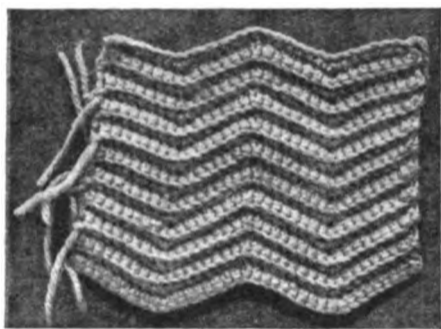


Stitch No. 3 is the same as No. 2, worked over twice.

WHEN making Stitch No. 4 make the vertical stitch of the upper row first, then the stitch at an angle each side of it, holding the thread down firmly when making the last side stitch. Make next group on upper row, then lower one; repeat.

To make Stitch No. 5 make a vertical stitch and carry thread down to lower row, and make angular stitches as in the previous example, passing thread to the short stitch on the upper row, and repeat.

MAKE the top row of Stitch No. 6 as in No. 4. On the next row make buttonhole stitch, directly below group on upper row. The lower row is made of buttonhole stitch directly below previous one and also half way between them. This stitch will make a very desirable edge for an infant's blanket.



No. 12

MARK two straight lines as far apart as desired for Stitch No. 7, and from the upper to lower line take long stitch to lower row at desired angle. Carry thread on the under side as far as space is desired between stitches. When the line is finished take stitches from upper to lower row, connecting the previous stitches. After this row is done make a vertical stitch at intersection of threads.

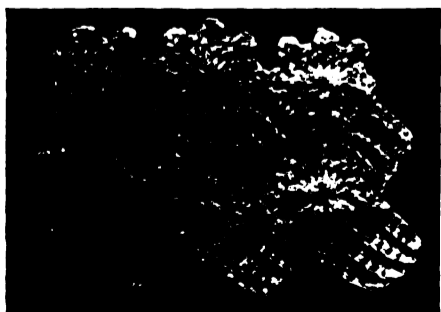


No. 16

STITCH No. 8 is a series of buttonhole stitches. The first row is a cross stitch from first and last stitches. The next row is a buttonhole stitch in the centre of cross stitch. The top row is the same as the upper row in Stitch No. 4.



No. 11



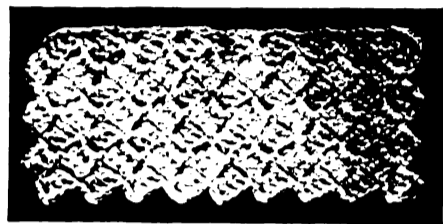
No. 18

Stitch No. 9 is a group of buttonhole stitches, and a row of buttonhole stitches at first and last of group.

Stitch No. 10 is a horizontal stitch crossed by a vertical one, which is crossed diagonally between the stitches.

STITCH No. 11 is an example of single crochet stitch suitable for an afghan. Make chain the desired length and crochet a row of single crochet into every stitch of chain. For the next row make a chain of five, taking last stitch into second stitch of preceding row; proceed to all stitches. Make a row of single crochet, connecting the third stitch of each chain with next chain; repeat.

Stitch No. 12 is simply single crochet widened and narrowed at regular intervals. It is used for capes, skirts and ruffles.



No. 15

Stitch No. 13 is called Gobelin stitch. Make a loose chain of the desired length, throwing wool over before taking up the stitches. For the second row crochet back in tricot or afghan stitch, drawing wool through two loops at once. For the third row make a chain stitch when commencing a row, and work as in the first row, taking up the stitch between or underneath the previous stitch. The stitches for the fourth row are taken from the chain which runs through the stitches.

STITCH No. 14 is done all on the right side and through the back of the stitches. For the first row make a chain of length desired; make a single crochet in each stitch of chain and break off wool. Make the second row in single crochet. For the third row begin at the right-hand edge of work and

make one chain; make five single crochets in the second row; throw the wool over the hook, push the hook up under the lower front part of sixth stitch on the first row, and bring a loop down through it; throw the wool over the hook and draw through two stitches, leaving the stitch drawn from the last single crochet on the hook; throw the wool over the hook, and draw a loop down through as before; then throw the wool over, work through two stitches, over again and through two more stitches, thus making a double crochet.

MAKE three more double crochets in the same stitch, leaving the stitch drawn from single crochet on the hook. Throw the thread over and draw

through the single crochet stitch and the other one on the hook. Omit, or carry the stitch under the puff; begin with the next one to it and make five single crochets; then begin the next puff, and finish it the same as preceding one. For the fourth row work a



No. 14

single crochet on the back of every stitch (except those of the puff) on the last row made. Continue alternating puffs as in third row. Change the color when crocheting puff and carry wool to the next puff.

FOR Stitch No. 15 make a chain as long as is necessary, then make three double crochets in the third stitch from hook, and a single crochet on the third stitch from the double crochet to fasten the shell in place. Then make a chain of three stitches, and three double crochets in the same stitch with the single crochet; fasten the shell as before with single crochet in the third stitch from the shell, and so proceed to the end of chain. Turn the work, make a

chain of three, and three double crochets in the last single crochet made in the first row. Fasten this shell by a single crochet made in the point of the next shell. Then make three chain, three double crochets in the next space formed by a chain of three stitches, and fasten with a single crochet on the next point. Repeat to end of the row. Turn and repeat, and draw the loop through and keep loop on needle; proceed to all stitches. Draw a loop through each stitch separately, and keep loop on the needle and



No. 19

work back as in previous rows. This stitch is pretty when done in shaded wool.

STITCH No. 16 is made by casting on as many stitches as are desired for the width. Knit one, throw the thread in front of needle; knit two, throw the thread in front of needle; knit two again; repeat to all stitches. Turn and knit one, throw thread in front of needle; knit the next



No. 17

stitch and the thread thrown in front on previous row, and repeat from beginning.

STITCH No. 17 is a variation of Gobelin stitch. Make a chain the length required. For the first row take up the chain stitches as on Gobelin stitch. For the second row work all the loops from the hook,



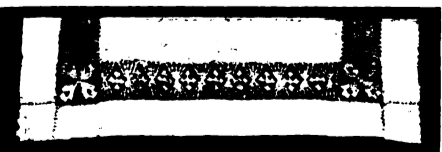
No. 13

drawing the thread through the three loops, and the next stitch separately, then three together, then one; repeat. Third row take up the stitches. Fourth row same as second.

MAKE the squares in Stitch No. 18, first from six stitches of plain crochet, as long as desired, then make a row of double shell stitches into each stitch of the side of two squares. Keep the stitches on the needle and make nine more double crochet stitches, and draw all together with a single stitch.

For Stitch No. 19 make a chain and then a row of single crochet. For the third row one single crochet into first stitch on second row, then one double crochet with one chain into previous row directly above; then one single crochet, and repeat. Next, work one row of single crochet. Next row same as second, but take double crochet with chain stitch in spaces between same on previous row; repeat. This looks like basket work.

THE knot stitch in hemstitching—Nos. 20, 21, 22, 23—is made by drawing the threads twice the depth of the desired hem. Prepare the hem as usual; baste it carefully with the turned-under edge, even with the upper edge of the drawn space. The needle is then inserted under the threads, and the working thread carried upward through the loop formed by carrying the thread to the left, then upward to the right, forming a loop. Illustration No. 24 shows another way of using the same stitch. The principle is the



No. 24

same, with a little weaving of the thread at the corner to form solid work when the threads are much drawn.

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WHAT TO EAT WHEN YOU HAVE INDIGESTION

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer



DOMESTIC LESSONS: NUMBER THREE

IN MY domestic lesson last month I gave, in a simple fashion, the physiology of digestion, and the best methods of preventing dyspepsia. Realizing that many persons have, by disobedience to Nature's laws, acquired this disease, I shall now suggest a line of diet, which, if followed rigidly, must bring about relief and cure.

The term "dyspepsia" does not quite cover one form of the disease, but is used for both gastric or stomach derangements and intestinal indigestion, the latter by far the most common. Foods suited to one of these conditions would be poison to the other. Under gastric dyspepsia we may include all acute inflammatory conditions of the stomach.

The common symptoms of the purely gastric trouble are eructations of hot, sour fluids, belching of acid gases, discomfort and pain immediately after eating. As painful and annoying as dyspepsia is, it may be easily and quickly cured if the sufferer will only be careful in his daily diet.

A FOOD SCHEDULE FOR DYSPEPTICS

ABSTAIN for a given time from all solid foods. Live for at least one week on milk, one-quarter barley water, or koumyss. Then, as the stomach grows stronger, take pure milk, sipping it and swallowing it slowly. You may take, also, the raw white of an egg shaken with a cup of milk, plum porridge, a little scraped beef broiled, and finally broiled beef, boiled rice and pulled bread.

A schedule such as follows should be used in acute gastric dyspepsia: A glass of cool, not iced, water the first thing in the morning. A cup of warm, not hot, water half an hour before breakfast. For breakfast, three ounces of milk mixed with one ounce of barley water. This schedule should be followed every three hours throughout the entire day for one week, taking the last glass of milk half an hour before bedtime. Koumyss may be substituted for the milk or used alternately.

WHEN A LEAN BEEF DIET IS BEST

AFTER prolonged ill-feeding the deranged gastric conditions are apt to become chronic; intestinal and hepatic disorders are likely to ensue, and there are two forms instead of one form of dyspepsia to be overcome. Under such circumstances, after the week of milk diet, a lean beef diet is best.

Select good beef from the round, put it twice through an ordinary meat-chopper, make it into small cakes and carefully broil. Use a little salt at first and gradually learn to do entirely without it.

Begin with one pound of beef a day, dividing it into two meals. Or you may take milk for your breakfast, half a pound of beef for your noonday meal, and then begin at four o'clock, taking the milk every two hours until bedtime. Or you may take the meat alone, dividing it into three meals. Increase the quantity slowly to the end of the week. If you have used meat alone you are now consuming three pounds daily, and increasing it to four. It has been satisfactorily proven that this diet of chopped meat, with all surplus fat trimmed off, yields all that can be obtained from a mixed diet containing the elements—proteids, fats and carbohydrates. The fat mingled throughout the lean portions of the meat is in sufficient quantity to support heat and force.

DIFFERENT FLAVORINGS THAT MAY BE USED

TO VARY this diet use different flavorings. Celery, either green or the seeds; six blanched almonds, a tablespoonful of pignon nuts, may be added and chopped with the meat. Now and then the chopper may be rubbed with garlic, which will give a delicate flavor; just a suspicion of powdered asa-fetida—not more than will adhere to a pin head—is excellent.

With this meat diet, which must bring a cure if continued for three or five months, or sometimes a year, at least two quarts of water daily should be taken—half a pint the first thing in the morning and the last at night, a cupful of warm water before each meal, and the remaining quantity divided and taken before meals.

Come back gradually to a normal diet, adding first to your meat diet a little rice, a bit of pulled bread, a little green vegetable, such as tender, well-boiled celery or very young peas pressed through a sieve.

Editor's Note—Mrs. Rorer's Domestic Lessons began in the January issue of the Journal, and will continue throughout the year. The lessons which have been given thus far are:

- I—Do We Eat too Much Meat? January
 - II—What Indigestion Really Is, February
 - III—What to Eat When You Have Indigestion, March
- One lesson will be given in each issue. In the April issue Mrs. Rorer will discuss the subject of "Food for the Growing Baby."

FOOD TO FOLLOW THE LEAN BEEF DIET

TO THE foregoing, as you grow better, add the coarser vegetables, such as turnips, carrots, parsnips, etc., slowly and but little at a time. Such sub-acid fruits as well-cooked prunes without sugar, soaked and cooked dates and figs, a very ripe peach, with a bowl of well-cooked oatmeal, or of one of the prepared foods, are quite enough for any breakfast. Or substitute a small bit of broiled fish, a soft-boiled egg with a bit of thoroughly toasted bread, or a plate of milk-toast and a broiled sweetbread.

THE CAUSES OF INTESTINAL INDIGESTION

INTESTINAL indigestion comes, as a rule, from continued over starchy and sugar feeding, and to people who eat large quantities of white bread, drinking at the same time one or two cups of tea or coffee with sugar or milk, or those who eat, with other bulky food, large bowls of illy cooked cereals and potatoes. Pastries, pies, cakes, preserves, puddings and such artificial, indigestible food-stuffs, and white bread, are first to be condemned—not so much on account of unwise combinations, as from the fact that they are eaten after a hearty meal, crowding and overloading the digestive tract. This form of dyspepsia is most common and most troublesome. In fact, many diseases with which we must contend in middle and later life have their origin at this point. If for any reason the secretions become dull, abnormal fermentation takes place, irritating gases form, the abdomen becomes distended, the intestines lose their vigor and elasticity, and the patient goes on from bad to worse until the whole system becomes deranged.

USE WATER FREELY AND FREQUENTLY

SERIOUS mental and nervous conditions also have their origin here. If the bile is insufficient and of poor quality, constipation follows closely. The skin, in turn, becomes dry, dark, and loses its activity. We must now give special attention to the outside of the body as well as the inside. The skin must be bathed every morning with tepid water, followed by a brisk rub. This is equally as important as correct diet. A good rule to remember is to use water freely inside and out, following the same directions for taking water as are given for gastric indigestion. Cut down at once the quantity of food taken, especially that requiring intestinal digestion, giving this portion of the digestive tract as much rest as possible, that it may regain its lost strength. For two weeks live on a diet that would be almost entirely digested in the stomach, such as koumyss, milk with a little barley water, cream of celery soup, plum porridge, cream of spinach soup, beef juice, white of egg shaken with milk. Then add a little scraped beef broiled, or a broiled bird, and so continue until you feel relieved of all unpleasant symptoms, adding a little boiled rice, then a bit of well-pulled bread.

WHEN YOU HAVE BEEN QUITE CURED

FINALLY, when you have quite recovered, you may slowly return to a normal diet, avoiding all sweets, acids, rich dishes, and those containing large quantities of starch. Arrange your bills-of-fare as follows:

BREAKFAST	
Broiled Whitefish	Bit of Lettuce
Pulled Bread	Hygienic Coffee

LUNCHEON	
Broiled Chops	Boiled Rice
Whole Wheat Bread (well baked)	Junket

DINNER	
Clear Soup	
Roasted Beef	Baked Potato
Lettuce Salad, French Dressing	
Bread Stick	A bit of Roquefort

BREAKFAST	
Mush Bread	Broiled Chicken
Hygienic Coffee	

LUNCHEON	
Cream of Celery Soup	Pulled Bread

DINNER	
Clear Soup	
Broiled Chopped Meat Cake, Sauce Soubise	Boiled Rice
Lettuce Salad Bit of Roquefort	

WHAT A DYSPEPTIC MAY EAT

BY THE following list, telling what a dyspeptic may eat, a variety of menus may be arranged that cannot fail to be beneficial to the sufferer:

- Beef, broiled, boiled, baked or roasted.
- Mutton, broiled, boiled, baked or roasted.
- Chicken, broiled, boiled, baked or roasted.
- Birds.
- Venison.
- White-fleshed fish, broiled, or boiled.
- Eggs, soft-boiled, steamed, poached; yolks hard-boiled, pressed through a sieve on milk toast.
- Sweetbreads, creamed or broiled.
- Olive oil.
- Butter.
- Whole wheat bread, well baked.
- Bread sticks; mush bread.
- Boiled rice.
- Rice pudding.
- Cup custard; junket.
- Soft custards.
- Whipped cream.
- Koumyss.
- Prunes, dates or figs stewed without sugar.
- Lettuce.
- Celery.
- Cream soups, as spinach, celery or lettuce.
- Raw cabbage.
- Carefully cooked cauliflower.
- Roquefort or other ripe cheese in small quantities.
- The early spring mushrooms.
- New turnips cooked below boiling point in unsalted water, served with cream sauce.
- Stewed cucumbers.
- Stewed squash.
- Baked bananas, cream horseradish sauce.
- Very young peas pressed through a sieve.
- Cress, chicory, endive.
- Hygienic coffee.
- Very weak tea.

Green vegetables, such as lettuce, spinach and onions, are supposed to be great cleansers to the system. But a person whose digestive viscera is irritated cannot eat these without discomfort, unless they are carefully made into cream soups. These soups, of course, are made from milk, which softens down the vegetable matter so that they are easily borne. The volatile principle of the onion is quickly dissipated if it is cooked in unsalted water until tender. Allow two ounces of onion to each pint of milk. Press the boiled onions carefully through a sieve; add them to the milk, heat in a double boiler; thicken to a palatable thickness with arrowroot, about two level teaspoonfuls to the pint; season with a very little salt and just a grain of red pepper. This may be taken at a comfortable degree of warmth.

WHAT A DYSPEPTIC SHOULD NOT EAT

- Boiled coffee.
- Boiled tea.
- All sweets.
- Fried foods.
- White bread.
- Crackers.
- Cakes.
- Acid fruits.
- Pork in all forms.
- Veal.
- Turkey.
- Duck.
- Cooked cabbage.
- Beets.
- Corn, green.
- Potatoes.
- Pickles.
- Spiced foods.
- Gelatine desserts.
- Red or dark fish.
- Salt foods.
- All the crustacea.
- Clams.
- Oysters, raw or fried.
- Iced water.
- Acid drinks.
- Flavored soda water.

LONG AND CAREFUL COOKING ESSENTIAL

ONE thing again upon which I must insist—the thorough cooking of all starches to render them digestible. Bread baked in large loaves, even for one hour, is frequently not sterile, nor sufficiently cooked for the saliva to affect the starch. Albuminoids must be cooked sufficiently to remove any danger of germs, but are much more easily digested in a rare condition. The white of a raw egg will digest in an hour and a half; soft-boiled, two hours and a half; hard-boiled, three to four hours, depending, of course, upon the digestive organs; while a piece of toasted bread, hardened and browned to the very centre, is partly digested before it enters the mouth. Try this experiment yourself. Take a piece of slack-baked bread into your mouth, masticate it for a moment, then eject it into a glass and add to it a drop of tincture of iodine. You will notice a blue reaction at once. Take a piece of thoroughly toasted and browned bread, masticate it thoroughly, eject it into a glass, add a drop of tincture of iodine, and you will observe entirely different conditions. The blue color is absent. The iodine simply changes the mixture into a sort of dirty brown, giving you at once the knowledge that the starch here has been converted into sugar.

THE USE OF OIL, BUTTER AND CREAM

OIL is always required for lubricating, and the human machine is not an exception. Fats, however, must in cases of intestinal indigestion be used sparingly and carefully. Ten drops of pure olive oil once a day may be taken either after the noon or night meal. It may be put on a piece of bread and thoroughly masticated. Well-made butter is an exceedingly good form of fat, but should be used without salt. A teaspoonful of cream taken slowly, held in the mouth and then swallowed, will also answer the purpose. Bear in mind that a small quantity of any one of these frequently administered is much more easily borne than the whole quantity at a single dose.

HOW TO PREPARE HYGIENIC COFFEE

PURCHASE a pound of coffee, two-thirds so-called Java and one-third Mocha. Have it ground to a powder. Put into the upper portion of your percolating-pot two teaspoonfuls of powdered chicory, then four tablespoonfuls of powdered coffee. Pour over one quart of freshly boiled water. Cover the pot quickly and allow the water to percolate slowly through. To keep this warm stand it over hot water, but it must not go over the fire. Fill each cup one-third full of hot milk, which has not been allowed to come to the boil, pour in the coffee and drink without sugar. Persons suffering from indigestion should not use cream in their coffee.

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COOKING FOR THE SICK AND CONVALESCENT

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer

NEW COOKING LESSONS: NUMBER TWO

IN COOKING for the sick a moderate heat is necessary to bring out and intensify, rather than destroy or keep within, the delicate flavorings of the materials used. Where receipts call for butter it must be added to hot dishes after they have been taken from the fire. All fried things must be avoided.

Gruels, or semi-starchy foods require long, slow cooking. Meats must be cooked, but not be overdone. Under no circumstances should raw meats, raw beef juice, or raw beef tea be used. Pasteurization is necessary to remove the danger of disease germs.

Serve hot foods hot; cold foods cold. This does not mean the extreme of either.

Garnish each dish carefully. Gruel should be served in cups, not glasses. Porridge should be served in a deep bowl.

Beef juice may be served in a china cup. Poached eggs may be placed on squares of daintily toasted bread.

Calf's-foot jelly may be moulded in individual moulds, and then placed on a pretty glass or china saucer.

Broiled chops may be garnished with parsley, and the bone covered with a quill of fringed paper. Small birds may be arranged on nicely toasted bread, and garnished either with parsley, watercress or celery. Serve everything of this sort on a china plate.

In arranging the tray keep everything as dainty as possible, using white or very pale colors. A simple vase of flowers, with not too decided an odor, will prove an added attraction. Roses, violets, lilies-of-the-valley or bouvardias are advisable for their daintiness and absence of heavy odor.

THE PROPER WAY TO MAKE BEEF TEA

SELECT one pound of very lean beef from the round. Put the meat twice through an ordinary meat-chopper, or chop it very fine. Cover it with one pint of cold water and stir it well with a wooden spoon. Allow it to stand in a cool place over night if possible, or at least two hours. Then put it over the fire and stir constantly until it reaches 165° Fahrenheit, or the Pasteurizing point. Strain through a colander; add the beaten white of one egg, return to the fire for just an instant, and strain through two thicknesses of cheesecloth; add a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and put it at once in a cold place. This beef tea contains nourishment. Beef tea made by boiling does not. It is, however, a stimulant. Beef tea made after this receipt should be dark in color and perfectly clear. When giving it to the patient care must be taken to heat only to the same degree as mentioned above. If it boils it is spoiled. Where continued feeding is necessary the patient frequently tires of the flavoring of beef. To overcome this have a system of flavoring, using such articles as will not interfere with the disease. For instance, take one morning a bay leaf and soak it with the beef; another, a quarter of a teaspoonful of celery seed; then a single clove; then a blade of mace.

WHEN FEEDING A CONSUMPTIVE

HERE more albumin is needed than can be obtained in the beef tea, as in feeding a consumptive, you may add to the beef tea, after it has been strained the last time, one ounce of dried albumin. This can easily be made at home by evaporating the water from the whites of eggs. Take a perfectly clean, large meat-plate, scald and have it hot enough to quickly dry. Then, when it has cooled, put over a sufficient number of the whites of eggs to just cover the dish. Stand this in a warm or almost cool oven until the water evaporates and the albumin is dry. Be exceedingly careful that you do not cook nor coagulate, rather than dry them. This albumin, if properly dried, will look like pieces of gelatine. Break it apart, put it in a sterilized jar and stand aside for future use.

BEEF JUICE AND BEEF EXTRACT

THE difference between beef juice and beef tea is that one is diluted with water, and the other contains only the juice and water of the beef. Where digestion is weak, beef tea is rather the better, as a diluted food will be more quickly acted upon by the delicate secretions of the stomach than one more concentrated. Select for this a piece of the round of beef, about one inch thick. Broil quickly over a clear fire, browning it on one side, then turning and browning on the other. Put it at once on a heated dish, cut into dice, and with either a lemon-squeezer or an ordinary meat-press, press out the juice. Use as a receptacle a hot cup. The heat in broiling the meat will Pasteurize the juices.

Editor's Note—Mrs. Rorer's new series of Cooking Lessons, begun in the February issue of the Journal, will be continued during the year. The following have so far appeared:

I—The Apple in Thirty-Five Ways, February
II—Cooking for the Sick and Convalescent, March
The subject of Mrs. Rorer's next (April) lesson will be "The Proper Cooking for the Nursery."

WHEN STIMULANTS ARE CALLED FOR

HERE stimulants seem to be called for, and all forms of liquor disagree, beef extract is most acceptable. Take one pound of beef, cut it into dice and put it into a quart fruit jar. Fasten the jar, stand it in a kettle of cold water, bring slowly to boiling point, and continue the boiling two hours. Strain through two thicknesses of cheesecloth and stand aside to cool. A tablespoonful of this extract of beef is a good-sized dose.

BROTHS CONTAIN LITTLE NOURISHMENT

UNDER the head of broths we have a food almost without nourishment, save that obtained from the rice or barley added. Broths are stimulating appetizers rather than foods. In making mutton broth, select a neck of mutton, wipe carefully and cut into small pieces. Put it into a kettle and cover with two quarts of cold water. Bring slowly to boiling point and skim. Then put it on the back part of the stove and keep it at about 180° Fahrenheit for three hours. Add two ounces of rice after the broth has been cooking two hours. You may also add either a bay leaf, a quarter of a teaspoonful of celery seed, or a blade of mace. Changing, as in the beef tea, you may make a number of combinations. Strain, and stand aside to cool. When cold remove every particle of fat from the surface. Reheat in a double boiler and it is ready for use.

HOW ONE CHICKEN MAY BE UTILIZED

IN FEEDING the sick one chicken may be used for several dishes. For instance, take the white meat off uncooked, and use it for a purée, panada or timbale. The dark meat of the second joint may be used for the broth, while the legs, feet and the bony parts of the back may be used for jelly. It has been my experience, where beef tea is not acceptable to a patient, that chicken jelly will sometimes be taken, especially if it is served in attractive form. A block of jelly may be put into the mouth of a patient, and it will quickly melt and dissolve, and she has really taken chicken broth, only in a solid-appearing form. To make chicken broth, crack the bone thoroughly, and cut the meat off the second joints into long slashes. To each quarter of a pound allow half a pint of water. Make from the two joints of one chicken one pint of broth, starting, of course, with a quart of cold water, and allowing it to evaporate to a pint. Bring slowly to the boiling point and simmer for two hours. Strain and season.

CHICKEN JELLY MOULDED IN FORMS

TO MAKE chicken jelly, scald the feet of the chicken, remove the skin and nails, and chop into pieces. Crack the bones of the back and legs. Put all into a kettle, and cover with one quart of cold water. Bring slowly to the boiling point and simmer two hours. Then add a quarter of a teaspoonful of celery seed, a bay leaf, and simmer thirty minutes longer. Strain, and stand aside to cool. When cold remove every particle of fat from the surface, turn out the jelly, and carefully remove the sediment from the bottom. Beat slightly the white of one egg; add it to the jelly and bring it to the boiling point; boil for a moment and strain through two thicknesses of cheesecloth. Turn into small moulds and stand away to harden. This may also be moulded in an ordinary shallow dish. When serving this to the invalid cut into cubes of one inch, and arrange on a dainty plate.

A VALUABLE RECEIPT FOR CALF'S-FOOT JELLY

TO MAKE calf's-foot jelly, select two calves' feet, wash them in cold water, split into halves and crack in several pieces. Put into a kettle and cover with three quarts of cold water. Bring slowly to a boil. Skim, and then keep them at a simmering point of 180° Fahrenheit for three or four hours. Strain, and stand aside to cool. When cold remove any fat that may have come to the surface, turn out the jelly and remove the sediment from the bottom. Put the jelly back into the kettle; add a piece of stick cinnamon about six inches long, broken into pieces, the grated rind of a lemon, two cups of sugar, a blade of mace and a bay leaf. Beat the whites of two eggs slightly; mix them with the jelly; then add the juice of three lemons. Bring the whole to a boiling point and boil rapidly for five minutes. Cover, and stand on the back part of the stove for five minutes to settle, and strain through three thicknesses of cheesecloth, or a flannel bag. This is one of the most difficult of all things to make. The jelly should be brilliantly clear, and will be so if you use a sufficient quantity of the whites of eggs mixed with the jelly before it is hot, and then boil as directed. If not clear after the first straining, strain again. Calf's-foot jelly is both nourishing and appetizing.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS OF SEMI-SOLID FOODS

MOST excellent food which is easily digested is prepared by making a pint of beef tea as directed. Put two ounces of sago into one pint of milk in a double boiler. Allow it to soak for twenty minutes; then put it over the fire and cook slowly for about thirty minutes, until the sago is perfectly clear. Take it from the fire; add the pint of beef tea and the yolks of two eggs slightly beaten. Add half a teaspoonful of celery salt, and stand the mixture at once in a cold place.

To reheat food for invalids stand the cup containing it in another of boiling water, and stir carefully until quite hot. A second cooking will coagulate the albumin, destroy the food value of the dish, and render it indigestible. Four tablespoonfuls of this food would form a good meal for a sick or convalescing patient. This food cannot be used in cases of typhoid.

MAKING MILK MORE PALATABLE TO THE INVALID

IN CASES of sickness where milk seems to be the proper food, and the flavor is disagreeable to the patient, it may be changed by adding a blade of mace, a clove, or a little nutmeg—all, of course, to be carefully strained out before the milk is used. Plum porridge may be only slightly thickened and used the same as milk. In feeding a typhoid patient, milk and barley water are the accepted foods.

To make plum porridge, select twelve fine raisins and split them in halves. Put them into a double boiler with one quart of milk, cover and bring to the Pasteurizing point—165° Fahrenheit—which retain uniformly for at least fifteen minutes. Moisten two teaspoonfuls of arrowroot with a little cold milk; add it to the hot milk. Now increase the heat of the milk sufficiently to cook the starch. Stir until it begins to thicken; strain carefully and put it aside to cool.

BARLEY WATER AND SAGO GRUEL

ASH two ounces of pearled barley, put in a granite saucepan, cover with cold water, scald, bring to a boil, and drain. Return it to the saucepan; add two quarts of cold water, bring to boiling point and simmer gently until reduced to one quart. Strain and add a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and stand at once in a cold place. This is to be used with milk in proportions of one-third barley water to two-thirds milk.

To make sago gruel, put one tablespoonful of sago into one quart of cold water. Soak for half an hour. Cook gently for thirty minutes, and strain through a fine sieve. If this is to be served warm put into the serving-bowl a block of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream, and just the suspicion of the grated yellow rind of a lemon. Pour in half a pint of the hot gruel, and serve at once. Where a greater amount of nourishment is needed this may be made from milk instead of water. It may also be flavored with raisins, bay leaves, or a blade of mace. Tapioca or manioc may be used in the place of sago.

MAKING TOAST AND TOAST WATER

BY TOASTING bread a portion of the starch is changed into a form of sugar. Consequently, if the bread is toasted to the very centre, crisp and dry, it is partly digested food. Where people are ill, and mastication becomes difficult, the toast may be softened with milk. The milk should be heated and poured over the toast at the very last moment. If butter is to be added spread it over the toast while it is warm, not hot, and pour over the hot milk. This will prevent the heating of the butter to any very great degree, thereby making the toast more digestible. Bread may be toasted over the fire or in the oven.

To make toast water, put a piece of brown toast into a glass of boiling water; cover for thirty minutes, strain and cool.

WHEN COOKING EGGS FOR THE SICK

EGGs are not acceptable in all forms of disease. The convalescing typhoid patient is frequently "set back" by an ily cooked soft-boiled or poached egg, where the albumin is too much coagulated. The stomach digestion being weak and impaired, is insufficient to thoroughly attack and break down the hardened portion of the white. It passes into the duodenum, the seat of the disease, and frequently becomes fastened in an ulcer, causing severe trouble, perhaps death.

PREPARING FROTHED OR WHIPPED EGGS

SEPARATE one egg, keeping the yolk whole in one-half the shell, while you beat the white to a stiff froth. Heap the white in a dainty bowl or egg-cup, make a little well in the centre, drop in the yolk, stand the whole in a saucepan containing a little boiling water; cover the saucepan and cook one minute. Serve in the bowl with a tiny bit of butter and a grain of salt.

To make eggnog, separate one egg, beat the white to a stiff froth; add the yolk, beat again, and pour over it half a pint of scalding milk, beating all the while. Turn rapidly for a minute from one vessel to another. Use either warm or cold.

Editor's Note—Mrs. Rorer's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Mrs. Rorer's Answers," will be found on pages 34 and 35 of this issue of the Journal.

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KARL A. WINTER, JR., 158 West 131st Street, New York, N. Y.

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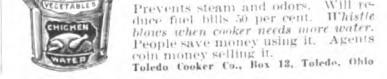
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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Edited by Mrs. Margaret Botome

HEART TO HEART TALKS



WRITE at this time to tell you that in Christ there is no old age. He is everlasting life, everlasting youth. Many need to see this who do not see it plainly. They think of growing old and talk of growing old when if they were living the right sort of lives there would be no old age for them. And no other life is worth the living. I have the memory of a mother who passed out of sight at seventy-five, young. My little, youthful mother, I can see her now. Her boys called her "The Great American Traveler," because she kept up with the times in which she lived. She wanted to read the news of the day, and the news in the old Book that tells what is going to happen. My mother was a great woman because she was a good woman. She was never on a platform, she never wrote for a magazine, she was in no sense a public woman, and yet she lives a public life to-day, for here I am writing of her in the JOURNAL.



THE MEMORY OF AN IDEAL MOTHER

I HAVE no memory of a jewel on her dear fingers; a little plain brooch containing a lock of my father's hair was all the jewelry she owned, but she wore day and night "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." I confess to a concern these days as to what many mothers are going to leave their children. Having enjoyed so many years the inspiration which my mother left us, I am naturally concerned about what the mothers of to-day are going to leave to their children. I know some mothers who are going to leave their daughters wonderful old lace, and rare diamonds and other precious stones, and I have asked them is that all that they are going to leave to their daughters? "No," they say, "We expect to leave them money." And is that all? None of these things can dry their tears or make them long to be as good as the inheritance which my mother left me has done. My mother left me the memory of an unselfish Christian character, and I have an inspiration for noble thinking and noble acting every time I think of her. There are, I fear, many mothers who will read this page, who, unless they change greatly, will leave memories to their children which will be a source of sorrow instead of joy.



WE DO NOT NEED EVER TO GROW OLD

I KNOW so many mothers who will grow old if they do not strike the lines of the everlasting. We can only be young forever on one line. Notwithstanding all the artificial aids we may call to our help we will not be able to prevent the ravages of time. Our hands will grow old, and no number of costly rings on our fingers can prevent it. Indeed, we can get where the costly rings will only draw attention to the wrinkles, and we would better not wear them. There must be associations with our hands that will make the wrinkles on them far more precious than all the diamonds they could hold, but we must commence in time. There can be no harvest without spring sowing.

Do not act as if you had no immortality of existence. Let your husband and children be never out of sight of the beautiful star of your perfect Christian character, and perhaps after your earthly star has set, with bitter and yet hopeful tears they may say of you, the holy wife and mother:

"No star was ever lost we once have seen."



"JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THE TRAIN"

I OFTEN say these words when the train moves off and I have been just in time, but I am thinking now of other trains that are moving and opportunities that are passing. I am thinking of that picture of the woman who was just in time with her precious box of ointment, who did not think the burial was so near, and who heard the words: "She is come aforehand to anoint My body to the burying."

We need often to heed the word "quickly"—we put off until it is too late, and then we say, "Oh, if I had only written that letter I intended to write." If I had only told her that I loved her—I meant to do it. Why didn't I do the thing I intended to do? Just because you forgot that word "quickly." You put it off, and the burial came before your anointing. Your sweet spices, your flowers are of no account now. You put the flowers in her hand too late. You perfumed the room after she was cold. What she needed was the perfume of love while she was alive. When she was hungry for the sweet words of love it would have been everything for her to have had you notice when she looked tired, and to have heard you say, "Haven't you been working harder than usual?" The food the human heart needs is love!

CHRISTIANITY IS LOVE FOR HUMANITY

I T IS high time that some people should understand that there may be religiousness without Christianity. Christianity is love, and love for the human, and human love for the human. Do not get so religious that you think it wrong to love, and pour out your love on those nearest to you by ties of flesh and blood. We want a healthy Christianity. If you love God, your husband and children and servants ought to feel the benefit of it, or it is not the genuine article, and I do not care how much you may be regarded as the most remarkable of saints you are not of the saints that are needed in this world.

Occasionally we meet with Christians who suggest Heaven wherever they are, but they are uncommon. To be of this uncommon style of Christians costs something, but we know we must pay for anything that is worth something. You see something you like, you ask the price and they tell you; you hesitate, and then they say, "We can show you something cheaper," and they do; but you have seen the other, and it has spoiled you for anything else; so, though it is costly, you say, "Well, it will last longer, the other might fade; these, they say, are fast colors."



NEVER LOSE SIGHT OF THE LIFE TO COME

I READ in my newspaper a few mornings ago of the death of a young man in an opera company. The paper said that "he died between the acts," but in the heading were the words: "The performance went on." I see very many people worrying about the future—how they are going to get along, whether this or that business that they are engaged in will succeed—and some day they go out of life, and "the performance goes on"—maybe quite as well without them, or maybe better. I have known women to shorten their lives over their domestic affairs, and some day disease came, and there was so little vitality to withstand it that they succumbed, and they passed out, and "the performance went on." Now, what I want you all to realize is that when you step out of life, while "the performance goes on" here, there is something going on over there, and you don't want to be so taken up with the short performances here that you will have no time for what there awaits you. And I want you all to have the same concern.



THE THINGS WHICH CANNOT BE TAKEN AWAY

WE HAVE relations Godward as well as manward, and the relations Godward are eternal. The things that are seen are temporal, and you will never serve your family so truly as by letting them see that you believe in another world than this. It is comfortable to have a home to go to when you leave here. I heard of a man who, when dying, was asked "if he had any fears." He said, "Why, that would be a poor home one would be afraid to go to." I would like to get hold of immovable things. There is so much that shakes, so much you are not certain about, that it is very pleasant to count over the things that no man can take from you. I like to think of the fortunes that are going over with us (very many are going to leave theirs behind them); then I like to think of an unchangeable Friend, who never seems so precious as when somebody one depends on changes. If you ever get where you are not sure of prosperity it is so comfortable to know that your title is "clear to a mansion in the skies," and to have the knowledge that no matter how uninteresting you might get to be to almost everybody else, you can never be uninteresting to the One who can do more for you just when all earthly prospects fail. Now, these are things to be desired when we have to step out of life.



HEAVEN CARES FOR THOSE WHO FAIL

I REMEMBER once being so startled when I asked about a certain person who had died, and I inquired what the trouble was, and the answer came, "Oh, he couldn't keep up with the procession—wary with the march of life." Fell in the procession—couldn't keep up! Oh, it was so dreadfully sad. And it was said in such a flippant way—"couldn't keep up with the procession." I am glad, while earth cares for the survival of the fittest, that Heaven cares for those who fall in the effort to keep up. It is not "Come unto Me, all ye that are strong, not tired," but it is "Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden." Make sure of a performance that goes on forever on the other side. I remember hearing an ignorant man once repeat a verse of the well-known hymn:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

He paused a moment, and then said, "But He performs." God moves and God performs, and it will be well for us to see to it at once that our performances are on His lines.

HE IS A GOD OF JUSTICE AND MERCY

HE CARES for justice, and mercy, and righteousness, and our performances must be on lines that take in His eternity. How unworthy of immortal beings it is to get up little performances that have nothing Godlike in them, just for a passing hour; if we were not immortal it would not be so dreadful. Let us have no performances that have no truth, no love, no anything worthy of our being in them. Let us be real, and noble, and true, and then you may be sure that though we leave earth, the performance of that which is pure and good will go on in some other world beside this.

I heard a person not long ago describe his life before he became a Christian (when leading what is called a society life), as a sort of "going around trying to get rid of himself, and when alone, hating himself," and I believe there are more people, and more of what would be called good people, who know something of this experience. For, after all, the need, the deep need, is to get rid of ourselves, and this need is met if we will only see it in such words as "Ye are not your own." Oh, it comes to me as such a blessing, such a relief, that I do not own myself, that some One owns me who loves me and is able to take care of me. I cannot express the joy of it. I say over and over again, "Can it be possible that I am not my own, that I am His?" and then it does not seem difficult at all to glorify Him in my spirit and body, which are His. My body His! My whole nature His! Oh, the rest, the infinite satisfaction there is in the light on the old Word, "I beseech you . . . by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies"—make a present of yourself to God. Get rid of the ownership of the whole concern. It is this everlasting care of what does not belong to us that tires us out. If we are not our own why not take the comfort of it? We dream of human love, and to a woman the sweetest thought is when another says to her, "You are mine." She will be protected, loved, cared for. Sometimes it is so. The dream is realized, but alas, it is a rare thing for the dreams to be realized perfectly, except in the One who offers to be all we long for.



EVERY MAIL BRINGS ME LETTERS

MY DESK, at times, seems like a heap of broken hearts, as I think of what the pile of letters contains; at other times it seems as if the waves of sorrow and anguish were ever rolling up against it. Every mail brings sad letters to me from all over this continent, and if I had no remedy for the heart's suffering I could not stand it, but I have! Christ is God's remedy for sin, and when sin is given up, disposed of, nothing can prevent the heart being at rest. We who believe do enter into rest. You see, if we keep what does not belong to us it is sin. You would say that of anything you kept and used as yours when it belonged to another. Well, if God says, "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price," and yet you do not let Him have His own, it is simply sin in you, and while this state of things lasts you cannot be happy nor satisfied.



THE LOVE THAT DOES NOT FAIL

I HAVE just answered a letter from a young wife; she writes me that her heart is broken, that her husband does not really love her. Now, what would you expect me to say? Ah, I know what to say, I know she can be happy in spite of all the absence of love she had a right to expect, for he promised to cherish and love her as long as life should last; he failed, but there is One who never fails in His promises.

Can He meet the heart's deep need of love? Yes, a thousand times more than any human love can, but you do not believe it. You do not let yourself go over to Him body and soul, and let Him prove to you what He can be and do for one who loves Him. He is not real to you, and He never can be till you become real, and know the meaning of the full surrender of yourself to Him. Alas, "we fill these lower courts with broken images of Him"—disappointed love, disappointed hopes—and all the time He loves us with an everlasting love, and we do not believe it, and, consequently, have not everlasting life, which must be in everlasting love. Love is the deepest need. Get rid of yourself by giving yourself to the One who truly "owns" you. Shut yourself up to this one truth: "Ye are not your own." You belong to God! Let Him have His rights. Let Him have His own; look at it on this privilege side, not that dreary side on which, perhaps, you have seen it, but begin to let joy in. I am owned! There is One who says to me, "Thou art Mine." Only think of the joy that floods a nature when it dawns upon it that some human friend has chosen it. Oh, had you but listened to a voice sweeter than any voice, saying to you, "I have chosen you!" If you ask Him when He will tell you, "Before the foundation of the world." I know you cannot understand this all at once, but will you not begin to get rid of yourself by believing that "ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price"?

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Margaret Botome

HOME PARTIES AND FROLICS

Arranged Especially for the Journal

[The Portraits on this Page are Those of Pretty Children of Journal Readers]



THE suggestions for home and social entertainments given on this page have been arranged to please the older as well as the younger members of the family; even the very little ones have not been forgotten. Several of the games offer profit as well as pleasure to those who participate in them, something which is most desirable at a time like the present when culture is universal.

THE GAME OF QUOTATIONS

By Jane Benson



IN THESE days of much letter-writing, when every one is expected to be able to quote correctly, it would be well for young people to familiarize themselves with quotations generally termed "familiar."

It is safe to say that no one, be he ever so clever, can quote correctly. To prove this, some evening when you are looking for amusement that will combine pleasure with profit, try the game of quotations.

Distribute among your guests cards containing twelve supposedly well-known quotations, misquoting all save one. Announce that to the person wording the quotations correctly, and to the one selecting the correctly quoted one, prizes will be given.

When the cards are handed in compare them with some standard book of quotations, and then announce the prize winners. It is unlikely that there will be any. But there will be lots of merriment, much discussion, and much reference to the authority before your guests will be willing to acknowledge themselves to have been mistaken.

A MUSICAL FLOWER HUNT

By Nellie M. Blair



ANY number of people may be pleasantly entertained for an hour or so in the following manner: Let the hostess provide some long-stemmed Jacqueminot roses for the ladies, and some *boutonnieres* of white and crimson carnations for the gentlemen, and invite each guest, in turn, to leave the room for a few moments while the flowers are hidden away in some secluded corner, pinned in the folds of a curtain, placed behind a picture—anywhere out of sight. The banished guest is then asked to return, and is told that a flower has been hidden away, and if he or she chooses to seek it the hostess will very kindly assist by playing on the piano while the search is in progress.

"The Flower Song" would be a very appropriate selection, played very softly until the seeker approaches the spot where the posy is hidden, and then more loudly, thus giving a clue to the hiding place of the prize. The nearer the approach to the spot the louder and faster the music must be played, until the souvenir is finally captured and fastened victoriously in the lady's belt, or on the lapel of the gentleman's coat.

A WAY OF CHOOSING PARTNERS

By Mary Thurston



QUITE a clever way of having the men choose their partners on any social occasion, either for the entire evening or for supper, is as follows:

Ask each woman invited to bring the first picture or photograph of herself, which she may have in her possession, to her hostess, who will number it on the back, and also write the name of the original with the number of her photograph opposite, on a long card which she will carry for that purpose. Just before the game or refreshments for which it is desired a partner shall be chosen, a basket containing photographs turned with the blank side uppermost should be passed, and each gentleman in the company asked to choose one, find the original of it, and claim her for his partner for the balance of the evening.

At one party, where this plan of selecting partners was tried, much fun was created by a bewildered man who carried the photograph he had selected around to four different women, and in each case was met by a decided "No," when he asked, "Is this a picture of you?" At last he went to his wife, and to his astonishment she said "Yes."

AN EVENING WITH SHAKESPEARE

By Anna Lewis



A VERY instructive and enjoyable evening party may be arranged by inviting a number of young people, in an informal way, to spend a Shakespeare evening with you.

When your guests arrive, and have been properly greeted and introduced to one another, give to each one of them a card containing twelve or more quotations from Shakespeare, with a blank space after each quotation, and invite them to insert in the blank spaces the names of the characters who were responsible for the quoted words. Great interest will be manifested and much useful knowledge obtained in the merry and spirited conversation which will be sure to ensue. To the two persons guessing the greatest number, photographs of Henry Irving or Ellen Terry may be given.

AN AMUSING HORROR PARTY

By Edith Townsend Everett



A RATHER funny idea, originated by a young girl, was dubbed "The Horror Party."

The guests were invited to come to her house on a certain evening, bringing with them their pet horrors done up in white paper packages. The girls were asked to tie their packages with blue ribbon and the men to tie theirs with red.

Upon the evening of the party the bundles were handed to two young girls who stood near the entrance of the parlor; one of the girls was dressed in blue, the other in red. The red-ribbon packages were handed to the girl in blue, and the blue-ribbon ones to the girl in red, who immediately numbered them, each girl using the same numbers. As soon as all the packages were handed in and numbered they were auctioned off to the highest bidders, the men being permitted to bid only on the blue-ribbon packages, and the girls on the red.

When all the bundles had been disposed of the number on a red bundle corresponding with the number on a blue bundle indicated that the owners were partners for the rest of the evening, and the young people exchanged horrors, which were accepted as souvenirs of the occasion. The proceeds of the auction sale were devoted to charity.

A QUARTETTE OF GAMES

By Edith Webster



"MISTAKES" is the name of quite a clever game. The leader gives out an incorrect statement, as, for instance, "James II of England, was a Protestant King," whereas he was a Catholic; or, "Austria is a Kingdom,"

it being an Empire; or, "The word either means both," while it really means one of two. The person correcting the mistake gains a point, the one obtaining the most points wins the game, and a prize.

"NOTED PEOPLE" comes under the head of instructive games. One person picks out the striking characteristics of a famous person, as, "I see a man, in a gray overcoat, taking snuff. He is very short and wears a peculiar-shaped hat. As he talks to some one he pinches the listener's ear gently." The answer is, of course, "Napoleon."

"TRAVELING" is a game that is both amusing and instructive. The leader may begin: "I went to Philadelphia, where I saw—" He then points to one of the players. The player is allowed one minute for an answer. He must supply some famous object, as, in this case, "The Liberty Bell," or "The Mint." He obtains one point if he answers correctly; if he does not, the question is not passed, as another player would have an undue advantage.

THE "Geographical Game" is always productive of pleasure and fun. All being seated in a circle a letter is selected, say "L." The first person says "London," the next "Louisiana," and so it goes around the circle, each person mentioning some city, country, river, etc., beginning with an "L." The person who first stops pays a forfeit.

YE OLDE SOCIAL CLUB

By Josephine Bromley



WE AIM to make our club social, entertaining and instructive. We never dance nor play cards, for the reason that many of our members do not approve. The membership fee is one dollar. Weekly dues, ten cents. We have a president, secretary, treasurer, a committee on entertainment, also one on instruction, each composed of two ladies and one gentleman, appointed every month by the executive board. A new name may be proposed by any member in good standing, and, at the next meeting, voted upon by the members.

For entertainment we take advantage of the birthday or wedding anniversary of any member, to celebrate the same at his or her home. Of course, we cannot always do this. For many reasons it might not be convenient, so the selection of an occasion is left to the discretion of the entertainment committee.

FOR PROFIT AS WELL AS PLEASURE

FOR instruction any instructive game is introduced. Sometimes the ladies all bring their sewing, and two or three gentlemen are chosen to read aloud. We also occasionally have an old-fashioned debating society for the evening, or a spelling-bee, choosing sides. Sometimes we are given a month to read a popular book, and then spend an evening in discussing it.

For a birthday party given recently we had one session of a village school. As many as would come dressed as old-time country schoolchildren, with the schoolmaster in appropriate costume. There were girls in long gingham or white pinafores, short dresses, nankeen pantalets, white stockings and low shoes, hair plaited down the back, etc.

A jovial young man, who was very large and stout, was dressed in a very infantile manner, and was the little pet of the school. An original poem, written for the occasion, was read by one of our brightest women. Another had gotten up an amusing composition on "Growing Old Gracefully." Those who did not care to dress in costume were visitors at the school. The refreshments were brought in lunch-baskets.

Then, again, we had a country donation party, and the refreshments for the evening were all brought by the guests, being part of the donation. Thus we had a good old-fashioned supper, served in primitive style. Ordinarily for refreshments we had only three articles, and those were simple and inexpensive, and served very informally.

THE BEAN-BAG CONTEST

By Anna P. Sheppard



A MOST exhilarating game of bean-bags may be played indoors, as there is no tossing nor throwing. First there should be a dozen red and a dozen blue bean-bags made. Each bag should be made of strong material, and be filled about half full of beans. Among a company of boys and girls two leaders and an umpire should be chosen. The leaders should choose sides, and the ones chosen should take their places behind the leaders, all facing the same direction, so as to form two columns of players—the dozen blue bags placed on a chair in front of the leader of the "blues," and the red bags placed in front of the leader of the "reds."

There should be the same number of children in each column, and at the lower ends of the columns should be placed chairs on which to receive the bags. When the last bag has passed down to the end of the column the players should right-about-face, so that the ones at the foot of the lines may become leaders in sending the bags back to the place of starting. There are five orders: Pass bags with right hand. Pass bags with left hand. Pass bags with both hands over the head. Pass bags with right hand over the left shoulder. Pass bags with left hand over the right shoulder.

BEFORE beginning the contest a few trial orders should be given, so that each player shall fully understand the game, as one dull player will lose the game for the most active side. When only one hand is used in passing bags the other hand should be placed on chest or hip, so that the umpire can see that there is no cheating. When the twelve bags have been the length of the columns and back to the chair from which they were taken the leader shouts "out," and scores a round for the "blues" or "reds," whichever it may be. The side that reports the most "outs" is, of course, the winning side, and each player should be decorated with a buttonhole bouquet. As the game is exhilarating, cooling refreshments should be served. The bags may be filled with peanuts, and opened when time for refreshments comes, if the game is played out-of-doors.

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"Not leather, but wear like leather." One pair equals two pairs of ordinary stockings. Triple (three-thread) knees, heels and toes, made from the finest, smoothest, softest cotton yarn, making our "Black Cat" brand, style No. 15, for boys, the strongest, heaviest, most elastic and cheapest

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in the world—all fast blacks. (Style No. 10 for girls.)

Ask your dealer for them. If you cannot get them, sample pair sent on receipt of price, 25 cents (give size), and will send the name of a dealer where you can buy them again

Ask for Leather Stockings for men, women and children, guaranteed first quality and to give equal satisfaction. CHICAGO-ROCKFORD HOSIERY CO. KENOSHA, WIS.

SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

By Ruth Ashmore

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

When Entering a Place of Amusement a lady follows the usher, and her escort follows her.

For Stiff Fingers, especially for fingers that have grown stiff from rheumatism, there is nothing that is so good as massage.

The Piano. It is customary to decorate the top of the piano with photographs, jars holding flowers, bric-a-brac or whatever seems suitable.

A Bread-and-Butter Letter (as it is called) is due to your hostess, telling her of your safe arrival home, and speaking of your pleasant visit at her house.

A Wedding Invitation, inclosing an invitation to the reception, should be acknowledged by a note of acceptance or regret written in the third person.

The Greek Words in the inscription at the head of the JOURNAL'S editorial page are: *Katharotes phronesis melete ton nun*. Translated into English they signify: "Purity, enlightenment and contemporaneous interest."

"Speed the Parting Guest," in the familiar expression, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," does not mean to hurry the guest off, but to give him "a godspeed," or the best wishes for a prosperous journey.

Paris Exposition. The United States will be represented at the International Exposition to be held in Paris in 1900. It is estimated that about 200,000 square feet of space will be allotted to the United States exhibit.

Some Little Courtesies. When a gentleman has acted as your escort from evening service at church thank him as the door is opened, but do not invite him at that hour to come in. The same rule would apply if he had come home with you from a friend's house or from an evening entertainment.

"The Rift in the Lute." Tennyson's "Merlin and Vivien," one of the "Idylls of the King," contains the following lines:

"It is the little rift within the lute That by-and-by will make the music mute, And ever widening slowly silence all."

For a Golf Luncheon. A dainty souvenir for each lady would be a score-book, bound in satin, having a suitable design painted upon it, hanging from loops of satin ribbon matching the cover; a pretty little pencil should be attached. The cover must be made in such a way that the score-book may be removed and a fresh one put in.

"Quo Vadis" means "whither goest thou?" It is part of the question addressed to the Lord by Saint Peter when he was flying from Rome to escape martyrdom. The Lord met him on the road outside the city, and replied to his question that He was going back to the city to be crucified over again, since His apostle had proved recreant.

Alice Wellington Rollins, the author of the "Philippa" sketches, was born in June, 1847. Her father, Ambrose Wellington, was a Boston lawyer. She was married to Mr. Daniel M. Rollins, a New York merchant, in 1876. Her death, from heart disease, occurred at her home in Lawrence Park, Bronxville, on Sunday, December 5, 1897.

About Rings. History proves that wedding rings were used in Egypt three thousand years before Christ, while betrothal rings came into use in Europe during the ninth century. The ring which Luther was said to habitually wear was a small seal one, cut to represent a Death's head. Rings with bangles attached have been worn in India so far back that nobody knows just when they first existed. An engagement ring set with a turquoise is pretty.

Bed Draperies. Flowered Swiss muslins and dainty organdies, lined with either China silk or lawn of a solid color, make most attractive spreads for the brass or white bedsteads which are so much used nowadays. Bed draperies made from either of these materials are so light as to escape the condemnation which the heavier draperies undergo because of their tendency to exclude the air. The round bolster is covered to match the spread. White dimity spreads, valance, and shams trimmed with torchon are pretty for a young girl's room. In a room where both woodwork and furniture are white, blue and white dimity seems admirably for bed-spread, valance and curtains.

A Good Cold Cream can be made at home by the following receipt: Melt three ounces of spermaceti, two of white wax and twelve of oil of almonds in a water bath, or what housekeepers call a farina-boiler; pour it in a marble mortar, and stir briskly to prevent granulation. When it is the consistency of butter, triturate until white and creamy; then, while beating, add drop by drop one ounce of rose water, one ounce of pure glycerine; beat for one hour, and add ten drops of oil of rose. Put into pots or jars and seal hermetically. It is but fair to tell you that to make cold cream is troublesome, but as many of my girls seem to prefer making to buying it, I have given this receipt, not only because it has been well recommended, but it has been tried and has proved satisfactory to many persons.

Afternoon Teas and Musicales. When there are several dates for teas given on one card one is expected to go to one only. No alter-call is required when one has been present, or sent cards to a tea. When the words "At Home" appear on a card it may mean an elaborate reception, or a simple free of-look tea. The hours for receiving visitors in the large cities are from four to seven o'clock. It is customary to serve wafers, small cakes, and, if fancied, sandwiches, with tea or chocolate, but unless one especially desires it there need be nothing more elaborate. The afternoon tea is the simplest and easiest form of entertaining one's friends. A well-bred woman, although she may have been elaborately entertained by wealthier friends, does not feel that she is called upon to vie with them in her efforts to cancel the indebtedness. At a musicale it is customary to offer a light collation. Women who understand the laws of society do not send invitations until they have called upon the ladies whom they would like to have appear at their functions.

About Letters. A few general rules in regard to letters, which it is well to remember, are: never to sign a letter written in the third person, not to sign your pet name nor your Christian name only, unless you are writing to a very close relative or dear friend, but sign your name in full. If you happen to enclose in the dignified name of "Katharine" do not address the return envelope to yourself, to "Miss Kitty Brown"; and if some intimate friend happens to call you "Pearl" remember that it is not necessary for the postman to be informed of the fact. Never use the prefixes "Miss" or "Mrs." before your name as a signature save in parenthesis. Ask permission of a friend before opening and reading a letter in her presence. Remember that a letter in the third person requires an answer worded in the same way; and remember and this is most particular, don't write a letter when you are angry. Black and white live long, and are apt to rise up against you in the future, and for that reason, if for no other, you must not put in a letter anything you would not be likely to approve of in the years to come.

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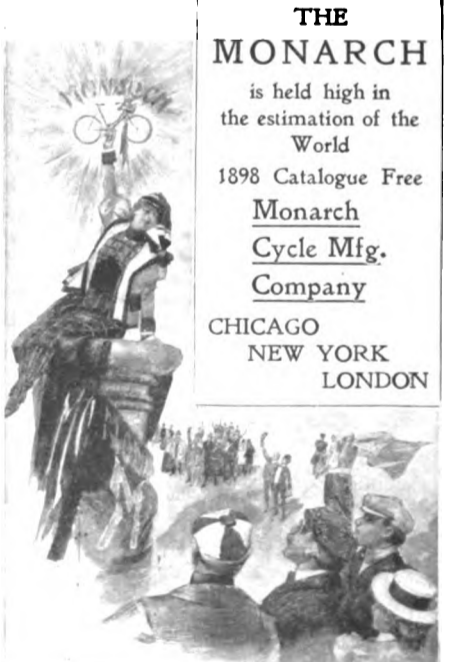
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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

By Ruth Ashmore

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents enclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

Book Mark. A pretty book mark may be made from crimson baby ribbon, finished off at the ends with gilt sequins.

Dinner-Table Napkins are usually three-quarters of a yard square, with the initial or monogram embroidered in white in one corner.

"Quand Meme" is Sarah Bernhardt's motto. Its meaning is "even though," or "although"; but the spirit of the expression is "In spite of all."

White Picture Frames. Buy a can of forest-green paint and transform your soiled white frames into things of beauty. Apply two coats of the paint.

Finger-Bowls. When the finger-bowl is served, one dries one's fingers, not on the little doily between the bowl and the plate, but on the napkin which has been used during dinner.

A Birth Announcement should be acknowledged by a pleasant note of congratulation written to the mother, and then, after six weeks had elapsed, a call of inquiry for mother and baby should be made.

Table Etiquette. The teaspoon should always be left in the saucer and never in the cup. When one rises from the table it is not necessary to push back to the table the chair in which one has been sitting.

Side Combs continue to be worn. Those set with Rhinestones are specially liked, and are not considered imitations, since the Rhinestone has a recognized place of its own, and is not supposed to represent a diamond.

"Rest," a poem by Father (Abram J.) Ryan, contains the verse you desire:

"The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best,
And I desire what I have long desired,
Rest, only rest."

Women's Rights. The little verse, about which you ask, is as follows:

"The rights of women, what are they?
The right to labor and to pray,
The right to comfort in distress,
The right, when others blame, to bless."

Wedding Invitations are rarely written unless the affair is a very quiet one, at which only the relatives and a few intimate friends will be present. Then it is proper for the mother of the bride to write an informal note in the first person asking the relatives and near friends of the bride to be present and witness the ceremony, but for the usual formal wedding the invitations are usually engraved.

Christmas Day on Sunday. The rhyme for the year when Christmas comes on a Sunday, as it does this year, is as follows:

"If that Christmas Day fall
Upon Sunday, know well all,
That winter season shall be easy,
Save great winds aloft shall fly;
The summer after also be dry,
And right seasonable, I say;
Beasts and sheep shall thrive right well,
But other victuals shall fail;
What child that day is born,
Great and rich he shall be of corn."

Keeping Flowers Fresh. An excellent method of keeping violets fresh and odorous when worn in the corsage is to wrap the stems, after they are bunched together, in shreds of cotton batting that have been dipped into salted water. These may be covered with violet-tinted tinfoil. When removed from the corsage put the stems into salted water in a cool room. Oil-silk paper thrown over them will assist in the freshening process. Heliotrope blossoms should always be placed by themselves in water. They are swift to decay and soon kill other blossoms placed in water with them. The water in which mignonette is placed soon becomes malodorous; it should frequently be changed.

At a Quiet Home Wedding the bridal procession would be formed in the same order that it would be if it were to march in at the church—that is, the ushers would be first, walking two by two; then the bridesmaids; then the maid of honor, if there was one, and then the bride leaning on the arm of her father or nearest male relative. The bridegroom and best man would be standing near the clergyman. With a white silk dress, even in the daytime, it would be necessary to wear white satin slippers and white undressed kid gloves. Tulle makes the prettiest veil, and it is best to have a piece sent from the shop and to allow a hairdresser to arrange it, for, as she understands this very troublesome work, there is economy in hiring her, for not only will the veil then be properly arranged, but no material will be wasted. The bride usually gives the bridesmaids their gloves. If only a few friends are to be invited the invitations could be informal and written by the bride's mother, and, later, announcement cards could be sent out.

Treatment for the Hair. A preparation for cleaning the hair and scalp, which it is said will prevent the hair from falling out, is made by dissolving half a gramme of sulphate of quinine in half a pint of pure rectified spirits, which should then be allowed to infuse for two days in a hermetically sealed bottle. After this time has elapsed add a pint of bay rum and fifty grammes of yellow Peruvian bark, powdered. Let it stand three days. Pour on the liquid; wash the sediment in about two-fifths as much water. Mix the two liquids and strain through filtering paper. This, of course, is a somewhat complicated prescription, although any druggist can put it up. A simple mode of shampooing the hair is to take one quart of hot water, into which is melted thirty grammes of carbonate of soda and fifteen grammes of soap cut into small pieces. Add a few drops of perfume and thirty grammes of spirits of wine. Wash the hair thoroughly with this preparation and rinse it in warm water. Afterward rub the hair and the scalp until dry with warm towels, and let the hair hang loosely over the shoulders until it is absolutely free from dampness.

Apt Quotations. At the head of the menu for the birthday dinner put this quotation from Ben Jonson:

"The day,
For whose returns, and many, all these pray;
And so do I."

When you send the box of sweets to your friend write on your card this little line from Herbert's "Virtue": "A box where sweets compacted lie," or else use this one from "As You Like It": "Can one desire too much of a good thing?" Or, provided there are a great many marrons glacés in the box, write, quoting Cowley's "Country Mouse":

"And a large chestnut, the delicious meat
Which Jove himself, were he a mouse, would eat."
On your guest book a quotation from "The Tempest" may be used:

"I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?"

To accompany the little tea cosy, put in quaint letters what Sydney Smith said in his memoirs: "Thank God for tea! What would the world do without tea?—how did it exist? I am glad I was not born before tea."

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COVERED BY U.S.

LASTS LONGER THAN THE SKIRT



IS BEST FOR APPEARANCE CLEANLINESS ECONOMY

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BECAUSE SHE HAS DISCOVERED

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A SHAKE AND THE DUST IS OFF

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IT IS A REVELATION to those discouraged with braids, plush cords, velveteens and other bindings that fray and lose color and are a constant bother and nuisance.

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THE PERFECT LOOP WILL NOT



slip or tear the stocking; treats cotton, lisle and silk alike. No stitching to cut the rubber strands. For service the Security is recognized superior.

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DEWEY'S Improved Acme Dress and Corset Protector

Better and cheaper than Dress Shields. Being a complete garment, always ready to wear with any dress. The only protector that can be worn with Shirt Waists without sewing in. The only perfect protection from perspiration. The best Shield for bicycle riders. One pair does the work of six.

No. 1. Bust Measure 28-32.	\$.65
" 2. " " 34-38.	.90
" 3. " " 40-44.	1.00
" 4. " " 46-48.	1.25

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Sewing made easy. Eyes larger than in any other needle. Superior to any needle made for sewing and embroidery. Lightning Needles are better than any needle made for all uses, the needle being tapered from the middle to the eye, so that it forces itself through the material without effort. Give them a fair trial and you'll never again use the old style. The eyes of Nos. 8, 9, 10 are as large as those in 5, 6, 7 of other makes. If your MERCHANT does not carry them, insist on his getting them, or send 5 cents for each paper desired to

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Two new styles now ready

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No. 151, \$1.75 No. 100, \$8.75



No. 100. This exceptionally fine English Serge Blouse Suit, in either black or navy blue. Only \$8.75
No. 151. This magnificent black figured Brilliant silk full width, lined with Rustine and interlined, velvet binding. \$1.75
No. 171. Style same as No. 151, of pure broadcraze grosgrain silk. \$4.75
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EDWARD B. GROSSMAN & CO
178 STATE ST. CHICAGO.



SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

Miniature Carpet Sweepers may be purchased for fifty cents. One would afford much pleasure to a little girl with housewifely instincts.

Worsted Leggin drawers with feet cost one dollar and twenty-five cents. They are usually made in white. Overshoes are worn with them, and they effectually keep out the cold.

Thumbless Mittens are the best for a baby a year old. The struggle to get the thumb in place in an ordinary mitten often provokes tears. A child of that age is too young to hold anything in his hand out-of-doors in cold weather.

Kindergarten Work. "The Republic of Childhood," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and her sister, Nora N. Smith, would give you an insight into the theory and practice of kindergarten work; the games and occupations are fully described. "Kindergarten Stories," by Sara E. Wiltze, would also be a help to you. Books will assist you in training your child according to Froebelian principles, but study and special training are needed to make a thorough and practical kindergarten teacher. You could not acquire the necessary equipment from books alone.

Cold Feet Gowns for children's nightwear are made of flannel with a drop flap buttoning at the bottom, effectually preventing the feet from being uncovered. Ready-made ones of flannel are sold for two dollars. Those of Canton flannel cost one dollar and thirty-five cents.

Babies' Blankets. Swansdown flannel makes good blankets for the cradle. It comes in two widths, twenty-seven and thirty-six inches; the former is very thick and costs one dollar and twenty-five cents a yard; the latter is thinner and costs from seventy-five cents to one dollar a yard.

Headache from Gas. An escape of illuminating gas from the pipe in the bedroom or sitting-room may be the cause of your little girl's headaches. A quantity so small as to be imperceptible except to one whose suspicions were aroused would be sufficient to cause headache and languor in a susceptible child.

Winter Dresses. Scotch flannel makes useful and inexpensive dresses for a baby during the second winter, if white ones cannot be afforded. When twenty-seven inches wide this flannel is twenty-five cents a yard; if a yard wide it costs thirty-seven and a half cents. It comes in stripes and pretty colors.

A Carriage Pillow Cover is a pretty gift to a young mother for her baby. It may be of wash silk, made with a deep ruffle, or of a silk woven in Roman stripes, costing seventy-five cents a yard, or of a lower price fancy silk. A white, wash material trimmed with a hemstitched ruffle, and the baby's monogram or initials in the middle of one side above the hem, is always useful.

Muffs. White thibet is a pretty fur for a little girl of four. The muff may be either flat or round—the former is slightly more expensive. A stole collar of white thibet would look well with the muff. Gray trimmer is a useful but not a cheap fur. A muff of gray or white Angora, which is very pretty, but not as new as the thibet, costs about two dollars.

Alcohol Lamps especially designed for heating curling tongs may be purchased for from twenty-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents each. They are useful when a house is lighted by electricity. I do not approve of the use of curling tongs; the heat dries the natural oil in the hair and makes it stiff and lifeless. Use kid curlers for your little girl's hair instead of the curling iron.

Putting Away Furs. It is unnecessary to use the moth balls, whose odor you so much dislike. Shake and brush the furs thoroughly, hanging them in the open air in the sun if possible. Wrap them closely in stout wrapping paper, being careful that no rent exists to give entrance to the wandering moths; tie the parcel firmly, then enclose it in an outside wrapper of paper, pasting up the ends, and you need have no fear of moths.

Reefers are always much worn by little girls. Many of them have deep, fanciful collars—almost capes—which add much to the effect. These are deeply scalloped around the edge, or cut in square, tabs or long points, and are worn by children from four to fourteen years old. Reefers are made of melton cloth in green or dark crimson, of all-wool chevot, diagonal bouclé, or fancy dress material, and are, as a rule, trimmed with braid.

Silence Cloth to lay on the dining-table under the tablecloth varies in width from forty-eight to seventy-two inches, and costs from fifty-five cents to one dollar per yard. It improves the appearance of the tablecloth, and is invaluable when there are a number of children. A layer of asbestos cloth under it will prevent the heat from hot dishes from marking a handsome table. The asbestos cloth is twenty-five cents a yard and forty-two inches wide.

A Perforated Chamois Vest for a girl of twelve costs about two dollars and fifty cents without sleeves, and three dollars with them. It should be lined with silk or alpaca and covered with flannel. As your daughter has such a long ride to school she should have some such protection. A fur-lined garment is desirable if you can afford one. They are warmer than those with the fur outside. A delicate girl needs especially warm clothing in winter if she is much exposed to the cold.

Nervous Baby. Your baby may inherit his nervousness either from you or his father. In this case you must remember that it is an inheritance—his misfortune, not his fault—and have infinite patience with him. Keep him as quiet as possible; do not dance nor jump him about, nor play with him over-much. Never startle him, but talk to him quietly and soothingly. Feed him regularly every three hours, and let him take as much food as he will. Try to send him into the open air every fine day. Bathe him in warm water once a day, before his last meal in the evening in the room; many nervous babies seem to have a constitutional aversion to the dark. As soon as he is asleep extinguish the light, as the room more completely to eyes and brain, but be ready to go to him the instant he cries. Give him water to drink regularly, avoid medicines, and use a gluten suppository if he requires a laxative.



One Pint

is sufficient to impart a hard, smooth, polished surface to that shabby bath-tub, and insure a clean, healthful bath, free from the impure deposits resulting from articles commonly used in same, and which will adhere to any but an enameled surface. You can apply it successfully yourself. Try it on the kitchen sink, or any surface exposed to hot or cold water, steam or moisture.

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75 new designs. Parents will appreciate special features on our cabs. Detachable hygienic upholstery (new); Folding cushion seat and mattress (new); Foot-brake, best springs, rubber tires, etc. Lace top parasols on many styles. We deliver, freight prepaid. Write for catalogue free. Our superior styles and low prices will win your order. Prices \$4 to \$35.

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a medicine for leather, an antidote for wear, a perfect polish for russet shoes or calf. Ask your dealer for it.

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Racine Feet, 10 Cents

We sell you just the feet of stockings, fast black or bleached white. They can be sewed to the leg of old stockings, making hosiery as good as new. If your dealer does not handle them, order direct. Sizes 5 to 10 1/2. Cotton, 10c. per pair; 6 pairs for 50c. Merino wool, 15c. per pair; 4 pairs for 50c.

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THE EQUABLE CORSET

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SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

Muriel is derived from the Greek, and means myrtle; Yolande from the Latin, meaning the violet.

A Pinch of Salt improves the baby's food, and should always be added to the milk. Do not make the food too sweet; half a teaspoonful of sugar to half a pint of food is quite sufficient.

Doll's House Furniture An ice-box for a doll's house costs one dollar. A tiny thermometer, with real quicksilver that will rise and fall, is a novelty. You can frame little pictures for the walls by gumming glass over them and binding the edges with narrow ribbon.

Fur Robes for children's carriages are made of Iceland lamb, thibet, white lamb and Angora. Some are made double, having an opening for the child's head to pass through; some open at the side, so that the baby may be more easily removed; these latter have a flap which buttons securely when the child is in place in its carriage.

Paper Beds. A very satisfactory mattress for a child's bed can be made of paper, if you can obtain a sufficient quantity. Save the old letters and tear them in narrow strips, but do not use envelopes, as the sharp corners are apt to poke through the casing uncomfortably. Make a stout cover of the size required and fill it with the paper. It makes an excellent foundation with a folded blanket.

Down Crib Comforters, two yards square, covered with French sateen, cost two dollars and fifty cents; if covered with figured silk they are proportionately expensive. A cheap crib comforter costing a dollar and a quarter, is filled with carded white cotton instead of down, but is also covered with sateen. The best comforters have eyelet holes ining at intervals for ventilation. There is no covering at once so light and warm as a down comforter.

Quantity of Food. A baby three months old requires from four to five ounces of food at a feeding, and should take from two to three pints of food during the twenty-four hours. Some children will take much more, others even less than the smallest quantity named. Much depends upon the size of the child, and also upon the appetite, this varying in infants as it does in adults. If a child thrives and is healthy there cannot be much amiss with its food.

Baby's Short Coat. A convenient shape for the first short coat is a double cape with sleeves in the under cape, which is long enough to cover the feet. After the child is a year old the coat may be made with a yoke and loose-plaited skirt reaching to the bottom of the dress. The yoke is covered with a cape, or deep collar trimmed with braid or fur. Sometimes the whole collar and cuffs are of fur, as white lamb's wool, Eoplin, silk, cashmere, Bedford cord, ladies' cloth, eiderdown and flannel are the materials used for these coats. The sleeves are a very small leg-of-mutton, with a pointed cuff or band of fur at the hand. Sometimes the lower part is cut a little fuller and gathered into a band at the wrist.

Boy's Suit. A very pretty suit for a boy of five is a plain blue checked with soutache braid. The coat reaches just below the waist-line and opens down the front, showing a plain vest, with V-shaped pieces of braid crossing it. The points of the deep sailor collar reach nearly to the waist in front, being attached to the sides of the coat.

Fig Candy is always popular with children. To make it, boil one cup of sugar and a third of a cup of water together without stirring them until the mixture is a pale amber color; stir in a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, add half a pound of figs, chopped fine, and turn the whole into a buttered dish. Cut into squares when almost cold.

Bolero and Eton Jackets are both worn by girls of twelve. They are sleeveless, the bolero rounded in front, reaching to the top of the bodice, the Eton pointed in front and being reaching to the waist-line. They may be made of a material contrasting with the dress and may be trimmed with guipure lace, insertion, fancy trimming or jet, according to the fabric of which they are composed. The sleeves are made tight-fitting to the arm, with a soft puff at the top, sometimes a mushroom puff, and are cut in two points at the wrist or finished with a turned-back cuff, or a falling ruffle. The skirts are narrower, like those of older people, cut with four gorges, and are put on the waistband plain in front, with all the fullness at the back.

Stammering. The greatest pains should be taken to cure a child of stammering as soon as the defect is noticed. Before beginning to speak he should be taught to take a long breath through the nose with the mouth closed, filling the lungs with air. He should then pronounce slowly and carefully the words he would infallibly stumble over if he tried to say them quickly without preparation. A sentence containing many words beginning with s is the best for practice as, "The sun was shining on the sea." In obstinate cases professional assistance will be necessary, but much may be done by home training. If there is an obstruction in the nose, which prevents the free passage of air, surgical advice should be obtained, as a perfect cure cannot be expected when this exists.

Religion has nothing to fear from the closest investigation of science. The reason that they sometimes seem to be in conflict is because we have not sufficient knowledge to read the two aright. Our finite minds are not capable of grasping the infinite and we have no words in our lower language to express it. We have to rely upon symbols and parables to shadow it forth, and these are often misunderstood. We cannot understand how a blade of grass grows, nor a thousandth part of the mysteries that surround our daily life. Read with your son such books as Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," "The Ascent of Man," and Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution." These will show you the part religion has had in the development of society, and that instead of being an effect superstitious, it is, and always has been, one of the most powerful factors in the progress of society, the advancement of the race and the development of character.

IN WARM WEATHER

perfect comfort is only possible with perfect-fitting underwear. Men and women of the earliest (Egyptian) civilization would have appreciated the



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15 Packets FLOWERS 20 FINE SEEDS BULBS For 25c. Post-paid



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from carefully selected cabbages, onions, carrots, beets, etc., and yet at as low prices as seed raised from trash. Try the Surprise Pea, warranted to be the very earliest of all the wrinkled sorts. Try the Enormous potato (604 bus. per measured acre), the best of all the early beets, the new cabbage, cucumber, lettuce, etc. To have the best garden you will need our catalogue. It contains the best varieties of vegetable seed, many of them of our own raising. The Flower Seed page is of particular interest to wife and daughter. It is Free.

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For 10c. we will send you a package for your school garden, containing a mixture of the most beautiful and hardy flowers. It will give you a garden of flowers, worth over 100 of the most beautiful flowers, for 10c. each. This mixture is the best of its kind, and is the only one of its kind. It is free to all who write for it.

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RAMBLER ROSES

Crimson and White. Bloom in Bush. Perfectly Hardy. 50 cents a bush, or for 10c. each. High-bred, hardy, and beautiful.

RASHBATTAN NURSERY CO., Dept. P, 47 Bay Street, New York

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS BY EBEN E. REXFORD

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

Cosmos. The specimen sent is a Cosmos. It is an annual, and cannot be wintered out-of-doors.

Sport from a Plant. The variegated leaf which you send shows a sport from the original plant. It is not at all uncommon nor unusual.

Powdered Bones are not very valuable as a fertilizer. The burning destroys most of the nutritive qualities they contain in their original form.

Crocuses. Keep these plants in the dark as long as you can. This will induce a strong development of roots, on which success in growing the Crocus greatly depends.

Insects on Pansies. I would advise you to make a solution of Tobacco by steeping it in water. Apply this freely to your Pansies, being sure to have it reach every part of the plants.

Farfugium and Acacia. Give the Farfugium a soil in which there is good deal of loam. Drain well, and water freely every day. Acacias are sure to drop their foliage in a dry air.

Pruning Roses. Roses should be pruned in spring before they begin to make their annual growth. Cut away all the weak and diseased wood, and thin out the bushes if they are too thick.

National Flower. The United States has no National flower. Though the subject of having one has been freely and frequently discussed, no definite action looking toward the selection of any particular flower has been taken.

Chrysanthemums from Seed. If you start your plants in the house they will, for the most part, bloom the first season. I would advise bedding some out, and keeping some in pots. Give a very rich soil and plenty of water.

Repotting. The only way to determine when a plant needs repotting is to examine the roots. Turn them out of the old pot. If the roots fill the soil, and are matted about the ball of earth, give the plant a flower-pot size or two larger.

The Achimenes is the name of the plant of which you send leaf and flower. It is a member of the Gloxinia family. Give it a light, rich, loamy soil, well drained, and a partially shaded window. Do not allow water to come in contact with its leaves.

Plants for North Window. In the JOURNAL of December, 1896, an article was published in which a list of plants adapted to cultivation in sunless windows was given. By reference to it you will get more complete information than it is possible for me to give in this column.

Propagating Magnolias. I would advise you to take cuttings, the same as you would of Roses or other hard-wooded plants, and insert them in sand, which should be kept warm and moist. Use branches of the present year's growth as soon as the bark becomes developed.

Grafting Seedling Lemons. Seedling Lemon trees will bear in time, but they do not come into bearing as soon as grafted plants will. Your plant can be grafted at any time during the growing season. Take it to some florist who thoroughly understands the process of grafting.

Wintering Plants. I do not think that in Louisiana other Carnations, Heliotropes, Marguerites or Otaheite Oranges need be taken into the house. The Heliotropes should be protected from frost, but the others will not be injured by any freezing they would be likely to get so far South.

Lilies should be planted in a well-drained soil. Manure it well with old, rotten cow manure. On no account use fresh manure with bulbs. Plant the bulbs at least eight inches deep, and about two feet apart. Do not disturb the plants, but enrich them from time to time by the application of fresh soil, thoroughly fertilized.

Calla Blighting. From what you say about your plant I infer that there must be some trouble with the roots. Examine them carefully. If you find worms about them take the plant out of the pot, wash the roots carefully, and repot in fresh soil. This will prevent you from getting flowers this season, but it may save your plant.

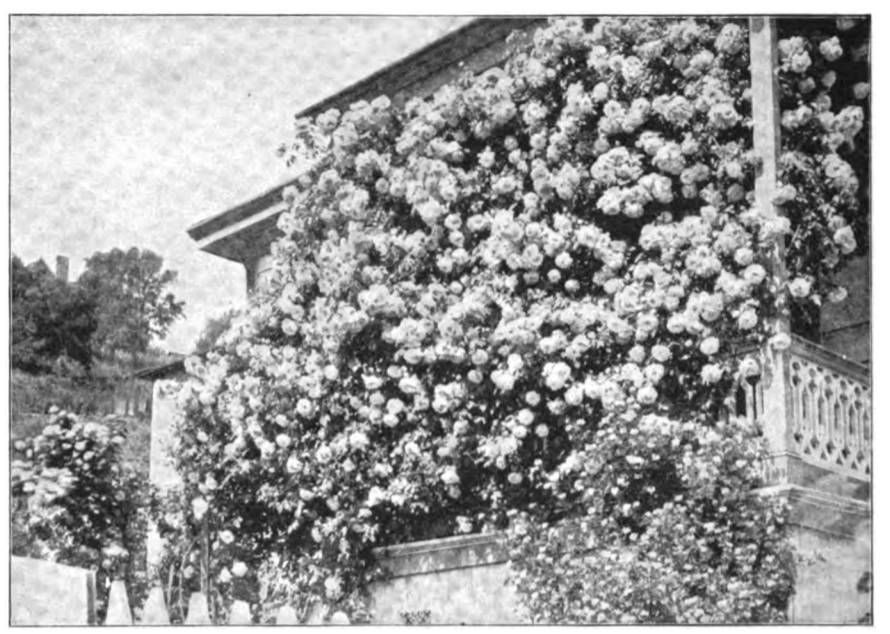
Umbrella Plant. I presume that your plant requires better drainage or more root room—which I cannot say, as you failed to give particulars by which to form an intelligent and positive opinion. While this plant is a semi-aquatic it does not like stagnant water about its roots. If root-bound—you can determine this by examination—shift to a pot of larger size, and be sure to put at least two inches of drainage in the bottom. Then water daily.

Palms. While it is possible for the amateur to succeed quite satisfactorily in growing Palms from seed, I do not advise making the attempt, because I consider it much more satisfactory to purchase young and healthy plants from a florist. A good deal of time will be saved by doing this, as most of the Palms sold are a year or two old when sent out, and are much surer to grow, as they have passed the critical stage of their existence.

Rooting Camellia Cuttings is a difficult matter for the amateur to undertake. The plan usually practiced among florists is to cut partially through a branch, bend it down, and fasten it in soil contained in a small pot fastened to the plant, and leave the branch connected with the old plant until roots are formed, after which the rooted branch is cut away. This practice is the same as layering, by which process many hard-wooded plants out-of-doors are propagated.

Carnations may be grown successfully in a window having an eastern exposure if you are careful to keep the temperature low, and do not allow them to be injured by the red spider. They will do better in a temperature of 60° or 65° than in a higher one. Shower the plants daily all over. This will keep the red spider away. Pots are preferable to boxes. Use a soil of rather heavy loam. Have good drainage, and water moderately. The temperature may fall to 45° at night without the least damage being done to the plants.

Heliotropes will not grow in a room where gas is used. They must have a rich, sandy soil, plenty of sunshine and warmth, the best of drainage and a good deal of water to grow well. The leaves frequently turn brown because of defective drainage. Stagnant water about the roots will injure them, and bring on a disease of condition, from which the plant will not be likely to recover. Too little water also causes the plant to shed its foliage. Old plants are not worth wintering, as they do not do well in the cellar. Start cuttings from the plants you winter in the window garden in March and April, and put them in the ground when the weather becomes warm, and not before, as a slight frost would be sure to injure them seriously.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE YELLOW RAMBLER WHILE IN BLOOM

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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

Beds for Foliage Plants. It is not possible to grow foliage plants well in a place partially shaded by trees, because these plants must be quite fully exposed to the sun in order to bring out the rich color without which they are unsatisfactory.

Seliginellas. These plants seem to combine some of the leading characteristics of the Fern and Moss families. They are not adapted to culture in the living-room because the air is too dry there.

Cannas from Seed. If one cares to grow seedling Cannas for the ornamentation of the summer garden, the plants must be given an early start.

To Make Plants Branch. If plants do not seem inclined to branch, pinch off the tops. This will oblige them to put forth branches somewhere, and generally up and down the main stalk.

Calla Lilies do best in a temperature of 70° with a fall of 15° at night. I would not advise using hot water on this plant. I believe that it is sure to be weakened by such applications, as they force an unnatural growth, to which there must be a reaction sooner or later.

Flies on Ferns. Such trouble is unusual with a Fern. If the Fern was reported by the florist just before it was bought, the presence of the flies would indicate that barnyard manure had been used, from which the flies were bred.

Rubber Plants. Why do the leaves of Rubber Plants turn yellow? It is impossible to give any definite answer that will apply to all cases, for the trouble may come from different causes.

The Red Spider. In greenhouses where the air is kept moist no trouble is experienced with the red spider, but unless a good deal of water is used it causes a great deal of injury to most plants.

Begonia Trouble. I am constantly in receipt of letters telling of trouble in Begonia-growing; the leaves turn brown at the tips; they fall off after a little, or dark spots appear in them, and these finally become holes; still, no insects can be found at work on the plants.

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MRS. RORER'S ANSWERS

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

Pocketbook Rolls must be allowed to stand, after they are cut and placed in the pans, until they have doubled their bulk.

Cream Soup. In making cream soup it is much better to use milk thickened with butter and flour rubbed together, than cream.

Matzoon is a form of fermented milk, and may be purchased at any drug store. It is not easily made unless you have the necessary apparatus.

Egg-Beater. A plain wire spoon or sort of snow-shoe arrangement, costing from three to five cents, affords the best egg-beater for ordinary use.

Black Ants are driven from closets by placing around their favorite haunts spice, or other material with a decided odor, such as gum camphor, lavender leaves or ground cloves.

Serving Olives. You can purchase at any silver store an olive spoon, fork or pick. If you are without either, and do not care to purchase, serve olives with an ordinary teaspoon.

Smothered Beef. Chop the tough end of the beef-steak, and put it in a baking-pan with a tablespoonful of butter to each pound; add half a teaspoonful of salt, a suspicion of onion and a little pepper. Cover with another pan. Put in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

Sponge Cake. Sponge cake is more digestible and better for children than cakes made with butter. Children, however, do not need even sponge cake. A more simple food is best suited to their rapid growth. The heating of the butter in cake in which it is used is the cause of its indigestibility.

Summer Table Linen. I do not know of any table linen for summer use other than plain damask. If you wish it to be entirely different from the winter house linen, and to have a suggestion of camp life, purchase butcher's linen, coarse and heavy, making the napkins the proper size and hemstitching them.

Mould will not form on fruit or vegetables that are sterilized. I have canned all kinds of vegetables without the loss of a single jar. All were canned in glass jars. Tin cannot in any way help to preserve vegetables. When canned vegetables spoil it is because the jars or lids were not clean, or the water did not boil continuously.

Meat for Children. Yes, I should certainly give a four-year-old child a small amount of beef for its noonday meal. You may give it in the form of beef juice, or a little scraped beef carefully broiled. The chief diet of a child of four should, however, be milk, well-cooked cereals, and whole wheat bread thoroughly toasted to the very centre. Acid fruits and sweets should be avoided.

Diet for the Aged. In the case of an aged woman who has lost her teeth it would be much better for you to chop the meat before cooking it—that is, put it through a meat-chopper; then make it into small cakes and broil it. Be a little careful not to give her an over-amount of meat under any circumstances. You will find well-cooked cereals, an occasional soft-boiled egg, and milk, to be the best diet for her.

Oyster Bisque. First drain and wash fifty oysters; then put them into a saucepan and stir until the gills curl. Drain, chop and return them to the liquor; add one quart of hot milk. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour; stir into the hot mixture; cook until smooth. Season with a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of celery seed. Strain and serve. One-half of this receipt will be sufficient for four.

Coffee-Pot. You will find at the Patent Office at Washington over eighty different varieties of coffee-pots, all planned after the same model, and all more or less good. The French pots are exceedingly good. The modern-shaped nickel or tin pots, containing a little sieve or percolator near the top, are perfect and simple. A long may be used, providing your cook is careful. To avoid, however, any mistake, the metal pots are best. Coffee is much better made in china or stone ware.

Food for a Child. A child of the age of nineteen months should be kept almost entirely upon a milk diet. You may add to the milk some well-cooked cereal; at noon, a little broth or a cup custard. At night the child should take milk only. The food you are giving him is all that he needs. Be careful, however, that the bread is thoroughly baked, to kill the yeast germ and to insure mastication. Do not experiment. If the child is well let him alone. His very activity proves that he is in good condition.

Boiled Custard. Put one quart of milk into a double boiler and allow it to heat quickly. Separate four eggs; add the yolks half a cup of sugar. Beat until light. Add to this gradually the hot milk; return to the boiler and stir carefully over the fire until the mixture coats thickly, knife-blade, and feels just a little thick as you stir it. Take from the fire, and add your flavoring. The whites of the eggs may be beaten to a stiff froth and used as a meringue over the custard. They are not needed in the body of the custard.

Cream of Celery Soup. Cut into small pieces the green portions from three heads of celery, making, in all, twelve or fourteen stalks. Cover with a pint of cold water, bring slowly to boiling point, and simmer gently for half an hour. Drain and press through a colander, using as much of the celery as you can press through. Add to this one pint of milk. Put the whole into a double boiler. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour, and stir them carefully into the soup. Stir and cook until smooth. Add a teaspoonful of celery salt, a dash of white pepper, and the soup will be ready to serve.

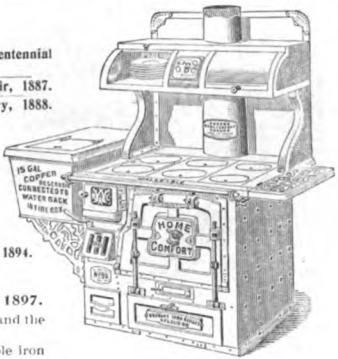
Sugared Fruit. Do not sprinkle sugar over your fruit. Sugar does not influence the acid, save to hide it. They both enter the stomach in their natural condition as sugar and acid. Avoid the acid fruits. Many persons eat an orange every morning for breakfast, and have twinges of pain and acid conditions, for which they are being treated, and which are never traced to their true origin—the acid fruit. Apples and grapes are excellent food, but if they are taken after a heavy dinner, when the appetite has been satisfied, they are just that much more with which the stomach must contend. Not that they are injurious, but that already sufficient has been eaten. Fruits may form a part of the meal, rather than be added at the close of one.

The Complexion. Warm milk softens the skin on account of the fatty matter the milk contains. I do not believe that it improves the color in the slightest. I know of nothing which may be applied externally to improve the complexion. I fully believe that complexion is a matter from within and not from without. Keep your digestive organs in good condition and your complexion will take care of itself. Anything that will close the pores of the skin will, in time, spoil it. Cut off sugars and acids, and live upon a simple diet, and your skin will soon become smooth. If the tip of your nose is red do not use cereals. Use in their place whole wheat bread, and masticate it thoroughly. Take every day a teaspoonful of olive oil; do not use much salt or pepper, nor stimulants of any kind, nor tea or coffee. Avoid extremely hot, and very cold food, and take as much exercise—both indoor and outdoor—as possible.

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- GOLD MEDALS and 6 DIPLOMAS—World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.
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EDITED BY EDWARD BOK

The Gossip of the Editors



THE JOURNAL'S PICTURES FOR SCHOOLS

But Positively Only One Hundred Sets will be Supplied

DURING the sale of the sets of fifty JOURNAL pictures to churches, several hundred requests came from schools asking that they might be permitted to share in the offer. As the sets could not then be furnished, each request had to be declined. The demand has become so great, however, that the JOURNAL has now prepared a special edition of one hundred of these sets of fifty pictures for the use of schools, which will be supplied at five dollars for each set to the first hundred schools, public and private, academies, or any other institutions of learning whose applications are first received. No orders received from schools at any time prior to this announcement will be filled. All requests must be made anew.

The pictures are exactly the same as the four thousand sets furnished to churches, and include the work of the same artists: Edwin A. Abbey, Charles Dana Gibson, Hamilton Gibson, Kate Greenaway, Albert Lynch, Howard Pyle, Frank O. Small, W. T. Taylor, Alice Barber Stephens, W. L. Smedley, T. de Thulstrup, etc. Each application must contain five dollars, and should state for what school the pictures are intended. All applications should be indorsed by the principal or head teacher of the school.

As several hundred schools have already indicated a desire to have these pictures it will be necessary for those who are desirous of availing themselves of this offer to make application at once. The first hundred orders received will be filled, but no more sets beyond these one hundred can or will be furnished. This is absolute, no matter how many applications are received. When the hundred sets are exhausted, the money over and above that received for the first orders will at once be returned.

The one hundred sets are ready for immediate shipment. It is simply now a question of "first come, first served." All applications for these sets must be made out according to requirements given above, and be addressed to the Art Bureau of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia. The necessity for promptness of order is apparent.

INSIDE OF CHURCHES AND GARDENS

Twenty Prizes to be Awarded to Readers of the Journal

THE JOURNAL intends to follow its great series of "Inside of a Hundred Homes" with two other series: First, "Inside of a Score of Churches," and second, "Inside of a Score of Pretty Home Gardens." And it would like its readers to supply the material. Therefore, it offers the following series of prizes, which are open to all:

First
 For the best photograph of a church, or church building, either city or country, decorated for any festival—Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, Harvest Home, Fair, Bazaar or Wedding, or festive occasion of any kind: A first prize of \$25.00 will be given for the best picture;
 Five second prizes, of \$10.00 each,
 And five third prizes, of \$5.00 each.
 Making \$100 for the best eleven photographs.
 All photographs submitted for these prizes must be received by us before July first next.

Desirable photographs not taking prizes will be purchased at regular prices. These prizes are open to any reader of the JOURNAL, whether a subscriber or not. All photographs to be addressed to the Art Bureau of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

Second
 For the best photograph of a home garden, city or country, roof garden, floral balcony, back yard, or vegetable garden—a garden of any kind, in fact:
 A first prize of \$25.00 will be given for the best picture;
 Five second prizes, of \$10.00 each,
 And five third prizes, of \$5.00 each.
 Making \$100 for the best eleven photographs.
 All photographs submitted in response to these prize offers must be received by us prior to September first next.

SIXTEEN extra pages will be added to the next issue of the JOURNAL, which will be its Easter number. This means a magazine similar in size to the great Christmas number, of which over seven hundred and twenty-five thousand copies were sold. It will be the largest Easter number the JOURNAL has ever published, and in contents the best.

FLOWERS will hold first place in the next (the April) JOURNAL, and four special pages will be devoted to floriculture of a pleasurable and profitable sort.

EIGHTEEN more views "Inside of a Hundred Homes" will be given in the next (the April) JOURNAL—fuller in ideas in furnishing than any yet given. Then, in the May issue, twenty more. These will consist mainly of suggestions for the interiors of artistic and moderate-cost summer houses, in time for the summer season's furnishing.

MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT'S helpful "Peaceful Valley" series, omitted from this number, will be resumed in the next JOURNAL.

JULIA MAGRUDER'S new novel, "A Heaven-Kissing Hill," will begin in the next (the Easter) JOURNAL. With its beautiful heroine—one of the prettiest girls in New York society—and its atmosphere of the highest social and artistic life of the metropolis, the romance will captivate and thrill every reader, while Miss Magruder's admirers will at once see that she has progressed in her art, and written her best novel.

OVER a hundred free educations, musical or academic, are waiting in the hands of the JOURNAL for girls or young men who want them. The little effort necessary is easy. Why not make it and be educated free of all expense? The JOURNAL'S Educational Bureau will tell any girl or parent all about the plan, and send the experiences of over four hundred other girls who have been educated free of all expense to their parents.

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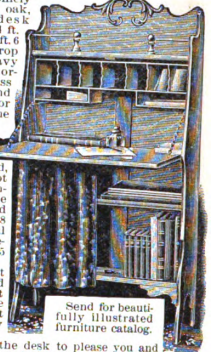
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5

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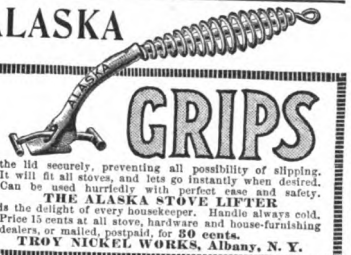
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